

Permission Slip

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Permission Slip

by [HerSistersKeeper](#)

Summary

Contrary to popular belief, field trips were the bane of Rey Kenobi's teaching existence. At least, they had been-- then little Logan Solo volunteered his dad to help chaperone, and suddenly, there's not enough field trips in the world for her third grade class.

Based on @reylo_prompts post: "Curious Cat prompt: Ben is the single parent of a child in Rey's elementary school class, and he works flexible hours, so he always volunteers for class trips. The kids ship them."

For @Trixie_Ren

Notes

Another So Dad(Dy) Ben Solo fic for your woes and mine 😊. Thank you so much for reading!!❤️

Chapter 1

Contrary to popular belief, field trips were the bane of Rey Kenobi's existence.

Well, perhaps not the actual trips. In her five years of teaching third grade at Chandrila Elementary, seeing the wonder in her students' eyes as they explored principles they learned in class was rewarding in itself.

However, organizing these trips? Absolute hell.

Rey knew that it wasn't anyone's fault in particular that she had been heading up the field trip committee since she took over for Ms. Kanata, but each year, there was something different to fret over.

Her first year, it had been funding. Public school funding was always something of a running joke among her colleagues, but there was nothing as nerve-wracking as not having enough money for a trip the kids were so looking forward to, especially after permission slips and the accompanying money were already collected.

Rey didn't know if she could stomach the smell of chocolate-chip cookies anymore when she thought back to the last-ditch bake sale she had put together for that year, but they had managed.

The next year, it had been a question of how many trips. The next, how many teachers could go. The year after that, it was funding again, though, that time, thank the baking gods, some wealthy donor had stepped in and promised money for the next two years. (She still didn't know who L.O.S. was, but she owed them her sanity for the generous gift.)

Which brought her to this year: not enough parents volunteered to chaperone. As someone who worked with children, Rey understood that parents were busy. Work-life balance was something she still struggled with, and she was able to send "her" kids home at the end of the day. She couldn't imagine the juggling act some of her students' families were doing on the daily, and she wasn't about to throw another item into their already crowded hands if she could help it.

So, yes, when little Logan Solo had piped up at the beginning of the week and volunteered his father as a chaperone for the rest of the year, she may have shed a few grateful tears.

True, she had made sure to tell Logan to bring back the permission slip with his father's signature to make sure that the older Solo knew he was getting himself into (she still remembers how Armitage Hux, her fourth grade counterpart, swore that he had sold his soul to hell when he had agreed to partner up for a field trip two years ago, and she didn't much care for the indirect she-devil implication, thank you very much)....but it would be foolish to underplay her relief that it wouldn't just be her, Mr. Dameron from across the hall, Dameron's husband Finn, and little Brienne Phasma's mother trying to corral forty-five kids on Friday's trip to the aquarium.

Never mind the fact that she hadn't actually met Mr. Solo yet. Logan, even though his brown eyes sparkled with mischief, his smile currently missing a bottom front tooth, was a good kid. True, it was only November, but she didn't have a reason to call Mr. Solo in for a conversation about the child's grades or behavior.

For that alone, she probably counted Logan's dad among her favorite parents this year... and not just because he had Logan's grandmother drop off a bottle of wine emblazoned with a label of "My kid is probably why you drink," complete with a picture of Logan hamming it up. (It *was* a very good cabernet sauvignon though, and it *had* gotten her through grading several cursive exercises.)

Logan had returned with the permission slip on Tuesday, an extra note jotted down under Mr. Solo's signature (which, to Rey's relief, wasn't written in pencil or resembled Logan's sloppy scrawl). *"I'm a freelancer who always has Fridays off. Just let me know when the field trips are, and I'll be there."*

Oh, Mr. Solo was definitely her favorite person in the world right now, and she told Logan to tell his dad as much. As he raced out of the classroom for recess that day, she had considered asking the eight-year-old about his guardian, but then shelved the thought. It didn't really matter what Mr. Solo was like-- he could be old, wrinkled and senile as long as he helped out with field trips.

Maybe that thought, that decision to envision Mr. Solo as older, would be her fatal mistake. No, scratch that: it was her fatal mistake, because when little Logan Solo walked in early Friday morning, his father in tow, Rey hadn't been prepared to forget how to breathe. For a moment, she forgot how to operate a raincoat's zipper, much to the confusion of nine-year-old Bradley Wexley, owner of said raincoat. She had never expected to be the type to have a literal child wave their hand in her face, chanting her name in growing confusion, but there she was at 7:36 a.m.

She wasn't sure how old she had expected Mr. Solo to be, but she could easily say that he was much younger than she thought he'd be. And maybe much too attractive than he had any right to be, for being the parent of one of her students. Whiskey-colored eyes glanced at her and then away, back to Logan, with whom he shared a similar mop of dark wavy hair.

He seemed to have a great smile, even if it was currently small, more akin to a smirk, and there were beauty spots dotting his face, like angels had kissed him. (*Angels? Really, you doofus?* She'd ask herself later, but she still stood by it.)

To top that all off, of *course* , he had to be broad-shouldered, strong looking, a dark button down tucked into blue jeans under his leather jacket, and Rey had to thank the gods and little Bradley Wexley that she was already stooping to help with that stupid tiny raincoat zipper, because her knees would have buckled under her.

Shit. She straightened up, tried to keep her eyes averted, tried to busy herself, turning to her desk, but that didn't change the fact that she was very well aware Mr. Solo was on his way over, a grinning Logan leading the way.

This field trip just got harder for a completely different reason, and Rey wasn't quite sure if she was as grateful as she had been literally five minutes prior.

Field trips: as always, the bane of her teaching existence. Typical.

"Guess what Miss Kenobi is like," Logan's voice was demanding but playful in the backseat of the car, and Ben peeked at his son via the rearview mirror and smirked.

This was a common game for them, and maybe the easiest way to get Logan to share about his day. Ben couldn't remember when the game had started, or how, much like he couldn't remember what life was like before he became a parent right out of college, but he did know that it was Logan's favorite.

"Hmmm, let me see," he mused, following the curve of the road and pausing at a stop sign. "Is she grandma's age?"

The boy giggled, shaking his head as he fiddled with his lunchbox. "Younger."

"Oh, so she's definitely forty-two," Ben insisted with confidence, his son shrieking with laughter.

"No!"

By the time they pulled into the elementary school parking lot, Ben had guessed that Miss Kenobi had a cat, that she was actually the tooth fairy, and that she could wiggle her nose. The only guess his son hadn't rejected was the fairy one, a theory that Logan conceded was a possibility, seeing that his teacher had put his newly lost tooth into a special bag and sealed it with a bit of fairy dust and a special note to his dad just the week before.

Still, there wasn't enough time for Logan to correct his dad as he now lead him down the fall and to the blue and purple fish decorated door of his classroom.

The last time Ben Solo had come into contact with a third grade teacher, it had been Ms. Maz Kanata some twenty-two years ago. (Logan would argue that, since "Uncle" Poe was a third grade teacher, it had been much sooner, but Ben disagreed. He had gone to college with Poe, and could not compromise the image of frat king, keg-standing Poe "The Pilot" Dameron with the supposedly professional Mr. Dameron.)

Was it maybe silly of him to assume that the Miss Kenobi his son wouldn't stop talking about was a matron, like Ms. Kanata? Definitely, but he hadn't known that until two minutes ago,

when he walked into the classroom and nearly choked on his tongue.

In his defense, there wasn't a way for him to *know* that Miss Kenobi was twenty-five or twenty-six and totally gorgeous.

Logan, understandably, since he was more interested in Legos and Galaxy Battles, had never waxed poetic on his teacher's looks. True, at many dinners and multiple after-school drives, his mini-me had noted that Miss Kenobi was "really pretty" and "super smart," but he used the same qualifiers to describe his grandmother.

Ben shut his eyes for a moment, tried to will a mistake in the universe, for an actual matron to walk into the room and the beautiful woman with the freckles and hazel eyes to be a teaching assistant or something. Anything to make him feel even the slightest better about practically drooling over the woman surrounded by eight and nine-year-olds.

Instead, the universe seemed to point and laugh at him, his son tugging on his hand and huffing at him exasperated. " *C'mon* , dad! You said you wanted to meet Miss Kenobi!"

Had he said that? Maybe he had. But when?

Ben wracked his brain, tried to remember. He had missed parent-teacher conferences in October due to a strenuous deadline at the tech company he worked at, so it wouldn't surprise him if he had promised his son to finally meet the woman who made the eight-year-old love science more than chicken nuggets and Saturday morning cartoons.

Really, that had been his downfall-- wanting to spend more time with his kid and seeing him enjoy learning. Something sentimental and maybe laughable, considering how STEM had basically ruled his life up until two years ago. Sure, he considered himself a freelancer, but it had taken forever to be in a stable point in his career. Now he had a contract, had health benefits and a 401K with the company. The stability didn't change the fact that his schedule was now far more flexible... nor did it change the fact that it's what led him to this odd moment in time, at the mercy of a bunch of third-graders and their teacher.

He let his son drag him along, darting between the tiny desks that barely came to his knees it seemed, to the larger desk, where Miss Kenobi was flipping through papers, probably trying to find an attendance sheet. He wasn't sure where he should focus: if he focused on her feet, his eyes would drift up to her legs, which seemed to go on for days, which would lead his eyes to her pencil-skirt clad ass...and dear god, he needed to get a grip.

He *would not* be the single dad perving on the teacher. He *refused*. Besides, she was probably married, like most third grade teachers were.

His eyes darted to her left hand, her ring finger bare. *Wrong again. Dammit.*

"Miss Kenobi!" Logan's voice seemed louder than usual, and he almost hushed his son, but then Miss Kenobi smiled, and Ben forgot how to use his mouth. *Dammit.*

She smiled at him shyly, her lips pink, her chestnut hair pulled back in a half up-do. She seemed to be flushing a bit against her dark-red turtleneck, but he was probably imagining things. The heat was turned up rather high for this point in the school year, right? She was probably overheating, like he was.

(Probably for different reasons, but it was fine, right? No harm, no foul as long as he kept his mouth shut.)

"This is my dad." Logan grinned up at the two of them, thankfully oblivious to the internal crisis his old man was going through right now.

His little face grew solemn for a moment, his small hand patting his teacher's. "I told him that you said thank you for the grape juice he sent for parent meetings and that he's your favorite person ever."

Ben heard himself sputter now, his eyes wide as his stare snapped to his son. "Logan!"

At the same time, Miss Kenobi giggled nervously, crossing her arms, her face flushed to match her sweater's hue. "It's alright-- I did mean it. It helps a lot to have an extra set of eyes on these kids."

"I can imagine," he mumbled, his son smiling all too widely. "Still, Logan and I have had a few conversations about oversharing and--"

"I wasn't oversharing!" Logan insisted, obstinate. "It's not like I told her that you guessed that she was forty-two!"

Ben wondered, for a moment, if it was too early in the day to find some adult grape juice of his own and drink himself into a stupor. He was starting to understand why his parents didn't tell him a lot of things when he was Logan's age.

"Honestly, I'd rather be forty-two some days," Miss Kenobi murmured with a shrug. "Most parents think I'm sixteen."

"You're sixteen?" Logan gasped, his eyes bugging out.

"Add ten to sixteen and that's how old I am," she answered patiently, her eyes lighting up with pride as the boy's brow furrowed and then smoothed, puffing his chest out.

"You're twenty-six!"

"You're absolutely right," Rey cooed, and Ben wondered how he hadn't melted into a puddle yet. Goddammit.

"Logan, do you want to go tell Kyle that he's line leader today? It's your turn to be the caboose." With an excited cry, Logan scampered off and Ben looked to his feet.

Shit. No more hiding behind his kid.

He jerked his head up at the woman's hum, found her hand up and offered to him in a handshake. "Hi. You can call me Rey, Mr. Solo."

"Ben," he blurted, hurriedly accepting her hand, hoping that he wasn't crushing it in his large palm. "Logan told me a lot about you."

"I'm at a disadvantage then," Rey mused, her cheeks pinkening again. "I mean, not that I need to know more past that you help him with his homework and pack his lunches."

"Right," he agreed, the two falling into silence for a moment before she shrugged again, plucked up a sheet of paper.

"I should probably do roll. See you on the bus in five?"

"I'll be there," he assured her, wondering if he could kick the stupid out of the phrase as she turned away, cajoling her class into a straight line by the door.

Ben was very aware of Poe's grin and raised eyebrows when the group emerged from room 104, the other third grade class waiting in the hall. He already knew that Logan's godfather would taunt him later, say something like "This is what you get for Logan not being in my class this year."

Still, he couldn't find it in him to regret volunteering, not when Miss Rey's eyes flickered to him and Logan at the back of the line ...even if it didn't change the fact that this was about to be the longest bus ride of his damn life.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hello! I come bearing gifts of single dad Ben again!

In all seriousness, thank you for bearing with me. This semester was crazy, and while I did have half a chapter written, I had the worst case of writer's block that didn't pass until last night.

Hopefully I can finish this before the new semester, eh?

As always, thank you for reading! I hope you enjoy!

The bus ride to the aquarium wasn't particularly fun for Ben.

First off, he was much too tall for the tiny seats, his knees pressing up into the seat in front of him, his shoulders hunched almost pathetically. It made him feel a bit better that one of the other chaperones, Mrs. Phasma, also looked squished in her seat, the two unintentionally towering over the rest of the group... but still. It sucked.

Secondly, it hurt just a bit that Logan didn't want to sit with him. He understands, he does-- his son took after Grandpapa Solo, able to chatter and charm just about anyone, all with the same devil-may-care smile Han possessed, but it doesn't make him feel any less *weird* about sitting alone on a bus full of children.

Which brought him to the third bad aspect of the trip to the aquarium: he, for the life of him, could not take his eyes off Miss Kenobi.

He knows that he's failing the first and only job he has on this trip-- make sure that the kids stay safe, be it from strangers, each other or even themselves-- but his eyes are drawn to her like a moth to a flame. She moves her head to glance at something, he does the same. She smiles, and he does too. It is the worst game his heart has ever made him play, and that's counting when he played truth or dare in seventh grade, only to be dared to go home by his crush.

(For the record, he did go home. It hurt like hell, but Ben Solo always does what he's dared to do during Truth or Dare. Those are the rules, after all.)

It had been a long while since anyone had caught his eye. In some fairness to him, it's not like he had the *time* to be distracted by a relationship. He was aware that it was normal to ache for someone to have and to hold, and he would never naysay the possibility of soulmates (especially since his parents seemed to be a great example, even if they preferred sarcasm to sweet nothings).

He was just very aware that none of that was for *him*.

The last time he had loved, he had lost-- big time. Some days, he thought of how he couldn't convince Logan's mother to stay, and some days, he could mistake the aching he felt when he thought of her as a remnant of his love for her. But she wasn't ready for motherhood, a relationship, any of it.

He had been barely prepared for fatherhood, and far be it from him to throw an extra load on his shoulders. Well, his shoulders, and Logan's.

Dating when you're a single parent is hard. Oh, he had had his fair share of admirers in the past few years, but they would all either cool towards him once they learned about Logan, or there just wouldn't be that click, the settling of a piece to the puzzle, for him.

Ben had been in several tempestuous relationships (the one he had shared with Logan's mother had been an extreme example, and he winced to think of it now) and he wasn't about to drag his son into the middle of anything of the like. The stress was too much, the possibility for breaking his son's heart wasn't worth it. He and his son were happy as is.

Why then, was his heart taking a flying leap over the edge with this crush on Miss Kenobi? It didn't make *sense*.

Sure, his mother had smirked at him when he told her that he was chaperoning the school trip, made some sweet (and possibly sneaky) comment about how lovely Logan's teacher was. His mother knew him well, and always had his best interests at heart, but he doubted that she could sense the turmoil he'd be going through at 9:17 a.m. on the back of a school bus that smelled of Play-doh and a preteen's gym locker.

Ben knew nothing about Miss Kenobi. He knew that much, and a sly voice in the back of his mind told him to grill Poe about his fellow teacher. He shook his head at the thought. *Like she'd give me the time of day. Like she has time to date someone like me.*

Ben Solo wasn't an idiot when it came to the responsibilities of a teacher. He was Poe's roommate in college, and had a front row seat to his friend's stress when it came to student teaching, and later, when he got his own classroom. One had to make lesson plans, prepare materials, ensure the health and learning of their students, all while tending to themselves at some point in the day.

It wasn't a normal nine-to-five job, and if he was worried about adding another thing to his schedule, his life, he would be an inconsiderate idiot to not think about the stress that dating him would put on Miss Kenobi.

Cool it, Solo. You literally met her today. She probably thinks that you're another creepy parent.

So no, Ben was bent on not doing anything about this budding crush. Now if the rest of him could catch up, get the memo, maybe he could survive this field trip in one piece.

He still strained to hear everything she's saying, no matter how irrelevant it was to him. It's not like it matters to him what her answer to little Gwen is, or if she laughs or not at the silly knock-knock joke Bradley tells her. (Although, he's pretty sure she just told this kid Jimmy not to lick his seatmate for the fourth-and-a-half time, and he can't help but wonder if Logan is in the same class as the next Jeffrey Dahmer. Still, in the long-run, that would be irrelevant too. He hoped.)

So no, he doesn't hear Poe saying his name the first six times after they disembark the bus, the kids milling around and stretching, most of them now crowding around Miss Kenobi as she claps her hands. He barely feels a tap on the shoulder, the tug on his hand.

He *does* feel the wet willy Poe gives him, and he *does* hear Logan's laughter as he narrowly avoids dropping a cuss word in front of the forty so children in the vicinity.

Unfortunately, the almost slip does bring her attention to him, and he supposes that she isn't glaring, or frowning, or telling him to stay on the bus. Instead, she's offering him a tissue from her purse, her smile apologetic.

"Sorry about him. Mr. Dameron is a bit of a trickster. He did the same to me and a few other teachers during inservice this year." Her smile seems to shrink as she thinks about it. "I'd offer you hand sanitizer for your ear, but I don't know if that's a good idea. There's a reason why I became a teacher and not a doctor."

"It's fine, really," Ben assured her. It really wasn't fine-- his ear canal was thoroughly wet from Poe's 'gift,' and he wondered if it'd be immature to give his son's godfather a wedgie in retaliation.

Miss Kenobi giggled, her look a bit nervous. "It's probably wise not to say that out loud."

"Of course, that's what I say out loud. F--" He caught the teacher's warning look, an almost feral flash of her hazel eyes, and Ben froze, his mouth amending the word on his tongue. "--udge. Fudge."

Like *hell* does he want to be on her bad side. It's the right decision to make, her smile at him brilliantly bright, almost like the bright gold stars she'd put on Logan's spelling tests when he got 100%.

"There you go. Trust me, I've caught myself half a million times since I started teaching. Creatively swearing but not swearing is an extreme sport," Miss Kenobi soothed, her gaze shifting away now, sighing. "I'll be right back. Jimmy is licking Tabitha again."

"Good luck," Ben ventured, wondering if the universe could manifest and slap him upside the head for sounding so idiotic. Another wet willy, this time to the other ear and this time from

his son, aided by Poe, was apparently the universe's actual response.

He closed his eyes, counted to ten, tried to remember why it would be a bad idea to give Poe a swirly in the aquarium bathroom. The thought of Miss Kenobi's warning look was enough to get his mind away from revenge, but still he sighed.

Yes, this was going to be a long *fudging* day.

Logan Solo is well aware that he doesn't know a lot of things. He still asks why the sky is blue, and sometimes he forgets the different types of clouds, but anything that he does know now is because of his dad and his teacher.

And sure, he's only eight and a quarter years old (he did the math himself), and he doesn't *quite* know how love works, but he does know that Miss Kenobi would be absolutely perfect for his dad. He just *knows* .

He had seen enough Disney movies while at his Uncle Poe's house to know that, when the princess meets the prince, there's a certain look that both of them have. His dad had that look when he saw Miss Kenobi, and Miss Kenobi was as close to a princess as they could come in America.

(Where Miss Kenobi was from, there are queens and princes, but Miss Kenobi insisted that she wasn't a part of that family. Logan and the rest of his classmates didn't believe her. That was exactly what an undercover princess *would* say.)

So yes, it's totally accidentally-on-purpose when he sneaks away from his dad and their group to join Miss Kenobi's group. It's not a far sneak-- really, it's a mere room away, away from the stingrays, down the hall and onto the tropical fish tanks. But it's far enough to put a plan into action.

Even if he doesn't really have a plan. He hasn't thought this far ahead. He just knows what he knows, and sometimes, in the movies Grandma watches on Hallmark will have a kid being what she called a 'matchmaker.'

True, Logan wants to grow up and be a teacher like Uncle Poe, or maybe a mechanic like Grandpapa, but he thinks he can be a good matchmaker. His grandma had told him so, after all.

Which brings him back to the task at hand-- making a plan to get his two favorite adults together. He doesn't know a lot, but he knows his dad...and his dad worries. A lot. So much, in fact, that Logan is definitely sure within two minutes, his dad will be over here, all pale and searching but also back in Miss Kenobi's space so they could talk again.

Someone who he should know better? Miss Kenobi, who he forgot was *really* good at paying attention, who always knew who was trying to cheat on spelling tests, or who was talking during silent reading time.

Miss Kenobi, who immediately noticed the newest addition to her group, and was staring at him with a raised eyebrow, but hadn't said anything yet. Logan wasn't sure why at first-- maybe it was because she was busy telling her group about clownfish or because she figured that his dad gave him the go ahead.

Really, as Logan now found out, feeling himself tugged by the scruff of his jacket, it was because Uncle Poe had also seen him sneak off, and was here to return him to his dad. "Come on, little man." The teachers nodded to each other, and the younger Solo felt himself droop at Poe's words:

"Don't worry-- I'll take him straight back to Ben." A parting wink, a cheesy bow that made the other third graders giggle. Logan swallowed down the thick lump in his throat, trailing slowly along now, back down the hall, back to the stingrays.

He met his godfather's eyes, glanced to Miss Kenobi again and sighed, shaking his head. It almost felt like losing a round of Mario Cart, and Logan could all but hear the mascot sigh in disappointment with him. *Game Over.*

He looked to Uncle Poe again, and there was a new look to the man's face, something of recognition, something like scheming. Despite himself, Logan grinned. Maybe he was back in the game after all.

Uncle Poe was the best at schemes after all, and if there was anyone who could see how perfect his dad and his teacher would be together, it was Logan's godfather.

With that in mind, Logan slipped back into his group, his father raising an eyebrow at him, offering him a smile even still.

Maybe Miss Kenobi wouldn't be talking to Dad in a while, but at least he knew that there was a possibility brewing.

After all, Uncle Poe had a plan. They had everything they needed.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hello! The first week of the semester was killer but I'm (tentatively) back and updating!
I hope you enjoy!

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

Logan's ideas of schemes were different from Poe's. He had to hand it to the kid-- he was creative, suggesting ways to get his dad and Miss Kenobi in the same room again, be it by misbehaving and requiring a parent-teacher meeting, or something more direct, like pushing them into a closet and not letting them out unless they kiss.

Logan also had drawn up said plan with his extra nice colored pencils, carefully scribbling as the bus had rumbled on, sitting by the window, his godfather blocking any outside eyes from so much as peeking. While Poe appreciated the thoroughness, he also knew that these drawings would definitely never make it on the fridge, because this mission was too secret.

In the end, Poe had decided to take a more direct approach-- open communication. Logan had scoffed at him, asked where the fun was in that, before scooting out of the bus seat to join his class again.

Maybe it wasn't as daring, wasn't as bold, but Poe knew what would work and what wouldn't. Locking a parent and a co-teacher in the janitorial closet would be hilarious, but really only effective in pissing two close friends off and possibly resulting in him losing his job.

So, yes, Poe decided to be safe, bide his time, wait for things to settle. The time came now, Ben kicked back on the couch, nursing a beer and looking very much like someone about to be ambushed.

“So, you survived your first field trip. How you feeling, papa?” Poe grinned at Ben, plopping on the couch beside him, the other man sighing and clinking his beer bottle against his, a weary cheers.

The bus ride back to school had been more than a few hours ago, but Poe-- Mr. D, as his students called him-- still buzzed with excitement. It had been a good field trip, with only one kid having to be put in a time out (Jimmy, who couldn't seem to keep his damn tongue to himself). He always enjoyed sharing science with his kids, and to do it with extra resources and hands on experiences...well, nothing could compare.

It always felt this way after a field trip, and Poe wondered if the adrenaline high he was coming down from was similar to that of athletes after the big game or performers after the big show.

Still, he couldn't shake off the rush of nerves that had been building up since his silent agreement with Logan. He cast a sidelong look to Ben, his longest and best friend in the world, and tried to work up the courage to push the man to make a risk.

Ben had been there for Poe at every major turn of his life-- college, coming out, becoming a teacher, marrying the love of his life. Hell, Logan had been around for the last one, serving as ring-bearer as best man Ben had pushed him down the aisle. So it felt right for it to be Poe to usher the Solo boys into the newest adventure-- dating as a single parent.

Logan had tossed his godfather a *look* when he asked Finn to do storytime tonight, and even though the kid wasn't quite nine-years-old yet, Poe had to admit that he was too smart for his own good. It was a rather good time to broach the topic of a certain co-teacher of his, the evening sun having finished setting in the distance, a pizza dinner cleaned up and put away.

Better yet, Ben was hosting, and Poe was banking on that. A man couldn't exactly walk away from a conversation in his own home, with his son tucked in bed a few rooms away.

Ben still hadn't answered Poe's question, but he didn't mind: it was the guy's first time chaperoning a field trip, an event that felt like the Boston marathon and a last-minute school presentation rolled into one. The fact that he wasn't guzzling his beer down, trying to drink to forget, was already a good sign.

Ben wiped his lips, grimaced, "I think my back is fucked up from those damn seats. I don't remember buses being so small."

“Well, yeah, bud. You make the rest of us look like hobbits.” Poe grinned, shrugging off the sour look he was being treated to now. “Still, you can’t beat some quality time with your kid as he discovers the wonders of education.”

“I guess you’re right.” They clinked their bottles again, lapsed into comfortable silence, though it was clear that there was something hanging in the air.

A thought? A question? A confession? Poe wasn’t sure, but he did know that, whatever it was, it had to be coaxed from Ben. He had gotten better since Logan’s birth, but sometimes, feelings were a foreign territory to Solo. Unknown terrain, even though he felt *so damn much*.

Poe would know. He had seen the man go through at least three break-ups while living together. Ben Solo having feelings wasn’t always a pleasant picture.

It was Finn who broke the silence, his partner emerging from Logan’s room and padding down the hallway, his voice just quiet enough to not be shushed by the dad or teacher. “Have you asked him about Rey yet?”

Poe wasn’t quite sure who the question was addressed to, only that Ben’s eyes bugged out for a moment and his own jaw was currently sweeping the floor. His husband, to his credit, seemed unperturbed, passing them on his way to the refrigerator, a beer on his mind, feelings and complications be damned.

They were still aghast, staring at Finn when he returned, Heineken in hand. He raised an eyebrow at them, his question innocent enough as he popped the top off. “What?”

Ben recovered first, his head shake frantic. “There’s nothing with Miss Kenobi.”

“Bullshit.” The word was out of Poe’s mouth before he knew what to do with it, and he ignored his friend’s frown. “Anyone could see that you like her.”

He jerked a thumb over to Finn, who was settling himself in the la-Z-boy recliner, sighing with satisfaction. “Finn had his hands full with mini-Hannibal and could still see that you were trying to eyefuck Rey.”

“With no regard for the children,” Finn commented wryly, taking a gulp of his beer, even as Ben glared at them both.

He ran a hand through his hair, huffed, glared for a moment longer before his shoulders slumped. He chuckled, defeated, “Yeah, it was pretty obvious, wasn’t it?”

“So obvious. The last time I saw you act like such a fool, we were in high school and you were about to risk your braces for the chance to make out with head cheerleader Kelly O’Mara,” Poe joked, Finn wrinkling his nose at his husband.

“Hey, in Ben’s defense, I bet Rey is prettier than the head cheerleader, any day of the week.”

“She is,” they agreed in tandem, Ben’s ears pinkening with the admission.

“So what’s the plan, big guy? Will we be seeing you at after-school pick up a lot more often?” Ben was already shaking his head at him, just like Poe knew he would, and he rolled his eyes. “C’mon, buddy. Even Logan is on board. What’s stopping you?”

“Well, gee, Poe, let me list the reasons,” Ben snarked, long fingers peeling at his beer label anxiously. “For one thing, she’s teaching my son, so it’s totally unprofessional. For another, I only met her *today*. Not exactly enough time to really *know* someone.”

“Sure it is. You felt the click, didn’t you?” Poe asked, feeling Finn lean forward in his seat with anticipation. Ben, for not being good with feelings, was a romantic at his core. If you got him drunk enough (which Poe had, many a time, in college), he would rant and rave about soulmates, about just *knowing* when you found your person.

Poe had played devil's advocate several times, but that had come to an end after he met Finn. The click was real. And as he watched his friend's brow furrow, his mouth crumple slightly, he knew, even if Ben denied it, that he *had*.

"I don't know, guys. I just met her," he protested weakly.

"Well, there's only one way to fix that. You have to meet her again." Poe nodded along with his husband, adding now, "And we're going to help you."

He knew that that statement would get him in trouble later-- he could practically hear Finn chide him, remind him that *we're not matchmakers* -- but when you know, you know.

Poe was a great teacher because he went with the flow and went with his gut. And right now, he had a really good feeling about this.

Rose Hux-Tico considers herself quite the expert on certain matters in her life.

For instance, she can look at any child in her nurse's office at Chandrila Elementary and tell if they're faking a cough to get out of fourth hour science or if they're patient zero for the next cold outbreak.

She could tell that the uptight, usually frowning Armitage Hux who taught fourth grade across the hall from her office had a nice smile before he so much as looked at her and she made sure to mention that, frequently, to him to make him blush. (For the record, she also knew when he was going to propose finally, without anyone but herself spoiling the surprise. Not that she'd tell him that-- Armie still was under the impression he had pulled off the greatest grand gesture of love since Mr. Darcy's second proposal.)

And finally, Rose Hux-Tico knew when her best friend and Armie's third-grade counterpart, Rey Kenobi, had a little bit of a crush. In fairness to her friend, Rey had little to no poker face

after a second glass of wine, and seeing that it was a Friday night after a field trip? Well, she was four glasses in, which Rose was quite alright with.

After all, it made it much easier to grill her about a certain rumor that Armitage had brought home from school, which was simply: “There was a hot dad on Rey’s field trip today.”

For self-professed expert Rose, that was enough.

So yes, she invited Rey over for dinner. Yes, she made sure her friend’s wineglass was topped off at all times (she certainly wasn’t drinking-- not with a baby on the way, which was a surprise she was definitely keeping a secret better than Armie had with his proposal). And *of course* she waited for Armitage to do the dishes so he wouldn’t be in the living room to block her from interrogating the light of their lives.

“If you wanted a sleepover, Rose, you could have just asked,” Rey teased, her eyes twinkling as she sipped her wine. Her cheeks were flushed just a shade darker than the rose in her cup, and Rose had to keep her smile from becoming a smirk.

Operation Get the Deets was a go.

“Well, I didn’t know how worn out you’d be after the field trip,” she soothed, Rey beaming at her before raising her cup to her lips again.

It was a gamble, assuming Rey’s feelings on the situation-- Armitage had only said that the dad was hot, not that he was single or that Rey was interested. However, Rey was like a little sister to Armitage, had been his best man at their wedding (Rose is still sore about losing that round of rock-paper-scissors, but if all goes to plan, maybe Rey will ask her to be her maid of honor and even it out). Armie, as much as he’d insist he’s staying out of Rey’s love life, also had her best intentions at heart, and only would have mentioned it if Rey had gone out of her way to tell him.

So for that reason-- her husband’s endorsement, though he’d deny it forever and a day-- Rose pushed on, clearing her throat and murmuring, “Especially since a little birdie said there was a dad that caught your eye?”

The result was instantaneous, Rey whipping her head away to spit wine across the carpet, looking to Rose now dumbfounded, embarrassed, befuddled. Most of all though, she looked caught, her cheeks flushing darker, her eyes seeming to glaze over for a second in thought, surely on the mystery man.

Rose glanced at the damage, thanked the gods of planning and romantic interventions that it wasn't a Merlot, and sipped her water, pleased.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

Chapter End Notes

More of Rose and Rey next chapter, but I definitely wanted to introduce Rose to the mix! (Especially since a certain director and screenwriter decided to sideline KMT...but we don't have time to unpack all that.)

Thanks for reading, and hope to see you soon!

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