

Gratify

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Gratify

by Anonymous

Summary

“Did you make a mess, baby?” he asks. She nods, still barely cogent in her happy sex haze.
“That’s a shame. I like it when things are clean.”

Or, Rey and Ben try consensual non-con.

Notes

This one stayed in my drafts for a long time and I didn't know what to do with it... so here you go.

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

gratify (verb)

1. give (someone) pleasure or satisfaction.
 2. indulge or satisfy (a desire).
-

Thursday nights are a routine. A comfortable one. A light beer for her. A '97 Bordeaux for him.

Rey has no idea if the vintage is any good. She just knows that when she sits next to their sensible heater, glasses sliding her nose and a copy of *Arbitration Today* open in her lap?

That's home.

Comfort isn't a bad thing, exactly. It's hard-won. Earned. Something she's worked for her entire life. Nothing was going to get in her way of her sure path. Upwards and upwards.

The orphan girl, they used to whisper. Don't let the smile fool you, they'd say. She's hard as nails.

She likes them to think that. It's easier.

It's on one of these nights, three years into their relationship, that she peers at her partner, and finally asks.

"Ben."

"Yes, sweetheart."

Rey studies him. That patrician nose, that ridiculously coiffed hair. Those green-flecked brown eyes. Limbs that claim dominion over everything in the room.

Her very own brand of poison ivy in the shape of a man.

“I...” she trails off.

The free hand he likes to keep at the top of her thigh stills. Just a fraction.

Animals in the wild might heed it as a warning. Rey just sees it as a sign to keep going.

“I want to try something new.”

“We can check out that Momo place on Fourth and Delancey,” he says, not missing a beat.

“The ones at Akbar’s are better, you know that. And that isn’t what I mean.”

Ben puts his wine glass down and tilts his head.

“You know you can say anything to me. Right?”

“Okay.” Rey sucks air into her lungs. Deep breathing is good.

Thinking about crispy dumplings in a moment she’s worked herself up weeks for, not so much.

“Ben. I want you to...hurt me. Maybe.”

The corner of his mouth twitches. The kind of thing that would send other associates shooting each other questioning looks at their firm.

Thankfully, as his former rival, she's learned to read him better than most.

And there are lots of smiles, she's learned.

One, when they cracked a difficult cross-examination together.

Another, for stolen glances and the ticklish spot on his side.

A third, when she finally said yes, and moved in with him.

Today's isn't one of those.

There's curiosity, and promise, wrapped into this one.

His gaze sweeps from her eyebrow, her nose, then her mouth. His palm travels just two precise inches up her leg to her hip.

"Territorial, are you?" Rey adds. Aiming for levity. She barely gets the words out, before he asks—

"Why?"

Good question.

**

It boils down to want. He's been perfectly courteous. Letting her set the pace in everything they've done.

An unflashy farm to table restaurant for their first date.

How he's stopped shouting at other drivers in tailback traffic, because it sent her blood pressure sky high.

The sensibly sized ring.

Refraining from saying a single word, even when her dreaded quarantine pottery experiment had failed. Just letting her squat little figurines and ugly misshapen vases clutter the apartment. ("Why not?" Rey had asked, in the face of his bemused judgement. "There's always utility in unloved things.")

And Rey? Rey knows all about unloved things. Her saving graces: therapy, an underground supply to Yorkshire tea, and a few years of a suitably Adult relationship has meant she's mostly shut up the voice in her brain that likes to pipe up with intrusive thoughts.

Most of the time.

So, in her modestly nice apartment with her modestly decent fiancée, she keeps talking.

"I have a couple of ideas."

He just nods. Listens. Looks at her. Steady, and assessing.

“Okay, Rey.”

**

There isn't really one big eureka moment, per se. Not when your respective families either shrank life-altering conversations into single digit sentences, or jumped between traumatic and brusque. Which means Rey and Ben's discussion really happens in scattered snippets.

The bechamel sticks to the sponge she's using on her plate. But she gets an idea. He's drying the cutlery. It's an otherwise unremarkable Wednesday night.

“So I've been thinking.”

“That's dangerous.”

“Shut up. I was saying: roleplay.”

He tosses the dishcloth over his shoulder. “Go on.”

She stops and rubs a soapy finger on her nose. If he notices, he doesn't say anything.

“Like, you come in. You're really angry. Someone, uh, steals your parking space at the Club. Or something. And...”

“Nobody does that. The Club has a roster system that everybody follows.”

Rey puts her hands on her hips. “Do you mind? I'm manifesting here.”

“Right. Sorry.”

“Yeah. So, you’re mad. You want to... take it out on me.”

“Yeah? Okay.”

“Maybe we don’t know each other. I like the general idea of that. You’ll be angry. And all you need me to be, is, uh...”

Is she actually gonna say it? Really?

Then she looks at him.

Really looks at him, and remembers the flare in her gut when they first saw each other in that awful fluorescent lighting. When they reached for the same wooden stirrer, for the same shitty instant coffee at that shitty winter conference.

And she remembers how she fell hard for him, even then. Her hardheaded, deceptively calm partner. Who still gets annoyed when she leaves socks around, tells her to stop overworrying, and still brings her extra marshmallows in her hot chocolate.

What does she have to lose?

Rey takes a shallow breath.

“All I need to be is...a thing. For you to use. Maybe.”

His hand freezes on the fork he’s putting away.

“Like, just for a while,” she adds. The words tumbling out.

“You’d like that?”

“I would.”

Ben gives a simple nod. The air between them is loaded with more questions, but he doesn’t push it.

So she reaches for more dish soap. Lets the water out of the sink. Kisses her on the forehead.

They go back to talking about the weather, and maybe finally finishing that season of *Breaking Bad* that’s been in their Netflix queue for months.

The suds float down the drain.

He brushes the tiniest bubble off her nose, as she curls next to him on the couch.

**

Ben’s love language has always been action more than words.

Over the next few weeks, he sends her copious links. From healthy-relationship-mandated websites, like *Psychology Today*, *DomSubTips*, and *PleasureConnection* .

Rey opens the last URL in the office lift. Then she realises one of the interns is standing next to her and can see the *very* sex affirmative banner screaming *pleasure is yours for the taking!*

on her phone.

She wills the floor to swallow her whole. When the lift doors open, she sprints away so fast she's sure she's left rubber tracks on the carpet.

So you like the idea of me surprising you. Ben texts, while she's picking up her lunch.

Yeah. Like, sexually. Maybe some consensual noncon. There's probably something like, really base about it? But sometimes that hindbrain needs a bit of feeding...

BEN IS TYPING hovers on the screen for way too long. Then:

I like the idea. Of really base.

Rey tears open the paper of the cubano and types with her free hand.

Well then. You'd better get to planning.

And later. More.

Y'know, how we play that game of celeb free passes, she says.

Yes. Ours are still Michael B. Jordan and Margot Robbie, right?

Yeah. I mean, isn't this basically the same thing? Just with uh, you know. Sexual consent free passes?

Is it? You have a weird way of phrasing things.

I know. Finding loopholes in logic is why you love me.

I do.

**

Rey's safeword is desert. His is nebula. They remind each other of this while brushing their teeth side by side. There's a flash of promise in his eyes, before he spits his toothpaste in the sink.

She gets around to reading the links he sends. Tries not to over intellectualise.

Skims over terms like *eroticisation of power* and *terror as a healthy and consensual stimulant* .

Because. At its essence, doesn't this boil down to an exercise about control? Who gives, who receives? Fear, anxiety, and disgust as the grenade to her structured logic. Powerlessness as the ultimate cessation of power.

Who better to give her this important lesson, than the man she loves?

**

"I'm not going to touch you."

Rey looks up, surprised. "What?"

“Addendum. I’m not going to touch you until I say and think it’s time.”

Rey mulls this over. “Are you proposing a... no-touch pact?”

“Yup.”

“Okay,” she says. She keys A6 into the keypad. The vending machine spits out a vanilla coke.

Ben reaches down to grab the can for her. It’s endearing how he insists, even when he’s got so much further to travel, vertically.

“But what if,” Rey continues, “we’re passing each other, I don’t know. A pan or something. Or I need to reach over you to take a remote.”

“Then do that.”

“So... the catch is?”

“The catch is that physical contact’s conditional. On when I want it and say it’ll happen. No guessing.”

She thinks about this some more.

“ *You* sure you can manage it? Mr. ‘I stuck my hands down my girlfriend’s pants in a supply closet once ‘cus I was stressed and horny?’”

Ben nods, firmly. Just once.

“Hokay then.”

She’s not convinced. He just watches her, steadily.

And there’s nothing to do but trust that it’s part of the plan.

**

Rey assumes the border of Ben’s self restraint is porous. Turns out she’s wrong about that.

He leaves just the right amount of space to avoid her.

Skirts around her in the bathroom. Passes her the towel when she asks. Keeps his eyes firmly on her face.

Wakes up with morning wood and does absolutely nothing about it.

Rey tries to run her fingers on his chest during an episode of *Blue Planet*. This does absolutely nothing to test his self-restraint. Or combat her growing sense of lady blue balls.

Inspiration strikes one lunchtime.

The errant thought: *he can tease? Well. So can I.*

Besides, she's at a point in her career where she can write, delegate, and recite Lexisnexis search tags in her sleep. It's her name and his on the entrance, after all.

Autopiloting to the bathroom over lunch to lock herself in a stall for some sexual misadventure just seems like the natural thing to do.

Her phone's in her hand. She unbuttons her shirt. Her bralette's cute: sensible black, yellow flowers. Enough lace to be serviceably sexy.

Sure, more than anything, the lingerie's meant to be for herself, But she likes that he'll be able to appreciate them too.

Rey switches to the front camera, looking for a decent angle.

It feels silly.

But then she remembers how one night, Ben spent hours just sucking and nibbling her tits as he rubbed his erection on her thigh. How wet he made her with his mouth. How he came right on her stomach without her even touching his cock. Remembers the devotion, the tireless worship of her body.

So fuck it. Mosquito bite boobs and all. She squeezes her tits together, and takes the photo. Hits send and doesn't think about it.

He leaves her on the blue tick for three hours. (She counts.)

Nothing.

Then he asks her whether she'd like him to pick up kale on the way home, and she wonders, regretfully, whether it worked.

**

Rey sends him another half-nude. Fingers hooked into her panties.

Then another. In a changing room, shirt undone. A wink.

In the past, they've barely gone two weeks without fucking each other clean, consensual and silly.

In the past, she's laughed into his chest as he's made her come. Provoked him to eat her out on the sofa until she's writhing, panting for it. While *The Price is Right* drones on in the background.

But he's never ignored her. Not like this.

She's a live wire, fingers itching for something she can't scratch. And soon, her own hands aren't enough. Nor are their chaste kisses in place of morning sex.

Rubbing her thighs together offers no relief. Just causes her pulse to elevate, right on the side of too much.

And Rey comes close to defying her self imposed sexual prohibition.

At dinner one night, she levels her gaze at him. Lifts a piece of potato gratin to her mouth and chews, unladylike as possible. Under some pretence of getting his attention. Goading him to want her, as much as she does him.

He just lifts the wine bottle and refills her glass. Motion smooth as water. Smiles with a hint of teeth.

“Is the gratin good?” he asks.

“Fucking delicious,” she says.

They say nothing about the pact.

Twenty two days. Rey’s counted, on her iPhone. She needs so badly to be filled by him.

She wonders what this might mean when he finally gets around to punishing her. Like she’s asked.

**

Ben leaves her hot and bothered one morning, and ignores her grinding on his leg.

He throws off the blanket and grins. Practically beatific.

She’s burning up. A stove left on too high.

“Please?”

“I’m meeting Hux in ten to go over citations.” Ben says. “Toast?”

Oh, she’s starting to hate him. It’s testament to how well they operate now, that he doesn’t even bother inviting her to a meeting with the M&A consultant who she hates.

But even so, she's overcome with resentment, laced with need. Kicking at the blankets like an angry child. Ben doesn't even acknowledge that. And she loathes it. How well he knows that she needs him, and he's committed to the rules of the game she set up.

This waiting game is self-inflicted, and yet.

She hooks a foot around his calf, urging him back into bed.

"Please? I'll let you play with my ass."

She knows he loves that. The first time she let him put two fingers in her ass, he came harder than a horny teenager.

The tent in his boxers tells her he remembers.

Or perhaps he's remembering the time she made him wear an ass plug to a grimy sports bar. When they did shitty accents over beers. With the full knowledge that every nudge she gave him in the ribs sent a jolt of sensation straight to his prostate. The only evidence of it was in his reddening face, and his tightening grip on his Guinness.

(He'd left ribbons of come on her chest that night. Shoved his knee between her legs and tore her apart with his mouth, the minute they walked through the door.)

But none of that, today. Today, he exercises a modicum of self control. Presses a glass of water into her hand with a rueful look. And says nothing, except:

"I need to know that you really *want* this, Rey."

She gazes up at him, mouth already opening. Ready to supplicate. Ready to prostrate herself at his big fucking feet, and *beg*.

She bites her lip, unwilling to give him the satisfaction of something as pathetic as a whimper.

She's the international space station and he's the command centre. And she imagines beaming the messages directly into his big, stupid brain: *fuck me, for fuck's sake. I need you.*

But he senses the whiff of desperation.

"I'll leave your breakfast on the table", he says, with the evenness of a still lake. The door barely makes a sound behind him as he breezes out of the room.

So sue her if she lets out a frustrated scream into their insane thread count pillows when he's gone.

Later, when she eats her toast – hornily, angrily, irritated at how it's perfectly done and crisp *just* the way she likes it – she sees the little fridge magnets. How he's rearranged them on the fridge:

patience, as a blade of grass

grows by contented through the heat and cold

Rey commends herself on not tearing the entire fridge off its hinges. She spends her lunchtime cycling extra hard on her spin bike, instead.

**

Ben leaves flowers. He does this when both of them actually stick to their commitment of not looking at their emails.

Sometimes they spend hours wandering the market. She goes up ahead, preferring to stare at things she can touch and eat. Pimento olives. Spanish anchovies. Pungent kimchi, seaweed so strong she can taste the sea.

She's always favoured boldness.

And he? He's lived a life where he's had time and inclination to find beauty in ephemeral things.

The flowers in the house have a code too, she thinks. She tries to decipher what he's trying to say.

Ivy, for what endures. Dahlias, and walnut blooms for rainy days. Lilies and heather for radiant sun.

One day it's larkspur, for resilience. His dry sense of humour in action.

On a Monday morning she leaves for work – day 26 – there's only a long necked vase of snapdragons and sage for her on the bathroom counter. With a note in elegant handwriting.

Soon.

**

Dusk. One of those interminable days when the clock's moved too slowly. Where nobody on her team at work can truly keep up with her, even if they tried.

Rey's finally home. A little tired. She peels off her blouse. The light of the world, filtered through carefully spun silk and yellow street light.

A single step from behind the door. And that's how she knows.

It's nothing, at first. The merest suggestion of physical touch. Fingers grazing her lower back. That's the way he is. Quiet. Soft, for an impossibly large man.

A single hitch of breath – was that hers? His giant palm on her stomach. Warm, inviting. The mildest hint of softener and his cedar cologne on her nose.

Finally.

She steps backward into a solid chest. Her blouse drops to the floor, abandoned.

“Braless, in the fall? Bold choice.” Ben says.

“Yeah?” she asks, a little breathless. Knowing the game's afoot. “What's it to you?”

“You know, they're perfect little things,” he continues, brushing one thumb across her nipple. With seemingly no concern for her readiness.

In two moves, he backs her against the wall. Pries one hand on her neck, the width of it spanning her windpipe.

The logical part of her brain says she should be mad. But the animal part of her brain's busy singing instead.

“Have you been hungry for me?”

“You've got the wrong idea,” she says, playing along.

“Little slut. Those cute tits out there for everyone to see.”

Her heart’s already in her throat, the pressure of his palm on her neck already making her heart swell in anticipation.

“I don’t think so.” Rey tries. Testing the waters.

“Get on your knees and open your mouth.”

“What if I wanted to say no?”

He smiles. The contact on her stays gentle. But the slight press, the merest suggestion of a threat, is enough to send her mind ricocheting.

“Oh, sweetheart.” Ben says. He snakes a fingertip across the bottom of her lip. As if it’s dessert. She barely stops herself from shuddering. “It’s nice. To want to say no.”

And Rey puts up a decent facsimile of resistance. Shaking her head, giving a low whine. But his hand that was on her neck comes up to cover her mouth, and the absolution of what is happening to her sweeps over her.

Yes. Fuck yes.

Her breath hitches. He groans into the hollow of her ear.

The sound streaks straight inside her and lodges somewhere deep.

Ben smiles, and it's a slanted line. "Don't try and stop this."

He doesn't wait to check if she's alright. Just shoves a hand between her legs, heedless of the flimsy fabric, and cups her between her legs. Drags his palm across her swollen pussy, pressure hard, and the grind's exquisite.

She can't do anything except whimper as he increases the pressure – on her throat, on her cunt, and everywhere.

Rey swallows, the motion bobbing on her throat. It's beautiful surrender, being pinned there.

The way he's looking at her – he could devour her. And oh, this idea of theirs is going even better than she could have imagined. Handing him all thought, and agency. Permission. Exactly how she needed it to be.

"Rey," he murmurs. A clenched fist of a sound that travels straight to her cunt. "Do you know what you've done?"

"No?" she feigns.

"Walking around in those cute, cute twinsets of yours, rubbing your pussy on my leg. Filthy bitch."

"Oh, fuck you."

Anticipation hovers between them. One finger traces the space between her ear and her temple. *He's not backing down now, is he?*

But then his tongue darts out to the side of her face. She barely stops from gasping.

“I will.” Ben murmurs. “But first, let’s see that sweet mouth of yours.”

Rey shakes her head at that. His chest is so warm through his t-shirt on hers, and he’s so *big* on top of her. Always has been, and always will be.

“No?” he asks, after a time. An intellectual curiosity.

She shakes her head. That’s when he sighs. As if the idea of her defiance is a minor inconvenience.

“Hm.” Ben says.

He eases the pressure on her for a bit. She whimpers, already missing the contact, the warmth, his claim over her body.

The slap comes as quick as a whip. Skin against skin, heat blooming where his huge palm smarts her across the face.

She gasps. Less out of surprise, more from the audacity that he’d do it.

“You don’t like following instructions, do you?”

“Not from the likes of you.”

That earns her another slap. And it’s punctured by a low cry, which, to her despair, she realises was hers.

“I guess we’ll just have to do this the hard way.” Ben says.

He shoves her to her knees. The hardwood burns a little, but it's alright. He grabs her hand, and puts it right onto his sweats. Makes her feel the hardness beneath.

Rey peers up at him, right into the two scorch marks of his eyes. He's breathing hard, as excited by this as she is.

"Look what you've done."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Don't play coy, sweetheart. Do you like how big it is for you?"

"No," she lies. Her breath's coming out in a shaky stutter.

"Pity," he says. Tracing her jaw and tilting her face upwards. "Because that pretty jaw of yours is going to hurt."

There's the demanding pressure of his palm on her upper back as he hauls her closer, before pulls his cock out from beneath dark blue sweats. Without warning, he shoves two fingers in her mouth and yanks her jaw open. Like she's meat at a market.

He taps the tip of his cock on the corner of her mouth. Then the weight of it, heavy on the soft swell of her lower lip. Anointing her there.

"Open now, baby."

With one thumb still hooked on the inside of her cheek, Rey's left with no choice but to take the broad width of his cock as he feeds it to her, inch by inch.

“Suck.”

She doesn't have much opportunity for choice here, kneeling on the floor. But she can choose to tease him. Hands on her knees, licking prettily at the swollen, angry red of his cock and lapping gently at his shaft. With the full knowledge that it isn't nearly enough, after weeks of not touching each other.

For his part, he simply tosses his head back and laughs.

“Cute. But not like that,” is all he says. Before he tips her head back, and shoves his cock all the way to the back of her throat.

Tears edge into the corner of her eyes. A small voice in her says to stop, to not hurt herself, or him. But a louder one is pleased at the thought of being used this way. She gags, loud and wet, and he hums, satisfied.

Mouth stuffed, all Rey can manage is a muffled groan. But he likes that, because he bucks his hips a little and pushes himself even deeper, until there's nowhere else to go. The other free hand of his snakes around the back of her skull. She isn't small, but he makes her feel infinitely breakable.

“Good little fuckgirl,” he says.

She thinks he might ease up. He doesn't. Right as she releases his cock with a gentle pop, she sits back on her heels to gulp air into her lungs.

“Not so fast,” he mutters. Before dragging her by the hair and shoving her mouth back onto his cock so hard that she gags. Saliva forms in her mouth, so fast that it pools on his cock, on her tongue.

Strings of it, mixed with the tang of his precome, drip onto her chin.

“Let it,” he says, watching her make a mess. His pupils are blown out wide. “And touch those cute little tits for me while you’re at it.”

It’s adrenalin, being commanded. *So this is what it’s like, to play with the fire you’ve made.*

She moves her fingers to her nipples, trying to focus on a rhythm while she also tries to focus on sucking him off. The throbbing on her pussy is threatening to form its own richter scale. But she knows it isn’t her turn. So she keeps going.

For a while, there’s no sound in the room except her working her mouth on him, him watching her quietly, and the city pulsing outside.

Knowingly, Rey’s fingers creep to her clit. The pressure finally offering relief after so much aching. And she can’t help it. A shiver snakes its way up her spine, and she *moans* .

The noise she makes might as well be a grenade.

At the sound, Ben yanks her up by her hair, practically to her tiptoes. She’s already half wrung out from the overstimulation and her cheeks are tired and she hasn’t wiped her mouth, but – *oh* . The tug of it, the absolute surrender. Her tits in the cool evening air. Bliss.

“What’s *this* ?” he asks, inches from her face. Ignoring the sound of her heavy breathing.

“Nothing.” Rey lies.

“Were you touching yourself?”

“No.”

Ben tilts her head up. He’s so close that she can count the moles on his face. There’s her favourite one, the one near his mouth she likes to kiss when he brings her coffee in the morning. And the other one, on his neck, that she likes to kiss when they say goodnight.

That man isn’t here now.

And she loves it.

“You’re a lying little whore. Aren’t you?”

Rey tilts her chin up. Conscious that she’s topless and at his mercy. Yet she wills herself to say the opposite of what she should. There’s a ribbon of fear in her gut, but it’s chased by something more territorial.

“I’m not giving you anything.”

His gaze travel from her jawline, down to her tits. “We’ll see.”

There’s another sharp tug, on her neck this time, and she bites back a sound at the sensation of him moving her by force to the kitchen counter.

He sits her down on the surface, and her palms land on cool marble. There’s nothing to do but stare at the planes of his now-bare chest.

She wriggles under his touch, making like she wants to deny him access. But that just makes him tighten one hand even harder around her waist.

His gaze snaps from her stomach up to her face. She might as well be looking into a furnace.

“Open.” Ben commands.

Pleasure ping pongs around her brain at his command. Ricocheting off somewhere dark, and dangerous. It curls around her rationality, wipes away reason. It’d be dangerous, she thinks, to give herself over on these terms too often.

Besides, he knows she doesn’t actually need to be restrained. That she’ll keep her hands flat and sit still, as part of this agreement.

But God, it’s fun to be bad.

So Rey pulls her knees closer together. As if she could deny him access.

Ben sees it.

“I wasn’t fucking asking, Princess.”

He slots one hand between her legs. Like she’s the card machine, and he’s the whole bank. Once he shifts her thighs apart, he slaps the insides of them too, for good measure. The contact leaves her gasping and her skin stinging.

“Daddy—” she says, and something in his expression perks up. *Sucker*. “Please don’t hurt me. I’ll be good. Promise.”

He laughs, then. It’s a menacing thing. She hasn’t heard him laugh like that, and it gives her a little thrill.

And when he slips one free hand into the hem of her underwear, and tears her it off? Feels how sopping wet it is, sniffs it like the perverted sicko that they both know he is—

“That’s your secret, isn’t it, Rey?” He runs his fingers at the seam of her cunt, and she thinks she’s going to die. “Nobody ever *let* you be bad.”

No. Never. Not at all.

As he closes the remaining distance, his dark hair falls into his face. But what she can glimpse from her position on the counter are his eyes going dark, as she gives herself over.

To the way he shoves two fingers into her cunt with punishing intensity. The insistent thrusts of his arm and the way she’s shaking like a leaf in her own home. The noise of him working her pussy out at the pace that he likes.

There’s nothing she can do except growl into the hulk of his shoulder as he fucks her open with his hand, right on the kitchen counter.

“Come on,” he says, impatient.

A moan escapes her, because it’s deviant, and he’s being so condescending, and that tickles her hindbrain.

And that’s all it takes, really. The first orgasm. One that makes her throw her head back and moan so loud she’s sure the neighbours will lodge a complaint, but she doesn’t care.

She wants to close her legs, but his hand is there, and she can’t.

There’s just him, watching her. And her, spread bare in front of him, the dish.

It almost shorts circuits her brain, knowing that she’s paved the path to her own annihilation.

And when she gushes all over his fingers, he hums appreciatively. Curling his palm, feeling her wetness drip out of her. As if she's given him something precious, and he can't stand to lose sight of it.

"Oh god," she whispers. Thighs twitching in the aftermath.

Ben peers down at her, chest rising and falling. Looking as if he wants to eat her or punish her, and he can't decide which.

Just when Rey thinks she can get a breather, he wraps both arms around her waist and scoops her fully off the counter and presses her close to him. She has barely time to process it before he cups her chin and licks the side of her neck, with such intensity that his stubble burns in the aftermath.

"Did you make a mess, baby?" he asks. Quietly. In a way that's at odds with the punishing orgasm he's just meted out.

Rey nods, still barely cogent in her happy sex haze. He turns her, daintily. As if she were a ballerina, being torn apart after the ball.

"That's a shame. I like it when things are clean."

She catches a glimpse of herself in the window pane – flushed, unmoored, undone – before he lowers her by the back of her head to the kitchen counter. The quartz is still warm with her cum.

One of his fingers swims into her peripheral vision, pointing at the wet spot she's left.

"What do we do about that?" he says.

"I– I don't know?"

“Oh, you do.”

Rey hears him fumble with something, and barely stops herself from hissing when he rubs his cock on the bare curve of her ass.

“Lick it up,” he says.

Oh , she thinks. Her brain’s putty. Her legs are already straining slightly from the angle he’s got her in. Bare hips against the counter, ass up. Prone. But she won’t give in so soon.

“No.” Rey says.

The hand twisted in her hair fists more insistently now. But she still wants more.

Her hands creep up the marble. Splaying her palms, she gets some leverage.

With all the force she has left in her, she twists around. And shoves him away.

Ben’s eyes widen in surprise. There’s a fractal second, when everything hangs between them. Just the shallow sound of him breathing, a muscle working in his jaw, before he *lunges* .

Her toes leave the ground. He deposits her chest down on the counter, and shoves the side of her face onto the cool surface of marble. There’s no space to move. She wriggles against him, but his hold is iron. And god, she loves having nowhere to run.

Her face lands somewhere warm, and wet. It’s visceral, but her disgust is matched by her own arousal, and wetness is pooling between her thighs again.

Rey opens her mouth in an attempt to protest, but doesn't get the words out. Because he pins both of her arms behind her, and starts sliding the tip of his cock into her cunt.

She shifts her hips, as if to deny him. But her body's a traitor and he knows it, because her inner walls clench down on the garish intrusion.

"That's it." Ben says.

Her mouth forms a round shape, but no words come out. Rey just manages a low and elongated groan. Just that flicker of awareness, again, that she gets to be nothing, and nobody, here. All for him.

She's overstimulated, she's going to bruise, she's a wreck. And she fucking loves it.

"Let me ask you again, Rey." he says, in a crisp tone better reserved for reading a grocery list, rather than what he's doing, which is breaking her into pieces. "Are you gonna make it dirty, or clean it up?"

"I..."

"Speak up, baby."

She gulps. "I want to help. Clean it up."

"That's a good girl. Now taste yourself, while I fuck this sweet pussy."

Her mind's still stuck on loading and trying to form the words, but Ben doesn't give her time to respond. Because he just slides his cock inside her fully to the hilt. She barely has the semblance of mind to flick her tongue out to lick up her own come. Like he'd asked.

He rocks a steady rhythm into her, and she moans into her fist.

“You dirty fucking slut,” he says, “sending me cute fucking pictures.”

“*Ah*,” is all Rey manages while she’s being split open.

“You knew exactly what you were doing. Know how hard it was for me to sit on my fucking hands and not walk over to your office and pull your fucking skirt down? Right then and there? When all I could think about was your perfect little cunt?”

“Maybe. I. Don’t. Give. A. Damn,” she says, in time with his thrusts.

“I know you don’t. That’s why you need to be punished. *Lick*,” he says, shoving her head back down again. The hardness of the counter against her while she’s being fucked is a special kind of heaven.

And objectively, or whatever scrap of it lingers in her dopamine-riddled brain, Rey knows this is good. But there’s one more frontier they haven’t tried, still.

“Ben, wait. Stop. Please?” she says. Small. Plaintive.

He slows down a fraction. The slide of his cock in her cunt, now more like a gentle nudging, is still exquisite.

And she knows he understands what she’s intending.

This, after all, isn’t either of their safewords.

He leans further down from behind, lips brushing her ear. His chest rises and falls, steady as a balloon on her back.

Thrill curls in her stomach, and she wonders how far she can push this.

“I thought about it.”

“Did you.”

“Yes. Please stop. Because maybe I... I don't actually want this.”

Next to her face, the tips of his big fingers twitch, and he laughs.

Then, the anvil.

“Ah, sweet thing. But you do. You're *dripping*. ”

That's all the warning she gets before he pulls out to the tip and drives into her again.

The pace he sets this time is unrelenting. There's nothing she can do, except shake as he knocks the breath out of her with every thrust, and try not to bite her lip so hard that she bleeds.

Her intermittent little cries seem to turn him on even more, because he tightens his hands on her hips at each one, cock nudging a deep spot inside her.

Them, like this.

Her, mewling, needy, pliant — a plaything for him to use.

Him, unmoored. Watching her fall apart.

No sacred love. Just her, something to be defiled under his hands.

Pleasure bobs for the second time at the back of her mind.

Right as she's on the edge, he dips his thumb lower. Spreading her cheeks apart, examining her ass.

“You're so tight, baby. So pretty. But I know somewhere that'd be even tighter.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Ben replies, running a finger in smaller and smaller rings around her clenched asshole. He spits on her ass while he's still bouncing her on his cock.

She gasps at the warmth of it. He slicks his thumb with it, drawing sensation around the firm ring of muscle.

Then, the slight burn. The sensation of him stretching her open there, penetrating her asshole with one thick finger.

“*Look* at you. So fucking breedable.”

A voice in her brain starts to protest, but an even louder part of her brain is saying things like *oh fuck, oh yes, make me a fucking baby you absolute animal*, with a loudhailer.

It's natural, in that moment, to listen to that instinct.

The words tumble out. She almost doesn't recognise her own voice, with how needy and high it sounds.

"I need to come, Daddy. Need to feel you filling me up with a finger in my ass. Please?"

"Do you?"

She's going to white out. Or evaporate. She isn't sure which.

But she drops all pretence of saying no, and *begs* .

"Come in me, please. Make me yours."

Ben's thrusts get even more urgent. And Rey knows he's close. They're building, building. Making a sandcastle to be knocked over. And her— something to be trampled on. Owned.

There's an orgasm for her too, shimmering, just out of reach.

"Then tell me to stop." Ben says, breath coming out jagged.

"I can't," she says.

She's wet, oh so wet. There's a bead of sweat rolling its way down the side of her head. Her back is sticky, and it's overwarm right now despite the cool weather outside. But she doesn't give a flying rat's ass because Ben's needy, and wanting, and feels good. And *she* did that.

The grip on her wrist gets just that much tighter. The sound that comes out of him is a tangle of syllables.

She wants more of that, so she hones in, and presses her forefinger and thumb on his wrist to urge him on.

Rey scrabbles a bit, under him. It's so much power, him caging her in from behind, both of them committed to their roles. He fucks like a champion at the best of times, but seeing Ben like this – it's like unleashing an animal.

She's never had him like this. Or at least in these parameters. But oh, it's a beautiful thing. This shadow part of himself that he's kept tightly coiled for so long.

And it almost shorts circuits her brain, knowing she alone knows the exact combination of things to do, and buttons to press, that paved the path to her own annihilation.

This knowledge makes her emit a strangled noise. And that's when he pulls out again.

He kisses her on the cheek, and urges her with his hands to turn over. "Let me see your pretty face when I come on it, princess."

So she nods, and does. Repositioning herself is easy, when her Ben can lift her up as effortlessly as a feather.

So she's back how she was earlier. He props her up on the counter, her thighs wrapped around his thick waist. She marvels at the solidness of him beneath her legs and looks up at the man she's ruined.

Strands of hair plastered to his head with sweat. Face flushed. Lips red from where he'd kissed her.

It's so good, she thinks she might cry.

“Touch yourself,” he commands.

Rey nods, no longer under any pretence of resisting or playing any games. She mashes her fingers against her clit, eking out a rhythm to match the way he starts pounding into her.

And she’s being bounced on his cock so relentlessly and he’s been so *bad* and so *perfect* that suddenly—

“Wanna come,” she says, eyes watering and voice worn out from the overstimulation. “*Please—*”

He claps his hand over her mouth. His own words come out like gravel and broken glass. “Shhh, baby. Someone might hear you.”

That’s when it happens again. The orgasm building, like a freight train. She cries out, head thrown back, toes curled. Fingers working overtime in the tiny space between where his hips are, and on her own cunt.

She’s about to white out. But he’s looking down at where they’re joined, unable to tear his eyes away.

“Ben? Pull out. Don’t come in me,” she begs, in her best stage whisper. “We can’t make a baby yet. We aren’t ready. Please.”

That does it. He roars, and starts moving again. Biceps bulging beneath her fingers, where she holds on for dear life. Both of them reduced to desperation and biological need.

She pushes herself up on her elbows and licks her lips. Watching every microcosmic change of expression as he looks at her, and sees what a mess they’ve made of themselves.

“Pretty girl. All mine. Going to breed my pretty little fucking wife,” he grits out, between hungry kisses to her chin, her cheek, her mouth.

“Wanna make a baby for you. Just you.”

“Rey,” he grits out. Thrusting into her a final time, hard. “Look at me. Please.”

She does. And what she finds in his expression— an infinite loop of her looking at him, and that love reflected back at her— is what pushes her over the edge. Pleasure snaps up her spine, and she comes for a final time.

He watches all of it. Fascinated by the cycle of life and little death that he’s caused in her body.

Then the muscle under his eye twitches. And he’s twitching in her. Making a strangled noise as he pushes in deep, and unloads his seed.

Both of them, falling to pieces. Already spiralling out of the daydream they’ve made, but safe in each other’s arms.

Trusting each other, all the way down.

**

They stay like this for a while. Bodies curved into each other, just the sound of their breaths coming back to a steady cadence.

Reality settles back over them like a blanket.

A car alarm goes off somewhere. They let it.

Ben kisses her on the cheek before she pulls out. Rey doesn't miss the reluctance flickering across his face before he does.

She reaches up to stroke his hair out of his face, and he lets her. She closes her legs, wanting to go clean up, but he presses her gently on her stomach.

“A little longer? Before I clean you up.”

She sighs, thinking he's being silly.

But he says “please?” in such a soft voice that she's in danger of floating away.

So she lets him look. He stares down at her cunt from his big-man vantage point, and then crouches down to get a better look.

She keeps her knees open and takes shallow breaths, trying not to think about how awkward this is. But he watches their combined wetness leak out of her with satisfaction, and his fingertips are gentle on her hole when he pushes his stray bits of cum back in.

A moment later, he finally grins, and kisses the inside of her thigh.

“Had enough?” Rey quips.

“Hold on.”

In an admirable attempt at chivalry, he hauls ass to the bathroom, disappearing behind a door.

Rey hears the opening and shutting of a cabinet, before he pads back to bed with a fluffy hand towel.

(She isn't entirely sure how she ended up with a life filled with fluffy towels. But she's not sure how she ended up roleplaying noncon, either. First time for everything.)

Ben kneels between her legs to clean her up, a gentle frown between his brows as he works. It's tender, and despite their years together, she wants to blush.

"So?" Ben asks. A totally open question.

She considers it, staring at a picture of a sailboat on their wall. "That was...amazing, actually. Beyond."

"Was it?"

"Yeah."

"Did I do good?"

"Exceptional." Rey says. She puts a hand on his face, motioning for him to stop. And tilts his face up. It should be awkward, but it's just comfortable.

"I love you, Ben. So, so much."

"I know. I love you too."

She smiles. Sappy.

“But can I be honest?” he continues.

“Always.”

She wonders what he'll say. Was any of it too far? Was he uncomfortable? Did she say anything weird?

“I'm not sure my back can handle that shit like it did ten years ago.”

Her eyebrows shoot up. His face is serious, but the corner of his mouth twitches, and she's the one who breaks first. The absurdity of the night, now apparent to them both.

Her laughter's a peal, and his a low wheeze. Their joy is what anchors them back to their normal.

He leans up, and she kisses his forehead. He does the same in return, trailing kisses down her collarbone.

“By the way, you're not serious about the baby stuff, are you?” she asks.

Ben places the filthy towel neatly to the side. “*God*, no. We'd be terrible parents. At least, that's still true for you too, right?”

“Hell yeah.” Rey says, crossing one ankle over the other, contemplative. “But a dog, though.”

“I'll think about it.” Ben says.

She rolls his eyes at his smirk. He offers his hand, and she takes it, hopping off the counter and trying not to cringe at the biological hazard she's left there. Chalk it down to one of the benefits of home ownership. No embarrassment at leaving bodily fluids for the next tenant.

Another sex playback thought occurs to her once her feet hit the ground.

“Also, Ben. *Princess* ?! Really?”

“Sex haze. No judgement.”

“Never. But still.” Rey says.

He gives the gentlest flick on her nose, then pulls her in for a searing kiss. She could spend forever like this, wrapped in his arms, tilting her face up to his, welcoming him home. But unfortunately she has to spend other time doing other things like making money and eating and being an adult, amongst other things to sustain life.

But this , Rey thinks, *is a very, very nice perk.*

And when he pulls away, she marvels at how much he makes her feel loved. A sun of her very own that blazes every time he looks at her.

It's dark outside now. But, the considerate husband he is, he's turned on a lamp, on his way back. Casting the room into a warm orange glow.

“Hey,” he adds, not quite letting her go— nuzzling his nose to the top of her head. Skin to skin, nothing between them. “I... wanted to let you know. That I'm down for flipping the script. Sometime. I mean. If you are.” Ben says.

Rey absorbs this, and his vulnerable expression. A slow, steady promise growing between them. She knows that awkward guy still in there, the one she fell in love with as much as she

did the intellectual lawyer with the too intense stare. That Ben is just deep beneath the pressed suits and the thousand dollar billables. It's nice that she gets to see him both these ways, and all the shades in between.

Being a wife, she decides, means no shortage of new roads to explore.

“Absolutely. Let's get the momo? And talk about it?” Rey finally says.

Ben nods, and smiles. “Yeah. Let's.”

And, when she threads her fingers through his, and looks out at the city night sky, Rey thinks:

How nice it is.

To know the man you love can be a monster. If just for a while.

End Notes

Thanks for reading <3 Might take this off anon, might not.

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