

Tradition

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Tradition

by [Mottled_System](#)

Summary

Rey's older sister goes to visit the town they were born in. When she doesn't come back, Rey and a few friends go looking.
It's a bad idea.

Notes

Very bad dark story do not read unless you're prepared

*The underage in the tags is past, Kay and Snap got together when Kay was 15 and he was in his thirties, which is obviously bad and gross but is never directly addressed as such in the story but just so you know IT'S BAD AND GROSS AND SO FUCKING WRONG

Welcome To Alderaan!

The air around them was cold and oppressive, dry and stagnant. The aura was much the same- stifled and stifling and heavy with something unspoken, some intangible overhang of dread.

It had been three months since Kay had left to visit her hometown in Georgia. It had been nearly as long since any of them had heard from her.

“It’s a bad idea,” Dad said at long last, eyes locked on the window and a grim, stiff expression on his face.

It had been the precise expression that he’d had when he’d said the same words to Kay when she’d announced that she was going back to visit. Dad, Kay, and Rey had all been born there; they’d left when Rey was not quite two. Kay had been six, and could vaguely remember it; Rey had no memories, and nor did she feel any connection to it.

Kay had asked Rey to go with her. Maybe, things would’ve been alright if Rey had gone.

“I have to go,” Rey said through clenched teeth, trying to dampen her anger and terror and grief. She hadn’t had a clear enough head to parse out how much of it Han deserved. “I have to find her-”

“It’s not *safe*, Rachel,” Dad snapped, swivelling to look at her. His face was taut and grim, unspilled tears in his eyes. Rey paused and studied him; he was nearly shaking with all of the things that Rey felt, and seemingly more. “I can’t-... I can’t lose you, too.” His final statement came as strained and desperate and tired, the emotional wall that had hitherto stood entirely unchallenged in the nearly twenty years Rey had been alive nowhere to be seen.

And Rey softened, just a little bit. “I came to tell you- to ask you to come with me. Finn, Rose, and Snap are all coming, too-”

Dad winced, eyes closing. The wall reerected in a moment, and Han sank slowly into his rocking chair once more, looking older than he ever had. After a moment, his eyes opened and he looked out at the ranch behind them, neglected for a good five years and showing it. “Don’t go. Finn and Rose- *especially*. ”

“Why?”

Dad spat over the porch railing, then fished a can out of his pocket and replaced the chew in his mouth. “They’re all racist down there,” he grumbled. “And ain’t a damned one of them who can keep their mouths shut about it.”

“Lando’s from down there,” Rey said with a frown.

“Yeah. Ask him. It ain’t-...” Dad sighed, then looked up at Rey, tired and guarded and pleading. “Don’t go. Don’t let them go. You ain’t gonna like what you get. Alderaan ain’t like the rest of the south. You ain’t gonna like what you get.”

“I’m looking for my missing sister,” Rey forced out. “Snap’s looking for his *fucking* fiancée. Finn and Rose- they’re going because they love Kay, they love us, and we *need her back*. We’re not going on fucking vacation-”

“I spoke my piece,” Dad said quietly, eyes turning desolately. “What you do with it is up to you.”

“You’re not gonna come and help me look for your goddamn daughter?” Rey said- all but screamed. It was all she had to contain an enraged fit of telling Han all about himself.

“I know where my daughter is,” Dad said through gritted teeth.

“She wouldn’t just disappear, Dad! Even with bad reception, she’d have fucking *told* us- not to mention the *police investigating*-”

Dad scoffed at that. “Goddamn pigs ain’t got no say, power, or ability in Alderaan.”

“Well, then, town must not be *that* bad,” Rey snapped. Dad pursed his lips, then picked up his beer and took a swig.

After a moment, Dad turned back to Rey. “Chewie’ll be here any second. I’m gonna tell him your plan. I doubt you wanna be here for that, ‘cause he ain’t gonna like it.”

Chewie’d chased after Kay through half of Texas and half of Louisiana, trying to stop her. Rey let out a gentle hiss, then turned abruptly on her heel and sped through the small house her father lived in- the one she’d grown up in- hightailing it towards her Jeep. She yanked the passenger side door open and plopped into it, doing her seatbelt in a frenzy.

“Fucking hightail it,” Rey grumbled under her breath.

Snap said nothing as he started the car. Finn and Rose, in the back, studied Rey through the rearview, but she didn’t look at them.

Her relationship with Finn had come to a natural, amicable end. She tried to pretend that she wasn’t deeply wounded that her best friend had gotten with him not three weeks after the end of their four year relationship, and usually, she was good at that. Lately- and in any moment of emotional distress... That was difficult for her.

Rey reached out and clutched Snap’s hand, and he squeezed back as he sped down the dirt road. They were nearly at the end of town, a good hour away, before they passed Chewie’s truck; he was stopped at Takodana Saloon, meaning he might not reach Han’s until well into the night.

Good. Chewie did not fear death nor God, and if they didn’t get a good head start, he’d catch up.

“Take the long route,” Rey grumbled. “Or we ain’t gonna get far. Han’s telling Chewie the second the old coot gets there.”

Snap’s jaw clenched, but he gave a single, brusque nod.

“We’ll get her back,” Rose said softly from the backseat. Finally, Rey met her eyes through the rearview.

“Damned straight.”

It took a solid day of driving to get from Corellia, Texas- a tiny, nowhere town about halfway between El Paso and Austin, just a bit south- to Alderaan, Georgia- a tiny, nowhere town in the southeast of Georgia, fairly close to the Florida line. Each of them drove for about five hours, and they stopped for food a few times.

According to the seven voicemails Chewie left between the three dozen missed calls, he’d chased them halfway into Georgia, but he’d said more times than he’d needed to that he’d never get within spitting distance of Alderaan for as long as he lived.

The last, short voicemail sounded like a goodbye- angry and aggrieved and loving and pained. It left Rey empty and numb.

“You’re a damned fool, Rachel Anne, and I- I love you more’n life itself. Don’t you ever fuckin’ forget that, an’ don’t you let Kaydie go and forget it, either. You take care of each other, an’ if ya can get away with it, you punch exactly five people square in the gut for me- Robert Greedo, Bail Organa, Luke Skywalker, Shawn Snoke, and Benjamin Solo.”

Benjamin Solo. Rey almost called him to ask who the fuck that was- who the fuck had her surname that Dad never told her about.

She didn’t, though.

They drove through the woods for hours before an old, weathered sign came into view- *Welcome to Alderaan!* it said in fancy letters seen through overgrown vines. *Population: 147.* It seemed as if the last number had been recently changed.

They barely made it to the first gas station, which boasted an almost alarmingly cheap price, even for the ancient and run-down pumps.

Someone walked out before Rey had even clambered out of the car to go in and pay for the gas, and she tentatively rolled down her window as someone approached- so did everyone else, now that the air was off. He was maybe five foot seven, with greasy hair that would probably be brown if he washed it and a grey-speckled beard- he was maybe late twenties, early thirties.

“Hey, there, strangers,” he called out. “I’m Beaumont Kin- y’alls can call me Beau. How much?”

“Fill her up, please,” Rey said.

Beau gave a nod, getting right to work. “Where y’all headed?”

“Here,” Rey said, and Beau paused to look up at her in surprise. “My sister came to visit three months ago and hasn’t been heard from since- we were born here, me and her. Katherine Leah Solo- usually goes by Kay or Kaydie, sometimes Kit or Kitty. Bout five-one, white and blonde, brown eyes. Thin-ish. You seen or heard of her?”

Beau didn’t miss a beat. “Sorry about that,” he said softly. “Yeah- you must be little Rachel, then, eh?”

Rey’s lips pressed together. She supposed in a town this small, that must be inevitable. “I go by Rey, but- yeah.”

“I ain’t seen your sister,” Beau said softly. “Might think of checkin’ with yer ma, though. Just follow the main road ‘til the only street you can take heads south- it’ll be to the right of ya- and that’ll lead you straight to her place.”

Rey’s heart thumped faster and louder with each passing moment. “My- my ma?”

Beau looked up, then blinked. “Yes, ma’am. Leia Organa.”

Snap, in the passenger seat, looked over at Beau with a haunted expression. Finn and Rose exchanged a look.

Han had always told them that Leia had gotten sick and died not long before they left, and that had been a big reason they’d left.

“Any spot in town with any reception?” Rey asked, trying to contain herself.

“Not many,” Beau said. “Apologies. Why?”

“I gotta call Han and give him what for.”

Beau gave a little chuckle. “Well,” he said softly. “If you head next door-” he pointed to a little bar across a sparse parking lot. “They got a landline. Ackbar’s a little tricky- most times, he don’t let people use the phone unless they’re local, or having an emergency. But you can go on and ask him- you tell him why, he might be a bit more likely to let ya.”

“Thanks,” Rey said quietly.

“Don’t mention it,” beau said. “That’ll be \$74.97, please.”

“Do you take card?”

“No, ma’am- apologies. Just cash.”

Rey nodded, pulling out her wallet, and pulled out the two fifties- her only remaining cash. The others didn’t have any, either. “Keep the change,” she said softly. “Maybe use it for the next person who pulls through.”

“Mighty kind o’ you, ma’am. Thank you.”

“Of course. Any ATMs around here?”

“One at the bank, I do believe- last building to the left before the woods.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

Rey pulled forward and parked outside of the bar. Everyone got out to stretch their legs, but Finn and Rose stayed outside near the car. Snap kept his hand on Rey’s shoulder, and she was grateful for it.

She felt like death. Her brain still hadn’t processed the little bit about her *mother being alive*- just that her father had *lied*, very seriously.

Rey walked up to the bartender- a tall ginger man with red-tinted cheeks, middle-aged and stocky. He looked up, studying both Rey and Snap. “Help ya?”

“Beau said we could find a phone here,” Rey said. “And that Ackbar might be more inclined to let me use it if I tell him that I’m gonna give Han Solo what for, ‘cause he’s a liar and-” Rey cut herself off, clenching her jaw.

Save the fury for Dad.

The man got a funny little smirk, clearly amused. “Yeah? An’ who’re you?”

“Rachel Anne Solo. I go by Rey.”

The man nodded, then took a step to the side and opened up a door- “Dad! *Dad!*”

Clunking, clattering. “AJ, I swear to the Lord-”

“Little Rachel Anne’s askin’ to use the phone to holler at her daddy!”

A pause, and then- “Let her back, then, o’ course.”

AJ motioned for Rey to follow. “Yer old man ain’t allowed back, I’m afraid.”

“He ain’t mine, he’s Kay’s- my sister’s,” Rey said. She pointed at a stool, and Snap sank into it.

“Oh,” AJ said. Rey passed him, and just as she stopped in a long hallway with many doors, an old man who looked a lot like AJ, just more wrinkly and with stark white hair, came bobbing out of one. He stopped dead, an odd smile on his face as he studied her, looking-well, exactly like Rey’d imagine someone to look if they’d known her as a tyke and had not seen her since.

“Hey, there, little thang,” he said softly, fondly.

“Hi,” Rey said. “I go by Rey, by the way. Not fond of ‘Rachel’.”

“Why not, if I may ask?”

Rey’s teeth gritted. “S’what my father calls me.”

The man who was presumably Ackbar nodded slowly- then, he outstretched a hand. “Can’t imagine you recognize me- was a tyke when y’all left. I’m Gial Ackbar.”

Rey shook his hand. “I don’t,” she said softly.

Gial motioned towards the door he’d left. “Phone’s in my office. I’ll give you yer privacy.”

“I appreciate it.”

“O’course.”

Gial walked off as Rey walked into the office, and she picked up an ancient, sage green phone and started dialing. It took her an embarrassing amount of time to figure out how to work a rotary phone, and then-

Three rings. Five. Nine. Rey was seeing red before Dad finally picked up-

“If this ain’t one o’ my daughters,” he snarled, his voice as hot and hellish as brimstone. “You best sleep with one eye open for the next few nights.”

Rey scowled. He must have seen the area code- he must have known, debated not answering. “It’s *Rey*, you fucking cunt,” she spat.

A soft exhale- relief, exhaustion, annoyance; who knew the source of it. Maybe a mix. “What do you need?”

“Fucking *answers* as to why *on earth* my fucking *mother* ain’t dead! Answers as to *why the everloving fuck* you’d lie about *that-!*” Rey all but shouted, fighting not the anger but the tears and the hot, searing betrayal. The loss of a childhood with a mother.

It had been so hard, especially in her preteen and early teen years. *So fucking hard.*

Dad let her go, on and on and on.

“*Well?*” she ground out at the very end.

“If yer callin’ me from Resistance,” Dad said softly. “Yer gonna know soon, whether you want to or not. I love you, Rachel. That’s why you thought what you did ‘till you went back to that God-forsaken shithole.”

And then, dial tone.

He had the *audacity* to just hang up.

Rey tried calling him half a dozen times before barely resisting the urge to slam the phone back onto the receiver and scream as loudly as she possibly could. Instead, she stalked around the small, antiquated office, breathing heavy, shaky breaths and pulling at her hair.

She was going to kill him. The second she got back to Corellia, Han Solo was a dead man. She’d skin him alive.

Eventually, she hurried back out to the bar, where Snap was drinking some whiskey, talking with AJ and Gail.

“We ain’t seen her,” Gail said, looking over at Rey. “But you might wanna stop by Bail’s house- yer ma lives there.”

Rey shuddered. “Beau mentioned,” she breathed. “Thank you again, by the way.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Rey and Snap headed back out to the Jeep. Finn and Rose were- odd.

Finn was tense, clinging protectively to Rose’s arm. Rose was sour and tired and sad, eyes closed and expression almost pained.

“What?” Snap asked at once.

Finn’s eyes turned towards the gas station as his jaw tightened. “That Beau motherfucker’s lucky I didn’t break his jaw.”

Snap immediately tensed as Rey immediately glared at the building.

“He’s just racist,” Rose said. “I’ve heard a lot worse.”

“That’s not the *point*,” Finn said.

“You wanna kick his ass? I think Rey’s got some unspent anger yet,” Snap said.

Finn's eyes narrowed as he, too, glared at the gas station. "No. Let's just find out what we can and get the fuck out of here. Wouldn't make any difference."

"Good," Rose said softly, opening her door and climbing in. Finn closed it behind her, then circled the Jeep as Rey and Snap got into the front.

Rey followed the main road, turning right when there was no other option but to drive onto a muddy trail through the trees. The dirt road was old and uneven, but her Jeep could more than handle it. She gave a great yawn-

Driving for five hours was never fun. Not for Rey, anyway.

It was a good forty minutes before they pulled up towards a large house sat on a farm. The house was nothing special- plain white siding, small white windows, plain brown roof- but the farm around it was beautiful and seemingly well-kept. The four of them got out, walking up the small hill towards the closed-in front porch.

Rey knocked, and not ten seconds later, the door opened.

Rey was immediately sure that the woman behind it was her mother. About Kay's height, a little bit round in the middle, with fun glasses perched on a nose so much like Kay's, with the same eyes. Brown hair so similar to Rey's, but streaked with grey. She wore a checkered yellow-and-white blouse and brown trousers, brown loafers.

The woman also seemed to immediately know who Rey was. Her eyes widened, mouth parting slightly as she sucked in a breath. She studied Rey for a long few moments.

Rey didn't know what to say for several long seconds, and then, what she did say just popped out of her mouth with absolutely no forethought- "Are you my mother?"

The woman gave a quick, shallow nod. “Yer my Rachel,” she breathed.

Rey’s chest tightened, and her throat swelled. Her eyes stung. “Yeah,” she croaked. “I go by Rey. I’m lookin’ for Kaydie- my sister-”

The woman pulled Rey close and embraced her tightly, warmly. Rey sucked in a breath, smelling lavender and cinnamon and feeling warmth and *home*, and so, so surreal. “Oh, baby,” she breathed.

“Kay- Katherine- is missing,” Rey forced out.

“So the police mentioned,” she mumbled, still holding onto Rey. “Come on inside,” she said before finally pulling away. “I was just about to start dinner. We can chat.”

Rey looked back at her friends-

“They can come in, too, o’ course,” the woman- *Rey’s mother*- said softly, and Rey gulped and gave a nod as she followed her inside.

“This is Thomas Wexley,” she said. “Kay’s fiance- he goes by ‘Snap’. And this is Finn Williams and Rose Tico, our good friends.”

“Leia Organa,” she said. “A pleasure to meet you three.” Leia led them into a quaint, yellow-and-orange kitchen, decked out with all sorts of rooster-themed art and more than a few very suburban mom signs like ‘if you’re not cooking, GET OUT’ and ‘Lord, give me coffee to change the things I can and wine to accept the things I cannot’. She opened the fridge and started pulling things out of it. “I hope y’all like to eat, ‘cause I’ll be cookin’ alot- now, back to my darling daughters. But- sit, all of yas.”

The four of them sat down at the small table with a checkered tablecloth, and Leia brought her supplies to the fifth and final seat, getting to work chopping. “She came ‘round- Kaydie did- back in late April. I guess Han didn’t tell y’all much- least, not mucha what’s *true*,

anyhow.” Leia pursed her lips at the end, eyeing the carrots with judgement and not a lick of surprise.

“No,” Rey said. “Where did she go?”

“Back on over to tell you, far as I knew,” Leia said. “‘Cause Han Solo ain’t either o’ y’all’s daddy. Well- he raised y’all, so I guess he’s yer daddy. But he didn’t make either one o’ yas.”

It was a sucker punch to the gut, and it knocked the wind clean out of Rey. She gritted her teeth and stared at the checkered tablecloth.

“What?” Snap said softly after a pause.

“Nope,” Leia said softly. “He was my husband. I have three children- my son Ben, with Han- and two daughters. Luke gave me Kay, and then Bail gave me Rachel- *Rey*. ” With twinkling eyes, Leia looked at Rey as she said her name.

“He ju- he *took* us?” Rey said.

“Took me to court,” Leia grumbled, eyes dropping again. “Won custody. I didn’t have a job, an’ no one in town at the time could or would hire me. Didn’t have nowhere to go. An’ until you was born and had that heart defect you was born with- runs in Bail’s family, rare and hereditary-... I told Han he was the father. Truth came out, he left- and he was on the birth certificate, an’... Yeah. He took ya.”

Rey listened, trying to take it all in. “Luke?” she said after a moment. “Luke Skywalker?”

“The very same,” Leia said, looking up in surprise.

“Chewie mentioned him. Told me to punch him in the gut- told me to punch Bail, too.”

Leia looked half offended and half amused as she turned back to the food once more. “Sounds like Charles,” she said softly. “Yer gonna have a hard time punchin’ yer father, though. He’s been dead for a decade. Old man.”

Rey closed her eyes, jaw tightening. She felt tired and sick.

And she needed her sister, damnit.

“When did she leave?” Rey asked quietly.

“Mid-June, I’d say,” Leia said. “Came back in early July, but didn’t stop by to see me again- pretty bad car troubles, or somethin’, Beau said. Not enough money to pay for it, so he fixed her up for free and sent her on her way again. I think she left again about a week ago?”

“Oh,” Rey said. “Cops came by in early June, I thought.”

“We ain’t never told cops shit,” Leia said casually. “She’s probably seein’ the sights- I guess Chewie didn’t give her much of a chance to on the way in.”

“She’d have called,” Finn said.

But Rey’s stomach was sinking. She and Snap exchanged a look.

“She should’ve,” Rose said softly. “But she might not have- c’mon, babe. You’ve *met* Kay.”

“Her phone’s been off for months,” Finn said.

“Oh- she broke that,” Leia said. “Four-wheelin’ with a farmhand. Fell right on out of her tiny little pocket, an’ Poe accidentally drove over it when she made him stop to look.”

Yeah, that sounded a lot like Kay.

Snap set his head on the table, grinding the backs of his palms into his eyes. “That fuckin’ girl,” he muttered.

“How long you two been together?” Leia asked as she finished chopping up the vegetables. She got up and got some more things, adding it all in. Mostly what smelled a bit like broth- but it didn’t really smell like anything Rey knew. It was homemade, if the container was any indication, though.

“Seven years,” Snap said softly. “We got together when she was fifteen.”

“An’ how old are you?”

“Forty-five.”

Leia gave a chuckle as she started gathering spices. “So, Han hates ya, yeah?”

“Yessum,” Snap said softly. “I take care o’ Kay, though. And Rey. They mean a lot to me.”

“Good,” Leia said. “What do you do?”

“I’m a construction worker,” Snap said.

“Do you work, baby?”

“Sorta,” Rey said softly. “I’m a freelance writer. I’m gonna start college in the fall- I’ll get a more full-time thing after that. Snap pays my bills, and I use what I make for food and extras.”

“For the record,” Snap grumbled. “I’d pay for all that, too. I told her she oughta save what she’s makin’-”

“Hush,” Rey said.

Leia looked up to smile at Finn and Rose. “An’ what about y’all?”

“I’m a busboy,” Finn said quietly. “And Rose is a waitress. We work at the local bar.”

“Together?” Leia asked.

“Yessum,” Finn said.

“That’s cute,” she said with a small smile. “Must be nice. How long you two been together?”

“About a year,” Finn said.

Rose got a small smile, meeting his eye. “Our anniversary’s in a week and a half.”

Leia moved the pot onto the stove and turned it on as the conversation continued. Rey asked about Leia, and Bail, and Han- Leia was very vocal about a lot of things. Her and Han fell out of love; she wanted to let go, move on, and he didn’t. Bail was kind and familiar; Luke was Han’s best friend, and close to Leia, too. All the while, Leia seared up some meat.

“So, what’s for dinner, ma’am?” Snap asked.

“Some stew,” Leia said in a chipper voice. “Nice an’ simple, but the vegetables an’ herbs were grown here on the farm, and the meat’s fresh from the butchery. An’ I’ve won every food competition in Alderaan, so I’m guessin’ it’ll be good eats.”

“It’s a nice place,” Rey said. “Especially the farm. How’d you get here, if you didn’t have anything after Da-... Han... Left?”

“It was Bail’s place,” Leia said softly. “After his wife died, we got together for real. Married for five years before he passed.”

“Condolences,” Rey said.

“Thank you, love,” Leia said softly, adding the meat to the stew. “Me an’ Luke have been married for nine- he’s out back right now. Y’all can meet him when dinner’s done...” Leia turned to look at Rey. “But I think you oughta go see your brother, much as I’d like to keep ya to myself. It’s- what?- six? He’s probably about done on the ranch by now, an’ he can’t cook for shit. Might be nice to go help him. He didn’t get to see Kay when she was in, an’ it broke his heart. Not that he’d show it very plainly.”

Rey swallowed as that hit her. Her older brother. “Tell me about him,” she said softly.

“Well, he’s as tall as a house, broad as an acre, and seems about as dumb as a brick sometimes- he ain’t, though. A bit brusque, rough around the edges, but sweet when it counts. He’s twenty-nine, lives alone. Anyway- I’ll feed yer friends, an’ ya can go eat with him. Can come on back for bedtime or stay over with him. My doors are always open to you, o’ course- and his are, too.”

“Okay,” Rey found herself saying. “Where is he?”

“You seen how the road leads to my drive, or turns to the left?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well, he’s off to the left, about ten miles away. On my daddy’s old ranch- birth father, he didn’t raise me. It was abandoned and unlivable when Ben got hold of it- built the ranch right back up. House is still less than preferable, an’ he’s staying in the trailer by the barn as he fixes the house up, too. If he ain’t in the trailer, he’ll be in the barn. Ain’t no way he’s got work elsewhere at this time, but if you don’t see him, just head on back. He’ll have to pass by here to get home, anyhow- if you see a big black truck on the way, though, that’d be him.”

“Okay,” Rey said softly. “Thank you.”

“O’ course, baby,” Leia said, leaving the food to turn towards Rey. “Come give me another hug, if you don’t mind.”

Rey got up and shuffled towards Leia- *towards her mother*- and folded herself into her arms. Leia hummed softly and squeezed.

“Ya can meet Luke tomorrow,” Leia said softly. “If you’d like.”

“I would,” Rey said.

“Good. Now- get ya gone, and drive safely.”

“I will.”

Just Right

Rey was all nerves as she drove up the gravel driveway, looking at a large, gorgeous house. It looked like it had been made in Victorian times, and it looked like the outside had already been fixed up, the old charm of the house preserved. Young ivy was starting to grow up the corners, looking cultivated and beautiful. Still, even as her Jeep came to a stop beside an oversized truck, she could see the telltale signs of renovation through the beautiful, plentiful windows.

She climbed out of her Jeep and, out of sheer curiosity, peered into the truck. It was caked in dirt on the outside, but the inside was fairly neat; a few dog tags hung from the rearview, a pile of change sat in both cupholders, an open carton of Marlboro blacks sat in the middle of the passenger seat, and not a crumb in sight- save for a few ashes that spilled from the open ashtray. The backseat had a folded blanket, a few pairs of boots sat neatly on the floor, and a little wicker hamper that seemed to be home to nothing but socks. She looked out at the property again.

It was all very green, very beautiful. Cherry trees lined the far side of the house, then a row of peach trees, and a row of apple trees just before the real woods started. On the other side, low bushes lined the foundation and then a few rows of colorful flowers, mostly red and pink and orange and yellow and white. Rey followed a trail back past a line of southern magnolia trees, and beyond them, she saw a grey tin trailer just before a big, bright red barn, and the ranch beyond. Cows and horses and sheep... Bulls in the distance. A greenhouse near the main house that, if Rey were to guess from this distance, grew herbs inside. She could hear a woodpecker in the distance.

It was all beautiful. The trees, all different shades of green, and the overgrown grass dotted with weeds and wildflowers. The quaint, pretty fences and unbelievably peaceful feel of the place.

Coreellia was dust and dead dreams. On paper, it was similar to Alderaan, but so much- worse.

Rey climbed the few steps to the trailer's red door and knocked. Nothing. She rang the doorbell; nothing.

She went towards the barn, then, and after a moment, a big black dog came bounding out, looking right at Rey with suspicious eyes-

No, that's not a dog. That's a wolf.

Rey stopped dead, and so did the animal. It tilted its head to the side, still eyeing her. After a moment, it let out a single bark, low and long.

Noise inside the barn. The animal was giant and dark, but some spots of its fur were light enough to maybe be considered dark grey, while others were as black as Rey had ever seen. Its eyes were pale and attention-grabbing, and it *looked* a helluva lot like a wolf-

Rey didn't think wolves were even *in* Georgia, though...

A very large figure came out of the barn, then, letting out a low whistle as he did; the animal let out another, much shorter bark, taking a few strides closer to Rey and stopping once more, eyes locked on her. It seemed a lot less worried, a lot more casual- a lot more like a dog.

Rey's eyes turned back to the man. He was tall, with long, dark, wavy hair and broad shoulders. He had on a sweat-covered tank top and worn, dirty overalls, the top dangling down over his legs. Giant boots. He was wiping what might have been blood off of his hands; yeah, it was probably blood, and his overalls were wet with it, too. He was eyeing her; after a moment, he let out another whistle, and the wolf trotted back towards him, circling his legs and then sitting down beside him. Rey walked forward.

Ben was eyeing her with distrust and, as she got closer, what might have been confusion blossomed, maybe a bit of frustration. His eyes were narrowed, his jaw working. Rey stopped a good five feet away from him.

"Help you?"

“Mom sent me,” Rey said quietly, and she could just barely see his eye twitch for the distance. “Said you can’t cook for shit, so I should help you.”

His eyes dropped to take her in from her sandal-clad feet up to her brown bob. “Which one are you, then?” His voice was low, booming, and impassive.

“Rey,” she said.

Ben motioned towards the trailer with his chin. “Go on in, then. Get some water, if you’re thirsty. Don’t go into the bedroom. Kylo,” he said, looking down at the wolf. “Follow.”

Kylo let out another, single bark, then trotted forwards to Rey. “Okay,” she said, turning slowly and walking back towards the trailer. The wolf dutifully stood just behind Rey and to the left, and she opened the door and let herself in.

It was about as cute as a cheap trailer could be, the walls all shiplap seemingly made out of reclaimed wood. It was all as small as a single-wide trailer could be, but what was there was antique and well-looked after. It was neat, with just the smallest bit of clutter all in its correct places save for the throw blanket wrinkled on an old sofa. It was beyond comfortable when Rey sat down on it-

Kylo jumped up and lay down at once, his head coming to rest gently in her lap, and tentatively, Rey stroked the back of his head. His yellow eyes closed slowly, and he cozied further into her lap.

It could have been anywhere from five to twenty minutes before Ben came inside, but it felt like hours. Kylo was blocking the phone in her pocket, and she couldn’t see a clock to check. Ben went right to the fridge and pulled out a beer-

“Want one?”

“No, thank you,” Rey said.

He gave a nod, popped the cap against the counter, then chugged a good half of the bottle. He set it down. “Gonna get changed. Be right back.”

“Okay. Can you show me to the bathroom first, please?”

Ben glanced over, then gave a nod. “C’mon.”

Rey eased herself out from beneath Kylo, following Ben down a thin hallway he barely fit in. Past an open door to a tiny room with a large dog bed and an old rocking chair, to a second open door revealing a small, strangely shaped bathroom. “Thanks.”

“Welcome,” he grunted, stopping in front of the final, closed door. Rey walked into the bathroom; it was a jack and jill, it seemed, into the master. That door was closed.

There was a little jut out, probably for a closet or something, with two sinks on a cabinet that wrapped around it. A toilet and a tiny shower. Rey took care of business, scrubbed her hands clean with the heavy duty lava soap that left it just a little bit raw, and headed back out to the couch to pet Kylo’s strange fur once more.

It was long and straight, at once coarse and soft. Thick. Not like any dog she’d ever touched; like she’d imagine a clean, domesticated wolf to feel. After a few minutes, Ben walked out in fresh jeans- still worn and old- and a grey t-shirt beneath an open red flannel. A hat had been pulled on top of his head, dirty hair pushed back to reveal big, round ears.

His nose was long, eyes dark. Chiseled cheeks dotted in birthmarks, freckles, moles. He was cute, Rey could tell, and she could imagine being mortified and angry and confused- a teenage girl whose friends all thought her brother was *so hot*, and teased her with that fact.

Another thing that Han had stolen from her.

“Is he a wolf?” Rey asked. Ben glanced over at her as he picked up his beer again.

“Yep. His daddy was a wolf, and his ma was a half-wolf- *her* daddy was a husky we had back when you was born.”

“I didn’t know there were wolves in Georgia,” Rey said, looking down at Kylo.

“Not many. Not supposed to be, least of all down here. He does fine, though. You stayin’ the night?”

“Where would I sleep?” Rey asked.

Ben blinked at her as he drank half of what was left of his beer. “The bed,” he said after swallowing.

“And you?”

“Yep.”

Rey blinked, too. She’d been expecting him to say ‘the couch’, or something.

That was *weird*. Sure, they were half-siblings- but he was a guy, and clearly a good decade older, and they’d never *met before*. Rey looked down at Kylo, petting him.

Her friends would have to stay with Leia. The house had been kinda big, but probably not *that* big. And now that Rey was stressed about Kay, but pretty sure she was alright, seeing Finn and Rose-

That was less preferable.

And Ben *was* her brother, and he did have a cute mostly-wolf pet, which was just rad. “Sure,” she said after a moment.

“Alright,” Ben said. “Go hop in the shower. I’ll get dinner started, an’ you can cook it when I hop in after you. Towels are in the closet in Kylo’s room- I’ll put somethin’ you can wear to bed on the counter.”

Rey nibbled on her lip, but she could use one after spending the day driving through the hot summer sun. “Thanks,” she said.

“Don’t mention it.”

As Rey showered, she thought about the day, the horrible and hopeful feelings all mixed together in her gut. She heard Ben open and close the door as he, presumably, set the clothing on the counter.

She thought about it until it didn’t make sense.

I ain’t seen your sister, Beau had said.

Pretty bad car troubles, or somethin’, Beau said. *Not enough money to pay for it, so he fixed her up for free and sent her on her way again ,* Leia had said.

She didn’t really know what to do with that, but it had alarm bells ringing in her head. She got out and dried off, then changed into a shirt that all but fell off of her- the only thing Ben had left her. She pulled her shorts back on underneath, unsure what to do with her shirt, so she folded it and left it on the counter before heading back out.

Ben had two large pork chops sitting in a pan on the stove and two large pots with some boiling water behind and beside it. Two ears of corn were inside of one, and a large

Tupperware with cavatappi noodles sat beside the stove.

“Figured on corn and mac ‘n cheese for the sides,” he grumbled. “You can use whatever you’d like. I eat leftovers for lunch, and feed what’s left after that to Kylo- so feel free to use all of them noodles. Ain’t hard to make more.”

Homemade pasta. He might just be a better cook than Rey. “I have a question,” she said.

“Shoot,” Ben said, then took another swig of another beer.

“Is Beau a liar?”

Ben blinked, then shrugged. “Why? Did he lie to you?”

“Yeah. He said he hadn’t seen Kay, but Leia said he had.”

“Folks around here ain’t one to stick their nose into anyone else’s business,” Ben said. “Causes trouble. So, yeah, he prob’ly lied.”

“He was racist to my friends, too.”

Ben got up, down the rest of his beer, and shrugged again. “Yeah. People suck.”

Rey made a face, but Ben didn’t look at her as he walked past her. “Kylo’s a needy bitch, by the way, an’ he does like girls. He ain’t gonna stop buggin’ ya.”

As if on cue, Kylo rose from the sofa and trotted forth, nuzzling his snout into Rey’s hand. “I don’t mind,” she said, scratching his head.

“If you was a guy, he’d have chased you down and tackled ya, waitin’ for me. Surprised he was as calm with you, anyway, an’ like I said- he likes all girls. Must love you.”

Rey looked down at the wolf dog as Ben disappeared into the hallway, petting him for a few moments more before washing her hands and getting to work.

The meat didn’t look, or smell, like pork. It didn’t smell *bad*, or expired, or anything- but she was pretty sure it wasn’t pork.

But he had all kinds of animals out back. Rey wondered which one it was, trying not to think too hard about the sense of danger still brewing in her gut. It smelled good, and it cooked well, too.

The shower wasn’t running for long, but it seemed to take Ben a while to walk back out. Dinner was done by the time he did, in grey sweatpants and no shirt, and he walked to the freezer and pulled out two thick, frosty glasses, then got about setting the small table by the bay window as Rey filled up the two waiting plates on the counter.

“What kind of meat is this?” Rey asked.

“Squirrel,” he said, completely deadpanned, and Rey glared at the back of his head.

“You’re so funny,” she muttered as she picked up both heavy, loaded plates.

“Sometimes,” he said. “What do you want to drink?”

“I don’t care.”

“Milk, tea, cola, or water,” Ben said- *growled*, really, as if her nonchalance had aggravated him. Rey rolled her eyes.

“Whatever you’re having is fine by me.”

“I’m having beer, which you already said no to,” Ben continued, voice still eerily close to a growl.

Rey sighed. “Tea’s fine, please and thank you.”

He pulled out another beer and a pitcher of tea, setting the beer in front of one plate and pouring the tea into the other glass. He set the tea down, then pulled out Rey’s chair for her-

“Thanks,” she mumbled, and he grunted in response before sitting across from her. Kylo laid down, facing away, just beside them as Ben poured his beer into his chilled glass.

Ben picked his meat up by the bone and ate it, but Rey cut hers up like a civilized person and ate it like that. It was good- it might have been a t-bone steak. Her mac and cheese was even better than it usually was, she was proud to say, and the corn was pretty damn good, too.

“S’good,” he grunted.

“Thank you.”

“Mm.”

Ben ate a good half of his giant steak, then dropped the rest of it on the floor. Rey got about just as far before she couldn’t eat anymore, then motioned towards the floor; Ben nodded, and Rey dropped hers for the wolf dog, too. Ben gathered the dishes after a moment, then walked towards the sink and rinsed them off before throwing them in a compact dishwasher.

He started to put away the food as Rey watched Kylo eat, wanting to pet him but just a little too wary to touch a wolf as he ate, no matter how well-trained he seemed.

“Nice place,” Rey said after a moment, just to fill the silence that ate at her.

“Thanks,” he grumbled, but he gave the trailer a critical look. “Be nicer once we move on into the main house, once that’s all fixed up.”

“What do you have to do to it?”

“Well,” he said. “Just got done fixin’ the pipes, electrical, and foundation- all of ‘em were fucked- and the outside and the roof, which were fallin’ apart. I’m about done fixin’ the layout, and then, kitchens and bathrooms- then, paintin’ and furnishin’.”

“Wow. So you basically had to rebuild it?”

“Yep,” he said. “An’ rebuildin’s a lot more complicated than just buildin’ a new place- but it was my- *our*- Pops’ place. His ma built it when she moved here in 1915.”

“Wow.”

“Yep. Her husband, Craig, helped her make it what it became.”

“That’s sweet,” Rey said softly.

“Mm.” Ben finished cleaning up just as Kylo moved onto Rey’s leftover meat.

“It was good- really, what kind of meat was it?” Rey insisted.

Ben looked down at Kylo as he ate, silent for a moment. "Some of the carcass is left. I could take you to it, see if ya can guess."

"Or you could just tell me."

"Don't wanna see all the hard, bloody work what goes into it?" Ben asked, looking up at her, voice strained.

Rey rolled her eyes. "I grew up on a ranch," she said. "And I've butchered my fair share of animals- mostly bucks, which I shot."

"You like huntin'?"

"No, but I like venison. Tell me or take me, damnit."

Ben nodded towards the door, stepping into slippers as he went. Rey pulled her sandals back on as he waited with the door open; Kylo abandoned his food to trot out the door, into the grass, and Rey followed after him. Ben set a hand on Rey's shoulder and kept it there as they headed towards the barn; Kylo went to the bathroom, then scurried close as they came upon the barn.

It was a typical sight, at first. A few animals in stalls, a fair bit of equipment. Ben led her through a door where things were clearly butchered; it was all cleaned up, though, only stains to show the visceral happenings. He led through another door to a freezer.

Pigs, cattle, two giant bucks. A lamb that looked harrowing and a calf that was sad to see, even to Rey; she didn't like killing the young ones, and that was probably why the meat that came from them never tasted very good to her.

And one more thing, unrecognizable to Rey. Most of it was gone, but it seemed like the freshest thing in the freezer.

“Take yer time,” Ben grumbled as he pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, freeing and lighting one. Rey studied it, rounding it.

It was kind of big. Not a horse, though- probably, though she’d never seen what they looked like. The chop had been big, but not that big, surely. Still, she could think of nothing else it could be... Rey looked over at Kylo. He was huge, but still not big enough, probably...

“A horse? Maybe a young one?”

“Nope,” Ben said.

“... A wolf?”

Ben frowned as if offended by that. “No.”

Rey thought of all of the large game she hadn’t shot and butchered, things she wouldn’t necessarily recognize, but it didn’t *look* like any of them. She took a few more guesses, and none of them were right.

“C’mon,” she grumbled. “What the *hell* is it?”

Ben took the final drag of his cigarette, then opened a tiny, high window and tossed it out. “Head’s in the bedroom, waitin’ to be mounted,” he said. “You ain’t gonna like what you see, though, an’ I ain’t gonna tell you.”

Rey gave him an annoyed look. “Han raised me- he’s a rancher, too, and he’s made me eat all sorts of nasty shit. I’m not a fucking baby, I think I can handle seeing an animal head- but why is it in your *bedroom*?”

“Well, it’s been *mounted*, I just ain’t hung it up yet. Ain’t been mounted on the wall yet.”

Rey rolled her eyes. “Fine, then. Let’s go see it.”

Ben led her back to the house, Kylo in tow. “You throw up in my room,” he grumbled. “And I’m tannin’ yer hide.”

“I’m not scared of you, and I’m not about to ralph over a damned head.”

Ben quirked a brow at the first bit, smirking at the second half. “If you say so.”

When they got to the hallway, Ben gently pushed Rey in front of him and covered her eyes with one large hand. Rey gumbled in annoyance as he guided her the rest of the way, but let him do it.

It felt like stupid older brother shit, and Rey liked that a fair bit.

He stopped her when her thighs hit the bed, and then, his voice came quietly, right next to her ear- “You ready, little Rey?”

“Yes.”

He pulled his hand away and it took Rey a moment. After the initial processing, she rolled her eyes and *scoffed*. “You are *so not funny*. ”

“Who’s laughing?” Ben said, entirely unamused.

Rey crossed her arms, studying the head on the bed- the lifeless caricature of Chewie on a polished wooden mount, **CHARLIES 'CHEWIE' BACCA** engraved on a bit of metal just beneath. "Even if I were to believe you would kill and eat a man- which I don't, for the record," Rey said, turning to look at a deadpanned Ben who looked right back into her eyes. "Chewie wouldn't step foot in this town. He's sworn it up and down."

Ben smirked, glancing at the fake head. "I wonder why," he said in a dry, ironic tone. He picked the head up by the long, curly hair- brown and black and silver and grey and white- and walked back out to the living room.

And then Rey caught sight of another, already on the wall. A woman- absolutely gorgeous- with long, silky black hair and eerily lifeless, honey-colored eyes. Her golden name plate said **BAZINE 'BAZ' NETAL**.

Rey looked at Ben's form as he came back down the hallway. He let out a whistle, and Kylo came after, two bones in his mouth. "This isn't funny," she said in a low voice, her brain no longer willing to debate whether it was real- *no fucking way*- or some sick, deranged joke.

"Ain't a damned person what's laughing, Rey," Ben said. Kylo lay his bones on the floor by the dresser as Ben closed and locked the door-

"I'm going back to Leia's," Rey said, heart racing.

"No, you ain't," Ben said. "I bet Luke's draggin' yer friends over right now, anyhow. We got food for months between the lot of 'em."

Rey propelled herself back on the bed, staring at Ben. She felt nothing but danger and adrenaline. "You're tellin' me you plan on killing and eating my friends?"

"Yep," Ben said, meeting her gaze.

It didn't seem like a prank anymore. Rey's eyes flashed towards Baz's head, then right back to Ben's face. "And what do you think's gonna happen to me?"

Ben looked Rey up and down. "I think you're gonna get fucked into that bed tonight," he said. "And then we're gonna get married in the mornin'. Ain't particularly the way it's meant to go, but..."

Rey felt ice run up her spine and then fan out to every other part of her body. Her brain didn't seem to want to think of things to say to get out of this- which was *very* unlike her; she wished she could simply wake up now. She swallowed. "You're my brother," she breathed.

Ben looked slightly amused, in an almost condescending way. "Half-brother," he grumbled. "Family tradition, really. Luke is Mama's twin brother."

Rey squeezed her eyes shut. "Who's that?" she tried.

"On the wall? Baz. She didn't taste very good, though. Not enough fat. AJ said your little girlfriend's better- a bit thicker, but not too much. He said the black guy's too muscular and the white one's too stocky- too much fat *and* too much muscle. Waste not, though- lots o' dogs out here what need to eat, too."

"Please," she said, a last ditch effort. "Do whatever you want to me- don't hurt them. Please. Please. *Please.*"

"Mm," he said. "We'll see if you behave, but that ain't just up to me. I ain't promisin' a damned thing- other than that I'll try to help if you're good, and I'll make it hurt for them if you don't."

Rey seized up, trying to fight the panic, eyes still firmly squeezed shut. "Who else is it up to?"

“Palpatine, Snoke, Hux, and Luke. I bet Luke’d spare them for ya- Snoke might just do me a favor and side with me, and Hux will vote however Snoke does. Palpatine ain’t gonna change his mind, though. We don’t get many chances for it, though, and the whole town’s awfully fond of it... I ain’t promisin’ a thing.”

“What did Baz do?”

“She was a whore,” he said, voice harsh all of a sudden. “We was engaged when we was kids, an’ she fucked around with my buddy, *at the time*. His head’s already over in the main house- aint many finished rooms for them to go, though.”

“Please,” Rey said. “Move her.”

“Why? You ain’t like lookin’ at her?”

“No, I don’t.”

After a moment, Ben spoke- “Kylo. Guard.”

Rey forced her eyes to open as Ben walked out the door, and Kylo took it up with his big body, looking at Rey with his yellow eyes. He was calm and alert, but seemingly still jovial. Baz’s head was gone.

Ben walked out of the trailer. Rey looked around, trying to think of what to do. If *only* her friends weren’t on the line- *maybe*, and this was her best chance- she’d run off, try to get past Kylo- maybe just try to pet him at first, or something-

Some little part of Rey still believed this was just some sick joke, that Ben was just weird and sick and not- not-

A murderous cannibal who’d unwittingly fed her godfather to her.

Rey felt a pang of disgust, then, as the reality of that hit her. The disgust quickly turned to nausea, but she fought it, damping it down. It wouldn't do her any good.

Ben came back eventually. "Kylo- stand down."

Kylo relaxed, then trotted casually back to the bones, laying down and continuing to gnaw at them. Ben closed and locked the door once more, then grabbed Rey by the ankle and dragged her closer-

She sucked in a breath, head falling back against the bed, and stared at the ceiling. "I'm a virgin," she said through gritted teeth.

Ben made a little sound, gentle and soft. "That so?"

"Yes."

"You're, what, nineteen?"

"Yes. Your little nineteen year old sister- I bet you remember when I was born, too--"

Ben chuckled. "Yep. You were cute as a button. Most newborns are ugly as hell- Kitty was..." Ben pushed the giant shirt up, and Rey squeezed her eyes shut again.

This couldn't be happening.

"Changed your diapers, fed you. You didn't stop screamin' and hollerin' long as I knew you. Couldn't stand you- but I was still a boy. Anyhow- you were always a pretty little thing. And you loved me right off the bat- always threw a fit if I didn't let you sleep with me, curled up against me. I think that was the only time I liked you at all, pretty and quiet and peaceful."

Ben got the shirt over her head slowly as he talked, then tossed it somewhere; after a moment, he started unbuttoning her jeans.

This wasn't happening.

"You were one when I found out about Mama, and her shit with Luke and Bail," he said. "You know, Bail raised her. Said it was nice to be with them- family. Her brother and her daddy. Made her feel safe, an' loved in a way she never felt with Han. Said it was 'just right'- said she wanted me to get both you and Kitty. I never wanted Kitty like that- I didn't want you back then, but thought I might when you got older. An' when she came back and Poe wanted her..."

Ben tossed her shorts away, too, and then *painfully* slowly, he started dragging her panties down, too.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

"... I figured he could have her. He was one of my buddies growin' up- his mama's my godmother- like family to all of us. Kay had always loved him, anyway. We tried to send her back to get her to bring you home, but her car broke down and on her second little stay in town, no one was expectin' her so soon. She said she'd call Amilyn when she got home, an' she hadn't- said she was gonna take you to all sorts of places first. She saw somethin' she wudn't s'posed to, and we couldn't let her leave again. She and Poe got married, an' they're off on their honeymoon. I don't think we'll have one o' those- don't particularly want one, an' there's work to be done... Besides. You look a fair bit strong, seem a fair bit fiery. Just more trouble than it's worth. If you're good, though, and you want one, maybe we could go somewhere in a month or so."

Her panties were gone, and she heard him inhale deeply, then sigh softly. She couldn't fight tears anymore. "You smell nice," he said softly, and she jumped and let out a squeak as she felt his fingers brush over her curls. "An' I like the cheeky little... Landscaping."

"Please," she barely managed.

“Shh...” Rey felt him spread her thighs slowly, opening her up for his eyes. “Pretty little thing,” he whispered. She whimpered as she felt his fingers on her lips, spreading them open. He let out a hum. “Yeah, you look like a virgin,” he said softly.

“I *am*.”

His body came down over hers, and she lay there and quaked. She felt like her body could just implode in on itself, and in that moment, she hoped and prayed that it would. “You been real good for me, haven’t you, sweetheart?”

She forced herself to nod.

He kissed her lips, lightly and briefly. “Well, then. Maybe I’ll be good to you, too, an’ let you wait to lose it tomorrow like yer s’posed to.”

“Yes, please,” she forced out.

“Mm.” Ben kissed her a few more times, slow and sweet, sickening. Then, he picked her up and led her further up the bed until her head hit the pillows before dragging a thin sheet atop them. “Kylo, doors. Goodnight, Rey.”

Rey quaked against his chest. “Goodnight.”

It took a very, very long time for Rey to fall asleep.

Teach You

When Rey woke up, it was to the sensation of someone else getting out of bed. Her brow knitted-

But reality came back to her far sooner than it usually did, and she sat upright at once, leaning towards the wall. Ben, naked as the day was born, glanced tiredly back at her, then continued on towards the dresser. As he rummaged through it, he gently nudged Kylo awake with his foot.

“Kylo, guard.”

The wolf dog got to his feet slowly, then hopped up on the bed and lay down, eyes tiredly locked on Rey. Ben *tsked*.

“If she gets away with you actin’ like that,” he muttered. “You’re the one what’ll get punished, not her. An’ yer gonna be right upset if she stays gone.” Ben got dressed in jeans, a t-shirt, and an open flannel. Today, though, he picked up a tan cowboy hat and put it atop his head. “Don’t you move a muscle, ‘less it’s to piss. Kylo ain’t gonna let you go nowhere but the bathroom, anyhow.”

“Where are you going?” Rey asked groggily.

“To church,” he said. “Make sure Father Shawn can get us married today, and then I’ll be back to tell the Knights- boys that help out around the ranch- that they’re on their own today if Snoke can.”

Rey said nothing as he sat down to pull his socks on, trying to force her tired mind to think- “Where are my friends?”

“Tied up in the barn. Luke’s watchin’ over ‘em- he’ll spare ‘em for you. Said so.”

“When?”

“When I popped out to check on them as you slept.”

“And you’re going to ask Snoke to spare them, too?”

Ben looked over then. “If you let me fuck you nice an’ easy, an’ for as long as you do.”

She hugged herself, staring at the bed. “Do you want kids?” Rey’s voice was small and weak in a way she’d never heard it be before.

“Yeah,” he said, dry and amused.

“We’re *related*. There’s a reason that incest is illegal- they’d pop out with two heads-”

“Kitty didn’t,” Ben said. “And we’re half siblings. Far as I understand it, that’s a bit better than full siblings. More varied DNA to work with.”

“Please-”

“Hush,” he said, standing up. “And stay put.”

He left. After a few minutes, Rey got up- Kylo was on full alert as soon as she moved, hopping down onto the ground. Rey slowly walked towards the bathroom, but when she tried to close the door on him, he growled. She opened it up and he relaxed at once, and Rey tentatively sat down on the toilet. When her business was done and her hands were washed, she went for the door to the hallway-

Kylo growled and snapped at air, a clear warning, and Rey paused. “I’m thirsty,” she said, hand still hovering near the handle. Kylo stared at it, still on full alert. She went for it-

Kylo snapped again, stepping closer, and Rey paused. She thought, heart racing. “Kylo,” she said in a firm voice- the kind she always used with CJ, the dog they’d had growing up. The kind Ben used for Kylo. The wolf dog didn’t seem to know what to do. “Stand down.”

Kylo relaxed slightly, regarding her like he was trying to figure out if it was a trick. Rey put her hand on the handle, and then opened the hallway door.

Kylo let her. As she moved out to the living room, though, he stayed hot on her trail.

... She was buck-ass naked. And she was thirsty. She got some of the coffee sitting in the pot, still warm, and drank it as fast as she could stand before heading back to the bedroom to retrieve her clothing. Kylo didn’t growl or snap again, but he was still standing right beside her.

Fully clothed, she went for the front door. Kylo made a noise- it sounded confused- but Rey unlocked and opened it regardless.

“Kylo, quiet,” she said. His whimpering ended at once.

Rey crouched low as she made her way to the nearby barn, peeking in, praying that Kylo would keep listening to her. What she saw made her shudder- her three beloved friends, all tied rather excessively to a stool each, and an older man sat on the ground near a cow that might have been in labor, from the looks of things.

Rey formulated a game plan as she crouched there, then rounded the barn, almost surprised to find the second, smaller entrance in the back. She led Kylo through it, then into the back shadows of the main room. Further in, and in, and in.

Rey pointed at Luke; Kylo turned his attention fully towards the man.

“Kylo,” Rey said, and everyone turned to look- “Attack.”

Kylo didn’t move, but Luke was on his feet-

“*Kylo*,” Rey said, voice strained. “Kill.”

The wolf dog was moving in a moment, barrelling forward. He jumped onto Luke before the man could grab the pitchfork he’d darted towards, and in moments, Kylo had ripped out the old man’s throat. Rey seized a machete she saw and started cutting her friends loose; Luke was dead and Kylo was trotting casually towards her by the time she was done.

“What the fuck?” Finn said, eyes darting between Rey, Luke, and Kylo.

“Don’t look a prize horse in the mouth,” Snap muttered. “We need the fuck out of-”

“I know,” Rey said through gritted teeth. “C’mon. I have to hot-wire the Jeep; no clue where my keys got to. We can’t go far- they- *Kay*-”

“They’ve got her?” Snap demanded.

“Sort of. I’ll explain when we’re driving- we can’t get her right now.”

And they were off, Kylo in tow. Rey hotwired it quickly, then found it hard to coax Kylo inside; she had to sit in the back with Rose, Snap driving, because Kylo did *not* like either Snap or Finn, and only seemed to truly like Rey.

She explained it all to them, and then, Snap recounted their night.

“We ate dinner,” Snap said. “And then they led us to some bedrooms. My guess is that they drugged us, ‘cause we woke up one by one already tied up in that fucking barn.”

That explained the excessive rope, then. Had to keep them upright while they were unconscious.

They made it past Leia’s driveway. They made it to town. Ben was outside as they sped by-

Rey had a very bad feeling about this.

“Floor it,” Rey growled. “Fast as she can go.”

“You got it,” Snap said, and their speed more than doubled... Still, it wasn’t long until three, four, *five* trucks were hot on their trails.

“We should’ve brought the Falcon,” Rey said through gritted teeth.

“You should be the one driving,” Rose said breathlessly.

“Hey, I’m a good driver,” Snap defended.

“You’re an okay driver,” Rose said. “Rey’s a fantastic driver.”

They made it out of town. Barely.

Because a truck was driving right towards them, and Rey could see spikes on the road almost too late-

She was over into Snap's lap in a moment- a tight squeeze- and in control just in time to swerve, hitting the spikes with just one front tire as she sent the car onto a trail through the woods.

"Are you *fucking-?!?*" Finn started.

"Spikes!"

Kylo barked a few times, bunkering down into the seat. He let out a short growl, then a whimper, over and over again. Rey had to slow the car down; she had no choice-

"*Fuck,*" she hissed. "Fuck!"

"Everybody out," Finn growled. "Out and apart. And *hide-* up a tree, in a coyote den- wherever you can find. Trail's thinning out-"

Finn and Snap argued as Rey took the trail for as long as she realistically could, then jumped into the back; Kylo whined and nuzzled into her. Snap stopped the car, and then, they were all out-

Rose and Finn to the right, Snap to the left. Rey and Kylo ran straight forward.

"Kylo," Rey said. "*Hide.*"

Much to her surprise, it was a command he knew. He immediately started looking- hunting, tracking, something- and veered off a bit to the right, still dead ahead from the abandoned car. Before long, they found one of the thickest trees that Rey had ever seen, and Rey clambered into a tiny little alcove all but hidden in the trunk. Kylo was right after her, all but climbing into her lap. She held on and hugged him tightly, petting him-

"Kylo, quiet."

Kylo nuzzled into her, and they both shifted until they were comfortable. And then, Rey waited.

It was a long time before she heard something. “Rey... Rey... Rachel Anne!” slow, sing-songy, starting farther away and slowly getting louder- closer. “Your friends are as good as dead,” he said. “If you don’t want something very unpleasant happening to Kitty, too, I’d suggest coming on out now and apologizing.”

Kylo’s head swivelled as he heard Ben say so much. He tilted his head to the side.

“Kylo, stay,” Rey whispered. She hoped and prayed that Ben hadn’t noticed that he’d been in the car, too. Kylo leaned in towards Rey again, but he kept his head turned towards Ben’s voice.

“I know you’re scared,” Ben said. “Han didn’t raise you right. He had no fucking right to take either of you- had more of a right to take *me*, but he always wanted a daughter or two. Still- he could’ve at least done it *right*. This is how it’s always gone, for everyone in our family, for the whole town. And we’re a whole lot better off than the people from out there. I know you’re scared, but I ain’t gonna hurt you. You’re my girl. My ever-annoying girl. Come on out, now- I know you’re close, I tracked your trail... I know you can hear me. Come on out and you won’t even get in trouble, ‘cause I know Kylo was slacking-”

Kylo went to go towards Ben at the sound of his name, but Rey pulled him close; reluctantly, he leaned into her again.

“-And I know you’re just scared, and that you don’t know no better yet. Just come on out. If you do, I’ll talk to Snoke about changin’ his mind... Doubt it’d work, but I’ll try.”

Rey closed her eyes and listened as he went on... As he passed her by.

“Wised up, did you?” he called, louder than before. “Stopped leaving such a big trail a few yards back... No sign of turning, though, and the brush thickens up a while back...” He

seemed to be thinking out loud as he circled the tree a few times. “I’ll go get Kylo and a few others from his litter, if you make me. They’ll all find you right quick, and if I gotta do that, you *really* ain’t gonna like what I let Kylo do to you. Baz sure didn’t.”

Again, Kylo tried to leave at the sound of his name- and, on the last time, Rey couldn’t keep him still for long. Kylo trekked out of the tree, and with a soft curse, Rey darted.

“There you- *shit*, ” Ben’s voice said. “You-” he laughed, a low and booming chuckle that Rey could barely hear as she ran as fast as her feet would take her- “Kylo- fetch.”

Kylo let out a rather excited, drawn-out sound; he was running after her, and so was Ben-

Rey was fast. Very fast. She had a track and field scholarship. Her lungs were on fire and she could barely register it for the panic-

She regulated her breathing, forced herself to be aware of her surroundings in the woods-

All in all, she made it a lot farther than she maybe should have, running from a wolf.

But he got her in the end, tackling her, and she hit the ground and skidded as he fought to get a hold on her- paws on her biceps and knees, nails digging in- teeth at her throat, but not biting, not painful-

Rey was awash with some surreal terror as she felt her bladder give out, felt warmth cut through the panicked adrenaline-

“Kylo!” Ben called. “Breed.”

Rey didn’t have time to process that before Kylo *was* biting- not her throat, but her clothes, as she tried to scramble to her feet and run off. He kept her close, though, and chewed and ripped off her shorts completely-

The word, the meaning, sunk in-

“Kylo!” Rey shrieked. “Stand down! *Stand down!*”

To his credit, the dog paused. Rey was off again-

“Kylo, *breed*,” Ben said, and Kylo had her on the ground again in no time, bullying her into position; shoulders and face pressed into the dirt, knees bent and ass in the air. She tried to get away, but Kylo seemed to know how to keep her in place.

*You **really** ain’t gonna like what I let Kylo do to you. Baz sure didn’t.*

Rey was going to be sick.

Ben crouched in front of her and she desperately shoved her hand under his pant leg, finding skin and digging her nails in- “I can make him hurt you a lot more’n you can hurt me, Rey.”

Thrusting as Kylo tried to find entrance, and she let out a visceral, horrified sound. “Ben-” she hissed, fighting like hell *not* to let the dog in.

“What?” Ben breathed, a dryness cutting through the faux-nonchalance.

“Don’t you wanna be the first?” Rey squeaked, desperate, *desperate*-

“Oh, he ain’t goin’ in your cunt. That’s all mine.”

Kylo's *dick* struck against her asshole as if on cue; Rey squealed and whined, jerking away. "Don't-" she sucked in a breath, fighting off a sob. "Don't you want that first?"

"Nope. That's his, an' he knows it."

Kylo found his way inside. And then, there was no fighting him off.

Rey screamed in pain, gripping tighter to Ben's ankle out of sheer instinct rather than any drive to hurt; her other hand clawed at the dirt as Kylo thrust in, deeper and deeper, ripping her open-

"Sto-o- *op!*"

Kylo let out a little whimper, paws moving to wrap around her hips, tugging her hips back into him-

All the way in. There was dirt in her mouth and a tick on her shoulder, and she was aware of none of it- Ben snatched and crushed it before it could sink in, showing it to her as if he wasn't forcing his dog to *rape his sister*.

Rey stared up at his face, the horror overtaking the sharp, burning pain behind her. "You-" she sputtered, spittle flying from her lips. "You're a *monster*."

Ben tilted his head to the side. "No," he said softly. "You just don't know any better. But I'll teach you better. You're okay, sweetheart."

It didn't last long, but the horrors weren't quite done.

Three gunshots in quick succession to the right of her, followed by two more.

Something *much, much* thicker being fucked into her, ripping her open yet again before the pain even had a chance to dull; and then *animal come* being pumped into her as she felt Kylo's heart racing against her back.

The thickness didn't stop for five, ten, *fifteen* minutes- minutes that felt like an eternity.

Seven gunshots to the left of her, accompanied by screaming from both Finn and Rose, and then silence.

She sobbed into the dirt as Kylo finally, *finally* deflated and pulled out. "I hate you."

Ben's hand ran through her hair. "Yer alright," he said, playing with her hair as Kylo curled up next to her, unaware and sated. He nuzzled into her with his wet snout, as if wondering why she was so upset.

This was fucked. All of this was *so fucked*.

Ben pulled off his flannel and managed to get it around Rey and all buttoned up. Kylo grumbled and barked a few times, looking in both directions. Ben all but dragged Rey into his lap as several people approached from either direction, and Rey lay limp and in pain.

"Where's my sister?" Ben grumbled after the footsteps stopped close by.

"In the truck with BB," came a voice.

"And the outsiders?"

Silence. Rey shuddered and sobbed, shaking in strong, detested arms.

“Mm,” Ben hummed. “Snoke all ready, back in town?”

“I’d assume so.”

“Alright,” Ben said softly, then scooped Rey up bridal style as he got to his feet. “Let’s go.”

Broken

The wedding was quick and unceremonious, consisting of only Ben, Rey, someone that Rey gathered to be Shawn Snoise- an old, weathered man with an uneven and seemingly scarred face- Poe, Kay, Kylo, and BB- a big saint bernard who didn't seem capable of not drooling.

Rey was on Kay the moment Poe helped the older girl out of the car, and Kay sucked in a heavy breath and squeezed.

"Kylo, guard. Poe, you're coming with me."

"Sure. BB- guard."

The two dogs kept watch while the men left the open, main room of a small, quaint church, and Rey pulled back to study her sister. Kay was thin and gaunt and haunted, eyes desolate and tired. She squeezed onto Rey's arms and said nothing.

She didn't look or feel like the Kay that Rey had always known, and it had panic coursing through Rey's gut again. "What did they do to you?"

Kay didn't answer at first, just studying her. "They killed a group of hitch hikers, then kidnapped me," she finally forced out. "Married me off. What- who-...? Ben's our- our *brother*- so who are they-?"

"Him," Rey said. "I have to marry *him*. What- what's it- how much time have you spent here? What's the outlook on *getting out*?"

Kay didn't give Rey a rundown, determined and focused, as she would have a few months back. She didn't even say that they weren't getting out- a bit of pessimism that popped out of Kay from time to time before she bunkered down and got back to business. Kay didn't say anything, just stared into Rey's eyes, and somehow, that was more terrifying than any response she should have given.

Rey squeezed her eyes shut and set her forehead on Kay's. "We're gonna get out," Rey promised in a low voice. "We're gonna get the fuck out of here, hug and kiss Dad, and then kick his *fucking* ass. He lied! He could have- could have gone to someone about this place, or- at least fucking *warned* us in any meaningful way-"

"Rey," Kay interrupted. "Why did you come here?"

"To get you!" Rey said, pulling back to gawk in disbelief. "You think my sister- *my best fucking friend*- can go missing without my impulsive ass heading in *right behind you*?"

Kay looked hurt, horrified, and so many other things that mingled and changed faster than Rey could recognize them. "I came here alone and you went missing- so you came here, alone, to go missing, too?"

Rey couldn't think to hide the shock and grief she'd been avoiding on the ride back to town, and Kay studied Rey slowly, studying her. Thinking, wondering, about all of the horrible things that that could mean. "Who?"

One small, broken word, and it was acid on the shattered pieces of Rey's mind.

"Finn, Rose, and-... And Snap."

Kay didn't so much as *react* to the first two, which made bile rise in Rey's throat. At the final name, though, her eyes widened and grew wet, and she gulped and licked her lips. She looked away, brain struggling to come to terms with that.

If Rey didn't say, she might find out in a much less preferable way from one of these *fucking cunts*. "I... I guess Chewie followed me. I guess he didn't make it too far- or... Made it way too far."

Kay closed her eyes and shuddered. “Oh,” was all she said.

Oh. Rey stared at her sister who had been rendered so unfamiliar for several long seconds- until Ben came back and guided Rey to a bathroom, watching her as she changed into a simple, formal white gown. He ushered her further into the church, into a seat, where a tall, pale woman with platinum blonde hair silently did her hair and makeup as Kay sat on a nearby sofa, staring at her folded hands.

They went back to the main room, where the ceremony happened quickly and quietly. Rey was being guided back to Ben’s truck before she knew it, all but propelled into the passenger seat, as she watched Kay’s own captor lead her into another, older truck- silver and wood paneling.

They drove back into the woods, towards Ben’s house, but a truck had been parked in the road, blocking the way. Ben grumbled something, then hopped out of the truck; he went to the bed-

Rey had nothing better to do and nothing more to lose. She wrenched open the car door and bolted-

She made it pretty far before Ben himself snatched her up like it was nothing, and she flailed and squirmed as he carried her back to the truck. She made it as difficult as she could as he held her still while digging through something for something, and he cursed and snarled at her all the while, until-

He slammed her into the bed of the truck and pinned her down. “I can get Kylo on you again,” he snarled in her ear. “And so soon after, it’ll hurt *more* this time- an’ then, since we’re married, I’ll fuck you in the cunt, rough and mean into the goddamn gravel, an’ that’ll only make it all *fucking* worse-”

“I *don’t care!*” Rey shrieked. “I don’t *care*, I don’t *care*, I *don’t care*, I don’t care, I don’t care, I don’t *care-!*”

Ben finally tossed away the tangled rope he'd apparently been going for to seize some duct tape instead. He got it around her wrists, her knees, her ankles, her mouth. He carried her back to the passenger side, exhausted and desperate and squirming, and set her down. He walked off, leaving the door open-

Rey threw herself out onto the gravel, which hurt a fair bit more than she'd been anticipating, but she didn't particularly give a fuck; he cursed and hurried back to her, then picked her up and set her back in the seat. He closed the door that time, giving Rey little to do but squirm and scream uselessly, all but silently, into her gag. She tried to get that off, at least, but he'd put too many layers, wrapped it too well, foiled every way that Rey knew how to get duct tape off of her mouth.

She was nothing but instinct and pure power of will as she struggled in vain. When he came back, he used the rope to tie her to the seat.

"Feisty fuckin'-" he cut himself off. "Feisty still, ain't ya? That's okay. You still ain't know no better."

And he left her there, bound to herself and the car in the middle of the road, as he walked to the other truck and drove it into the parking lot, then headed into his- their- mother's house.

He was in there for an eternity. Rey had to piss really, really badly. Kylo was circling the truck, never going far. Rey had to piss like a racing horse, and as the minutes turned to what *had* to be an hour, or damn near close to it-

Rey pissed herself, and it *burned*. She probably could have held it a bit longer at least, but she no longer gave a fuck. She pissed herself, and as her bladder emptied, so did every ounce of fire in her body. She relaxed against the back of the seat, feeling nothing but ever more loss at the emptiness that took up the space that anger, shame, indignance- *something*- should have. She stared up at the ceiling of the truck and thought.

The best way out was probably to get him to let his guard down. To make him think she'd broken. But if she folded too easily, he'd know something was up.

She'd fight as long as she could- as long as she thought she had to- then slowly pretend to break. She couldn't work out the specifics of all of that until she knew just what the fuck she'd been forced into. And then, she'd play it cool for a little while and reevaluate the best time to run.

And, hey, if she managed to get out in the first bit, all the better.

... And then what? Probably head back to Dad, go to the police there. She didn't trust these ones, and Dad had gotten and stayed away. She'd bring Kay if she could, but Rey wasn't going to quit until someone fucking *did something* about this fucking *hell on earth*, and with nothing for Kay to lose, either, it'd be bad for both of them if Rey wasted her shot to get out if she couldn't get Kay.

Ben came out maybe a half hour after she pissed herself, a half hour she sat plotting and getting ever hotter, ever hungrier, ever thirstier, and ever more uncomfortable and pained sitting in her piss-soaked dress. She glared at him as he approached, but she was fresh out of fight. Ben opened the back door to let Kylo in and sighed.

"You piss yourself?"

Rey couldn't answer if she wanted to, and she'd still rather ignore him. He walked slowly around to the driver's side, climbing in and pulling out. He didn't talk until they were about halfway to his house.

"T'dda took you into Mama's to get you cleaned up," he said. "But she's a bit busy grieving."

Oh. Yeah. Rey had killed Leia's husband. Her own uncle. Kay's father.

This place was vile.

When he parked the truck and got out, he rounded it to scoop her up and carry her into the trailer, Kylo in tow. Ben set her down on the toilet and pulled off the duct tape, the soiled

dress and underthings, undid her hair. He turned on the shower and motioned towards it; Rey did not move.

Ben sighed softly, then took off his own clothing and scooped her up, walking into the shower with her. When he set her on her feet, though, she collapsed down into a puddle on the tiny shower floor, and onto Ben's feet. He looked down at her, crossing his arms, and Rey stared at the ceiling impassively and did not move.

"You ain't aged a day since two," he grumbled at her, displeased.

He moved her until she was sitting upright, leaned into the corner, and scrubbed her clean. Her ass was bleeding, something he commented on quietly. "You ain't gonna make this easy, are you?"

When they were both cleaned, he turned the shower off and got out, drying himself off and then, with difficulty, her. He carried her to the bedroom and dropped her on the bed, and with rope waiting in his nightstand, he tied her hands to the headboard and her knees together, leaving her bare on the bed to get dressed and then walk off.

She could see him through the doorway as he fed Kylo, then sat down at the table with a plate of mac and cheese to eat, a cup of coffee in front of him. When he came back, he had a big glass of water with a straw in, which he guided to her lips.

She was too thirsty not to drink, damn him, but sucked up a bit extra and kept it in her mouth until he sat down on the edge of the bed-

She spat it on him, and he sat there for a moment, fury passing over his face before his expression settled into grim, forced patience. "Yer tryin' my mercy, girl," he breathed, a low and lethal sound. He wiped his face off, then wiped his hands on his jeans. "And when I'm about ten minutes from some pretty sensitive, unexplored territory, that's an awfully stupid thing to do."

"Just leave me alone," Rey gritted out in a snarl of her own.

Ben looked over at her, tired and annoyed. “What happened with Luke?”

To tell the truth, or to lie? Rey stared at Ben for a long time. Her decision wasn't even made by the time she spoke- “I was trying to get my friends,” she said. “And he was there. I guess I got pretty mad. I think I slapped him, or went to, and he stopped me, and I fought-... I guess Kylo didn't like that much.”

Ben turned to stare at the wall, sitting with that. It was unclear, at first, whether or not he bought her blatant lie. “Never did know how to act for anyone but me,” he grumbled at long last. He turned to look out the open door at Kylo, who was bounding towards the bedroom at that very moment. “You, dog, are damned lucky I never liked that old bastard, or I'd have half a mind to shoot you.”

Kylo seemed unaffected by the threat, just trotting happily up to sniff at Rey's bound hand, then nuzzle into it.

“Yeah, yeah, ya like her,” Ben grumbled, getting to his feet once more. “Kylo, come.” Kylo followed Ben to the front door, and Ben opened it and ushered him out before heading back to the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

“He's gonna get hurt.”

Ben looked up, one brow quirked. “He's a fuckin' wolf, Rey. Ain't a goddamned thing what can hurt him but a bullet to the skull. An' besides- the Knights are out there. He's gonna go help 'em, I reckon. Us'ly does.” Ben sat down on the edge of the bed again, placing a hand on Rey's belly as he studied her in quiet, gentle reverence. Rey wanted to punch him, over and over and over again- the face, the throat, the gut, the groin- until he stopped moving, stopped breathing, stopping being a giant beacon of danger and pain and-

“That stuff with Kylo,” he said in a low voice. “Ain't usually gonna be like that. He'll get all riled up iff'n ya fight, but he'll be gentle and sweet if you lay there for him.”

“And how often are you going to make your wolf *rape* me?”

Ben’s eyes flicked up to Rey’s, unaffected. “Once a week, at least,” he said matter-of-factly. “More, if you get to likin’ it-”

Rey scoffed, shuddering. Ben leaned closer to whisper in her ear, “I told you. It don’t gotta be that way.”

“It ‘don’t gotta’ be this way- any of it. Don’t act like this shit is *my* fault, when you’re the one doing it all-”

Ben pressed a kiss into her temple, and the tenderness- the facade of it all- made her want to shriek, and throw up, and wither into nothing all at once. “You’ll learn, sweetheart. This is the way it’s s’posed to be. You’ll learn, and you’ll like it.”

“Just leave me alo-”

“No,” he said softly, pressing a few more kisses into her face; her face scrunched up, eyes squeezing shut, and she tried to pull away. He only lowered himself onto her, holding her hair in one hand to keep her head in place, and kissed her throat hungrily.

She hated this man. She hated that the panic and nausea and horror returned to fill the emptiness. She hated the frightened, pitiful whine that came bubbling up out of her throat.

“I ain’t gonna force you again after this,” he said softly into her throat. “Ain’t gonna change nothin’, it seems, and it ain’t exactly my cup o’ tea. But we gotta consummate the marriage, sweetheart, an’ I’ll try to make it quick- heard the first time is, for men. I’ll go slow beforehand, though- try to relax, let me get you wet. I ain’t small, and it’ll hurt otherwise.”

She hated the tenderness more than anything. Like rape was just a method of getting her to behave, something he wouldn’t want to do unless it was to get her to act the way she ‘should’-

Like it was her fault this was bad, and he was just trying to take care of her. She hated the tears it brought forth almost as much, bubbling and sobbing into the air.

“Can make Kylo hold off for a little while, too,” he mumbled into her collarbone. “He’s got a taste for it, but we get passersby from time to time. They’ll do, ‘till you’re ready. Just gotta find an effective way of helpin’ ya learn, and once we get that good and done, it’ll go so much smoother...”

“Just leave me alone,” Rey begged.

“Shh... You don’t wanna be alone,” he breathed, kissing down her sternum. “I been alone since y’all left. You always had Han and Kitty and Chewie- all the people what left me. I’m sure it wudn’t good, whether you realize it or not- but you wasn’t alone, an’ you won’t have to be. I got you, and you got me, and you’ll see that in time...”

Over one small breast, aimless and looping. He was in no rush.

“Shoulda been more gentle, but you fit right against me- all sassy and sweet. Got me all riled up, too- wantin’ to play. I shoulda used my damned head. S’all on me, baby, but you’re grown- you’re old enough to work with me now. Just be sweet for me and it’ll all go smoothly- you can keep the sass and fire, but you gotta stay sweet for me...”

He silenced himself when his lips closed around her nipple, and Rey let out a drawn-out, tortured whine. They’d always been *so fucking sensitive-*

It felt *good* and she *hated it-*

She looked down at him- at Ben- at her brother. Tried to pull herself out of the arousal he was trying to push her into. He was her brother, he had her tied down, forced into this and *marriage* and-

But the sickness and the horror was so much worse. She'd prefer it, but she *couldn't*-

She closed her eyes and shut her mind off, with much difficulty. But there was no shutting off the cool electricity that shot from her nipple to her spine, her spine into her belly, her belly into her cunt. There was no getting around the fact that he was making her feel good.

He left her nipple and trailed kisses lazily over her chest, to her other breast, fully around it and towards her nipple. One hand moved to knead the breast he'd abandoned, inexpert and curious and yet so gentle and reverent. A big, warm, calloused palm learning her, exploring. Two fingers pinching and rolling her nipples as his mouth finally found the other; two knuckles closing around one as the palm gripped and held the fat of her breast as his mouth took a good portion of her *entire*, admittedly small breast into it.

And she was wet. The desolate horror could not be ignored, but the reasons- luckily- could be. She was horny and broken.

He kissed down her belly, hands coming down to stroke down her sides, feeling the shape of her curves. As he kissed over her hip, shifting down on the bed, his hands moved to free her knees- no, tie them up to her bent down elbows, spreading her for him and keeping her in place-

She whimpered as it got harder once more to ignore the reality of it, and his mouth quickly found the oversensitive inside of her thigh, quickly worked to melt away her thoughts once more.

Fingers spread her open to the warm, humid air, and he heard him inhale, sensed his head so close to her sex. Another whimper bubbled up as a finger passed slowly through her swollen folds-

*She was so wet that she could **hear it**, and she hated herself for it-*

Passing over her entrance to gather up some of her stolen dew, then guide it towards her clitoris to strum it, inexpert and ineffective.

At first. Much to her further desolation, he seemed to learn quickly. His big thumb found and trapped it, circling and flicking until she was clenching down on nothing, hips twitching, as an orgasm steadily materialized off in the distance of her mind.

“I’ll take good care of you, each and every time,” he breathed, and his breath tickled her core until she squirmed again. “I’ll make you come for me as many times as you can stand to. I’ll make it good for you, sweetheart. Anytime you want it, with the *sole* exception o’ church, you come to me and I’ll drag you right back home and you can melt away into bliss whenever you want. As often as you want. However you want. I’ll take care of you.”

He slipped a finger inside and she gasped; she’d slipped in one, occasionally two, or her own before- but it had been awhile, as she’d found that just toying with her clit was easier, faster. And his fingers were *so much bigger-*

She let out a strangled sob and squirmed.

“You’re bein’ such a good girl,” he noted softly as his finger explored inside of her body. “Is this what you need, doll? You need me to make you feel good?”

Rey said nothing. There was nothing to say.

“You love it,” he said softly- but there was no arrogance nor braggadocio in his voice, only gentle awe. “Your beautiful little body, so responsive... Yer gettin’ close, ain’t ya? You gonna come for me already? You’re doin’ so well, Rey. So fuckin’ good.”

God *damnit*, God damn *him*, his words and his beautiful, baritone voice were working now, marching her closer to that not-so-distant climax, now that most of her mind had melted away...

“Let me see it, baby. Come undone for me. I’ll kiss this perfect little cunt ‘till you can take a second finger, an’ then you’ll come for me again- a third finger, a third orgasm, an’ then I’ll make love to you, nice an’ sweet...”

She shuddered as a moan fell from her lips without permission.

“There you go, sweet girl. Let go. Let it all go. Come for me- let me taste it, drink it outta you-”

Rey moaned again as her body rolled and twitched, as a slow and strong and yet seemingly *tender* orgasm rolled through her; all encompassing, strong waves, but there was no frantic intensity to it like there always was. It was like she was laying down in a wave pool, just letting the water take her where it took her, calm and blissful...

Her eyes fluttered open as her body collapsed into the bed, as the orgasm passed. Ben eagerly found her clit with his mouth, flicking a big, sloppy tongue over it-

“O-ohhh,” Rey moaned, shuddering again. The intensity was back with a vengeance-

Aftershocks she could rarely bring herself to elicit-

He pulled his finger almost all of the way out, then added a second one, and the stretch had her squirming into the rope, her hips trying desperately to chase the feeling, her mind entirely checked out. His fingers curled and stretched, stroking perfect little spots within her- his lips sealed around her clit and he *sucked*-

It didn't take long for her second orgasm to follow, and Rey cried out and thrashed; it was *so intense*, and yet, so beautiful and sharp, like she'd been struck by lightning that took an eternity to pass-

His mouth explored, learning. A third finger followed, eventually, and then, a third orgasm. She was sobbing into the air by the time he pulled back, face damp with her arousal, eyes turning up to look at hers with nothing short of adulation.

He was bare on top of her in moments, and Rey was still too dazed from his generous foreplay to process the sights of movement and color until he was kneeling between her splayed legs, leaning forward to kiss and nip at her jaw, her throat, her cheekbone. She felt him line himself up-

“Please,” she breathed, and he gave a low groan, shuddering atop her.

“Yeah, baby-”

“Stop.”

He silenced immediately. She felt him press the underbelly of his cock into her seam, grind into her, coating herself in his arousal. “S’okay,” he said after a moment. “You don’t know no better. Shit they teach out there- if I can make you feel like this, make you this damned wet, the good Lord made us for one another. I know yer scared, and confused, but I’ll get you through it. Just relax... Loosen up, sweetheart. Let me in, or it ain’t gonna feel very good...”

Rey threw a little temper tantrum before collapsing into the mattress and panting, staring up at the popcorn ceiling. She was small and trapped and helpless, a thing for him to take and take care of- or, in the moment, she might as well be.

Her body- her core- loosened without permission, and he pressed his lubricated tip into her with far more ease than he should have.

Deeper, deeper, deeper- a half inch, an inch, an inch and a half. Rey sucked in a sharp breath, the sensation and stretch *so much different* from his fingers-

It felt so good and she fucking hated herself for it-

“Oh, *fuck*, Rey,” he grunted, clearly having to stop himself from slamming home. “Fuck, yeah, sweetheart- *fuck*, yes...”

Rey shuddered. Two inches... three... More and more and more. It seemed endless, until at long last, his head was pressed into her cervix and his hips were flush with hers. He shifted, wrapping his arms around her, his long hair falling into her face and feeling so wretchedly nice. “Made for me,” he breathed in her ear, voice high and blissful. “Same size, baby. The good Lord hand-crafted you just for me, an’ I’ll take good care of you for it.”

He drew out with another low groan, slow and steady, and then sunk back in. His head fell back, eyelids fluttering to reveal the whites of his eyes, mouth slightly agape.

He was beautiful, and she hated him for it. Messy hair falling back over his face, broad shoulders captured in the bright light pouring in from the windows, the warmth of their joined bodies a beautiful blanket despite the mid-summer Georgia heat...

“Ben,” she gasped. He shuddered and tensed up, his cock twitching inside of her.

“Yeah, baby,” he breathed. “I’m right here, right here for you, with you...” Ben’s head fell down, his forehead lightly coming to rest on hers. He drew back and sunk in once more. “Inside of you... *Fuck*. I ain’t gonna last long. I ain’t gonna last long.”

Each thrust came faster and faster, until eventually, he was fast and sure, clutching onto her hips as if for dear life, and she laid there and gasped and groaned and whimpered, each strike of his cock against the deepest part of her body far too much stimulus for her to be able to hold any of it back. He grunted and hissed and nodded, muttering all but pure gibberish, until the thrusts came harder and harder and harder-

She was going to break, to die, and it felt so good- she was positively dripping onto the bed, her stupid body entirely removed from reality and her brain barely connected to it- only enough to know that this *should* be horrible, and not to feel that it was.

Her worst coping mechanism had always been her tendency to pretend, to cast aside, to force herself to adapt to anything she couldn’t change and it was *readily* apparent that this was not changing anytime soon-

Her brow knitted, mouth open in a little ‘o’ as he seemed to be approaching his end. She could feel another orgasm building steadily, threatening to break what little remained of her. All she could focus on was the pleasure, the warmth, the comfort. All that existed was his body inside of hers.

“I know yer feelin’ it,” he gasped. “I know you’re gonna come for me, sweetheart. I’m only holdin’ on to feel it- come for me. Show me how good I’m makin’ you feel. Let me have it, Rey, give it all to me- all of it, the good, the bad, the ugly- *fuck*, sweetheart- perfect fucking cunt, pretty little tits, bouncing for me- gorgeous, sweet girl, come for me- come for me-”

She exploded and *screamed*, thrashing so hard that the rope was hurting her- not that she was in any state to notice that. Not a second later, Ben grunted and fell forward, his final dozen thrusts coming rough and fast and jagged and animalistic as a hardy *hhhh-aahhhh* ripped from his throat, as his cock twitched inside of her rioting walls and warmth flooded her very *soul*.

Rey collapsed against the bed as he dragged himself out of her and plopped back onto his knees, then fell back onto the bed. Both of them panted in the daylight- the early to mid-afternoon? Time meant nothing in that moment, and it felt like it never would again.

After what might have been a few minutes, after the pain in her wrists, elbows, and knees had finally sunk in, rubbed raw by her last orgasm, he untied her and lay down atop her again, wrapping his arms around her.

“Good girl,” he breathed quietly. “Such a good girl for me. We’ll get there, sweetheart. I promise.”

Rey stared up at the ceiling, incapable and unwilling to feel anything at all.

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