Summary

One explanation for that poncho in Obi-Wan's hut

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Category: Romance, H/C, AU

Pairing: Q/O

Rating: G

Summary: One explanation for that poncho in Obi-Wan's hut

Disclaimer: George Lucas is da man. He owns everything. We just play.

Warnings: Character death
"You must do what you think is right, of course."

Obi-Wan smiled humorlessly and twirled a stick in his mouth as he watched Luke slump his way outside and begin kicking at the dirt. He hadn't been joking when he said he was too old for this sort of thing. But the Force was calling him. The Force ... not so much an energy field as he had told Luke, but a cosmic bitch, jerking his chain once again. He sighed and levered himself to his feet.

He brushed his fingers against the sun-bleached poncho draped over a chair. Its owner hadn't worn it in a long, long time. Almost six years now. Six long years, and despite the backbreaking burden of it, he wanted six more. Sixty more. Six hundred more.

But the Force was calling him.

He made his way to the back room, the coolest, most comfortable room in the house, which wasn't saying much. A large bed occupied most of the space -- his one luxury in this awful wasteland. A gaunt figure lay there, propped against a pile of pillows, his chest rising and falling with wheezing, labored gasps from lungs that had never truly healed. As Obi-Wan entered, the figure's head rolled slowly toward him. Even after all these years, Obi-Wan was still moved by the startling blue eyes, the laugh lines, the compassion and love that surrounded this man and soothed his soul like no other he had ever known.

"It's time," Obi-Wan said simply.

The figure nodded slightly. "Good," the man said in a raspy voice. "I'm tired of this."

Obi-Wan walked up to stand next to the bed. He still had his lightsaber in his hand, but he didn't light it. The room smelled of death and dry rot, unbearably hot and still.

"Do you want me to do it?" The old man in the bed reached out a large hand that trembled only slightly.

"No." Obi-Wan lowered himself very carefully to sit next to the fragile figure. He traced the edge of the beard, still neatly trimmed but snow white, cupped the wasted cheek, and bent down to place a kiss on the dry, cracked lips. He placed another on the forehead, then each eye in turn, his touch reverent, almost ritualistic. His other hand settled the lightsaber against the slow-beating heart. "I love you," he whispered.

"Forever," his lover affirmed solemnly.

The room filled for an instant with a buzzing hum and a flash of brilliant blue light. Obi-Wan watched the blanket settle softly onto the empty bed, and smiled.

Luke came around the corner, his head tilted curiously. "Ready?"

Obi-Wan turned to him and stood, clipping his lightsaber to his belt. He picked up a dark brown cloak that had always been a bit too large for him and shouldered it on. "Let's go."

The Force was calling once again.

END
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