

## Achingly Sweet, Hauntingly Beautiful

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# **Achingly Sweet, Hauntingly Beautiful**

by [Ray\\_Gosh](#)

## Summary

Ever since the loss of her soul mate on Exegol, Rey is haunted by achingly beautiful dreams of sweet kisses and blue butterflies.

Her anger and hate begins to grow, fueled by the cruel betrayal of the Jedi and the blatant destruction of the Sith. On the desert sands of Tatooine, Rey sheds her old identity and takes on the name of Kira Ren.

Kira vows to bring back Ben Solo, or else every being in Galaxy will bow down to their cold and all powerful new Empress, Kira Ren.

## The Haunting of the Butterflies

“I don’t know what to do Finn, I’m crazy about her!” Rey heard the deep tones of Ben’s voice coming out of the Rebel base conference room as she was passing by, following the blue butterfly down the hall. She stopped dead in her tracks, beaming happily, knowing that he was talking about HER.

“Why don’t you just TELL HER HOW YOU FEEL,” she heard Finn reply, before stopping suddenly, as a clattering, banging crash rang out. Rey was just in time to see the cause of this sudden interruption; it was an eager young intern, balancing an overladen tray in one hand while attempting to open the conference room door with the other. Overestimating either his strength or his balancing abilities, he fumbled and dropped both the tray and it’s edible contents all over the entrance of the room in a glorious, noisy mess, effectively putting an end to the too interesting conversation Rey had inadvertently been witness too. The blue butterfly, startled, flew up and out of sight.

As Finn calmly walked over and began helping the intern, Rey caught Ben’s eye as he stood, surprised, inside the room. His face lit up when he saw her. He then hurried over to her side, smiling down at her in greeting.

As they slowly began sauntering down the hallway together, the back of Ben’s hand brushed gently against hers. Smiling roguishly, Rey intertwined her small fingers around his large ones, and looking up at him, coyly asked him, “would you like to kiss me?”

Ben gasped softly, and stared at her just for a moment; the next instant, his lips were upon hers, and they were sweetly, joyfully kissing. The blue butterfly landed gently on Ben’s cheek.

And then she woke up.

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Rey sat up in bed, in the dark still night. The truth slowly washed over her, a bitterly cold wave of hurt and rage. It was only one week after the battle on Exegol.... she had been “back” at Rebel base for four days now. Bitterly, painfully she remembered, Ben was... gone. She’d been dreaming of him every time she’d closed her eyes since that day. The dream! It was so very achingly sweet.... so hauntingly, beautifully real. What they both could have had. She shivered, grief rendering her nauseous.

How deeply she HATED the Jedi now. She felt the force building up, sizzling inside her and prickling across her skin, as her hair crackled and twirled around her in an electric frenzy. “Not yet,” she told herself, forcing the anger and pain back down inside her. Not yet.

You see, she had died that day on Exegol too. When the Jedi ghosts left her and Ben to fight against Palpatine alone, when they allowed Ben to be thrown down into the pit, when they refused to help either of them, to bring each other back with the force. When the Jedi utterly abandoned them both...

Why did that surprise her? She asked herself that question over and over. After all, they had abandoned Ben his whole life! Ever since he was in his mother's womb they allowed him to be mentally tortured by the Sith without a care. Rey didn't believe for a moment that the Jedi couldn't have appeared to him for guidance. At least his own, living uncle! Ben's lifelong search for his grandfather opened up his mind to the evil ones who manipulated and warped him, until he almost lost himself. His parents gave up on him, his uncle betrayed him, his grandfather never appeared to guide him.

Yet, Anakin Skywalker had appeared to HER, only at the moment of destroying Palpatine. Luke guided HER, only when it was worth his while. Leia put trust in HER, apparently giving up on her son.

The Jedi didn't care about Rey or Ben any more than the Sith did; each only wanted to fulfill their own selfish purpose, would only use you as long as it was convenient for them, and then leave you alone to die.

Rey was no longer the same innocent, hopeful, starry eyed girl, and she knew it. She recalled the first few hazy days after Ben's passing. Her animalistic screams of tortured rage, her bouts of hysteric crying, and the dark periods where she blacked out, dreaming of nothing but a caged blue butterfly, ripping and tearing its wings against the cage as it desperately tried to escape. She remembered her begging and pleading out for the Jedi to come and help her, to bring Ben back, to restore the other half of her soul; but there was no sound, no word, they had abandoned her alone, sobbing, and clutching Ben's sweater to her chest.

On the third day of grief, she felt a deadly change steal over her. Soon her mind was made up, and she felt steady in her new resolve. Wiping away her tears forever, she allowed them to build up internally, corroding her heart like drops of acid, so it would match her damaged soul. And on that day she made her vow; she would bring her Dyad Ben Solo back, or else the galaxies would feel the wrath and experience the unparalleled power of their new Empress, Kira Ren.

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Kira.... no, still REY, she corrected herself... was shocked at how easy it was now to put her plan into action. She took the fighter... Ben's fighter... and made her way back to the rebel base, Ben's sweater reverently placed inside her shoulder bag with the blue and green sabers. She would need these twin sabers, Luke and Leia's, if she wanted to set her plan in motion.

As she landed, she plastered a robotic, false smile on her face and joined her so-called, celebrating "friends". None of them knew HER, none of them CARED enough about HER to want to know her heart. They all just cared about what she could give to them. The Rebels were still arriving home, in groups, joyful and exuberant, no one seeming to feel just how many lives had been lost. Ex-stormtroopers were surrendering by the ship-full, and all were being welcomed with open arms.

The Generals Finn and Poe, shocked at her reappearance, had run over to greet her. They'd imagined she was dead. Finn had sensed her passing, then confusedly, imagined he felt her return. But it was faint, and different. She saw the way they were looking at her face, and readjusted her false smile in order to be more convincing. "Perhaps a tear would be

appropriate here?” she wondered. She tried her best to hide her disgust and anger and make her eyes look sad and emotional. She sensed that Finn’s force sensitivity was getting stronger, she knew she would have to be very cautious so as not to alert him to her now altered state of mind.

Refusing to say much, she went straight to her room, and for the first time in three days, fell into a proper, deep sleep. As she slept, she dreamed...

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Walking into her room, she saw Ben sitting cross legged upon her bed, the breeze wafting the long white curtains through the large open window behind him. A blue butterfly lazily fluttered there with the white fabric.

“Ben! You’re here” Rey joyfully exclaimed, eagerly advancing towards him. Ben looked up at her, hurt and pain in his eyes. The look on his face stopped her in her tracks, and she waited for him to speak, confused.

“Rey... you abandoned me. Why did you leave me Rey?”

“Ben, I would never! I stayed for three days trying to get you back. And as I left Exegol I vowed I will, I won’t give up on you Ben.”

Ben sighed at this, sadly smiled at her, then stood up and ducked out of the window to leave. Rey knew she couldn’t follow him.

“Ben! Ben come back. Before you leave... won’t you kiss me?”

Ben rushed back into the room, catching Rey up in his arms, kissing her passionately as the butterfly swirled and danced around them.

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Over the next few days, there was enough bustle and confusion at Rebel Base to occupy the Generals, and everyone left Rey pretty much alone. She refused to see a doctor, and backed away from the smiling advances of the people she used to know. “That’s what they are to me now,” Rey thought bitterly, “simply people I used to know.”

General Poe called for a post war meeting on the afternoon of the seventh day post Exegol. Rey was sent her summons as well, the leaders all wanted to hear her account of what happened, not having any clear information on her actions or whereabouts after she left her team on Kef-Bir. Rey knew what she would have to do, and spent the day planning out the speech she would make, the lies she would tell; she had to lay the groundwork for her plans. The force energy inside her surged and sparked in delight, feeding off her sizzling anger.

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As Rey walked down the hallway towards the council meeting, head held high, she listened to snippets of whispered conversations wafting around her.

“She saved us all...”

“Her? She doesn’t look like much.”

“Power from PALPATINE.”

“NO, she is a JEDI..”

“Luke AND Leia trained...”

“...new chosen one?”

“...heard she refused to see a doctor, looks like death.”

“...force lightning...”

“compassion for him...”

“... not Kylo Ren?”

“Not today,” Rey told herself, forcing herself to remain calm, “ignore them all and get through today. Maintain the virginal Jedi goddess image for a few days more and then be free.”

Settling down into her seat, the meeting started. Rey soon drifted off into her own thoughts as Poe, Finn and the other various Captains and Lieutenants droned monotonously on about ships captured, soldiers lost, planets and allies gained. She was suddenly startled out of it as the mention of “Ben Solo” caught her ear. She quickly sat up and focused on the speaker. It was General Finn.

“...Ben Solo was the name of Han and Leia’s lost son. Not all of you know that he was also known as Kylo Ren.”

Shocked whispers erupted at this, as Finn and Poe called out for quiet and order. Rey stared at Finn, not breathing. When everyone was finally settled, Finn cleared his throat and continued.

“General Leia Organa was a wonderful friend to me, and so was her husband Han Solo, for the short time I knew him. After I learned the identity of their son, I was unable to reconcile the idea in my mind. How could someone so evil come from such good people?

Soon I had my answer. Life is not black and white friends. That’s what the Sith, and the first order would have us believe. The legends of Luke Skywalker and his father, Darth Vader, were true. Vader was redeemed and saved his son and the Galaxy. Even he had some good in him. We have heard this story over and over again since our infancy. It’s a favorite bedtime story we use to build hope in the hearts of our younglings. No one is irredeemable, there is hope for us all.

My friends. There is something about myself I have never yet made public. Before her passing, I confessed to General Leia that I felt the stirring of force sensitivity in my soul. She gave me some tips and pointers on how to enhance it.

After she passed, right before we rode out on our glorious Orbak assault, I had a vision, if you will. I have no other way to explain it. As I stood, preparing for battle, the General Princess came to me, shining bright and blue tinged. She told me something that I will tell you all now:

“Finn... my son, dear Finn, save my son! Ben Solo has been redeemed, he is Kylo Ren no longer. He has shed his dark identity and is at this moment assisting the Jedi Rey. They are equals in the force, she has saved him and now he will save us all. Give him a home Finn, give him forgiveness, welcome him back for me now that I am gone.”

I promised her, my friends. I promised her we would welcome her son home with open arms! Does anyone here think I’m wrong? With that, General Leia disappeared. I hope I spoke for all of us!”

The room erupted in clapping and cheers, as Rey sat there, entranced, bewildered, the beginnings of hysteria building in her chest. Finn looked into her eyes, noticing how shaken she was, and addressed her.

“Rey. Tell us what happened on Exegol. Tell us how you defeated Palpatine. If Ben Solo was with you, if he helped you, he is forgiven and fully pardoned. If he is alive he is welcome home. Tell us your story Rey.”

Rey was so sick, so weak and dizzy at the effort she was exuding to control the frenzy of rage and grief that Finn’s speech had dunked her into, that everyone in the room became concerned. She was quickly surrounded by worried, friendly faces, as someone forced a cup of water to her lips, and another fanned her with a stack of papers. Rey cried out then, one piercing, sharp cry of grief, as every moveable object in the room floated momentarily in the air, dropping back down as soon as the echo of Rey’s shriek died away.

General Poe quickly called for a fifteen min break, as Finn gazed at her anxiously, trying to sense her emotions and failing. Rey escaped as fast as she could into the fresher, remaining there, striving to compose herself, and utterly failing.

The ONE, LONE, SAD, SUPPORTING THOUGHT that has sustained Rey during this long, torturous week, was that if Ben had survived, he never would have been welcomed back at Rebel base. He would have been on the run all his life, as his old enemies tried to catch him for lifelong imprisonment or execution. Rey would have gladly joined him in giving it all up. But now, to learn that his old enemies would have welcomed him home with open arms, would have honored him as a hero of war and a prodigal son returned? The sting and disappointment was overwhelming, it made her grief infinitely more bitter. He deserved better; Ben Solo deserved better!

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Finally composed, Rey exited the Fresher and walked back into the meeting room, walked without seeing anyone or anything around her... straight up to Finn’s side. A hush fell over the room, as everyone looked at her reverently, fearfully, waiting for her to speak.

She did speak then. She gave them her rehearsed tale. The short version, that Ben Solo saved them all, by supporting her in her fight against Palpatine. That as she collapsed, dying, he

gave her his life force, bringing her back to life and fading away. That they owed the saving of the galaxy to HIM. And that she would spend her life honoring his sacrifice.

She got a standing ovation after her speech, and had to endure the smiles, handshakes and congratulations of everyone in the room. Finn clapped her on the back and smiled proudly, not realizing his dear friend was dead inside, that she had lost half of her soul. That she was now Kira Ren.

## The Rise of Kira Ren

Rey's plan was impeccable. It was without flaw. She was going to disappear with a bang, and give the people what they wanted in the process. Virginal, goddess Jedi Rey, immortalized forever.

“Follow me BB-8... make sure you record every second of this, we need to show our friends back home how we honor Luke and Leia.” Rey commanded. BB-8 chirped his assent, and rolled out of the Millennium Falcon to record her exit, and then followed behind her and she tracked across the sand on Tatooine.

Rey was actually excited that this day was finally come. Fifteen days had passed since the big meeting. She had smiled bitterly to herself that morning as she and BB-8 had landed on Tatooine. Checking herself out in the mirror, she made sure her clothes were white, without stain or impurity; her hair arranged in the three flawless, childish buns of her youth; she looked sweet, naive, pure, like the hero that the rebels wanted. She just had to make sure she played her part perfectly, and then she was free.

The past two weeks had been busy and well spent. Rey obtained a kyber crystal from the Rebel's spoils of war and had fashioned a delicate, ultra feminine looking saber, bright yellow and shining in color, perfect for her final act as Rey, if not very strong or effective for battle. It was easy to convince Poe and Finn to allow her to keep “the twin's sabers”, child's play to convince them on her plan to honor the two of them in a symbolic burial. Rey vaguely remembered hearing once upon a time that Luke had grown up on the outer rim planet Tatooine; a little digging in Threepio's archives gave her the location of the Lars farm, which no one had remembered the existence of anymore besides the droid. She chose that planet simply because it was remote enough that it would take a few days for anyone from Rebel base to get too, and close enough to Ahch-To for her to carry out her plans.

She was adamant that this journey was something she would have to do alone; but she would bring a droid to record every moment of it for them all back home, she promised them. She would need to go on the Falcon too, she insisted. To honor Han Solo. In short, it was all too easy, and everyone was practically falling over each other trying to help the legendary Jedi Rey obtain the supplies she needed for her journey.

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Rey followed the blue butterfly as it sauntered around, floating out into the ship hangar at Base. Rey barely noticed how eerily quiet it was; there was not a soul to be seen, no sound to be heard.

The butterfly suddenly turned mid-air, flying with purpose towards the only ship in the abandoned, empty hangar. Rey's footsteps echoed loudly as she rushed to keep up, to follow it. She couldn't let it get away! Perhaps it would bring her to something infinitely precious; perhaps it would bring her to BEN. The excitement she felt added a spring to her step as she watched the butterfly agilely duck into the Millennium Falcon.

Finally reaching the gang plank of the ship, Rey paused, senses now alert, a growing sense of panic gripping her insides. It was so quiet... TOO quiet. Where was Ben? What happened to Ben?! She needed to find him! Rey lunged forward then, into the dark Falcon, and for a few moments she could see nothing at all. A soft fluttering sound was filling the air, growing louder and louder, like the rush of a thousand fans waving all at once. Bewildered, but seeing no one, nothing but the empty ship, Rey drew out the blue saber from her side and ignited it for its light.

Looking down at the ground around her, it took Rey a moment to realize what she was seeing. The entire floor was blanketed in a fluttering, blue SOMETHING, a moving carpet, and the movement was causing the little wisps of her hair framing her face to dance and twirl about. Suddenly, with mounting horror, she realized that this was no carpet. The ship's floor was blanketed in millions of dying blue butterflies, struggling to fly with their damaged little blue wings.

Rey screamed.... and still screaming, she awoke, in her bunk on the Millennium Falcon. Drenched in sweat and mute with the horror of her nightmare, she got out of bed and went to check the flight status. They were approaching Tatooine.

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“Here we are BB-8!” Rey beamed, almost psychotically, at the halo-camera he was using to record her. She made a big show of exploring the Lars moisture farm, sliding down the dunes in an act of innocent play, finally walking out to the sand field, burying Luke and Leia's sabers with the force. BB-8 recorded it all.

Sensing an old peddler woman in the distance, Rey used the force to summon her over. “Who are you?” she manipulated the old woman into asking her. Rey shivered with delight, this impromptu conversation couldn't have been more perfect if she'd planned it.

As she gazed dreamily into the distance, in front of the confused old woman, Rey delivered her next lines perfectly, as BB-8 recorded everything. “I'm Rey.... Rey Skywalker.” With that she walked out across the dunes to watch the double sunset with the droid. When the first sun was set and the second was close behind, Rey delicately bent down and switched off the recording. “Now BB-8, lets get back to the Falcon so we can send this video back to base. It will give them something to cheer about.”

Lost in thought, feeling the thorny twinges of excitement clawing their way across her insides, Rey entered the ship with the droid. She spent the next hour watching, editing and rewatching her “tribute” video, before sending it off back to rebel base. She smiled then, a mirthless smile that did not reach her eyes, that would have chilled any of her rebel friends to their bones if they had been there to witness it. It was the smile of a woman who had lost everything.

Within another hour, Rey set up camp half a kilometer away from the Falcon, close to the Lars Farm, making sure to keep her shoulder bag with her few precious possessions close to her person at all times.

“BB-8, let’s get few more hologram recordings for base!” Rey instructed the droid. “Stay here and get a nice cinematic shot of me entering the Falcon; then swivel around to record the dunes and moisture farm in the moonlight.” BB-8 chirped his acknowledgement of the plan, and Rey dramatically walked towards the ship and up the gang plank. Peeking out, she waited until BB-8 had completely turned around to get his picturesque shot of the desert, then stealthily leapt out and ran soundlessly into the darkest distance, before doubling back and around to hide behind the Lars’ homestead graves. She watched as the droid faithfully recorded the farm, as per her command, and felt a faint twinge of guilt, as she thought of what she was about to do. It quickly passed however, and she turned her eyes towards the Falcon with purpose. “Let the past die,” she grimly thought to herself, “BURN IT if you have too.”

Focusing her eyes and raising one hand majestically towards the ship, she allowed the force to build up in her hand for a few moments before sending it in one powerful bolt, straight towards the fuel tank of the Falcon. In the blink of an eye, the ship exploded in a large red and blue ball of snarling flames. BB-8 screamed out, jolting towards the ship for an instant before stopping, recording the ruins of the Millennium Falcon. For the next twenty minutes, he frantically zoomed back and forth across the desert sand, beeping and wailing out for Rey, before giving up; believing her to be dead, he zoomed off desperately at full speed towards the town, far off in the distance, to look for help and a way to communicate with their friends back at the Rebel Base. It would take him at least thirty hours to get there, Rey calculated. As soon as he was out of sight, Rey emerged from her hiding place.

The whole farm was now lit up with the orange light of the still burning Falcon. As she emerged, her hazel eyes glinted with shimmering tones of red and gold. Her hair floated in waves around her neck, one single tie holding back the unruly profusion from her face. While hiding, Rey had swiftly changed into the outfit she had kept in her shoulder pack. Her old white cape and hood, dyed a deep black, enveloped her lithe frame. Ben’s soft black sweater was worn directly against her skin, with a pair of soft black leggings underneath. She had fastened a dark maroon leather armor corset on top of it all, and slipped on a pair of flexible, black leather boots that stopped just under her knees.

She walked directly to the place where she had buried the two sabers, earlier that day. Summoning then in an instant with the force, she held one in each hand and channelled pure, raw force energy into them until their frames began to crack, and they shattered into a million little pieces; a kyber crystal was all that remained in each of Rey’s hands.

Holding these two crystals in front of her bosom, Rey finally allowed herself to feel all of the rage, grief and pain she had been suppressing for the past few weeks. She allowed the emotion to consume her, to fuel her hate. She focused on the betrayal of the Jedi, the destruction of the Sith. She screamed out in her blind fury, until the crystals cracked and bled bright, bloody red. Looking down and grinning maliciously, Rey gently placed them on the sand in front of her as she opened her shoulder pack again, taking out the hilt of her old staff, which she had lovingly fashioned into a double bladed saber; all that was wanting were two crystals, which she now had. Installing them, one on each end, she now had a balanced, beautiful weapon, which she twirled around her in gleeful practice. She soon recalled her purpose, and hurried to rebury the broken shards of the Twin’s sabers, afraid the flames of the Falcon would attract curious bystanders.

Walking over to the flames, she symbolically threw in her false yellow saber, her pure white garments, and her old, sturdy suede boots. Now anyone examining the wreck and ruins of the historic ship would find her belongings, and assume she was dead, having become one with the force on her death. When all was consumed in the fire, she held her red saber staff up into the flickering light, and spoke aloud, clearly and firmly into the night air. "Jedi Rey, the 'Nobody', descendant of Palpatine, stealer of the name Skywalker, is dead, she died when her Dyad Ben Solo did, on the ruins of Exegol. Empress Kira Ren is alive, born in the ashes of the betrayal of the Jedi and destruction of the Sith. I vow to bring back Ben Solo, or else I will take over and rule, as Empress over all the Galaxies."

With that, Kira switched off her Saber staff, slung it across her back, and set off into the deep, dark night.

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Kira felt no fear, no pain, no exhaustion. She was filled with life and passionate purpose, allowing the force to guide her to the closest farm, where she easily and quietly stole a small transport vehicle and rode it into an outpost, located in the opposite direction of the way BB-8 had gone.

The journey was long, but felt like moments to Kira. The first sun was just rising as she advanced upon the smuggler's "Hidden Outpost". Taking command of an Imperial era fighter from its smuggler owner was like taking sweets from a youngling. She barely had to exert herself at all to use mind manipulation on the poor smuggler; it was way too easy. It seemed she HAD obtained much of Grampy Palps power when she destroyed him after all. As well as much of Ben's, when he gave her his life. Kira sighed.

Now, in command of the fast and stealthy ship without a lick of trouble, Kira set off on her journey. First, she would visit the oracle, the one she knew Ben had visited. She must know what he had asked, and what the answer had been. Somehow, she KNEW their conversation had been about the two of them. She had seen it in a flash, in a series of Ben's memories that had opened up to her as he was pouring his life force inside her, saving her life while sacrificing himself. She didn't know what planet the oracle was on, or how to get there, but the force would take her, that much she did know.

She would get her answers from the oracle, and then she would go on her desperate rescue mission. Then she would go to Ahch-To.

## The Oracle and the Prophecy

The force was Kira's friend now; she was able to use it constantly, effortlessly, and it guided her, across the stars to the planet Mustafar, then out of her Imperial fighter and across the wastelands, to the abandoned lake behind the secluded ruins of Vader's Castle. As she walked, she passed through bits and pieces of rotting bodies and scar torn lands. Wisps of force visions floated in front of her eyes, showing her Kylo Ren's journey across this same place, as he fought and hacked his way across the field to find the Oracle. Pleasure filled her belly at these images of her most beloved, and she walked swiftly and smoothly through burned forest and stinking bog.

As she advanced upon the lake, the mists began to part, and a deep, snorous voice called out to her.

"Kira Ren.... and so it has indeed come to pass." The voice cackled in dry enjoyment, as Kira strained her eyes to understand what she was seeing. Lifting a finger, she sent out a bolt of lighting to kindle a dying tree at the bank of the lake. It lit up with sparkling blue flames, giving some illumination to the dark place.

Returning her focus back on the lake, Kira almost recoiled in disgust at the creature she saw there. A large, ugly spider-like creature sat atop what could only be described as an enormous, grotesque, baby head sticking half way out of the murky water. The skin of the infant was mottled and corpse like, but as the spider creature adjusted itself, the lines around the eyes of the baby squirmed, indicating it was indeed alive.

Sinking back into indifference, Kira cleared her throat and proudly spoke up. "Great Oracle, I have travelled far to glean some information from you. A while ago you were visited by Kylo Ren. I need to know what he asked you regarding the scavenger Rey, and give me guidance on my quest."

Sinister laughter erupted from the spider creature, and several large bubbles burst out of the surface of the lake as the water fetus also apparently rocked in laughter. Rey stood there, waiting for the two of them to compose themselves and to give her an answer, and soon, the spider creature did speak.

"My dear.... you have come to the right place. I am the Eye of Webbish Bog, and your dyad Kylo Ren did indeed come to see me."

Kira inhaled sharply, and leaned forward in anticipation as she waited silently for the Eye's next words.

"You see child, I know you are Kira Ren, formerly Rey the Scavenger of Jaku, descendant of Shiv Palpatine, Sith master. His apprentice, Darth Vader, grandfather of young Ben Solo, consulted me often. This planet and lands were all owned by him you see, he stood in your place many times asking for council."

"I care for none of that," Kira impatiently exclaimed, almost hissing out the words, "I am aware you are far seeing, the force had brought me here for that reason. What did Kylo visit you for, what did he ask of you, what did you tell him?"

"I like your determination child, straight to the purpose I see," the Eye drawled out, toying with her for a moment as a cat with a womprat, before suddenly becoming serious. "Your Dyad did indeed visit me, to ask me two questions. First he wanted the location of the Sith way finder. Second, he wanted to know if you would turn to the darkness and join him, or if he would have to turn to the light. It was undeniable that he wanted you, that he loved you, that he needed you my child."

Kira nearly stopped breathing as she leaned in even closer, across the water.

"The way finder is not important to me, great Eye. I am only concerned with his second question. Please tell me everything. I'll do whatever you ask."

The oracle eyed her for a few moments then, up and down, as if measuring her worth. Kira sat there, uncomfortable under the intrusive gaze, but she did not break eye contact with the creature, and soon, the Eye huffed out a sound of apparent approval, before speaking again.

"Kira Ren. I will give you the information you desire, as long as you promise me one thing. I am old; older than a short-lived being like yourself can fathom. I have been here since the birth of this planet. And I am tired, I crave rest. You must promise me that when you have regained what you seek, whether that be man or throne, that you have my planet cleaned of it's evil ruins, restored to it's natural wild state, and allow me to be left in peace. You see, I am not naturally evil, although I have been used by evil for so long. Promise me this, to clean and restore my natural habitat, and I will take your word for it, and give you the information you seek."

Kira stood up, looking directly into the face of the Eye, and, placing her hand upon her heart, she solemnly swore to these conditions. The Eye nodded in apparent satisfaction, before speaking again.

"Child, Ben Solo came to me broken, and in the torture of his mind and soul he confessed everything to me. His deep, unwavering love for you, his disillusionment with the Jedi and the Sith... the unrest of his heart as he struggled to find his place in the Galaxy. He wanted to know all about you, why he felt this way, how he would win you over. Would you ever join him?"

In answer to the last question, I told him that you would never turn, until you had been utterly destroyed, and lost absolutely everything. He vowed then to prevent that from happening, that he would die to stop it from happening. What an interesting paradox..... hmph. I next told him that I had known for centuries that this moment would come. You see child, you are both part of a prophecy that has been known to the Jedi and the Sith for years... unfortunately, they knew but the first part. *"A Chosen One shall come, born of no father, and through him will ultimate balance in the Force be restored."*

The second half of this prophecy was to remain a secret, hidden from all, until it was set in motion. I will tell it to you now. *"This Chosen one will be torn between two halves of a whole, which will in turn destroy his family. But this split in his soul will cause one of his*

*progeny to be born part of a powerful Dyad bond, the first in millennia; and when this Dyad is United, there will finally be balance and peace restored.” “*

Kira sank down at this, defeated in her grief, the words of the prophecy reaffirming the greatness of her loss. The Eye continued to speak.

“Do not despair, my child. The Dyad bond you share with Solo is more powerful than anything fathomable by mortal beings. Let it guide you to him.”

Kira looked up, her face dark with despair and grief as she bitterly cried out, “Oh great Eye, your sight is not all reaching, for you do not know that Ben Solo is dead, he gave his life to save me in sacrifice of his own, destroying me in the process.”

The Eye gazed at Kira in apparent compassion, as he spoke again. “There is still hope my child. Have you not been visited by symbolic dreams?”

Kira’s eyes widened round as saucers, and she nodded slightly, staring at the Eye. “The butterflies,” she whispered.

“Time is a mysterious thing my child. It goes on and on without stopping, but in reality it is like a long, woven bolt of cloth, yet layered and interconnected, all moments occurring simultaneously. A mere mortal could not hope to control it. But it is possible that a woman with nothing to lose, channeling the largest concentration of Force power ever seen before, would be able to be guided through it. The question is, are you willing to give up your life to save your soul?”

“Without question!” Kira exclaimed. “I will do anything to bring him back. There is no life for me without him. And I know for a fact he will be welcomed back by the rebels with open arms, a hero’s welcome. Leia did not totally abandon her son in the end. Enough compassion for him remained for her to ensure his welcome back.”

“Then let the force guide you my child, and I wish you success on your journey,” the Oracle drowsily replied, and then yawned. “Leave me now, for I am weary and require rest.

Kira solemnly bowed in respectful adieu, and thoughtfully made her way back to her fighter.

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Kira stayed put on Mustafar for the next several days, thinking over all that the Eye had told her. Ben had really loved her, they really had been fated by the galaxy to be together. Dyad soulmates, two halves of a whole. She, descendant of darkness, with life of trial and hardship, yet had been drawn to the light; he, child of goodness, of resolute purpose and good intentions, tempted by fear and passion to the dark side. Together they would have accepted the bad, enhanced the good, brought about true peace and order, by teaching tolerance, understanding, forgiveness and acceptance.

They had needed more time... the Galaxy was cruel in taking him away from her right when they had find each other at last. And the irony of Ben’s final sacrifice was clear; to save her from losing everything, he had given up his life for her... in doing so, she had truly LOST

EVERYTHING. He had inadvertently caused her downfall, when it has been his life's goal to prevent that from happening.

As Kira pondered and dwelt on these painful truths, she waited for a sign, for the butterflies to guide her. Unable to sleep for two days in the agony of her soul, she tortured herself by reliving her moments with Ben over and over. Finally, after almost fifty hours awake, she drifted off into a deep, dreamless sleep. She woke up after twelve hours of this slumber, and crammed a few crumbling travel cakes into her mouth, washing them down with water, before throwing herself back down upon the floor.

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A cool, pleasant breeze touched Kira's cheek, as the sound of the distant ocean roared in her ears. The chirping of Porgs fell cheerily against her sun warmed ear. Kira opened her eyes and found herself on Ahch-To.

It was the most at peace she had felt for days. As she sat, absorbing her environment, something far in the distance caught the corner of her eye. A blue butterfly! Suddenly, Kira realized she was dreaming. This was the sign. She stood up and ran forth energetically to catch up with it.

Far ahead of her, the butterfly flew forward, with purpose, down the path, before bearing right and disappearing from view. As Kira caught up, she realized it had gone into the entrance of a hidden dark crack in the walls of the cliff side. Taking a deep breath, she stepped out of light and into the darkness. Her eyes opened then, and she was back in her cot on Mustafar.

Kira knew now where she had to go. Back to the mysterious isle on Ahch-To, to find that dark hidden recess in the wall... to follow the butterflies.

## Like Looking in Mirror☹

Kira was beginning to get extremely frustrated. She had been encamped on Ahch-To for what felt like weeks; but time behaved so strangely here that it may have been months, or even mere days, and there would be no way to tell unless she communicated with someone off planet, which she wasn't about to do. So she spent her days exploring the island, searching for the little cliff face opening of her dream, and waiting for a sign. But the butterflies had seemingly abandoned her, as had her dreams.

Her force sense told her that there was magic all around her here, so much that it was almost overwhelming; no wonder old Luke had shut himself off from it. She'd always assumed he had blocked himself off from the force solely for the purpose of remaining undiscovered, but now she realized that the constant force stimulus and bombardment would almost have been enough to drive a strong force user mad. So she practiced the art of cloaking herself off with the force in a wall of varying degrees of permeability, until she was master at cloaking herself. She found she could make herself practically invisible to others, and was able to casually walk up to unsuspecting porgs and catch them for her dinner, and no matter how noisily she walked, they couldn't see or sense her. (She never took any of the young porgs, or parents of younglings; she only ate the old, she was not FULLY a monster.) Shutting herself off from the force became as easy as breathing to her. True invisibility however was a little difficult to maintain for long periods, but was possible and useful.

Despite being bombarded with the force on all sides, day and night, Kira was unable to separate and follow the force thread leading down to the cave of mirrors, or to the crevice in the cliff from her dream. It had apparently closed off, or else was hiding itself from her. There was no other way for her to explain it; with her immense abilities, she was able to isolate and locate each and every blade of grass on the entire island, so it technically should have been easy for her to find the hidden cave that had swallowed her up that night and showed her the mirror wall so long ago. She felt curiously drawn to visit it once more; but didn't want to force herself through the wall or floor, she knew that wasn't the proper way to get what she wanted from this mysterious Island. So she resigned herself to waiting for her sign.

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The sunny light shone down upon Rey's face as she slept. Rey smiled to herself, before sitting up suddenly in bed; she was in her snug and bright little room on Rebel base. But the sun wasn't what had woken her up; focusing, she realized she heard someone arguing and pleading outside her window. She recognized those tones... it was Ben. Running lightly to the window, she peeked out and saw him arguing with... his mom, General Leia.

"Mother, I don't know why you refuse to understand what I'm saying to you... the Rebel cause is a farce, the Jedi won't help you... please mom, let's go!" Ben ushered Leia into the passenger seat of the tiny transport, and then jumping into the driver's seat, took off. "BEN!!!" Rey screamed out as they sped away. Startled, Ben looked behind him for a second as they flashed by, cursing when he realized he had left her behind.

Bewildered, Rey stood there staring after the transport, just a speck now in the distance, before she heard Ben's voice erupt in her head over their force connection.

"Rey...."

"Ben! Oh Ben, what's wrong, are you ok?"

There was a pause for a few seconds before Ben replied. He'd been terribly upset, but was soothed by her presence, "I'm fine Rey.... Rey, please follow me ok?"

"I will Ben, I'm coming now!"

Just then Kira woke up.

Opening her eyes in the star lit dark on her cot in Ahch-To, she saw it.

A blue butterfly was fluttering delicately against her slack and resting hand.

This was it. This was the sign.

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Frozen, breathless, Kira watched the butterfly as time stood still. At long last, the butterfly fluttered into the air, twirling around Kira as she lay there, before slowly floating away. Jumping up, and slinging her pack and saber over her shoulder, Kira followed it as it led her down several paths, twisting and turning through the rocky walls, ducking under an arch and going down a still more narrow path. Kira began to have deja vu, and she realized this was the very same path she had taken in her dream. Looking ahead, she watched the blue creature dip into an almost hidden crevice. Heart beating wildly, she took a deep breath and entered the dark space. Lighting her saber for its red glow, she lit her way down a very narrow, dark tunnel. She entered a tiny room, several meters only in diameter. Surrounded by the deep brown of the rocky cliffs, she noticed one shiny wall of a different material directly to her left. Looking up, she saw the roof was open to the stars, which lent a faint glow to her surroundings. Searching now for her little blue friend, she noticed it had landed directly in the center of the shiny blue tinted wall. She took a step towards it, when she suddenly stopped, overwhelmed and trembling. She sensed something.... could it be? Turning around she came face to face with... Ben?!

No, no it was not Ben. This apparition was still Kylo. He was faintly glowing red, even though she had extinguished her saber and put it away upon entering the clearing. He stood there, looking at her, as he had after their battle with Snoke. A scar running down the side of his pleading face, he held out his hand to her.

"Kira... join me Kira. Come with me. We'll leave this place together, disappear into the force." Kira quaked with the desire to touch him, to run into his arms, and she started to hold out her hand to grasp his; yet, she hesitated. There was something wrong, she couldn't quite lay her finger on what. As she stood, for a moment or for an eternity, gazing upon the beloved features of this apparition or dream, she barely noticed the sound of a snap echoing behind her in the distance, as if from behind the wall.

“Kira?” Kylo gazed at her, and he smiled a warm, loving smile, opening his arms. “Come.”

With a sudden jolt of realization, Kira saw what it was that had been bothering her. This was not her Ben... this was a figment of her imagination, or a trick of the darkness. This apparition kept calling her “Kira”, not Rey. Only the darkness of the force knew her new name. Her heart falling in disappointment, at that moment Kira felt something behind her, a pure presence, and the call of an aching, bleeding heart. Her attention wavering, she broke eye contact with the glowing eyes and turn her head around. She saw the shadow of a form approaching the shiny blue wall from the opposite side. She watched as the shadow placed its hand upon the mirrory surface, and heard the echoes of a voice, “Let me see them.... my parents.”

At that moment Kira realized something... this deja vu... she HAD lived this moment before, but she had simply been on the opposite side of the wall. The form was her own self from the past, and she felt the intensity and agony of her lifelong question all over again, and, aching for herself, wanted to reach back and give the Rey of the past comfort. So she approached the wall without stopping to consider if this was wise, sensing Kylo’s ghost following behind her. When both Kira and Rey were standing parallel to each other, separated by the glassy blue surface, suddenly the glass cleared, and Kira saw the disappointed face of Rey from the past looking at her future self, as she realized there were no answers here.

The face disappeared, the shadow left and Kira heard Rey running away, back to her cabin, where she would meet Kylo Ren in heart felt discussion next to the fire and set him on the path to redemption and love.

Kira heaved a great sigh, her eyes growing sad, and she turned wearily around, looking at the red glowing ghost of Kylo. “Words can not express how much I miss Ben Solo. But you are not he. You are nothing but the shadow of Kylo Ren, sent here by the Sith magic of this cave, to try to draw me to the darkness with broken truths and false promises. But... I see past the lies of the Jedi and the deceptions of the Sith. I simply want to bring back Ben Solo if that is possible, and I’m willing to give up my life for this.”

Pausing for breath, then smiling bitterly, her eyes growing cold, Kira continued, “I may soon decide to join you, lovely shadow, IF I fail. But not yet. So you can go now, dear form. You are not real.”

Kylo’s red ghost form looked at her sadly as she spoke, then slowly began to fade away, as a distant, echoing laugh of pure evil cackled away sharply into the silence. But this did not scare Kira, she smirked and rolled her eyes; and as soon as the laugh and the force form completely left her, Kira returned her attention to examine the area.


She was beginning to put together the evening’s events with what the Oracle had told her. Perhaps HERE, in this odd little cave, she could use the force to access the fabric of spacetime, and use the glowing red thread of her Dyad connection with him to pull her back to to the time before Ben Solo was gone. The problem would be finding the correct moment, could that even be controlled? And what if she meddled in something, and changed a thing that should NOT have been changed? She needed to save Ben, and that was all. If she could somehow GO BACK, prevent him from dying somehow, after he had saved HER past self... gasping then, suddenly and clearly, Kira knew EXACTLY what to do. Kira laughed out in

glee and pleasure as her plan took shape before her eyes. This could work! The butterfly landed on her shoulder as if in agreement with her thoughts, and Kira smiled in determination.

She was going to save Ben Solo.

# A Single Thread of Time

## Chapter Summary

~\*#{(< Remember, black lives matter now and always!!! >)}#\*~

Resolved now, Kira purposefully studied the room she was in. She noticed then that the floor had a round oval built into the center of the smooth rocky ground, a mosaic made of rounded dark and light stones, and closer inspection showed her that it was a depiction of the mystical Prime Jedi. She remembered that day, what seemed like a lifetime ago, when she had stood in the room across from this and the mirror like wall, and had studied a very similar mosaic on the floor there. It wasn't exactly the same though, on minute examination she realized that the dark and light stones were on opposite sides in this new mosaic; and it was not quite a mirror image, as this figure was holding it's light saber facing down instead of up.

As Kira bent over this ancient image, caressing her fingers across the smooth rocks of its bumpy surface, she felt the waves of force energy emanating up, out of the ring and into her hand. Concentrating on the waves, a glittering woven cloth of force fabric slowly began to materialize in front of her eyes, expanding up through the cave and out of the opening above her, where it was joined by a second band, both eventually disappearing into the stars; Kira knew this second band was coming from the mosaic in the parallel cave across the mirrored wall separating the rooms. This was what the oracle had been describing to her. This was probably the only place in the entire galaxy where she would be able to use her immense force power to access space time. Was she indeed part of the prophecy that would bring balance to the force? She barely cared about any of that any more, she just wanted, NEEDED to find and save Ben.

Breaking concentration caused the band of woven light to snap back into the floor, but it mattered not, as Kira now knew how to access it. She carefully stepped onto the mosaic. She turned her body to face the direction that the prime Jedi saber was pointing, down towards the direction of his crossed legs. She placed one foot on the light side and one on the dark, and clasped her hands together in front of her heart, as if she was grasping onto a red lasso of pure force. Closing her eyes, she breathed in and out, willing the force to allow the woven time portal to rise up once more billow around her. When once again the fabric of spacetime was met by the second bolt, and both disappeared once more into the stars, Kira allowed the force rope she was grasping to guide her, to find just the right thread in the loom of woven time fabric, and then she forcefully latched onto it. She instantly felt her body being pulled, as lights and sparks of colors erupted around her, speeding past her as she stood seemingly motionless, yet concentrating with all her strength, and holding on for dear life. She knew she was achieving time travel, and to slip and let go now before arriving at her destination would have disastrous, if not deadly, consequences. Soon she had more than passed light speed, yet still there were no signs she was slowing down. The effort to hold on was costing her dearly now, and was torturously difficult; and eventually, unable to bear it anymore, she let out a

deep, reverberating scream of sheer effort and terror, but even then in the middle of her scream, when she felt it was impossible to hold on a moment longer, she sensed she was reaching her destination in time past, and the sense of that accomplishment allowed her to hold on even longer, until suddenly, it all stopped, and she felt herself being thrown onto a damp, hard, rocky floor.

Kira lay there for what felt like millennia, unable to move, grateful to be still, every cell in her body breathing out in rest and relief. She knew without opening her eyes that she had succeeded in going back in time. Kira's force rolled and swelled around her in glee, as it sensed the other half of her Dyad was here, alive, somewhere in the cold, wide universe. Somewhere in this timeline was a living, breathing Ben Solo, and Kira lay there, soaking in this knowledge, allowing it to fill and saturate her every artery, vessel and capillary as she healed herself from the damage done by the trip that never had mortal ever taken before.

In a state between waking and sleeping, Kira's mind drifted across the galaxy to the side of Supreme Leader Kylo Ren. He was on the way now to Mustafar, for to seek the oracle there. He was sitting alone in his chambers, and so had finally allowed the mask-like expression of every day to fall away momentarily from his features. As she seemed to float there in front of him, taking him in, and she saw his grim, pouting lips, furrowed brow, and the endearingly soft and pain filled expression of his dark eyes, she heard him whisper a word charged with all the pain of his heart. "Rey," he whispered. That was all. And Kira shivered then, because she was no longer Rey, was no longer what he wanted. Kylo, or rather Ben now, glanced in the direction of Kira's ghostly force projection, sensing her momentarily as she watched him, yet he perceived nothing. He wasn't anywhere near as strong as Kira now was. Just then, the day dream (or vision) ended, and Kira opened her eyes to the dark of the chamber around her. It did not matter that Ben wanted Rey instead of her. All that mattered was that she saved him. For Rey. Who was also alive somewhere in this vast Galaxy.

Kira allowed her eyes to accustom themselves to the dark, after the blinding lights of her time travel journey. She slowly pulled herself up, her limbs stiff and trembling, as she looked around. She noticed first that she was still on Ahch-To, second that she was in the parallel room where Rey had once come for answers to her parentage, and lastly that she was laying on the oval of the alternate Prime Jedi mosaic, the original, with its light saber pointing up.

She slowly walked around the chamber, contemplative, as she thoughtfully surveyed the room. She soon found herself waking out the entrance, around the winding path back up to the outdoor living quarters. Her ship and camping place were nowhere to be seen, she realized she had left them back in the future where she had come from. Puzzled now, she wondered what was to be done. Should she stay here, and find a way to force project herself to Ben Solo and keep him safe from harm? She tested out her force powers, and was relieved to find that although she was extremely tired, they had suffered no damage, and she was still able to not only cloak herself with invisibility but also to block herself off from the force at will. As she was thinking and testing herself, she noticed something flutter far at the edge of her vision. Swiftly twirling her head, she locked eyes onto a blue butterfly as it casually landed onto the door of the late Luke's cabin.... which was the hatch of his old X-wing. Like lightning, the answer came to her! She would pull out his old ship from it's watery bed, attach the door and use it to find Ben Solo.

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Two days had passed swiftly for Kira, as she worked with purpose and determination. It had taken her several hours to force lift the X-wing from the water, attach the door, do a few minor repairs, fill it up with a fresh supply of drinking water and some food, and take off. The day and a half she'd been traveling through space was spent in quiet thought, reflection and planning. She had reached out several times across the Galaxy with the force to check out the whereabouts of both Ben and Rey. Ben would be landing on Mustafar a few hours before her, which meant she had to rush in order to reach the lake in time to witness his talk with the Eye. It was important to her to learn as much as she could and know EXACTLY what he and the Oracle had said to each other.

Of course, Rey was doing her pointless training back on Rebel base. The resistance didn't know what to do with a strong female Jedi like herself, and the misogynistic counsel that had given the female leadership like General Leia so much trouble over the years had deemed it "wise" to keep Rey busy with menial tasks and mandatory "training" (which is to say brainwashing) and to use her desire for family and acceptance against her. They wanted to control what they couldn't understand. Kira remembered how often they had used their words to push down her spirits and self esteem; she saw clearly now what she hadn't seen at the time. "You must earn Luke's saber," and "a Jedi's weapon is sacred," and most terrible, the blatant message that you will never be a Jedi unless you suppress everything about you that makes you human, that gives you empathy. It was exactly these absolutist Jedi and Sith teachings that had broken and split the force to begin with. The force was above that, was so much more than simple right and wrong. The force was the balance struck between those two extremes, the equality and perfection of pure harmony.

Looking back with disgust and dismay, she saw how successful those short months of brainwashing had been on her long-suffering and wounded heart, how her mind had begun to mistrust her love for Ben, how she had been led to despise that passionate part of herself, how she had called her own love, the only one who had ever truly understood her and sees her soul, "REN" in anger.

Ben had seen through these lies and manipulations, he had been right to ask her to join him in destroying it all. She wished she had listened and joined him. Pointless what ifs! Right now she MUST forget all that, and do her best to correct what was actually in her power to fix. Rey would just have to figure this all out on her own, as Kira had done; she wouldn't risk her plan in any way, and she knew that attempting to change the future by confronting her past self could have disastrous consequences, and may still lead Ben to his death after all and result in keeping the dyad asunder. She must stay in the shadows, stick to her plan, and that was all.

Drawn finally out of thoughts like these by her approach to Mustafar, Kira began making preparations to land. Cloaking herself and her entire ship in a blanket of invisibility, she landed, and went off in search of her most beloved.

## The Call to the Light ☀️

Fully enveloped in her force cloak of complete invisibility, Kira gingerly and lightly steps over the bits and pieces of the dead cultists' bodies strewn across the eerily silent woodland floor on the planet of Mustafar. The landscape still smokes with the steam of Kylo's saber, clearly exposing the path he's taken as he'd carved his way forcefully through the trees, only a quarter of an hour earlier. She can sense him now, at the far end of the woods, consulting with his team of generals, and she can read his mind's resolve to seek the oracle as soon as he has rid himself of their irksome presence.

Kira slips gently around to the far side of the lake, concealing herself in the slimy green foliage on the swamp-like shores of the water. Here she slightly relaxes her grip on the force, as she allows the shadowy brush to hide her physically and merely exerts herself to continue to keep her force presence secret from her surroundings.

Very soon, along came the Supreme leader Kylo Ren, through the boggy wood to the water's edge, just as Kira expected. What she didn't expect was just how painfully difficult it would be NOT to run to him, to jump in his arms and claim him as hers. She was stronger than him now in the force, and more powerful; this power helped her to stifle her urge, even if she was unable to completely quell her desire for him. She distracted herself from her own pain by trying to decipher his; he was obviously hurting, conflicted.... sad. "He pines for Rey," Kira realized with a pang. Sighing at the unfairness of it all, she resigned herself to watching what passed in silence. Just then, the symbiotic Oracle pair emerged from the brackish water, and immediately, it spoke, "I am the Eye of Webbish Bog, I know who you are and what you seek, Ben Solo."

Kylo started slightly at this, then spoke out in his deep, firm, lovely voice. "You will give it to me." He meant the way finder... as well as the answers to a deeply hidden question, the source of his pain.

The Eye cackled, laughing at young Ben Solo and his demands. He played with Kylo for a while, and they bantered back and forth with a battle of words, until finally the Oracle revealed the location of the way finder, which Kylo eagerly picked up and examined. Momentarily distracted by the possession of an object that had caused him much stress and trouble to find, he nearly forgot about his second, much more intimate desire. But the Eye did not forget.

"Your fickle heart may not deserve to hear the answer to your second question after all." He drawled, tapping his spidery legs against the sickly looking baby skull he sat atop of. In an instant, Ben was back, and his eyes snapped around eagerly, latching onto the face of the creature. "Tell me great one..." Kira strained herself to catch his tones in her ear, as he spoke in a fearful, hushed voice, "have I no chance with her?"

"That indeed depends on your own self, whether you can better yourself to deserve her."

“Then she truly will never join me and be empress at my side?” Kylo’s voice cracked, and Kira’s heart broke for him again as she witnessed his pain.

“She will not.”

Kylo... or was he Ben now? Kira saw how conflicted he was feeling even at this moment (never more so) as he endeavored to reconcile his innate goodness with the torturous darkness leeching at his mind; the brainwashing he had received his whole life straining to guide him to his ruin, yet still this one constant ray of light in his life tempting him back towards the right path.

He finally spoke again, and he sounded depressed and weary, “Then if I want her, I must turn to the light?”

“My son, it is the way of Jedi and the Sith to deal in absolutes. The answer is not always so black and white.”

“You plague me with riddles, when I simply want a clear answer from you. How can Rey and I become one?”

“Well then, I will answer you with this fact. The girl Rey is your Dyad in the force. You two are true soulmates, Ben Solo, the two that are one. That is why you feel so drawn to her, that is why she invades your every thought. Rest assured, she feels the same way about you. I have expected your coming for centuries, millennia. Did you not sense a great, unexplained light in the force, twenty years ago?”

Ben’s soulful eyes were frozen on the Oracle’s face as he nodded, in awe.

“She is your equal and opposite, and you belong together. However! Rey will never turn away from the light, never embrace the darkness... not until her soul has been utterly destroyed, and she loses absolutely EVERYTHING.”

A hush fell over the bog; as Kylo/Ben took in this heavy information. Finally, gritting his teeth, thoroughly Ben, he spoke out determinedly, “I will NEVER let that happen. I would die to save her and her soul. It seems impossible for me to be redeemed... it will take a lot of strategy and thought to plot my future course. But I vow to protect her.”

Looking down at the Sith way finder in his hand, remembering who he was, Supreme Leader, master of all, he spoke again, thoughtfully, “Yet, I do not despair; I will keep offering my hand to her. If what you say is true, and she craves me as deeply as I crave her, she won’t be able to deny me for long. Perhaps we can unite and heal the Galaxy without her conversion to the darkness.”

The Oracle heaved a great sigh, but Kylo Ren paid him no mind; forgotten now, the Eye slipped back into the murky depths of Webbish Bog, and Kylo walked back to his ship, way finder in hand.

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Kira cloaked herself once more with full invisibility, following her Dyad; and from a distance she watched Kylo consult with his generals and give a few orders before flying away on his ship, alone.

She then heaved a great sigh, and made her way back to the little, old X-Wing. She pondered over all she had heard.... her heart broke again and again as she recalled Ben's complex, depressed emotions, the conflict of his heart and soul. Even as Supreme Leader Kylo Ren, he couldn't hide his true self from her, especially not now, no matter how convincing he was as an irredeemable villain to the rest of the Galaxy. He CRAVED her, wanted her. He'd felt her absence from his side his whole life, had felt a gaping wound in his soul that had only been filled and soothed when he was near her. The Galaxy was cruel, to have kept them separated for so long. Because THIS was the result; pain, suffering, death.

She wondered why the Eye had failed to mention the prophecy to Ben. Perhaps it hadn't been the right time? Was it only ever meant to be revealed to HER? But then, did that mean the Eye really KNEW that all of this would happen, did he EXPECT all of this? And more interestingly, was her current path (the death and cracking of her soul, her grappling with the force to achieve time travel, her attempt to change the past...) what was supposed to happen all along, not an anomaly and abomination as she had firmly believed it to be? Was she actually following the prophecy, traveling along a path already laid down for her, healing the Galaxy?

Kira's head hurt as she processed all of this. Each thought conflicted with the one before. Finally, after many hours, she got up, dusted herself up, and made her way back to Ahch-To, where she would wait a few days, scanning the Galaxy with the force, before finally joining her past self on Pasaana.

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Resting and waiting on Ahch-To, Kira sojourned daily to sit on the ledge at the highest point of the island, reaching out with her feelings to both her past self and Kylo. On one of these sessions, she witnessed (practically) first-hand Ben's encounter with her "dear old decrepit grandfather", saw what was said, what was offered to tempt her darling with. Her own grandfather ordered her death. She knew it was a test; the winner of the duel would be Palpatines next protégée... or victim.

One thing Kira noticed was that Ben's desire to return to the light was getting stronger day by day, moment by moment, ever since leaving his talk with the oracle; and although that was her comfort, it also gave her intense pain to relive the past in this way, with so much more clarity.

A few days later Kira witnessed the mask of Kylo Ren being reforged. And then still later, she caught a glimpse of Rey embracing her dear friend Rose in tender farewell; finally then, Rey was getting ready to depart on her trip to Pasaana! Kira watched them as if in a dream, it was so strange to have a bird's eye view of her memories.

"Why does it seem as if you're saying goodbye forever?" Rose had said to her.

If she only knew! So soon, too soon, Rey would lose absolutely everything, including her friends, forever.

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Rey was sitting on her husband Ben's lap in a cosy window seat in front of a large, sunny window in their castle on Naboo. The view showed them a bright and merry picture, as colorful butterflies lazily fluttered and drank their fill of nectar from the bright bobbing heads of wildflowers scattered like jewels across the emerald green grass.

A blue butterfly flew up determinedly to their high seat and landed on Rey's outstretched fore finger, as she smiled and blew it a tiny kiss. When it flew away, the still smiling Rey placed her hands atop of Ben's, which were lovingly cradling her large, baby filled belly. Sighing with happiness, she turned her head around to meet Ben's beaming gaze, and they kissed each other reverently, deeply.

Kira woke up then, and knew it was time to leave for Pasaana.

# Passion in the Desert

## Chapter Notes

Possible TW, regret, self loathing

Kira made her way leisurely through the crowds of happy festival goers on Pasaana. Face and form obscured with a dark and heavy cloak, she allowed herself to be amused by the colorful sights and interesting smells wafting in the air around her. Rey and her group were here, about half a mile across the valley, on their wild porg chase for the second wayfinder. Kira rolled her eyes in exasperation. What a waste of time... simply the Rebel's way of controlling and keeping tabs on the powerful Rey. She knew Leia suspected Rey's lineage, even though the General Princess had never been sure.

Kira watched as Rey stood there, gazing longingly at the younglings gathered upon the sand, laughing as they listened to the entertaining stories of the elders. Kira sighed bitterly. Rey had been so simple, so naive, so mind bogglingly STUPID. All she'd ever wanted was family, and purpose. The "training" she'd gotten on Rebel base for less than a year was already enough to make her deny all her instincts, to ignore the demands of her own heart. Everything she sought could be found in a heartbeat; the way finder of course, but also belonging, family, romantic love, children! She only had to glance in the direction of Ben Solo, and with one look, he would be hers. He WAS hers... and she had blindly refused to see it. Kira hated Rey in that moment, and she glared at her as she inched her way cautiously closer, making sure to mask her force presence. The force bond was going to happen soon, and Kira didn't want to miss it.

The force bond opened up then between Rey and Ben, suddenly and temptingly, and Kira was able to see them BOTH, was hardy able to contain herself from killing Rey then and there and possessing Kylo for her very own. SHE didn't need a redeemed Ben. Supreme Leader Kylo Ren would be enough for HER. Lost in delicious reverie, Kira stared in awe at the desire of her soul, drinking him in, mask and all, mostly ignoring what was spoken of between him and Rey. Just then, Kira leaned in as she heard him say the words, "When I offer you my hand again, you'll take it!" As Kylo reached forward and snatched away the beaded necklace from Rey's breast, Kira's desire had grown so great that for the briefest of seconds she lost control of the bond, and Rey suddenly felt a great wave of passionate lust rolling through her, drowning her, almost knocking her off her feet. She gasped, and Kylo felt it too, the combined emotion of both Rey and Kira, and it stirred something deep within his being; his haste and excitement to find Rey and claim her causing him to quickly close the bond, fortunately before he realized Kira's additional presence.

Shaking herself mentally, Kira once more closed up her force signature air tight, and quickly left the area, hastening to the decay of Ochi's ghastly ship to wait for what was to come.

She didn't have to wait very long. Less than an hour later, "the trio" showed up, after their ordeal in the snake caves. And even before they had arrived, the Knights of Ren had landed in two First Order ships, and were hiding behind the rocky landscape. Kira exerted the force around her, wrapping herself up in full invisibility, and perched herself on a little rock, halfway between Ochi's ship and the wide expanse of desert.

Kira looked on then with a queer feeling, akin to mortification and embarrassment, at the scene unfolding before her eyes. She watched her past self, Rey, posing in the desert as she mentally prepared herself to cut down Kylo's ship. She remembered that moment, what had passed through her mind. She could even sense Rey's thoughts now! How wildly her heart had been beating ever since she sensed HIS presence on Pasaana, coming for HER. How hard she was fighting now against the feelings of desire for him that still coiled and swirled deep through her core. Rey knows she will HAVE to fight him eventually, if only to convince her rebel friends that she was one of THEM. And it would be better to crash his ship NOW, she reasons to herself, than to wait till later and risk the temptation she would feel if she was forced to confront him face to face. So that decided that! She would do this now, by this cowardly action she would endeavor to prove herself to her rebel companions, and try to avoid the difficulties of seeing his own dear face mere feet in front of her own once more.

She leapt up onto the air then, as Kira watched, cutting off the wing of Kylo's ship and sending him spiraling out of control.... the whole time, both Kira and Rey focusing with laser-like precision on HIM, making sure he was all right, not harmed by her risky move. He was fine, they both felt the same relief, besides a few bruises, and he was... DELIGHTED?! He was actually chuckling to himself, Kira realized, overjoyed that Rey was so deft with her saber, so quick thinking and strong! She was his perfect match. Rey wasn't strong enough to read Ben's thoughts, as Kira now could, but she felt enough to know he was alive, well, and in a pretty good mood, which confused her. He was just visible now, emerging through the smoke of the hot wreckage, maskless and glorious. Rey quaked, and Kira turned pale as she silently watched the scene before her. She willed herself to stay hidden, not to reveal herself or make a sound.

Unable to bear it for long, Kira soon pulled her attention away from the two. It was too painful to watch them on opposite sides when they should be one whole. She hated her past self and ignorant decisions with deep hatred. Suddenly though, she realized that Chewbacca was at this moment being arrested in front of her eyes, her position giving her a good vantage point of the scene, and he was actually being led to the first ship.... "no, that's wrong!" Kira thought, "that's the ship that gets ripped in two...!" Without thinking, Kira stretched her hand out in the direction of the stormtroopers, willing them to chose the second ship. They stopped for a moment, talked amongst themselves, and then dragged Chewy to the second ship belonging to the Knights of Ren, and Kira breathed a sigh of relief, as the remaining storm troopers boarded the first ship, shut the doors and prepared to take off.

Kira swirled quickly back around to the Dyad pair. The whole issue with Chewbacca had absorbed less than a minute of Kira's time, and Kylo was at this moment halfway across the desert, walking towards Rey, eyes smoldering.

Almost gasping at the jumble of feelings threatening to split her in two, Rey breathed heavily as Kylo sauntered towards her. But before she could decipher this new puzzle of emotions,

her attention was drawn away by the interfering Finn, who cried out to her about the arrest of Chewy. Rey growled in dismay as a ship took off (not the ship containing Chewbacca, thanks to Kira), and she reached out to try and pull it out of the sky, while Ben Solo watched her in deep admiration. He knew that ship did not contain the Uncle Chewy of his childhood. He could still sense him, behind the jutting protrusion of rock on the ground, and so he decided to push Rey a little, to help her see how powerful she was. Maybe if she saw what she was capable of, she would realize she didn't need her rebel friends, didn't belong with them. Maybe she would join him, becoming the Empress of his heart and of the galaxy, and would help him to bring about beautiful change and just rule. After all, what did the Oracle know?

They fought and pulled, straining with the force against each other, until the bolts of electric blue erupted from Rey's outstretched hand, ripping the ship into pieces, utterly decimating it. Rey screamed out in horror, crying and sobbing, while Ben started at her in an paroxysm of admiration and respect. What a woman! But she was rushed away by her idiot friends, forced away from him once more. He knew he would see her again soon though. He could feel it.

"Don't worry, Ben my darling," Kira purred sadly to his soul, across the bond, as she stood there watching him stare thoughtfully after Ochi's retreating ship. "You will find her, dear love. You must go now to seek the planet Kajimi." He couldn't hear her words, but he felt the sentiment of it, as an inspiration, and was filled with happy hope. He would earn Rey. He would find her. Oh, and maybe he should head towards Kajimi first? There was a dispute there that needed his attention.

One by one, the Knights of Ren entered the last remaining ship behind their Supreme Leader, and they finally took off, leaving Kira all alone. When they were lost from sight, she turned around, surveying the now empty desert scene. As the smoke from the wreckage of the destroyed ship drifted lazily up into the hazy sky, a blue ribbon of it took the shape of a butterfly for a few seconds, while a red thread of smoke drifted towards the direction of Kira's hidden X-wing. Her time her was done, it was time to go.... to Kajimi.

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Kylo Ren was standing in front of Rey, with pleading face and outstretched hand. There were pieces of the Red Guard everywhere, and the top half of Snoke's body was sprawled at the foot of the Supreme Leader's Throne, while the lower half sat eerily in place.

"You come from nothing, you're nothing.... but not to me. Join me. Please."

A blue butterfly was fluttering above Ben's large, beautiful, gloveless hand and it's outstretched, muscled fingers. His eyes begged her, she saw his very soul in his gaze, her own soul, her other half. He was so worried she would say no. He couldn't bear to be left again! Not by her. He needed her with every fiber in his being.

Rey knew all this. She also knew the rebels had certain.... expectations.... of her. She eyed the saber on the ground, weighing her options. She looked back into Ben's tense, earnest face, and she knew exactly what to do.

Stepping forward quickly, she thrust both of her little hands inside of his large one. She thrilled at the connection, shivering in heartfelt delight. The pure fountain of joy that sprang

to Ben's face in that moment was worth every drop of hardship she'd ever faced in her whole life. He placed his second hand on top of the two of hers that he held and pulled her flush against his body. "My darling," his voice trembled with emotion. "I love you." "And I love you too Ben!" Rey managed to gasp, before Ben leaned in for a deep, savoring kiss. He pulled away then for the briefest of moments, just long enough to bark orders into his Holocron to Hux to stop shooting the rebel ships instantly. Hanging up on Hux's spluttering protests, Ben threw the device over his shoulder, then he absolutely devoured her with kisses. Perfectly happy, Rey felt the butterfly land on her cheek as Ben's lips met hers again and again....

Kira woke up from her snooze in the cockpit of the X-Wing, Kajimi looming in front of her. Kira blinked away tears and cracked her neck as she started the preparations to land. It was time to find a larger ship.

# Daggers and Deception

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the huge delay in releasing the next chapter, I had some big life changes to deal with, including a move across the world; hopefully I'll be able to finish up this story soon. :)

Kira arrived on Kajimi a few hours before Rey and crew did. She knew time was limited for her, and that she would have to return the X-wing to Ahch-To soon, so as not to interfere with the past (now the present, she reminded herself.) In order for her plan to work, the X-wing should be placed back underwater on the mystical Island world, available for Rey to take to Exegol when the time came. Everything depended on this, which is how Kira ended up on the chaotic streets of Kajimi, slipping almost carelessly through the hoards of panicked locals (and the Storm Troopers who harassed them), cloaked and invisible with the force. She noticed with interest that faint, swirly wisps of blueish, fluttering mist seemed to be guiding her to a large abandoned hangar, filled with some rather old, but perfectly usable ships. Entering the dark, cavern-like chamber, she noticed the piles of scrap along the sides of the room, as well as the larger fighters and freight ships, half covered in tarp, lying in a haphazard semblance of order. She walked straight down the center aisle, following the force trail that now sometimes took the shape of a butterfly, straight to an old, modified VCX-100 light freighter.

“This will do nicely for my purpose,” Kira mused to herself after a quick inspection. It was rather bulky, and not as fast as she would have liked, though the modifications apparently gave it a pretty strong cloaking shield and did promise to improve agility. The ship was fitted with working VCX auxiliary starfighter, which she could use later. She knew she could easily dock Luke’s old X-wing in the empty landing bay, for an easy return to Ahch-To. Now that her mind was made up, Kira wasted no more time. Standing in the middle of the old ship, she closed her eyes, allowing a concentrated ball of pure force to build in her hand, before suddenly snuffing it out, causing a gust of force wind to blow through the freighter, lifting and then absorbing the thick layer of dust that lay upon everything. She then strolled into the cockpit, kick starting the engine with a strand of force energy from her pointer finger. Taking a seat, she immediately flipped on the cloaking shield, and then exerted her own invisibility shield of pure force out from her core, surrounding the ship and hiding it from view. This took a lot of effort and concentration to maintain, but she only needed to keep the ship hidden until she was away from the hostile forces in the streets outside the hangar. She expertly maneuvered the ship up and out, landing it in the hidden valley at the town’s outskirts, where the X-Wing was parked. Standing up then and opening the landing bay doors, she raised a hand and lifted Luke’s X-wing easily with the force, smoothly placing it inside the larger freighter, before shutting the doors.

Finally finished, and letting out a sigh of exultation, she concentrated her efforts on finding where Rey and company were at that moment. Closing her eyes for a bit, she felt through the force, and quickly found the information she needed; as she opened her eyes, she huffed in annoyance. As expected, Rey was now approximately two hours away from landing on Kajimi with the Rebel crew, on her useless quest to translate the sith dagger. Kira rolled her eyes, before eagerly deciding to check on her beloved Kylo.

It wasn't hard to find him. Through the veil of the force, Kira could see he was pacing back and forth in his white and spacious chambers, in front of a nervous Hux, upset and conflicted after his interview with his prisoner Chewbacca. Kylo stopped his pacing suddenly, turning sharply to face Hux, as Hux drew back in cowardly dismay. "I don't care *WHAT* you *THINK* you were doing *HUX*," Kylo hissed with a finger under the General's nose, "NO ONE is to go near MY PRISONER, GOT IT?!?"

"Y-y-yes, SUPREME Leader, f-f-forgive me, I was simply trying to in-interrogate the rebel beast..." Hux got no further, stopping abruptly as he was force choked by Kylo for a mere instant, standing there grabbing his neck and gasping when he was just as suddenly released. "GET OUT OF MY SIGHT," Kylo barked. Hux scooted away out of the room full-speed, and then Kylo sighed, beginning to look much more like Ben. He sank into a chair, ripping off his gloves and casting them away, before lowering his head in his hands and running his fingers through his hair. "*Where are you Rey???*" he whispered to himself. Kira looked at him with love, but carefully concealed herself from his knowledge. As she gazed covetously upon him, reading his thoughts, she realized with a start that Kylo was clueless about what his next move would be. He felt lost, lonely... defeated. He was actually waiting, hoping against hope for another glance at Rey through the force, was trying to will it to happen. It was apparent he was NOT on the way to Kajimi, and had no idea that Rey was heading there... glancing quickly at the flight screen displayed behind him on the wall, Kira saw he would need at least three hours going full lightspeed to get to Kajimi where he needed to be. Suddenly, it dawned on her what she had to do, and do quickly, before it was too late.

Kira took a deep breath, and willed herself to focus and pass this test on her self-control. She carefully adjusted her expression, until it was as naïve and Rey-like as she could now make it. She covered herself with her cloak, so as not to reveal her new *darker* outfit to Kylo, and then gently slipped open their bond with a faint "whoosh." Kira watched as Kylo froze, head still in hands, and heard his sharp intake in breath. Then, quick as lion ready to pounce, he tossed his head, looking piercingly up at her through his disheveled mane of hair, deep into her eyes, showing her all of his pain and wanting. Kira gasped, wavering, momentarily forgetting her plan, as she looked back at him, caught in his enveloping gaze, and mirroring his pain.

“Rey,” Kylo whispered, standing up suddenly in a fluid motion. Enchanted at this connection, Kira stood stock still, and before she was aware of what had happened, he was in front of her, reaching for her hand. She trembled, allowing him to take it, and he placed it on his breast between both of his own. His hands were cold and his breast was warm; she felt his heart beat speed up in rhythm with her own, and her mouth gaped open at this proof of love, everything forgotten but him. Kylo... Ben.

“Rey,” he murmured again, and he was metamorphosing back into Ben before her eyes, the Supreme Leader Façade melting away, leaving him looking tired and worn, “I know you feel it too... I know you want to be with me, I can feel your conflict. Be with me Rey. BE with ME!” Kira was speechless, and, devoid of any thought but of his perfect self and their pure bond, gazed up at him in starry eyed adoration. Ben, ecstatically happy, and taking her looks as a ‘yes’, groaned out in his relief as he gently tugged her forward, and lowered his lips softly to hers. They kissed in jubilation, the sweet-shy kiss of virgin-lovers. Ben soon pulled himself away, back up after only a few blissful moments to gauge her expression, with a bashful, boyish look. “Will you finally join me Rey?” he asked her in a low, secure voice, almost smug, not expecting any answer but a favorable one.

Kira opened her mouth to say yes. She burned for Kylo. She was on the verge of throwing away her mission, abandoning her quest and identity, to join him now... She would be his empress, his love! She would kill the real Rey, and live on in this timeline with Ben as her lover, forever...! But then, the enchantment broke, shattering in a billion little shards of glass and she shuddered. Rey was her past self, and could not be harmed for fear that Kira too would disappear... and Kylo would notice two Reys, would distrust her as soon as he realized she wasn’t the “real” Rey, would imagine her to be a trick of the dark side.... Kylo too.... Ben.... He was surrounded by enemies. The threat of Exegol, of Palpatine, it was still very much present, very real... Palpatine wouldn’t give up, Ben would still have to face him someday, and Kira knew how that would end. NO. She must deny herself the very thirst of her soul to save her soul mate, to save Ben, in the only possible way that was ALMOST guaranteed to work. She smiled bitterly to herself, turning to marble, and slowly pulled away.

Ben had been watching her expression intently; with that final, bitter little smile and withdrawal of her hand from his own, his face fell. Then, the work of an instant, Ben disappeared behind his metaphorical mask once more, and Kylo Ren was back. “So you STILL reject me?!? Even now?!” he sneered with rage to mask his hurt. It pained Kira more than anything to witness this emotional camouflage, she knew how sensitive he really was, and how it was his habit to hide that sensitivity with anger. He just wanted to be accepted for who he was; but there was no turning back now. “I will never join the dark side,” she stated proudly, with a toss of her head. It caused her some effort to make her voice sound sincere, but apparently Kylo bought it. “So, it isn’t me you are against, just my ideology?” he pressed her insistently in a softer voice, in a valiant attempt master himself once more and control his passionate anger, every fiber in his being intent upon her. Kira ignored him, and carried on

speaking as if she hadn't heard him, "You will never win Kylo, we have Ochii's dagger, and are now on our way to have our droid reprogrammed by a MASTER droidsmith to read it... the BEST! Within an hour I will have the information I need, and then I will be one step closer in being in possession of the second wayfinder."

Kira hoped Kylo would be able to catch the valuable hint she had just dropped for him, and was pleased to see his attention caught by her words. "An.... expert droidsmith you say? Hmmm.... I know of several scattered across the Galaxy... but as you and I were both in each other's enchanting company on Pasaana so recently, that would mean the only plausible droidsmith within your reach would be... Babu, yes? On.... Kajimi?"

Kira almost laughed in her triumph, her breast swelling with pleasure that he had caught the hint behind her dropped words so quickly. But she suppressed it and managed to let out a horrified, wide-eyed little gasp instead, and Kylo (now certain of her whereabouts), gave her a hard little smile and wink, as he whispered, "I'll be with you again soon, my scavenger." He then closed the bond without another word.

Exhausted from the effort of all of her deceptions, Kira stumbled onto the floor, gasping and shaking. This interaction had tempted her beyond what she had thought possible to resist. She felt her aching heart bleeding for Ben, and she forced herself to lay still until she conquered the overwhelming and almost uncontrollable desire to open the bond again and return to him this moment. But finally she did conquer herself, and then she rallied, happy in the knowledge that Kylo was now on his way, and would be on the surface of Kajimi soon. She wrapped her dark cloak snugly around her exhausted form, and, scanning the way with her large, sad eyes, rimmed with dark smokey smudges, slunk back into the crowded streets, to find out what Rey and company was now up too.

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*"Kira," Kylo murmured against her ear, as he pinned her against the wall, pushing himself closer into the curves of her body, one hand holding both of her own above her head, the other possessively wrapping around her waist, "MINE."*

*"And you are MINE Kylo, ONLY MINE!" Kira purred into his lips as she kissed him, hard and fiercely.... Kylo growled, shuddering as he then...*

"DANK FERRIK!" Kira spit out between her teeth. Something blue was flashing angrily in front of her face, arousing her from her passionate bout of daydreaming, and snapping her back to frigid reality. With some effort, she focused her attention back across the street, and saw a golden helmeted female with a maroon suit slinking through the alley between the buildings across from her. Zorii Bliss, the humanoid female who supposedly was to gift Poe with the Captains ID needed for Rey to board Kylo's ship and enter his chambers... however, the handsome Poe was still very much alone, sitting on the rooftop, keeping his look out, and Zorii appeared to be leaving the area entirely.

Kira seethed in annoyance. She was NOT happy. She was cold, she was exhausted, and she was cramped from waiting so long for Rey and her group to finish dallying about on their fool's errand. Not to mention she was missing Kylo, reliving their earlier encounter in her mind over and over again, frustrated now at the interruption of her steamy fantasies.

"Sooooo Ms. Bliss, that's the way it's going to be, is it? You have no intention of helping anyone, and will need my assistance to NUDGE you in the direction of charity..." Now with a clear task once more in front of her, Kira stood up. Manipulating Zorii's force essence was easy for someone with Kira's power; it was absurdly simple for her to implant such good and noble idea in Zorii's mind. "Give your Captains ID to Poe," Kira commanded her from afar. Zorii slowed down, before halting mid-stride, confused. She then straightened up with new purpose and swirled around, back into the building where Frik was working on the droid, and, after a few slow minutes had ticked away, Kira saw her stepping out onto the roof at last, and settle down next to Poe.

Listening easily to their conversation from her perch a hundred meters away, Kira waited until the precious ID was safe in Poe's possession, before finally leaving her uncomfortable position. Her little task of the moment was now done, and done successfully. It was odd.... strange.... curious to find how vital her presence in this timeline was now become, and how much interference was necessary on her part to maintain the event sequence of this timeline. She wondered if the act of manipulating the force in the way she had done had broken something in the space-time continuum, requiring her now constant interference to ensure nothing changed for the worse. It all made her head throb, so she simply put it out of her mind, refocusing her now scattered thoughts back on her mission.

Soon Kylo would be on the ground, combing the village for Rey, and Rey would be in his own private chambers, completely unaware that Kylo believed they had kissed mere hours ago. He would be reliving that encounter, replaying their kiss over and over again in his mind. He would never let her go now, not after tasting her lips, and Kira didn't know whether to laugh or cry at that thought. Angry, jealous pleasure washed over her, to know that it was actually she, Kira, who had kissed Kylo first, if you really thought about it. There was no need to stick around and watch the force bond and fight between Kylo and Rey; it would be

too painful, and too tempting for her to interfere and expose herself if she was near. Plus, she felt the force pulling her away, back to her ship. She would go on ahead to return the X-wing to its watery bed on Ahch-To, before heading off the Moon of Endor. She would keep an eye on Rey and Kylo through the force in case they needed her help again. If she left it at this rate, it would take weeks for them to get to Exegol.

“It won’t be much longer now!” she told herself bitterly. A tear slid down her cheek, barely noticed by Kira; and as it splashed onto the frozen ground, the little blue tear born of soul rending grief sprouted tiny blue wings and flew away.

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