

Pretty Handsome Awkward

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Pretty Handsome Awkward

by [MalevolentReverie](#)

Summary

Ben is a lonely outcast Omega who brings home his own Alpha female, Rey, from a government-sponsored program. She isn't happy but he refuses to let her go.

*This is discontinued but doesn't end on a bad cliffhanger.

Notes

don't worry, i hate myself and this spur dick shit i'm writing

this was partly inspired by "desperate times" by kylosbrickhousebody and i will link it when i'm not being a lazy-ass

- Translation into Русский available: [Restricted Work] by [Tersie](#)
- Inspired by [Desperate Times](#) by [kylosbrickhousebody](#)

Your dream vacation

Nesting is probably Ben's favorite part of being an Omega—and he hates pretty much all of it.

It's humiliating, for one. His dick looks like it's out of a sci-fi novel and it doesn't fit with anyone except female Alphas, which aren't exactly easy to find. He has a soft, flowery scent (freesia, he's been told) and it earns plenty of shitty comments from male Alphas.

But sometimes when he's home in his apartment and rearranging the nest in his closet, it feels nice. Just for a little while, until he remembers where he *doesn't* belong. Then he watches porn and jerks off until he passes out in a puddle of slick and cum.

Miserable, really. Only another Omega understands how he feels and only an Alpha can fix it. But the latter are in short supply, outnumbered by Omegas and Betas, no longer running things like they used to. Feral Alphas are on the rise, desperate to claim their mates who can pop a pill to avoid heat.

Then programs start opening up.

“Claim an Alpha? Who would be desperate enough to do this?”

Ben glances up from his keyboard to see his coworker, Poe Dameron, laughing at an article. It's data entry and painstakingly boring but it's the best Ben can do right now.

Poe rubs his face, snickering. “Can you imagine picking up some snappy Alpha bitch? Christ.” He tosses his magazine and shakes his head. “Sick shit. I say we round up the freaks and give ‘em the heave-ho. Same with the Omega dudes.”

Poe's an Alpha and it shows. His mate is some Omega named Kaydel and she's pregnant with kit number three. They breed like fucking rabbits.

Ben swallows his pride. “Yeah, you're right. Are they... giving them away, or...?”

“You pay some fee and get a stipend from Big Brother. Gross shit. Have to let them *bite* you.”

Fuck. Ben pretends to be disinterested for the rest of the work day, but his mind is spinning.

He Googles it at home. It's a government program designed to help reduce wandering ‘aberrant designations’ like him. He chews his inner cheek and scrolls through the list of requirements: a clean home, steady income, passing a psych test... and a ‘nominal’ fee of a thousand dollars. Her healthcare is covered.

Ben paces his living room half the night. He has some money put away but it's his safety net if he loses his job. He'll be harassed to hell if he's found out.

But he could meet an *Alpha*—one he wants to actually fuck. He's never even had sex because of the spurs: round skin-colored things circling the base and lining the head of his cock. They're supposed to help keep Alpha women under control.

He chews his nails, shivering with pleasure. *Conquering*. Poe's never *conquered* anyone. Kaydel gives it to him willingly. Pinning down something wild and powerful would be a fucking rush.

And a warm safe nest.

Ben shrugs off his baser instincts and decides he'll give it a try.

It takes a week for him to get the money together. He calls his mother and she huffs and loans him a couple hundred, he takes a few days returning bottles and picks up a couple extra shifts. His Omega blood sings in his veins, elated. *Alpha*.

Ben sets up an appointment online and swings by the bank for a cashier's check. He's trembling during the short walk from the bank to the holding center where his future mate might be. This is it. Maybe.

His heart pounds as he's buzzed in an ominous building with blackened windows. It's cold but not quite snowing outside. Christmas is around the corner—he'll have to set up dinner for two this year instead of just himself. What if she's religious? A picky eater? How *old* is she?

A woman with blonde hair opens the door and introduces herself as Phasma. She's tall—Ben smells Alpha before he realizes it. His eyes widen but she laughs and waves him off.

"Don't worry," she reassures. "It's normal." She closes the door and turns the lock. "No need for your home inspection and I can vouch for the psych test. Have you ever been with an Alpha before?"

"No," he mutters.

"Ah. Well, Alpha women don't *enjoy* being kept in a cage. They're very independent. I'm sure you know that's what the spurs are for, of course."

Ben nods tersely. The waiting area is cramped and smells musty—not a good place for an Alpha. He hands Phasma the check and follows her behind another door to a long hallway. It's all white.

"So don't consider it *rape*. They like being caught; it's how worthiness is proven. If you catch her, you win the 'prize.' Things are a bit different when dealing with traditional pairs but I don't want you to worry that you're hurting her."

He grimaces. "I... don't want to force her or anything. She can come to me at her own pace."

Phasma stops before a metal door and laughs.

“Then you’ll be waiting forever.”

It grinds open, squealing across the floor. Ben peers inside, wringing his hands, and his heart skips a beat.

A girl is curled in the corner on a cot, emaciated body turned toward the wall. She’s breathing hard and trembling under a thin blanket, but she whirls around at the sound of the door.

Her hair is gnarled wispy brown and her hazel eyes cut through the dark in Ben’s. She curls her lip but it’s obvious she’s under the influence of a drug. Woozy, she slips back down on her elbow, then collapses on the cot. Ben stares, horrified by the sight.

“What—what the *fuck*?!” He takes a quick step back. “What’s wrong with her?!”

“Rey’s been living on the streets for a while. She’s going to take some time to recover.” Phasma looks utterly indifferent. “She can speak, but she’s been very difficult about it. Anyway—this one is yours.”

“What?! How old is she?!”

“Mm... seventeen?”

Ben keeps shaking his head. “I didn’t sign up for this! I can’t take care of—look how thin she is!”

“She’ll rebound. If you’d like, I can cut her meds so you can give her a go.”

He’s on the verge of puking. He tries backing up again, intending on running the hell away and never looking back, but he can’t ignore her quivering skinny body. *Seventeen*. He’s fucking thirty. She’s going to detest him for doing this to her.

But he tastes her on his tongue, tart and bitter, and he can’t walk away. Won’t.

Phasma enters the cage and doses Rey again so she’s limp and whimpering. Ben picks her up as carefully as he can and risks nuzzling under her jaw, hungry for even a *hint* of Alpha—and picks up on it. She’s there, still vibrant under the heavy drugs. It makes his heart patter faster and the frail creature in his arms becomes a burden he’s happy to bear.

The receptionist gives him a bag with different medications and he signs more paperwork. Rey dozes in his lap, snoring softly, and he can’t resist the urge to coo to her. He hasn’t done it in *years* and when she purrs in response, he gets a little teary.

“If you have problems getting her to bite, we offer a safe place to induce heat and rut.” Phasma hands Ben copies of the paperwork. “You should complete the bond within a month. Keep an eye on her. She may make a break for it.”

He shrugs out of his own coat and bundles Rey as best as he can and uses his gloves to cover her feet. She sighs and mumbles as he adjusts her in his arms and heads home through quiet snowdrifts.

“I won’t make you do anything,” Ben whispers into her hair. “I promise.”

She grunts. He hugs her closer.

Small hostage refuge

Chapter Notes

is this..... fluff ??? am i ill

Ben's dismal apartment lights up as he carries Rey in over the threshold and out of the cold. He's afraid she'll disappear if he lets go; worried this is all a dream. He shuts and locks the front door and suddenly the world doesn't feel quite as big.

Rey mumbles. Ben sets down the bag of meds and paperwork and carefully sits on the worn futon in his living room. It's a quiet, overcast afternoon, only broken by the rush of cars outside on the street.

He adjusts Rey in his arms, supporting her neck in the crook of his elbow. She's fast asleep and breathing shallowly, brow twitching from a dream, and Ben shivers with pleasure. He draws his fingertips along the curve of her jaw, reverent. Alpha. A fragile one, too—one who *needs* him.

"I won't hurt you," he whispers. Carefully, he brushes her hair from her cheeks. "You can trust me."

Hopefully she will. She should.

She better.

Mom calls to ask about Rey and Ben texts her a picture. She's happy for him. Offers to send over soup from her personal chef to 'fatten her up.' Ben grunts a yes, still sitting on the futon staring at Rey. He's having a hard time looking at anything else.

"She'll need to see a doctor, too. I can send one over if you'd like." Leia pauses. "To make sure she's clean—fertile."

"She's *seventeen*. I'll bring her to the dentist and stuff on my own but I'm not worried about... that."

"Fine, deprive your poor old mother of grandchildren for another miserable year."

"Bye mom."

Ben hangs up before she can guilt him anymore. He tosses his phone on the coffee table and Rey grunts in her sleep, flinching at the clatter. There's pills to help keep her conked out until he has things settled, but... it'll be okay. He doesn't want to keep her drugged.

It's getting dark by the time he decides to move. Careful, he carries Rey into his bedroom, grimacing at the mess of clothes and old bags of chips on the floor. She won't like that. She'll definitely run off if she sees her mate is a fucking slob.

Ben wriggles his lips, smiling. *Mate.*

The drug is wearing off. Rey's pheromones quickly flood the nest as Ben ducks inside, crawling on his knees. She's sharp and fresh like citrus with a bitter, earthy undertone, like nothing he's ever smelled; maybe the *best* thing he's ever smelled. He picks up on male Alpha all the time, and it's not bad, but it doesn't quite appeal to him.

Trembling, he settles Rey in the corner. He's on suppressants but can't resist the urge to tidy up a bit—just to make sure things are perfect. Ben licks his lips and rearranges the pillows around her head, occasionally grazing her cheek with his fingertips. He's never been this close to *any* Alpha and she prickles the inside of his mouth.

He covers her with blankets, dizzy, slightly on edge. Maybe he should stop taking the suppressants. It'll be better that way. She might not like how he tastes otherwise and the thought of rejection is... is...

"No," Ben mutters. He's shaking and feels a cold sweat coming on. Is the nest good enough? What if she leaves? What if she doesn't want him?

He's not willing to risk being left alone again. He should go start dinner or set out her medications or figure out how he's going to keep her from running, but he crawls under the blankets with her instead. It's warm and safe and he can make sure—

Rey's hazel eyes snap open.

A low hiss, then she's screaming, thrashing Ben with bony fists that glance off his shoulders. He yelps as she rolls over on top of him and catches her wrists when her small fingers close around his throat. She squeezes, gritting her teeth, maybe ready to kill, but his greatest fear is that she's just disappointed.

"Fuck—I'm sorry!" Ben rips her hands from his neck and her eyes bug with shock. He sits up, forcing Rey back, and she blinks rapidly. "I haven't done this before so I'm sorry if I did a shit job—"

She snaps at his nose, jaw clicking an inch away. Skinny limbs flail and her screaming changes into irritated growling that reminds Ben of a pissed off chihuahua. He pins her to the floor, kneeling between her thighs with her wrists above her head, but Rey keeps thrashing her legs.

He doesn't want to hurt her. She isn't wearing much and he can see how thin she is under his jacket and her flimsy clothes—she's fragile. Ribs strain against her taut tan skin, all weathered and rough from living outside, and he worries she might accidentally hurt herself struggling.

Rey snaps again and startles Ben enough that his grip loosens. She flips over again, straddling his waist and flinging his knee into the door. He winces, wrestling with her hands clawing at his face.

“I don’t want to hurt you!” He seizes her wrists and gathers them in one hand. “Let me fix the nest and make it up to you—I’m sorry it’s wrong.”

She bites his hand.

Ben yelps and cradles his throbbing thumb as Rey rolls out of the closet. She hurries across the floor, shaking off his coat and kicking away the gloves covering her feet, making a beeline for the bedroom door.

His heart skips a beat. He can’t go back to being alone. *Don’t let her get away.*

The light seems to fade as Rey flees further but Ben catches her around the waist in the living room. He bear hugs her, gaze flickering to the medications in the kitchen, but the thought of drugging her makes him nauseous. She’s back to screeching her head off and that’s bound to piss off his neighbors.

“Fuck,” he spits. He stumbles toward the futon. “Stop—you can shower and I’ll—I’ll make dinner!”

The screaming comes to an instant halt.

Rey twists in his arms, narrowing her eyes as she looks up at Ben. Fuck. He swallows a lump and nods spastically, pleased that he found something she wants. She squints, suspicious. It makes sense that she doesn’t trust him but the Omega side wants to fix it—now.

“Yeah, whatever you want. I have pasta and stuff. Fish.” He unwillingly lets go and takes an even more unwilling step back. “You can pick.”

The floor creaks as Rey shifts her weight. She’s thin but not frail: her legs tense with muscle and he knows firsthand how strong she is. It’s paradoxically disappointing *and* the hottest thing he’s ever seen.

He smiles weakly, trying not to stare at her tattered clothes. Pink T-shirt and plaid green shorts. She looks like a popsicle.

She keeps glaring at Ben as she walks past him to the fridge, bare feet slapping on the floor. Alpha women are usually cast out and live in small groups together like Amazons, and they don’t like being dragged into society. Rey can talk, but Ben knows from hours and hours of pouring over articles that she probably won’t. At least she’s... calm?

He sits at his small kitchen table and watches her pick through his refrigerator. Neither of them has much of a place in society, but it’s a little easier being a male Omega: easier to hide, easier to find a scrap of acceptance. Alphas can’t fly under the radar.

Rey rips open a bag of frozen peas and they scatter across the floor, rolling under the stove and into crannies Ben knows he can never reach. He bounces his knee under the table,

wringing his hands while he watches her scrounging. Should've fucking prepared better. As usual he can't fucking do anything rig—

“This.”

He perks up at the sound of her voice and sees her throw a package of frozen haddock on the counter. She raises her eyebrows expectantly, climbing the counter to reach the overhead cabinets. Ben jerks to his feet and gets to work.

It's nice to be needed. He preheats the oven and winces while Rey tears apart his kitchen, shoving Lucky Charms in her mouth and laying on her back to drink from the faucet. She doesn't talk otherwise, but Ben has no intention on pushing her.

They're still together. That's good for now.

She sits at the table when the fish is done and tries eating while it's still burning hot. Each time she burns her mouth and growls just to try again a few seconds later. Ben picks through the bag of meds, trying his best to give her space.

There's run-of-the-mill suppressants like what he takes and a few other bottles he doesn't recognize. One is an injection labeled VALIUM, which is fucking horrifying. He's never given an injection—does he have to *inject* her?

He Googles the unfamiliar bottles: Haldol, Seroquel, Wellbutrin, and Zoloft. Ben glances at Rey and frowns. That's a lot for such a thin woman.

“Is it okay?” he asks, aiming for nonchalance and solidly missing the mark.

Rey grunts. Good.

“I can start the shower. Or a bath.” He rattles around the bottles as he ties off the bag. “I have to go buy some clothes for you, too.”

She doesn't reply. Ben stashes the medications up high in a cabinet and when he turns, Rey is halfway down the hall to his bedroom. He follows, pulled along by a string, struggling to keep his distance.

She yanks open his dresser drawers, picking through until she finds a shirt and a pair of his shorts. Ben quickly moves out of her way when she struts through to the bathroom, and she curls her lip at him.

The door shuts.

Fuck. He rubs his chest before rushing to the nest to rearrange it, hoping she'll be happy enough to stay in it when she's done showering. Maybe it isn't soft enough. He thought it would be—it feels right to him, and he's the one who fucking made it.

Don't let her get away.

Ben hesitates. It's an echo; a vague whisper from the instincts he keeps at bay with meds. It leads his gaze along the wall of the closet and a thought worms in his head unbidden.

He can drill chains into the wall—if *she doesn't want to cooperate*.

“Nope.” Ben shakes his head, backing out of the nest. “It’ll be fine. Not doing that.”

Sometimes those things weasel in. It's best to ignore them and remember that she's seventeen and scared and needs him to be patient. It's his *thing*. An Omega thing. Poe sure as fuck isn't patient with his mate.

He waits outside the bathroom for Rey, first pacing, then biting his nails, then running his hands through his hair. He should clean the bedroom up some but he's worried she might slip away when his back is turned. She's quick. She can be quiet.

Ben squints across his apartment, unseeing. Work is going to interrupt his time with her. She'll be unattended. He should get a baby monitor so he can check in and hear her. Can't they link up to cell phones nowadays? He doesn't have any social media shit but he wishes he did. He'd spam the shit out of Facebook with pictures of Rey.

“Should just fuckin' quit,” he mutters. “Stay home. Too skinny.” He bites too far and draws blood from his nail. “Gonna... run away.”

The water shuts off. She's done. Before he can recollect himself, the door bangs open.

Rey steps out with her hair wrapped in a towel, steam billowing behind her. She walks right up to Ben and he hits the wall with his back as she arches on her tiptoes to look him in the eye. His clothes are *huge* on her but it's incredibly satisfying seeing her wearing them. She'll smell like him.

She growls lightly, a warning for him to stay still, and sticks her nose under his jaw. It's pretty rude but Ben waits for her to inhale his scent, mottled by suppressants, until she's satisfied. His heart pounds. Somehow she smells even better; soapy and fresh and flowery like him.

Her tongue laps across one of the glands buried under skin and muscle. She presses down, rolling gently and drawing a soft groan from Ben. It's like scratching an itch that's been tormenting him for years and she's just interested in getting a taste.

His body reacts, sensitive to the unfamiliar presence of a compatible woman. Needles of excitement patter down his spine straight to his cock and he huffs another deep groan, arching his jaw to give Rey easier access. She either doesn't notice or doesn't care as she leans closer with a curious purr.

Ben coils an arm around her waist. “God—” He pulls her thin body against his, aching with need that's been bottled and shaken up for far too long. He might blow up. “Please just—just let me—”

Rey twists away but he grabs her forearm before she slips past. She hisses and Ben quickly lets go, apologizing up and down, but the damage is done. She hates her teeth and storms off to the bedroom without another grunt. Along the way, she drops the towel from her hair and he catches a glimpse of the thin skin along her nape.

Son of a *bitch*. Ben rubs his face with both hands and groans into his palms. Fuck.

He slaps the wall, irritated, and sulks his way into the bathroom to clean up the mess. But things are surprisingly neat and she even folded up the towel she used to dry off. Thick steam hangs in the air like a heady drug—Alpha, clean and warm.

Ben grits his teeth. He swipes up her torn shorts and slides down to the floor with them pushed against his nose. His cock is leaking now, bumps swelling along the base and just swelling more from the overwhelming smells. He works open his jeans, huffing Rey's shorts with his eyes closed.

There's no point in trying to fight it. His mind races through images of her and swirls around her scent as he palms his cock, stroking until he's painfully hard. Ben whimpers and rubs slick around the head—not much, thanks to the meds, but enough to help him get off. It flows while he finds his pace, long legs writhing on the damp floor.

He squeezes the base and works slowly over the soft bumps that he usually avoids. They only swell completely when he's in heat and he usually hates touching them, but there's an Alpha a room away and he can't help himself. Feels good. Not as weird.

“Christ,” Ben chuffs. “*Christ*.”

Pin her down, bite the back of her neck. That's where *her* only weak spot is. It's impossible to get if she won't stay still but he has a way to make her stay still.

His hand moves faster, sticky and warm with slick. Can't keep her for long if she doesn't come, though. Maybe a couple pumps—maybe enough to knock her up with a kit. Baby. They're *babies*. He's not a fucking animal and neither is she.

It if she knots then she can't run away, and that's the most important thing. Then her body does most of the work. It's supposed to feel fucking heavenly being milked by one of them; like being a toy but still having control over this wild, powerful thing, and being the only thing that satisfies it.

The spurs stiffen as Ben comes closer to climax imagining Rey on her hands and knees. He bites his lower lip and jerks his hips up into a sudden throb of pleasure, then he's scrambling forward.

He braces a hand on the edge of the tub and shifts her shorts between his knees. He's looking at his cock for the first time in ages, panting and pumping fast, and it's not as hideous as he remembers. *She* wants it.

She better.

“—R-Rey.” Ben whimpers her name before he can stop himself but it’s low enough that he hopes she doesn’t hear. He shudders as he comes, stroking out thick ropes of cum on her pretty shorts, and allows himself a soft chirp that’s usually suppressed. “Oh god... *god*.”

It feels incredible. He’s warm with satisfaction after he jerks out the last of his climax on her shorts. They’re ruined beyond a doubt now, soaked with cum and slick. Now they’re his.

Ben pants heavily as he sits back against the cabinets, chest heaving. He swallows and smiles, laughing under his breath, and lets his sticky hand drape in his lap. Fuck, that felt good. The smells, the temperature, her shorts. Fuck.

It all feels good, like he’s found a missing puzzle piece. This is good. Definitely good.

Ben washes his hands and shuffles to the bedroom. He’s sleepy and satisfied, but a little disappointed to find Rey sleeping in the bed. He pushes aside junk on the floor and sets up a blanket and pillow at her bedside—in case she needs him.

He wants to watch her for a while longer, but he’s too exhausted to stay awake. Ben yawns and falls asleep to the sound of her obnoxious snoring.

A work in progress

Chapter Notes

the slow car crash

An odd sensation wakes Ben the next morning. He frowns, groaning as he blinks blearily in the soft gray light, and reaches down to readjust his dick in his pants. He usually has morning wood and moves shit around until his fingers brush someone else's skin.

His eyes pop open.

Rey is sitting on the edge of the bed, one thin leg draped over the edge, toes poking Ben's cock. She cocks her head and smiles shrewdly as she keeps prodding him until he huffs and scrambles off.

"Fuck—" He blushes when he sees a dark spot on his pants. Wet dream, too. Great. "Sorry—*fuck*—Sorry!"

She widens her smile, baring teeth. Ben clears his throat and shuffles to the bathroom with her sharp gaze following him along the way.

He slips inside and locks the door. Apparently her pheromones affected him enough for a wet dream *and* she was casually poking his boner. That's embarrassing, typical Alpha stuff.

Ben hops in the shower, scrubbing off his sweat and remnants of his dream, then decides to take care of his morning wood. He swallows and glances at the door before he starts, curling a hand around his shaft. This is nuts. He shouldn't do this.

Water beats down on his back as he strokes to the head, shivering with pleasure. His apartment is full of Rey's scent now and he's glad he has suppressants or... or...

"Fuck," Ben mumbles. He braces his forearm on the wall, forehead pressed to wet skin. His body responds to the Alpha smell and he's already on edge, spurs swelling. She's in his bedroom, frail and vulnerable. He can pin her. *Bite* her.

But it's not right. It's not fair. She needs space and he wants her to like him.

Ben pumps his fist faster and listens to his bed creak. Rey yawns, drowsy, and it just turns him on even more. His eyes flicker back as he secretes slick from the spurs and the slit at the head of his dick, thick and sticky, ready to lube up an Alpha—*Rey, Rey, Rey*.

His lip curls. Wants to pin her down; bite her nape. She needs to bite his throat first.

Cum spurts on his fist and circles the drain. Ben lightly bites his forearm to keep from moaning, hips jerking into his curved hand as he climaxes on the tile. It's satisfying seeing the sheer amount of shiny slick and opaque cum—proof that he can function as an Omega, and that's okay.

He finishes showering and dresses in jeans and a sweater. Rey is making herself at home, perched on the island pouring Frosted Flakes straight from the box down her throat. She pauses and chews loudly when she sees Ben padding down the hall. She's still wearing his clothes and seems content in them.

This is becoming her space, which is good. It also means she won't accept him telling her what to do.

"Sorry," Ben mutters. "Dreams are weird." He hesitates near the futon. "...I have to go to work. Will you be okay here alone?"

Rey doesn't answer. She chews.

He wrings his hands. "I won't like coming home to an empty apartment. Not... not in an expectant way. But... I'll be upset. So I hope you stay."

She raises her eyebrows, but still doesn't speak. Ben nods like he understands and walks past her to make breakfast. He has to trust her. If he doesn't, they have nothing. He can't treat her like a prisoner.

Rey watches. She hovers around the apartment, picking up different items and scenting them, then skips to the kitchen to eat. Ben's not sure what to make of how fast she moves but he's more than happy to feed her. He sets her pills alongside her plate and hopes he's done well.

She swats them off the table. Ben frowns but doesn't move while she wolfs down her omelette, hardly pausing to take a breath. She has to take her pills.

He chews his inner cheek. "Medicine?"

Rey growls, curling her upper lip. It's not worth starting a fight. Not today.

Ben gathers their dirty dishes and sets them in the sink. His heart patters happily, pleased with the domesticity of it all. He hasn't had a girlfriend since middle school so this is new territory. His Alpha hasn't run off yet so maybe he's doing something right.

She's also smearing her scent all over the apartment. He watches her from the corner of his eye while Rey flops on the futon, purring and turning in a circle, and dramatically rubs her chin over the back. She isn't civilized, but Ben doesn't care. She's *his*, and she's marking his home. She wants to be here.

He smiles, shifting his mouth to hide it. This might be the happiest he's ever been.

Rey continues not paying him much attention but Ben knows it's normal. She's casing the place, basically. If he doesn't impress her, she'll move on. Female Omegas have the benefit

of being wanted by aggressive male Alphas who will do anything to get laid. Female Alphas are more independent.

Ben clears his throat. “I’ll be home around four. I have to pick up a couple things, but... I’ll be home.”

“Okay.”

His heart skips a beat. Her voice again; a rare treat. Ben nods and keeps an eye on her while he brushes his teeth, collects his things, and slips out into the cold hallway. Rey doesn’t look his way.

Oddly, he’s torn between excitement and dread. She can leave in the middle of the day—and what if she does? She won’t come back willingly and she’ll resent him for trapping her in a tiny Omega apartment. It won’t be easy holding her there, either.

Ben walks a couple blocks to his data entry job, worried about Rey the entire time. He opens the Amazon app to find a baby monitor that can scope the entire apartment and let him tap in whenever he wants. What if she slips away? What if? What *if*?

It’s stuffy and dark in the old building. Ben chews his nails as he walks along to his time punch station, idly waving to everyone who says hello. He has a mate now. Well, soon she’ll be his mate.

She has to be. Rey Solo. It fits.

“Hey, Solo!”

Poe claps Ben hard on the back as he steps into their cubicle. Ben fakes a smile and sits in his rolling chair. He’s twice Poe’s size but tries to keep his head down instead of telling him to piss off.

Poe collapses in his chair. “How was your weekend? Anything fun?”

“Not really. Watched TV.” Ben shuffles the paperwork on his desk and wonders where he can get a picture taken of Rey. It would look nice.

“Cool, cool.” Poe spins in his chair. “Kaydel’s at that bitchy pregnant stage. Doesn’t want me to fuck her, which blows. You settling down? Pups?”

“No, no plans for kits.”

The silence is immediate. Ben’s eyes widen and he tries to look busy on his computer as Poe slowly spins in his chair to face him. He clicks his tongue.

“...Alpha bitch?”

“It was a slip of the tongue,” Ben laughs awkwardly. “I knew one from ages ago. Slip of the tongue.”

Alpha males call their kids ‘pups;’ women use ‘kits.’ Assholes like Poe see the latter as an insult.

He grunts. “Uh huh. You smell awful weird, Solo. Been hanging around one?” Poe’s chair creaks as he leans in. “You never smell like Omega. Don’t you ever get your knot wet?”

Ben clenches his jaw and shrugs away. Fuck.

“I have work to do,” he mutters.

Silence carries on. Poe turns around but Ben can sense the tension in the air. He might be screwed.

Otherwise, it’s a normal work day. He spends most of it online shopping for clothes Rey might like and hesitantly adds a pair of handcuffs to his cart. He won’t need them he’s sure, but it doesn’t hurt to have them available. Maybe she likes that stuff.

Ben also orders a baby monitor that can link to his cell phone between mindless data entry. He keeps glancing over his shoulder at Poe, worried things might spiral, but manages to leave for the day without incident. He feels his coworker’s dark eyes drilling into the back of his head.

For the first time, Ben’s excited to go home. He packs up his things and slips through the door before he can be asked to work extra hours over the weekend. His jaw itches at the prospect of going home to what he really wants and needs—and he considers cutting his suppressants. Rey can help during the monthly cycle. She can ride him, or lie on her back, or —

He shudders, tugging his collar. Ben wants her flat on her back first. Maybe. Maybe he wants to wrestle pin her on her belly until she begs him to fuck her. She needs to want it as badly as he does but resist his advances, then give in, then knot him deep.

Now he can keep an eye on her during the day, too, and make sure she doesn’t do anything dangerous. Rey needs to get used to having a home.

Ben unlocks his front door, heart pounding. She’ll be here. She has to be.

“Rey?” he calls. He shuts the door, turns the lock. “I ordered some stuff online for you. Were you okay today? Are you hungry?”

...It’s quiet. Ben feels a slight pang of anxiety as he tosses his keys on the island. She’s here. Has to be.

He swallows. “...Rey?” The floor creaks with each step. “Rey? Honey?”

She has to be here. He *told her to be here*.

Ben wriggles his mouth, rubbing his chest. She wouldn’t go. She can’t. She’s *his*. He paid a thousand dollars and he wants to love her and take care of her and... she wouldn’t fucking dare. After all the energy and time he’s put in? And feeding her? And giving her space?

He's dizzy. She won't leave. She can't leave. Rey belongs to him. He has a piece of fucking paper saying she belongs to him. He can fuck her and he hasn't and she's not even fucking *grateful* enough—he can't be alone again; he can't deal with it for another day—

Ben wanders in his bedroom on the verge of hysteria and finds her. She's stretched out on his bed, pouring chips in her mouth from one of the bags he's left on the floor. He's so relieved that he laughs. He's being crazy. Of course she's still here.

Rey lazily glances his way. She's naked in his sheets, probably on purpose, thighs spread and feet parted. Ben stares at the curve of her hip up into a long, muscular leg, then back down to a small breast. The bedroom reeks of Alpha and it gets his blood pumping. Her skin glows like a sunrise.

alpha

It echoes in his head, reverent. *Alpha*.

She raises an eyebrow like he's interrupted her. Ben gulps, averting his gaze to the ceiling.

"Dinner?" he asks.

Quiet. He winces.

"...Chicken."

Rey speaks softly but with an edge that implies she wants what she wants. Ben nods, backing out of the pheromone-drenched room, and shivers on his walk out to the kitchen. Fuck. He still anxious about her disappearing.

He glances down the hall as he turns on the oven's preheat. Rey can't leave. He can't risk letting her leave him.

You bleed just like you puke while running a mile

Chapter Notes

aaaaand here we go
this has some extreme dubcon dry humping jsyk

The baby monitor and other things arrive a few days later. Ben happily sets up the monitor in the nest and downloads the app to watch Rey through the camera. All is right in the world—for now.

But she still refuses to come near him. It's frustrating watching her parade around the apartment in increasingly skimpier clothes, denying Ben even a scrap of skin to masturbate to later on. Her scent overpowers his; slowly driving him insane. He needs more. Needs to feel her warmth.

He watches television one night, dozing lightly while *Saturday Night Live* reruns play, and feels a sudden shift on the futon. Rey curls her legs underneath her behind, inches away from Ben. His heart patters. She's fresh out of the shower; smells like cucumber.

So close.

But he doesn't say anything. It's better to wait for her to come to him, if she ever does. He still has the meds from the facility, too; things that will make her sleepy and compliant. Then he can touch her all he wants.

Then:

"My tooth hurts."

Ben fights the urge to fret over her. He changes the channel as if her speaking isn't a big deal and doesn't reply. Let her come to him.

She hesitates. "...I think I need to see a dentist."

Still, he doesn't say anything. Ben shrugs and rests an arm over the back of the futon. Rey's been rude the past few days, even though he's trying his hardest to make her happy and waiting on her hand and foot. She deserves to squirm.

The television flickers in the darkness, casting shadows across the floor. A laugh track rolls as Rey shifts closer to Ben's side and folds her slight frame under his arm. She nuzzles along his jaw, and his head swims as she licks a thin line to the protrusion of his gland. His cock stirs—fuck.

“Please?” she mumbles.

“Yeah—fine.” He’ll bring her either way, but her tiny ‘please’ is nice to hear.

Her hand slides over his thigh as she nibbles his gland teasingly. Ben stifles a groan, resisting the urge to readjust his dick in his jeans, and rests his arm around her waist. His fingers alight on her hip.

Then she slips away from him, dancing toward the hallway. She casts a smug smirk over her shoulder.

Ben clenches his jaw. No. She’s not going to keep walking all over him. Rey belongs to him—he signed the paperwork, feeds her, and gives her a warm place to sleep. She needs to behave.

“We’re not done,” he calls as sternly as he can manage.

His Alpha pauses at the mouth of the hallway. Confusion flits across her freckled face; brows drawn together. She looks small in her plaid pajamas.

Rey presses her lips into a thin line. “...What do you mean?”

“Come sit. Unless you don’t want to go to the dentist.”

It surprises her as much as it does him. Ben isn’t used to manipulating or strong-arming, but if he has leverage...

She wriggles her mouth like she’s thinking for a moment, then obeys. His heart skips a beat and he’s pleased with her giving in so easily. She’s his now. *His*. She needs to learn that he has her best interest at heart and does these things for both of them.

Rey sits. Ben smiles and strokes her hair with his fingertips, which just makes her stiffen and scowl.

“Are you going to talk now?” he asks.

“As little as possible.” She sinks lower, arms crossed, pouting. “You’re a weirdo.”

“Why?”

It stings—rejection from an Alpha. Rey shrugs morosely and chews her lower lip instead of answering. She’s gaining weight slowly but surely, packing some fat on around her hips. Ben’s mind wanders to her belly swelling with kits; her pleased with him and happy.

He clears his throat. “Well, we have to... complete the bond, so I’m stopping your suppressants for a while.”

Rey rounds on him with an angry snarl. She’s on all fours, teeth bared. Ben jerks back in shock.

“I’m not doing *that!*” she snaps.

“Well—well, you have to. You don’t have a choice.” He wedges into the corner of the futon, nervous around an irritated Alpha. “You’re mine now, Rey. If you leave, you’ll just be brought right back to me.”

“I don’t belong to you! I don’t belong to *anyone!*”

In a flash she’s at the front door. Ben scrambles to catch her, terrified she’ll slip away before he can because she’s lithe like an otter, but she can’t reach the deadbolt. He grabs her around the waist with both arms, lifting and swinging her around through the air while she kicks her long legs.

He almost drops her, then does. Why is she fucking resisting? She’s supposed to be grateful that he took her in instead of some creepy, disgusting Omega.

Ben wrestles for control. She crawls a foot or two and he grabs her ankle; she lashes out and almost kicks him in the throat. He hisses and drags her back underneath him, ignoring her high-pitched shrieks that he knows are just to manipulate his gentle side. He *really* doesn’t want to hurt her.

Rey swipes at his face but he pins her hands next to her head. She spits and misses and it irritates something coiled in his hindbrain; pushes back his fear of hurting her by being too rough.

She rolls on her belly, twisting her thin wrists in his grasp, and Ben’s gaze zeroes in on her nape. He licks his lips. *Mine*.

It’s not heat or rut so it won’t do anything, but he bites her there anyway. Teeth don’t break skin. Still, it satisfies a deep craving in him to have her neck in his mouth; fills a need for control over this unwilling wild thing. Rey wails, legs writhing, then...

Stills.

A couple quiet seconds pass. Ben swallows and shifts behind her. He’s kneeling between her thighs but her ass isn’t quite high enough to meet his groin. They hang in limbo, breathing softly in the darkness.

Shit. *Shit*. Now she’s really going to hate him.

Yet... he doesn’t care much in the moment. Pleasure ebbs across his mind, and he settles into soft chirping and cooing to placate Rey, still growling on the carpet. Eyes hooded, Ben shifts his weight again on his knees and pushes his groin against the curve of her ass.

Christ. She’s warm; he can feel it through the thin fabric of her pajamas. Alpha pheromones tickle the roof of his mouth and he wraps an arm under her stomach to keep her in place. His hips move once, a long stroke along her backside just to get a taste of her, then his thoughts haze over.

Ben keeps hold on her nape as he starts humping her like a dog in the middle of the living room. Rey whines into a snarl and squirms, but he yanks her back in place, eagerly thrusting on autopilot. He knows she'll be mad but he can't stop. His body follows a trajectory embedded in his DNA along before his ancestors had a conscience.

It takes some effort to keep her contained. She whines and claws at the carpet for a bit before finally giving in, chest flat and ass in the air. Ben huffs hot breaths, chirping and cooing the way he's wanted to for years; trying to help her relax. He's hard, dribbling slick in his jeans. Feels good.

Better than good. It's like having an unreachable itch scratched: satisfying and relieving.

Rey purrs so lightly that he's not sure he's really hearing it. Her hips roll along his forearm as she meets his steady thrusts and he wants to do more, but he can feel the edge coming fast. Too fast.

He lets go of her nape for a split second, balls drawing tight to his body; he's about to come. "R-Rey—"

It only takes her a split second to whirl around and slap him across the face. Ben whimpers, now at the point of no return, and seizes her leg when she tries crawling backwards to escape. Fuck—fuck, he's about to come so hard and needs something soft to rub off on. He can't just whip his dick out.

"Get *off*!" she demands. He's got her thigh and uses his weight to pin her on the floor. Breathes on her jaw. "Get off, freak!"

He fights back her resistance and climaxes humping her leg like the wild animal he figures he is. Eyes roll back; he groans with pleasure as his cock twitches painfully in his jeans, filling his briefs with slick and cum. It's a fucking mess like when he was a kid, not his tightly controlled masturbation in the shower.

"Rey," he whimpers, bucking against her, "R-Rey—"

She shakes him off just as he finishes and loses his strength. Ben sags on his side, panting and assessing the huge wet spot in his jeans that's certainly ruined them—but he only feels calm bliss.

Rey storms off without saying a word. The bedroom door opens and slams shut.

Ben closes his eyes and rolls on his back instead. He puffs out another pleased breath, smiling and working open his jeans to give his sensitive cock a break. Wow. That... that was incredible.

Soft crying floats from down the hallway but he can't bring himself to get up and check on Rey. She's okay; just a little emotional. She'll learn to like it.

I beg to differ

Chapter Notes

a little taste of dom rey

also tw: rape mention

The dentist fixes up Rey's tooth and fills a few cavities. Ben pays with the stipend from the government and notices her scratching the back of her neck. It's been a few days since he stopped her suppressants—and his own. She'll be ready soon.

He hurries back home, afraid someone will pick up their mingled scents, and walks behind Rey on their way upstairs. She storms into the apartment, down the hall to the bedroom, and slams the door shut.

That's okay. She's just a little frustrated is all.

Ben sighs. He locks the front door and wanders to the kitchen to start dinner—meatloaf and mixed vegetables. She'll come out for dinner like she always does. His stunt in the living room didn't go over well and Rey is back to being sullen and silent, but she'll be okay. Her tooth is fixed and her suppressants stopped.

Still, he spends time Googling her behavior while cooking. Alpha females are hard to domesticate and Rey is no exception to the rule. A couple forums suggest pheromone plugins that will fill the apartment with Omega scent, but Ben doesn't have that kind of cash. He scrolls through page after page of home remedies that he's too broke to try.

Reddit suggests he just 'do what he's supposed to.' The thought of that makes him cringe—pinning her down and ignoring her frantic barks and shrieks, just like nature intended.

We're supposed to overpower them. Everyone knows it. She knows it. Alpha men don't have to hold down a bitch Omega; they're always ready to go. Bitch Alphas are a fucking nightmare—you gotta get her under control before she takes over the whole goddamn house.

Ben chews his lower lip and glances down the hall. Rey kind of *is* taking control of the house. He's the man, Omega or not. He should be in charge. Right?

But he wants her to like him. He wants her to crawl into the nest he's worked so hard on and purr and tell him he did a good job. He *wants* to provide the things she needs and the things she wants; wants to watch her flat belly swell with their kits.

There's no pleasure to be found in forcing her to become a mother or become his mate. Ben's conscience won't let him dwell much on the thought of his kits being the product of rape; the mere passing thought of it makes him nauseous. He shudders and sets the timer on the oven, trying to think of happier things. The taste of her skin, the warmth of her body—

A violent impulse quivers down his spine, derailing his trail of thought. Ben pauses in cutting open the bag of frozen vegetables.

why not fuck her she's YOURS you BOUGHT her where does she think she's going to fucking go she owes you her LIFE

“The—fuck?” he mutters. He rubs his eyes and growls, shaking his head. Something between a hiss and a snarl is muttering—

fucking defective bitch she should be happy to sleep in our nest we spent HOURS fixing it HOURS HOURS HOURS she think she can manipulate what she wants from US she should be put in her place like every other bitch alpha

Ben jerks back, eyes wide. He turns in a wide circle, hoping the voice is coming from the TV, but fear blooms as he realizes it's coming from his *head*. It's nothing. It must be from stopping his suppressants.

He quickly dumps out the vegetables and sets them to cook. The muttering carries on in the background as he hurries down the hall to his bedroom, following the comforting scent of Rey's pheromones. Fuck. Maybe she's going through the same thing.

He knocks.

“What?!” she snaps.

The voice bristles. **petulant bitch thinks she can talk to us—**

“Ah—you feeling okay?” Ben calls weakly.

“Yeah, as good as I'll ever feel trapped with *you*. Is dinner done yet or are you too busy crying?”

He shoves open the door before he realizes it. Rey jumps on the bed, pushing into the wall with a shocked look on her face. She's only wearing an old t-shirt of his a socks halfway up her calves; she looks fragile for a split second before she's back to scowling.

Ben grabs her by the forearm. Something else takes over—he drags her off the bed, ignoring her hissing and spitting, and roughly shoves her into the closet. She rolls into the wall but bounces back with a pissed-off snarl and bared teeth.

He looms over her, shadow eclipsing her crouched in the corner. She shrinks back when he doesn't.

Neither speaks. Ben glares down at her until the moment of bravery fades and he's terrified of upsetting his Alpha again. He huffs and shoves away from the closet without a word.

Rey chases him down the hall. “Hey! You can’t throw me around!”

The rush of aggression is replaced with sinking guilt. He’s not the type to hurt women and he doesn’t want to start now. Ben rubs his face as he checks the oven with a trembling hand. He’s not that kind of guy. He’ll never do it again. The doctor can help.

“Sorry,” he mumbles. “I don’t know what came over me.”

Rey doesn’t look upset, though. More disappointed than anything.

But the incident has Ben more insecure than usual and he knows she won’t comfort him now. Still trembling, he crushes up a sleeping pill and mashes it into her slice of meatloaf while she’s in the bathroom. They both need this. He won’t fuck her or anything. All he wants is a night of quiet calm with his new mate—is that too much to fucking ask?

Rey snatches her plate and sits on the futon to eat alone. Ben shuffles to his table and watches from the corner of his eye while she wolfs the whole meal down, then goes back for seconds. She bounces her knee, clearly just as agitated as he is without suppressants. When will she give in? Will she ever before he has to force her?

Her eyes go heavy and she slumps over after a few minutes. He watches like a predator each time she tries to resist sleeping until she gives in and lies very still on her side. She’s *finally* peaceful.

Ben carries her to the bedroom with as much care as he can, then brushes his teeth before going back. She’s on her side, both hands clasped in front of her chest, and the sight of it makes him chirp with pleasure. Nice and quiet. It’s fun sometimes when she’s a spitfire, but this... this is nice. They can probably sleep in the nest together.

“Don’t worry,” he whispers as he shuts the door. “I’m not like the other men you’ve met. I really want you to be happy, Rey.”

Hormones are swirling. If he wants, he can mark her tonight. Ben wrings his hands as he stands over her unconscious form.

It might be easier if she doesn’t know but it’s not romantic. He wants her to remember the moment like he will so they can tell the story to their children in ten years or so. Things will be a lot different then.

He carries her to the nest, heart pounding as they cross the threshold. Rey snores against his chest and he coos softly, craning his neck to kiss her forehead. She looks so pretty when she’s asleep. Maybe she’ll sleep through the night while he just smells her hair and touches her skin. Nothing else, though.

Ben ignores the pulse of blood down to his cock. He settles Rey in the back corner under some sheets, arranging and rearranging until he’s satisfied with her comfort level. He wriggles in behind her and smiles, nuzzling the nape of her neck where her gland is warm and hard.

Smells *good*. He huffs and licks, then licks some more. His mind hazes over like he's drunk and he wraps his arms around her, chirping and cooing, slipping into a delirium of pleasure.

His nose drifts through her hair. Slowly, Ben circles his hips against Rey's ass, only half-aware of it before he's dripping slick in his sweatpants. He groans and buries his face in her neck, one hand grasping her hip as he shifts a bit to lie partway on top of her. She whimpers in her sleep.

"Shh..." He hooks a thumb over the hem of her panties. "It's just me. Just us."

She—she must want to come too, right? He swallows, considering touching her pussy because it's definitely the polite thing to do. He left her high and dry last time so maybe she'll be happier if she gets off, too.

Ben paws frantically for a pillow and pushes it between her legs instead, using his weight to press her hips to it. She shudders underneath him and her hips move imperceptibly; only the slight brush against his cock lets him know she's turned on, too. It's okay if he doesn't grope her pussy while she's sleeping. Really, all he's doing is masturbating.

Rey's soft breaths hitch and her toes curl against his shins. He realizes she's coming when she shivers and bucks just a little faster, stroking his dick through his sweatpants and the mess of slick. Ben whimpers and sucks on her gland to keep from coming in his pants like the last time. He wants to come on her tits; mark her so she wakes up and knows—

"Shit," he spits. He yanks down his sweatpants so they pool around his knees and pushes up her shirt. "Oh god—oh god—"

Then he tumbles back, flat on his back, yelping in shock as Rey straddles him. He catches a glimpse of her hazel eyes almost black in the darkness before she pins his hands next to his head. Ben pants in shock, thrusting weakly against her groin pressed to his. He's leaking on his stomach and whines like the pathetic, horny Omega he is.

She bares her teeth. "Keep your slimy Omega dick away from me."

His legs writhe as he climaxes, gasping and arching his back under her toned thighs pinning him to the floor. She digs her nails into his knuckles until he groans from the pain, bucking wildly, cum and slick mixing across his chest and stomach up to his chin. It feels so fucking good that his breath catches in his chest and he actually *sobs*.

Rey swipes some of the mixture from his chest while Ben struggles to get a hold of himself, quivering and whimpering underneath her. She stuffs two fingers in his mouth before he can stop her and drags them across his tongue. He paws at her knees.

She leans back upright and glowers down at him. He's supposed to be in control but she's the one on top, forcing him to taste his own slick and cum, and he's a trembling mess on the floor. Rey idly tries a fingertip of him and he stares, eyes wide and lips parted.

"Thanks for the orgasm." She stands and casually strips off her clothes, dropping the shirt and panties on Ben's chest. "Next time you might want to up the dose of Valium, prick."

“I’m sorry!” he bleats. He props up on his elbows. She’s going to leave again. “I’m so—”

“You’re sorry you got caught. Freak.” Then she waves a hand as she turns away. “Enjoy your consolation prizes, Omega. I’m a strict Alpha-only bitch.”

“Please, I just want to lay next to you—I swear!” Ben scrambles to follow her, panicked. He can’t be alone now. He *needs* her. “Please, Rey, please don’t go!”

But she turns and snarls and he’s cowed into letting it go. She slams the bedroom door shut and Ben flops on his back to stare at the ceiling. Frustrated tears roll down his cheeks but he doesn’t wipe them off.

Soon he’s smelling her panties, whimpering and jerking off in the musty darkness. He chirps to comfort himself; rubs the spurs the way that always helps him fall asleep after he comes. The television plays some sitcom from the living room.

Make me an offer

Chapter Notes

k now this is actually interesting

Ben has a hard time hiding his pheromones when he's getting ready for work. He shivers miserably in the bathroom, strung out from repressed heats bouncing back to torment him, but he can't miss a shift. Hopefully his cologne helps hide the scent.

Rey refuses to leave his bedroom and does a good job avoiding him until he leaves. She's ramping up, too, Alpha pheromones overpowering Ben's and swelling with frustration. Trembling, he calls a soft 'goodbye' before he leaves for the day. He can't force her. He won't of it, even though his skin is on *fire*.

Somehow, he wanders in to his desk job. Poe is late as usual which gives Ben some more time to cover his scent. He collapses in his chair when he's done and cries a bit into his hands. This fucking hurts. Rey is a fucking cunt.

stupid fucking bitch—go home and fuck her

"I can't," Ben groans. He wipes away his tears and grits his teeth. "She doesn't want me."

we bought her we own her she should be fucking grateful think of all the sacrifices and now she has a warm bed and won't let us fuck her selfish—

"Dude, are you okay?"

Ben snaps to attention at the sound of Poe's voice. He's standing in the entry to their cubicle with a confused look on his face, then he scowls and moves closer. Ben rolls back but not before Poe seizes his collar and yanks him from his chair.

His coworker leans in and inhales along Ben's throat, and he bites back a groan. Fuck. This isn't going to fucking work. He's going to be outed at his job.

Ben shoves Poe into his desk, swiping up his messenger bag and rushing out. He's dizzy and sweaty and miserable and just wants to go home and curl up in the nest. What the fuck was he thinking adopting an Alpha? They're all beasts—they can't think of anyone except themselves.

He pushes outside into fresh air and takes a deep lungful. Woozy, Ben squints in search of his car and staggers toward it. Heat is about to hit him full fucking force and he still has to make it home somehow, where Rey won't give a shit and he'll be screwed. He should just go to a crisis center.

He pops open the door and is promptly grabbed by the back of his shirt. Ben huffs in shock, too big to be used to someone throwing him around. The back door opens and he's shoved inside.

His cheek scrapes on the rough fabric seat. Ben grunts and flails, pushing his weight up into whoever's pinning him down, but a wet mouth latches onto his gland and shuts him up. He shudders and stills, eyes searching wildly for his attacker.

"Knew you were an *Omega*," whispers Poe. Of course it's Poe—he's the most Alpha of Alpha males. He clambers in the car and Ben hears a zipper. "Don't make a sound or I'm outing you to the whole office. I'm sure you're used to being fucked up the ass."

Ben grunts in terror and paws wildly for the headrest. He manages to rip it off and twists around to bash Poe over the head, then the fight is won. Ben's bigger and stronger and manages to throw him out of the car to the pavement.

Poe snarls as Ben gets in the driver's seat. "Don't come back here you fucking freak!"

Ben's heart pounds as he peels out of the parking lot and heads straight toward home. Holy shit—holy shit.

It doesn't get better from there. He parks outside his apartment and breaks down into sobs again, clawing at his hair and screaming from how helpless he feels. Ben feels nauseous and *violated*; some man sucking on his gland to shut him the fuck up.

He climbs the stairs to his apartment. The keys rattle in his hand as he searches for his to open up the door, but it flings open before he finds the key.

Rey stands there in another one of his T-shirts and an old pair of basketball shorts. Her hazel eyes narrow and Ben figures she's about to lambast him for being weak, but she leans up to smell his throat instead. He closes his eyes for a minute, sniffing and standing still while she does her inspection.

She growls. "Where is he?"

Ben tries pushing past her, but she yanks the door shut and snatches his keys. Confused, he follows her back downstairs and out to the car, into weather she isn't dressed appropriately for, and she gets in the driver's seat. What the—fuck?!

He barely makes it in the passenger seat before she peels out. Rey has no shoes on or a bra for that matter, but that doesn't seem to bother her. She heads straight to Ben's job without him telling her a single direction and parks in two spaces in her haste.

He scrambles after her. "Hey! Rey!"

"The one fucking day I don't follow you!" she snaps over her shoulder, storming to the door. "You're like a fucking baby!"

Follow... him? Ben grows more confused by the minute as he chases her upstairs right to his floor, where she doesn't seem at all nervous. Her pheromones are almost in full bloom but

she's her usual level of aggressive Alpha female.

She shoves open the door to his office and hesitates for a moment, breathing through her mouth. Ben nervously tries to stop her but she rips her arm from his hand and hoofs it past open stares and innocent bystanders to the cubicle Ben shares with Poe.

Poe swivels to face them but he doesn't have much time to react. Rey punches him square in the nose before Ben can blink, then she falls on him with a quicker flurry of punches.

Ben jerks back as Rey hurls Poe from the cubicle into the wall, rattling the nearby cubicles. He spits out blood and tries punching her but she's smaller and quicker and hits him square in the gut. Poe coughs up another spray of blood, now sporting a black eye and bloody nose, yet it isn't enough for Rey.

She drags him around by his collar, standing over him and baring her teeth in his face. Ben stares with mixed emotion and his coworkers hide behind their cubicles, whispering, but refusing to intervene.

"You touch my mate again," Rey hisses, "and I'll flay your fucking cock." She pulls him closer, fists curling in his shirt. "I smell you on him—and you'll never knot your cunt wife again. Understood?"

"Fuck you!" Poe snarls back.

Rey hurls him around again and this time steps directly on his dick. He howls and nods quickly but she still grinds her heel into him before stepping off.

She turns, panting, to regard all the others. Ben hovers near the dented wall and shrinks back.

"That goes for *all* of you!" Rey shouts. "Keep your hands off Ben Solo or you're going to fucking regret it." She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, casting one more venomous glare before she shoves past Ben.

He stands in shock between Poe and his boss. His boss clears his throat and steps aside to Ben can follow Rey, because he's not going to upset her, either. Holy *shit*. Rey is *terrifying*.

Ben rushes after her. "Rey—Rey!"

She tosses his keys over her shoulder and he barely catches them. She's been following him?! For how long? Why is she suddenly worried about him?

"I'm going home," she mutters. Then she stops in the lobby, poking Ben hard in the chest. "You shouldn't be out in public smelling like a felony. Go home and take your meds before someone really does fuck you up the ass."

"But—you're—you followed me?!"

Rey snorts derisively, hands on her hips. "Duh? You're like a walking disaster."

"You shouldn't be leaving the apartment!"

“Good thing I did, huh?” She casts him another acidic look before turning away. “This doesn’t mean I like you and it doesn’t mean I like living with you. You’ll just cry even more if some Alpha fucks you and I’m sick of listening to you carry on like a baby.”

Ben stares at her for a full minute. She gets in the passenger seat and just sits there, obviously waiting for him to drive her back home.

He swallows. Holy shit. She’s like a force of nature. He’s never going to take control of her—and he’s not so sure he wants to anymore.

Warm summer rain

Chapter Notes

this is like..... weird dubcon stuff

“So—so you want to be mates now?”

Jesus Christ. Rey stomps up to Ben’s apartment with her limbs akimbo from frustration, still listening to him whine and wheedle like a newborn pup. He’s not supposed to ask permission. That’s not the way it works with A-women and O-men. What is he, stupid?

Ben’s too Beta to be a viable mate. He has his moments: the living room dry hump was a humiliating but promising start. But he lets all that Beta moralizing get in the way of instincts she’s positive are clawing to the surface. He’s got the nest, the weird stalking thing O-men do; she’s seen him come close to snapping a handful of times.

Then nothing. Back to the whining.

Rey grabs his hidden key under the doormat and he shoots her a shocked look. Oh right, nice spot *genius*.

“I only said that to get the Alpha off your back,” she snaps. “Unless you *want* a knot up your ass.”

“Kno—n-no!” He stumbles in the apartment after her, all flustered at the mention of a knot like he isn’t jacking off thinking about hers. She has a nose. She can smell the fucking pheromones.

Rey shrugs and kicks the door shut. “Then you’re welcome.”

“You can’t just leave the house whenever you want, Rey! I’m supposed to take care of you and... and we’re supposed to be mates. They’ll take you back!”

Big deal. That’s better than being stuck with a weakling for a mate.

She makes another indifferent gesture and shuffles past Ben for the bedroom. It’s been a long day. Usually she follows him to work and back but beating the shit out of Poe has left her especially sleepy.

Ben follows. “But—but you were so nervous!”

“I thought you’d like it. You’ve got the like... serial killer vibe to you. A freak.” She hip-checks the bedroom door open, yawning. “The only scary thing about you is the amount you

jack off in the shower. You'll destroy the plumbing."

"Why would..." Ben runs a hand through his black hair, all hot and confused and flustered. "Why would I like scaring you?"

"I dunno. I thought you'd seal the deal with the whole dentist bit, but you were too much of a coward. Lots of male-Os like the dominance bit." Rey perches on the bed, smiling shrewdly. "Since pretty much everyone hates you."

This time his pale face darkens—another flicker of what's in wait underneath his Beta-tainted veneer. But he drops right back to wringing his hands and stuttering and Rey quickly loses her patience. She wipes some of Poe's blood from her knuckles and doesn't hide her indifference to what Ben's saying.

...Still, he's obviously upset about being attacked by Poe. She's been there before with Alpha males, because they're fucking pricks, but she's used to the creepy come-on of O-men now. It's repulsive to some but the weird way they try weaseling through her defenses is just *amusing* to Rey. She usually keeps to one-night stands and short-term stuff.

New laws are making that harder. She has to settle down or face the consequences, and Ben isn't looking like anything good for the long haul. He's okay for a fling for sure, being an awkward disaster, but there's no possessive streak in him to balance it out. It'd be nice to not have to protect herself *all* the time.

Rey rolls her eyes as she turns on her side. "Come on. Stop babbling and lay down."

"I'm not babbling, I'm telling you that this can't happen again and—and—"

She heaves a sigh and rolls out of bed. Ben keeps going on but falters when she crawls in his nest (it's immaculate, but she won't give him any praise he hasn't earned), then two seconds later he's following her inside. Good. She's throwing him a bone *again* so he better be grateful for it.

Poe's stench is still heavy in her nose. Rey wrinkles it in distaste and buries her face in some nearby blankets, inhaling deeply to wash it out. She picks up the reek when Ben comes home from work. It's unmistakable Alpha male, and it's fucking disgusting. Poe needs to get better deodorant or take longer showers.

Ben crawls beside her. He smells nice, like pine needles and warm laundry, and it makes her gland itch like hell. Rey drags him to her by the front of his shirt and he eagerly buries his nose in her neck, chirping and groping blindly to pull her closer. He's not used to the stimulation like she is. Virgin. For sure.

"Sorry," he mutters. He's huge and clumsy and desperate. "Sorry."

"It's fine. Relax."

Pheromones are a godsend. Rey loves lapsing into silence and letting nature call the shots: she doesn't have to listen to Ben, but can quietly offer whatever weird demi-human comfort

he needs. His chirps are nice and soft like his hair—which she idly rubs her fingers through and nuzzles her nose into.

This isn't *bad*. Omegas are great. Fabulous. But she doesn't want to be one's mother and she doesn't want one who can't or won't take control. It's akin to mating with a Beta, of all disgusting things.

But Rey has to admit—the Omega snapping is the best part of the whole process. It's pure adrenaline and a flurry of hormones; all tooth and claw and blood. People condemn message boards and research contending that yes, in consensual settings, that brand of aggression *is* appealing to Alpha females, but the truth remains. It's the mark of a potential mate, whether by logic or her lizard brain.

Ben mouths lazily at her neck. He's been wanting this for a long time and she's been holding back, trying to push him. He's resilient. But he had a pretty awful day and she isn't a complete monster, nor can she ignore the sour taste of him in distress. Being threatened with a knot is the stuff of nightmares.

So she lets it be. Rey closes her eyes and purrs back to him, and he whimpers and sidles nearer. His dick pushes against her... thigh? and he keeps nibbling her jaw, trying to suck up so he can rub off. This is what spiders do, but Rey won't be biting Ben's head off if she isn't in the mood. Not physically.

True to form, he keeps kissing her neck, chirping away as his hips slowly roll against her thigh. His cock is hot and insistent and leaking slick *all* over her pants, but she holds her breath and tries to ignore it. Her self control is legendary with the other female-As. You learn fast when men of all designations see you as something taboo to fuck.

Makes you grow up fast.

Ben reaches up for one of her wrists and drags it down toward his crotch. Rey raises an eyebrow and tries yanking it back but he pulls until her palm is flat against the hard bulge in his pants. Some initiative—that's good.

He manages to get his pants over his hips just far enough for his dick to pop out, already bumpy and dripping slick that Rey has to resist licking up. He breathes warm, moist breaths on her collarbone as he guides her hand around his length, hesitant like he's sure she's going to rip it off. She's not *that* mean.

"You're a weird dude," she mumbles. Still, her fingers curl gently around him and she strokes slowly up and down, lingering around the head where most men like it. Blood pulses hot in her ears.

"I know," Ben puffs. His hips jerk into her touch, cock twitching. "How's... how's the nest look?"

God, why does he need so much reassurance? *Obviously* it's suitable or she wouldn't be fucking laying in it with him. How is he so old and so inexperienced?

She shrugs. “Good.”

He shivers and wetness smears on her neck—he’s crying *again*—but she grits her teeth and lets it go.

“I’ve been waiting for a long time—” Ben’s embrace turns smothering like usual. He’s all sad Omega pheromones and Rey winces. “I’ve been waiting a long time to hear that.”

Then she feels guilty all over again, even though she shouldn’t. Anyone who buys Alphas from the Program is a sick freak, but she likes the sick freaks. This schlub is too weird to go out and find something on his own.

Rey resumes purring and it lulls Ben back to quiet broken by some chirps and groans. He comes in her hand before long, huffing and nibbling at her neck, struggling closer as he thrusts frantically through it. The new scent of cum and slick makes her gland tingle like crazy and she quickly rolls the other way to get herself off before she does something stupid.

Ben follows. She paws her slick-coated hand down her pants and he covers it with his hand, not quite doing the deed for her but just feeling her do it herself. Rey bites her forearm to keep quiet and rolls her hips, then he’s doing the same, panting on her nape.

“Get off me,” she hisses.

He bites gently. She twists and snaps her teeth at him and Ben shoves her over on her stomach in a split second. Her heart pounds as his heavy body looms over her, hips slotting against her ass, hands yanking down the hem of her pants. Rey yowls and makes a show of trying to escape, and he pushes down with his own deep, guttural snarl. Thank god.

“I’m not letting you go.” Ben sounds equal parts desperate and angry, just the twisted combination Rey likes. She flattens her chest to the blankets as warm skin meets skin, ass in the air, presenting to him. “You can’t get away from me—I own you.”

Jesus. He doesn’t bother taking off any other clothes, just ruts his cock across her slit a handful of times before he tries pushing in.

Rey stiffens at the intrusion. Instinct screams at her to *run* so she hisses and resists him, clawing at the blankets as if she wants to escape. Ben swiftly bites the nape of her neck and like a light switch, she goes dark, slipping into blissful calm and quiet where the constant itch of Alpha aggression can’t reach her.

His cock slides in nicely. It’s thick and all bumps and slick and feels like heaven. Rey closes her eyes and relaxes as Ben gasps and buries himself all the way in, then starts pounding feverishly into her. He grunts on her neck and licks and—

“Oh god,” he pants, “I’m gonna do it.”

And he bites. Hard.

Itching abates, brushed off like dust on something old and past its prime. Rey trembles as something strange and uncomfortable wraps around her mind, warm and soft but with a cold

edge inside, and she knows she isn't alone in her head anymore. Emotions knit together like patchwork, threading her to Ben—somewhat. She has to finish the bond.

Being a virgin, Ben doesn't last long. He climaxes with his teeth in her neck and Rey hisses as the barbs thicken to help keep her from running off. All his fussing over the bite on her nape makes Rey come too and her muscles pull his cock deeper, forcing the two of them into that locked position. If she doesn't come and the knot doesn't take, she can always shimmy free of Ben and go on her merry way.

But she does, even though she didn't intend to.

Her almost-mate trembles over her back. "Holy shit. Holy shit. You're so..." He tugs back too hard and she growls. "It's so tight."

"That's the fucking point."

Ben apologizes breathlessly. It's only a half-bond. She's been bitten before, so this isn't the end of the world. Now he has to earn her bite in return.

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