

Sacred Absolution

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13006338) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/13006338>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Star Wars - All Media Types , Star Wars Episode VIII: The Last Jedi (2017)
Relationships:	Armitage Hux/Ben Solo Kylo Ren , Armitage Hux/Kylo Ren
Characters:	Armitage Hux , Kylo Ren
Additional Tags:	Star Wars: The Last Jedi Spoilers , Blow Jobs , Unhealthy Relationships , Do We Feel Bad For Hux? Maybe? , General Hux Has Chill , Last Jedi Compliant
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-12-13 Words: 4,041 Chapters: 1/1

Sacred Absolution

by [reserve](#)

Summary

General Hux agrees to a trade.

Notes

THIS STORY CONTAINS SPOILERS FOR THE LAST JEDI

Many thanks to [ark](#) who was my beta and guide.

Title from Billy Joel's "Laura," - *That's her sacred absolution/If she had to, she would put herself in my chair/Even though I, faced electrocution*. My very first kylux fic, [Programmed Through](#)," draws its title from the same song.

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

“You’ll never amount to anything. You’re a rabid cur, just like your mother and if you knew what was best for ya, you’d have died when you were too sickly ta’ move.”

“So you’ve said,” said Hux. He wouldn’t give the old commandant the satisfaction of eye contact. “The trouble with rabid things, though, is how terribly unpredictable they are.”

“What was that boy?”

“I’m sure you’d agree,” Hux added, “if you weren’t going to die soon.”

Later, Hux decided to have no regrets about his father’s death. Brendol was only a shell of himself when Hux made his deal with Phasma and had it carried out. He wasn’t truly naive, he knew Phasma would likely ask for something in return someday. But *stars*, was it worth it: the lovely holos showing him a job cleanly done when it was all finished. Poison was a coward’s weapon, but it was certainly clean and *oh*, how he loved clean.

Space had always appealed to him for its barrenness alone: so empty, so inhospitable. He had the commandant’s quarters on the *Absolution* scoured before he took up residence in them. He wanted nothing of that bastard’s stink about, none of his booze-sticky fingerprints on the console computer, or his greying ginger hairs trapped in the sonic tiles. He oversaw the janitorial droids personally: pointing out missed spots here and there, making sure they got into the corners, and he discarded the majority of his father’s effects into the incinerator with hostile glee that made him feel more alive than he had in a very long time.

Which, of course, is why Kylo Ren had to come along and ruin everything. Literally *everything*.

Hux had gone a respectable decade without getting the life choked out of him by the bloody Force, so he supposed being cursed by two beatings, first by his now deceased boss, and second by his personal specter and apparent *new* boss, wasn’t wholly untenable.

He’d expected Kylo Ren to kill him.

He’d expected all of that wild, oafish anger to leave him a crumpled tangle of limbs on the throne room floor. In the end he’d folded of his own volition, squeezing out the words Ren wanted to hear like his life depended on it, which it actually had.

His throat hurt. His collar only barely hid the bruises. He desperately wanted a smoke but there was a war on and he hadn’t exactly had the opportunity for shore leave lately. When Hux had imagined the end of their illustrious Supreme Leader’s reign he’d always imagined that *he* would bring Kylo Ren to heel, surely not the other way around. Wouldn’t Brendol be absolutely *stricken* to know that his skinny, useless, bastard son had bent the knee instead? In a miserable way, it was satisfying: like pressing on a bruise (which he couldn’t stop doing), or scratching off a scab hard enough to draw blood.

He intended to dig his nails into this new arrangement. He'd been desperate before; he'd been violently subdued before. Hux had been trained to sniff out weakness on his own scent.

Kylo Ren hadn't killed him because Kylo Ren *needed* him.

—

With somewhat mutual disdain for the thing, they had abandoned the *Supremacy's* repairs to newly promoted Major Canady.

Hux was relieved to be back in his own chambers; he was a creature of habit and had always been thus. The Supremacy was a hulking monster of a ship, suited for an emperor, but Kylo Ren had no interest in her. Perhaps its prestige had been sullied for him in the apparent fray he'd gone through on board. It probably had something to do with the scavenger brat. Hux had been more than privy to Ren's rising obsession with her when they were still on Starkiller Base. And—he'd seen the footage.

He'd seen the way Ren removed his mask for her; how he'd gotten very close and very soft. Sing-song and plying in a manner that made Hux uncomfortable even so far removed. Now it seemed the girl was gone for good. And she'd left behind the very worst of Hux's idiotically mystic miscreant of a co-commander.

The new Supreme Leader. He very much doubted he'd get used to that, but another vigorous strangling and he might see his way to it. Not that he desired to be strangled again, but he could be stubborn. Their peace had always been tentative without the added strain of a significant increase in rank on one side.

But the Order was full of Hux's people: lieutenants and captains and majors who had served with him for years, ensigns who looked up to him even when he was at his worst. Phasma's end was the *real* tragedy; he could have used her. She was well-liked and her stormtroopers had a feverish loyalty to her. Most of the people under his command had only seen Ren's face for the first time in the past *week*.

He, Armitage Hux, was the *true* face of the Order.

Ren had to know that. Somewhere under all of his menacing, petty entitlement, his stupid lineage, he had to know that one Forceforesaken failed Jedi with a chip on his shoulder was meaningless against the Order's might, and whomever her people chose to support.

Princes, emperors, they were meant to be deposed. Rae Sloane had known that. She'd taught him that.

The summons were expected, and so Hux readied himself in advance of them. He smoothed his hair and changed into his dress uniform. He tugged his sleeves into place and decided to forgo his gloves in defiance.

"The Supreme Leader requests your presence," chirped the automated voice over his comm.

"Tell him he can wait," said Hux. "No—*wait*, tell him I'm...on my way."

“As you wish,” said the voice. People had taken to calling her MAC, slang for message auto-computation system.

“MAC, repeat message as sent?”

“General Hux is on his way.”

Hux heaved a sigh of relief while he still could. Ren could wait a little bit longer; he’d only just ascended the throne, and it would serve him well to have patience. The comm chimed again, insistent and more annoyed to Hux’s ear. It was as if Ren could hear his mutinous thoughts and had bewitched poor MAC to convey this. Maybe he had, maybe he’d always been able to read Hux’s mind, and as such Hux had been laid bare to him time and again without his knowledge. It almost made him shiver; just how much did Ren know of him?

As an afterthought, he took his blaster from its case and turned off the biometric reader. After strapping it to his hip, he pulled on his greatcoat.

—

Hux took the long way through his ship and nodded to each he passed. He had no intention of giving up his customs, his command style, the things that defined *him* as a general, for *Kylo-kriffing*-Ren, fancy new title or no.

It wasn’t until he was nearly to Ren’s quarters that he realized Ren wouldn’t be in them, and had to turn around. While Ren hadn’t wanted the *Supremacy*, it seemed he had managed to move into the rooms reserved for Snoke aboard the *Finalizer*. He must have submitted the request to administrative services in advance, and any sign of competence or forethought from Ren made Hux flinch instinctively. He preferred to think of Ren as impulsive and unbalanced; it made him feel better about himself, it made him feel like he might be of value to Ren now if he never had been before.

At the entrance to the Supreme Leader’s rooms, Hux took a moment to compose himself, to tug at his uniform again, check his blaster, and brush imaginary fuzz from his breast. He was, to his incredible dismay, nervous. His heart was racing. What if Ren could sense it? What if Ren had always been able to smell his fear through the Force, like a feral garral stalking its prey. After being handled so indelicately by Snoke just about anything seemed possible. He’d broken two ribs.

The double-hydraulic doors slid open before Hux had an opportunity to knock. He suppressed a shudder. It wouldn’t do to be fearful now; he’d stood to Kylo Ren’s right for nearly half a decade, he’d seen what Ren was capable of: both his violence and his petulance. He’d seen Ren broken, bleeding out, and bested on the snowy ground. A little bit of choking hadn’t been his introduction to Ren by any means. He used to think of himself as Ren’s keeper, once upon a time. He used to think of himself as Ren’s better, if not his equal. And now—

He was nothing of the sort.

Hux stepped past the threshold and into the darkened rooms with short, trepidatious steps. He knew Ren would be waiting for him, likely in Snoke's throne chair. He was reminded suddenly of when he was first introduced to the collection of murderous children his father had been grooming, tossed to them like chum before sharks, even though his father told him they would be his to command. He'd almost wet himself, his body seized with such paralyzing fear he could barely find his voice. He'd found it, though, and he'd made his authority known. Ren had never been his to command, even if he'd sometimes tried, but Ren *could* be made to see reason. He'd made Ren see reason before. He would do so again.

Some of his resolve crumbled when Hux drew far enough into the audience chamber to find Snoke's chair empty. How very like Ren to play games, to try and catch him on the backfoot. Hux tugged his sleeves into place, clasped his hands behind his back, and waited. He wasn't going to play hide and seek for Ren's amusement.

The seconds ticked by, then minutes. Hux knew better than to think he had been left alone. He dug his nails into his bared palms to keep from fidgeting. The *Finalizer's* internal alert system chimed for the shift change. He had been waiting for at least 10 minutes, maybe more.

"I haven't got all day, you know," he said at last, unable to stop himself.

That did the trick. Ren stepped out of the shadows as though he'd been covering himself with the Force, and came to stand in front of Hux, purposefully looming. Hux's pulse was beating hard in his neck.

"Good of you to come," said Ren.

Hux lifted his chin and willed away his sneering expression. He unstuck his mouth and felt like he might need to unhinge his jaw as well. "Supreme Leader."

Ren laughed, a weird chuckle that made his shoulders shake before he could swallow it down. "Don't strain yourself. Ren is still fine."

"But—" Indignant rage rose in him, burning a path up his throat, acidic and mean. How dare Ren sound so composed? So calm?

"Just a little test," Ren said, with a flippant hand wave. He settled himself in the throne chair and steepled his fingers, then gave Hux a long, searching look before adding: "I wanted to see how deep your loyalty lies. Come closer."

Hux didn't move. "My loyalty lies with the Order."

"Which I now command."

"How convenient," Hux spat.

"I saved your life. You could be a little grateful." Now *that* was the Ren he knew: sulky, goading, and entitled.

"You nearly murdered me!"

Ren laughed, he shook his head. “You’re a fool, General. Did you really think he was going to let you live? Did you expect some kind of—sacred absolution from him? Did you think he felt something for you? He would have killed you at the first chance you gave him, and with no remorse.”

“How can you be so sure?” Hux sounded snappish to his own ears, desperate even. “He valued me.”

“He saw you for what you were.”

“And what.” Hux sniffed. “Exactly was I?”

“Replaceable.”

Hux flushed. He opened and closed his mouth several times and felt the truth of it take hold of him right down to the marrow. Ren meant to scare him, to gain the upperhand for good. His forehead wrinkled, and then he truly heard what Ren had said.

“*Was?*” Hux asked.

“Unlike our departed master, I know better. Come *closer*.” And Hux was *dragged* closer, his boot-heels skidding on the shiny, black floor. Ren tilted his head to the side, considering. He gripped the chair arms and ran his tongue over his absurd mouth, leaving the bottom lip wet with spit before he spoke. “If I’d known years ago that all it took was violence to placate you, I’d have given you a taste much sooner. Maybe that’s where Snoke failed you. Maybe you were given too long a leash.”

“I’m no one’s dog.”

“Snoke disagreed.”

“I came here as a courtesy,” Hux said, seething. “I didn’t come to be insulted.”

“You can’t pretend with me. I can see the outline of your blaster. I can—” Ren sighed. “Feel your expectations. More pain. At my hand. You almost crave it.” His right hand twitched, as though preparing itself. “You need to be told twice, don’t you, General?”

Hux swallowed. He felt sweat break out across his forehead, at his temples. His coat was too warm, too heavy. Ren’s quarters were stifling. How did he manage in that bloody—*collar* he wore.

“I am accustomed to pain. You underestimate me.”

“I don’t, but Snoke did. You value your life, your place here, your people. You think you’re some kind of figurehead, stern but well-liked. And you see me as a—a charlatan. You saw Snoke as much the same, but you didn’t know him like you think you know me. You know what they say.”

“I’m certain you’ll tell me.”

“Familiarity breeds—”

“Contempt,” Hux finished with him.

“It’s only us now.” Ren’s eyes seemed very dark and very intent. There was a melancholy to him which Hux suspected had always been there but was far more apparent with his strange face exposed. “You don’t need to be afraid of me. Are you?”

”Am I what?”

”Afraid?”

All at once Hux sensed that he was being fed lines Ren had intended for someone else. That he was the second best option for an ally, chosen solely for his proximity, his *familiarity*. “I never have been,” he said.

Ren considered this with a vague smirk before it dissolved into a humorless stare. “You will lead our troops on Crait. I will go with you. There is very little time before the Resistance prepares its defenses.”

“Can the girl—”

“*Don’t*.” Ren stood abruptly. He reached out and Hux felt the now familiar sensation of being Force-choked. “*Never* mention her again.”

The pressure let up. Hux clutched at his collar. His pulse was a fluttery, desperate beat.

“As you wish, Supreme Leader.”

“And don’t do that either,” Ren growled. “Just—it’s Ren. Ren is fine.” He paused. “When we’re alone.”

“Ren,” Hux repeated, like he was learning how to say it again and with less...contempt than he was used to.

“You have an invasion to prepare for,” Ren said. It was a dismissal.

—

Crait was not...a qualified success. And Hux had a new set of bruises along his left flank from being tossed around like a ragdoll yet again.

Lieutenant Higgins, whom he trusted to be discrete and who had moderate medical field training, tended to him alone in his quarters while he awaited another summons from Ren. Once he’d sent Higgins away, and had yet to have his presence requested, Hux decided to go to him. He suspected Ren was suffering, but there were plans to be made. That was the burden of leadership.

He asked for ice packs be brought to his ‘fresher from medical bay. He didn’t bother fixing his hair.

“I’m sorry I shoved you,” Ren said in place of hello.

“You are making a habit of it.” Hux crossed his arms over his chest. He was grateful to be in his uniform jacket and not his great coat. Kylo Ren was clad only in training pants. The wounds on his chest and shoulder still looked angry and torn, even as a scars. He was—disgustingly well-formed. Hux scowled at him.

“You can hit me back,” Ren said. “I’ll trade you. Like Nabooian marbles. Did you trade marbles?”

Kark it all, Hux thought, frantic. *He’s lost his marbles*. When would he ever *not* be in service to a mad man.

“Hit me back,” Ren said. “Do it.” He came closer. Too close. Hux could smell his sweat. “Your Supreme Leader commands you.”

“Fine.”

It was a death wish, and yet, it was the most natural thing in the world for Hux to draw back his arm at the elbow and snap it forward, wrist cracking from the effort, to lay a punishing slap across Kylo Ren’s face. And the feel of his palm connecting with cheekbone and flesh was a revelation. A pleasant kind of nausea lit up his gut in answer to the sudden, frazzled buzzing in his head.

Ren looked proud, haughty even. His dark, cow’s eyes closed, eyelashes on purple, sleepless circles. His cheek was already red. Maybe it was impossible, but Hux thought he could see his individual fingers where they made contact. Ren worked his jaw, getting a feel for it.

He said, “Again,” and the noise in Hux’s mind coalesced into a scream.

Again.

Of course *again*. It had the inherency of trying to tread water when faced with drowning.

Natural instincts. He wouldn’t make Ren ask twice. No commanding required.

This time, the back of his hand connected duly with Ren’s unfortunately comely, too-young face and Ren didn’t have the decency to hide how suddenly and intensely aroused he’d become. Hux couldn’t see anything, but it was obvious Ren *wanted* this. All of his desires were always writ plainly across his face, and he desired this, though who in their right mind could know why. It was no wonder he wore a mask for so long. Now, pulling his wet lower lip indecently between his teeth appeared tantamount to begging. Hux stroked his knuckles gently over the hurt he had inflicted and Ren inhaled in a sharp, harrowing way.

“More?” Hux asked, but Ren was already moving, getting to his knees, his eyes fixed on Hux, daring Hux to stop him.

“Undo these,” he said. He plucked at Hux’s trousers.

Hux complied. He found he couldn't breathe. He wasn't even erect until his thumb found its way to the corner of Ren's mouth and was made wet. He pressed down hard at the seam of Ren's lips, cutting soft textured flesh into gums and teeth. Ren's mouth was appalling, his lips too thick and given to wobbling, his teeth were too white for someone with such a filthy aspect. Ren's tongue wrapped around his thumb, offensive and unexpectedly whorish. Hux would like to see that mouth given the treatment it deserved for all its misdeeds. He *was* willing to trade. When he took his hand away Ren growled.

"Is this what you are?" Hux asked.

"I don't know. I don't know what I am." Ren's voice shook.

"Neither do I anymore."

Ren put his comically huge hands on Hux's thighs. His knuckles were cut up and bruised. He bowed his head. If he were to stretch his hands to their capacity, his thumbs and little fingers would span the flat of Hux's thighs from side to side. These were the hands of a man-made monster. Hux could feel their heat and damp through his thin wool fabric. From Ren's vantage point his erection must have been obvious.

"I told you: you crave it," Ren said. "You'll come to crave it more, if you get something in return. You'll see." Ren looked up at him, nuzzled at his groin. "You'll ask for it. You'll beg for it."

"Perhaps," Hux said. Ren blinked at him like he couldn't fathom being refuted. Clearly he'd been told the universe had made room for him; he had not needed to carve out his own place. He had not chipped away at the destinies of others to make one of his own as Hux had.

"You want me to suck you off," Ren said, almost to himself.

"That's usually what one offers on their knees. That, or fealty."

"Fealty is yours to give. And you have. I'm rewarding you."

"Did Snoke keep you in thrall—"

"Shut up." Ren snapped his teeth. But Hux was undeterred; his fingers found Ren's mouth again, pointer and middle pressing at the center of his bottom lip, pushing in, stroking against his teeth and tongue.

Ren took his prick from his regulation skivvies and after two experimental tugs he pulled Hux's hand away from his mouth and replaced it with a far more urgent extremity.

For a terrifying, prideful moment Hux feared he would lose himself too quickly. He was tired, he'd undergone severe physical distress. He was frankly amazed he was hard at all. But Ren had a tight circle of fingers at the root of him as though he knew Hux was likely to surprise them both without it, as though he intended to give Hux his fill. Hux liked that. He liked the way Ren's face was mismatched in color, the way his dick looked as it distended Ren's abused cheek, and shifted his scar around. He especially liked when Ren's huge hands

grasped both his hips and encouraged him to move, to fuck his face. To fuck the Supreme Leader's face as requested. Both of his hands wrapped around Ren's skull and tangled into his hair, while Ren swallowed him to the hilt and gagged himself in a manner that should not have been alluring but was, and had Hux throwing back his head, on the verge of losing control of his senses to babble out praise.

It was possible they were made for this. For this configuration of mouths and hands and hurt. It was possible they were both ruined, the *real* wreckage of their cause.

Ren swallowed around the head of his prick, throat muscles massaging the sensitive skin, he pulled back and then bobbed forward again, relentless. One of his hands snuck back behind Hux's drawn up balls with intent. A fingertip pressed down on an unexpected spot, rubbed hard, and Hux came with a swallowed back shout, spilling into Ren's mouth for what felt like an eternity as the finger between his legs stroked at a place inside him he had not known could be reached from the exterior.

When Ren was satisfied with his destruction he sat back on his heels and wiped his hand over his mouth, smelled his fingers like he was chasing Hux's scent and had the nerve to look smug.

"I told you," he said.

"What?" Hux tried to snap. It came out breathy and weak. He was unbalanced, his legs were shaking. He tucked himself away.

"Nothing." Ren looked down.

"*What?*"

Ren's eyes went shifty for a moment before he said, "you should come on my face next time."

"There'll be a next time?"

"Undoubtedly." He stood, and Hux was pleased to see him steady himself with a hand on his knee. Kylo Ren was human too. "We're clearly not done here. There's strategizing to do. You're my second in command, you can't escape so easily."

Hux hummed, distracted and fuzzy-headed. He glanced down at Ren's groin. "What about you?"

Ren smiled a bit grimly at him. His mouth looked abused, as red as the bruises he'd left on Hux with the Force in days past. He took Hux's hand by the wrist and guided it to the front of his pants, to the warm, dampness at his groin.

"No need," he said, with a hint of self-deprecation Hux hadn't heard from him before.

"You're *pathetic*," Hux said. He felt no affection for this man. None. Its absence trumped his self-preservation.

“So are you,” Ren replied, light. Amused, even.

Hux felt the Force tug at his throat again, more of a tease than anything else. They weren’t done, that much was clear.

End Notes

You can follow me on [tumblr](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!