

king of my heart (body and soul)

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Summary

Rey hasn't always considered herself a Size Queen. Really, she hasn't. Up until a month ago she hadn't even known what that meant.

aka Part 2 of the Size Queen Saga™, now with more plot!

Notes

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



Rey hasn't always considered herself a Size Queen. Really, she hasn't. Up until a month ago she hadn't even known what that meant.

She'd been sitting on the floor of her and Rose's living room, painting her toenails while she lamented the fact that the past couple guys she's been with have left her feeling unsatisfied and empty. Not emotionally unsatisfied, because she never gets attached, since that's a rule she's had for herself for awhile, but...physically. No orgasms enjoyed through penetration, even though she's usually ridiculously multi-orgasmic. It had been tragic, trying to get off on clitoral stimulation alone. Her G-Spot had gone and left the group chat without even telling her. Kind of rude.

Rose had patiently listened to all of this, humming and tsking at all the right parts. Rey hadn't expected her best friend to give an answer immediately, but Rose surprised her by responding seconds after Rey had heaved her final sigh of disappointment, nodding sagely in that so-very-Rose way of hers.

"Girl, you're a size queen."

"Come again?"

"That's what you'll be doing once you actually find a dick big enough to satisfy your high-maintenance vagina, your highness."

Rey had spluttered and rushed to defend herself, arguing that her vagina was not high maintenance, thank you very much, and that size didn't matter - the way a guy used what he had did. But she trailed off quickly once she realized she was lying to her best friend. And her best friend was just staring back at her with a knowing, shit-eating grin on her face.

Rey buried her face in her hands. "Oh my God. *I am*. I'm a ...size queen. Rose, what the hell am I supposed to do? I can't ask any guy I find somewhat attractive to immediately drop his pants so I can see how he's hung!"

"Rey, it's 2019. Dick pics are a thing. Ask for them."

“That’s even worse!”

“Well, unless you can come up with a better solution, I guess it’s time to invest in a longer and thicker dildo.”

“I’m not doing that,” Rey vows.

Except one week later, when she does.

She loads the biggest dildo she can find into her online shopping cart. It’s even marketed as a ‘Size Queen’s Dream’, which makes her grateful that she has her own Amazon account and shopping history.

It arrives in two days thanks to the wonders of free express shipping. Rey waits until she has the apartment to herself to try it out, so she can fully (and loudly) appreciate it in all its veiny, silicone glory. Once unboxing it from its tasteful and discreet packing, she gives it a thorough rinse and dry first, finds her trusty water-based lube, then has a nice time.

Emphasis on ‘nice’.

Not amazing. Not spectacular. No full body shivers or anything like that. It’s long and wide, and she certainly feels stretched when using it, but even that isn’t enough. It’s not the same as a warm, hard cock throbbing inside her, dragging against her walls with the most amazing friction.

So the novelty wears off within a few uses, leaving Rey feeling even more miserable and horny than before. But rather than run with Rose’s alternate idea of soliciting dick pics from random guys on Tinder, Rey falls back on the tried and true problem-solving method of anyone with an avoidant-type personality: she doesn’t solve the problem at all and distracts herself instead.

Luckily for her, this isn’t difficult to do. Rey’s an engineer, one of the youngest at her firm, but she’s a damn good one. Her boss Larma D’Acy knows this, and her boss’ boss Amilyn Holdo knows it too. When Rey asks to be one of the team members on the new and ambitious light rail project that will connect Coruscant University to the greater Coruscanti metropolitan area, both of them readily agree.

Rey flings herself into her work with reckless abandon for the next couple weeks. Her days consist of nothing but waking up, working herself to exhaustion, picking up a quick bite to eat on the way home and then passing out absurdly early, only to do it all over again the next day. This leaves her with zero free time, which means zero time to spend thinking about her nonexistent sex life. All in all, her avoidance works very well.

Until it all catches up to her one day during what was supposed to be a short, hurried lunch break - Rey’s favorite kind of lunch break, to be honest. There’s something very satisfying about shoveling food into her mouth at a record speed. Maybe it’s because she’s no longer

chastised for it by overcontrolling foster parents, or because she doesn't have to fight for food from other foster kids anymore. Either way, old habits die hard and it's become a ritual that's carried into adulthood, one that she hates to be interrupted from. But Rose has sent her three consecutive "CALL ME" texts within the last minute and is now following that up with a phone call, so Rey grudgingly answers rather than letting it go to voicemail like usual.

"This had better be important," Rey greets her, talking around a mouthful of food.

"Hello to you too. Bitch ass."

"Sorry. Been busy."

"Uh, yeah. No shit. We live together and I haven't talked to you face-to-face in days. Maybe even a week. That's weird, Rey."

Rey aggressively stabs at a piece of lettuce with her fork. "Yeah. Maybe."

"So...are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

Rey glares down at what's left of her salad. All lettuce, no more croutons. Everyone knows croutons are the best part of any salad. Anyone who disagrees is lying to themselves.

Much like she is lying to herself that she's okay, or that her rising irritation really is at the sad crouton to lettuce proportion rather than a displaced anger due to weeks' worth of pent up sexual frustration.

Rose must sense this, too.

"I think I may have a solution to the pussy problem. A big solution."

Rey turns in her chair to make sure no-one is within earshot of her cubicle and then mutters into her phone's receiver, "I bought a dildo like you said. That got old quick."

"Damn. How does one destroy a dildo so thoroughly?"

"Not *that* kind of old, Rose. I mean I got tired of it."

Rose snorts. "So the Size Queen got tired of the 'Size Queen's Dream'? Bummer."

"What - how did you find out it's name?? We have separate Amazon accounts!"

"I found the box in the recyclables, dummy. You're not as subtle as you think you are."

"Oh."

"Yeah, 'oh.' And no, a dildo isn't what I meant by 'solution.'"

“Well, I refuse to redownload Tinder. Or any other dating app. My phone storage and patience are too low at this point.”

“My solution isn’t Tinder either. I have a new solution. Better than both of those.”

“Well, are you going to tell me?” Rey snaps.

Rose clears her throat and pauses for dramatic effect, which is usually a tip-off that she’s about to start a lengthy side story that she thinks is relevant but in actuality has little to do with the topic of discussion. Rey stifles a groan, holding her phone to her ear with her shoulder so she can sort through her email as she listens.

“Kaydel told me, that Poe told her, that his gym friend - Ken? Ren? Ben?...it has an -en sound, at any rate, I don’t know, I zoned out for a bit because Kaydel was really grossing me out describing Poe’s stupid fitness regimen and how they sometimes film these ‘couple workout challenges’ and upload them to YouTube. Because that’s a thing now, I guess. People watching as you and your guy do sit-ups and kiss in between. Isn’t that cringey? I think it is. I know you say that Finn and me can be the literal worst at times but at least we don’t do that—”

“Rose. Spit it out, please. I’m working.”

The reminder that she’s the odd one out in her friend group made up of couples does a funny thing to Rey’s stomach. She’d like to write it off as envy that she isn’t getting frequently and consistently laid like the rest of them, but she knows that’s not quite right. She doesn’t want to analyze that in detail right now, though, just like she doesn’t want to draw out her lunch break any further by having this discussion.

Rose scoffs on the other line. “Listen here, miss needy nether regions, I’m trying to help you get the dicking down like you deserve—”

“Rose!” Rey hisses, slumping down in her chair. “Please. I am actually begging you. Get to the point or I’m hanging up.”

“FINE, okay! So: Poe is friends with this dude that he lifts weights with and stuff, right? And, you know, they’re guys, they work out together, they’re in the locker room together. Changing, taking showers. Only a matter of time before one of them sees the other naked. And Poe did see this dude. Just the other day, and Kaydel says he hasn’t shut up about what he saw since.”

Rey’s interest, which has been steadily waning the longer Rose rambled on, is instantly piqued. She sits forward, staring at the kitten wallpaper on her desktop screen while her mind goes into overdrive, because she knows where Rose is going with this.

“And?” Rey asks, trying to control how heavy her breathing has gotten in the past few seconds.

“He’s got a, and I quote, ‘monster dick’. Poe’s words, not mine.”

“What does that even...mean.”

“It means exactly that, Rey. It’s monster sized. We’re talking Godzilla dick. His schlong could take out an army if he swung it the right way. His dick has its own country. Its own planet too, probably. Its own—”

“Yep. Yep. I get the picture, thanks Rose,” Rey rasps, wincing at how *needy* her voice sounds.

“So?”

“So what?”

“Do you want me to tell Kaydel to tell Poe to tell this KenBenRen guy that you wanna smash?”

“That is such a Finn thing to say.”

“I mean, he is my boyfriend. Some of his unfortunate word choices were bound to rub off eventually. Stop deflecting. Is that a yes, your majesty?”

“These Queen nicknames are getting old.”

“No they aren’t, you just don’t like them because you know they’re hilariously accurate. Again, stop deflecting. What should I text Kaydel?”

Rey pauses, thinking it over. She hasn’t had a decent lay in months. Her dignity’s already ripped to shreds, since it’s pretty much common knowledge among her friends now that her dick preferences run huge. What’s the worst thing that could happen with this gym guy? If he’s Poe’s friend, that means he’s at least somewhat trustworthy and normal. Poe’s version of normal, but still. That sounds good enough for Rey. She’s well into her sex drought, so it’s not like she can afford to be picky right now, anyway.

“Tell her...yeah. Tell her to tell Poe to give this guy my number or whatever. It doesn’t really matter. He probably has a girlfriend or even multiple partners if he’s as...endowed. As Poe says he is. So if he doesn’t text me, no worries.”

She’ll only internalize the rejection a little bit. A day or two. A week at most. Probably. Possibly. Maybe. She’s a grown woman and she can handle a little bit of disappointment. Nothing could be much worse than her current situation. Right?

Rey worries at the skin of her lower lip, nodding to herself. Yeah. Yeah, it’ll be fine. She thinks. She hopes?

Rose laughs on the other end, pulling Rey from her self-doubting thoughts.

“What?” Rey huffs.

“You’re really bad at playing it cool, by the way. Just so you know.”

“Shut up.”

“Love you too. Bye, Princess Puss Puss.”

“Rose, I swear to God—”

Before she’s able to finish that empty threat, Rose disconnects with another laugh.

To her ever growing frustration, Rey gets barely any work done for the rest of the day. When she tries to, her shit brain keeps reminding her of the phrase ‘monster dick’ and her thoughts quickly veer off in that direction, making her thighs clench and her breath hitch.

God, she’s got issues.

Big, BIG issues, that only something equally as big can solve.

Three days later, she receives a text from an unknown number while she’s getting ready for work. Her body immediately takes note again like the predictable, horny thing that it is. A dull throbbing starts in her groin, her stomach fills up with butterflies and...fuck, is she sweating? She just showered!

She hastily swipes on another layer of deodorant, staring down at her phone on the bathroom counter.

(917) 555-0183

Hello. Is this Rey?

She already knows who it is, of course she does, but she can’t come across as overly eager. That’ll scare him off and that can’t happen. She wants this to go well. She needs this to go well. Her vagina needs this to go well, too. So she texts back what she hopes is a friendly yet noncommittal response.

(917) 555-0183

Hello. Is this Rey?

yep that's me!!

But once she sends it and keeps re-reading the text as she waits for his speech bubble to pop up, she winces.

‘That’s me!!’, really? With not just one but two exclamation points? It can’t get much more eager than that. When did she become so horrible at this? She used to be really good at texting guys. Sexting them, too. Now at the ripe age of twenty-four she’s been reduced to a flustered over-thinker, all because this guy who deemed her... something enough to text is seriously packing. Her freshman-in-college past self would laugh in her FACE, if she could see how far she’s fallen from the confident, take-no-shit, want-all-the-dicks person she used to be.

The speech bubble pops up a minute into Rey furiously gnawing at her thumbnail while she stares at her phone screen, only to disappear and reappear at least a dozen times. Rey puts her phone back down on the counter, forcing herself to stop obsessing and get on with her morning routine, but once her phone pings again, her stomach flips. And it flips again, *harder*, once she sees how long his response is. The dude wrote a whole freaking essay.

Nice to meet you, Rey. I’m Ben. Poe said you were a good friend of his. He thought we might get along well so he gave me your number. Hopefully that’s okay? He said you wouldn’t mind. So...I don’t usually do this over text, and I don’t know the etiquette involved, but would you be interested in meeting me for coffee sometime? I would like to get to know you better in person. If you’d like that too, let me know. But don’t feel obligated; I know it’s odd since we’re strangers. I’d be more than happy to get to know you over text. Sorry this is long-winded. I’m used to rambling a lot since I’m a teacher. Not very good at being concise, I’m afraid.

Rey reads the message three times through, trying to make sense of it. He wants to get...coffee? That sounds more date-y than a hook-up or even a casual friends-with-benefits thing. The two arrangements she’s used to, in other words. Which makes her wonder what Poe told this guy about her. Poe is aware she doesn’t ‘do’ relationships, right? Surely he’d know enough about her commitment habits or lack thereof before setting her up with someone who’s looking for a long-term thing?

Then again, ‘coffee’ doesn’t always have to mean coffee. It could be a pretense for what comes after. And is she seriously going to pass up this opportunity even if this guy - Ben - does turn out to be an LTR guy? Hell no. She hasn’t come this far to not come at all. She’ll meet him, get thoroughly laid, hopefully come lots of times, then bail if things get more serious than she’s comfortable with. Easy as that.

(917) 555-0183

hi ben. coffee sounds fun!

I’m glad to hear it. When would you like to meet? And where? I’m based in Northwest Coruscant, not sure where you are, but we could find somewhere in the middle if you’d like?

i’m in the southend. and how about this weekend? saturday okay? around 4?
Saturday’s perfect. I’ll look into places that have promising Yelp reviews and get back to you. sounds good!

Rey lists him in her contacts as 'Big Ben', then goes back and adds an eggplant emoji on a whim, biting the inside of her cheek to keep from smiling like an idiot.

Saturday comes. Rey takes an Uber to the coffee shop and grabs a table near the back while she waits for him to arrive. She doesn't know what to look for; she'd searched through Poe's friends on Facebook and had easily found Ben, last name Solo, but his profile had been pretty bare. No pictures of him, just one of a very big, very shaggy dog. Not much to go on.

She's imagined what he looks like, of course. They've been causally texting back and forth since he first messaged her a few days ago, so she's built up a picture of him in her mind. If he's Poe's workout friend, he's probably really fit. Muscles in all the right places. A six pack, most likely. Hopefully blond with blue eyes. Classically handsome. Chris Evans-esque. That's 100% her type.

She keeps her eyes trained on the shop's front window, waiting for someone who fits that description to show up.

That never happens.

Instead, a dark-haired man walks - or rather, lumbers - inside right at 4 o'clock, and she immediately knows it's Ben. The way he moves like he's got a brick between his legs just confirms it.

He spots her quickly and Rey gives an awkward wave, gesturing him over to her table.

Seeing him up close for the first time, she can't help but stare.

He's...not what she expected.

He's attractive, no doubt, although in a strange, atypical way. His face is long, its surface sprinkled with freckles. His nose is big. She can see his teeth are slightly crooked when he smiles. His posture is slumped, shoulders curled inward, like he's trying to make himself as small as possible. Definitely not a Chris Evans-type, except for maybe the flannel shirt he's wearing.

But his *hands*. His hair. His wide shoulders, perfect for gripping. And his *height*. He's massive. Built like a viking. No, bigfoot. An attractive bigfoot. A bigfoot...viking? Something like that. A whirlpool refrigerator seems an apt descriptor, too, come to think of it.

Whatever he is, all of his physical features combined just...work, somehow.

Then he speaks to her for the first time, introducing himself, and like the pussy whisperer she's beginning to believe he truly is, her cunt clenches in response. Which...yeah. Completely catches her off guard.

"I like green tea," she blurts out, without thinking.

He blinks, brows adorably furrowed in confusion for a second.

Rey rushes to correct herself and excuse her sudden social blunder but he's already turned around, walking back to order from the barista at the counter. Rey deflates in her seat, unable to tear her eyes away from him the entire time.

He comes back a few minutes later, balancing a cup of what is presumably green tea in one hand and a plate of different colored cake pops in the other.

"Tea for you," he says, gently placing the cup down in front of her.

"Thanks."

He folds himself into the chair across from her, dwarfing its size. "No problem."

Her mouth feels dry, watching him fit into small spaces.

And it gets even drier when she thinks about all the small spaces he could fit inside her, too.

Holy hell, she's a mess.

"Sorry for uh...that weirdness. With the tea. I guess I'm—" Rey pauses, deciding how best to phrase this. 'Too cock thirsty to function' is something she'd rather die than ever admit out loud, even though it's accurate. 'Caught off guard by how weirdly hot you are' isn't going to cut it, either.

"Nervous?" Ben supplies for her.

Not quite. She's more eager and excited than nervous, but it's close enough.

"Uh...sure."

He sighs, sending her a relieved smile. "Me too. It's been awhile since I've done this."

"This?"

Is he going to say it? A hook-up? A fling? God, she hopes so. The sooner he's fucking her into a mattress and making her come on his giant cock, the better.

"Dating," he clarifies.

"Oh."

"Yeah. I took some time to myself after my last attempt. A lot of time. Which is fine. I'm just severely out of practice. Is that an acceptable thing to say on a first date? Probably not. Sorry, rambling again. It's worse when I'm nervous. What I'm meaning to say is - it's nice to meet you. I got a really good feeling about you, based on what Poe told me. And that feeling is coming across in person, too."

“I—” Rey doesn’t have any idea what to say because dammit, he’s definitely a relationship person, just like she was dreading. And just what the fuck had Poe said for Ben to have a ‘good feeling’ about her? This is not looking good. At all. She needs to cut to the chase, to get the message across that she’s interested in one thing and one thing only.

But he’s looking at her expectantly, his brown eyes so earnest, so what comes out instead of ‘Do you want to get out of here?’ is:

“What grade do you teach? Of teaching? Since you’re a teacher?”

She’s an idiot, and she wants to kick herself for dragging this out. Hard. She settles for taking a sip of the steaming cup of tea, scalding her tongue in the process.

“I teach high school, mostly 11th and 12th graders,” he answers.

That sounds awful. Like something out of a nightmare. But he’s back to looking at her, patiently, probably expecting at least a semi-polite response, so Rey has to give one. Telling him what she really feels about being stuck in a room full of unruly teenagers all day would feel akin to kicking a puppy.

“That’s nice. Sounds...rewarding. What do you teach?”

“American History and Civics, though this year I’m also teaching Advanced Placement European History for the first time. It’s fascinating.”

“That’s...a lot of information to remember. And dates.”

Ben laughs, his eyes crinkling at the corners. “It is, yeah. You get used to it after awhile. It helps that it’s so interesting. But enough about teaching. What do you do?”

“I’m a civil engineer.”

This is usually the part, in her experience, where people tend to lose interest, so she doesn’t elaborate.

But Ben starts asking her all sorts of questions. When she knew she wanted to be an engineer. Where she went to school. How she decided on civil engineering instead of another discipline. What a typical day at work looks like.

At first she feels compelled to answer just for the sake of answering, but it isn’t long until she’s willingly prattling on about the light rail project, describing its purpose and how much it’s going to help lower transportation costs for commuter students and faculty.

He listens to it all, *really* listens, and by the end of her cup of tea and third cake pop she realizes she’s in trouble, because—

This is, in fact, an actual, real date. With real coffee, or tea in her case. A real conversation. A real connection, and...

And she likes it. Likes this. Likes *him*.

A lot.

Which very much complicates her original plan to fuck him once if not a few times and leave with her body a wreck, but her feelings intact.

Shit.

End Notes

Helloooo. This is the sequel to a PWP deepthroating one-shot. Except this one now has plot?? And multiple chapters? Heaven help. You don't need to read the first part to understand this, but if you're looking for smut...it's in there.

This is my first time experimenting with the [iOS Text Message workskin](#). I *think* the iMessage formatting should show up on any device you're using, whether it's the mobile or desktop version of the AO3 site. Once you download AO3 files onto an e-reader that's when I'm not sure what happens formatting-wise so...don't do that for this! Imfao

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