"Are you going to kiss me or not?"

It wasn't exactly words he expected to hear from Rey's mouth. In fact, it's exactly the right words to get Ben Solo to shut down into overthink mode.

Or: an au where Ben is so awkward he almost ruins his chance. Almost

Notes

Okay, so here's the tea: I wanted to give you something different for your b'day, so when CC posted her fake-dating au I thought 'NO! Catey deserves all the tropes for her b'day'. So I quickly scrambled this up, involving our favourite awkward nerds. SORRY it's so short, I'll eventually finish the fake-dating au and send it to you personally haha. But for your birthday, HAVE SOME AWKWARD BEN.

Cheers! Hope you've had an amazing day so far xx you deserve nothing but the best.
"Are you going to kiss me or not?"

It wasn't exactly what he expected to hear from her. In truth, he was imagining more of a cheery goodbye with the promise of seeing him for breakfast in the morning, leaving him to wallow and pull from his beer with a bitter scowl morphing his face, a surge of regret shrouding him into a pathetic grump after yet another night of neglecting his feelings; another night of Ben Solo being the recluse coward he loathed to be.

And really, who could blame him for the way he reacted; the drop of a loose jaw, mouth agape with a low, unintelligible and arguably very strange sound escaping his throat—almost like that shred of hope, buried down into the depths of the repressed, was clawing its way back up to finally break the surface.

"I, uh... I'm sorry?" It was all he could manage, eyes blinking rapidly, skin all damp and clammy from the nerves or the shock of hearing such a question leave her pretty pink lips. None of it—their friendship, their companionship, the fact that she actually wanted to hang out with him—made any sense. All of it seemed fake.

Because Rey was bright and passionate and fierce; brave and bold, unyielding to society's standards or the judgemental opinions from her peers. But Ben... Ben was the complete opposite—and it showed in the way he kept silent, in the way he kept his impossibly strong feelings far away from conversation and close to his chest, in the way it was always her initiating everything.

She was a beam of energising light, and Ben the dark, looming shadow; far too lanky and tall.

"Are. You going. To kiss me. Or not?" She pronounced each word clearly and carefully. Not that it helped him understand the situation any more, still trapped in his eternal state of confusion.

"Wh—what?" He sputtered, hands gripping the couch beneath him, gaze facing her way but just above her right shoulder, as he truly was pathetic and unable to face her when she revealed it to be some elaborate joke.

Surely.

She was joking, right?

"You're just... you never do anything. I give you so many signals, and you just sit there, like always. But then you flirt with me—"

"Flirt with you?"

"And give me looks that make me think that... that you like me. More than just whatever this is
and... well, just tell me straight up: do you like me?"

"I don't..." He sounded slowly furrowing his brow. "I'm not... this, uh—"

"You can just say no, Ben."

"To what?"

"Are you serious right now?"

"Yes." He answered on instinct before regret hit him like a slap. Or maybe it was the flicker of hurt that crossed her face in his peripheral vision. "Uh, no." Both, probably. "I'm not... I don't really understand."

"Understand what?"

"Uh... Why?"

Why would she want to kiss him? The girl who argued so passionately about mathematics versus literature; the ferocious glaze to her golden eyes, face set in stone as she laid down point after point why it was far more necessary in education than literature.

The girl who didn't drink while he sulked beside her, sipping beer just to loosen his awkward, stumbling tongue enough to talk.

The girl with nothing working for everything.

Why would she want him in... in any way, shape or form?

"You are such an idiot."

"I don't—Rey, where are you going?"

"Home." She answered with a huff, pushing herself off the couch and striding to the door of his apartment; plucking up her coat, shucking on her shoes and slinging her purse around her head.
"Can I—can I call you an Uber?"

"No, I'm walking." She adjusted the buttons to her coat, lastly tugging on her beanie before wrenching open the door. Ben leaned into his seat, features panicked.

"You can't walk home, it's too late. You could—it's dangerous—"

"I can handle myself."

"And I could drive you home." Ben watched, heart pounding in his chest as she stood very still, fists clenched while her eyes fluttered closed and a small groan left her chest.

"I don't want to be around you right now. That's why I'm leaving."

"Why?"

"Because you just rejected me in the—it wasn't just a 'sorry, no, I don't feel that way', you… you humiliated me. Like you were trying to be nice or whatever, because that's you; you're dumb when you try to be nice which is why you're an asshole to everyone."

"Rejected… you?" Ben sounded out slowly, brows furrowed. "I don't—"

"Oh my god, you are the most oblivious person in the world. I could sit on your lap and you wouldn't notice."

"Try me."

To his horror, Rey dropped her bag and strode with purpose to the couch, right in front of him—just before she pinned him down, straddling his hips, dainty hands gripping hard his shoulders.

"Wh—what are you doing."
She blinked, golden eyes narrowing, body tensing up which in turn tightened those wonderous thighs against him. Ben was quick to reach up and steady her hips because she should really not move up any further.

"You… told me to do this. You said 'try me'."

"I sort of meant—well, I was more thinking of 'try me with an explanation'."

"That isn't… oh my god. What do you want me to explain?"

"Everything." He answered thickly, watching her eyes roll into the back of head.

"I need more clarification—and are you going to let me get up."

"No." His fingers flexed around her hips.

"No?" She questioned slowly, cocking her head.

"No." He agreed.

"You don't want me to get up?"

"I'm… not sure?"

"What?"

"It…" He breathed out. "It, uh, feels nice. But it's inappropriate. So…I'm not sure." Suddenly, he sat up straight, hands tightening that little bit more. "Unless you want to get up then, really, I can't stop you and uh I probably should have asked that first."
She laughed then; low and throaty, a small shake to her head as a bright smile lit up her entire face. "I don't want to get up."

He nodded, breathing out his relief. "Good. That's... very good. Nice, even."

"You really are so incredibly stupid, Ben Solo."

"I'm... I think I'm pretty smart. I mean, I know I'm not brilliant, but I'm not dumb either... you're just incredibly distracting and I've—yeah, I've said enough, so..." He sighed, dropping his head back on the couch. "Why... would you want to kiss me?"

"Because you're stupid." Rey said, a small grin on her face as his brows rose, the hands at her hips smoothing forward to rest in the small of her waist, canting her hips upwards—a very bold move. "And you don't care when I yell at you about maths or scream at the tv because basketball is infuriating and... and you listen. And you... always make sure I'm okay." Rey paused, shifting on the spot while her hands moved around his neck, linking her hands. "I like that you do that. I've never really had someone look out for me before, so... that's why I like you. And I would really like to kiss you because, well, feelings and—and your lips are all full and look soft and I'd like to see if I've estimated right."

"Always out to prove that you're right." Ben muttered, eyes intently set into her own.

And it made sense. Or at least, it did after she'd spelled it out for him. That's why she wore the skimpy bikini to their morning laps in the pool that one morning; it was why she always stuck close to him at parties. It was why she always hung out with such a dork like himself—because, astoundingly, she liked this dork; even with all his flaws, even with his 'asshole' reputation. She liked him.

"Yep." She agreed, tilting her head once more. "So..." She drawled out, sly smile on her face. "Are you gonna kiss me? Or not?"

He bit his cheek, glancing away. "You know, you could always kiss me, it doesn't have to be—mmph." She crushed her lips to his, mid-sentence, Ben quick to pull her closer as she explored his mouth with a few experimental nips and licks in a far too short kiss.

"I knew it!" She cried. "Soft." He laughed, leaning in to kiss her once more before she pulled away, a mischievous glint flashing across her face. She licked her lips. "Now to see if something's as hard
as I think it is."

Ben could only gape.

*This really* wasn't at *all* how he pictured their Saturday night together. Not that he was complaining.

Rey Johnson really was full of surprises.

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