

Aloha, baby!

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25115719) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25115719>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Star Wars Sequel Trilogy
Relationship:	Kylo Ren/Rey , Rey/Ben Solo , Rey/Ben Solo Kylo Ren
Character:	Ben Solo Kylo Ren , Kylo Ren , Ben Solo , Rey (Star Wars) , Maz Kanata , Armitage Hux , Rose Tico , Poe Dameron , Finn (Star Wars) , Unkar Plutt
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , Alternate Universe - Surfers , Surfing , Enemies to Lovers , Smut , Angst with a Happy Ending , Angst , and there was only one bed , Humor , Rey has a fine ass , Ben is an asshole , But it'll all be okay in the end
Collections:	A Picture is worth 1000 Words - PL Summer Exchange
Stats:	Published: 2020-07-06 Completed: 2020-09-04 Chapters: 4/4 Words: 14202

Aloha, baby!

by [ReyloBrit](#)

Summary

Surfing champ Ben Solo won't give up his favourite spot on the beach, not even for new girl Rey who does look banging in those short shorts. Game on!

Notes

For NewerConstellations - your moodies were awesome and it was so hard to choose between them! Enjoy!

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

Riding high



Aloha

Surfer Ben w
the beach, eve



He skids around the bend, tyres screeching, gravel flying into the air, and then whips left, hurtling down the path and slamming into a space on the beach front.

Shit, there's three cars already parked and the sun hasn't even crept above the horizon yet.

He yanks his keys from the ignition and leaps out of the truck, struggling his half-worn wetsuit over his broad shoulders as he dashes to the cab and grabs his board.

Yanking up the zip, he sprints down the soft sand dunes, stumbling over a rock and almost face planting, before regaining his balance and racing onwards. He squints out towards the sea as he races closer but the water is black in the dim light and over the distance he can't make out the ocean's movements nor its occupants. He can hear it though, loud and fierce, waves battering the shoreline with an angry roar and in his mind's eye he knows their shape and their movement.

The water is cold on his feet and his legs as he gallops in, splashes of salt hitting his face. He closes his eyes and throws his board forward, diving on top, his arms immediately hurtling him forwards with powerful thrusts.

Ha! He's done it! He's finally done it!

It may have taken a 5am wake up call but he has beaten her to it.

He slows his paddling, gliding through the sea, fastening his board to his ankle as the sun clips the horizon, the day's first light skipping through the dark sky. Now he sees the waves: huge moving mountains growing and then toppling in the distance.

And then he sees the figure: a lone surfer riding the crest of the wave; crouched low, arms tentative, legs steady, twisting the board as the swell dictates, racing through the water.

It's her.

"Fuck!" he yells, banging his fists on his board. "Fuck!"

She's stolen his spot *again*.

He bellows once more, the noise silenced by the thundering water, and watches her with a furrowed brow, eyes roaming over the contours of her body.

Yes that's the most infuriating thing about this goddamn woman. Not only has she been stealing the best surfing spot on the island, *his spot*, for the last month, she also has the tastiest little ass he's ever wanted to lay his hands on. And about the only one on the island he hasn't. Fuck! That ass! That *arse*! Yes *arse*, that's the way she says it.

He knows because she's called him an asshole on more than one occasion. In fact, she's called him all number of things over the past four weeks. He'd had no idea there were so many different English curse words - knob, dickhead, twat, tosser, prick, bellend, wanker, git. She certainly has a potty mouth - a rather sweet looking potty mouth with soft, bowed lips.

And her accent - so posh sounding - like a nanny to the royal family. He really can't help but smirk when she swears at him in that cute voice of hers, which, of course, only makes it worse.

The first time she called him an asshole had been the first time she'd stolen his spot....

He rocks up mid morning to find some dude occupying his part of the surf; the spot that has been his for the last two years. It's not the first time some newbie has made this mistake so he shoves his board upright in the sand and leans against it, crossing his arms over his bare chest and watching the show.

The dude is pretty good. Not *his* level good, obviously, but then he is the best surfer on the island - everyone knows it and he has enough trophies to prove it too. But this surfer could be half decent with some more practice. He's a bit shoddy around the edges, a trace rough, he needs to refine his movements and strengthen his control.

As the man grows closer, he realises there's something different, something wrong. His mind doesn't compute it at first and he screws up his eyes, peering harder. The shape of the man is bizarre; slim shoulders and curved waist. Then slowly it dawns on him.

A chick? Really? He examines the figure more closely. Yep that is definitely a woman. She's wearing a swimsuit and board shorts, and her hair is scraped back in a bun.

Of course there are a few girls who surf around here but he's never seen one as good as her.

He stares with his mouth gaping as the wave she's surfing dies and her board sinks down into the water. She grins widely, and jumps into the shallows, grabbing her board and skipping over the sand, pulling her shoulder length hair from its tie as she does.

"Hey!" he shouts, shaking himself out of his trance. "Hey!"

She halts, searching the beach until she finds him, then tosses her board down and picks up her towel from a pile of belongings, squeezing her hair and patting her face as she trots over to him, light on the balls of her feet.

"Hi," she says with a smile and bright lively eyes, a brilliant green under the sun. "What a morning, huh? It's beautiful here and the surf is amazing." He can see the excitement swimming through her slim athletic body, the way it does for him after a decent session's surf.

"Hi," he answers, face stern. "You're new, right?"

She nods passionately. "Yeah, I've been here a week. I've got a room above Maz's place." Maz's bar is the surfer's haunt on the outskirts of town. It's where everyone hangs out. "I'm making my way around the island," she chatters cheerfully on, "But this - this is the best spot I've found so far. It's sensational out there. You going in?" She rubs the towel over her face.

He watches her. "You were surfing in my spot."

She laughs. "Pardon?"

"I said, you were in my spot."

The towel hovers over her chest and she freezes, before slowly and deliberately swinging her gaze over the sand dunes. "I'm sorry - this is a private beach? I don't recall seeing a sign anywhere!" Her eyes land back on him and her mouth tugs smugly.

"Look...." He gestures towards her with his palm.

"Rey."

"Rey, you're new," he says slowly, uncrossing his arms and placing his hands on his hips, his pecs flexing as he does. "So you don't know how things work around here. But that," he points out to the ocean, "is my spot."

"Are you kidding me?"

He bends forward a little, meeting her eye line. "You know who I am, don't you?"

"Should I?"

"Kylo Ren."

She stares at him blankly.

"Whatever," he mutters, flustered, "just find some other spot."

"No."

"No?"

"No. That's not how it works. Everyone knows the rules - first come, first surfed."

"Not on this island."

"Ahhh," she says, nodding to herself, "I get it - you're a wanker. Yep," she runs her eyes down his body and jabs her finger at him, "clearly an asshole."

Her voice, all proper and elegant sounding is such a contrast to the filthy words flying from her mouth that he can't help but laugh.

"What's so funny?" she snaps, her brows pulled into a harsh frown.

"Nothing, your Majesty," he chuckles.

"Oh piss off!" She spins on her heels, flipping her towel over her shoulder.

"I'm two time West coast champion," he calls. "Best surfer earns best spot." She ignores him, striding to her stuff. That's when he notices her ass, and the way it jiggles in those short shorts of hers. He groans. "You're good, you know. But you need a teacher. I can show you the way of-"

"Humf!" she snorts, not turning around. "That is one crap pick up line." And grabbing up her stuff, she saunters away.

The next morning she's there again. He stands looking at the sea in disbelief. This has happened before, some dude stealing his place, but once he's explained the situation, they've stayed the fuck away. After all, he's taller and broader than most other men and he has a reputation for using his fists when he loses his temper. Nobody wants to start something with him. Nobody but her.

She cruises towards the beach on her board looking as if she might be done for the day, but then she spots him and flips down, spinning around and paddling back out to the waves.

"Bitch," he snarls under his breath, grinding his teeth. She clearly did that on purpose. He could move further up the beach. There are only a couple of surfers out there this morning, the sky grey and the air humid, and there are other sweet places to catch a wave. But he's stubborn and he's not letting this go.

He flops down onto the sand and waits, growing angrier and angrier as the minutes pass.

It's almost lunchtime when she finally slinks up the beach, her limbs heavy. She is clearly exhausted.

"Enjoy," she beams as she walks by him.

"Did you not understand what I told you yesterday? You have to earn the top spot on this island."

"Urgh." She rolls her eyes. "Says who?"

"Me! And every surfer on this island. And you, sweetheart, have not earned it."

"Not yet maybe."

"Not ever - you're good but not that good."

"Ha," she jerks her chin at him, "and you are?"

"Like I told you, yes, yes I am."

"I'll believe it when I see it."

"Fine." He grabs his board and sprints for the shore, diving into the surf. He can feel her hot gaze on him as he paddles further out, bobbing up and over the swell of the ocean. Pressure has always worked in his favour and knowing that he's being judged, assessed, spurs him on. He's up on his board carving through the water, balancing high on the crest of the tallest wave, giving her his best

performance, every muscle of his body working hard, steadying his board, controlling his moves. And he knows he looks good, the sea water on his skin glistening under the sunlight that spills through the clouds, his dark hair streaming behind him. The videos of him surfing always get thousands of shares, and plenty of thirsty comments.

When he's done, he strides back towards her with a satisfied smirk, and leans against his upturned board.

She is lying flat out on the sand, ankles crossed, resting on her elbows. Peering up at him with a bored expression, she shrugs.

His irritation with her flares. That isn't the usual response his best show elicits. It usually warrants slaps on the back from the dudes and gushing praise from the chicks.

"Not impressed?" he hisses.

"Hmmm," she sits up, leaning her forearms on her knees, and takes a gulp from the coke can next to her. "It was a bit too polished and self conscious for my liking. I prefer something a bit more...free spirited...and... raw." The way she says that last word is teasing and he can't help flitting his gaze over her sun kissed body.

"You have no idea what you're talking about." His pride is dented - he had wanted to impress her - and he tosses his head in annoyance, a spray of water droplets flying from his chin-length hair and spattering onto her.

She scowls and he meets it with a threatening brow.

"Stay out of my spot."

"Or what?"

He stares at her, opens his mouth, then thinks better of it and storms back to the water.

The next month continues in the same manner, each day it's an earlier and earlier dash to the beach in order to get out in the surf before her. Some days he beats her to it, some days she's there first.

Ben Solo (otherwise known as surfing ace Kyo Ren) doesn't like to lose. It's one of the reasons he moved out to this island; leaving everything else behind and focusing solely on his surfing. And he hasn't lost for a very long time. It leaves a bitter taste in his mouth and frustration coursing through his veins. The only problem is, he's not entirely sure what it is he's trying to win.

By the Friday evening of the fourth week he tells himself he needs a beer and perhaps an opportunity for a hook up. He's not a *regular* regular at Maz's, tending to enjoy his own company more than other people's, but it's a good place to pick up girls or talk surf. His decision to head there is nothing to do with the fact Rey is staying in one of the rooms above the bar. Nothing whatsoever.

The bar, a run down old shack that seems to have been on the island since the dawn of time, is half full. It's only the start of the season and it's mostly the longterm island inhabitants here tonight. The owner, Maz, who is perhaps as old as the bar itself, flutters behind the bar, handing over large jugs of frothing beer. She's a short woman, barely tall enough to peer over the counter, who takes no bullshit and has been known to break up fist fights with an arch of an eyebrow.

He mopes over to her and slumps onto a bar stall next to a fellow surfer.

"Beer, please Maz," he says, tossing over a note.

She catches the money with a swipe of her hand and peers at Ben through her thick glasses. "You look miserable as hell."

"Humph," he mutters and she sniffs at him before heading off to fetch a clean glass. The red headed man next to him spins around.

"Hey mate."

Ben holds up a hand in salute, surveying the bar. He spots Rey in a crowd in the corner. They're playing a game of darts and she seems excessively excited, high fiving the other players with glee when she makes a good shot. Maz hands him over his drink and he observes Rey for some minutes over the foam of his beer, noting with discomfort the way one of the men in the group, Poe, keeps laying his hand on her shoulder and whispering into her ear as they watch another guy launch his dart with flicks of his wrists. The second man punches his fist with a whoop and spins around, hugging Rey and lifting her right off her feet.

"I think you might have some competition there," his neighbour says.

"I'm not interested, Hux."

"Ha. Sure." He slaps Ben on the shoulder. "Not your type at all."

"What? Rude, obnoxious and moody?"

"And a cute brunette. You've met her then?"

"Oh yeah, we've met." He spins around and slams his glass on the counter. "That's the little minx who keeps stealing my spot."

"Right," Hux sighs and looks relieved when his girlfriend, Rose, hooks her arms around his neck and plants a kiss on his cheek.

She glances up at Ben and stiffens. "Hi Ben."

"Hi."

"What you having, Rosie?" Hux asks her.

"Hmmm a mojito please."

Ben tunes out as the couple chat about their day, watching Maz mash mint leaves and stir sugar instead. Then he entertains himself flipping beer mats between sips of his drink. It's only when he hears Rey's cheerful voice that he looks up.

"Rose!" Rey squeals, throwing her arms around Rose and squeezing her tight. Rose smiles warmly at her.

"Rey, hi. How you doing?"

Rey leans into the bar, kicking one heel up and showing off her long tanned legs. She's wearing a short jumpsuit with a slit down the back and he's pretty sure she can't be wearing a bra. He shifts around in his seat.

"This is my boyfriend," Rose says with a grin, gesturing towards Hux.

"Nice to meet a fellow Brit," Hux says.

"Ooo where you from?"

"Norfolk. You?"

"Originally London but now Cornwall." She tucks her hair behind her ear and Ben notices faint freckles now dust the bridge of her nose.

"For the surfing?"

"You bet! I work down there ten or eleven months of the year, saving up for a trip like this. I'm trying to visit all the best surfing spots around the world." Her eyes stop on Rose's cocktail. "That looks good - what is it?"

"A mojito. Wanna try?" Rose lifts the glass towards her and Rey bends down, her hair falling back into her face, and takes a loud suck on the straw, her eyes closing.

"Yum. I'm having one of those."

"I'll get it for you," Ben interrupts, his voice a little loud in his own ears.

The other three all turn towards him.

"Oh," Rose says flatly, "this is Ben."

"Ben?" Rey rests her hand on her hip. "I thought it was Kyle."

"Kylo," Rose says. "It's a stage name or something."

"Yes, we've met," Rey says darkly. "Ben / Kylo has taken quite an affront to me stealing his surfing spot." She makes quotation marks with her fingers, emphasising the words *stealing* and *his*.

Hux chuckles. "He's been chewing my ear off about it for several weeks. You are one brave lady."

She looks Ben dead in the eyes. "I'm not easily intimidated." And a shot of electricity scoots down his spine.

Yes, she's not scared of him. And it's driving him mad. One moment she makes him furious and the next something else which he can't quite decode, but something that possibly drew him here tonight and just had him offering to buy her a drink.

"So is this *the* Ben Solo?" she asks Rose, spinning back to her.

"Yep."

"What do you mean?" Ben asks, feeling suddenly uncomfortable.

Rose and Rey exchange a glance.

"Oh you have quite the reputation," Rey says.

"For my surfing?" Why does he feel like this conversation isn't what he thinks it's about?

Rey and Rose giggle. "Nope."

"What then?" he growls. Why do women always talk in codes? It's why he avoids them - most of

the time.

"Let's just say," Rose says, pausing to take a sip of her drink, "that there's a lot written about you in the girl's bathroom."

He blinks. And blinks again. Then his brow wrinkles in confusion. "In the bathroom?"

"Uh huh. Someone called Phasma has written a whole essay down one length of the wall."

Phasma? The name is vaguely familiar but he can't picture her face. A lot of people come and go on this island.

"More a lengthy trip advisor review than an essay," Rey grins and Rose snorts.

"What does it say?" He has a bad feeling about this. There have certainly been a handful of women, who like Rey, have called him some choice names to his face. Mainly when he's made it clear he's not interested in a relationship.

"Weeeelllll," Rey says.

"What does it say?!" he snaps.

She glares at him. "To summarise: that you're lousy in bed."

He jumps from his seat, a slop of his beer slapping the floor. "What the fuck?!" He stares in disbelief first at Rey, who bites down on her lip clearly trying not to laugh, and then Rose, who rolls her eyes. "Let me be clear: I have never, *never*, had any complaints."

"Phasma seemed to have quite a few. The main one being you refused to go down on her."

Oh that. His shoulders relax and he slides back onto his stall. He turns back to the bar and takes a long mouthful of beer. "Yeah, I don't eat pussy." He shrugs. Then twists back to the others. All three are frozen still, studying him; Hux with his mouth hanging open, Rose wide eyed and Rey with her head tilted to one side.

"Oh mate," Hux mutters. "We need to talk."

"You don't eat pussy?" Rey scoffs. "But let me guess, you're more than willing to let a girl suck your dick."

He sneers at her, "Is that an offer?"

"Fuckwit!" She throws him a look that is pure dirt and stalks off.

"Remind me why you're friends with this jerk?" Rose says to Hux, tossing her head at Ben and then following Rey.

"He's actually more of an acquaintance," Hux calls after her, then faces back to Ben, running his hand over his slicked-back hair. "Mate - I think you blew it there."

"Fuck her," he says with a sweep of his hand and a deep frown. "I told you, I'm not interested."

But later, alone in his bed, staring up at the darkened ceiling, he thinks that that wasn't the way he thought things would go. He rolls over onto his side and sets his alarm for 5 am - he's going to get up another half hour earlier.

Tomorrow he's going to beat her to it.

The One

Chapter Summary

Rey and Ben battle it out for the perfect wave but the weather takes a turn for the worse.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to NancylovesReylo for reading this and the previous chapter through for me.

A couple of minor warnings:

If you have a fear of water you may want to skip the first bit of this chapter.

Rey makes mention of a violent ex but doesn't go into detail.

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

There is no way in hell he is backing down today.

Four weeks! Four weeks this up-start has been pinching his spot and he has had it. Time to show her who's boss. Time for her to see what real surfing looks like.

Ben paddles out further into the black swell of the ocean. The tide pulls particularly strong today, tugging and buffering at his board, and the wind picks up too, sweeping across the surface of the water, forming white frothing foam. The waves are going to be awesome, gigantic. He isn't going to miss out because of her.

Soon he reaches the deep; bobbing flat out on his board alongside her.

"It's going to be rough this morning, little girl. I suggest you head inshore," he shouts at her scowling face.

"I think I can handle it," she yells back. He can see she's shivering a bit and he wonders how long she's been out here, how early she got up just to beat him. "Did you come here to tell me that?" she continues, "Because you're on my turf. Piss off further along the beach."

"No chance, sweetheart! Not today. I'm not missing out because some brat can't follow the rules."

"It's dangerous, you asshole!"

"Only if you don't know what you're doing."

She glares at him but doesn't say anything more, fixing her eyes instead on the incoming waves. They are growing bigger and bigger by the minute and at this point it's all about hedging your bets. Go too soon and he might miss out on a bigger, better wave later on. Wait too long and he might give up a super wave only to have the water die on him. It's a gamble. But he knows the ocean. Sometimes he feels like he's tapped into its powerful force, that he's connected with it, that it runs through his veins and gives him an understanding other surfers don't possess. He can read the

water as if it is an open book - predicting where the story will take him.

Right in this moment he can sense the force of the ocean building, turning dark and sinister, the movement of the water becoming more violent and the wind more frenzied. It's never felt this way before; dDangerous yet tempting. What should he do? Stay? Or go?

To his side he sees Rey glance up at the sky - an inky, ominous black despite the sun's rise nearly two hours ago. He peers further out to sea where the usually still waters of the Pacific lie, and sees an angry swirl of currents. Further along the beach, the other surfers are gliding towards dry land, some already there, packing up their stuff.

A storm.

He checked the forecast diligently last night: this wasn't predicted.

"I think we'd better head in," he yells over the wall of noise around him. "The weather looks bad."

"Huh," she says, throwing her head back. "I'm not falling for that."

"I'm serious," he shouts but she's already floating further away from him.

Watching her, he experiences the first stab of panic. He can see she's struggling to hold her place. Not as strong as him, the rip is hurtling her away and she's fighting against it. Staying out here in these conditions is madness but he can't leave her.

"Let's go in, Rey!" It's so loud now he doesn't hear his own words.

And then it's there in the distance; driving towards them.

The one.

Enormous, curled, it's top tripping over perfectly, skidding powerfully like a thing alive.

Rey twists her head to look at him, her eyes buzzing with excitement. Her lips move to form the word "wow".

And then her eyes are back on the wave and so are his. Everything else disappears. It's just that wall of water and him. He steadies himself, priming into position, every muscle twitching, every tendon snapped taut, ready to go. His heart thunders. His hands fist. He bites his tongue between his teeth. He counts.

Five ... four ... three ... two ... one.

And he's off. Flying through the dizzying air, suspended almost into the clouds, feeling like a God. Invincible. Unstoppable. He's so fast nothing can reach him.

But then his board begins to catch beneath the soles of his feet. There's something wrong, something twisted about this wave.

A monster, he thinks.

And the next moment, his board slips and he tumbles, falling through the stormy air, crashing into the water, the force slapping him so hard he winces. But he has no time to respond. The ocean sucks him down down down, the water buffering him about, flinging him around like a ragdoll while the lease around his ankle yanks him in a different direction, stretching out his body.

He can't breathe. He can't see. Which way is up and which is down - he has no idea. The second bullet of panic strikes and he fights the urge to gulp for air and scrabble for the surface. It's instinctual but he'd drown. Instead he forces his body to go limp, allows the ocean to throw him around and punish him, knowing eventually his board will struggle upwards, the buoyancy taking him with it.

The pressure in his skull builds. His lungs burn. His body pleads for oxygen.

How long is he trapped in this dark underworld? It feels like forever and then just as suddenly he breaks through into the air.

Desperately he gulps down huge mouthfuls of oxygen, needy gasps that make his chest scream.

Rain hammers down from above, as he comes back to himself and twists this way and that.

Rey!

Where the fuck is Rey?

All he can see is the black of the sea, the grey of the sky and the empty beach.

His board floats obediently by his side.

But she's nowhere. Nowhere.

He dives under the water, eyes stinging against the salt, but it's hopeless. The water has stirred up the sand - it's a thick soup he can't see through. He strikes back to the surface.

She's still not there. And an internal wave of terror collides down his spine. He closes his eyes, willing her to appear, bellowing her name over and over.

And then finally she's there. Piercing through the surface, clambering for breath, flinging herself over her board. Her hair is a messy tangle plastered around her face, her skin red from the water's beating, but she's there. And he's never felt such sweet relief.

They are in the calmer shallows now, but even here today's water is strong, and the sea hurtles them along and spits them out onto the coarse sand.

They lie, face down, beached and panting.

Above them the rain flies through the sky in crazied angles and the wind whips up loose sand and stones.

Rey rocks onto her back.

"Shit!" she cries, dragging her hands over her face.

With tired arms, he lifts his head. "Are you okay?" he asks.

She flips her head towards him. "Yeah...I think so." She screws up her eyes. "Shit."

"We'd better get off the beach," he yells, "this is going to be one hell of a storm."

Struggling to sit, she snaps the bind from her ankle, and clambers to her feet, crumpling immediately back down in a heap with a yelp.

He jumps to his own feet and takes a cautious step towards her, undoing his own board from his leg. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She attempts to stand a second time but screams when she puts weight on her right foot, stumbling back down. "My ankle" she says, clutching it with her hands. "It got yanked under the water."

"Can you stand?"

"No," she pauses, chewing on the inside of her cheek, "and I'm not going to be able to drive either."

"It's fine. I'll give you a lift." He holds out her hand and pulls her up, hooking her arm around his shoulders so she can lean into him. They hobble a few steps forward, but she struggles with it - balancing on tired limbs - so he sweeps her up into his arms and carries her to his truck.

At first she squeals with shock, her body tense against his but gradually she relaxes and he feels almost reluctant to position her onto the passenger seat.

"I'll grab our stuff. Where's yours?"

"Just my bag on the beach ... and my board."

"Is there anything you need from your car?"

"No, it's all in my bag."

He runs back down to the shore, the heavy rain pummeling his head, the wind attempting to topple him. The boards swing about in the gust like sails as he battles them up to his truck and throws them in the back. Then he ducks inside the cab, tossing Rey her bag. She's pulled down her wetsuit, revealing her little bikini top - two wet triangles of material that cling to her breasts. She's shaking violently and pulls out her towel, wrapping it gratefully around her.

He turns on the engine and cranks up the heat.

"Ahhh thanks," she says, holding her hands out to the vent.

He unzips his own suit and wriggles it down to his waist, rubbing himself over with the towel.

Taking a deep breath, he jerks the truck into reverse and starts down the track, already a river of rainwater. The wipers work over time, and yet he still struggles to see, creeping along as best he can, leaning forward to smear away condensation from the windscreen.

"Some storm!" Rey says.

"Looks like it's setting in. It'll probably be here for at least the next 24 hours."

"Bummer." She watches the rain for a moment, then grins slyly. "So the great Kylo Ren wiped out!"

"I seem to recall that you did too."

"Yes, but I'm still *learning*. I'm not 'best surfer on the island' and 'two time west coast champion'."

"It was fucking dangerous out there! We should've come in when I said."

She doesn't have anything to say to that and he smiles to himself as they reach the main road and

turn towards town, bumping along the uneven ground streaming with water. He grips the steering wheel, battling against the wind to keep the truck on the road.

"How's your ankle?"

"Hmmm sore."

"Do you think it's broken?"

"No. I've broken stuff in the past. It doesn't feel the same. More bruised or pulled or something."

"What'd you break?"

"Oh shit loads of stuff!" She laughs. "My arm, my collar bone, some ribs, some toes."

"All surfing?"

"Yeah...mostly."

Her tone is strained and he looks at her but she's staring out the side window, drawing patterns in the window's mist.

"I broke my arm once surfing. And got sliced by my board," he tells her.

"Oh is that how you got the scar?" She points to her own face mirroring where a faint line runs down his cheek, over his jaw and onto his shoulder blade, and he nods. She smiles. "You need a better story than that. You know, how you got attacked by a great white shark. How it had you trapped in its jaws but you beat it back with your bare fists."

He laughs, a deep rumble. "Luckily I've never come up against a shark."

"Me neither. But actually I like sharks."

"No surfer likes sharks."

"I do. I think it's because I've always related more to the villains than the heroes. I cried at the end of Jaws when the shark got killed."

"Villains and monsters are alright for stories. In real life, a shark's a shark."

He swings around the bend. Then slams his foot down on the brake, both of them flung forward by the force and he automatically reaches out an arm to stop her from hitting the dashboard. The truck halts and they're thrown backwards into their seats, both of them grunting.

"Shit!" he says.

"What the hell!"

"Landslide. We nearly crashed straight into it." He jumps out of the truck, the rain immediately assaulting his body and runs to inspect the road. Some boulders have fallen taking dirt and earth with them and blocking the entire route.

He heads back to the truck.

"The road's blocked. I can't get round."

"Is there another way?"

He thinks. "No."

"Oh."

They sit in silence, both watching the rain slide down the screen, hammering the roof.

"Do you want to come back to mine? Wait out the storm there?" he says quietly.

"Can we get to your place?"

"I hope so."

More silence. For fuck sake, is hanging out with him that awful?

"Okay," she finally says, "as long as you don't mind."

"We don't really have much choice," he mutters sulkily. He swings the truck around and heads back the way he's come, turning off the road and down the track that leads to his place.

It belonged to his Grandfather. A wooden shack built on top of an incline with views stretching out across the island and down to the ocean. Unfortunately nobody's ever bothered to update the place so the house itself doesn't live up to the vista. Still, Ben likes it that way, enjoys the simplicity of the living. And up until now he's never had a visitor. What's to bet she hates it?

"This is your place?" she says, peering through the rain towards the wooden structure with its old tiled roof as he pulls into the drive.

"Yep."

"Wow. This wasn't what I imagined for you."

"Yeah?"

"I thought it'd be all sleek and modern with no character. This... This is..." He braces himself, "cool!"

"You might not think that when we get inside," he says, secretly pleased. "I'll come around and get you."

She nods and, hanging on to her bag, lets him scoop her up and take her up the porch steps and through the front door.

Inside it's just as rustic but he's decorated it with bright paint and retro posters. His trophies line several shelves running around the huge cavity space and there's a blown up photo of him riding a wave on one wall. In the corner is the kitchen area and towards the back his bed, one arm chair and a table positioned near the front where the view is. From the rafters hang old surf boards and strings of shells.

"Shit," Rey gasps, thumping him on the chest. "You wanker - it's amazing in here. But, erm, is there a bathroom?"

"Out the back - it's a bit basic."

"Could I take a shower?"

"Sure, I'll take you through but you'll need to give me a minute to light the stove, otherwise you'll get a nasty shock."

After he deposits her by the bathroom door and starts up the heater, he strips off his wetsuit, puts the kettle on to boil and goes back to the truck and collects their boards and his own stuff. She's still in the shower by the time he's finished inspecting his board for any damage and packed everything away, and he wonders what the hell she can be doing, unable to stop from fidgeting while he waits for her.

Finally she hops through, her bag strapped around her back, dressed in shorts and a t-shirt, her wet hair combed and loose around her face.

"Finally!" he mutters. "Some of us are dying of hypothermia out here."

Her brow contorts into a small frown. "I'm sorry but it's kind of tricky when you can only stand on one leg. I could've used a hand."

He stares at her and blinks. "You never asked for my help."

"A gentleman would offer."

He sneers. "A gentleman would help get you undressed? - I'm not sure you know what a gentleman is, sweetheart."

She glares at him and hobbles to the armchair, her head tilting in surprise. "Is that for me?" She asks, pointing to a small stall positioned in front of the chair with a cushion and an ice pack.

"Yes," he mutters as he skulks off towards the bathroom.

Under the fierce hot water he scrubs away the sea's dried salt and tries to regain his sense of calm. The woman is infuriating. One moment sweet and funny, and he can almost feel himself relaxing in her company; the next sniping away at him like an irritating little dog.

When he's showered and dressed, he checks his laptop and the radio, both taken out by the storm, so in a sulky silence he cooks them up some omelettes. She wolfs hers down, and he grimaces at the way she chomps with her mouth open, shovelling in food without pause for breath.

"That's quite a collection of bones you've broken - collar bone, ribs, toes." he says. There's only one armchair so he's sat on the floor leaning up against a sideboard, his long legs stretched out in front of him and his empty plate to one side.

She freezes, her fork hovering in midair. "What?"

"In the truck, you listed all the bones you'd broken - but you said not all of them you'd broken through surfing. How'd you get those other broken bones, then?"

She frowns and squirms on her seat, the fork full of rubbery egg wavering in front of her mouth. "It's not a story I usually want to tell." She pauses, examining his face, then sighs as if he's bullied her into telling him. "I had this boyfriend when I was a kid. Started out nice, treated me like a princess, but turns out he was a prick - a violent, vicious prick. It's why I left London - got as far away from him as I could."

His skin creeps with nausea and he has to look away from her so she can't see the undeniable rage on his face. And the shame. Not that he's ever hit a woman or anyone who wasn't asking for a fight. But lurking within him is violence and viciousness. He's worked hard over the years to tame

it. Yet those past crimes still haunt him.

"It turned out for the best though," she says, and he can tell she's watching him, "I would probably still be in London doing some shitty job if I hadn't have met him."

He picks at the pocket on his shorts, unsure what to say. "Instead you're stuck sheltering from a storm in a shack that may get blown away any second and with a man you've been arguing with for the last month."

"The arguing's been kind of fun though, hasn't it?" she says, mischief dancing in her eyes.

"That's your idea of fun?"

She laughs and he realises he likes the sound, completely free and almost dirty. "Maybe...How about you? How'd you end up here? In this place?"

"Dunno." He shrugs. He wishes he could be open like her, reveal the demons of his past, but she already hates him - he doesn't need to give her more reasons. "I like the solitude, I guess...I'm not very good with people."

She snorts. "Ha! You don't say!" She shifts in her seat, grimacing at the pain in her ankle. "You ever read *Pride and Prejudice*?"

"No," he scoffs, "I'm not into chick lit and soppy romances."

"It's a work of genius." She shakes her head. "Anyway, Darcy the hero says something very similar. And Elizabeth, who he is obviously secretly head over heels in love with, tells him he just needs to practice."

"Practise what?"

"Socialising."

"Hmmm." If only it were that easy. He clambers to his feet and holds out his hand for her empty glass.

"Have you got anything stronger to go with that this time? It must be acceptable by now."

"5pm." He glances towards the window, a swirl of stormy grey. "It looks like you may be here for the night."

On the way to the fridge freezer, he considers how much he's enjoyed just sitting and chatting with her. It's been a long time since he's really liked anyone else's company. But she possesses an easy way, saying whatever comes into her mind, not worried about judgement.

"How about rum and pineapple juice?" He remembers she has a sweet tooth.

"Yes please."

He pours out two measures with the juice and cracks ice into each glass with a slosh, adding a chunk of lime. Fetching a dish cloth, he empties the remaining ice cubes and seals them in with a twist

When he returns to her, she rewards him with a big grin that lights up her eyes and he kneels down to carefully remove the now soggy ice pack from her ankle. Then gently he slides his hand under her lower leg, and lifts, pausing when she winces.

"Okay?"

She nods, biting her bottom lip, the fleshy pink skin pulled taut. Her face is darker now than when they first met and the freckles scattered across her nose more prominent. It makes the green flecks in her hazel eyes sparkle. His eyes linger on her lips as she releases her teeth and the plump flesh springs back, bowing ever so slightly in the centre. He hesitates, wanting to kiss her, but then the sky cracks above them and he jumps.

"Sorry," he mumbles as she flinches against his movement. Then he creeps the new ice pack under her foot.

He's still holding her ankle when she asks him in a hushed tone, "I can't stop thinking about it. Being trapped under the water like that. I've wiped out loads of times before but never like that." She swallows. "It was terrifying."

He nods slowly, thinking.

Yes, it was terrifying. He's never felt that frightened before in his life. But not for himself, not for fear of losing his life. No, it had been the fear of losing her.

And then it hits him. So strongly he blanches backwards and he's eyes screw shut.

He's in love with her!

Talented, feisty, beautiful.

Of course, he is.

Chapter End Notes

Of course you are Ben <3 <3 <3

Comments, kudos etc always always appreciated.

Spending the night

Chapter Summary

Rey is forced to spend the night and, oh no, there's only one bed....

Chapter Notes

Thank you to Reyloanne for the read through and to MusicKat for the suggestion that the bed ought to be a liiiiittle too narrow!

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

"I think I'm going to turn in," Rey says, finishing the last dredges of her drink. "Have you got a spare bed?" Her eyes swing about the room, a faint line appearing between her eyebrows.

He freezes.

Shit! Why the fuck hadn't he thought about this before?

Staring firmly at his feet, he tells her, "You can have the bed?"

"*The* bed? ... There isn't *another* bed."

He keeps his eyes fixed on his toes, willing himself not to blush, telling himself he's a fucking idiot.

"No."

"Oh... really? You're not going to get mad that I've stolen your bed?"

He can't resist peeking at her this time. One eyebrow is raised and a smile hovers on her lips.

"I just offered, didn't I?"

"Yes but you've got a bit of a history of --"

"I said it's fine."

She frowns and the tease has gone from her voice when she speaks again. "And where are you going to sleep?"

He hesitates. He isn't entirely sure. He hasn't thought this through. "On the floor probably," he mumbles.

"What?"

"On the floor!"

"Hmmm."

The room is silent, just the continual hammering of the rain and howl of the wind. He's back to staring straight ahead but he can tell she's studying him.

"It's fine," she says finally.

"What is?"

"We can share the bed?"

His mouth falls open and he gapes at her. "No."

"No?"

"No!"

"Why? I promise I won't try and strangle you in the night. And I'm sure you can promise the same for one night."

Strangling her is not the problem, lying next to her all night, trying not to touch her, being so close he'll feel her body heat - that, that, is far more concerning.

"Ben?"

"I'm happy to sleep on the floor. It's good for my back." He's rambling and he can't make himself stop. She tilts her head and watches him in amusement as he rolls his shoulders and cracks his neck. "I get a lot of backache - from the surfing - lying on a hard floor is proven to help. You'd actually be doing me a favour."

"Bollocks. Don't be a twat. We can shove some cushions between us and it'll be no different than sleeping in two single beds." She changes the subject before he can argue again. "My ankle has stopped throbbing. I think I might be able to stand." Gingerly, she lowers the injured leg to the floor and wriggles her bottom to the edge of the chair. Realising what she's about to do, he jumps to his feet and holds out his hand, pulling her up to stand. Her hand is warm in his and he feels a reluctance to let it go but she's already slipped it from his grasp and hobbles towards the sleeping section of the shack.

"Have you got a spare toothbrush?" She asks as she disappears out the back towards the bathroom.

"Maybe in the cabinet," he says, then curses himself as he desperately racks through his brain trying to think what else is in the cabinet. Knowing his luck, constipation tablets and fungal cream.

Once she's out of sight, he rushes to the bed and whips the sheets off, jamming them into the wash basket and flipping on a clean set. He's just smoothing the last corner when she reappears.

"All yours," she says, limping towards him.

He jumps. "Huh?"

"The bathroom."

He shakes his head. "Oh yeah, right."

She halts next to the bed and peers across its width. "It's very small."

"I can sleep on the floor."

"No, it'll do fine. I'm just surprised." That twinkle is back in her eyes. "I just expected Kylo Ren would need something a bit bigger for all those women he likes to entertain."

"I don't bring women back here." He likes his sex hard and fast. He's not interested in dragging it out and there's certainly no need to bring his hookups back to his home where they'd only stay beyond their welcome. Better to go to their place that way he can leave when he wants, or better still take them down the alley behind Maz's bar. "I don't bring anyone here."

When he returns from the bathroom, she's already in bed, the cover pulled up to her armpits and her loose hair spread out across the pillows. She's wearing her t-shirt and he tries hard not to wonder if she still has on her shorts...and her underwear.

"That's my side," he tells her.

"Seriously?"

"Nope."

She giggles and a warm sensation spreads across his chest. He wonders what to do next. With any other woman he'd strip off his shirt and flash her what he knows is his well-sculptured body but with Rey he can't bring himself to do it. Besides, he suspects any of his usual moves would be met with snorts of laughter.

So he takes off his shorts and, switching off the light, climbs into bed in his boxers and t-shirt.

He knows instantly he's going to be too hot. The humidity has been gradually building with the storm and the air inside the shack is sticky.

She's lined a row of pillows down the centre of the bed but he has to lie almost on top of them to stop himself from tumbling off the bed. She watches him struggle and eventually reaches out and flings both pillows to the floor.

"I'm not being held responsible for you falling out of bed."

Even with the cushions gone, it's still cramped and as best he tries to shuffle away from her, he can't find a position where he remains on the bed without his arm pressed against hers, her fingers brushing against the outside of his wrist.

"I think this would work better if we slept on our sides," she says and flips over to face him. "Roll over."

"Uh-uh. There's no way you're spooning me."

"I'm not going to spoon you!"

"I'm bigger than you. You need to face the other way."

"We're not spooning. We're just going to sleep on our sides."

He shuffles over until he's on his side facing her. The light from the fridge freezer carries across the room and outlines her face in the darkness. He can make out the curve of her cheek, the fan of her eyelashes, the shell of her ear. Her head rests on both her hands, tucked under her other cheek and she's so close her breath rustles over his face. It's insanely intimate. He hasn't slept like this, up

close to another human being, for years, not since his whole world came crashing down and he started this new life; peaceful exile here on the island.

"I can't sleep like this with your face right in mine," she whispers. "Turn back over."

"Like I told you, I'm twice your size - you turn over."

"You know size doesn't matter - anyone can be the big or the little spoon."

"I'm not being some little spoon."

"That's so chauvinistic. Why should I be the little spoon just because I'm the girl? Oh God, I bet you always have to be on top too."

Most of the time his sex is pressed up against a wall or over a counter top but he doesn't tell her this. He doesn't think that would sound any better to her.

"And I bet you never shut up - never stop barking orders!"

"Some men like that."

"Some women like a man who's in charge."

She glares at him through the darkness and he can feel his cock twitching in his boxers. They need to change the subject, talking this way is only stirring his imagination.

"It's really hot," she says. "Do you have a fan?"

"No usually there's a cool breeze that skims off the ocean so I don't need one."

"Are the storms always like this?"

"Yep. It's all or nothing on this island."

She lifts the sheet and wafts it, trying to get the air moving. After a few minutes she gives up, dropping the cover with a dissatisfied huff. "I'm going to have to take my top off."

"Excuse me?"

"I can't sleep when I'm hot. Close your eyes."

He does as she says and feels the mattress shift as she sits up and twists away from him. He's never been one to do as he's told though and he can't resist taking a peek, his eyes sweeping down the smooth skin of her back to her ass. She's wearing a lacy pair of panties that rise high and accentuate those peachy globes.

He stifles a groan and flips his eyes shut as she snuggles back down, this time, much to his disappointment, lying away from him.

"Close your eyes," he tells her.

"Why?"

"I'm taking my top off too."

"I've seen it all before on the beach."

"You were checking me out?" It's a joke but when she doesn't respond, he thinks that maybe she was.

After whipping off his own t-shirt, he rolls down on his side so that they're back to back, making sure their butts aren't pressed together. Despite the temptations behind him, sleep overtakes him in a matter of minutes; he's so exhausted from the wipe out - physically and mentally. Soon he's dreaming, back riding the wave, Rey right by his side. But the water is a monster manifest this time, taunting and teasing them, slapping water against their bodies and spray into their eyes. Ben tries to reach Rey, to stop the ocean from gobbling her up, but then he's falling again, tumbling and twisting through the sky, waking up with a jolt just as he hits the water.

He gasps and opens his eyes. His body is covered in hot sweat and his limbs are caught, trapped in something. He blinks, his brain scrambling to catch up with his senses.

Then he remembers: Rey.

They've migrated towards each other in sleep, his body wrapped around her, his arm hugging her close, held underneath her own, their fingers entwined.

Shit!

Her shoulders rise and fall slightly and her breath comes in deep rhythmic sighs. She's sleeping, he thinks, but he daren't move, daren't try to shift his arm, in case he wakes her.

He lies there, his body frozen, loving the feel of her warm, silky skin against his, the way he engulfs her completely in his own strong arms. He hasn't held anyone like this in so long, it stirs something half forgotten inside him. He brings his head closer to the nook of her neck, the fine wisps of her hair tickling his nose as he inhales her scent. She smells of the ocean.

He's so close now, he can see the jut of vertebrae through her skin and before he knows what he's doing he presses his lips there, gently, barely touching her.

"Ben?"

He freezes, screwing his eyes shut.

"I'm sorry," he mutters, trying to pull his arm away.

She holds it tight.

"Don't stop," she whispers.

He hesitates, then presses his lips more firmly against her skin, burying his nose in her hair. She tilts her head, allowing him the full slope of her neck and he kisses her, his lips gliding down to her shoulder.

"I thought you were going to kiss me before with the ice pack," she whispers.

"I thought about it...I wanted to."

"I wanted you to."

"You did?"

"Of course. I've been waiting for you to kiss me, Ben."

"Since when?"

She twists around in his arms and he can't help but peer down. Her eyes follow his, and she lifts the sheet giving him a full view.

Is this happening? Is this really happening? If it is, he wants to savour it. This isn't something he wants over quickly. He wants to make it last, bask in the moment. He's always been like that, even as a kid, dragging out the things he loved, trying to make them last. It's how he feels when he catches the perfect wave - wishing the euphoria would last forever.

His eyes linger on her breasts. Supple and pert, her nipples already hard for him. Then he raises his gaze back to hers.

"Are you going to kiss me now?" she asks. "You know we'd've been doing this a lot sooner if you weren't such an asshole."

"And maybe I would have kissed you already if you ever stopped calling me names."

She smiles and he leans in, her chin lifting to meet him. He pauses, his lips grazing hers, breathing in her air, sweet with peppermint. He closes his eyes, focusing only on the way their lips brush and skim over each other until he captures her bottom one, caressing it between his, deepening the kiss, his whole jaw working, pressing into her, sliding his tongue into her warm mouth, feeling the slip of her own along the seam of his mouth. Tugging her in closer, he captures her in his arms, his body pressed up against hers.

She glides her hands over his shoulders and down his chest and stomach, fingers halting at the waistband of his boxers, trailing along to one hip and then the other, pausing to brush through the line of hair that dips down below. She is teasing him and he comes to realise that she's always been teasing him; he likes it.

Pushing him onto his back, she climbs on top of him and lies down flat, grinning as she does. The feel of her legs wrapped around him like that, her groin pressed right into his and those tits squished against his chest, has him hard in an instant. He grabs her ass, finally squeezing it with both hands just as he's been dying to for weeks. The cheeks are a perfect fit for his hands and give a little as he sinks his fingers into the flesh. She wimpers when he does and kisses him harder, grinding into him, rubbing herself along his length, before darting lower to run kisses down his body.

He wants to do the same to her - make her feel as good as she's making him feel - so he flips them over, pinning her hands above her head and licking his tongue down over her collarbone and up to the tip of her nipple, swirling his tongue around the velvet circle of dark flesh before swallowing the whole thing up and massaging her tit until her potty mouth starts to run wild.

He chuckles and glides his mouth lower down to the softness of her belly and the juts of her hip bones, traversing as slowly as he can force himself, reaching the hem of her panties and shimmying thru away. Then he returns to her mound of venus and the line of curls that lead between her legs. Her breath hitches as his mouth lingers at the seam of her lips, the tip of his nose deep in those curls.

She opens her legs, showing him the swollen pink flesh. Pussy is just pussy to him, he doesn't care how it looks, but he thinks that she looks just right, just as a pussy ought to look - plump and wet. He presses his mouth into the folds of her.

"Ben," she says, "you don't have to do that. I know you don't like to and that's fine." Her fingers

nestle among the strands of his hair and rub his scalp.

"I want to." He pauses. "Do *you* want me to?"

She hesitates and then laughs. "I want you to do it if you want to."

"I do." He doesn't wait for further discussion. Nudging at her lips with the tip of his tongue until he finds that sensitive little nub, circling it, starting by creeping slowly and building faster and faster until he feels her body tensing, pressing down his hand on her stomach and venturing a finger inside her with the other. She's even wetter inside and warm, and her walls are infinitely soft. He strokes at them discovering the fleshy spot that makes her moan and then he pauses, waiting for her to beg him and swear at him before working at her with his mouth and finger together, flicking and swiping at her, sucking and fucking. He knows when she's almost there, her grip on his hair painful, her legs shaking, her cunt pulsating, and then everything gives way, her body relaxing in a sweep as she moans, flinching against his mouth, her cunt clenched around his finger and her back arching.

He's never made a woman come like that before, ever. It feels like it was always destined to be.

Wiping his face on the back of his hand, he raises his head and gazes up at her. She looks blissful and beautiful, a dark blush blossoming along her neck and her cheeks.

"For someone who doesn't like doing that, you do it with a lot of enthusiasm."

"I like doing it to you."

"Really?"

"Yep," he crawls up her body and kisses her. "There's other things I'd like to do to you too." He rolls off the bed, takes off his boxers and pulls out a condom from the side table, slipping it down his shaft.

"I'm gonna be really pissed off if you don't"

"You got anything in mind?" he says, turning back towards her.

She sits up and climbs into his lap, knees resting on the bed, arms balancing on his shoulders. He groans, leaning down to nip her neck, and lifts her ass, sliding her down slowly onto his cock. The weight and hold of her sweeps his breath away and he has to force himself to go slow, give her time to relax around him and let him in further. A tiny wail escapes her throat as he bottoms out and fills her up.

"Good?" he asks, his voice thick.

She sweeps her head to the side, swishing her hair away from her face and biting down on her lip.

"Hmmm." She gazes down at where they are joined, watching as she rotates her hips once and then twice, and it's so fucking sexy he has to breath hard to stop himself from coming. Closing his eyes, he grips her hips and moves her on him. Up, and down, up and down, riding her along the whole of him, grunting every time she engulfs him.

"I wanna come again," she moans, leaning forward and capturing his bottom lip, pulling it hard, letting it rake through her teeth.

He thrusts up into her, meeting her every time she slams down onto him, his movements becoming

harder and more erratic until they are pounding into each other, her tits bouncing, her wild noises getting louder and louder and then she comes, falling into his arms limp and boneless, shivering with pleasure, and he follows her straight after, wrapping her tightly in his embrace and burying his face into her neck, as his own orgasm blows through his body.

When he comes back to himself, sweaty and panting, he raises his eyes to meet hers and she smiles, stroking back damp locks of hair from his face.

"HMMMM," she says.

"Yeah." He doesn't want to unwind them just yet so he kisses her, remembering something as he does. "Is your ankle alright?"

"A bit sore again now."

He carries her through to the bathroom and they take a cold shower together in the hope it'll cool them down so they can sleep. Then he takes her back to his bed and falls instantly asleep; contented and pleased like a cat with a full belly.

A beam of light trailing across the bed wakes him in the morning. It's eerily quiet, just the noise of birds in distance trees. The cleared air hangs less heavy and there's not a cloud left in the blue sky.

He rolls over and finds he's alone in the bed so he pulls on some boxers and goes to search for Rey. She isn't anywhere in the shack or the bathroom and he finds her lying out in his hammock on the porch.

"The view is stunning," she says as he steps out.

He leans against the frame and crosses his arms. "Beautiful," he says, staring down at her.

She looks up and he almost thinks she blushes. It's enough to make him harden and he's about to scoop her up and take her back to bed, when she says, "Would you mind dropping me at the doctor's this morning? I need to get this ankle checked out - I'm worried they might tell me I can't fly."

She's turned her head back towards the ocean so he can't see her face.

He swallows. "Fly?"

"Yeah, my flight's on Wednesday."

"Your flight? Flight where?" His voice is a little strained. What the hell is she on about?

"Home." She's still not looking at him. Home. Right. This is her way of telling him that last night didn't mean anything.

"England, you mean?" he says, not knowing what else to say. And then because he can't help himself, adds, "why would you want to leave here for England?"

"I don't," she says wistfully. "But I gotta get back to my job and my flat and my real life."

He squeezes his eyes shut. There's a buzzing in his head and a tight pain in his chest. He rubs at it with his palm. She looks like a painting suspended there on his porch. It's too much. He turns away from the bright sunshine and heads back inside his shack.

Chapter End Notes

Looks like Ben's got some thinking to do! Is he going to let Rey slip through his fingers?

Thanks for all the love - your thoughts and comments warm my heart!

Together

Chapter Summary

Ben realises it's time for a change.

Chapter Notes

Thank you once again to Reyloanne for the read through <3

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

It's been three months since she left.

Three months, ten days and sixteen hours.

And it still hurts.

He hadn't expected it would. He thought it would be a passing pain that would fade. Maybe replaced by a dull ache, an occasional needle. But no. The pain is as intense now as the day he dropped her off in town, the day after the night they'd spent together.

Every day he gets up as usual and surfs. He waxes his boards, patches up the roof of his shack, replaces the oil in his truck. He cooks his food, cleans the dishes, washes laundry. He hacks back the vegetation growing up the rear of his house, lifts weights and studies the footage of the up-and-coming surfers. He enters and wins a competition on the other side of the island and moves the money to his growing savings account. A few weeks later, he enters and wins another.

Sometimes he heads to Maz's in the evening, when sitting alone in the shack with only whispers of memories of her becomes too much.

At the bar he sits next to Hux and compares surfing notes or he'll discuss business with Maz as she pours drinks. Once, in passing, she tells him that she wanted to offer Rey a job but that the immigration and the green card were all too complicated. At other mentions of Rey's name, he's forced to leave. He can't stand to hear it.

He tries not to think about her. About how the smell of her lingered on his sheets until he was forced to change them. About how his days seem emptier. Too quiet. About how he hasn't smiled since she left. The hammock on his porch has gone. He couldn't bear to look at it.

At the beach he automatically searches for her in the water before he remembers with a sting that she's no longer here. Still, sometimes he thinks he sees her, that she's returned, and for a fleeting moment his heart leaps.

There'd been a leaving party the night before she flew away, but he hadn't gone. He suspected he wouldn't be wanted. (He never is.) He has no email, no phone number. All he has is this feeling of time passing, of going through the motions, of a piece of him missing.

Tonight, he stays home and distracts himself loading a video of his surfing onto his YouTube and Instagram accounts. He has an increasing number of subscribers, several offers of sponsorship and the odd approach about a contract. When he's finished, he gets himself a beer and then settles back down on the stall in front of the blue glow of his laptop. There's a long column of comments he's yet to read, some he may respond to, and he runs his eye down the list as he swigs the cold alcohol.

His eyes catch on a name and he lowers his beer, slowly, almost nervously. Carefully, he retraces his eye back up the list until he spots it again.

He releases his breath.

He hadn't imagined it.

Rey of Sunshine

It has to be her. Surely, it has to be her.

He places the bottle on the counter top and closes his eyes. It doesn't mean anything. Letting himself get excited is destined to lead to further misery. In fact he shouldn't read it, he ought to delete it, that way he can imagine she wrote something nice.

But he opens his eyes and reads her comment.

Wow Kylo! Looking good. I miss those waves.

See! It's a nothing comment. Meaningless. Vacuous. Empty.

His cursor hovers over the reply button. He wants to speak to her. It's an overwhelming need. He lowers his finger, pressing down hard. Then he types.

I miss you.

There it is. Three words. The truth. His fingers typed them before his heart had even acknowledged them. Yet he does. He misses her, he misses her.

God knows what she'll think of that. It's 10.26pm. Morning in England. She probably won't see it for hours. He downs the bottle of beer in three long glugs, then goes to fetch another.

In the morning, he heads straight to his computer. His leg jiggles as he waits for it to load up and he chews at his nail. The webpage is still open and there's a new message from Rey of Sunshine.

I miss you too Ben.

He can't breathe. It's like being trapped under the water all over again. The immense weight, the scorching pain.

She misses him too.

He flings back his head, gasping for air, his chest heaving.

The computer screen swims, as he types out a response and sends her a private message.

Can we video chat?

There's an instant ping and he can't open the reply quick enough.

I'd like that.

She's attached an invite to a zoom call and he clicks on it, waiting as the video connects and a murky rectangle comes into focus.

Rey.

It's dark over there and she appears almost ethereal, her face bathed in white as his eyes dance all over the screen, hungry to take her in.

"Ben," she says, smiling that bright way that lights up her eyes.

"Hi Rey."

They stare at one another, neither speaking, grinning at each other like a pair of kids on Christmas morning.

"How are you?" he asks eventually.

"Alright, you know." She shrugs. "Cold." She pulls at the blanket she has wrapped around her shoulders.

"Cold?"

"Yes. Cornish summers, Ben. It's been wet and cold for weeks."

He nods. "Rey." He looks straight into her eyes. "I'm serious. I miss you." He swipes his hand down his face. "A lot."

The smile returns but this time her eyes are sad. "I was serious too." She stares down at her lap. "Why didn't you say goodbye, Ben?...that hurt."

"I don't know." It's the honest truth. Partly he was afraid, partly wounded, partly pissed with her and with the World. "I don't know...I didn't want you to go and I knew it would hurt to see you leave." He says the words quietly, unsure he's ever said anything so raw, so truthful, in his life before. Not even to his father. Not even to his mother. He's always kept everything buried inside until inevitably it comes tearing out. This feels different. Better.

"I thought you didn't care." She still can't meet his eye. She hesitates. "Another person who didn't want me."

Shit. *Shit*. He has been a fool. "Rey. No." How can he possibly explain it - how much he does want her? He doesn't possess the words to describe it. He wishes she'd look back up at him - it does something to him when she does. "That next day, when you said you were leaving, I thought it was your way of letting me down."

She shakes her head and looks up. "I guess in a way it was." She shrugs. "I had to come home."

"Yes," he says, quietly.

"Ben...I have to go. My shift at Unkar's starts in twenty."

"Can we...can we do this again?"

He calls her three days later and then again two days after that. They talk about surfing and about Hux and Rose and Maz. In between he sends her some pictures of the ocean and she messages him

snippets of where she is - her feet in the course white sand, a jellyfish floating in murky water. Seeing her like this, and hearing her voice, is both ecstasy and torture. In the moment he feels like she lights him up, makes everything brighter and sunnier, but when the screen goes blank and she vanishes, darkness descends once more.

The third time they talk he asks her, "So what have you been doing?"

"Ahhh helping out with summer camp at the surf school, waiting tables in the evening at Unkar's, surfing when I can."

"And your ankle?"

"Sometimes it twinges, you know, but it's a nice reminder." Her gaze lifts and there's that tease in her eyes. It sends a shiver down his spine like he knows something good is about to happen.

"It is? Of what?" He smirks, wanting her to say it.

"Oh I think you know."

"No idea." He sits back, pretending to think. "That awesome wave that wiped us both out?"

"Nope. I'd rather forget that."

He scratches his head, trying not to grin. "I really have no idea...I might need you to remind me."

She gives him a long hard look as if weighing up a decision in her mind, and then she slides her blanket from her shoulders. "How exactly do you want me to remind you, Ben Solo?" she asks, slipping a finger under the strap of the little cotton top she's wearing.

He thinks his eyes must be popping out from their sockets, certainly his mouth is hanging open and he slams it shut, shuffling on his seat. When he speaks his voice is quieter, deeper. "A visual prompt might help."

There's a moment and he watches the rise and fall of her chest as if her breathing has hitched. Then, slowly she lowers the first strap, and the other, letting the material fall away. She's not wearing a bra and he can see the swell of her cleavage.

"Rey," he says, "did I tell you you're beautiful?"

"Is that your way of asking me to take this top off?"

"Yes, it is."

"Yours too then."

He sweeps his t-shirt over his head, eyes not leaving her as he watches her shimmy down the top, her pert little breasts springing into view. He remembers how they felt in his hands, how they tasted in his mouth.

"That jog your memory?" she says.

"Yeah." He runs his hand across his chest. "Although, jeez Rey, I haven't stopped thinking about it."

"Me neither."

"I'd give anything to kiss you now," he says, the words slipping from his mouth.

She parts her lips and licks across the lower one. "What else? What else would you like to do?"

He holds her gaze. "All sorts if I were there with you...sweetheart." She blushes when he calls her that. "But right now..." He hesitates unsure if this is a step too far. "I'd like to watch you touch yourself."

"Hmmm," she says. "You would?"

"Yes." He holds his breath, waiting to see if she will. Her arm waivers and then she lifts her hand and cups one breast, squeezing it and rolling the peak of her nipple between her fingers.

He sighs and his own hands creep to hold himself, growing harder by the moment.

"Where's your other hand, Rey?"

She raises an eyebrow. "In my knickers."

He chuckles. "Your knickers?"

"Are you laughing at me, Ben Solo?"

"Nope. No Ma'am. I've just always loved the way you speak. It drives me wild."

"Where are your hands?" She's still playing with her tit, and a flush blossoms across her collar bone.

"In my pants...do you want to see?" He winks at her. "I'll show you mine, if you show me yours."

"Okay...deal." She stands and her lower abdomen and her groin fill the laptop screen. She pulls down her top and with it her leggings, and then she's standing there in her white cotton briefs, a damn cute bow at the front. He can see the fine hairs on the taut skin of her stomach, quivering in anticipation.

She hooks her thumbs into the waistband and aching slowly lowers them, showing him more, and then a little more, and then even more.

He groans, tightening his hold, as she reveals herself: the slight rise of her mound with its faint trace of hair and, lower, the outline of her lips.

"Your turn," she says, sitting back down. Her cheeks are a rosy pink now and he thinks she's trembling.

He stands, staring down to watch her reaction as he tugs down his pants and his boxers in one swift motion. His hardness fills the small box in the corner of his screen and he grips it at the base, rolling his hand along his length and back. The pupils of her eyes bloom.

Then she buries her face in her hands and shakes her head. "You're so bloody big, Ben."

He sits back down, grinning. "I bet you say that to all the men."

She peeks at him between her fingers. "I don't."

"Rey," he says, continuing to rub himself, starting to pant. "Can you angle the laptop so I can see all of you? I want to see what you're doing in those panties?"

The screen blanks and the picture tilts and rocks, before Rey's face reappears right up close. She fiddles with the angle, then leans back onto the bed resting on her elbows, providing him with a sweeping view of her body.

He backs his stall away so she can see more of him too. She watches him stroke himself and her hands disappear down to her panties. She pulls them away and then her fingers are between her legs. It's dark, and slightly blurred, but he can still see what she's doing, can hear her moans and sighs. It tips him right over the edge. He comes into his hand with a loud grunt, eyes locked on hers, her own widening and her fingers working faster until her thighs start to shake and her core tightens.

"Rey," he says, almost to himself. He can't believe she's doing this for him, letting him see her like this. It's possibly the best gift he's ever been given. "I wish you were here," he whispers as her orgasm sails through her body and she's taken even further from me.

When she returns there are tears in her eyes, and they trail down her cheekbones. He leans in, "Rey? I...I'm sorry. I messed up...I did something wrong? I --"

"No, no." She shakes her head, sniffing and wiping her hands over her face. She sits up, another wet droplet slides from the corner of her eye and her shoulders rise and fall.

Outside the wind rustles through the trees and a bird cracks its wings as it launches into the sky. Beside him the fridge hums lowly and a paper bag on the counter top catches the breeze and scrapes along the surface.

She lifts her gaze to him. Her lashes are wet clumps and the light from the screen makes the water in her eyes glisten. "Ben," she says, "I'm so alone."

"You're not alone," he says.

When she speaks again, he feels as if she reaches right through the screen, through the time and the space between them, and touches him. "Neither are you."

It's time for a change. He feels it in his very bones; a restless urge that won't leave him alone. It's familiar. Crashing in on him that moment his fist had crashed against his father's jaw. In that moment he'd known everything had to change; the lid finally exploding from an ever increasing pressure. Time to quit Snoke's team, time to quit the steroids, time to quit LA.

He's been living out here on the island ever since. five long years. Rebuilding himself. Now it's time for another change.

The train races from the grey squeeze of London into green space and along the jagged coast. The unfamiliar country blurs passed the window at speed and yet it seems to take an age. He sits in the uncomfortable itchy seat, counting the minutes and the stations, his book unread on the small table, his phone black on his lap, his leg bouncing.

He thinks about what he'll say to her but nothing sounds right. No words will ever convey how desperately he wants her to join him.

It's the deal he's come to with Poe. His old friend has been pursuing him for months, trying to persuade him to sign for the Rebellion surf team. It'll mean being back on the road, travelling from tournament to tournament, and they've agreed he can bring a partner with him, although he suspects that Poe will want to sign Rey too as soon as he sees her surf.

All he has to do is ask her. There's a very strong possibility that he'll mess it up like he always does,

but, nonetheless, he's going to try. Letting her go was a mistake and he rarely makes the same mistake twice.

It's September and the air conditioning chugging through the carriage is unnecessary. He shivers a bit, eyes darting around the carriage - to the window, to the luggage rack.

He walks to the buffet cart and buys a dreary coffee just for something to do. Then walks all the way to the front of the train and then all the way to the back. There are a few holiday makers with raincoats and suitcases, and tired looking commuters in creased suits. Outside the towns become scarcer, the landscape larger. He feels like they are travelling to the end of the earth.

Finally the passengers thin too and there's a cluster of toy-like stations with their short platforms. And then, he arrives.

He waits hunched by the door, his large rucksack slung over his shoulder, ready to jump as soon as the train halts. He hurries across the bridge out to the empty main road and the one waiting taxicab. The man speaks in a thick gruff accent and he has to ask him to repeat himself twice before they understand each other.

The town is a collection of pastel painted shops and old fashioned taverns huddled along a winding road that leads down to the harbour front, fishing boats and dinghies moored side by side. He jumps out at Unkar's bar, paying the driver to wait. He's hedging his bets, unsure how this will go.

But she's not there and it takes all the charm he has to persuade the bad tempered proprietor to tell him where she is.

The beach. Where else?

The driver moans about the journey but he offers to pay him double and there's no further complaint. It starts to drizzle as they leave the town and wind down single lane tracks, lined with high green hedges and trees with leaves on the cusp of turning. As they swerve around one corner the land falls away again and they descend lower and lower towards the sea, emerging into a bay nestled between two towering cliffs. The tide is high and waves sweep in from the grey ocean to hurtle through the cove.

The driver takes his money and Ben races down the wooden steps onto the line of white sand, dried green seaweed turning sloppy in the rain.

It's like that first time he saw her, the waves here smaller, tamer, but the way she flies through the water with a lightness, a freedom, just the same. He could watch her all day. He could stand here in the biting rain, on the soggy sand, his hair and his feet damp, and watch her, soak up the shape of her, enjoy the very sight of her. It has been too long.

She skips towards the shore, her body clearly buzzing with that energy of hers and sinks into the shallows. He wonders if she'll turn and head back out, but she stops and hooks her board under her arm, trotting through the water with a splash. It's then she sees him. She blinks, as if she doesn't believe what her eyes are telling her, and squints harder. Then, with a whoop, she tosses her board to the ground and sprints towards him. He can't help but grin, his smile wide across his face and she meets it with her own so that they are both laughing by the time she reaches him.

"Ben!" She jumps up into his arms, flinging her own around his shoulders and he holds her tight, burying his face into her neck. She is wet and cold from the ocean, it seeps through his clothes. He doesn't care. He hugs her closer. He doesn't care.

Finally he releases her, placing a hand on either side of her face, holding her still to search her eyes, and kiss her with everything he feels, tasting the salt on her cold lips. When he drops back a second time, he cups her jaw, gaze sinking into hers, and whispers, "Rey, I love you."

The rain is still falling, running down their faces, and the dark grey of the sea bleaches into the light grey of the sky as the dusk sinks low.

"You twit." She rolls her eyes and laughs, hands gripping his arms, kissing the tip of his nose, then resting her forehead against his, "I know."

Chapter End Notes

She's never going to stop calling him names is she?

I love these two so much - they have been one of my favourite Ben and Reys to write and this has been one of my favourite fics. Maybe because writing from Ben's point of view is a lot of fun or maybe because I love the ocean and this has given me an excuse to write about! Thank you for sticking along for the ride and your amazing comments!

And excitingly (I hope!) I am about to try my hand at some original fiction (one novella already drafted and currently being edited - a soft but steamy ABO). If you've enjoyed my writing and would like to be the first to hear what I'm up to, you can sign up to my mailing list

[here](#)

End Notes

Kudos and comments always appreciated and I love to read your theories....

This one is gonna be fun (you've read the tags, right?) so stay tuned folks.

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