

Linger, My Love

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Linger, My Love

by [Tattered](#)

Summary

Poe is a flicker - a spark - and he resonates.

(In which Rey learns what warmth means.)

Companion piece to The Ghost of You.

Notes

Wow this is a long one for me. It is interesting to get into Rey's head. I cannot just put this down past a few hundred words so I kept on typing then bam. I hope you enjoy it!

BB-8 nudges her leg, and she almost laughs at how the droid happily beeps about how his new antenna looks.

As she pats the dome of the droid's head, a tinge of warmth pulsates from the recesses of her mind. She can sense the elation of the Resistance members upon being saved, save for Finn's fear and General Organa's grief, but this warmth reaches with a hint of hesitation.

Master! BB-8 beeps. Rey's eyes widen in recognition.

(She reaches back to the warmth, and is surprised by the tug that accompanies it. Her warmth reaches the other like playful fingers, and it envelops her fully and suddenly.)

She turns and meets his gaze with a smile that outshines the brightest of stars.

"I'm Poe."

"I'm Rey."

"I know."

The browns of his hair and his eyes – so common yet uncommon with the hint of light that seems to seep from their depths – captivates her, and Rey tries to hold back the warmth that dares to escalate from her chest.

(She doesn't notice Leia shifting her gaze at them as she feels the ripple.)

She easily finds Poe in a crowd.

Rey doesn't actually look for him. For days after their first encounter, she manages to evade him. She knows BB-8 wants to keep her company, but meeting the droid will eventually lead the man to her. She recruits R2-D2 to throw off BB-8, and focuses on the task ahead of her.

The Millennium Falcon requires numerous repairs. The Resistance is settling into this new obscure planet. Her training commences, and she grapples into nothing in the absence of Luke's guidance. Reaching for him from within the Force proves to be futile.

But Poe's warmth is a constant presence.

(His warmth is a stark contrast from the other Resistance fighters, even if she's a few miles off the base. His warmth is a flicker whenever she remains in the hangar to help the mechanics, or to just study the various aircraft models they have remaining. His warmth envelopes her when their eyes meet.

She cannot understand why. She does not want to understand why.

But Poe comes. He always comes, and she unfurls from her cocoon little by little.)

She spends early mornings and late afternoons meditating.

There is a cliff at the edge of the island they landed in, providing an unobstructed view of the horizon. Rey closes her eyes, and listens as life waxes and wanes with the rising and the setting of the sun. She lets the sound of waves roll off her being, as if cleansing her from the stresses accumulated by her daily grind.

Yet nothing washes away the darkness.

It is easy not to mind its presence, but she does not forget. She knows it is simply bidding its time, observing and preparing to exploit the smallest of doubts she has. Darkness is a child waiting, tempting you to come for it.

(Tempting her to return to *him*.)

You are nothing. She remembers his voice, and lets her memory be unburdened. *You are nothing.* She remembers his face, madness and desperation lining every inch. *You are nothing.* She balls her hand to a fist to prevent herself from wiping tears she did not expect will be shed.

His image almost forms from within her consciousness.

The first rays of sun begin to peel through the horizon.

The image vanishes.

Another encounter. Another set of casualties. The Resistance loses four pilots.

Rey gazes at the stars. They barely escape the First Order as Chewbacca launched them into hyperspace at the nick of time. They break through the atmosphere of another planet, with lush greenery giving her a hint of comfort. It gives the Falcon just enough coverage.

She opts to stay inside her ship for the first night, finding solace by the window near the cockpit. Chewbacca joins R2-D2 deep into the vessel, giving her the space she needs. She closes her eyes, picturing how their comrades' lives ended with a perfect hit from the First Order's new toy. She breaths deeply, swallowing the scream threatening to spill from her lips.

She feels the darkness beckoning her. She can almost hear cloth rustling as a presence kneels by her side. She knows it is Ben by the disgruntled sound she hears, and it takes her a moment to identify how he holds back his own sob.

Rey wants to scream. If only she realized the trajectory of the shot right away—

Calloused fingers wrap themselves on her shoulder, and the warmth it accompanies covers her being.

“Rey.”

Her name uncoils from his tongue like a serenade and a prayer.

Poe watches her, bares himself in her eyes, and Rey surrenders.

(He cradles her the way she has always wanted to be held, tight and warm and safe from galaxies asking to be saved. He whispers her name and his reassurances as her tears stain his shirt. He lulls her with his heartbeat.

Rey keeps the sound to memory.)

Rey comes to Leia one night.

The General is at the command center, with a skeletal crew manning the area for the night. She stands regally, her back straight and her hands folded on her back. Rey stands by her side, and looks towards the quiet of the greenery shielding them from the unknown.

“The Skywalkers always become unhinged when it comes to love,” Leia begins, looking at Rey knowingly. “We are a passionate lot, if I may say so, and our men can be volatile.”

“But you all seem to be destined for greatness.”

“It appears we are,” Leia chuckles. “A blessing and a curse – to have such power and such love, and yet be unable to gain both at the same time.”

Leia brushes a loose curl from her cheek. “Do not limit yourself, Rey. Love if you must, if you feel it, and let it be your greatest strength.” The older woman smiles at her, and Rey can just guess how red her cheeks are. “You do know that I am Force-sensitive, my dear.”

She lets out an embarrassed laugh.

Rey lets Poe in.

Instinct lets her relax when he sits by her side at the mess hall, arms brushing as they carry on with their meals. They pester the mechanics together, almost getting kicked out of the hangar. His squadron calls her when Poe is having a bad day, just like BB-8 rolling to his side in a series of beeps when Rey’s responsibilities get the best of her. Poe becomes calmer. Rey becomes more open.

(Rey feels their warmth dancing within the Force, and it excites her.)

Finn notices, and gives her a secretive smile as he loops his arm around Rose before leaving them to their own devices.

(Finn and Rose are two balls of light orbiting around the other. The thought assures Rey that her best friend will never be alone anymore.)

His most recent patrol has been grueling.

Poe is being driven to the edge by frustration, nearly snapping at his squadron after a sabotage during their supposedly uneventful routine watch. Pava is nursing a broken leg. Snap hasn't woken up yet, and Karé hasn't spoken to anyone since their return.

Rey wants to give him a piece of her mind after yelling at BB-8. The droid hasn't left her since.

Rey watches as Poe hits the punching bag repeatedly. He gives it a few kicks and punches, the chains shuddering with every hit. The bag swings, and Poe clutches on it in time as it swings back.

She commands BB-8 to leave them.

Rey approaches him, following the ripple of his muscles as they strain against his thin shirt. Sweat leaves his skin slick. His hair is a mass of disarray. He watches her as she watches him, until her hand coils around his wrist.

His grip relaxes under her touch.

(She feels a flare – a spark.)

His eyes turn glassy in tears, and Rey lets them rain on the apples of her cheek as she pulls him for a kiss.

Poe wastes no time.

His grip on her hand tightens as he nears his room. He opens the door with a voice command, and Rey is grateful for the absence of BB-8 in his tiny corner. As soon as she crosses the threshold, metal digs on her sore back muscles as Poe takes her lips to his.

(Reds. Oranges. Yellow. Blues. Swirls swim along the fabric of the Force.)

Rey wraps herself on his physique, arms on his neck as she drags her lips on his jaw, his cheek, his face. She tastes the saltiness of sweat as it rolled down his temple. She groans as his lips and his tongue draw on a patch at the junction of his jaw and neck.

Poe carries her to the fresher, managing to keep her place with one arm. Hurriedly, she slid his damp shirt off his person, marveling at planes of his chest. She keeps his eyes on her as she slides his bottoms down. His manhood rises in attention, and her nails dig on his inner thigh as her tongue dances on its underside. His hips buckle, large hands gripping on the knots of her hair. She gives him a lick, and one of her hair ties snap. She takes him deeper to her mouth, and her remaining hair ties slide off her head. Her tongue wraps him tighter, his seed spilling down her throat as he calls her name.

His hands slide down her shoulder. She looks up at his face. He wipes his stain on the side of her lip with his thumb.

His hands make quick work on her shirt, nearly ripping it. His lips leave a trail from her collar, the tip of his nose drawing a line straight to her breast. His teeth graze her nipple, and

tingling travels down her navel and clit.

Poe pulls her up, and Rey uses the time to slide down her underthings. She closes the distance between them as the door to the shower opens. Rey slips a leg between his thighs, prompting Poe to step back as he continues to praise every inch of bareness his mouth can reach. She lifts her other leg, anchoring her body against his waist.

In the haze of lust, Poe manages to hit the appropriate knob, and water showers their heated bodies.

Rey rests her head back as he enters the folds of her womanhood. She is briefly rendered breathless by the pain.

(There are stars beneath her eyelids, and her control dissolves.)

Their bodies give pushes and pulls as her muscle coils around him. (They are cords wrapping tighter and tighter, their light becoming brighter with every thrust.) She embeds herself against his curves as the pressure builds on her navel. Her body is bottomless, and his manhood continues to carve and carve and carve, leaving a mark.

They come. (Starburst lights her vision, and they pulsate within the Force.)

She drops her forehead against his shoulder, trying to collect her thoughts. She senses the darkness unfolding through the haze of warmth.

(She sees *him* at a distant corner, and commands him to leave.)

She lifts her head from Poe's shoulder, finding solace in the look of contentment on his face.

He kisses her gently.

They track the main fleet of the First Order.

The atmosphere grows thicker within the command center. General Organa stands at the head of the room, listening to the battle plan being discussed by her right-hand man. Poe traces the path the squadrons will take through the map, the projections flashing on an adjacent screen. He presents another map of the vast expanse of the base, with markings for the foot soldiers and their land machinery. Rey listens and analyzes on her own, picking on every pro and con she can come up with.

On her side, she can sense Finn watching her.

Rey wants to be confident. The plan is not flawless, but its success will bring about the beginning to the First Order's end.

(A small ray of warmth nudges her, and she wraps her own warmth on it. She doesn't notice Leia's eyes widening as it zeroes on her.

Finn notices.)

The meeting continues, and Rey listens as Poe mentions his assignment. She knows he will be up there, and she wants to run as her fears are slowly being realized.

(The ray of warmth nudges again.)

The meeting ends. Finn tells her that he wants to talk after dinner. Poe wraps his things and is about to approach her when Leia calls her name. She signals him that she will follow.

Leia leads her to her quarters. The older woman opens one of the drawers closest to her bed. When she stands, she offers to Rey a babe's blanket.

Rey reaches for it and cries.

It has been three days, and Rey's discovery remains untold.

She wants to tell him badly. At the dead of the night, with the stars as company, Rey whispers to him that they created a life. Poe remains too deep into sleep, and she finds herself sighing deeply.

Today, something niggles at the edge of her consciousness. She abandons sleep earlier than she would have.

She meditates at the edge of the cliff, same as in the earlier days of her reunion with the Resistance. Today, silence meets her, except for the constant company of her hidden ray of sunshine.

"Thought I would find you here."

Poe settles himself beside her. She remembers that his sleep has become lighter without her beside him ever since they have bunked together.

"I think something is about to happen," she voices out. "I am scared, Poe."

She rests her head on his shoulder, and he drops a kiss on her head. "We will survive it."

She wonders if he knows, and he simply is not telling.

Rey nods against his neck. She feels him moving. Poe drops something on her hand, a familiar sliver of metal and the circular band on its tip.

She takes the ring from holder, and stares at Poe.

"We will survive it," she answers back.

(Poe's smile is blindingly bright as he places the ring on her left hand. Like starburst.)

Smoke hinders her vision through the chaos, but Rey doesn't stop moving.

From her periphery, she sees Finn leads a group of foot soldiers towards a group of stormtroopers. Rose stays by her side upon General Organa's orders and Finn's insistence.

A grenade drops a couple of feet from them. They both drop behind a fallen wall.

Familiar beeps frantically roll their way. A chill runs down Rey's spine.

"Where is he, BB-8?" Rey tries to mask her panic.

The droid beeps in a frenzy. *He has Master Poe! The bad man has Master Poe! Find him, Mistress-Rey!*

"BB-8, stay with Rose!"

Her two friends call to her, but their voices are mute in her ears.

Rey easily finds Poe (Always. She always finds him. Fear and hatred nearly seizes her when his light flickers.). His battered body is suspended in air. One of his arms bleed from an injury, dripping to the fire-blackened ground. An invisible hand tightens around his body. The cracking of his ribs is unmistakable. (Rey knows he is in great pain when something sharp interferes with Poe's flicker.)

Calmly, she walks towards darkness incarnate.

(She knows Ben feels the tension rolling like waves on a storm attempting to bury his presence.)

"Let him go, Ben."

Jealousy paints a sardonic smile on his lips. "I would have given all the galaxies to you."

She replies with a sad smile, "But it wouldn't have saved you, would it?"

Rey almost lunges at the man as Poe's body drops like a doll. Ben catches him by his collar.

Poe fills her vision. Blood trails the side of his lip. (She holds his warmth against hers, curling around him protectively. She senses her sunshine reaching to its father as well.)

Ben is watching her, a million unspoken words reflected in his eyes. (She flares against his phantom touch within the fabric.)

"Don't save me, Rey," Poe coughs as more blood spills from his mouth.

Rey bites the sob bubbling from her chest, shaking her head as she brandishes her lightsaber.

(Her sunshine flares against Ben's unyielding touch.)

Ben recognizes the touch, and Rey moves.

She pulls Poe just as Ben unsheathes his lightsaber, a red flame running after Poe as Rey pulls him. Rey directs the tip of her saber to Ben's chest.

The light from his eyes begins to fade just as his fingers uncurl from his saber.

(A thread snaps from the fabric of the Force.)

Rey turns, just in the time to catch Poe as he falls to his knees.

She holds him against her, relishing the softness of his worn flight suit against her bare arms.

He doesn't hold her back.

Rey guides his limp body to rest on her legs.

"Poe?" She whispers, her hand trembling as she cradles his face. She slides her other hand beneath his flight suit, settling her palm to his chest.

Rey rests her forehead against his and lets her tears fall, her silent pleas falling on deaf ears.

"Come back. Come back," she cries against Poe's unmoving lips. "We must survive this, Poe. Come back."

A steady hand cups her shoulder, pulling her back from her lover's body. Finn takes her in his arms. Rey tries to shake him off, her body shaking in denial. She covers Poe's body with hers, and Finn's own tears wet her bare shoulder as he holds them both.

Mournful beeps approach them from the side. BB-8 rolls sideways, crooning his master's name.

"Rey," a soft voice calls.

She meets General Organa's eyes. The older woman communicates her own grief with a look. "Please let them take him."

The medical team quickly lifts Poe's body to a gurney. Someone checks for his pulse, and one of the respondents make quick work of his suit. One of the doctors jump up the gurney and compresses on her lover's chest.

(She doesn't want to hope, but something swells on her chest. She keeps her hold on Poe's flicker. She doesn't know it is still within her grasp, but she doesn't loosen her grip.)

From her periphery, General Organa moves towards the fallen body of her son.

Rose pulls her from the side, and a wave of sadness engulfs her as her body falls limply against the other girl's.

Then there is nothingness.

(She feels General Organa's soothing blues as darkness dissipates from her touch.

She feels her tiny ray of sunshine nudge, loosening her hold on Poe. The tiny ray reaches, and Poe's flicker flares back.)

When the night was full of terrors
And your eyes were filled with tears
When you had not touched me yet
Oh, take me back to the night we met

(The Night We Met – Lord Hurton)

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