

## Return of the Osprey

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# Return of the Osprey

by [JujuPlumb](#)

## Summary

This short tells the story of what transpired after Rey fled Exegol with Ben's body.

All he wants is to see her again...

## Notes

Please \*Note\*

This Fic has no beta-reader.

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

# Naboo

## Morning

A flash of light blazes, burning his eyes under the lids.

They are so burdensome, something is weighing them down and keeping them closed.

Why can't he open them?

*Rey!* he calls in his mind before sliding back into a black chasm of emptiness.

An M.A.D. (Medical Analysis Droid) beeps soberly beside a bed.

The erratic heart rate projected from the cardiac monitor is slow, sad and faint.

Meanwhile, in another part of the bedchamber near a sofa, a little droid whirls around its owner's feet.

It twitters as it circles the space playfully.

Birds cheep loudly nearby and their wings flutter off in the distance.

A light breeze floats in through an eastern window of the large master suite, carrying fragrances of greenery and flowering flora.

Footfalls slowly approach the bed...

After a long deliberate pause and a listless sigh, the footsteps recede from the bed, leaving the room.

The curious droid follows closely behind and the door eases shut.

--

It's such a dark and cold place of nothingness, memories neglect to recount the treasures of yesterday.

He has lost himself, the Force, and unfortunately also every single connection to his beloved Rey.

It's strange and completely incomprehensible, but gods his head hurts!

Where did this pain come from?

Was it from the fall?

The last thing he remembers is falling upside down into a gigantic hole.

The pain in his head sears from the back to the front, creating a diabolical halo of throbbing torment.

He wants to hold his head to somehow stave off the fiery torture, but he can't feel his hands.

As a matter of fact, he can't even feel his body.

Drifting in this miserable place of limbo is most disorienting. He's an apparition, a soul detached from a body who only knows pain.

He is a man condemned to an eternity of lonesome suffering.

The pain shifts then tapers, and now there's a boisterous ringing inside his ears.

It vibrates wave after wave as if he were lying against a turbofan's steel surface as an aircraft ascends.

It's incessant, and he believes he will go bloody mad if it doesn't stop.

*Stop! Stop!* He shouts in his mind.

And suddenly it does, and then there is complete silence.

Ben marvels as the pain subsides further and disappears.

He supposes that his affliction, the unfathomable state he finds himself in may be a positive omen.

As he quiets and relaxes his mind he can hear the rhythmic beeping of the medical droid as it transmits his vitals.

With each passing second and palpable apprehension his heart accelerates.

Low melodious singing serenades from the other side of the wall in the adjoining room.

It stops suddenly.

The door swings open...

“Ben?”

He hears his name but can't respond.

Gods! it's her!

It's Rey!

Rey nears the edge of the bed and bends over brushing loose tendrils of silken hair away from his forehead.

She caresses his warm cheek with the back of her hand.

"Good, you're not cold today," she says, reassuring herself.

His deathly pale pallor is still unaffected, but the deep purpling around his eyes has faded a bit.

Her face is terribly grieved yet hopeful, as she adjusts the covers up and over his bare chest.

With extreme care and steady strokes, Rey lathers then shaves Ben's moustache.

In a downward motion, she slowly glides the steel razor gingerly under his nose.

She's nicked him in this tricky spot a few times in the past and elects not to relive it. She can't bear to shed anymore of his blood.

"All done, you beautiful man!" She declares, revelling in her newly acquired skill.

After two months not much is different, nonetheless, she does notice infinitesimal improvements the doctor asserts are only deceptive imaginings.

The doctors gave up on him, but she hasn't, and never will, not while there's breath in her body.

"Ben, please come back to me," she whispers in his ear before kissing it softly. "Please."

Ben wills his eyelids to open, but they won't budge.

Gods he can hear her!

He knows he's alive because he can hear her!

*Move! Damn it!* He shouts at his useless body.

None of this makes any sense.

What the hell happened to their connection?

Why can't she sense him?

They're supposed to be a dyad...

He pleads with the Force, *please, I'll never inquire of you again. Just let me look upon her one more time.*

A comm blares from the room across the hall and Rey backpedals away reluctantly from Ben's bed, watching his chest rise and fall.

She turns on her heels and leaves.

*Why have you forsaken me?* he rebukes the Force...

--

“No Finn, he’s the same...” Rey is somber, circumspect, and prefers not to answer. She keeps the details of his condition private.

“Maybe it’s time to... you know...” Finn’s voice echoes from the other end of the comm like a death knell.

“**No!** Don’t you dare say that!” She screams uncontrollably.

Remembering to govern herself, she inhales and exhales slowly, apologizing, “Finn... sorry..sorry.”

“The Osprey,” he understands her distress and switches the depressing subject to something more cheerful.

”When does it get there?”

She swallows thickly and answers a tad above a whisper, ”tomorrow. It arrives tomorrow...”

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## **Night**

D-O is idle, he reverses and bumps into Rey’s feet repeatedly while she perches on the oversized sofa.

He’s been quite a showoff since he got his stylish new casings and upgraded gears.

She stares across at Ben's deathly form, while she sits in a trance of concentration.

Everyday Rey enters his bedroom, she is arrested by the same thought that haunts her...

For the last sixty and a half standard days she's tried to use the Force's power to revive Ben.

Every single day she believes that it will work, regrettably it never does.

She sweeps the negativity aside and struts over to him, resolute that this time it will work. It must!

Rey lays her hand over Ben's stomach, like she did when she healed him from the fatal wound she inflicted.

She closes her eyes and siphons all the power she can, trying to funnel it into his helpless body.

He hears her labored suspirations intensify and is optimistic until a loud THUMP! confirms her failure once again.

Equal to her previous attempts, the Force crackles, surges then rebounds, knocking her to the floor.

Leia had shared that Ben's physical body remains in its natural state, but his spirit is no longer there, that it had become one with the Force.

Shaking her head in dismay, she also added that it was an inexplicable conundrum that shouldn't be questioned.

Luke on the other hand went as far to say that it may be a possibility the Netherworld had rejected Ben entirely.

He had assumed as much because neither he nor Leia had seen him on the other side.

Luke believed that Kylo Ren never truly accepted or became Ben Solo and that it was punishment for his transgressions.

Rey knew better however, but was too distraught at the time to argue.

What Ben is - is entombed by his own body.

Muted screams go unheard as his spirit and soul fight restlessly to be released from a lifeless prison.

Rey pushes herself up on her feet and brushes a trail of tears away. "I'm so sorry, Ben," she says, lugging herself to the bed and sitting.

Why was the Force doing this to him, to them. He had turned, and still it wasn't enough to appease the universe.

She takes his hand in hers and kisses it three times.

She lays next to him then rests her head on his chest and holds him tight, listening to the slow strum of his beating heart.

"They'll be here tomorrow," she whispers, drifting into a troubled slumber.

Ben is moved by her undying devotion to him and doesn't feel worthy to have her.

He never felt like he deserved her.

He doesn't.

But how he loves her!

He always has...

Ben weeps within.

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## **Morning**

Rey is livelier today, she dashes about the kitchen downstairs, singing a simple tune, one that sounds much like a riddle:

**Silver Osprey, Silver Osprey**

**You're bringing forth the chivalry**

**Mighty Osprey, Oh Mighty Osprey**

**With you my heart I long to be**

Her joyful melody resounds, rising higher and higher, D-O spins around the room in amusement.

Ben listens intently as Rey repeats the lyrics on a loop.

He has never heard the endearing song before, but something about it does seem familiar.

It does his heart good to hear her so happy and alive.

He is more lucid and present today, despite staying awake through the night, listening to Rey snore as she slept.

He fought the darkness for hours, afraid it would take him away from her. Forever.

The warmth of her body firmly pressed against his did offer some solace though.

Rey enters, walks over and sinks on the bed beside him.

He wishes he could see her perfect face, those inquisitive eyes that pierced daggers through his soul.

He should be the balm to all that ails her instead of the source of her pain.

She has always been so strong, much more than him.

He should have been gentler with her emotions and not allowed the barbarity of Kylo Ren to diminish her.

She needed tender affection, and softer words after the crude life of deprivation she had already been subjected to.

The ways of a woman are many and he was just on the cusp of learning more about the scavenger who stole his heart.

He would trade his life for just a taste of her.

Her pink lips, her earthy scent, her nails in his back, the feeling of himself slick and hot inside of her, her ecstatic expression as she found her release - he remembers it all.

They loved a life time's worth in the short time they shared together.

--

Rey faces an indigo hologram, it displays Ben's neuro analytics.

She almost chokes at what she finds!

Three days prior, the sonographic rendering of his brain was a dismal dark grey, but now white branches are actively spreading.

With shaky fingers she initiates the scan again and waits, biting her thumb in anticipation.

Devastating results knock the wind out of her...

A hollow bodement of death glares back.

Did she imagine the first scan?

Was she too hopeful?

Her comm shrieks and buzzes wildly on the stand, she snaps it up.

Disappointed, Rey presses her lips to Ben's, and gives his body a grim once over before slogging out of the mournful room.

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# Silver Osprey

## Chapter Notes

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

### Afternoon

The green fields of the estate are beautiful and expansive, spreading at least ten miles in every direction.

The Eastern Plains of Naboo are one of many planetary properties bequeathed to Ben by his dear mother.

She in turn had inherited the abundant plots from her mother.

A skyward boom bursts through the placidity in the open space.

Rey stands near a landing pad beyond a botanic esplanade at the rear of a terraced manor.

Lovely blooms of pink, purple and yellow line both sides of the promenade all the way to the home's sweeping verandas.

Everyday Rey gawks out of her bedroom dormer in wonder, and admires the breathtaking beauty that surrounds her.

She looks up, catching sight of a silver aircraft as it breaks atmosphere, slowing high above her.

The wind whips her hair and cloak as the craft descends. Involuntarily her mouth pulls into a wide grin, but the pain behind her eyes is undeniable.

Today is bittersweet.

Rey had modified the bird-like ship, '**The Osprey**' specifically for the purpose of carrying its precious cargo.

The hull was not only designed for searing lightspeed and blaster resistance, but also for stealth and systematic maneuverability.

When viewed from space, the craft appeared inconsequential among large warships, few knew of the deadly artillery housed descreetly within.

**PSSHH!**

A ramp lowers and BB-8 chirps, racing out toward her.

“Well done, my little friend,” she praises, patting his domed head.

He scans around inquisitively. “D-O’s inside, he’s been waiting for you,” she quips with a half smile.

BB spins off, chittering then vanishes.

Rey’s left leg shakes uncontrollably as she chews on a fingernail, watching a hooded figure descend from the landing platform.

She walks over to meet them.

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The woman pulls a sling over her head with one hand while cradling a bundle cuddled against her chest.

Rey reaches for the adorable bundle, “Thank you for this, Zorii, I don’t know how I could ever repay you.”

Rey kisses the forehead of a sleeping baby and carefully hoists the sling over her own shoulder.

“Well, for starters, I’m Auntie Zorii now,” she laughs, taking in a deep breath of fresh air.

They stroll toward the house. Rey lays her cheek against the warmth of the baby's soft head, then covers it from the chill.

Zorii surveys the sandstone mansion and the stream chasing grassy hills into the horizon.

"Wow this place is beautiful!" she exclaims, before observing Rey's sinking countenance.

She adjusts her tone and lowers her eyes, "how is he?"

Rey shakes her head and doesn't answer.

Zorii redirects warmly, "The weather's much cooler here."

An escort cruiser piloted by a Mandalorian lands and waits in the background.

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Happy giggles and squeaky gurgles fill a colorful nursery, "let mummy look at you, darling. You've grown so much!"

Rey lifts her babbling son and blows into his pinked tummy until he giggles again.

"You didn't forget me! Mummy's brilliant boy," she beams.

There's a tap on the opened door. "I really love this place but you know I can't stay," Zorii says, "I've got Poe and half a dozen bounty hunters breathing down my neck," she adds with a mischievous wink.

“Yes, I know,” Rey answers, slipping a sleeping gown on her son. The baby kicks his feet in contentment with bright eyes glued to his mother.

Zorii is itching to ask a question as she watches Rey dress the baby. Something she’s been very curious about these last two months.

She reaches out with her hand but hesitates...inching in closer, she goes for it.

“Did he even know he has a kid?”

Rey pauses, reminiscing on how Ben found out about their child conceived on Ahch-To.

“He did. He found out about Israh... in the end.”

A gloomy shadow of grief creeps over her and she pulls Israh into her bosom.

Zorii is saddened by this but tries not to show it. “Duty calls. I’ve got a rendezvous in an hour with a crew of Mandalorians...real sorry I can’t stay,” she squeezes Rey’s shoulder.

“We’ll be okay. Finn should be here in a week.”

She lifts Israh higher on her shoulder and kisses his forehead, he babbles, chewing on a little thumb.

“I just wish I didn’t have to leave him so often. He’s gotten two more teeth since I’ve seen him last,” she grouses.

“Listen, you did the best you could to protect your child. I’d do the same thing if I had a kid. Never regret that! I’ll check in on you two later” Zori consoled.

-----

## Night

A baby's cry startles Ben awake, he had fallen asleep but strangely wasn't hauled into the abyssal place he feared.

Perhaps he imagined the disturbance.

Wherever he was, he was absolutely certain that no baby resided there.

It's quiet for a moment then...

There it is again - he hears the unmistakable sound of a whining baby.

Could it be?

His baby?

Damn it to hell! How could he forget he was a father?

Everything had happened so quickly, one thing on the heel of another, he really didn't have the time to truly process his paternal responsibility.

Rey enters the room with a fussy Israh, and plumps herself on the sofa. "I've pumped everyday while we were apart, now I finally get to feed you myself," she shushes the hungry baby, placing her nipple in his pouting mouth.

He latches right away, gripping her top with plump fingers.

It's the first time she's holding their son in Ben's presence, it's a cherished occasion for her, for them, in spite of Ben's unconsciousness.

She sings the Osprey song to Israh, smoothing wisps of brown hair on his crown as he nurses noisily.

Rey remembered wanting to let him in, wanting to share her secret, but the threat of Kylo Ren was too great to take that chance.

She continues to sing merrily, ecstatic that her child is finally with her.

--

Ben lingers on every syllable that Rey sings, basks in every sucking sound his son makes, and his heart melts away.

If he died right now, he would die a perfectly happy man.

He shudders within, remembering the moment he learnt that he fathered a child...

*Rey had just lanced Kylo Ren in the stomach with his own saber.*

*She placed her hand upon the wound to heal him when the Force flowed through her and rushed into him.*

*She flooded so much of herself in those moments, desperate to save his life that even sacred memories hidden safely behind the rampart of her shields were instantly exposed.*

*The revered revelations were conveyed simultaneously as the Force entered him.*

*They were bold and in color. Poignant images of her deepest secrets on full display before his eyes.*

*One of her memories captured his attention straightaway, it was a newborn with an umbilical cord still attached as he squirmed between his mother's breasts.*

*The hands that had lain the glowing babe there belonged to none other than General Leia.*

*"Guard your feelings! Keep them hidden like I taught you, Rey. Ben can never know!" Leia warned.*

*The baby was born completely enveloped in the incandescence of the Light. He was destined to become a powerful healer!*

*Ben was stunned speechless, unable to utter a single word. After Rey healed him, she caressed his face.*

*Little did he know that her ensuing words would change the entire course of his execrable life.*

*"I've already taken Ben's hand, my love, it was Kylo Ren's I never wanted," she said sincerely. In that moment she was aware her secret was no longer hidden, she sensed when it was*

*transferred to him through the Force. A grievous price she was willing to pay to save him from death.*

*She bent down and kissed his lips before sprinting off. He wanted to pull her into his arms, but the residual effects of his healing and the weight of the revelation mummified him. He could only sit and watch her leave.*

Ben weeps as the memory plays, recognizing that he won't ever get to hold his own child.

It's difficult for him to imagine that she was pregnant when Snoke tortured her on the Supremacy.

She was Compromised, but still managed to help him defeat the Praetorian Guards and save their lives.

Rey had told him that she held his hand, but neglected to tell him that she had had his child.

It still stings, but he understands and is grateful for the blessing that held so much hope.

He realizes now that he couldn't be trusted as Kylo Ren. As difficult as it was for him to admit, he knew that they had done the right thing.

Hearing them...

Longing for them.

His family.

It's too much.

He's overwhelmed.

Ben sobs bitterly until he actually feels tears roll down his cheeks.

-----

Rey lays Israh on her left shoulder, soothing him in slow circular motions.

With a smirk she muses over the raised scar that remains there.

It's a crescent shaped bite mark she wears proudly, given to her in Ben's heated moment of passion.

He was so sympathetic when he saw the blood stains.

"I've ruined you," he had said, glaring at her shoulder then between her legs.

"I wanted you to," she had replied.

--

"Are you ready to meet daddy?" She asks, laden with melancholy.

She stands and the baby coos, teething on his thumb, happy his belly is full.

"I've wanted you to meet him for so long, but it wasn't meant to be..."

She reflects on her conversation with Finn and his harsh words. There was plausible truth in what he suggested.

Perhaps it was time to say farewell to her greatest love in all the worlds...

Rey sits on the bed trembling, and can't suppress her heartbreak any longer - she bawls out loud!

Israh frowns, his dimpled cheeks redden, then he cries too.

"I'm so sorry, love. Mummy doesn't have a daddy for you," she whimpers, rocking the baby.

Hearing the agonized cries from the two people he loves the most, ignites a stronger fight in Ben...

After calming herself and baby Israh, Rey turns to position his face against his father's,"Say goodbye to—"

—she notices tears flowing out of Ben's eyes and down his cheeks.

"What the-?"

**He's crying!**

She whips to her feet, tapping into his diagnostics and neuro-imaging-  
Force!

Literally every segment of his brain is lit up.

"MAD, run a full CT now!"she instructs the unit, afraid to celebrate prematurely.

A 3D hologram flashes, illuminating like a sublight engine in hyperspace.

"Ben!" she laughs maniacally. "Oh Ben, I knew it! You're going to be alright."

She waits for another miraculous manifestation while drying his tears and planting kisses about his face.

She waits, kisses his lips again and...nothing else happens.

-----

**Later**

Disappointed, but gloriously expectant she lulls Israh to sleep. He nestles against her bosom, snuggled in his sling.

Rey roves up and down Ben's majestic body, she lifts the sheet and sneaks a peek at his nakedness underneath.

Her eyes lock between his legs.

His length is slightly engorged and is laying brazenly to the right.

"I know you can hear me, Ben. For Force sake wake up!" she says eagerly.

Rey loops the sling over Ben's head and settles Israh to sleep on his father.

After a while, reluctantly, she drifts off as well.

-----

## **Much Later**

Ben lies there beaming ear to ear.

His heart is full.

He can feel the warmth of his son asleep on his chest, and Rey at his side where she belongs.

Rey grimaces in restless sleep as she embraces them both, oblivious to his lucidity.

He wants to touch them so badly - so badly that - Force! His fingers are tingling.

His thumb twitches involuntarily - then the other fingers follow, tingling and twitching.

With great effort he grunts, gliding his hand from beside his thigh, sliding it up slowly toward the delightful weight of his baby.

The achievement is painstaking!

His fingers find something he makes out in his mind as a foot and little toes.

He strokes them one by one.

Purposely, he drags his hand over the cushion of Israh's diaper then along the soft back of his dreaming enfant.

Gently he cradles his son's head in his hand, while more tears escape.

Ben's thumb massages the downy hair on the baby's head and he tries to open his eyes.

He's frantic to see his face, to see their faces...

Suddenly, it feels like a spitting saber pierces his eyeballs - and he squints his eyes open...

Everything's blurry, but gladly his sense of smell has returned. The glorious scent of his child, and the familiar aroma of his beloved wafts in his nostrils.

## **Morning**

Rey yawns and stretches then blinks her eyes open.

Israh is gone!

So is Ben!

She jumps to her feet scanning the room like a mad woman until their eyes meet.

He's on the sofa, leering affectionately at her from across the room, the sheet wrapped loosely around his waist.

"Shh," he hushes with a broad weary smile, Israh clings to him in the sling. The corners of his eyes crinkle at her in adoration, a smile of complete satisfaction lifts his face.

"Ben!"

she sprints over and hops on his lap, grabbing him by the neck and crushing her lips to his.

He caresses her back down to her hips.

Israh stirs in his parent's commotion.

She reaches to hike the baby up...

but Ben grips her wrist and crooks Israh's head under his chin.. "Rey, please don't take him away from me," he says in a weak voice.

She nods, positively stunned to see him sitting up and here with her. She leans in kissing his lips again, he kisses her back softly.

Regarding his weakened state, she sits next to him and takes his hand.

"I love you, Ben," she confesses, staring up at him, unquestionably lovesick.

He brushes his thumb over her lips, "I know," he says hoarsely.

Ben lays down, nuzzles his head in Rey's lap and stares up into her eyes. "It's your love that brought me back."

"I would die for you," she blurts out, bending down to kiss his chin and lips.

She runs trembling fingers through his wavy hair and cries uninhibited tears of joy.

Ben's eyes are also rimming over with tears.

He skims his mouth over hers, breathless against her lips "I would rather you didn't. Once is quite enough, sweetheart," he smiles

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## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!

I may consider adding another chapter in the future...we shall see.

If you enjoy Reylo babies and want a longer read, check out my fic "Galactic Mosaic."

For a shorter read, there's "Identities."

Stay Safe Beautiful Ones!

## End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!!!

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