Uncertainty

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Summary

Sometime after the death of Qui Gon, Obi Wan foresees the destruction of the Jedi and the Republic by Anakin’s hand. in an act of panic and uncertainty of what to do, Obi Wan flees the Order without a trace. Years later, Obi Wan is living a quiet life away from the war and the Order. However, that all changes when a certain Clone Commander by the name of Cody bumps into him on his way home from work.

Or

Obi Wan flees from the Order in search of a new life, however that all changes when he realizes the war has finally reached him.

Notes

I said I'd write another codywan fic! So here's one, but it's more expanded I guess!

See the end of the work for more notes
The end of the Order, the destruction of the Republic and the rise of an Empire…all these things resonated within the back of Obi Wan’s mind as he gazed upon the sleeping boy.

He foresaw the future, he saw the end of everything he knew and all those he loved. He saw it caused by the one person he swore to protect and raise as a formidable jedi, the boy sleeping in the room across from him; Anakin Skywalker. A cold chill crawled down his spine and intensified, with every second he held his glare at the boy.

Nothing terrified Obi Wan more about these visions than knowing that this was all his own fault. Somewhere, he would go wrong, he would lose this boy to the dark side and then he would not be able to stop him, he would not have the strength to. He knew then that he’d already failed Qui Gon, the promise he kept would fade like dust and yet again, Obi Wan would carry a weight upon his shoulder he did not want nor ask for.

Obi Wan could not bear the future, he could not stand what was to come. The Force had sent him this vision for a reason, and he knew this was not a burden he’d be able to carry.

He loved Anakin, but he could not stop the inevitable.

Over ten years later and half way across the galaxy, Obi Wan woke to the sound of his alarm clock. He was startled for a moment as he sat up, unsure where he was. That all too familiar dream had come back to haunt him so many years after the event had taken place, leaving him disoriented that morning. However, he took a breath and recollected his thoughts, looked at the clock and then out of the window.

It was a normal morning, an ordinary day would follow and Obi Wan would be fine. Those days were gone; the temple and Anakin were a distant memory. No longer were they Obi Wan’s problem. He had a new life, and it was one he chose and loved.

With those reassuring thoughts in mind, Obi Wan let out a silent yawn and stretched a bit before walking out of bed. He then gathered some clothes and made way to the bathroom. As he walked down the hallway, he passed his roommate’s door, peaking his head inside to see if he was still there. Obi Wan noted the empty and made bed, and determined that he’d left. Obi Wan frowned a bit, sad that he’d missed him and was unable to wish him a good morning.

I’ll just tell him good morning when I see him at work. Obi Wan thought to himself, continuing on his walk to the bathroom where he promptly cleaned himself and prepared for the day. As always, he got a glance of himself and the mirror and offered his reflection a meek yet encouraging smile. It was something his roommate had told him to do every morning since they’d met, it served as a confidence booster for Obi Wan given his situations wasn’t always this stable after he left the Order.

After that, he headed downstairs to get a small bite to eat. He was quick to toast a piece of bread and make a small cup of coffee. In less than ten minutes both his items were consumed.

He then checked the kitchen clock, realizing that if he did not leave soon he’d be late to work. (Not that his students would mind their professor not showing up on time, it meant less class time for them, yet Obi Wan would not grant them that satisfaction. He intended not to be late.) So with one quick last look around the kitchen, Obi Wan grabbed his satchel, the key to his speeder and he was
down the road in an instant.

As he headed down the lane to the university, where he did in fact work, he waved at the pedestrians and neighbors he happened to see. All waved back at him with the same enthusiasm.

Obi Wan smiled as that all too familiar warmth filled his chest as it did every morning. Sunny or rainy day, a sense of security always engulfed him. There was always something in the back of his mind telling him that he had made the right choice, that *this* was the right path he’d chosen. Whether it was the Force or not reassuring him, Obi Wan didn’t know. He was only happy that whatever it was, it had led him this far.

With those positive thoughts in mind, Obi Wan had reached his destination. He hopped out of his speeder and headed toward the entrance of the university, ready to greet his students.

OoOoOoOoOoO

Some miles away on that very planet, a fray of Republic Ships has landed.

From what the Republic was told months prior, this planet had pledged allegiance to them however, recent intel had proven otherwise and it was highly speculated that the planet had fallen to the influence Separatists. Whether or not that was the truth, the Republic could not yet be certain. That was why they’d sent their men, to find out the truth. This however, was not a full scale operation meaning a limited amount of clone troopers, but enough to get the job done if needed.

From the first ship that landed, a very tall and fully grown Anakin Skywalker stepped out to observe the vast terrain before him. Nothing he hadn’t seen before, yet he was still extremely wary; there was something off about this planet.

"Rex,” He called, casting a glance inside the ship. “You and Ahsoka get the men ready; we should be greeted by the planets representatives at any moment now. These people may be working with the Separatists, so be prepared for anything.” From the Captain there was a response of affirmation while Anakin continued to survey the land.

From another ship that landed, Commander Cody too stepped out and surveyed the terrain for a few moments before realizing General Skywalker’s men were already gathering for the briefing. After commanding his men to do the same, General Skywalker began the short briefing, informing the possibility of an attack. Afterwards, everyone hurried to their assigned posts, leaving Anakin, Rex, Ahsoka and Cody to look over the final plans.

“Regardless of if they are Separatists or not, keep an eye open. Something seems off.”

“What is it master?” Ahsoka’s asked, her voice riddled with curiosity.

“I don’t know, it’s just something about this planet. I can’t really put my finger on it, but something seems off. Just…don’t let your guard down.”

“That won’t be a problem for us sir.” Rex reassured.

“I know.” Anakin sighed. “Let’s just hope for the best.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you to those who left kudos and comments. As promised, here is another chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The day went on normally, just as Obi-Wan would have hoped it to.

As he arrived into his classroom, smile, satchel and all, some students greeted him with a "Good morning, professor Ben", and with the same heartfelt enthusiasm he greeted them back as well.

If there was one thing he could not give up after leaving the Order, it was being a teacher. Obi-Wan believed he had a natural gift, and an ability to help understand and influence the minds of his students. He loved teaching and loved his pupils dearly, and was thankful for every day he was able to teach them.

Obi-Wan (Professor Ben to most of the students and staff) taught literature. It was an expressive and intriguing course; he poured his heart into his lectures and never grew tired of reading a piece of literature, whether it be something he’d read once or a thousand times. He was always enthusiastic when opening the page of a book, the language he did not mind, for he knew and learned many, and each foreign author was a glance into another culture.

Obi-Wan loved this job, and he was so happy to have it. He was meant to be a teacher, not a Jedi, and living this life could not have made it anymore clear.

As the day dragged on, Obi-Wan had finished his last lecture, bidding his students farewell as they each left the classroom. He then began to gather his things before he himself exited and headed down the various hallways to a familiar office room. He knocked on the door only to push the door open and let himself in.

There, in a desk sat a man not to far from Obi-Wan's age. On his desk sat a plaque that simply read "Dr. Ross". He too was a professor at the school and taught history; He had aided Obi Wan in getting his job not to long before this.

Aside from that, Ross was also Obi-Wan's roommate. These two had been together for a long time, both trying to evade the same things but in different ways.

To a normal being, Ross looked like a human male; tall with tan skin, neatly combed black hair and harsh eyes. But to one who’d known about the war, who had been involved with it and seen the primary soldiers fighting on the battle field up close, they’d point Ross out as a clone. A deserter clone. That is what he was before anything else afterall. Yet, no one on this planet or specially this town knew what a clone looked like so with effort, Ross crafted a life here. Just as Obi-Wan, he left all he knew, all he was destined to do for a new life of his own choosing.

Obi-Wan supposed that is what brought them together. The Force weaved two broken souls together and there they were, their lives slowly but steadily patching themselves up.
"I never got to tell you good morning, or good bye. Before you left" Obi-Wan spoke, sitting in the chair across from the desk. "So, good morning and goodbye." A smile curved upon his lips.

"It's a little to late for both now." Ross shrugged. "But the sentiment is appreciated. I thought of waking you up and saying good morning myself, but you looked so peaceful." He spoke with his eyes glued to a magazine he'd been reading since before Obi-Wan entered his office.

"I wish you did, I was almost late. I barely made it on time. I'll try not to sleep in like that again."

"Ahh Obi-Wan you deserve a rest. You work too hard. I don't think your students would mind if you slept in a bit more, or took a day off. You've earned a break!" Ross finally placed the paper down to look at Obi-Wan, his eyes wide behind his glasses.

"I can't afford to take a break Ross...not now. I want to put everything I have into this."

"Suit yourself." Ross shrugged. Picking his paper up he went back to reading, not arguing with Obi-Wan for he understood the man's devotion to this job. "How was your day? Your school day that is?"

"Same as usual, nothing out of the ordinary."

"Sounds exciting." Ross joked.

"You don't know the half of it." Obi Wan sarcastically responded.

The two talked a bit as Ross finished up his work for that day. After that, they headed home. As usual, both ate as they worked; grading assignments, writing lesson plans, etc...etc. After the kitchen was cleaned and they talked more (one thing the two discussed was their missing cat), before finally parting ways and heading to bed.

OoOoO

The representative and his party had met with the Republic forces as scheduled and promptly led them to the government building where they would discuss the portability of Separatists engagement.

While on the way there, Anakin couldn't help but cling on to the unsettling feeling from before. Even as he looked out of the window of their transportation vehicle and saw how seemingly calm and peaceful this planet was, something itched at his conscious. And no, it was not the likelihood of Separatists involvement which Anakin believed was very likely. It was something else.

"Master," Ahsoka's voice broke Anakin's concentration as she joined him in his secluded corner by the window. "is everything airtight? You've seemed a little distant since we got here."

"It's nothing Snips," He lied but then retracted. "It's just...something's bugging me. I feel like I've been here before, something feels familiar."

"Maybe you were here when you were younger? Could it be that you and your master..." She drifted into silence realizing she may have treaded into dangerous waters.

"It's fine Ahsoka. And no, Obi-Wan and I never came here, I would have remembered if we did." Anakin had only told her the story of Obi-Wan once and Ahsoka could tell that he hadn't exactly gotten over it.

The two were about to continue their discussion until Rex joined them.

"Sir, we've reached our destination. The representative wants me to inform you that the meeting will
take place shortly." "Let's hope things go as planned." Anakin sighed, heading toward the exit of the ship. "If things go sour," Rex responded. "Me and the boys will be ready."

The meeting went both expected and unexpected. The representative of the planet attempted to hold a lie as long as possible before he broke under Anakin's intimidation. This planet had pledged allegiance to the Republic, but under threat and pressure of the Separatists (whom has visited this planet sometime after the Republic forces), allied with them in secret and supplied them with weapons. The Separatists forces visited on a monthly basis, collecting supplies that in turn would solidify the safety of this planet.

"We didn't have a choice." The representative had told Anakin toward the close of their meeting. "We were to either join them or lose our planet. We couldn't let these people die. All out war is not an option for us."

"Well given your shifting alliances, a war may not be avoidable."

"What would you have us do? While others and I stand with the Republic, there are some in our government, some in high places who will still support and aid the Separatists regardless of your arrival. Some may even warn the Separatists of your visit."

Anakin had actually paled at that thought. There could be a surprise attack on its way now and they would be powerless to stop it.

"I need to send word to the council-"

"Leave?" The representative had panicked. "In such a state? You must stay here in case the Separatists attack in retaliation. I give you permission to do anything you can to keep us safe. You have my permission to arrest those you whom you believe may be aiding the Separatists, if that would help you learn their whereabouts and stop a possible attack...just please, do not leave us."

Anakin sighed, not sure to leave or stay and aid this poor man and his planet. The right thing to do would be to consult the council, and more than likely they'd pull the Republic forces out, leaving the planet vulnerable to the Separatists.

Yet if he stayed and acted on his own wit, then there was a possibility he could not only save this planet and reestablish its ties to the Republic but capture more Separatists leaders and if one of those leaders happened to be Grievous then there was a possibility this war could be won.

"I'll go consult with my commander and captain." He assured the frantic representative. "Then I'll have my answer."

Anakin left the meeting room and joined his men.

He knew he was making the right decision, staying here. Not only was he sent to investigate and settle the situation at hand, but a feeling in his gut also let him know he was on the right path.

"Rex, Ahsoka go get Cody; we have a new mission!"

OoOoOo

That night something had woken Obi-Wan up. He could not be sure of what it was, just an odd feeling that prevented him from sleep.

To tire himself out, he crawled out of bed and walked around the house. He was quiet, so as not to disturb Ross. When he made way down stairs, there his walk took him outside to the backyard. There he stood for sometime, looking up at the night sky as the feeling of unease grew stronger...
within him. Something seemed off, as if a terrible force came to threaten the peace and tranquility he knew.

In the midst of his thoughts, felt something warm and furry rub against his leg. As he looked down in curiosity he noticed a tiny creature purring against him.

It was the loth cat. "So you've returned? I knew you'd make your way back." Obi-Wan bent down and picked the creature up. "Let's go inside. Something seems off."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again to every one who supported the first chapter! As always kudos are appreciated but I will be thankful if you comment and tell me what you think! And i posted this earlier than i wanted too bcs Im on a camping trip with little reception!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Thank you to every one who read/kudos/commented! As I'm writing this I haven't responded to your comments because I've been away. But when I get home I plan to reply! Also I have a tumblr. It’s maylovely! If you wanna follow or just talk to me that would be great. Obviously I post a ton of star wars stuff XD.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Obi-Wan woke to a throbbing headache that soon resulted in mild nausea. He stayed in bed until the discomfort passed, though a weak headache still lingered even as he made his way to the bathroom. He was quick to clean up and properly ready himself for the day, yet he still felt sluggish. As he headed downstairs to eat a small breakfast, he realized he'd lost his appetite just thinking about food.

Something was not right. His mind was clouded and that enthusiasm that had carried him to work every morning seemed to be missing. For the first time ever, Obi-Wan had considered taking a day off. The thought of leaving his home seemed dangerous, though he did not know why. There was an odd energy about that morning. It was as if the Force was acting out, warning him of something dire to come.

"You're up earlier than usual." The voice had come from Ross, who just entered the living room through the backyard door. "The cat ran off again. She'll hopefully turn up after work."

Obi-Wan remained silent, staring at Ross with a blank expression.

"Is everything alright, Obi-Wan?" Ross asked, his voice growing concerned.

"Um...Sorry....I'm....I just have a headache..." He smiled at Ross. "I'll probably be leaving work early today. When I get home I can look for her."

Ross rose an eyebrow. "You leaving work early? Now that's unheard of."

Obi-Wan chuckled enthusiastically, attempting to hide the fact that something was very wrong.

OoOoOoOoOo

Anakin, his men, the representative and eventually the senator of the planet had all met one final time before the operation had taken place. More information was discussed, new information vital to the operation.

Anakin was again informed that there were leaders and influential citizens on the planet who supported the Separatists. People who would remain loyal to them regardless of the Republic’s arrival. Anakin was given the names of these citizens and permission to allow his troops to detain them, or associates close to them, interrogate them and find more information about the Separatists and an impending attack.

There were also places of interests that these people sometimes frequented, that their influence and support for the Separatists had reached great lengths. Anakin was also given permission to investigate those places.
The senator and representative had given all the information they could, and even then could not assuare that these people would admit any relation to the Separatists let alone give any information. In addition the senator somberly admitted to there being more possibilities of separatists allies that she did not know of.

Yet both she and the representative gave Anakin permission to search and occupy, to do whatever it took to save this planet.

It was a sticky situation but Anakin believed they could end it quickly. They didn't need to capture all of these Separatists , just a few and they would talk eventually.

Anakin prepped Rex and Ahsoka, gave them files on who to look for and where to go. After a quick discussion with Cody he did the same.

By the afternoon the troops were prepared to move out and station themselves in the appropriate areas.

Anakin only hoped this operation went swiftly.

OoOoOoOoOo

As Obi-Wan said he would, he headed home early.

The day was long and tedious and with every second that passed Obi-Wan became more and more anxious to leave. He did try to stay after hours, tried to dismiss this odd feeling as nonsense but his mind could not shake it. His headache began to return in the middle of his last lecture causing him to end class earlier than he'd wished.

After his students had bid him good bye, he gathered his bags and belongings and headed toward the exit of the building. He had made the mistake of not taking the speeder that day, fearing that his headache may have made things difficult.

So he found himself hurriedly walking down a familiar alley that served as a quicker root to the house. As he walked down the concrete corridor, the throbbing headache began to intensify in strength most likely due to the sun bearing from above. Obi-Wan groaned and picked up his speed through the long alleyway, reaching a shaded part where he took a few moments to rest.

While the headache began to falter, there was something else that began to ache within him. Obi-Wan suddenly felt as if he was being followed or at least watched. In that alley he didn't feel safe.

"Get yourself together...it's just exhaustion." Obi-Wan tried to tell himself as he began his stride once more. "Just get home, go to sleep..." He repeated the last bit in his mind repeatedly forcing himself to continue on. When he nearly reached the end of the alley, he let out a quiet sigh of relief. With the feeling of paranoia decreasing closer to the exit, he picked up his speed.

Obi-Wan's escape however, was cut short when another figure entered the alley on the path right toward him. Immediately Obi-Wan stopped in his tracks, visibly paling at the new visitor in the alley. The figure too stopped as if he had just noticed he was not alone in the alley.

"Sir", the figure spoke in a muffled voice behind his helmet. "This area is under investigation. I'm going to have to escort you out. Please come this way."

Obi-Wan stood there, clutching his satchel in his hand, staring nervously at the figure who outstretched a hand toward him.
"Are you a worker here? If so you need to be taken in for interrogation. It will be quick. Regardless please come this way."

The figure slowly advanced toward Obi-Wan, his arm still extended. "No need to be alarmed sir! Just follow me, your cooperation will be very appreciated." His voice was soft and friendly, but Obi-Wan did not listen.

Obi-Wan's first reflex was to turn around, which he did, but to his dismay there were two more figures entering the alley, both wearing similar armor.

"Stop right there." One of them said. "Where are you coming from? What are you doing here? This is restricted area." His voice was more authoritative than the other one. He almost sounded angry.

"He seems lost to me, Commander." The same one from before spoke. "More spooked if anything."

"Every one in this perimeter is to be interrogated. Waxer," He motioned at the one in front of him. "Boil, let's take him in."

Obi-Wan was practically paralyzed; he could not believe this was happening. He had been away from the Order for sometime now but he was not stupid. He knew these were clones. Battle ready and dangerous clones. Why they were here he did not know. This planet was supposed for peaceful, all troubles of the war light years away. Or so he thought. He was evidently wrong if the soldiers themselves stood before him, growing weary of his refusal to follow their instructions.

"On your knees." The commander spoke, now reaching for his blaster. "I'm not going to ask again."

If there was an opening Obi-Wan would have taken it and run. He would have utilized the stamina he'd gained all those years ago at the temple to make an escape. However, seeing as the clones were closing in he knew that was impossible.

For mere seconds, he stood there like a frightened animal. All he could think about was how his life, the happiness he held on to like a life source was on the brink of falling through his fingers. "Set your weapons on stun just in case." He heard one call. "Let's try to take him in quickly."

What happened next Obi-Wan did not really plan. One minute the clones were approaching him, the next they'd all flown back. It was now Obi-Wan who held his arms extended on either side of him as he watched the clones struggle to get up.

They were on the ground moaning at the sudden and unexpected attack. One of them appeared to be limp, not moving a muscle. Obi – Wan paled.

"S...Sorry...." Obi-Wan mustered, terrified at his own actions. It had been so long since he'd called on the Force to aid him, and now he felt awful. Yet what choice did he have? He had to defend himself. They would have hurt him if he did not. He was still ashamed.

He backed up slowly, making sure not to step on the clone Waxer who had landed behind him. After that, he turned on his heel and began a sprint. He did not get far when a blaster bolt grazed his arm. He stopped mid run, sparing time to see the wound. However that was a foolish mistake on his part as a clone, the commander took violent hold of his arm.

Obi-Wan had not even seen nor heard him get up. He could have sworn he was the unconscious limp clone he saw. How was he so fast?!

"Stand down!" He ordered, his voice angry enough to send shivers down Obi-Wan's spine.
"Let me go!" Obi-Wan shouted, thrashing and punching until with effort and luck, he broke free from his captor's grasp. However it was at the expense of his jacket, which the Commander held tight in his fist. With one more powerful blast of the Force, Obi-Wan threw Cody back, his helmet flying elsewhere.

Before Obi-Wan fled, he chanced a gaze at the commander's his now visible face.

It was even more unnerving to see an actual human being behind that helmet, alive and breathing. It was even more unnerving to see his uncanny resemblance to Ross, eerie almost.

"I'm sorry..." Obi-Wan said again, finally coming to himself before turning his heel and running out of the alley.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Also, if there were errors in the previous chapter I’m sorry! I wrote and proofread that chapter on my phone since I had no computer and things were bound to be a little messed up. but I hope this chapter was better! Anyway, until next time!
Chapter 4

As Obi-Wan had said, he returned home early.

In a daze, he sat down in the arm chair and stared ahead, his mind blank. He did not know what to think, he didn’t even know how to think. How could he possibly recover from what just happened, after he was fully aware that repercussions would follow one way or another. He didn’t know when they’d find him, or where they’d find him but…he knew they would. Assaulting three clone officers, for self defense or not wouldn’t go unnoticed. It would only be a matter of time before his life, this life of peace, would end. Obi-Wan was thrust back into reality when he heard a purr and felt a warm sensation on his foot. He looked down and was shocked when he saw the cat smiling up at him.

“There you are! Ross was looking for you.” He leaned over and took the purring creature in his arms, feeling a temporary sense of relief.

Yet, it was not soon before his mind lingered on the incident again and the same dread and anxiety crept up his spine. He embraced his cat harder, thinking of how soon it would change; how he’d have to break this to Ross because certainly this would affect his life as well. Would they have to leave or would they stay and risk being found by the republic? I should have just stayed home, I should have never gone in to work. He thought to himself, over and over again knowing that whatever happened would be his fault. When his life came spiraling down, he’d be the one to blame.

OoOoOoOoOo

It had been a few days since the troops had dispersed, searching for Separatists leaders and allies. Anakin was happy to hear that progress was going smooth, many of the targets had been arrested and interrogated and through that, more groups and organizations supplying separatists on the planet had been uncovered. Yet, there was still no discovery of a major invasion which Anakin suspected would happen soon enough. As of current he, Rex and Ahsoka found themselves in a particularly difficult situation. Difficult in a sense where it was not going anywhere. The three of them had tracked down one of the most influential speculated separatists allies and had in turn taken him into custody. Yet, while there were accusations from word of mouth there was little to no actual evidence against him; he was a Nagai politician and that was all the solid evidence they had on him. Currently he sat in the interrogation room for hours with an angry Rex, wearing a smug smile on his face as time passed.
Anakin too had come in as well, attempting to get something out of him but like Rex he received sarcastic remarks and carefree smiles. He had most of the answers, Anakin knew it. But they could get nothing out of him—nothing without evidence.

In the midst of the interrogation that day, there was a knock on the door.

“I’ve got it.” Anakin said, no longer able to stand the tension in the air; nothing was getting done. Rex Anakin an annoyed and helpless look before nodding and returning to his own interrogation. Anakin had stepped out of the main room and met with Cody. Before Anakin open his mouth, he paused. Something seemed different about Cody, it appeared he’d gotten into a fight. In his balled fist he held a worn jacket. He clutched on to it like it was a life source, glaring at Anakin.

“Commander Cody…what’s wrong…?” Anakin began, already feeling the shift in air.

“Sir, we need to talk.” He began, handing the general the jacket. “Waxer, Boil and I ran into a man in an alley way. We ordered him to stop for interrogation but he ran but that’s not all…”

“What more is there?” Anakin asked warily, unraveling the jacket and looking for the name tag.

“He fought us off sir, with the Force. He wasn’t a jedi though…but he did have the Force and did use it to attack us…”

“Did you get his name?”

Cody opened his mouth to speak, but Anakin’s ears had deafened. He heard the name in his mind before he even finished reading it. All he had to do was see that name, that name he hadn’t muttered aloud or to himself in years, and his whole world began to spin. If he wasn’t stronger, his knees would have buckled beneath him, but he stood tall. Yet the air around him thickened, and it suddenly became hard for him to breathe.

He gripped the coat tighter than Cody had, glaring down at the name on the tag in both confusion and anger.

“Professor Kenobi.” Anakin murmured, that name ringing in his ears.

“Is everything alright sir?”

“Yes Cody…where….where did you run into this, Professor Kenobi?”

OoOoOoOoOoOoO

When Ross arrived home, Obi-Wan had decided against telling him about the clone troopers in the alley. Ross was tired from the week’s work, yet he was still as enthusiastic as always and Obi-Wan did not want to break his spirit. At least not now.

“So you found the cat?” Ross motioned toward the creature sitting on the pillow in the living room.

“Yeah, she was inside the house the whole time.” Obi-Wan faked a smile.

“Hmm…” Ross replied as he sat in his arm chair, a thick book in his hands. Obi-Wan just stared in silence, quickly looking away when Ross caught his glance. “Is everything alright, Obi-Wan?”

“Yes, wh…why would you ask?”

“You’ve just been distant ever since you got home.” Ross shrugged. “Did something happen at
work?"

“No.” Obi-Wan was quick to respond, receiving a raised eyebrow from Ross. He could tell evidently, that something was off. Obi-Wan was not telling the truth, yet he didn’t pry into the matter. He knew the former Jedi didn’t wish to dwell on the subject, so he went back to reading his book. An hour or so passed and Ross excused himself to go to bed.

Obi-Wan wished him a good night as he disappeared upstairs.

He remained downstairs, looking at the yard through the screen door, still replaying the incident in his mind over and over again. He felt sick now, as if moving would cause him to dispel what little dinner he had.

He was terrified, there was no other way to put it, absolutely terrified. He knew change was coming, he felt it in the Force, and it would only be a matter of time before that change came.

OoOoOoOoOoO

Anakin remembered how devastated he was when his master went away.

He was told that it wasn’t his fault, that Obi-Wan was weak and not meant to be a jedi, but all those years ago that little boy had blamed himself. Despite what everyone said, was it not him who chased Obi-Wan away? Was it not him who changed Obi-Wan’s life at such a drastic time, forcing him to become a master so soon after Qui-Gon’s death? Anakin’s presence forced Obi-Wan to grow up, to take on a responsibility that he had no say in.

Years later, Anakin never doubted that it was his fault. He’d gotten over the anger and spite he felt for Obi-Wan, only to be left with self-loathing. As he held the wrinkled coat in his hand, staring at the faded ink written along the tag, that feeling of guilt only intensified. He remembered the last time he saw his master, how distraught he looked the night he fled. Anakin knew something was off, he felt a shift in Obi-Wan’s force but ignored it. He mused on how differently things would have been if he asked Obi-Wan if he was alright; perhaps he still would have been there if only he had someone to open up to too.

All the possibilities filled his mind as he held that coat that night, feeling his master’s presence the best he could. It had been so long, yet if had felt just like Obi-Wan and that gave Anakin a sense of comfort.

“Master.” Ahsoka’s soft voice broke through the silence, causing Anakin to look up from the object in his hand.

“Ahsoka! Didn’t know you’d gotten on the ship. Is there something you need?”
“Nothing really master,” Ahsoka began as she walked toward the empty seat next to Anakin. “I just
wanted to
check on you. You seem a little distant…is everything alright?”

“Yeah, everything’s fine Snips. No need to worry, it’s pretty late so I’m tired…we’re all tired I
suppose. Maybe I should get some sleep soon. Did Rex finally get a confession out of the
politician?” Anakin spoke, changing the subject rather abruptly.

“Unfortunately no. We had to end up letting him go.” Ahsoka groaned. “He’ll be back.”
Anakin chuckled. “I think we’re doing a good job here, a few more weeks and we’ll have gathered
the information needed to counter an attack…just hope it goes smooth from here on out.”

“It should.” Ahsoka smiled.

“Then, we should both get some sleep. I’ve got an investigation of my own to do tomorrow.”
Anakin stood, the jacket still in his hand. “This mission hits closer to home than I thought.”

“How so?” Ahsoka stood after him, her arms crossed as she wore a curious expression.

“Well Ahsoka, in time, I hope I’ll be able to tell you.”

OoOoOoOoOoOo

“I lost the jacket you bought me.” Obi-Wan had told Ross the next morning as he left for work.
“Near the alley we use to take a short cut. I was being clumsy and seemed to have misplace it
somewhere there. That’s why I was acting so odd last night…I didn’t want to upset you.”

“It’s just a jacket Obi-Wan.” Ross shrugged. “I can always get you a new one.”

“I lost the jacket you bought me.” Obi-Wan had told Ross the next morning as he left for work.
“Near the alley we use to take a short cut. I was being clumsy and seemed to have misplace it
somewhere there. That’s why I was acting so odd last night…I didn’t want to upset you.”

“It’s just a jacket Obi-Wan.” Ross shrugged. “I can always get you a new one.”

“Yeah, I just hate to be so careless.” He murmured, currently sitting on the couch, having not moved
since the previous night. It was evident to both he and Ross that he’d fallen ill. Ross dismissed it as a
cold, yet Obi-Wan knew exactly what was wrong.

“It’s fine. You’re sick remember, stuff like that is bound to happen. Just stay here and get better soon.
I’ll be off, see you later.” Obi-Wan gave Ross a half wave before collapsing on the couch and
burying himself under the covers. How he wished a day off and some rest would cure whatever
illness had taken over him, but he knew that was impossible. The Force would play out how it
wanted to now, and Obi-Wan could only be his victim, he realized this now.

What he hadn’t realized however, was how foolish it was to tell Ross where he’d lost his jacket. It
was a simple cover up story, yet unbeknownst to Obi-Wan, Ross had his own plans after work.
Plans that involved going into that same ally in an attempt to find his friend’s lost coat. It would
simply be a quick detour for Ross, then he’d be back on his way home, hopefully with the coat in his
possession. If it was not there, then he’d buy another one for Obi-Wan and that would be that.
He was not even remotely aware, nor concerned of the trouble he was about to get himself into.

OoOoOoOoOo

Not too far from Ross and Obi-Wan, Anakin still held the worn coat in his hand.

As of current, he found himself in his ship, reviewing the files complied of evidence and reports from current interrogations. Things were going well as Anakin expected, yet he had another mission he himself had to report to. One that would hopefully tie up the loose ends of his past and heal wounds that were growing sore again.

“General Skywalker, you called.” Just as he requested, Cody entered the ship with ease, his hand busy with a data pad.

“Yes, I did Cody. Where did you say you bumped into your attacker?”

“In an ally, it was near a school…a university. It was around the area we were investigating; all troops have been called out of that area since we got what we needed.”

“Good job to you and your men but…give me an exact location of the ally Cody.”

“Yes sir.” Cody scrolled through the datapad before handing it to Anakin. “Here sir, this is it. The location, date and time; we filed it.”

“Thank you Cody, you’re dismissed.” Anakin smiled, quickly gather his wit and belongings as he prepared to make his way to that alley.

Chapter End Notes

The Nagai is a pale species of alien. They're humanoid, but very often are mistaken for being dead-apparently. Little is known about them.

Sorry for the delay! I've been having computer problems and finally got a new one. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this chapter, things are going to be exciting next chapter.
As of usual, please please comment it makes me very happy and kudos are always welcome. Until next time, bye~
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

OMG 100 kudos already! Thank you all so much, I’m glad you enjoy the story! Thank you to everyone who has supported me so far! I hope you enjoy this next chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It didn’t take long for Ross to finally make his way to the alley.

Having not gone that way for months he was quite surprised he remembered where to find it. In the past, he had used this alley way as a short cut to and from the university. After Obi-Wan had moved in and taken up a job as a professor, he too found the alley as a primary shortcut.

Ross entered the dimly lit breeze way, a light draft passing through as the sun barely rose in the sky. He observes the dusty floor and faded walls. He could hear the soft hum of the wind passing through the narrow space, carrying small clouds of dirt in its path. From what it looked like, things were as normal as they could be that morning.

The alley was vacant save for Ross and a few wooden planks rested haphazardly near the dumpster. To his slight dismay, there was no jacket there. He assumed that the wind had carried it away or someone had come and stolen it. Nevertheless, it was not there.

“Well,” He started, thinking about loud. “I guess I can go and pick up a new one.”

Ross sighed and began to turn on his heel when he heard a scuffle on the other end of the alley. Catching his attention, he whipped back around and saw a figure in the distance coming toward him. Clearly this was a man, tall and dressed in black. From where Ross stood, he realized the man held something in his hand. Something familiar.

Ross stood his ground as the visitor approached only for the item in his hand to become more visible. He narrowed his eyes, making out the faded beige color and the worn material. As the man grew ever closer, Ross rose and eyebrow in confusion.

“Sir,” He started, now that the man was just a few feet ahead of him, looking just as confused. “I don’t mean to bother but, where did you find that jacket? It might belong to a friend of mine…if you look on the tag right there, the name is Professor Kenobi.” He pointed. “May I have it back?” Ross knew it was a stretch, assuming that this jacket was Obi-Wan’s, but he didn’t see why it wouldn’t be. It wasn’t mere coincidence that this man wondered into this very alley with a jacket.

“You know Obi-Wan…” The man drifted, staring Ross dead in the eyes.

Ross was taken aback slightly, shocked by the man’s stern glare. More so however, the fact that he knew Obi-Wan’s real name. The jacket only contained “Professor Kenobi”, and everyone on this planet only knew Obi-Wan as Ben Kenobi. This led Ross to realize that this man was not from this planet, and furthermore he had something to do with Obi-Wan, he most likely knew his friend in the past. If this was the case, then this man could possibly be a Jedi and if so, Ross was in a lot more trouble than he asked for.
“Sorry,” Ross resigned. “The jacket, it isn’t his… I got it mixed up…” Nervously, he tried to play off his fear and turn away, but the man took hold of his arm.

“You’re a clone!” He stated rather angrily, pulling Ross toward him. “Tell me what you know about Obi-Wan Kenobi, tell me where he is! I order you!”

Ross hadn’t heard anything like that in a long time, and it did not sit well with him. Something about the way this man said it, like he actually had control and authority over Ross angered him. He drew his hand back, and glared at his aggressor. There was a fury in his eyes but also a great sadness, however Ross didn’t have time to ponder on it before he himself replied.

“I don’t have to tell you anything.” He stated “I’m not your soldier or your property; you’ll get nothing out of me.”

Ross supposed he could have been a bit more professional with his tone but not even that would have been enough to avoid the physical fight that took place between he, and this man, whom he could now confirm was a Jedi.

OoOoOoOoOo

Obi-Wan felt a disturbance in the Force that he was attempting to ignore. There was a pricking sensation at the back of his spine, urging him to leave the house and travel down to that alley once again. But for the longest time, he fought against it.

He needed rest, he had told himself, and that if he stayed indoors this would all blow over eventually. However, when he attempted to rest, to close his eyes he started to see images. Images of the little boy he’d abandoned all those years ago now turned into a man, with grim eyes and harsh features. That wasn’t the only thing Obi-Wan saw.

An image of an alley conjured itself, the same alley from before and there Anakin stood, saber out and drawn. Obi-Wan peered deeper into his force and the scene played out clearer. Anakin was certainly fighting someone in that alley, and by the looks of it he was winning. However, that didn’t alarm Obi-Wan as much as Anakin’s opponent did. Because his opponent was not some Separatists droid, spy or anything of the sort, no…his opponent was Ross. That was Ross Obi-Wan was seeing in the force, getting strangled to death by Anakin.

Obi-Wan sat up from his sanctuary on the sofa, eyes wide and heart pounding. _He was going to the alley… to check for my jacket! Why didn’t I suspect that at first?_ He thought to himself, quickly leaping to the other side of the living room in search of his commlink. He attempt to reach Ross, but to no avail. The line was silent, ending the transmission with every attempt. For mere seconds, Obi-Wan sat there petrified fearing that his best friend was in grave danger.

“…I have to do something…” He whispered to himself, grabbing his robe from the sofa and using it as a makeshift jacket. From the other side of the room, the cat stared at him curiously, tilting her head to the side in confusion. “Ross is in danger, I… I have to rescue him! If he dies it will be _my_ fault!”

In less than a second, Obi-Wan was running out of the house disoriented, heading to the alleyway he had tried so hard to stay away from.

OoOoOoOoOo

Even after some time of being off the battle field or having no combat training, Ross had to admit he wasn’t all that bad fighting a Jedi. Or more like, dodging a Jedi.
He’d been wise enough to avoid the path of his lightsaber, but avoiding his force was another problem. Ross had lost count of the times he’d been thrown around the place and force strangled to the point of near unconsciousness, but he always regained himself near seconds later.

Still all he could do was dodge; landing a hit on this guy was impossible. The Jedi fought offensively, leaving no room for an attack or retreat. He was set on killing Ross or at least apprehending him. \textit{I have to catch him off guard, that’s the only way.} Ross thought in the midst of dodging another lightsaber blow, nearing the dumpster with the wooden planks.

“You have nowhere to go! This is your last chance!” The Jedi spoke, as he advanced toward Ross. “Where is Obi-Wan?”

“You’ll get nothing out of me!” Ross boldly responded, resulting in another powerful force lifting him off of his feet into the air.

“Then if you won’t talk, I’ll make you.” The jedi spat, before roughly flinging Ross into the dumpster just behind him. Ross felt the metal bend underneath him right before all the air escaped his body. He fell flat on the ground near the dumpster, his world turning black as he struggled to breathe. It took him a few seconds to regain his vision, which is when he saw the Jedi standing before him. His back was turned toward Ross, as he held something in his hand that began to make all sorts of beeping noises.

“Cody, you and Rex send some men into the alleyway…I have a person of interests and he’s a deserted clone. He’s extremely aggressive…no I haven’t been able to identify his name or rank…”

\textit{It’s a damn commlink!} Ross thought, slowly forcing himself on his knees. And by the sound of it, the Jedi was contacting another clone. Ross simply could not have that happen. He’d rather die than be dragged back to Coruscant for he knew the punishment for deserting.

As the Jedi continued to talk, Ross took hold of one of the thickest and longest wooden planks near the dumpster. Preoccupied, the Jedi had not even noticed him rise to his feet, clenching the weapon in his hand.

With a strong movement of his arms, the wooden plank made direct contact with the Jedi’s head. Caught off guard and in obvious pain, he turned around, eyes widened and hand ready to reach for his saber. However, Ross was faster, hitting him again and this time he was successful. The jedi fell limp almost instantly, his commlink falling out of his free hand. Ross dropped the plank and ran over to the communication device. He could still hear the voice, identical to his own, frantically attempting to reach the Jedi. In response Ross crushed it. He then approached the Jedi, making sure that he was truly unconscious. “I didn’t think that would work…” Ross spoke out loud, rather proud of himself. However, he knew he could not linger in that alley way for long. Any moment now, there would be clones flooding the area and he’d no doubt be taken away. He began his quick stride toward the exit.

However…the Jedi let out a painful groan, causing Ross to stop and turn around.

“Pl…please…” He barely made out the words. “I..I need to find….Obi-Wan…he is my…” He let out one painful sigh before falling unconscious. Ross took a long look at the man, and for the first time since their encounter, saw emptiness and sadness in his sleeping expression. There was no anger, or rage, just a man who wanted to find something he’d lost years ago. Against his greater judgement, Ross felt his heart constrict. This man was driven by anger, but something inside of Ross told him that he wasn’t bad, he was just lost.

Ross groaned as he knew where this thought process was going.
This man most likely had a concussion and by the looks of it, a pack of ice would do him well, if not he could be in a lot of danger. And Ross knew for his own good, he could not leave this man here for he’d be able to identify him to the other clones.

So Ross took a deep breath, knelt down and took hold of the man, positioning him slumped over his shoulder.

This would surely be a long walk back home.

OoOoOoOoOoOoOO

Obi-Wan only had to make it down the street to see that the whole area was occupied.

Clones in different colored armor trailed down the lanes, closing off the alley and the perimeter. There had to be nearly fifty but Obi-Wan did not feel like staying to count.

I have to get out of here…I can find a way to rescue Ross when I’m—

He stopped in mid-thought as a painful sting struck his back before spreading all over his body. All of a sudden, he could no longer move and like that, fell onto the ground with no control of his limbs. It was as if he’d been stunned.

“This is the same man from the other day…” A voice spoke.

“We’ll get some men to take him into custody….the others will continue to search for General Skywalker.”

And within a few seconds, everything went blank.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took so long to write! I’ve been busy lately—school is starting up so yay! But I am so happy that I got to update! Again thank you for the 100+ kudos! if you like this chapter please comment, I would appreciate that very much.

And if you are curious, i do have a tumblr! It's Maylovely! I post a ton of star wars tcw and rebels stuff, and occasionally my own headcanons. I am very passionate about the clones lol.

Anyway, thanks again! I hope you enjoy! And again, please comment if you liked this chapter!
Chapter 6

Obi-Wan woke to a headache and a parched throat.

However, those were only the least of his concerns, for when he fully came to he realized that his hands were bound. He also noticed he was on the ground, the cold ground, as a draft seemed to sweep the solid stone. Gaining enough strength, Obi-Wan sat up and propped himself against a wall.

As he started to regain himself a bit more, the room itself came into view. Well, it wasn’t really a room but more like…a cell.

Obi-Wan instantly began to panic, forcing himself to his feet and walking around in an attempt to find a way out. There was of course a door, but it was locked. Other than that, there were no windows, no vents…nothing.

I’m trapped… He thought morbidly, finding himself back against the wall, attempting to calm himself. However, that worked to little avail. It had been so long since Obi-Wan had gotten himself into such a dangerous situation. Getting out of this one would be difficult, almost impossible.

Keep yourself together Obi-Wan. He warned, taking many deep breaths, calming himself as much as he could. You just need to figure out how to get out of here. Use your Force, envision the locks. You’ve done it in the past.

And Obi-Wan stood, walked toward the door and did just that. As he focused harder than he ever had before, he extended his bound hands toward the lock. This lock was the most common he’d seen, and only needed to be turned a certain way. Much to Obi-Wan’s surprise, he was, able to turn it.

Just a bit more. He encouraged. Almost there Obi-Wan, you’ve got it—

In the midst of his internal victory, the door opened not by Obi-Wan’s will. As he looked before him, shocked and caught in the act of attempting to escape, a clone trooper stood on the other side of the threshold. He too was shocked by his prisoner seemingly attempting to break free, and was quick to advance on him.

Obi-Wan was met with a punch to the chest, and his back to the ground. He groaned as the angry trooper bent down, and yanked him up by the shirt.

“L…let me go!” Obi-Wan bellowed. “I have nothing you want! Who are you?”

“My name is Commander Cody, and you’ve been marked as person of interest.” The angry clone responded. “I’m not letting you go any time soon; we need to see what we can get out of you. Stand up straight! We’re heading to your interrogation; if you want to things to go smoothly, tell the truth.”

Obi-Wan said nothing. He only remained silent as this Cody, took him down a corridor and into a dimply lit room.

OoOoOoOoOoOoO
Anakin groaned slightly, his hand instinctively reaching toward the sore spot on his head. However, he stopped abruptly, running his fingers over a cool bag of ice sitting upon his forehead. Confused, the General sat up, now realizing that he was not at his base in fact… he didn’t know where he was or where he was before this happened.

The alley… you were in the alley… looking for Obi-Wan… and then that… that… Anakin, biting back any and all discomfort, sat up. Quickly, he looked around and noticed that this was a bedroom and he was in someone’s bed. His mind began to register the situation, assessing how he possibly could have gotten here if he had been attacked in the alley and knocked unconscious.

It was then however, his question was answered. Sitting there at the foot of the bed, glaring at him rather angrily, was the same ill tempered clone from before. Except now, he had a blaster pointed toward Anakin, ready to shoot if he had too. Anakin opened his mouth slightly, but nothing came out at first. He then took a deep breath, rubbed his head and sat up a bit more, gazing at his “savior” with a thoughtful expression.

“Did you bring me here?” He began, his voice void of hostility as he did not wish to make this clone angry. “That was you, in the alley, right?”

The clone, not tearing his gaze, nodded.

“So you attacked me?” Anakin asked, and the clone confirmed by nodding. “May I ask… why… you can put the blaster down.” He noticed the clone was unwavering in that request, so he sighed, laying back down. I need to get out of here, one way or another. I can’t leave with that clone sitting there. I need to convince him that I’m harmless… Using The Force came to mind, but he was far too lightheaded to do that.

“You attacked first.” The clone finally spoke. “I was just defending myself; you would’ve killed me.”

Anakin pondered for a while, and found he could not argue with that. His captor was after all, telling the truth. “I’m sorry… I just… I know you know Obi-Wan. I’m worried for him…” Anakin sat up again, gazing thoughtfully at the clone. “I thought, you could be hurting him or something.”

“Hurting him?” He asked, rather angrily. “Why would you get that impression?”

Anakin thought for a while. “Well, you have to admit that a deserter clone… that’s odd. A deserter clone having some type of a relationship with a missing jedi? That doesn’t sound strange to you?”

“Define strange.”

“Separatists strange.” Anakin finally admitted. “That is after all, why we’re here… looking for Separatists—”

“I’m not a Separatists…” He glared and then groaned, actually placing the blaster down. “And there are more of you here?”

“Well, technically more of you… a lot more of you. That reminds me, you destroyed my commlink right after I contacted them. They’re probably looking for me right now; if you could give me your commlink then I could—”

“Ha! And have them coming here, not a chance. Just sit tight until you’re well enough to leave, then you can walk back to your base.” The clone stood and stretched. “For now, I guess you’re my prisoner.” He said jokingly, picking up the blaster from the ground and placing it in a holster.
“Where are you going?”

“You haven’t had anything to eat in almost a day. Sit there, I’ll bring you something. The sooner you have your strength, the sooner you can leave.”

Anakin chuckled. “You’re a mean clone.” He joked. “Speaking of that, what is your name? I’m Anakin, Anakin Skywalker.”

“My name is Ross.” He called as he walked over the threshold. “And I know who you are.”

Anakin watched as he vanished down the stair case and eventually got up and followed him. “Slow down Ross!” He called. “I still need to know what you know about Obi-Wan. Does he live here? You two are obviously friends—” He followed an annoyed Ross to the kitchen, ready to pester him so much he had to tell the truth.

OoOoOoOoOoOo

Obi-Wan was led into a dimly lit room with a two chairs separated by a desk. Roughly, Commander Cody sat him in one and he in the other.

For a few moments, the two just stared at each other.

With his hands under the table, Obi-Wan attempted to break the binds but to no avail. When Cody cleared his throat, he looked up.

“We met first in the alley way, the same alley way we caught you in. You ran when you saw us, despite receiving orders not to; you also used the Force on us.” Cody quieted down for a while, glaring at Obi-Wan and making sure he was listening. He continued. “Our General sent a distress call from that very alley…when we arrived to answer that call, he was gone and you were there.”

Cody straightened in his seat and crossed his arms. He continued to glare at Obi-Wan, who quickly averted his gaze.

“I don’t know anything…I can’t give you information.”

“I hardly believe that.” Cody responded.

“Then what do you want to know?” Obi-Wan met Cody’s glare. “What do you want from me.”

“Are you a Separatist? Are you a Sith, and do you know where General Skywalker is? It is no coincidence that you used your Force to attack clones nor is it a coincidence that you were in the same place as General Skywalker before he went missing.”

“No…I’m not…”

“In addition, General Skywalker mentioned a hostile deserter clone…do you have anything to do with that?”

Obi-Wan opened his mouth, yet no words came out. All he could think of was the name ‘Skywalker’, and how familiar it sounded even after all these years. It was as if he’d heard it yesterday, casually walking through the temple or even in the gardens with his little Padawan. And much to Obi-Wan’s curiosity he was not just Anakin Skywalker anymore, he was General Skywalker.

Despite his sour opinions of this war and the Order, Obi-Wan found himself oddly proud of his
former Padawan, seeing how far he had gone. With this in mind he felt at ease, his heart warmed. However, that was short lived, as an annoyed grunt from the clone on the other side of the table brought him back into reality.

“I need you to focus, and answer my questions. Are you a Separatists and are you involved in the possible kidnapping of the General?”

“I’m not a Separatist or a Sith!” Obi-Wan exclaimed.

“Then why did you run when we first met?”

“I…”

“And what of the deserter clone who attacked the General? Do you know him, are you working with the Separatist together—”

“I will say it again! I am not a Separatists and I do not know what happened to your General! I do not know a deserter clone! I ran because who wouldn’t when armed men are coming after them!?” Obi-Wan glared. “I don’t have an answer to any of your questions Commander, but what I do know is that you cannot detain me here if you have no evidence! Let me go!” Obi-Wan did not mean to lose his temper, but it was nearly impossible. On top of that, he was now worried for both Ross and Anakin. No doubt Ross was the hostile clone, but what happened to him? Did he and Anakin kill each other? Were they okay?

“If you refuse to cooperate, then we have no reason to keep you here—”

“So you will let me go?”

“No, we will transfer you to the prison on Courscant where you will be held until your trial. You will be brought up on charges of resisting arrest, aiding the Separatists, speculations of being a sith, kidnapping a General….” The more he went on, the paler Obi-Wan grew. He couldn’t this was happening and no matter what he said, this man would not listen him.

He did not doubt that Cody was serious, yet he did not intend to stay to find out.

In the midst of the charges that Cody brought upon him, Obi-Wan lifted his hands from under the table and extended them toward Cody.

“What the hell are you doing?” The commander made way to stand up, reaching for his blaster but Obi-Wan was quicker.

“You will not take me to Courscant and you will free me.” When Cody seemed to be falling into the trance, Obi-Wan pushed again. “You will not take me to Courscant and you will set me free…” In all honesty, he did not think that this would work. After all, how could it? He had not used this technique for many years. However, Cody repeated what he said, sluggishly yet punctually and like Obi-Wan suspected, took a key from his armor and undid Obi-Wan’s binds.

After that, it was a matter of time before Cody woke from his trance, so Obi-Wan was quick to knock him unconscious.

“Alright then…I need to get out of here.” And with that, he planned his escape.
“So you are a deserter clone?” Anakin asked, leaning over an annoyed Ross who currently stood in front of the stove. “How does that work?”

“Maybe you should lay back down.” Ross responded. “Or sit down until I am done cooking.”

“What are you cooking?”

“Please.” Ross turned around and faced him, arms crossed. “I’m not dumb, you’ve been interrogating me for the last hour. What do you want to know?”

A grin made way to Anakin’s face, as he backed up giving Ross a bit of room. He observed how annoyed the clone looked and could feel the anger protruding from him. Anakin also noticed for the first time, that his eyes were different colors; one was blue, one was brown. This was something rare but he’d seen it one other time, with Clone Trooper Chopper, but that was it. Ross was the only other.

“I want to know about Obi-Wan, all you know about him. I know he lives here, I can feel his presence. I also know you aren’t hurting him but I still…I still need to know.”

“And why?” Ross exclaimed. “Can’t you just be happy knowing he’s safe...” Though Ross trailed off, as if in deep thought.

“What is it?” Anakin quickly asked.

“Nothing, it’s nothing…look…I will tell you a bit about him, but after that you have to promise to wait upstairs and leave me alone.”

“I promise.” Anakin lied, and Ross knew it.

Chapter End Notes

Okay! Thank you so much for all the comment and the kudos! Again if you like this story, it would mean so much to me if you would comment to show your support. I love writing but I really would love feedback from those of you who read!
But again, thank you so much! 120 kudos…I must be doing something right! Thank you again!
Aside from the twisted ankle and exhaustion that came from escaping numerous clones shooting live fire his way, Obi-Wan could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

He had made it some distance from the base, but with the sunset and the area being mostly remote, he had no idea where he was. No streets lamps or city lights could be seen from where Obi-Wan sat against a tree in a wooded area, so his best bet would be to leave in the morning. It was then he’d go home and search for Ross and Anakin. Until then however, he needed to rest.

Gathering his strength to continue on with a twisted ankle would be difficult but it was his priority. So he closed his eyes and rested against the tree he currently rested by. Within a few moments, he’d hope he would drift into a pleasant sleep.

It wasn’t long however until Obi-Wan heard the cracking of branches far off in the distance.

His first reaction was of course, that it was an animal passing by or finding a place of rest just as he was. If that was the case, then he wasn’t worried. However, the snapping became louder and closer, prompting Obi-Wan to straighten his position and look over head.

At about that time he began to hear a loud and sharp beeping noise. It only took a few seconds for Obi-Wan to realize the beeping was coming from him, and to rip off a small tracking device from the back of his shirt. As he held the small electronic in his hand, he paled, staring in confusion.

“You didn’t think I’d let you off that easily.” Spoke an all to familiar voice only a few feet above him. In panic, Obi-Wan looked up and saw Commander Cody standing there. His arms were crossed and his expression was well…annoyed. Not even angry, or furious like before, just simply annoyed.

“Commander…” Obi-Wan greeted, backing up more against the tree. “Do you plan to take me in, again?”

“Look,” Cody sat down in the grass across from Obi-Wan. “That would be unwise. You’ve already successfully escaped from us once, no need to bring you back so you can do it again and injure my men in the process.”

“I didn’t mean to injure them…” Obi-Wan spoke, defensively. “I was just trying to run away… look,” He looked at the clone in the eye. “I am not a sith, or Separatist or anything. I’m a university teacher. And if you’re going to ask me why I ran…it’s because I was afraid.”

“Of what?” Cody spoke, arms still crossed as he stared at the professor. “If you aren’t our enemy, why would you run away from us? Why not just comply?”

Obi-Wan sighed, feeling that if he did not make this step now, then he would never be free of the accusatory cloud that hung above him. Perhaps, if he told Cody small details of his past he’d leave
him alone. Obi-Wan of course did not do this lightly, however, he had no other choice.

“I thought…I thought you’d take me back, to Coruscant. I used to be a Jedi, but for personal reasons I left the Order….I left the Order when they needed me the most. Since then, the war has picked up and my decision has now begun to haunt me…now I don’t know if made the right decision or not.” He remained silent, looking at the clone who now bore an unreadable expression. He blinked a bit, as if letting the explanation play out in his head and attempting to see if there was any truth to it.

“Maybe it was the right choice at the time.” Cody spoke, his voice unsure. “But now, there may be a reason you’re feeling regret. There is a war going on, and all who can fight have an obligation to fight.” Though Cody shook his head, taking a deep breath before he continued. “Though, not everyone is meant to fight…I’ve seen a lot of things and just because you have a blaster or lightsaber in your hand doesn’t always make you a soldier, let alone a hero. I wouldn’t blame anyone for leaving if they could…it’s just, when everyone is needed, there isn’t much we can do to compromise.”

Obi-Wan stared, not sure what to say at first. More shocked that the clone believed him and didn’t lash out at him. Still, he was cautious, as this Cody was quite unreadable. “Not everyone is meant to be a soldier…” Obi-Wan repeated. “Or a hero…” He didn’t know why his mind drifted to Anakin. He hadn’t seen the boy fight in years and yet he couldn’t help but imagine him always trying to be a hero, always trying to get the glory from his superiors. It was almost sad how much validation Anakin yearned for.

“Ahh, do you know anything about General Skywalker? As I mentioned, he sent a distress call claiming he was attacked by a rogue clone. When we arrived, he was gone but you were there.”

“I know nothing about a rogue clone…” Obi-Wan lied, but chuckled softly at the mention of a ‘rogue clone’. “But your General…I guess it would be worth mentioning that he was…I was…..” Obi-Wan paused a bit, the words not able to come from his mouth without him getting slightly choked up. It was as if all the pressed guilt began to build up, threatening to spill.

“So you are Obi-Wan Kenobi.” Cody said, interjecting and saving Obi-Wan from an emotional break down. “It all makes sense now.”

“It does?” Obi-Wan asked, perking up.

“He was focused on finding you.” Cody shrugged. “Now I understand why.”

There was a bit of silence that passed by. All the while, Obi-Wan attempted to juggle his guilt back and forth without having a complete break down in front of Cody. But after a while, he was able to compress his emotions again, simply looking up at the night sky.

“What are you all doing here? Anakin, you and the others…”

“All I can tell you is that we’re looking for Separatists…nothing more.”

“This is planet is a part of the Republic.” Obi-Wan spoke, the concern in his voice growing. “Why would…”

“That is all I can say.” Cody interjected.

Again silence, save for the animals in the trees and small creatures on the forest floor. It was then, Obi-Wan found himself growing tired; Cody seemed to take notice.

“You’re cleared, Obi-Wan. At this point, you know nothing about the Separatists and have nothing
to do with why he came here. Your past aside, you have nothing to do with me, or the Republic however…your ankle is twisted.” He pointed. “I can take you back to the base and get you looked at, or a nearby medical center.” Cody looked up. “However, we’re far away from the base now…you walked a distance, didn’t think of stopping you until rested. My mistake.” He actually smiled, which caught Obi-Wan by surprise.

“Um…yes…well,” Obi-Wan began, getting himself together. “My plan is to wait here until morning. When the sun comes up, we can make our way back. Perhaps by then, my ankle will feel better.”

“Yeah.” Cody responded. “Sun should be up in a few hours. Until then, we rest.”

Obi-Wan smiled. “You should come over next to me…it gets cold at night you know. Seeing as we have no fire and it’s too dark to collect firewood, staying close is the one way we can stay warm.”

The clone sighed, almost rolling his eyes as he stood up and walked toward the former jedi.

“Let’s just hope morning comes soon.”

“You know, you’re not as mean as I thought.” Obi-Wan spoke, moving over so Cody could sit near him.

“I’m only mean when I have to be.” The clone replied, making himself comfortable in the space Obi-Wan had made for him. “Good night, Obi-Wan.”

“Good night Cody.” Obi-Wan replied, feeling much better and lighter than he had in days since the clones had arrived.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed. There had to be a point in this fic where Cody and Obi-Wan had a civil conversation and there it was. I think at a point they’re both tired of running.

I do hope you enjoyed this chapter! I will try to update the next chapter sooner. If you liked this chapter don’t forget to leave a kudos and please comment it would make my day!
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your comments and kudos! They are very much appreciated. This chapter is a bit longer than the rest so sorry! Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Even before sunrise Cody had aided Obi-Wan as they both made way back to the base.

It was then Obi-Wan was taken to one of the many medics and his ankle, though for the most part healed, was tended to. He had been given something to eat and had been placed in a comfortable bed where he was able to rest properly. Cody sat in the chair next to him, his eyes wide and alert; there was no hint of weariness.

“You know,” Obi-Wan started, getting the attention of the commander. “You should really sleep.”

“Don’t have time.” Cody responded, gazing at Obi-Wan. “After this, there’s still a lot I have to do.”

“Like what?” Obi-Wan mused, a smile creeping to the corner of his lips.

“You know I can’t tell you.” Cody sighed, leaning back in his chair with his arms crossed. “How are you feeling?”

“Better. I can certainly use my foot now. Thank you for doing this for me. I’ll be out of your hair any minute now.”

“I hope you’ll allow me to take you home.” Cody responded. “Or at least aid you. It will take some time for that injury to heal fully.”

“I’m fine going home on my own, thank you.”

“I insist.”

There was something in Cody’s eyes that drew caution. Obi-Wan knew the two of them were on better terms now, but Cody still did not trust him. True, Cody offering to take him home could have been a chivalrous act, but he was still suspicious. He probably feared Obi-Wan had something to do with their missing general, or the rogue clone—both of which he was somewhat involved with.

“It’s fine Cody.” He repeated. “I know you want to help but you’ve already done enough however, when I leave, I do hope this will not be the last time you and I see one another.”

Cody actually rose an eyebrow, as if he was not able to comprehend what Obi-Wan meant. So rolling his eyes, Obi-Wan continued. “I’d like to think that we aren’t enemies anymore…and clearly I must repay you for what you’ve done…So maybe dinner or something. Sometime when you don’t have a lot to do.” Obi-Wan mocked, receiving a smile from Cody.

“If I don’t know where you live, how can I find you again?”

“You’ve taken my commlink right? You have my channel pretty sure I’ll have yours after this.” He
shrugged. “Give me a call, or I’ll give you one.”

“Ah…” Cody responded, seemingly realizing that he hadn’t yet given Obi-Wan back the possessions they’d taken from him. “Right… I’ll be back.” He stood and exited, leaving Obi-Wan to himself. The former Jedi took a deep breath and managed to shift positions until he was eventually sitting on the edge of the bed, ready to leave when he had to. That opportunity arose when Cody returned, carrying a bag of Obi-Wan’s belongings in his hand.

Cody was slightly shocked, seeing Obi-Wan’s changed position but handed him the bag. “Try not to get into any more trouble with us.” He spoke, sitting down in the chair. “We won’t have to take your stuff…”

Obi-Wan returned the bag, grabbing his commlink and switching up the channels. After poking a few buttons and twisting numerous dials, Cody’s own commlink began to ring. Reaching for it in surprise, he cast a cautious look toward Obi-Wan. “How’d you do that?

“Won’t tell. Not permitted too.” Obi-Wan joked, scooting up and extending his arm toward Cody. Placing his hand on the clone’s shoulder, he gave a genuine and heartfelt smile. “Thank you for everything Cody, but I need to get going. It may come as a surprise to you, but I will be looking for your General too, as his safety is important to me as well.”

“What—"

“Sleep now Cody, and look forward to my next transmission.”

Cody wanted to protest, he really did, but as Obi-Wan had predicted, his eyelids fell and all too soon he was asleep. Obi-Wan then stood, grabbing his bag and gazing at his commlink.

He did hope to contact Cody again. It was something about the clone that calmed his Force; he wasn’t afraid (well after they made up that was). But for now, he was worried. He needed to find Anakin and Ross, and hope the two of them were alright.

As Ross suspected, Anakin stayed over night.

His head injury required medication and the only medicine Ross had put him to sleep instantly. He was grateful for that, because the Jedi sure did keep up a lot of chatter. During dinner, he simply could not keep quiet and Ross could only blame himself for feeding him so well, giving him the energy he needed. He had however, helped Ross clean the dishes and straighten up the kitchen. For that he was thankful.

As of current, morning had arrived.

Ross had spent the better part of the night attempting to reach Obi-Wan’s commlink but was met with at first, nothing but silence, yet then a few voices similar to his own in which he was quick to end the transmission. He had feared that Obi-Wan had gotten captured by the clones and one way or another he’d have to save him (or of course, Obi-Wan would save himself). Yet that night, Ross was too tired to even think about it. He fell asleep in the arm chair facing Anakin’s bed (well his bed).

He felt a mixture of fear and anger when he woke up the next morning to discover that Anakin was not there.

“Anakin!” Ross had yelled the moment he realized the bed was empty. “Where did you go?!”
“Downstairs!” Replied a loud voice. “Keep quiet, I still have headache you know!”

“Then just do what I tell you next time! Stay in bed!”

“As if that would have changed the fact that you tried to kill me!”

“You tried to kill me!” Ross was quick to stand up, annoyed as he headed to the bathroom. He almost hoped the other clones came and found Anakin.

Downstairs, Anakin found himself occupied by a bookshelf not too far from one of the main chairs. He had taken out a few of the books, recognizing some of them from his time with Obi-Wan. He remembered that when the two were at rest, done with tedious training exercises, Obi-Wan would take out one of his novels or poetry books, and read to his hearts content. Bringing himself back into reality, Anakin stared at his loose scribbling and the way he’d mark out words and phrases, writing down summaries and his own opinions. Anakin smiled, yet that smile faded.

He loved poetry...he loved writing...he’s a teacher now, maybe I was holding him back from being that. He thought, placing the books back on the shelf, attempting to hurry before Ross returned.

“Anakin...” Too late. He thought, turning around to face his annoyed friend. He had to get used to having a clone call him by his first name—no General, or anything like that. Just plain Anakin, and he was not always pleasant when he addressed him.

“What are you doing?” Ross crossed his arms, looking toward the misplaced books.

Anakin sighed, his tone changing a bit. “Just...just looking...this is Obi-Wan’s stuff isn’t it?” He handed Ross one of the books.

“Yeah, his poetry.” The clone replied. “He loves reading.”

“Have you heard from him?” Anakin asked.

“No. I’ll go look for him later.” Ross sat down in one of the arm chairs and Anakin sat in the opposite one. “I hope he’s okay.”

“Me too...” Anakin frowned, still looking at the books and eventually putting them aside. “He’s happy here isn’t he? As a teacher...you seem to make him happy, well I assume.”

“I could say that.” Ross shrugged. “He certainly does enjoy being a teacher, and I guess the freedom that comes with living here. Nothing like being a Jedi, or fighting in war...that kind of thinking is what drew us together.”

“Together?” Anakin repeated. “Are you—”

“No...no...we’re friends, that’s all. He’s not my type.” Ross dismissed, causing Anakin to chuckle but then frowned again.

“I won’t lie...I feel a little guilty. I wonder just how bad I was to drive him away. He must have really hated me.”

“Even with being around you for a day, I can understand why he left.” There was silence from Anakin’s direction and he looked genuinely hurt. Ross felt a twinge of guilt in his heart, and made way to correct himself.

“Hey...you weren’t the only reason he left and for the record, he does love you. He hated to leave
you…he didn’t think that he was a good master. That’s what he told me at least, when we first discussed it.”

Anakin’s eyes lit up but dulled soon after. “If anyone is a failure…it’s me.” The somber Jedi stood and walked toward the window, where he looked out. “I’m glad he got to leave, I’m glad he’s happy. I guess anything is better than having to train me.”

“I think you’re being to hard on yourself.” Ross shrugged. “You were just a kid when he left. You’re not being fair if you pin all of this on yourself.” He stood, casting his gaze toward Anakin. “How are you feeling by the way?”

“Still a light headed.” Anakin finally spoke. “A little nauseas too..”

“Side affects of the medicine. You’ll probably need to stay for one more day. I’m going to go make breakfast…nauseas or not, you’re getting some too.” He waited until a saddened and tired Anakin sat on the couch, he then vanished into the kitchen and prepared breakfast.

Twenty minutes into his preparation, his commlink went off.

“Ross…?”

“Obi-Wan!? Is that you?”

OoOoOoOoOoOoO

It had taken Obi-Wan some time to realize just where he was, but when the roads grew familiar and the landscape started to register in his mind, he knew he was on the right track. As he walked down a sidewalk, he knew it would take him some time to get home.

On his way, he’d stopped by the store to buy something to eat.

It had hardly been thirty minutes into his walk when he’d gotten his commlink working again and had by now, realized that Ross had been trying to contact him. He was quick to return the call, holding the commlink to his ear.

“Yes! It’s me…Ross I’m sorry! Last night, this morning…a lot happened. The clones they found me, but I was able to get way. Well, I had help. I have so much to tell you!”

“Are you alright? You aren’t hurt are you? When will you be home?”

“Fine…I’m fine. I’ll be back in about and hour. We have a lot to discuss. How are you Ross? What happened when I left?”

Things grew quiet for a while, and Obi-Wan could hear Ross sigh. There was apprehension in his voice when he spoke again. “I’m fine but…there is someone here…to see you…” Ross didn’t even have to give a name, Obi-Wan knew instantly.

He did not know how Anakin got to this house, nor what to expect, but he knew that this meeting was inevitable. It would have happened one way or another. “He wants to talk to you.”

“I know…tell him I’ll be there soon Ross. I won’t ask how he got there.” There was a chuckle from Ross on the other line.

“You don’t want to know.” Both shared a laugh and said their farewells. Obi-Wan then ended the call, and mentally prepared to face his past, no matter how painful he feared it would be.
When Ross put away the commlink he heard the sound of someone clearing their throat behind him.

He was not shocked to know that it was Anakin standing there, perhaps looking at him with a nervous expression.

“Obi-Wan, that was him…wasn’t it? Will he be back soon?”

“Yes.” Ross turned and faced him. “In about an hour.”

Things grew quiet as Anakin looked away almost timidly. Ross could feel the uncertainty emitting from his body, as if he was unsure of how to feel or react. Looking back up, he gazed at Ross with his blue eyes dull and unclear. “I should go.” He finally managed, shaking his head. “I…I don’t… He’s happy here…I would just mess things up.”

“No, Anakin.” Ross peeled himself from the oven and walked over to the jedi. “He wants to see you, he knows you are here.”

“He does?”

“Of course he does, just like you want to see him.” Ross casually reached out and took hold of Anakin’s hand, giving it a reassuring tug. “I know the past can be scary, but sometimes you need to face it. If you want things to get better between the two of you, you have to do this.”

“What it—”

“No, no what ifs! Don’t doubt yourself Anakin, this will be the only chance you have.” Ross sighed. “None of what happened is your fault…but I know you don’t think that. You’ve been carrying that guilt with you for years Anakin, so perhaps with this, you’ll learn to forgive yourself. It will be okay Anakin…”

The two stared at each other, as Anakin’s face contorted into a subtle, yet visible smile. Ross could feel the change in atmosphere as he realized Anakin was now squeezing his hand too. “Thank you.”

Ross smiled in return his eyes for a few seconds locking with Anakin’s. They both smiled at one another and then, Ross smelt something burning. Anakin did too as they both faced the stove and realized the enormous smoke cloud that had just emitted from the burnt breakfast.

“Shit!” Ross exclaimed, releasing Anakin’s hand and tending to the ashes.

It took nearly ten minutes for him to calm the flames down. “I need to go get breakfast…I’ve ruined the pan.” He spoke, peeling away from the kitchen and into the living room where he grabbed his jacket.

“You’re leaving?” Anakin was obviously nervous, knowing he might possibly have to face Obi-Wan alone.

“Yes Anakin.” Ross responded already two feet in front of the door.

“But Obi-Wan is going to…you won’t be here?”

“I’ll be quick Anakin, I promise. If you get hungry there’s some fruit, I’ll see you later.” And with that, he was gone, leaving Anakin alone, anticipating the long needed reunion with his master.

Anakin’s first instinct was to sit down, but that didn’t work. So he stood and began to pace around
the living room. He paced for so long and so fast, the cat made herself dizzy attempting to keep him within her eyesight. It wasn’t until near ten minutes later, did Anakin finally calm down when he heard the door open, meaning Ross had returned.

“Ross…thank goodness you’re back I—”

He stopped short when he realized that it was not Ross standing in the door way.

There, just a few feet away from him outside of the threshold, was the man who had haunted his dreams every night. The man who had caused him such a great amount of guilt, that some days he felt like he could not function, but nonetheless the man he’d cared for, missed and loved so much. He could not believe he was standing there, just as breathless and shocked as he.

“Master…” Anakin said, not truly able to find his voice.

“Anakin…” Obi-Wan repeated with the same, shocked enthusiasm.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked this chapter! You may realize it is a bit longer than my previous chapters (longer than I'd like it to be) so please, I would very much love comments because I did work extremely hard on this chapter. Comments would be so very much appreciated! Also if you're interested in another Codywan story, check out my new fic "Fortitude"!
Out of all the ways Obi-Wan thought he’d run into Anakin again, he didn’t think it would be like this.

He had of course known that Anakin would be at his house; Ross had told him after all. Yet nothing would prepare him for the moment the two actually met, so casually after all these years. Obi-Wan had to admit, it was rather anti-climactic. Not that he minded for he did not know a more appropriate way for them to meet after all this time—he never thought he’d meet Anakin again.

Certainly he did not dream of meeting him on the battle field of any sort, yet he was more than shocked to see him standing in his living room, looking tired and starved. Yet at that moment, what troubled Obi-Wan the most, was that this was how they had left off, all those years ago. With a feeble Anakin, exhausted and hungry from training. None could remember if he was more tired or hungry, yet Obi-Wan supposed the former. The young boy had fallen asleep the moment he had come into the temple, and near moments after that Obi-Wan had left, gone before Anakin could wake.

It was almost sad for Obi-Wan, to see his student once again in this vulnerable position. The guilt began to creep up his spine until the two finally sat down in the living room; each on opposite couches and beckoning the other to speak.

Things were understandably quiet for a while as none had said a word other than the mutter of their names from before, and what could they say? After all these years, what was the appropriate thing to say.

“You’ve gotten taller…much taller.” Obi-Wan was the first to speak as he thought it was the right thing to do. This caught Anakin by surprise, as he breathed a sigh of relief.

“And you’ve grown facial hair…a lot…it looks nice.” Anakin responded. “I guess it makes you look older.”

“Something of the sort.” Obi-Wan said, looking at his feet and then at Anakin whose eyes couldn’t contain his anxiety. “I’m almost certain you have a lot of question.” He continued, cutting right to the chase. “Before you begin Anakin, I just want to say that while I am sorry…I am proud of you. To see that you’ve grown, to see that you are a knight with your own army…I am proud of you.”

Anakin’s lips curved into a smile, only temporarily as they twisted back into a frown. “If you were proud of me, then why did you leave? Was I a bad student? Was it my fault that you—”

“Don’t blame yourself Anakin!” Obi-Wan cut in, his voice louder than he’d like. “It had nothing to do with you…but everything to do with me.”
“I wish I knew that when I was younger.” Anakin continued, sighing. “It was impossible for me not to blame myself. How could I not? No one’s master just leaves them like that in the middle of the night…the other Padawans began to talk. They claimed that I chased you away…that I was cursed or something. That I didn’t belong there…rumors that I was destined to be a sith spread and well…things weren’t easy for me. I’m pretty sure everyone else blamed me, but I really blamed myself. And I still do.” He looked down at his hands, seemingly ashamed, as his past still greatly affected him.

Obi-Wan didn’t make way to speak right away, instead he pondered on all Anakin had said and truly let it seek in. If guilt was what he was feeling before, he didn’t even have a word to describe it now. Knowing the nature of Anakin’s arrival to the temple, he couldn’t even imagine, how awful things had to be for Anakin when he left. Why didn’t Obi-Wan consider that Anakin would blame himself? It only made sense, on top of that, he should have known that others would blame him as well.

“But I’m glad,” Anakin’s voice cut through. “I am glad you left. If you didn’t want to be a Jedi then why stay? You seem happy here. From what I see and from what Ross told me, you seem really settled and I’m glad leaving gave you that chance. I just wish…” He shook his head.

“Go on.” Obi-Wan urged.

“I just wish you didn’t leave me behind.” Anakin pressed. “I missed you.”

There was a slight vulnerability in Anakin’s voice. Obi-Wan could tell that he attempted to hide it, but with all the emotions running through this poor boy’s body, it was impossible.

“I missed you too.” Obi-Wan managed, faintly smiling. “Truth was…I wasn’t good for you. I wasn’t the man that Qui-Gon wanted. I knew I’d fail you Anakin, but I never imagined the pain you had to go through. I’m sorry Anakin…I truly am.” He stood from his sofa and walked over to a surprised Anakin, sitting down next to him. Placing a hand on his former student’s back, he continued on. “The Jedi Order…It wasn’t working for me. Not sure if you know this, but I almost never got a master.”

“What?!?” Anakin perked up, shocked. “You?”

“Yes me.” Obi-Wan tried to contain a laugh. “I wasn’t perfect…” He shrugged. “Not as a Jedi, and I wouldn’t be perfect for you.”

“You would’ve been just fine.” Anakin said, whole heartedly. “You didn’t need to be perfect…you just needed to be with me.”

“I’m sorry Anakin.” Obi-Wan said. “I truly am…I wish I could make it up to you.”

“Being happy, and doing what you want to do is enough for me.” Anakin gave Obi-Wan a kind smile. “And I already forgave you…all those years ago. I was never angry. Sad, but not angry.”

Obi-Wan, with his hand still on Anakin’s back pulled him into an unexpected hug. Anakin gasped at the sudden contact, yet he held on to Obi-Wan with an even tighter grip. For the first time in years, they’d touched each other and felt one another’s Force and to none of their surprise—there was no anger. No unrest or tension, just ease. Both felt it and it brought them comfort until they finally split apart.

Obi-Wan watched as Anakin closed his eyes, exhaling deeply as a smile remained on his lips. He was at peace, after all these years. Obi-Wan could only imagine how much he’d yearend for this moment, when they would meet each other once again.
“How have you been.” Obi-Wan asked, breaking the silent solitude.

“I’d be lying if I said everything was going well…” Anakin shrugged. “I have a Padawan and she’s amazing but…I doubt my abilities to teach her. Kind of starting to understand how you feel—Obi-Wan.”

“Don’t say that Anakin.” He urged. “you’re a good Jedi. I’m sure you’re a good master! Congratulations on getting your Padawan, you should take pride in that.”

Anakin again shrugged, leaning back and closing his eyes. “Truth is,” He began, exhaling. “I’m at odds with the Jedi Order and I’ve been questioning my place. Ever since you left Obi-Wan…I’ve really been thinking and I’m not sure if—”

“Anakin, just because I left doesn’t mean that you’re not a good Jedi.” Obi-Wan urged, feeling a twinge of worry.

“It’s not just you, it’s a lot of things. The code…the lack of attachments…I haven’t…I just don’t agree.” He gazed at Obi-Wan, a concerned look in his eyes. “When I see you here, free and happy, it makes me think.”

“Anakin…” Obi-Wan exhaled.

“You’re the only one I’ve told this Obi-Wan…I haven’t told anyone….because I know no one would understand. But now I’ve found someone who can, I’ve found you. I haven’t made a good Jedi…on the outside yes . I’m a General, I have a Padawan but on the inside…I’m at odds.”

Obi-Wan could feel regret growing in his heart. Not regret of meeting Anakin, for deep down inside he had longed to see his Padawan again, but regret for possibly pulling the young man off of his path. As detached as Obi-Wan was from the Jedi, he knew that Anakin’s importance to the Order and the galaxy weighed upon him remaining a Jedi. He was the chosen one, that was how this all started. The balance rested upon his shoulders. To hear him having doubts was concerning.

“You only ever wanted to be a Jedi Anakin.” Obi-Wan pleaded. “I remember how much being a master excited you—”

“I wanted to be Jedi because that was my only option. It’s what I was told to do and back then, I thought I was doing what I wanted.” He crossed his arms. “Thought that because I was somehow the ‘chosen one’ I was on the right path—I was wrong.”

“Anakin, I think—”

“I don’t think I want to continue on this path. One day, I feel as if I might…leave.”

There was silence that passed and Obi-Wan could feel a tightness rise within the Force. It wasn’t quite tension, nor anger but there certainly things Anakin was keeping secret. Things that he himself determined would make him a poor Jedi.

“Are you in love with someone Anakin?” Obi-Wan blurted out rather desperately. Yet this had to be the reason, Obi-Wan thought to himself. The reason as to why he was at odds with the Order. If that was the case Obi-Wan would gladly tell Anakin that he was not the only Jedi who faced this dilemma and it was more of a phase than anything; a test of strength.

“I was.” Anakin admitted, not attempting to hide it. “She…we…we were in love but, things didn’t work out between us. She was busy and I understood that, I was busy too. After a while, we just fell out of love but she’s still my best friend and I’m still her best friend.” He paused for a while, a faint
smile upon his lips. “She still looks like an angel, and that won’t change.”

“Padmé.” Obi-Wan’s eyes widened as he interjected. “That’s who you loved?”

“We were going to get married, but I’m glad we didn’t. Like I said, we weren’t compatible.”

Married? Obi-Wan thought horrified. He truly does not care for the code.

“If you are no longer in love then why are you at odds with the Order?” It was a silly question, Obi-Wan knew, but he had to get to the bottom of this.

“Because my issues with the Order don’t just have to do with love and…who’s not to say I’ll fall in love again. And if I’m not apart of the Order, I can make things work…” He smiled. “I remember how it felt to be in love, and for some reason…I think I’ll feel it again soon. Don’t know why I get the feeling.” Anakin stood and stretched. Walking toward the book shelf again, looking at all the novels.

Obi-Wan remained silent, reflecting on all Anakin had said, but more importantly he too felt a strange feeling from the Force. He felt an attachment coming in the future though he didn’t know if he could consider it love, at least not yet. It was odd to say in the least—he didn’t know what to make of it, but it certainly wasn’t something he’d share with Anakin at this moment.

“Where’s Ross, I’m getting a little hungry.”

“You were always hungry.” Obi-Wan responded. “He should be back soon. It usually doesn’t take him long to get back from the store.”

“He said you’ve been enjoying it here, so how have you been?” Anakin currently held a book in his hand.

“Fine actually…I do enjoy this life. I’m a teacher you know? Teaching students was never something I could let go.”

“Hopefully your students are better to handle then I was.”

“You’re still my favorite.” Obi-Wan responded, watching his former student from where he sat. “If I may ask…how did you end up here, in my house?”

“Ahh…Ross and I got into a little disagreement in the alley. I suspected he was a Separatists, and that he kidnapped you and well, I tried to kill him or at least arrest him but that didn’t work. He outsmarted me.”

“He was an ARC Trooper.” Obi-Wan commented.

“Yeah, but pretty sure in my state at that time, he could’ve beat me even if he wasn’t one.” Anakin smiled.

“Separatists?” Obi-Wan crossed his arms, as the word registered in his mind. “Just what are you here for? Your men captured me when I went to the alley and I was held for a while—they thought I was a Separatist. This is neutral territory…why would there be any Separatists?”

“Neutral?” Anakin placed his book back on the shelf and turned to face Obi-Wan. “This is a Republic System…understandably, the inhabitants might not have known that but, it is a part of the Republic. Or at least it should be…” He sat back down on the sofa, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You know, I’m not authorized to tell you anything…I really can’t.”
It was that moment, the sound of the door could be heard slamming shut as if someone had just entered, and soon after Ross appeared in the living room, arms crossed, leaning against a wall. None had heard him enter, and Obi-Wan began to wonder how long he’d been there.

“Not authorized to tell us what?” He glared, having caught on that part of the conversation. “If you’re going to be staying at my house and eating my food, you’d better tell me why you and your clone friends are here.”

Obi-Wan completely expected Anakin to rebuttal or even get angry at Ross’ demands. But he simply shrugged and exhaled. “Guess I do owe you one, but don’t say I didn’t warn you. This planet is currently under Republic control, but there’s a huge possibility that your leaders are allying with the Separatist.”

“What?” Obi-Wan asked, shocked.

“Meaning…” Ross directed toward Anakin.

“Meaning…that an all out war, and complete destruction of this planet is possible if we find that out to be true.”

And with that, Obi-Wan could feel his throat constrict, realizing that the planet he had grown to love and cherish so much could come crumbling before him at any moment.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! I was really debating on how to write this chapter because I was anticipating their reunion as well. This may seem odd, but I just don't see Anakin being mad in this situation. I think, as I portrayed, he'd be more sad than anything but certainly not angry or hateful toward Obi-Wan. So I loved writing this chapter. So hope you enjoyed! And if you are wanting to read another story from me, you should check out my newest fic Fortitude. Ofc it's Codywan (quicker romantic build up to in the fic then in this one) but is AU. Same characters of course (I've even added Ross bcs he's a fave of mine), but different plot.

Anyway, hope you enjoyed! If you did, please comment!
“This is supposed to be a neutral territory…” Ross had muttered for the hundredth time, causing Anakin to groan in slight annoyance.

In his chair at the table, Obi-Wan had not said a word; he couldn’t manage anything. All the he could focus on was the fact that Anakin had said “war”. He had tried so long to stay away from the war only for it to come to his place of comfort, his home. And with that, came more Jedi—more of the Order who had no doubt scrutinized him for his decision to leave. Would they force him back? Would their guilt tripping monologues be enough to make him return? He did not know, yet feared the worse.

“I know.” Anakin responded to Ross, his voice calm as he ate his breakfast. “So hopefully, we can find all the Separatists leaders and supporters on your planet.”

“You’re smart enough to know that it isn’t that simple. If there are Separatists here, on a planet that is ‘supposed’ to be neutral, that means something else is going on.” Ross groaned. “Can’t help but think you and your friends are inviting conflict.”

“Maybe.” Anakin shrugged. “But regardless, we have to get this planet under control…. ” He drifted off. “Hey Obi-Wan, you haven’t touched your food. Do you wanna eat it still?”

“Oh.” Obi-Wan perked him, peeling himself from his current trance. “Yeah…I’m not…not to hungry.” Both Anakin and Ross grew silent, sensing the distress from Obi-Wan. He did not mean to be so somber, but words could not express how lost he felt at that moment. What did this mean for their home and livelihood?

“Look, Obi-Wan, and Ross…I know you two are worried and I don’t blame you, but there’s nothing to be afraid of. Ahsoka, Rex and Cody have been good at gathering information. I don’t doubt that by the time I get back, we would have found something.”

“And what then?” Obi-Wan frowned. “If you’ve found a Separatist leader then that confirms your suspicions and like you said that could start a war. If they know you’re here already, that can be even worse.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if they knew you were already here.” Ross rose and eyebrow. “Clones know how to keep a ruckus, and a reckless General doesn’t really help that matter.”

“Reckless? So my reputation exceeds the star systems.” Anakin joked.

“It’s not that.” Ross shrugged, taking a sip of his drink. “It’s something I’ll have to explain later.” He chuckled slightly. There was a bit of silence that went by, the only noises heard were the shuffling of forks on the plates. Anakin had eventually gotten Obi-Wan’s plate. Obi-Wan could only manage to
drink a few sips of water by the time the breakfast had ended and that only made him feel worse than before.

“I should be good to go back soon.” Anakin announced.

“You should be,” Ross responded. “but wouldn’t you want to stay for a day later? At least to catch up with Obi-Wan a bit more.”

“I was thinking of that. I can leave tomorrow morning.”

“Just try not to lead anyone here.” Ross joked, getting a chuckle from Anakin and the two casually continued their banter.

Obi-Wan had excused himself a while after, heading to his bedroom where he sat on the foot of his bed. He was tired and exhausted, as there was a lot to think about. He was surprised that Ross could stay calm, and that he could even joke when his life could very well change in the near future. Obi-Wan felt foolish for being surprised because somewhere, deep down in his heart, he knew that this would happen one day. The ghosts of his past would come back to haunt him…he just didn’t know it would be then.

“Obi-Wan…” Anakin’s voice had caught him off guard as he saw his former student push through his doorway. He wore a hopeless smile as he approached Obi-Wan’s bed. “Is everything okay…you don’t seem well.”

“I could hardly take your flirting downstairs with Ross,” Obi-Wan spoke sarcastically, sitting up. “It made me sick.”

Anakin chuckled. “We’ll I’ll have to make sure to keep it at a minimum when you’re around. I only learned how to flirt from the best.” The both shared a laugh, Obi-Wan shocked that Anakin remembered his various, “interesting” encounters with others. “It was hardly flirting Anakin!” He retorted, a smile across his face.

After a while, Anakin sighed, shaking his head slightly as he took a seat at the end of the bed. “I can tell this makes you nervous…all of this. I’m sorry Obi-Wan. I understand why you’re afraid. This is a really nice planet and I’d hate to see it all crumble.”

“What’s done is done Anakin.” Obi-Wan responded. “We can only hope for the best, but even I know war doesn’t always produce ‘the best’.” He sighed, and faced Anakin. “No matter what happens, I am glad I got to see you again…. I don’t know what will happen after this, and maybe we’ll see each other again, maybe we won’t.” In silence, he placed a hand on Anakin’s shoulder, squeezing it tightly. “But I am happy we have this time now…however short it may be.”

There was an air of happiness about the room that quickly faded to melancholy. There was something somber about that moment then, something that neither wished to face nor accept. But both were grateful that Obi-Wan had brought it up. Their time was, after all limited.

“I...don’t want to lose contact with you Obi-Wan. Never, no matter what happens, I can’t lose you again.” Anakin’s eyes were pleading. “I can’t go through that anymore.”

Obi-Wan frowned, and his heart constricted. “I feel the same way…before you leave, we can synch our comm channels. If the Republic doesn’t blow this planet to bits and Ross and I are still here, you can always come to visit. It can be your home—and I’m sure Ross wouldn’t mind you popping up out of the blue.”

Anakin attempted to smile, but he couldn’t. Obi-Wan could feel his fear and uncertainty. The mere
thought of splitting again, *really* terrified him.

“Anakin, we’ll always be connected. I promise. If not through technology, then through the Force. You will *always* be able to find me. I will never leave you again.”

His voice was stern, void of any humor. Even Obi-Wan was surprised by the weight in his voice, it was something he had not heard for years. However, he *needed* Anakin to understand him, and if not to understand him, to trust him.

“Okay…” He said quietly, the uncertainty not leaving his voice, but he believed now.

In silence, both sat on the bed. Obi-Wan eventually fell back down upon the pillow, still gazing at Anakin. He wondered what was happening, for Anakin certainly wasn’t telling him everything that was being done. Obi-Wan wondered if this whole operation was far more drastic than Anakin was letting off. Obi-Wan figured that if he knew a bit more, perhaps he could offer help. It was foolish to think he could do anything to help at this point, but perhaps, he could shed some aid.

“Can you please tell me what exactly is happening Anakin?”

From where he sat, Obi-Wan could feel Anakin stiffen. “What do you mean?”

“You need to be truthful with me Anakin? What exactly are you doing—what is your strategy?”

Anakin pondered in silence for a moment, very obviously not wanting to give away any information. Eventually however, he gave in, knowing that his former master wouldn’t stop prodding him if he didn’t.

“We take in people on the suspicion of them being Separatists, and then we interrogate them; sometimes for hours at a time until we get something. So far we’ve found people suspected of being Separatists—”

“How?”

“Well, a *source* gave us a list of names to look for and it’s surprising how many people rat others out when they are accused of being Separatists but, we haven’t gotten any information about a base or an all out attack so far.” Anakin sighed. “They can be hiding in plain sight…rich donors for universities, shop and business owners…just anyone who has the money…”

“Schools? Universities? The Universities here thrive off of Donor Sponsorship…do you think that maybe, some of our sponsors could be Separatists?” Obi-Wan sat up again, as ideas began to form freely in his mind.

“Who knows? Possibly.” Anakin perked up. “But it’s not like you can track all those donors down and ask them—”

“Well we can actually…. See the Universities have the names and information of everyone who donates to them—it’s open to all faculty and administration. We can see how much they spent on the school, and even see what other organizations they sponsor however, I’m sure none of them would make it known that they publicly sponsor the Separatist army.” Obi-Wan sighed.

“True, but if we get their names, The Republic can monitor their spending, or see what they’ve spent. It can also be troublesome, but we can also see if they’ve opened in private accounts and well then…we can go from there.” Anakin smiled. “Anything else?”

“There is going to be a Donor’s Banquet in a couple of weeks at my University, and all the Donors
will be there, or are at least supposed to be there.” Obi-Wan thought for a second, but Anakin was quick to reply.

“That would be a really good time to interrogate them if we got their information on time. If not interrogate them then at least—”

“Spy on them.” Obi-Wan commented. “We could get some information.”

“Yeah…” Anakin responded, a larger smile on his face. “This is a really good strategy. We’d have to talk about it more, maybe over dinner tonight but I think it could work. And you would be willing to help me—to help us?”

Obi-Wan hesitated for a while, before nodding. “I’ll do what it takes to keep this planet safe. This is my home after all, I’d like to see it in one piece…and perhaps even Ross would like to help us. We’ll have to ask him.”

Laying back down, Obi-Wan took a breath, wondering just what he’d gotten himself into. Nevertheless, he couldn’t back down now and he was somewhat excited to be working with his former student again.

“I think he’ll warm up to it.” Anakin grinned. “Thank you for doing this, Obi-Wan. I know it’s not easy.”

“Let’s just hope I don’t regret this.”

“You won’t master.”

At that, Obi-Wan felt his heart warm. It had been a while since anyone had called Obi-Wan master, and he found that he somewhat missed it. Suddenly Anakin was a little boy again, coming into Obi-Wan’s room and disturbing him with his chatter. Back then he would have asked him to leave and go away however, now he welcomed Anakin’s company. It wasn’t something that he wanted to end; he wanted this moment to last forever.

“Tell me about that Padawan of yours, Anakin.”

“Ahsoka!?” Anakin exclaimed. “She’s amazing, I think you’d love her…” And then, Anakin continued on, painting an amazing image of this Ahsoka Tano. He too eventually found himself laying on the opposite end of the bed, looking up at the ceiling as he praised his student in almost a hundred different ways.

Obi-Wan loved hearing about her, yet at the same time he was sad.

He wondered how many times Anakin yearned to be praised, and to have master who actually loved and supported him. Obi-Wan felt the guilt creeping up his spine once again, but he would make up for all those lost years. And even after all of this was over, he wouldn’t treat Anakin the way he did all those years ago. He’d keep a friendship with him, no matter how tedious it was, he’d make sure Anakin never felt abandoned again.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the late update. I know I was supposed to be updating Fortitude this week, but decided to catch up on this one. If you notice, I update fics bi-weekly but I just got busy!
Anyway, if you liked this chapter, please please comment! Just comment in general if you read it, it would make me extremely happy.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, I've been quite busy. I hope you enjoy this chapter; if you do please comment. And sorry for the odd format, I've been using google docs and this is the product lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Anakin and Obi-Wan continued their conversation until Obi-Wan dozed off.

He was exhausted after his ordeal, and Anakin didn’t blame him for going silent. They spoke about enough, and for the first time in years both were at peace. Obi-Wan’s dreams were not filled with fear of the past and what could happen. It seemed that his talk with Anakin had served its purpose, yet he still knew that things were not completely patched between them. Sooner or later they’d have to bring up the past again, and that time would not be as painless.

Obi-Wan slept for a few hours.

When he woke he headed to the bathroom to clean and prepare himself for the day (well the middle of the day). Afterward, he arrived downstairs. He suspected Ross and Anakin were sitting in the living room. Upon approaching, he’d heard the two of them talking and had figured they’d been talking all this time. The holonet was turned down low so that they could hear each other. There was a laugh here or there, and Obi-Wan could tell they were relaxed in each other’s company. Ross, who usually had a cautious exterior seemed to be just fine around Anakin.

“I hope I’m not disturbing anything.” Obi-Wan called from the staircase, coming into view.

“You’re awake. I was starting to get worried about you.” Ross responded.

“He needed some sleep, did you see how he looked?” Anakin asked from where he sat, next to Ross.

“I hoped I didn’t look that awful.” Obi-Wan joked, taking his seat on the opposite end. “Things seemed to run well without me, I trust.”
“Pretty fine. I helped Ross wash dishes, and we’ve just been sitting here watching the holonet and talking.”

“Dinner hasn’t been cooked. I guess it’s my night to do that then.”

“We can always order out or something...” Ross shrugged. “It would make things easier. You’re tired and no one feels like cooking.”

“No it’s fine.” Obi-Wan smiled. “And maybe Anakin can help me out like he helped you with the dishes. I hope that wouldn’t be too much trouble.”

Ross chuckled at the accusatory look Obi-Wan threw his way. Anakin noticed and gave a little smirk as well. “He’s your padawan.” He joked. “Take him.”

The group spoke a bit more before Obi-Wan and Anakin headed to the kitchen, leaving Ross in the living room by himself. For a while, Anakin and Obi-Wan scrambled around the cabinets before they found out what they were going to make, it was then, they spoke.

“You’ve told him about the plan, I assume?” Obi-Wan asked.

“Well, not exactly...” Anakin responded guiltily. “I didn’t think it was the right time.”

Obi-Wan groaned as that annoyance from years ago seemed to be boiling in his gut. “All the time you had—”

“I was...busy.” The jedi defended, leaning over the stove.

“I can’t imagine with what.” Obi-Wan said, his shoulders sagging. “We can bring it up to him at dinner. I warn you he may not be willing. He’s had issues with the Republic since I’ve known him.”

“If he wants to save his planet, he’ll be compliant.” Retorted Anakin who was currently pouring far
too much seasoning into a dish. Obi-Wan was quick to snatch the bottle from him.

“Not confident in my cooking skills, master?” Anakin joked, receiving and eyeroll from Obi-Wan.

“Food smells good enough; looks like you’ve gotten the hang of it again?” Ross spoke, taking his seat at the table.

“I haven’t been gone for ever you know.” Obi-Wan mused. “I hope you enjoy. And make yourself comfortable by the way.”

“Comfortable? Is something up?”

“We’ve got something to tell you...or ask you” Anakin picked up from his side of the table.

Ross rose an eyebrow. “Well then, go on.”

Anakin and Obi-Wan looked at one another, and it was Obi-Wan who spoke first, fearing that Anakin would throw this whole plan out of the window by being too impulsive. “You’ve already heard a lot of what’s going on earlier, and I hope that Anakin told you some more. However, there is a Republic occupation going on here in an effort to find Separatists.”

“Yes, I know that.” Ross interjected. “What is it you want to ask me?”

“We need your help finding the Separatists!” Anakin burst from across the table before Obi-Wan could even begin to open his mouth.

Ross’ already harsh features contorted into a face of anger. Obi-Wan could tell by the look on his face that he didn’t like this idea. Understandably, he prepared for the backlash. “You want me, to help the Republic find Separatists?”

“Not in the way you think Ross...you know we have donors that visit the school? Rich and wealthy
civilians. As the faculty and administration we have the ability to access their bank records and spending, and we can see if anything looks odd or out of the ordinary. On top of that, the annual donor dinner is coming up, you and I——”

“Absolutely not!” Ross nearly yelled. “If you want to help the Republic on a mission that will more than likely get our planet destroyed, then you do that. But I’m never serving the Republic again. Not after what they put me through....” He sighed before giving Obi-Wan an almost fearful expression. “Do you realize what would happen if it was discovered I was here? Do you know what happens to clones that are found by the Republic, after deserting?”

There was a silence, because truthfully, Obi-Wan did not know and neither to Anakin. Ross then again sighed, and shook his head. “We’re taken back and killed. And if not killed, then our memories are wiped and we’re made into a completely different person. No...not even a different person, but a number. Just a number. In some instances...death would be far better than that.” He looked apologetically on at both Obi-Wan and Anakin before continuing. “I’m sorry I can’t help you, but at the end of the day I’m a clone. If I was a normal man, like you, I’d love to help. But I can’t, and I hope you understand.”

“No...I do....” Obi-Wan responded and he did. He was foolish for asking that of Ross, especially since he himself had known his qualms with the Republic. Anakin on the other hand, seemed a little pale. For the duration of dinner, he hadn’t really said a word. Obi-Wan figured he too was feeling guilty for forcing Ross into such an uncomfortable position.

“Anakin you haven’t eaten your food.” Ross said, slightly worried. “Is everything alright?”

“Yes...I’m actually feeling a little sick. I think I’m going to head upstairs for a while until my appetite returns. I think the headaches are coming back.”

He excused himself and left rather quickly; Ross watched in silence as he disappeared upstairs. “He couldn't have known. I hope he doesn’t think I’m angry at him.”

“He’s always been an emotional one.” Obi-Wan responded, standing up and grabbing the plates. That could not have been even more true now with all the unresolved feelings and emotions currently running through that poor boy’s head. Discussion or not, things weren’t completely patched up, especially not for Anakin. It wasn’t a surprise that the dinner conversation could throw him off the edge. “He’ll come around.”

“I’ll talk to him later on.” Ross stood, reaching for his own plates. “Before he leaves.” There was a sadness in his voice that Obi-Wan noticed, sighing slightly.
“Tomorrow morning I believe, right? Can’t help but notice you’ve enjoyed his stay.”

“He’s a good person. I may be at odds with the Jedi, but he is a good person...” Ross took a few steps toward the sink. “Maybe our paths will cross again.”

“I have a feeling we’ll be seeing more of him anyway. Maybe you two can sort that out later on.” Obi-Wan gave a faint smile. “He won’t be gone forever.” There was a sigh of relief that came from Ross yet at the same time, that realization hit Obi-Wan too. Even after his former Padawan left, they’d still share a life together. When he left out of the door, it wouldn’t be the end. However they still had to make it through this, all of this, before they could even dream of calmer times.

After a while, the kitchen was clean and Obi-Wan sat back at the table to rest. Ross leaned against the skin, arms crossed and in deep thought.

“About dinner. I’m sorry I freaked out.”

“I should be the one apologizing. I can’t believe I asked you to put yourself in such a dangerous position.”

“I can believe it...” Ross shrugged. “I can believe it because you care about this planet just as much as I do. It’s our home and you’d do anything to keep it safe.” He frowned as the former Jedi listened on. “I’ve been putting some thought into it, and I want to help...I just...”

“I know.” Obi-Wan perked up. “Look, you don’t have to do it and you shouldn’t feel guilty if you don’t. But if you plan to help us, I promise I’ll talk to Anakin about keeping you safe, that is if you are discovered. This is your home and it will stay your home. I promise.” Some time during that conversation, Obi-Wan had stood up and made way toward Ross. As of current, he lightly held his hand, squeezing it in assurance. Standing in front Ross, he gave him a hopeful smile. “Whatever happens Ross, it will be okay.” The clone nodded, not attempting to hide his own uncertainty, but nonetheless he was at some type of ease.

“Guess we should tell Anakin. I’m sure it would make him happy to hear I agreed to help you.”

“It certainly would.”
Quite surprisingly, Anakin was descending downstairs not a second after they mentioned his name. Obi-Wan opened his mouth to speak but stopped abruptly when he noticed the anxious expression on his face. Ross seemed to notice it too. “Is everything alright? I was going to tell you I plan to help but...Anakin, is everything alright?” Ross asked, shooting a worried glance at Obi-Wan.

“I well,” Anakin began, taking a deep breath. “Your commlink was beeping Obi-Wan and I, well I answered it. Naturally I said ‘hello’ not knowing who was on the other end of the line.”

Oh no... Obi-Wan already knew what was coming. “It was commander Cody on the other end, and boy was he relieved to hear me after a few days. The only problem is that, they’re coming here. Commander Cody, Captain Rex and Ahsoka. They locked on the coordinates and are on their way. I tried to stop them, but they have reason to believe I’m not mentally fit to--”

“Clones! You lead clones here?” Ross interjected. “After what happened over dinner--”

“Look, I won’t let them take you.” Anakin assured, holding up a hand. “Just calm down. I’ve been gone and without contact with them for too long. They would have eventually tracked me down anyway. And if it means anything, only Rex, Cody and Ahsoka are coming.”

“Yeah, a commander and a captain.” Ross glared, taking a step forward. “I need to go.” As he walked past Anakin, the jedi sighed. He made way to grab his arm but Obi-Wan shook his head. They both watched in silence as Ross headed upstairs. Anakin only groaned, receiving a pat on the back from his old master.

“If you are confident you can keep him safe, then let him ago. He’ll come around. And I think it’s a good thing we all meet. If Ross and I are helping you then this Rex...and Cody, and presumably your Padawan need to know of this. All of us can form a plan and strategy.” Obi-Wan crossed his arms, making sure Anakin was paying attention. “Anakin.”

“Yeah...yeah, we’ll do that.” He responded, heading to the living room. Obi-Wan understood his frustration and guilt, as well as Ross’ fear, but something told him that things were going to go well. He felt at ease, more ease than he had felt for months. Maybe it was the Force finally working in his favor, or perhaps it was that hidden excitement that he’d see Cody again.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay! I hope you all enjoy! This was a bit longer than I wanted it, but I hope that’s fine. Next chapter I’m so happy to properly introduce Ahsoka and Rex, and
on top of that I get to write Cody and Obi-Wan meeting again.

If you liked this chapter, please please comment that would mean so much to me. Taking time to tell me what you think would make me so grateful. So please please comment!

(I hope you guys enjoy. And also, if y’all want to read another one of my Codywan fics, try reading fortitude. It’s good stuff, has all of the same character (including Ross eventually). I haven’t updated it in a while, but you can check it out!)
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the comments and kudos! Here is another chapter, and happy new year :D

Not ten minutes after he’d contacted the 501st, Anakin arrived downstairs in his black robes. He’d cleaned himself up, appearing more presentable and ready for business. He joined Obi-Wan and Ross in the living room as they waited in silence.

There was a mix of emotions in that room and Obi-Wan could feel each.

He himself was the lighter of the three and truthfully, the happiest. There as a weight upon his chest that still remained as he knew what was to come, he was fully aware of what he’d signed up for and knew he had to stick with it. But at least he’d be seeing Cody again. He hadn’t even known the clone for that long but something about him warmed Obi-Wan’s heart.

Anakin was obviously feeling sad. The look on his face resembled that of a boy who had just lost his pet. He’d seen this look on Anakin before, years ago. When something didn’t go his way, he was dejected and silent. But that night, he also looked lost and guilty. As if he knew he’d made a mistake and there was no fixing it. Ross looked blank as he stared ahead in silence. Obi-Wan knew that vague expression was to hide his anxiety and even his fear. A lot could change for all of them, but for Ross his freedom was on the line.

As usual, Cecilia the cat walked around the living room quietly, rubbing herself against the furniture. She jumped when the doorbell rang, as did everyone else. The air about the room seemed to tense as Anakin was the first to stand. Obi-Wan rose an eyebrow and stood behind him, and naturally, Ross followed.

“How is it?” Anakin called.

“How do you think?” The voice was feminine, and youthful. Obi-Wan automatically registered this as Anakin’s Padawan, Ahsoka.
“Just making sure Snips,” Anakin began, grabbing the knob. “It’s been a long few days.” He opened the door and in walked a togruta padawan. She approached Anakin first, jumping on him and engulfing him in a hug. He nearly fell back before he wrapped his arms around her.

“Good to see you again Ahsoka!” Anakin managed, groaning a bit. “No need to hug so hard, it’s been a rough time for me.”

Ahsoka landed on her feet and crossed her arms, looking accusingly at Anakin. “Well what did you expect Skyguy? You were missing for days, we thought you were dead.”

“Skyguy?” Both Obi-Wan and Ross repeated, causing Anakin to sigh in embarrassment as he turned to face both of them. “Ross, Obi-Wan this is my Padawan and commander, Ahsoka Tano…”

The Togruta’s blue eyes rested upon the two men. She lingered at Obi-Wan for a bit, looking him up and down.

“Hello little one.” Obi-Wan stepped forward, holding out his hand. “I’ve heard a great deal about you, hopefully in the meantime you can learn a bit about me.” She smiled and shook his hand.

“Master already told me a bit about you earlier, so I have a good idea….” Her eyes then drifted toward Ross, who stood behind the group with his arms crossed.

“You’re a clone!” She beamed. “A deserter clone?”

“He is also the clone responsible for injuring and kidnapping the general, and in addition to deserting, should be arrested for assault.” The voice came from outside the threshold and obviously belonged to another clone. Obi-Wan believed it to be Cody at first but this one was dressed differently, clad in white and blue armor and looking angrier than Cody ever could.

“This is Captain Rex,” Anakin greeted. “This is Obi-Wan and—”

“Ross, my name is Ross.” Ross glared. “Maybe your general shouldn’t have attacked me, and if it weren’t for me ‘kidnapping’ him, he probably would have died from head injury.”
“That you inflicted.” Rex corrected.

“Even if you didn’t hurt him, you are still breaking your protocol and you know that.” This was Cody, who had stepped in the house behind Rex, staring at everyone. He wore a serious expression but his gaze softened when he looked Obi-Wan’s direction. Obi-Wan couldn’t help but smile as he approached Cody without thinking much.

“Commander Cody this is--”

“We’ve met Anakin.” Obi-Wan spoke, extending his hand toward Cody.

“So we’re all well acquainted.” Anakin nervously rubbed the back of his head as Obi-Wan softly tugged Cody inside. “Come in, we have a lot to discuss. I knew we’d be seeing more of each other soon.”

OoOoOoOoOo

The group had made it to the sitting area finally; Ahsoka couldn’t hide her excitement when she figured out just who Obi-Wan was. But before they could continue to answer questions, there was work to be done.

After situating himself and growing comfortable on the sofa, Anakin spoke.

“As you know, this is Obi-Wan...he’s my former master and a former jedi...He’s going to help us on this mission. And, Ross might too.” Ross, who sat next to Anakin with his arms crossed, rose an eyebrow at the mention of his name. He opened his mouth to speak but one of the other other clones beat him to it.

“He’ll have to help regardless of if he wants to or not.” Rex spoke.

“And you’ll be on your to Coruscant after this to face charges for treason and deserting.” Cody finished. “If you come quietly, maybe your punishment won’t be so severe.”
Ross rolled his eyes, chuckling a bit. “And if they don’t kill me, I’ll be demoted to sanitation—that sounds nice!”

“You see awfully comfortable for someone in your position.” Rex responded.

“Calm down, everyone.” Anakin chimed in. “First and foremost...Ross isn’t going to be arrested or he isn’t going back to Coruscant. I owe him a debt for taking care of me...I know it’s not a part of your protocol but...if you two could turn a blind eye, I’d be grateful. I know it’s asking a lot, and I’m sorry. But please. if ever there’s a time you two want to leave the army, I won’t stop you...I won’t hesitate to help.” A distinct change in Anakin’s voice could be heard; almost an understanding. Months ago, he’d never offer to help a clone escape the army but now he’d seen a different perspective. He’d been around Ross long enough to understand.

“No need to make such a promise sir...I can tell this is important to you and will, respect your wishes.” Rex crossed his arms, taking a deep breath. “As long as he behaves himself...and doesn’t get on my nerves.”

Ross opened his mouth to speak, but Anakin was quicker. “Cody? Can I trust you?”

“If Rex doesn’t have a bad feeling then I’m with him. Just keep the hostile clone in check.”

“I have a name.” Ross spoke, finally getting his chance. Things were rather tense for the next few seconds as the clones spoke. It was then, Obi-Wan took hold of the conversation, going over the facts and the procedures he and Anakin had discussed.

“Anakin didn’t explain what I will be doing exactly, before our conversation drifted,” He cast an annoyed look toward the clones.. “But I for sure will be able to help. My job will be to access the records of donors and chairmen of the school. As administration we are allowed to do that, and have various, rich donors that can possibly be aiding the Separatists, financially.”

“Well, they certainly wouldn’t use the same account to support the separatists.” Cody chimed in. “Or they’d be using unmarked credits.”

“No they wouldn’t you are right, but we can still monitor what they’ve spent and how they’re spending things. We can see if they’ve withdrawn money and if so, we can visit their banks and get their statements.”
“You can do all of that?” Cody asked.

“Yes, the donors sign consent forms allowing us to see their financial history...it’s complicated but yes, we can do it. And in a couple of weeks, there will be a dinner for the Donors. They will all be there. Those we are suspicious of we can interrogate or even spy on...”

“It sounds like it can work!” Ahsoka chimed in.

“What do you two think?” Anakin asked, gazing toward Rex and Cody. “This is our chance to get information from a place none of us are welcomed in.”

“I can also read minds.” Obi-Wan decided to add, knowing full well he hadn’t done that in ages. “That could be helpful.”

“I think it’s a good idea.” Rex responded. “It could be risky though, if the wrong person discovers you.”

“And dangerous, extremely dangerous.” Cody added. “Interrogating possible separatists at the donor’s dinner is not a job for a civilian. You give us the names and we’ll go after them.”

Obi-Wan crossed his arms, raising an eyebrow. “Sending clones after someone simply for suspicion...could blow everything. We need to make sure they are Separatists before we arrest them.”

“You aren’t understanding what I’m saying, it’s dangerous...” Cody shot back and the two began to bicker back and forth, getting nervous stares from everyone else. However, Anakin wore a smile on his lips, leaning back on the sofa and listening.

“Um...” It was Rex who cut in, gaining the attention of both Obi-Wan and Cody. The night of the banquet, we’ll be on standby. Obi-Wan can spy on them and erm...interrogate as he sees fit. Make sure not to give anything away.”

“Of course not.” Obi-Wan smiled, though frowned a bit when he noticed Cody’s expression; he could tell he was worried. But Obi-Wan was capable of taking care of himself, he was a jedi after all. “I’ll do the best I can.”
“I think we have a plan then.” Anakin finally responded. “This will work.”

There was a brief silence that passed until Obi-Wan stood. “It’s getting late, you should probably stay the night...all of you. I’m not sure if you’ve eaten yet, we have some leftovers. I can go prepare them...”

As Obi-Wan expected and hoped for, Cody followed behind him. He leaned against the counter, watching Obi-Wan search for the food.

“We won’t be staying here for the night, Obi-Wan. No need to get us any food.” His voice was rigid, and there was slight anger. “Thank you--”

“You’re upset, I can tell.” Obi-Wan closed the refrigerator and turned to face Cody.

“Just worried, that’s all.” Cody’s shoulders slumped. “Didn’t mean to sound rude in there.”

“No, you didn’t.” Obi-Wan found himself next to Cody, leaning against the counter with him. “I know you’re worried and you have every right to be. In truth, I’m worried to.” And he was. The mere thought of getting back on to the field terrified him, but he couldn't pull out now.

“Then why did you agree to do this. We met you by chance...--”

“No, this isn’t by chance Cody, none of this is don’t you see?” At this point, Obi-Wan had positioned himself in front of Cody, reaching out for the clone’s hands. “This is the Force, that’s how it works. We ran into each other for a reason...I found Anakin again for a reason...We were all brought together for a reason. It’s okay to be afraid, for both of us to be afraid but this isn’t by chance and...” He smiled. “I’m glad we met. I don’t regret it at all...and we were supposed to meet.”

Cody looked down and noticed that Obi-Wan had taken his hands. Naturally, Cody squeezed Obi-Wan’s fingers, pulling him closer. A smile lingered on both of their lips as they stared into one another’s eyes. “Didn’t say I regretted meeting you either.” Cody responded.

“We’ll spend more time together, so that’s a plus too.” Obi-Wan added, moving just a bit closer to Cody.
“Yeah...” Cody, very obviously captured in Obi-Wan’s gaze simply trailed off. It was Obi-Wan who moved then, for he too was entranced by Cody’s presence. He inched forward slightly until his lips touched Cody’s. The commander’s eyes widened but he did not pull away, he only inclined forward, smashing his lips upon the smaller man.

Obi-Wan smiled beneath the kiss, feeling the fears he had from before vanish, even if for that small second.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! They kissed, finally. I hope you enjoyed this chapter! If so please comment and let me know what you think! And btw Happy New Year!
It hadn’t even been two seconds after Cody and Obi-wan split, before they were interrupted by a visitor. Obi-Wan straightened up when he saw the bright orange Togruta standing in the kitchen doorway.

“Commander, Rex and Anakin need you in the living room.” Her blue eyes rested on Obi-Wan, and then drifted to Cody. It took her only a fraction of a second to recognize what was going on, and almost instantly she backed away. “I’m sorry if I was disturbing you or--”

“No, no commander it’s fine.” Cody waved a hand. “I’ll be there right away to see what’s up.” He gave Obi-Wan an apologetic smile before walking off and vanishing into the living room. Then only Ahsoka and Obi-Wan were left.

“Wonder what he’s needed for.” Obi-Wan thought aloud, leaning against the counter and gazing on at Ahsoka.

“Apparently there’s some new intel and leads on possible Separatists. We just received the reports, so unfortunately, we’ll be heading out in a few minutes.” Ahsoka crossed her arms. “I would’ve liked to stay. The idea of getting food sounds nice now.”

“You can always come back another time.” Obi-Wan shrugged. “Besides, we’ll be working together now, so I foresee us meeting again soon.” Ahsoka smiled, still looking Obi-Wan up and down. He could feel the curiosity emitting from the young Jedi, and figured she had so many questions up her sleeve. This all had to be strange for her, seeing her master’s master for the first time in her life, and understanding the mystery that surrounded his character.

“Is everything alright Ahsoka?” Obi-Wan asked, breaking the silence.

“Yes, it’s just that...it's really cool, meeting you.” She approached him with eyes filled with curiosity. “My master never really spoke about you in detail, but I guess now he doesn’t have to... if I have any questions, I suppose I can just ask you.”

“Do you have any questions you want answered now?”
“There is one.”

“Go on then...”

Ahsoka took a breath before she went on. Obi-Wan could already tell that this question brought her a great amount of anxiety, yet anticipation.

“After this...after you help us, and we hopefully free this planet from any separatists...do you plan to return to the Order? With Anakin?”

The question had caught Obi-Wan off guard. “Come again?” He asked, not sure what else to say.

“Are you going to come back to the Order after this?”

“No...no Ahsoka.” He blinked a bit, and shook his head as the question registered. “I have a life here, a job...I can’t leave.”

“Yeah, but you’re a jedi.” She placed her hands on her hips and her expression grew slightly annoyed. “Besides, master would love you to come back.”

Obi-Wan chuckled. “I’m pretty sure he would Ahsoka, but I belong here.”

The Togruta’s expression took an angrier turn and she began her rebuttal. However, Anakin appeared in the threshold, knocking on the wooden frame, getting both their attention. “Snips, it’s about time to head back to the base.” His eyes rested on Obi-Wan. “Sorry master, we won’t be able to stay tonight. But I hope we all get to join you for dinner soon. Come on Snips.”

Ahsoka frowned, looked at Obi-Wan one last time and vanished through the threshold.

Before Obi-Wan joined the company, he remained with himself for a while, reflecting on the question Ahsoka had asked him. It wasn’t really a question he was rushing to answer, at all. Yes it had been in the back of his mind since he had reunited with his former padawan but...he simply
couldn’t return to the Order. He loved this life and this freedom.

He couldn’t go back, not after he’d been gone for so long. And it’s not like he even wanted to.

OoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoO

The group discussed a bit more in the living room before it was time to go. Obi-Wan got another commlink, a specialized one and was told when and how to contact the Republic Base. The whole group would meet back at the house a week from then, and discuss all their findings.

“And remember to lay low...don’t let anyone know you’re working for the Republic.” Cody warned.

“That won’t be difficult.” Obi-Wan responded, chuckling. “I'll be alright Cody.” His dim eyes rested on the nervous clone currently sitting on the sofa next to him. He placed a reassuring hand on Cody’s thigh and smiled. “It'll be fine.”

Only a brief silence passed before Anakin stood up, observing his group and motioning toward the door. “Well we’ve got a lot to do then before meeting Obi-Wan again. So I’d suggest we get out of here.”

It took only a few seconds before the group stood, each saying their goodbyes to Obi-Wan before heading toward the door.

“I’ll see you around, Cody.” Obi-Wan spoke, holding on to the the clone’s hand rather tightly before letting go, allowing him to step over the threshold.

“I’m looking forward to that.” And in that split instant, Cody was gone. Obi-Wan felt his heart sink a bit, but reminded himself that they would in fact meet again.

Anakin was the last one in the house.

He currently searched his robes and his pockets, obviously looking for something.
“What is it Anakin?” Obi-Wan asked.

“My lightsaber...Sorry to disappoint you master, but I seemed to have lost it.”

“Oh Anakin, after all those lessons I gave you, you still can’t keep an eye on your weapon. What did I always tell you?”

“That my lightsaber is my life...” Anakin was currently spinning in circles, searching for his weapon. “I just don’t remember where—”

“Here it is.” The voice echoed from behind Anakin, and belonged to Ross. The civilian clone extended his arm, holding the saber and pushing it toward Anakin. “I took it when I brought you here...you were still a threat so I was worried. Guess it’s time for me to give it back. Sorry.”

Anakin straightened up and took the saber, clipping it back on the holster. “You don’t need to apologize. It was in good hands anyway.” He sighed. “Also, I’m sorry...about all of this. About bringing the clones to your house without asking. After all you’ve done for me, I feel bad. And you have done a lot for me, so I wanted to thank you.”

“You don’t need to thank me or apologize—”

“It’s just,” Anakin cut off and groaned, causing Obi-Wan to raise an eyebrow. He could feel the anxiety Anakin emitted, and could only guess what was on the tip of his student’s tongue. “I know I got you upset, and I know you were angry, and you are really kind to me. These past few days we’ve gotten closer and you’ve become important to me, and I hate that I went behind your back and—”

It was then, Ross stepped forward, stood on his toes just a bit and leaned forward, placing quick kiss along Anakin’s jawline.

“It’s fine, I’m not angry.” He gave the now blushing Jedi a reassuring smile. “We’re still good.”

“Okay...I mean...yeah...that’s good. I’m good...” Anakin took a deep breath, saving himself from running over his words again as a smile formed on his lips. “I’ll see you later then, Ross.” He faced Obi-Wan, the smile not faltering. “It’s good to see you again master...and I’m glad we had this time. I’m happy that I’ll be able to see you again.” He took a step back, still flustered. “I guess I should get
“Hopefully they haven’t left without you. But if they have, you could always stay here.” Ross joked, causing Anakin to turn slightly red again. “Go on, your men are waiting for you.” Anakin gazed at Ross and then back at Obi-Wan, the smile never leaving his lips as he vanished through the threshold.

It was Obi-Wan who spoke first after the door shut. “You know Jedi can’t get in relationships, right?”

“Oh who cares?” Ross responded, falling on the sofa, a smirk on his face. “That hasn’t stopped him in the past.”

“What?” Obi-Wan crossed his arms.

“It’s nothing. Now if I were you, I’d be more worried about what I’d just sign up for.” Ross responded.

“Oh don’t you worry, I’m already stressed about it now.” Obi-Wan admitted, sitting on the other end of the sofa. “I have to do this though...if I want this planet to remain safe. It is our home after all.”

“I just wonder how much will change after this.” Ross sighed. “If everything will stay the same...if we’ll still be together, by the end of it all.”

“We will be.” Obi-Wan could hear the worry in his friend’s voice that he knew he was trying to hide. There was an uncertainty in the air, that none wanted to address but they both could feel. Obi-Wan himself wasn’t certain; Ahsoka’s conversation still lingered in the back of his mind, and he was terrified to admit he didn’t know the outcome of this mission.

“Things will be fine.” Obi-Wan responded, more to himself than to Ross.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed~ If you did pls leave a comment! And I also wrote another fic called “The Runaway” abt Anakin running off and leaving the order....
Hope you enjoyed~ If you do please tell me I would be so grateful! Comments are also very much appreciated as well!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!