Yet always he would be pulled awake far too soon, finding himself in his sterile and empty Imperial chambers, hard and aching once more........

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything from Star Wars. I’m uncertain whether anyone wants to read something so explicit, so these one-shots/chapters are not part of the main story. They take place chronologically after Chapter 7 and before Chapter 8 (I have titled them 7.5 lol). I never thought I would go this in depth into Vader’s – nefarious? Disturbing? Desperate? -- activities, but I found his response to the realization of his sexual attraction to Obi-Wan fascinating. He denied himself everything for so long that, like a starving man, when he is offered that first taste he completely over-indulges and attempts to consume himself (subsume himself?) with it. He’s like a drug addict who can never get enough of the high from each hit, and so requires a greater and greater dose to reach it as time goes on. The fact that it’s Obi-Wan – who is dead now for several years and whom Vader can only reach in dreams – is interesting in that Vader can’t touch him in the real world. So he remains constantly unfulfilled. So it’s no surprise that he has become a sex-addict, lol. Anyway, for those of you reading, I hope you enjoy.

Warning: Don’t read if you don’t like explicit sex scenes or mostly just porn with a little plot. I
always want the sex scenes to be tasteful and plot-related in stories, which is why I'm putting this warning here. And why I didn't add this to the main Negotiator story.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Several weeks passed, and every night Vader fell into wonderful dreams or visions or almost-memories of himself and Obi-Wan. His Master owned him and filled him and made love to him in every way imaginable and as soon as Anakin exploded into orgasm, he wanted the older man yet again. Over and over again he begged helplessly for that high, for touch, for friction, to feel Obi-Wan all around him and deep within him, for that golden, burning warmth to rise up in him, carrying him higher and higher until it was almost unbearable, and he crashed, sated, down on the other side. Then and only then could he rest, mellow and satiated, in the other man’s arms.

His time with his Master, those overwhelming feelings began to be the only times he felt truly awake. The rest of his life now seemed insubstantial and dull, and often all he could think of, all he could see, all he could feel, was that world the lightsaber brought him too. He constantly yearned for it, low flutters of anticipation thrilling through him at the thought that soon he would be there again.

Once Vader, hard and throbbing and burning for release all day, fell into Anakin as he was being fucked into a wall by Obi-Wan. His hands had been held tight above his head in one of his Master’s own, as Obi-Wan thrust into him again and again, hard and dominating and relentless, burying himself so deep within Anakin that the younger man could feel the brush of his Master’s wiry pubic hair against his buttocks with every thrust, and it felt like he was being speared entirely by Obi-Wan’s thick cock. Obi-Wan was huge and hot and pulsing, his cock filling Anakin entirely, and one arm holding Anakin’s trembling leg over his shoulder so that he could thrust in even deeper.

His blue-grey eyes were fixed upon Anakin, his gaze moving from Anakin’s fluttering lips, his sweat-soaked hair, his taut muscles. Anakin felt warmth suffuse him that he had Obi-Wan’s undivided attention – that his Master was completely consumed in fucking him. He moaned volubly, arching his head back and exposing his throat helplessly as he almost came just from the knowledge that Obi-Wan was watching him.

“Master,” he moaned again, loving the way Obi-Wan’s hips lost their rhythm, the small spurt of cum that coated the insides of his anus as Obi-Wan’s cock shuddered deep within him.

Obi-Wan pulled out all the way then, gasping for breath, his perfect hair mussed and his face flushed red. His eyes had a hungry look as he spun Anakin around so that he was facing the wall and pressed him into it. His swollen erection nudged against Anakin’s butt cheeks. Sighing, Anakin spread his legs willingly, trying to grind back into the hardness, and Obi-Wan, taking it for the invitation that it was, drove into him again, slow and perfect.

Anakin almost sobbed in relief when Obi-Wan filled him completely once again.

Almost too much to handle, Anakin still begged impatiently for more, pushing his hips backwards as Obi-Wan plunged into him, gasping his pleasure as his Master shoved his trembling body flush against the abrasive surface before them. As Obi-Wan’s hips snapped forwards, Anakin’s aching groin was compressed roughly against that inflexible surface. He moaned unevenly as the pressure against his stiff cock was finally enough, until he was pulled along the wall by the motion of Obi-Wan’s canting hips, his prick burrowing even further into Anakin’s tight ass.

His Master moaned at that sensation, his hips jerking uncontrollably as he neared his climax, their erratic motion rubbing and thrusting Anakin’s groin against the wall. The younger man moaned louder, brokenly, as his engorged prick and heavy balls scraped deliciously along their entire length at his Master’s movement, before he was fucked into that wall once more by Obi-Wan’s next thrust into his body. “Ah,” he whimpered, hips jerking forward for even greater roughness even as Obi-
Wan pressed into him from behind again. His Master pulled back then, Anakin feeling his own hips snap back helplessly, trying to follow him, desperate not to lose that feeling of being filled, before the older man shoved back in once more, hard and perfect, grinding Anakin’s tender, aching groin into the wall before him.

Again and again, delicious friction and heat surrounding him on all sides, as Obi-Wan’s hot breath brushed through his sweaty hair and his Master began to lick and nibble anywhere he could reach, all the while driving into him and relentlessly rutting Anakin’s cock against the hard surface before them. Anakin bucked and rolled his hips, moaning with abandon now, legs trembling as Obi-Wan hit that spot in him the same time his groin, flattened entirely against the wall, was driven upwards one last time by the violent wrenching of his Master’s hips. Anakin saw stars, hips jerking, ejaculating so hard his legs gave out and he would have fallen if Obi-Wan hadn’t held him up. His head fell back on his Master’s shoulder, feeling Obi-Wan’s own release coat the inside of his anus in perfect, sticky warmth. “Mmhmm,” he mumbled, his eyelids fluttering as Obi-Wan laughed softly, delightedly, at Anakin coming for him without even being touched.

Once, Obi-Wan got him off just from running his tongue around and around Anakin’s puckered hole. Slowly, so slowly, he circled the puckered rim of Anakin’s anus, darting in occasionally for a lick to the trembling walls inside, before coming back out and circling again. Anakin wasn’t allowed to touch himself – his hips firmly pressed to the bed by his Master so he wouldn’t try to grind down on Obi-Wan’s tongue. Over and over again, around and around, wetness entering him, heat teasing him, roughness scraping him and causing pinpricks of sensation and desire to dart through his body, but never enough that he could reach that edge; it was never enough!

Sometimes Obi-Wan would leave Anakin’s hole entirely, brushing his soft beard over Anakin’s buttocks and he kissed and licked and nibbled the surrounding skin, before licking a hot, wet path from Anakin’s hole to his balls……..but never touching them. Then he would return that tongue to Anakin’s hole, licking, sucking, even nibbling that flesh, as Anakin helplessly writhed and moaned around him.

It wasn’t long before Anakin was a boneless mess of want, unable to even raise his hands towards his aching cock if he had been allowed. His hips twitched erratically upwards against empty air, his jutting, engorged prick quivering violently. He was completely hard, desperate to come, burning with need. Obi-Wan turned him into a puddle of want, a sobbing mess, provided just enough to keep Anakin hovering at that perfect high, pleasure utterly consuming him, without allowing him release. “Please, Master…….pl…please!” He cried when he could take it no more, voice breaking as Obi-Wan swiped that rough tongue into him again, just a little higher. His hips jolted, limbs shaking and his cock burning, as a jet of cum ejected turgidly out of him. He was so full, so close to bursting apart just from his Master’s tongue in him, as he shuddered in aching bliss, hips undulating feebly, small moans of want and desperation escaping him. That slow rising tide of his orgasm was so close……..so close to overflowing with it all in his Master’s arms. Obi-Wan chuckled against his hole, swirling that tongue around again before suddenly plunging in as deep as he could go. And Anakin came.

Once, Vader woke from Obi-Wan taking him on all fours, driving into Anakin slow and deep – agonizingly slow and as deep as his hips could drive, his cock scraping the walls of Anakin’s insides in magnificent, tight, friction – before alternating with shallow thrusts that had the body beneath him hopelessly grinding backwards, desperate for more. When Obi-Wan went deep he would run his hand teasingly down Anakin’s dangling, dripping cock. Anakin tried to thrust his aching prick into that hand, tried to collapse his arms and rub himself shamelessly on the sheets below him, but Obi-Wan kept him where he was, one arm wrapped around his middle, as he drove into him again and again, slow and controlled.
At last, unable to take anymore, needing to be filled entirely now, Anakin rocked back hard against that rigid heat of Obi-Wan’s perfect cock, ground himself wantonly back on his Master’s groin, feeling his Master’s hands coming around to finally start pulling at his throbbing cock in earnest. Obi-Wan thrust forwards again, Anakin grunting at the force before it turned into a bitten-off swear word as Obi-Wan finally buried himself all the way, lying completely across Anakin’s back, panting. Anakin could feel Obi-Wan in him deep enough that he swore it was up to his throat. He was entirely impaled by the other man, entirely claimed, as Obi-Wan gasped against him, trying to not just come from the sensation of Anakin around him, alone. “Yes,” Anakin moaned, “Force, yes!” His hips ground backwards again and then he bucked frantically as Obi-Wan’s hands pulled harshly at his cock, erratically trying to get more of Obi-Wan behind him as well as further, deeper, into the man’s hands before him, as they twisted and pulled his pulsating dick.

His Master’s hips were losing their rhythm at Anakin’s uneven rocking, at the tight heat of the body below him, at Anakin’s shameless moans and pleading for more, always more, fuck me harder, Obi-Wan, and Anakin had never been this full before. Obi-Wan was everywhere. He was all Anakin could feel, all he could touch, all he wanted. It was entirely too much. He orgasmed spectacularly, exploding over Obi-Wan’s hands, the walls of his ass fluttering and clenching around his Master’s cock, and causing the older man to follow him over the edge. They collapsed together on the bed, Anakin entirely covered by his Master, that warm perfect weight of his familiar body, the feeling of Obi-Wan’s cock wilting inside him, his hot cum coating his anus and leaking down his thighs. It was all utterly perfect and he fell into a deep, uninterrupted sleep, completely satiated in Obi-Wan’s arms.

It was always perfect and complete with his Master.
Just a Dream

Chapter Summary

The Emperor was watching him, had no idea that Vader was frantically touching himself to the memory of Obi-Wan Kenobi’s rough hands, his perfect voice, his power and all-encompassing control, his warmth…

It was always perfect and complete with his Master.

Yet always he would be pulled awake far too soon, finding himself in his sterile and empty Imperial chambers, hard and aching once more, reminded that it was all just a dream and that here in the waking world his swollen cock was weeping pre-cum, dark-red and throbbing and desperate for any sort of friction. Moaning, he would roll onto his side, thrusting shallowly into his metal hand, before rolling onto his front and lazily undulating his hips, still half asleep and in that perfect dream, whimpering harshly as he wantonly rubbed his inflamed prick into the stiff sheets beneath him and languidly fondled his balls, trying to build up pressure. Always his actions grew more frenzied, harder and faster, more irregular, as his penis swelled ever larger and began to throb almost painfully, but that elusive wave of ecstasy refused to sweep over him.

He would wank himself raw then, rolling once more onto his back, his cock driven upwards between the unyielding digits of his metal hand, and frantically trying to imagine Obi-Wan’s hard, thick shaft nudging at his entrance as he ground his hips down onto the bed, grunting with each rough pull and twist on his pulsing, quivering member. Yet he could not come.

After, he would roll onto his stomach yet again, arse in the cold air, throbbing groin flattened hard into the firm bed below, and slip cool metal digits deep within himself, more and more, until he could bury his hand in no further. Then he twisted and scissored those fingers, stretching himself until he ached to be filled with Obi-Wan’s thick, pulsing cock, before thrusting his hips backwards harshly and grinding down, filling himself until he burned, and searching wildly with those fingers for that spot in him Obi-Wan would brush and which sent pleasure shooting in rolling waves throughout his entire body. He sobbed in desperation when the high he sought remained just out of reach.

Always he ended the night rocking his hips desperately into those sweaty and cum-soaked sheets, or into huge, firm pillows which he used for leverage for a body that lacked all but one limb, and then grinding backwards against his huge, hard hand, almost sitting back entirely on it. But even if he scraped that perfect spot within him, he couldn’t feel that overwhelming bliss which he longed for.

At last he would still himself, before pulling his fingers out, his arse loose and burning pleasantly and aching brutally for a thick cock to fill it. He would decide to start over. Breathing heavily, he renewed rocking his aching groin, his bloated and weeping cock, his heavy balls, into the stiff mattress below him, again and again and again, until he felt panic rise within him as he continued to chase that edge into ecstasy which seemed no closer now than it had when he’d first awoken. Over and over he rolled his hips, slow and languorous at first, as he massaged his groin into the firmness beneath his shuddering body. As his cocked throbbed and burned, cum smearing once more onto those sheets as it began to leak again, he rocked harder and faster, feeling pleasure swelling up in him in an overwhelming thrill and losing his rhythm as he began to lose all control over himself. Frenziedly he began to fuck himself deep into the mattress, wildly driving his hips forward at a
feverish pace, as his mind spun, and he was completely consumed with burning desire. At last he was riding that edge, moaning with abandon as shooting sparks of pleasure and fire filled him in rolling waves, his hips plunging downwards frantically, growing ever more erratic as his over-stimulated body became flooded in rippling waves of ecstasy. But that wave of pleasure never swamped him in the waking world; he forever rode the high and could never get enough pressure, enough friction, enough glorious resistance, to bring himself off.

And still his hips snapped madly, growing more unsteady and faltering almost entirely as he brushed that spot within himself with the Force, rutting and rubbing his engorged penis uncontrollably now into the firm mattress of his bed until he was chafed and sore, his cock dribbling thin streams of cum with each throb, his hips thrusting ruthlessly, pounding his groin deep within the bedding, before he collapsed in agonized frustration, the pleasure turned to pain and his ravaged body becoming too exhausted to continue. He would fall into worn out slumber then, lying on his distended groin, his hips twitching unconsciously as his inflamed cock sought friction and tight pressure even in sleep. Every night was the same.

In the mornings he would wake to his swollen penis pulsating beneath his stomach, still hard as wood, engorged even further from his never-ending dreams of Obi-Wan, and he would knead his groin in desperation, squeezing and rubbing, but still he could not come. He began to spend his waking days in a sort of half-aware daze, constantly aroused and aching and sore and consumed by desperation.

He was in a constant foul mood, his temper short and frayed, and his patience non-existent. If he did not have the inflexible armor his entire body was encased in, the bulge in his pants would have been entirely noticeable. Countless times during the periods he was awake he found himself back in the refresher or his private quarters, chasing release helplessly, as an addict burned for a drug. The Force throbbed and pulsed against him and within him, made as hot and thick as he could fashion it before he ground down upon it, his huge metal arms braced against the edge of the sink or a table, moans of aroused anguish escaping through the voice recorder. Then he made the Force as tight and rough as he could, before thrusting his aching prick deeply into it. Sometimes he pulled the suit off enough that he could rub himself – unrestrainedly, hysterically, all pretense of self-control gone – against the coarse walls of the ‘fresher itself, long past the point of feeling any shame over his actions, until his cock was chafed and bloody, but the engorged appendage only swelled larger, constantly purple now and throbbing so fiercely Vader could barely keep himself upright. Every step he took, every direction he turned, his jutting cock rubbed against his suit, twinging and sending waves of pleasure through his body when he least expected it. Yet that’s all it did. No matter how many times Vader wanked himself, fucked himself down upon the Force or his own hand, no matter how many times he rutted feverishly, indiscriminately, against whatever solid surface he could find, he could not orgasm. Whatever he did, it was never enough.

Only once while he was awake, in all the weeks that followed that night in the tent with Obi-Wan – and those two glorious, decadent and half-awake orgasms which he subsequently brought himself to in his own bed afterwards – did he manage to get himself off. A fortnight after that day, when Vader was all but weaving on his feet from constant arousal, the never-ending throb in his rock-hard cock, and the fact that he spent every night fruitlessly trying to get himself off, he received a communication from the Emperor. He had just left the bathroom, after messily pulling on his swollen penis, rutting his burning and aching groin hard into the side of the sink – the cold metal sending tingling pulses through his stomach and causing his cock to begin leaking – as he begged the galaxy for release, any kind of release at all. His erection remained however, jutting rigidly forward, his bloated prick so full that Vader felt he would burst at any moment. At last, after one harsh snap of his hips, he felt overpowering heat suffuse his body……oh yes, yes, he screamed…..but that wave of ecstasy he longed for refused to crash over him. His cock had growing still stiffer, swelling even further with cum and throbbing so fiercely that Vader could see black spots dancing across his
vision. And then the Emperor had called.

Vader had stood in the communications room, the Emperor’s face before him, trying to remain still. His groin ached urgently, his severely erect member pulsing against the inside of his rigid suit, sending shooting ripples of overwhelming desire through his whole body. He was completely powerless to prevent his hips from driving forwards, his inflamed and irritated penis seeking greater resistance than the random brushes of firmness his suit could provide. With a hopeless sort of despair, Vader knew that only his mask and upper torso were visible in holographic form to his Master, but he hysterically tried to maintain what little dignity he had left, stifling a groan, his eyelids fluttering, as his gestured a bit with his hand and the movement caused a twist of his hips that harshly brushed his engorged pricks against the groin-covering metal piece which made up this part his suit. Oh Force, how had it come to this……Vader gestured again unnecessarily, feeling that wonderful wave of heat swamp his body once more. Again, he thought dazedly, I need that again, as all coherent thought abandoned him for a moment as he shifted again, and his cock scraped agonizingly slowly against the inflexible armor. He tilted his body forwards, as if to show his complete attention to Darth Sidious, and mashed his entire groin into that rigid hardness. His penis quivered as it pressed against the suit, a thin stream of cum leaking from the tip. He was close……oh Force, he was so close. Just a bit more……

“Yes, my Master,” he managed to get out, having no idea what the Emperor was even saying. These communications were always utterly private. There was no one here, no one watching but the Emperor, and he could only see Vader’s mask. Heart pounding, Vader reached down and removed the part of his suit which covered the top of his hips. His penis sprang free, straining and rock-hard, leaking vociferously. Vader could see the huge vein throbbing down its purple, heavily-swollen length, could feel the pre-cum sliding from the leaking slit at its head, coating the engorged shaft with warm, sticky wetness. There was no friction at all against it now except air, and Vader felt his hips buck, his taut, quivering cock seeking anything against which to rub. Vader ruthlessly slammed a huge, metal hand hard against his groin, using all his not-insignificant strength to try and crush his distended penis back down, to will this never-ending erection away.

But all that did was cause one, huge wave of hot ecstasy to swamp his body, and shot sparks of desire upwards from the appendage where all his blood had apparently rushed into. His bloatad pricks throbbed harder than ever, causing Vader to feel dizzy and sway on his feet. Cum was shooting out from his distended pricks now in small streams, dribbling between his leather-gloved fingers where he still clenched that puffy, hard shaft. He squeezed it experimentally, rubbing that rigid length between two of his gloved fingers. He groaned loudly, heart pounding in fear the Emperor could tell what he was doing. His hips jerked uncontrollably upwards and forwards, and he found himself rubbing and rutting feverishly against his own, huge hand, all restraint utterly gone. The glove over his metal appendage was rough and uneven, chafing the inflamed, weeping mess his cock had become. Oh, Force that felt good……kriff, shavit……stang! He pushed his hand further inwards, compressing his inflamed groin even more, his hips shoving forwards madly in response, as his other hand reached out to grab the communications consul to steady himself. He tried, with the last of his remaining sanity, to keep his head facing straight ahead, and turned off the respirator so that the Emperor could not hear his gasping breaths.

And then he made his huge hand into a fist, wrapping it tight around his pulsating cock. He was leaking harder now, streams of cum shooting out with each pulse of his veins. His heart thundered in his ears so that he could no longer even hear the Emperor's sibilant voice, and he began to shove his hips forward brutally, ramming his utterly-engorged pricks into the inflexible hardness of his too-tight fist. Each jerk of his hips chafed his desperately aching penis against the stiff and abrasive material of his glove-covered fist, resulting in glorious bursts of pleasure which had him shuddering as they flooded his body. Again and again he did it, imaging crazily that Obi-Wan’s rough, callused hands were around him, hearing his Master’s smooth voice in his ear. “Just a little bit more, my Anakin.
What a good boy you are.” He moaned at the sound of that dearly loved voice echoing in his mind….oh please, more. He needed more.

The Emperor was watching him, had no idea that Vader was frantically touching himself to the memory of Obi-Wan Kenobi’s rough hands, his perfect voice, his power and all-encompassing control, his warmth….the feel of his huge, thick cock filling Vader up completely…. The Sith Lord moaned tightly again, his eyes closed, as he once more brushed his entrance with the Force. He made it as large as Obi-Wan had been; stiff and burning-hot and huge, nudging and burrowing between the cheeks of Vader’s arse, nestling there, throbbing in time with Vader’s own desperate need. His hips bucked backwards, taking that huge cock deep within himself, filling himself until all he could feel was that burn of complete fullness. It was so life-like that Vader could feel it when that huge cock, slicked with pre-cum and completely hard, slipped past the resistance of his rim and slid home into the tight heat of his body, felt the dull pain of too-much, too-full before his body acclimated to it. He bit his lip hard enough to draw blood, desperate groans of pleasure escaping him despite his best efforts, and then he Force-shoved that full cock into him again – filled himself entirely with the Force-memory of Obi-Wan’s throbbing manhood – and drove his own weeping, aching prick once more through the rigid roughness of his fist. Oscillating his hips between one and the other – burning fullness and tight, perfect friction – his movements became more and more erratic as the pleasure grew, his vision going spotty, pressure rising in him higher and higher, heat and glorious ecstasy and sparks sweeping through him over and over until it was excruciating. Oh, he needed more! Again. Again. Oh, please! Again.

His entire body shuddered. Everything went white. For one magnificent, never-ending moment, Vader hung there, pleasure and heat flooding every fiber of his being, that at-last-reached high of perfect pleasure and all-consuming bliss – nothing but the need for gratification in his mind – and then his synapses overloaded, and with a broken cry of frantic relief he was coming……oh he was coming……Force, thank you, he was coming! His pleasure ruptured out into the Force itself, frying the comm unit, ending the Emperor’s transmission instantly as Vader exploded in release, cum bursting from him violently, coating everything before him, going on and on and on as his hips jerked in involuntary, unsteady twinges, all control long-since abandoned. His legs shook and he fell on his knees, gasping for breath, his respirator on once more and straining to catch up, hips bucking forwards all over again as he drove the Force deep within his arse, over and over, now pulling frantically at his wilting penis, trying to draw out every drop of pleasure, chase that perfect high as it receded once more from him. He rode out wave after wave of pleasure, feeling like it would never end, almost wishing it would never end.

Oh, he was here, oh finally.

Vader must have blacked out from the force of it all, his mind numb with a lethargic haze which settled over his limbs. He couldn’t have moved if the Emperor himself appeared in the room. Everything was heavy with pleasure and realized-completion. He had felt everything so acutely, the after effects of that bliss echoing repeatedly through his exhausted and wrung-out body, that all around him seemed insubstantial. Long seconds passed. When he was aware again, his mask rested against the communications consul and everything around him was dark except the emergency lights, which beeped shrilly, flashing red, and there was a furious pounding at the door to the room. “Lord Vader, Lord Vader!” someone shouted, “Are you alright?”

Vader raised his head and looked at the utter mess around him, groaning at how sore he felt everywhere, feeling the fluttering muscles of his anus still quivering. The Force was still inside him, huge and filling. Carefully, he dissipated it, shivering at the sense of emptiness which swamped him once more, that all consuming loneliness where there had been fullness and heat and pleasure. He was sticky and wet and cold, his flaccid penis hung limp against his tender groin, but it was still red and huge, twitching spasmodically and still leaking, and his balls looked raw and chafed. Vader
brushed one, huge digit over his cock, trying to wipe some of the mess away, before attempting to tuck himself back into his suit with shaking hands. He would clean himself up as soon as he left this room; the Emperor could wait.

At the sensation of the metal finger, his over-stimulated cock gave a sudden jerk, memory of Obi-Wan’s gentle ministrations after Anakin orgasmed in his arms suffusing him once more. He began to slowly stiffen yet again, longing hopelessly for his Master’s strong arms to hold him and his firm body to be pressed against him, which caused his prick to swell with arousal once more. It was so cold and stark here, but Obi-Wan was always warm...he sobbed out despairingly as his half-hard cock thickened even more, remembering his Master’s jutting hip bones, the swell of his groin, the dip of his collarbone, Anakin watching him as he pleasured himself. Vader’s cock shuddered before once more stiffening to its full length and beginning to throb in a dull rhythm which told him he would be desperate and aching again soon. What was wrong with him?! Why couldn’t he stop? Why was it *never* enough? And now he was craving release once more. He staggered to his feet, shoved the suit entirely on again, rubbing his once-more rigid prick against the hardness of the suit cover, and screamed his anger to the Force. The entire consul room exploded around him, metal twisting and machines ripping apart under the Force-storm he unleashed.

He told the Emperor that it had been an equipment malfunction.
My Anakin

Chapter Summary

When he awoke the next morning all he felt was peace, despite the aching in his limbs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Not until he touched Kenobi’s lightsaber later that night and felt the man’s hands catching his shaking body as he fell into those waiting arms; not until he felt those familiar lips close firm around him, his hips thrusting violently upwards as that warm, tight, wet heat swallowed him entirely down, did he at last explode, moaning brokenly in finally realized relief, as wave after wave of his release swept over and through him, until he was at last drained, his prick finally, finally, limp and flaccid against his stomach. Often, he blacked out from the force of his orgasm, finding himself eventually in Kenobi’s arms, listening as the older Jedi murmured sweet nothings in his ear as his hands skimmed over Anakin’s skin, touching him all over and soothing tension in his muscles.

Vader endured a month of this sweet torture. For an entire month he wandered through his duties like the robot most believed him to be, the only moments he felt anything were when he was trying to passionately fuck his ever-aching cock into and against the nearest hard surface. He was desperate enough to see a medical droid, who prescribed medications which Vader never took; those moments where he burned and throbbed and ached for that release were the only ones in which he had felt alive in decades. At night he lay, exhausted, in Obi-Wan’s arms and tried to soak up as much of the other man’s presence as was possible. They had sex less and less in the dream world as the weeks passed. Oh, Obi-Wan always got him off as soon as he arrived, releasing the all-consuming arousal which built ever higher throughout the day, but then they would lie in each other’s arms, fingers roaming as they explored one another’s bodies leisurely, and began to talk to one another. Vader never realized he had so much he needed to say to the other man.

“You were always too passionate for your own good, my Anakin,” Vader heard him murmur once, his clever fingers skating down the muscled planes of the younger man’s stomach, before he dipped below to fondle Anakin’s balls and swipe his finger along the messy length of his dick. Anakin felt that exhausted organ give yet another twitch, felt a spark shoot through his body, and felt himself being dragged out of satiated lethargy.

“You feel everything so intensely, without managing it or attempting to control it. And then you suppressed every desire except hatred and revenge for over 20 years – channeled every need your body possessed, every bit of longing for companionship and touch” – and here he swirled that finger around the tip of Anakin’s prick, rubbing along the shaft. Anakin felt heat flood through him, felt his cock stir and start to stiffen yet again. He moaned, exhausted and aroused in equal measure, lifting his shaking hips, and Obi-Wan obliged him by wrapping his hand entirely around that rapidly swelling member, pulling in long, even strokes.

After several moments, during which Anakin released little breathless gasps of pleasure as he was brought back to full hardness again, his hips undulating indolently under his Master’s slow, deliberate ministrations, Obi-Wan paused. Anakin mewed a bit, his heavy eyelids fluttering open, before he felt his Master roll on top of him. He groaned, helplessly, as he was completely covered by
Obi-Wan. “Now this, everything between us, is completely overwhelming and addicting to you, because you have allowed yourself to feel again. At least a little bit. And this,” he tweaked Anakin’s nose, before lowering his head to speak against Anakin’s ear, his low voice sending vibrations through Anakin and causing him to shiver in pleasure and shift his hips. His erect cock brushed Obi-Wan’s and he moaned loudly, his back arching even further at the sensation, and subsequently rubbed his now-throbbing prick along the entire length of his Master’s. He delighted in Obi-Wan’s resultant indrawn breath. He did it again. “What’s happening between us, here, it is consuming you utterly, Anakin,” his Master said, after a breathless minute. He pulled back a bit and then forcefully rocked his hops against Anakin’s. The younger man cried out, trying to raise his hips and shove their groins together again when Obi-Wan pulled back and almost sat up. “So we’re going to try something a bit different this time. And then Obi-Wan turned him into a weeping, begging, moaning mess of want and need once more before bringing him over that edge again and again until he found calm and peace at last.

That next night Vader woke from lying in Obi-Wan’s arms to find himself, naked and limbless save for the metal right arm, on his own rough, cool white sheets. He was alone once more, except for the constant presence of Kenobi’s lightsaber. The room was silent around him, and only the harsh ragged breaths that he took from his scarred lungs broke the artificial stillness. Outside, he knew the Emperor’s personal guards patrolled and the lava sill flowed, unceasing and burning the sulfurous landscape. He was physically and mentally exhausted, his body sore and aching from overuse. Glancing down, he observed his cock standing taut and erect, jutting up from the curls of his pubic hair, hard and engorged yet again. It would only take him rolling over and rutting haphazardly into the sheets for it to begin aching once more for release. At the thought of that coming friction, his stiff cock gave a twitch, before swelling even larger and beginning to throb slowly. He moaned softly, exhaustion making him see double, before reaching his metal hand up despairingly towards his heavily-inflated dick and grasping it tight in an almost-bruising grip.

He pulled at his prick sluggishly, his arm shaking in fatigue, his strokes uneven and messy, until he could feel that delicious pressure once more burning through his veins. Then he very slowly rolled over until he was fully on his stomach. His painfully inflamed groin was crushed ruthlessly beneath him, his throbbing cock tight between Vader’s body and the firm mattress. Sparks of pleasure raced through him at the compression his distended groin was now placed under. After a moment to luxuriate in the sensation, he tried to use his overstrained muscles to jerk his hips forward, driving his swollen penis harder into the unyielding bed, constricting his engorged groin still further. But he was too tired, his limbs uncooperative. Listlessly, unsteadily, he rutted into the sheets, rolling his hips again and again and feeling pleasure ache deep in his gut, fluttering in small bursts of pleasure, but his movement slowed after several minutes, growing uneven and shaky as he exhausted his limited strength and it was no good. The most he could muster after several long minutes was a spasm, his engorged cock scraping against the sheets, until he stopped, trembling in weariness. He tried once more, thrusting weekly, distantly feeling the scratch of that rough cloth against his cock, dim pleasure undulating through him, but he managed to move even less with each subsequent thrust, his movements growing ever slower and slower, the waves of pleasure mellowing again. He was so drained he couldn’t bring his arm around to slide between his buttocks and stretch himself. He couldn’t even lift his head to breathe properly, and his face was smashed into the sheets as well. He moaned in aroused frustration, his hips jerkily shifting as he finally just rubbed himself against the bed, a randy teenager with his first erection once more, utterly desperate for any friction at all. Nothing was enough. At last, wailing softly, he rolled back over, his hand going back down to his now-hugely enlarged cock, trying to be gentle with himself as he stroked and pulled, massaged and kneaded his groin, skated over his balls, fondling them carelessly, when all he wanted was as much friction and heat as quickly as possible as he got himself off.

Eventually, he was too worn-out to continue even that. Tears leaked from the corners of his
eyes as he looked down as his burned, scarred and broken body. His cock was still fully engorged, red and puffy and throbbing. His groin was covered in bruises and scratches from where he had ruthlessly rutted himself against metal walls and wooden bedposts. Only an hour ago, he had brought himself to the brink of orgasm by grinding back against the bedpost and using the Force to swallow his cock in warm heat. Now he couldn’t even manage that. Who could ever want him like this? He couldn’t even jerk himself off anymore, and the only thing he could concentrate on these days was his near-constant erection, his burning need to be taken and filled and brought to orgasm by a ghost, caused by memories of a man he had killed years ago! Hopelessly, he tried to thrust up into his fist, but nothing helped. The stunted, withering stumps of his other limbs were useless. The formerly hard muscles he had unconsciously taken for granted as a Jedi had gone flaccid and turned to fat and flab after long years in the suit. He was pasty pale, his eyes rheumy and weak, and he was covered in the rough, folded skin of former burns. He had had so much new skin grafted on that most of it wasn’t even his.

His cock twitched again and began to leak even as the tears grew. He pulled at it hopelessly. He was pathetic. He couldn’t even summon his usual, all-consuming anger – that anger which had always sustained him as Vader – because he was too aroused. All he could think of was his need for something, anything, to bring him to that high and drive him over it. All he wanted was that final release, to wake up in the morning and wank himself and know relief before that next wave of arousal hit him. Despair flooded him, his hand fell back useless to the cum-smeared sheets, and he turned his face away from the despicable sight he made. Who could ever desire….this.

And then he felt warm arms around him. “Anakin,” that beloved voice called softly, commanding him to open his eyes again and look at him. Vader’s heavy eyes opened, finding his Master’s face hovering above him, auburn beard almost entirely grey and lines of stress and grief lining his face. But his clear blue-grey eyes were tender and understanding. “Master,” he sobbed, begged. For what, he did not know.

Obi-Wan’s gentle fingers brushed away his tears. “You’re still beautiful like this, dear one,” he whispered in that wonderful voice. “Still so very beautiful.” He made love to Vader slowly then, mouth on his abused cock, fingers entering Vader, achingly slow, careful and precise, until Vader was moaning in pure want once more and Obi-Wan eventually seated himself deep within Vader’s much-abused body. “Anakin, my Anakin,” the older man groaned softly, grunting as Vader reached down with his metal arm to haul the man even deeper into him. Obi-Wan rocked his hips slowly then, until he was buried as far as he could go, his arms trembling above him as Vader shamelessly bucked and shuddered beneath him. His arms cradled Vader’s head, lips skimming over the now-bald dome, brushing over his near-sightless eyes, across his heavily-scarred cheeks, as he drove into him, bringing him to release with a hand wrapped tight around his cock, and soft words of praise and adoration which echoed over and over in Vader’s ears long after he fell further into slumber.

When he awoke the next morning all he felt was peace, despite the aching in his limbs.

Chapter End Notes

Anakin/Vader never did properly learn to channel his emotions. All his love was always obsessive, took the form of revenge or over-protectiveness, or caused him to feel fear of losing that love. After spending twenty-years immersed in the dark side, he would be even more incapable of dealing with his knowledge that he’d loved Obi-Wan all along.
End Notes

If anyone wants more explicit scenes........let me know?

It was NaNoWriMo (in my defense of the entirety of Chapter 7.5) and I just kept writing. I was like......I can make these scenes even more explicit. Darth Vader won't beat me.

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