# Focal Point

**Summary**

In a time of war, a Jedi and a Clone Commander find solace from turmoil in each other, though trysts become something more, something they’re both forbidden. Their feelings bear unexpected fruits – and that’s just beginning of troubles.

**Notes**

Hello, I'm new here.

Enormous thanks to my wonderful beta Anorlost.

Chapter warnings: smut.
Chapter 1

Clone troopers’ only purpose of existence is to serve. Their bodies and psyches were modified to enhance capabilities and provide maximum efficiency on the battlefield. One of the tools that drove them into submission was sterilizing troopers after they reach maturity – lower levels of hormones minimalized the urge to fight for a higher position in the pack and increased obedience. For the same reason commanders didn’t undergo the procedure.

For Cody it’s a curse. Sexual drive requiring occasional attention is nothing more than a nuisance. He received scarce sexual education, just enough to understand basics of procreation and how to not make a female pregnant, but not how to deal with arousal. He was left to self-discovery and hushed gossips exchanged between future commanders. Thankfully, shortly after he left Kamino, Cody discovered the HoloNet - and holoporn. It was when he realized he was into men. At first it seemed wrong, unnatural to not be attracted to women – no one ever explained him there are other sexualities and he’s not an anomaly. Again, the Holonet came with help. In time he has simply come to accept his orientation. No one would know anyway.

Therefore when a coil of need in his groin grew too tight Cody has a commander’s private quarters, favorite holos and his hands, and it’s sufficient. Or at least he tells himself so. At times when he’s lying satiated, still hazy with his recent orgasm, he wonders how it would be to have someone else to touch and please him, how would another warm body feel pressed to his. He’s painfully aware it’s a futile dream. He’s surrounded by thousands of his brothers identical like mirror image, superior officers whom fucking with is beyond question and no one else. To find a stranger Cody can fuck without remorse he would have to visit a planetside brothel. Troopers didn’t get shore leave because what business did they have on surface? Clones were taught to fight, not to socialize.

The stalemate equation of possible partners definitely excluded a Jedi general.

Cody met the Jedi for the first time on Geonosis, in the very first battle of the war. He was thrilled to witness all he had heard about Knights came to be true, the legendary might and deadly grace as they swirled their glowing blades around and smashed hostile droids into melted debris. Their only flaw was that they weren’t invincible. Rows of bodies in the aftermath were enough proof.

Soon after the clash, the 212th Battalion was assigned to a Jedi general. Cody was curious of this Obi-Wan Kenobi, also a veteran of Geonosis. He looked young for a general, yet had proven himself the right man for this place. A great tactician and brave warrior, he fought alongside clones in the very front line any time he wasn’t required elsewhere. He had a particular sense of humor Cody found oddly enjoyable.

On top of that, the Jedi was very handsome. Cody didn’t let himself stare for too long or even think of the general in any improper way. The man is a Jedi. Knights insisted they aren’t able to read minds, but who knows? If general Kenobi discovered Cody fantasized about him, he might think badly about the commander. Cody was first and foremost a committed solder and didn’t want the general to think otherwise.

It happened when Cody and Obi-Wan were discussing strategy for an upcoming battle in Jedi’s private quarters, months after the first battle of Geonosis. They were in pursuit of the Separatist fleet for weeks, circling it and doing their best to surprise their opponents, yet all the time the enemy managed to flee. Cody was exhausted, edgy and in dire need to release the ill energy gnawing at him. All he wanted was a shower, a jerk off and his cot.

Though he tried to stay focused his thoughts kept drifting away. Cody realized the Jedi had stopped
talking.

‘I’m sorry general’ he muttered and rubbed at the corners of his burning eyes.

‘You’re tense’ Obi-Wan said, blue eyes searching the trooper, almost dissecting him.

‘I’m sorry sir. I will see to being at my best when the battle starts.’

Obi-Wan watched him with eyes squinted, stroking his short beard in a thoughtful gesture. *He knows*, Cody thought with chills creeping down his spine, *knows that I think of him when I jack off.*

‘Maybe you need some help with unwinding?’ the Jedi replied suggestively. Cody frowned, baffled, uncertain what the other man had in mind.

‘It’s alright sir. Some rest will do me just fine.’

Obi-Wan sighed. He leant against the holotable and crossed his arms, his stare dropping to the floor. Was there a hint of blush raising to his cheeks?

‘I’m terrible at that. I meant to indirectly propose sex to you’ he mumbled.

The words hit Cody like a physical blow and pushed him a step back, heart racing and muscles tensing. It’s a dream, certainly, a delusion created by his exhausted mind…

Obi-Wan held up his hands protectively. ‘Don’t get me wrong, it’s not an order! It’s merely an offer you’re free to turn down. It’s just… I got a feeling you might be interested…’

The clone opened his mouth though he had no idea what to say. He looked at Jedi’s face and sees he’s flushed red. His eyes, surprisingly, gleamed with what Cody recognized as fear.

‘Did I read you wrong?’ Obi-Wan asked with a weak voice that only further confirmed that he was terribly anxious, like Cody had never witnessed in the numerous battles they had fought together.

Cody still wasn’t sure how to reply. Obi-Wan was a general, a superior. No one had straightforward prohibited troopers to bed officers, perhaps because no one expected clones to fuck at all. So technically the trooper wasn’t forbidden, however his common sense nagged him it was a very, very bad idea.

‘I thought Jedi were celibate’ Cody replied diplomatically.

Obi-Wan chuckled. ‘That’s a common belief. In fact we’re not forbidden to have sex. It’s a basic urge, just like eating and sleep. We’re allowed to fulfill it, but we just mustn’t indulge.’

‘So you can have sex as long as it’s passionless?’ Cody stammered and quickly added, ‘Sir.’

‘Exactly.’

Cody fixed his gaze at the floor, his breath coming out in shallow exhales. He really didn’t know what to do. No one had prepared him for this, to be offered what he secretly wished for, by a man he would never expect such proposal from. Cody knew Obi-Wan long enough to know the man wasn’t trying to exploit the trooper. Using people just hadn’t been in Obi-Wan’s nature.

The Jedi waited patiently for Cody’s answer, albeit he was shifting his weight nervously.

In the end curiosity won.
‘I agree sir’ Cody spoke up, voice trembling, just like his hands. He closed his fists but it didn’t help much.

Obi-Wan exhaled with plain relief, rigid posture finally slackening.

‘Please don’t call me sir now, it’s strange. Just Obi-Wan.’

‘Obi-Wan’ Cody repeated, trying the sound of the name on his tongue. ‘I- I don’t know what to do’ he admitted embarrassed. He must have been just as red in the face as the Jedi a moment before.

‘It’s fine. Let me guide you. First, strip off.’

Cody was used to undressing for medical examination and in communal showers, but this was completely different. Suddenly he became extremely conscious of his body, the same body he shared with thousands of his brothers and had seen nude countless time. He was equally excited and nervous. As next parts of his armor and underclothes were removed Cody’s anxiety rose, clogging his throat and rattling his fingers. He began to doubt if he would be able to get an erection at all.

The sight of the naked Jedi proved him wrong. Cody gaped at his chiseled body, at the shapes of muscles dancing with every move under pale skin, marred with plenty of scars: small and big, old and fresh, scattered all over his body.

Obi-Wan turned to him with a wry smile pulling at his lips. ‘Seeing something you like Cody?’

The clone realized his mouth was agape and his dick was hard and leaking.

Obi-Wan sat on a sleeping couch and patted a spot beside him. Cody took the prompt and gingerly perched at the edge of bed.

Cody didn’t know what to do with himself when warm fingers wrapped around his cock. His eyes flew shut and a stifled a gasp left his throat when the hand started to move slowly along the shaft. It was incomparable to anything Cody expected. His own fists balled involuntarily, fighting an impulse to place them on Obi-Wan’s shoulder or thigh. He would respect Obi-Wan’s no-emotions rule. No unnecessary touching nor affection, just fingers on dick.

Obi-Wan grinned at the sight of Cody’s face wrung with pleasure. He set an unhurried pace, giving the other man time to accustom. But even the scarcest touch was too much for an inexperienced clone and Cody soon came with a whine, blinded with white lights bursting under closed eyelids. When his senses returned, he saw Obi-Wan smiling gently.

Cody didn’t know etiquette of casual sex but reciprocation seemed a proper thing. He hesitantly took a hold of Jedi’s cock, remembering how he pleased himself.

‘A little tighter’ Obi-Wan remarked quietly. His head tilted back and eyes closed. Hips snatched forward to meet Cody’s fist. He was breathing in deeply, features blank and relaxed, then scrunching slightly when Cody sped up. A faintest moan was the only warning before he came sputtering semen over his lower belly.

Cody let go of softening dick and looked up to see Obi-Wan smiling tiredly.

‘I enjoyed it’ the Jedi said at last, noticing the other man was waiting for him to speak. ‘Did you too?’

Cody didn’t trust his words yet so he just nodded his head in confirmation.
The first time was so, so awkward, but it was also good so they met again and again, until it has become a routine.

They meet every time they were both aboard the Negotiator, which in fact isn’t very often. Obi-Wan has numerous Jedi errands, his vast skills required all across the galaxy. When they finally find time to spare on sex they use every last minute of it. Cody may lack Obi-Wan’s stamina, but he makes up for it with a short recovery time.

Cody always waits for Obi-Wan to call him first, using the excuse of debating matters in private. Even if anyone suspected them meeting for definitely informal reasons, no one has officially raised this issue yet; perhaps they don’t expect a Jedi and supposed-to-be-neutered clone to sleep together.

When he gets a curt message asking him to come and discuss some concerns about the next battle with the general, Cody walks the well-known path to another part of the living quarters. They only ever fuck in Obi-Wan’s quarters, using his reputation so no one disturb them.

Cody finds Obi-Wan sitting on the floor with folded legs. Eyelids flutter open and blue eyes look curiously at the clone.

“You called” Cody speaks.

“Indeed” Obi-Wan answers shortly. He stands up and begins to undo his robes. Cody cocks his brow. They usually start with actual Army issues before they move to sex. Perhaps Obi-Wan is too turned on to wait this time.

Silent, Cody places his helmet on the table and sheds his armor too. Obi-Wan finishes first and helps Cody with pulling tight-fitting jumpsuit off. Something is off about him, maybe a crease between his brows that doesn’t disappear when he presses their lips together and closes his arms around the other man when they’re finally naked. The kiss is ravenous, like Obi-Wan is starving for it. They might have started with as scarce touching as possible, but in time intimacy had begun to sneak in anyway, with cuddling, lying together in bed afterward and eventually kisses. His fingers wander up and down Cody’s spine, scattering sizzling sparks over his back. Cody once wondered if Obi-Wan uses the Force during their encounters but Obi-Wan denied it, claiming it’d be blasphemous to use the Force in such crude matter.

Cody pulls away just enough to breathe into Obi-Wan’s mouth, ‘What do you want to do tonight?’

“You, in me’ Obi-Wan rasps with voice rough with need and clasps their lips together again.

The Jedi maneuvers them toward the sleeping couch until his shins bumps its frame. Obi-Wan presses a final kiss to Cody’s jaw and lies on his back on the couch, his perfect body put on display only for the clone. In past months new scars have appeared here and there; Cody has mapped them all, old and new alike. With zealous fingers and lips he learnt their locations, colors and shapes by heart. Obi-Wan did the same with Cody’s scars.

The clone leans over and kisses a spot between Obi-Wan’s collarbones, smiling involuntarily at a sigh he gets in answer. Unhurriedly he moves his mouth around his chest and belly. A hand laid at the back of Cody’s head guides him where Obi-Wan craves his attention the most. Cody is more than happy to follow the hints. That’s who he is, a good soldier following his leader. But here, in
Obi-Wan’s bedroom, they are equals. It has taken Cody quite a time to understand it - and get accustomed to it.

Cody gently pries his head from under the hand and pulls at Obi-Wan’s hips until his ass is just on the edge of bed. As he drops to knees between his legs Obi-Wan waves a hand to fly a bottle of lubricant from refresher directly into Cody’s hand, the only moment of a tryst he dares to use the Force.

Cody squeezes clear liquid on fingertips and closes his lips around the head of Obi-Wan’s cock. It earns him a string of quiet moans. Cody bobs his head, nose brushing reddish pubic curls, and simultaneously brings his wet fingers between the Jedi’s ass cheeks. During months of meetings they have tried all sort of different things – some of them so filthy Cody wondered if they suited a Jedi at all; but Obi-Wan is a Jedi Master, Jedi Code thrums in his blood, he knows what’s appropriate and what’s not, right? - and had developed their likings, so well-known to the other. Obi-Wan need only say one word and Cody knows exactly what to do.

Cody works Obi-Wan open with no hurry, sucking him off at the same time. The sighs becomes more high-pitched and incoherent, the best reward Cody can get. He loves to make Obi-Wan feel good. There are dozens of things Obi-Wan has taught him in the privacy of the Jedi’s quarters, not only about sex. He’s the only person who makes Cody feel unique among hundreds of thousands people looking exactly the same. The only way Cody can pay him back is to give Obi-Wan pleasure he isn't allowed to ask for.

Obi-Wan is unusually impatient that evening. As soon as he’s ready he pulls Cody for another hungry kiss and parts his legs wider in silent invitation.

Cody doesn’t waste any more time. He slicks himself and pushes into tight heat with a grunt. He rests hands on sides of Obi-Wan’s head and plants feet more firmly, then rolls his hips. Obi-Wan gasps and arches, ass tilting forward to get him deeper. Hands grabs at the back of Cody’s neck and drags him closer, their noses almost brushing.

Cody looks at the Jedi. His eyes are gleaming bright with glee like they rarely do, but his smile is sad. Feather-like fingers traces the scar curving around Cody’s left eye. Jedi’s lips quivers like he is about to speak, but no word sounds.

Cody kisses between his brows and resumes thrusting. Obi-Wan’s head lolls back and his gaze tears away from partner, but tension doesn’t drain from his lines completely.

Cody doesn’t need the Force to sense there’s been something hanging between them for a while, a thing that nestled in the bottom of their hearts and poured unsettling warmth into their chests every time they saw each other. They are both aware of its presence. They both know it should have never happened, but it did anyway. Both know it must be ended, yet none have a strength to cease it.

As long as they don’t talk about it, it didn’t exist, right?

Frustrated with the reflections coming at the worst possible moment Cody grunts and pushes hard, hitting right in the prostate. Obi-Wan bows with a shout, his fingers tightening around Cody’s shoulders. The clone repeats the move drinking in whimpers from Obi-Wan’s lips. He can’t imagine not hearing them anymore. Never touching and kissing the pale skin again. But the separation is inevitable. He’s a clone and Obi-Wan is a Jedi. None of them has a right to attachments.

Cody feels his orgasm building up in his balls. He still lacks Obi-Wan’s endurance, there’s no help for that. He comes with a low guttural grunt, spending himself inside Obi-Wan. In a blink all energy ebbs from his muscles and he flops atop Obi-Wan panting, exhausted. A gentle hand pets his hair.
Jedi’s neglected cock pressed to Cody’s belly, yet Obi-Wan waits patiently for when he comes back to himself and treats him.

Still not quite back to reality Cody heaves up and grabs the Jedi’s dick, strokes him firmly until Obi-Wan paints his fingers white.

Cody pulls back to standing, blearily watching the aftermath with half-closed eyes. He’s completely worn out. All he wishes for is getting some sleep, preferably in Obi-Wan’s arms, but they have no time for that. The destination is getting closer. They must refresh, dress up and move on to down-to-earth matters.

Before Cody walks away to the refresher, Obi-Wan Force-pulls him back on the mattress and clings to him with chin rested on the top of Cody’s head. The clone sighs and relaxes in the embrace, tucking himself even closer, breathing in the scent of his sweat. Obi-Wan strokes Cody’s hair and Cody listens to Obi-Wan’s steady heartbeat. It’s growing cold and goose bumps rise on Cody’s skin, yet the Jedi doesn’t make a single move, his actions mindless and gaze continuously unfocused. Cody pushes away enough to be face-to-face with him; Obi-Wan’s sight fixed at his face at last.

‘What is it Obi-Wan? I see something’s eating on you’ Cody whispers. He has his suspicions but wants Obi-Wan to state it clearly. ‘Jedi matters?’

‘Meditation’ Obi-Wan replies indifferently, averting his eyes.

‘Have you sensed something? Our loss?’

Obi-Wan shakes head. ‘No. I’m not sure what I see. It’s unsettling, but when I try to delve nothing comes. The Dark Side shrouds the future, makes everything I sense uncertain.’

Obi-Wan tried to explain Force nuances to Cody, with little effect. Supposedly it’s difficult to explain something as basic as breathing to a person who never experienced the Force. Although Cody quickly understood never to underestimate Jedi instinct. Even if Obi-Wan hadn’t explicitly foreseen their loss, his uneasiness should be alerting. Many other things can go wrong.

Cody gingerly caresses his cheek with tips of fingers. He can only guess how much Obi-Wan’s mood is affected by meditation and how much by their unspoken affection.

‘We’ll deal with it, won’t we?’

The attempt at comforting was poor; no one has taught Cody how to comfort. Obi-Wan smiles, but worried wrinkles around his eyes don’t disappear.

‘You’re uncomfortable’ the Jedi notes out of the blue.

Obi-Wan presses one last kiss to Cody’s forehead and lets go of him. On the way to the refresher Cody looks back at the sprawled motionless Jedi with renewed swirls of emotions he should have never felt for him.

* * *

Obi-Wan ends a holocall with the Council and breaths out a weary sigh. He’s just reported the situation after the battle. They won, but the cost was dire. The count of casualties and injured is
disheartening. The medbay is full to bursting with hurt troopers. Obi-Wan sustained injuries too, thankfully just flesh wounds, nothing a couple-hours-long meditations won’t mend. After the clash he went straight to his quarters to report to the Temple – and already got his next orders. They were to fly to support Anakin’s forces in a raid on a Separatist facility.

A quiet buzz announces a guest and Obi-Wan comes back to reality. The Jedi opens the door with a negligent wave of hand. There’s a med droid awaiting at the doorstep.

‘You were reported wounded but you didn’t check in the medbay, general. I come to tend your injuries’ the droid says for greeting with clipped mechanical voice.

Obi-Wan huffs, annoyed. He has no time nor energy to quarrel with a med droid, infamous for their stubbornness. With the droid already in his room there’s no way to escape the unnecessary treatment.

Surrendering, Obi-Wan takes off his armor and tunic and sat on the sleep couch, then allows the droid to patch and dress cuts and burns. Once the droid was done it scans the Jedi for internal injuries.

‘Now, is it fine? Can return to my duties? Obi-Wan grumbles.

‘Your organs sustained no harm’ the droid says. ‘However, are you aware you’re pregnant sir?’

‘It’s not the time for jokes.’

‘I’m deadly serious sir. The scan shows a fetus, approximately eleven weeks old. I wasn’t aware males of your species are able to carry offspring.’

Blood drains from Obi-Wan’s face and limbs, fingers turning cold and numb. There were stories of human men who gave birth whispered across the galaxy, but they were considered myths, nothing more.

‘Show me the scan’ he demands. He realizes he’s shaking.

The droid displays a blue body-shaped holo with a small red bubble nested between bluish hues. The droid taps at the crimson dot and it expands into vague but undeniably humanoid silhouette.

‘This is the fetus. It seems fine and healthy.’

Obi-Wan gapes at the holo, scrambling to proceed. It’s impossible. He can’t be pregnant. He’s a male, of human race, not of hermaphroditic species. He’s a Jedi. He’s fighting in a war. He just… Can’t.

‘Your heart rate and blood pressure are increasing sir. You should calm down. Do you need medication?’ the droid offers.

Obi-Wan punches the turn-off button hidden on droid’s neck. Its head drops limply and eyes go dark. The Jedi plugs a data pad to its main port and briskly wipes out the records of his examination. He never was excellent with electronics but hacking droids is a useful skill he has acquired from years spent with Anakin.

When he’s done he turns the droid back on. Its eyes blink to life and the metal body straightens.

‘Sorry sir, I must have shorted out.’

‘Indeed. Now please leave, I’m busy’ Obi-Wan juts a finger toward the door, glaring at the droid
until the door swished close behind it. He usually isn’t that harsh with droids, but the whole situation is also exceptional.

Obi-Wan makes it to the sleep couch on wavering legs. He sits and covers face with hands, desperately trying to keep his breathing in check. He practiced self-control for as long as he could remember but it’s failing now.

Pregnant. A baby.

A weak whine leaves his throat.

He carefully places a palm on his belly and feels it, a tiny throb within the Force coming from inside him. How could he have missed it?

And these strange vision he had recently, did they mean that he’s carrying a new life? The currents of Living Force flushing over him during meditations? It all makes sense now.

Anyway, he’s in really big trouble.

If Jedi had sex they kept it secret. Pregnancy was obvious evidence he fucked. A severe reprimand from the Council for not being discreet is a certain thing – and the smallest problem. The droid said it’s, what, eleventh week? For what Obi-Wan remembers about human physiology it means about six more months before delivery, six months of staying in the Temple while his belly would swell engorged for everyone to see he broke the rules. Not to mention no one will let him out of Temple’s walls, especially into battle, before delivery.

And what with the baby? Who will raise him or her? If they are Force-sensitive they will join the Order, but what if not?

One issue pops up after another, piling up and crowding his mind. It gives him a headache.

It’s too much to deal with alone, Obi-Wan knows it. He must inform the Council about the situation, and he will. They will scold him, and then find solutions. But only when he’s back on Coruscant, it’s not a topic to discuss on a holocall. And firstly he will help Anakin as ordered, and pray to the Force nothing bad happen to him and the baby.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the feedback on the first chapter!
To be honest, it was supposed to be purely self-indulging fic, never meant for
publishing, but I had trouble with writing it down. With all kudos and comments You
left, I finally found energy to go on <3

Chapter TW: battle (canon-typical violence), kidnapping

Usually planets have their unique names, or at least ones deriving from names of stars they spin
around. This one is nameless. Even the red dwarf it circles has no name, just a number signature
given it by astrographs passing through the system centuries ago.

The system is located in the Mid Rim, far from main trails. No one comes to this planet for any
reason. No sentient species, native or foreign, inhabits this world. It’s bizarre because the planet is
actually a paradise – with a rich oxygen atmosphere safe for most species, mild temperatures, vast
grassy planes crossed by groves and hills, abundant wildlife – everything colonizers search for. No
one settled there nonetheless.

Until the Separatist has discovered the real treasure of the planet is hidden below its surface – veins
of rare metals’ ores required to build its mechanical armies. It set up a complex of mines, workshops
and garrisons that had expanded rapidly as its factories needed more and more components to
replenish droids lost on battlefields, swallowing grassy fields and tainting pristine land.

Taking over the quarries would not only seriously cripple the Separatists, it would also strengthen
Republic industry. Grand Army’s high command dispatched Anakin and his 501st Legion to execute
the delicate task. On the spot it turned out his forces were too few in numbers to deal with it alone –
the Separatists had secured its precious outpost with plentiful troops and powerful shields that
prevented air assault. Being the closest to the system, Obi-Wan was ordered to reinforce his former
Padawan.

The plan is simple, because the simple is the best – to surround the complex, now of size of a decent
town, in several teams. Then he would create distraction while Anakin got into the security center to
turn off the shields and jam Separatist communication. Destroy the droids, save the equipment.

The 501st was already stationed on the planet’s surface, and 212th Battalion was secretly dropped on
the other side of the quarry under cover of planet’s night, far enough from the mines to remain
unnoticed. They crossed the distance on foot under light of stars and three moons, relying on night
vision of their helmets instead of using torches and not communicating with the others to keep low
profile. Surprise is the key. Precisely at a set time, all teams will strike at once from different
directions.

Obi-Wan glances around. Clones’ armors, immaculate white currently painted dark, are practically
invisible to plain eye. His armor, also stained black, and Jedi robes allows him to blend into the night
as well. With vision enhanced with the Force and through the Force itself he can recognize the
position of every of hundreds troopers around him. One aura, walking in the rear, glows brighter and
whispers louder even when Obi-Wan cuts it off.
The Jedi has been aware of the bond slowly forming between himself and Cody for quite a time, even before the clone realized his own feelings. When it has started, Obi-Wan had no idea; he only knows it has grown stronger and solidified the more time they spent together. He should have prevented it, stopped meeting with Cody back when the connection was still fragile, but admittedly, these short moments of peace and comfort in chaos of war had grown on him. He lied to himself that he could quit in any moment, that he’s doing it solely for Cody’s relief, until he realized he wasn’t able to let go of the clone. And now not only they are tied with the Force bond and mutual feelings, but also with the new life they created.

Obi-Wan didn’t tell Cody about the baby. Their existence must stay secret until the Council decides on what to do with the issue. It was possible that Cody would never know he’s a father; perhaps it will be better for him this way. He will never miss the child, never dwell on how is he or she doing. Not knowing is a blessing. Obi-Wan knows, and will think of them for the rest of his life.

The Jedi marches on at relentless pace before the troops, hoping to release pent-up energy. Strain pools in his stomach, tying his guts into painful knots and tensing his muscles. He tries to relax through light meditation, although it only makes him sense the baby’s Force spark stronger and fans his anxiety.

He turns in vague direction of Cody securing the back. Obi-Wan is glad the clone offered to take the rear. He’s better not being near Cody right now. Since they boarded the Negotiator a couple standard days ago Obi-Wan couldn’t look at the clone without his blood boiling and dick hardening. Even now, short before the battle, he craves to push Cody to the ground here and now, not caring for dozens of troopers around, tear plastoid parts off his body and ride him to oblivion, on sweet-smelling grass…

What the hell is going on with him?

Hormones. Certainly hormones. It will pass one day.

A hand on his shoulder startles the Jedi. He had dwelled too much on his personal problems and lost connection with reality, how unprofessional. Captain – Sparrow, Obi-Wan recognizes his Force signature – that is drawing his attention, speaks, ‘We reached the split point sir.’

‘Good. Order to stop.’

Soldiers halt and regroup according to the plan. 212th Battalion divides into two teams, one led by Obi-Wan and the other by Cody.

The quarry, flooded in artificial light, is visible as day in the distance. The work goes on all day long – droids don’t require rest like living laborers, able to work on until they fall apart.

Cody approaches the Jedi to go through the arrangements one last time. It’s easier to talk to him while he’s wearing his helmet, yet Obi-Wan keeps his gaze fixed at the ground anyway. When they finish Cody stays, watching the Jedi’s somber face and radiating concern. He isn’t dumb, he noticed Obi-Wan has changed and suspects it’s caused by something more than just failing meditations. Well, it was truth, for that time. Now not only is Obi-Wan unsettled by ambiguous visions, there’s also Cody’s baby growing his belly.

‘May the Force be with you Cody’ Obi-Wan says in lieu of dismissal. He wants to pull his helmet off and kiss him goodbye, kiss until it wipes the worried frown off the clone’s face even if it’s completely inappropriate. Cody lingers for a few seconds before he salutes and marches away with his half of the battalion. Obi-Wan watches him leaving with a fresh pang of anxiety quickly swelling anew in his chest. Worrying so much isn’t the Jedi way. He should trust the Force and let the things
be the way It wants, but he can’t help the fear for the life of his love, the father of his unborn child.

Obi-Wan orders his subordinates to depart as well. They walk on and on until they are in close distance of the complex. The troops halt and squat in tall grass, observing the enemy and waiting for the right time. Droids patrolling the perimeter are few in numbers; even though they must have seen the Star Destroyer hanging on the sky, the chief of the facility apparently doesn’t expect a ground assault. Good, it means they still have an element of surprise.

It’s dawning, painting the landscape golden and crimson when Obi-Wan finally orders to charge. Clones rush down the complex, wiping out sentries, and spill between buildings.

‘All teams, spread out! Fire on every droid in sight!’ Obi-Wan shouts. The answer is a choir of ‘Yes sir!’ He beckons the closest team, ‘You follow me!’

The Jedi’s stare is caught by a tall spire speckled with dishes rising tall above other building – the security center. According to the plan it’s Anakin’s responsibility to get there and disable the shields and communication, but knowing Anakin he might need his former Master’s support. It wouldn’t hurt to be close, just in case, so he orders his squad to move in this direction.

Plumes of smoke ascend above the complex. The Separatist quickly recovers from initial shock and strikes the assaulters back. Fresh waves of battle droids emerge from the heart of the city and soon after first Republic soldiers fall. Soundless sighs come to Obi-Wan through the Force with every dying clone, each one gripping at the Jedi’s heart with chilling fingers of fear until he confirms it wasn’t Cody.

His team tows toward the spire. They move on slowly, for every several blocks they gain they get pushed back.

Something is wrong, Obi-Wan realizes, wedged in a narrow passage between buildings while clones dealt with a group of B2s. Quick check in the Force – Cody and Anakin are fine. Very hesitant check – the baby is also fine.

A final thud of toppled droids and troopers leave their covers to leap over sparkling parts and advance down the road.

It’s this, the Jedi comes to conclusion as he joins his men. He has unconsciously swapped to defense. He hides behind bulwark of clones’ blasters instead of fighting himself. He’s avoiding getting hurt and as a consequence, the child getting hurt, but by doing this he was risking the lives of his subordinates. It wasn’t how it’s supposed to be, even for sake of the baby. He is a Jedi general, meant to lead the charge, not cower in the back. He should be ashamed of himself. And someone might notice he’s holding back and inquire the reasons of his reluctance.

The next wave of enemies arrives around the corner and Obi-Wan forces himself to move to the front, before the clones, where he always fights. Shots pierce the air around him, their heat like missed kisses on his face. But the Force surrounds him, eases his anxiety, and he gives in to familiar fighting stances drilled into his muscle memory what feels like centuries ago. One after another, droids are incapacitated.

There’s a huge building on their right, the biggest they’ve seen in the complex so far. Obi-Wan signals the troopers to enter it. They breach in, immediately taking position and shooting hostiles down. It looks like a factory, production lines of electronic components filling most of internal space. The Jedi spots the control panel on the other side of the hall and gets there, cutting remaining robots on his way. Republic engineers may have use for these assembly lines so they’d better not damage it. As he searches for the turn-off key the ground suddenly shakes violently and deafening rumble
follows.

‘What’s going on?’ Obi-Wan asks to the comm.

‘Reinf—ments arr-ved! Hostile ship—! They de-roy their ow- build-s! Retre—’ the voice turns into static and the transmission is severed.

‘They’re jamming our communication!’ lieutenant Boe reports.

A warning in the Force punches Obi-Wan square in the chest. ‘Evacuate, now!’

But it’s too late. A missile hits the roof of the building and explodes.

The Jedi and clones are knocked to the ground, dazed. Debris and dust shower the soldiers. A boom, then a horrible screech pierce their ears.

Coughing, Obi-Wan glances up and sees the ceiling and metal scaffold are dented, hanging low and threatening to break any second.

‘Get out of here, all of you!’ Obi-Wan shouts.

The troopers scramble to their feet and tripping, heading to the exit. Another screech and half of roof crumbles under its weight, flying toward the squad. Obi-Wan reacts instinctively, gathering the Force to stop the debris mid-air. Clones halted, gaping up at rubble flowing above their heads.

‘Blast, what are you waiting for?! Get out of here!’ Obi-Wan growls. It’s too heavy. His strength ebbs too quickly, he won’t last long.

Soldiers immediately resume the run, although Boe lingers. ‘What about you sir?!’

‘I’ll be right behind you!’ the Jedi throws the hilt of deactivated lightsaber toward the lieutenant. ‘Take it and run!’

The clone finally complies and rushes to the door. Obi-Wan walks forward, struggling to keep control over tons of duracrete and steel. There’s no place to redirect the debris, it either flows in the air or fall down right on him. It weighs so much and the distance to the entrance seems so vast. But he must escape, for his life, for the baby, for Cody…

Another missile hits in vicinity of the factory, rattling the ground once again. Obi-Wan’s focus slips and the rubble breaks out of his control. He desperately attempts to Force-catch it but it’s too late. The world around dissolves into darkness.

*   *

Obi-Wan sluggishly stirs to consciousness, and then full sharpness of his senses returns in a beat. He sits up and frantically looks around, trying to fill in blanks in his memory. Nameless planet. Separatist outpost. A factory, missiles, collapsed roof…

Wherever he is, definitely isn’t a factory.

It’s a spacious bedroom the Jedi doesn’t recognize, lit abundantly by natural light falling through windows that make up one of the walls. Furniture is opulent, so is the bedding he’s lying on. Even
clothes he’s wearing, unfamiliar tunic and pants in light colors, are delicate and soft to touch and surely expensive.

Obi-Wan cautiously pats his body. He finds no wound, no dressing, not even a scratch, like being crushed by half of building was only his imagination. He checks on the baby, flushed with relief they’re alive and fine.

He gingerly rolls off the bed and examines the room. A dresser is filled with spare clothes in similar fashion to what he wears. The door and windows are locked. No visible traps, but no hints where he is as well. It’s not the first time he’s taken captive, but rarely before his instinct shouted to stay alert so loud.

What’s particularly alarming is a foul stench of the dark side lingering in corners, blocking off his access to the Light. When Obi-Wan tries to draw the Force, the Dark lashes him back with nausea and a crippling headache.

Where the hell is he? How did he get here?

There’s a rustle behind the door and Obi-Wan tenses, preparing for whatever may occur. Into the room an innocent-looking housekeeping droid enters.

‘Master Kenobi, good to see you’re finally awake’ it greets him with a flat female voice. ‘My master would like to speak with you.’

‘Where am I? Who is your master?’ the Jedi asks, observing the droid. Its metal face reveals no emotion, no intention.

‘He will explain everything to you. Please follow me, master Kenobi.’

Obi-Wan has no choice than to leave the room next to the robot. It leads him down the corridors and then to lower levels. On the way Obi-Wan glances around, searching for potential weapons, advantages, any hints on his localization, but the only conclusion he comes to is that the place is a dwelling of a wealthy person. They encounter no living beings, only occasionally pass another droid.

When they reach the underground level the droid finally shows the Jedi into a dim lit room furnished solely with a comm console in the center. A single light twinkle on the panel, indicating awaiting incoming transmission. The droid stands motionless in the door, closing off the way of escape. With no other option Obi-Wan approaches the console and accepts the call. Above its surface a holo of a hooded figure appears and Obi-Wan’s heart sinks, flooded with another sickening wave of the dark Force. Only one being in the Galaxy could emanate so much Darkness.

‘Darth Sidious’ he mouths silently.

‘Greeting, master Kenobi’ Sith Lord’s lips curl up in vicious smile.

‘I never thought I’d end up in Sith captivity in the afterlife.’ The poor joke is just a façade to hide creeping terror spreading in his veins like congealing icicle shards. The wits the Negotiator is famous for are gone. Obi-Wan is in serious troubles if Sidious is directly involved in his capture.

The Sith snickers. He speaks slowly, taking delight in unwrapping facts before his prisoner.

‘Afterlife? Oh, you’re not dead, Kenobi. I took care that you would remain alive, personally. I held off the debris from crushing you until my servants moved you to safety. That’s the power of the dark side, Jedi. It allowed me to glimpse into the future, see the Republic preparing this pathetic ambush, so I could have sent backup to the system in advance. Pity you didn’t see your soldiers fleeing for
their lives like rats when Separatist fleet arrived. I also foresaw you would come to the outpost and be in grave peril. That you bear a certain advantage I’m interested in embracing.’

Obi-Wan steps back, barely stopping his hands from covering his belly.

‘Obi-Wan Kenobi, pregnant. Who would have thought of all Jedi you, the famous general and Yoda’s pet, an exemplary Master, would break the main principle of the Order? Anakin, yes, it was predictable, but grand Kenobi?’ the Sith mocks.

Sweats beads on Obi-Wan’s forehead. The oppressing Darkness makes him feel sick. Fear closes its tendrils around him, paralyzing his body. For the first time in his life he has no Light to protect himself against it.

‘What do you mean, Anakin?’ he asks curtly. If he distract the Sith for long enough, maybe he could figure out an escape plan…

Sidious chuckles. ‘Jedi, so proud and so blind. Can’t you see how infatuated he is with a certain senator? How she requites his feelings? They are married and you didn’t even noticed!’

Obi-Wan gasps. The Sith must be lying. How can it be true? For past decade he lectured Anakin about attachments, about the memories of his mother and Padmé he tended instead of locking them out. Blast, he spoke to Padmé lately and she denied any romantic connection between her and his former Padawan! Did she lie to his face and he didn’t sense it…?

‘Please calm down, Kenobi. I currently highly value your health and wellbeing. There’s no way you can berate Skywalker right now.’

Obi-Wan staggers closer only to lean against the console. The room begins to spin. He really doesn’t want to throw up on the panel.

Why is Sidious so open with him? It either means he’s very stupid, which is obviously false, or very certain Obi-Wan won’t use the knowledge anyway.

‘What do you want from me?’ he spits through gritted teeth. More words and he might retch right in front of the Sith.

‘Being a good host for a child. You’ll stay in my residence until delivery. History proves Force users have powerful children. Imagine, an heir of Kenobi raised up bathed constantly in the dark side. You can feel it, don’t you? Does it makes you sick? Your child will make an excellent Sith. And later, I’ll keep a specimen of Jedi he or she should hate. Maybe, maybe in the end I’ll order them to kill you as a rite of passage?…’

Obi-Wan sways. A vision Sidious creates before him seems so real, so imminent he can’t shake it off from his mind. So grim it turns his blood black and clogs his lungs. There must be way out of this scheme, a hope for help, but he cannot find it right now…

‘Your allies think you’re dead. No one searches for you. There’s nothing on this planet but this residence. There’s no ship. This is the only long-range communicator and my servants will take care you won’t be able to use. You have no way of escape, Kenobi. Enjoy your stay.’

The hologram wavers and disappears. Obi-Wan sinks down on the floor, coughing and fighting for breath.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I’m very sorry guys it took so long. The next chapter should be up sooner.

Chapter TW: childbirth (not graphic, but if You want to skip it, stop reading after the end of Mace and Yoda’s conversation)

Three floors high. At least one level of basement. Bedrooms. Bathrooms. Lounges. A library stocked with holos and real paperback printed books, a true rarity. A pool. A dining room big enough it could serve as a ballroom as well. Every chamber spacious and brimming with lavishness of expensive art, furniture, lush carpets. Unknown number of rooms Obi-Wan has limited or no access to, the comm panel room included. A vast garden that seamlessly gave way to meadow embracing the residence, the plain spreading in every direction as far as eye could see.

A fine prison indeed, but prison nonetheless.

In addition to extravagant furnishing, there is plentiful service awaiting at the house residents’ beck and call too. The servants are all droids, making the Jedi the only living being in the place. Housekeeping droids, maintenance droids, a couple of bodyguards, also a med droid making regular checks on the conditions of Obi-Wan and the child. Obi-Wan, usually amiable with droids, has never loathed robots so much. They are nothing but polite and competent, but their courtesy is irritating, concealing their true allegiance to Obi-Wan’s captor. The droids want to assist him in almost every simple daily action, from making the bed to putting on clothes. The Jedi, used to a modest life, is unable to enjoy having everything done for him like a spoiled prince.

What’s more, at least one droid follows him constantly, everywhere, to control his actions and ensure he’s not trying to harm himself or the child, on purpose or not. If he approaches balcony’s railing too closely there’s a high-pitched warning to back off, and when he once refused to eat he was mildly informed that if his defiance continued, he’d be sedated and nourished intravenously. He can’t even trim his kriffing beard on his own because he can’t access sharp tools and must ask a droid for help in this matter.

Obi-Wan has examined every corner and nook of the mansion time and again, hoping to find a miraculous advantage to get away from this golden cage. He spends weeks striving to invent an escape plan, or at least a way to contact the Republic. Countless missions he has participated in years of his service as a Jedi taught him there’s always a way out of captivity, even if the situation seems desperate. But as days of confinement turn into weeks, and weeks into months, with no chance for rescue appearing on a horizon, Obi-Wan must eventually capitulate. Sidious didn’t deceive him – there’s no way of escape from here. No ship, not even a supply shipment, ever arrives, and the only mean of communication is locked away. The Jedi even considered an absurd idea of collecting enough food – thankfully he has unlimited entry to the kitchen, useful when he has a fit of hunger in the middle of night - and wandering away, hoping to find a sentient’s settlement before he starves. Maybe in this one instance the Sith lied, that there’s no one else on the whole globe... Unfortunately the plan would be impossible to execute with his ever-present guardians, equipped with means to pacify him before he trail off so Obi-Wan didn’t even give it a try.
Abandoning fruitless search for a way out, Obi-Wan simply becomes bored. A Jedi is never bored; when they aren’t on a mission they rest, meditate, train - but never bored. Having his mind unoccupied only brings more reflections on his bleak future, therefore Obi-Wan searches desperately to find any pastime. There are recreational rooms though he can’t force himself to enjoy. He attempted to perform simple lightsaber drills with a long twig found in the garden, but the accompanying droid screeched furiously such activity was too straining in his state. The medical droid only allows light exercises under its surveillance, and walking.

Hating to stay in the residence where he’s surrounded by the Sith Lord’s spies, Obi-Wan often takes refuge in the garden where it’s easier to lose his tail. There, savouring the silence and the warm bright light of the local star enwrapping him like a soft cloak, he thinks. A lot. Actually, Obi-Wan spends most of his time pondering.

About his friend, fighting on numerous fronts in far reaches of the Galaxy. The war must be still raging on. Is the Republic winning, or losing? How many of his friends – Jedi, clones, civilians - have died while he’s stranded here? How many lives could he have saved if he was still fighting?

About Anakin and what Sidious has said about him. How can it be true Anakin and Padmé are together, married? Obi-Wan goes back through years of Anakin’s apprenticeship, searching for when he made a mistake in tutoring, even though he finds none. He passed on Jedi teachings as best as he could, and was certain Anakin has learned them by heart. How could Obi-Wan not notice a seed of feelings blooming in heart of his former Padawan, the one he’s so close with? If Anakin so easily broke one rule of the Code – or in fact more, if to add his unchastised rashness and anger unbecoming of a Jedi – he is vulnerable to luring to the dark side. Losing Anakin to the Dark is Obi-Wan’s worst nightmare, and would be solely on his conscience; the pupil’s failures are ultimately the teacher’s failures.

Obi-Wan can only pray other Jedi Masters took Anakin under their wings. His former Padawan is surely heartbroken by his Master’s presumed demise and struggling to handle grief on his own. He certainly needs gentle guidance out of the storm of his feelings. And about Anakin’s marriage, it can be dealt with later, when – if – Obi-Wan returned to his friends.

He thinks about Qui-Gon. Imagines how his late Master would react on the news of Obi-Wan’s affair and pregnancy. Would he be disappointed, or rather patronize his Padawan? The Master also had his story with inappropriate affection. Whether Qui-Gon would comfort or scold him, Obi-Wan would gladly accept either— if only he had a chance to meet Qui-Gon when he’s so desolate. Rarely, when he meditates in the garden, Obi-Wan gets the impression someone’s there with him, is almost certain it’s Qui-Gon’s presence, but then chides himself; his Master is gone. Dead doesn’t come back to the living world.

And he thinks about Cody.

Obi-Wan loves him. It’s easier to admit it now, when he’s light years away from the clone. He loves Cody even though he knows well he mustn’t – because of the Jedi Code he swore to follow, and because everyone he ever loved died.

Qui-Gon. Siri. Satine. Each one of them a burden on Obi-Wan’s soul.

That’s why this time the Jedi opted for a male partner. It was supposed to be an uncomplicated tryst. Stress and urge relief, nothing more, certainly not complicated by unnecessary affection. And before he knew it they were already linked – and instead of breaking up then, Obi-Wan stumbled deeper into pit of forbidden feelings until Cody also realized of his – their – emotions.

How is Cody doing? He’s alive, Obi-Wan takes it for granted; with the Force bond they share the
Jedi would sense it if Cody died, he believes. Sometimes he feels a distant echo of pain and discomfort, assuming his lover is wounded, but nothing more than that.

Blast, how much he misses Cody. His silent companionship in the madness called the Clone Wars. Smart observations he contributed to Obi-Wan’s battle tactics. Reliability that made him the most dependent soldier Obi-Wan fought with. The Jedi could have left any task to Cody and was sure it would be execute just as planned – unlike with Anakin, or even Ahsoka.

He misses Cody’s smile, the genuine, honest smile he gave Obi-Wan on their alone time, when nothing but the two of them existed. His strong arms, Obi-Wan’s shelter on particularly rough days. His humble, reverent fingers as they gingerly explored Obi-Wan’s body every time they met, like every time he touched the Jedi was the first. The full lips capturing his as Cody unhurriedly thrust into him from behind, one arm across Obi-Wan’s chest to pull him close and the other hand on his hip for leverage, their breaths and moans mingling into one…

Arousal is another unfortunate side effect of pregnancy. Obi-Wan can’t even relieve himself without risking being found with fingers stuffed up his ass by one of those kriffing stalking droids.

Not that Obi-Wan is so shallow he only misses the commander because of carnal purposes. He needs Cody’s support. His presence. Anyone’s presence, actually. Obi-Wan might soon go mad if he doesn’t have a chance to speak to a living being, even Representative Binks. Darth Sidious hasn’t contacted him again, for that the Jedi is glad. The Sith doesn’t have to – his droids surely provide him current data about prisoners’ condition.

But the worst is the omnipresent Dark Force. It’s not as sickening as when Obi-Wan spoke to Sidious, yet remains nauseating – like morning sickness isn’t enough inconvenience - and powerful enough to cripple his connection to the Force. A migraine is now his constant companion, the dull throbbing in his temples hindering his concentration. The Jedi can’t even clear his mind properly to enter a meditative state, let alone use the Force that slip out of his grasp every time he tries to embrace It. Deprivation of the Force, an essential part of his entity, is like suddenly turning blind, deaf and lacking both hands. If only he could still utilize it, he might defeat the wardens, contact the Republic – yet without It, Obi-Wan is powerless. Unable to protect the child continually growing in him against the Sith’s abuse that’s what leeches his hope the most.

One of the reasons Obi-Wan spends all his days in the garden is that there, the dark side dwindles in surrounding Living Force. It cannot be a Sith planet, Obi-Wan muses, with how ample and bustling vegetation grows here. On Sith planets he visited or heard of, all life inevitable dies out and leave them barren. The source of the Dark here must be external - a Sith artifact, maybe a crystal or even a holocron – anyway, something that can be destroyed and allow him to access the Force again. Yet even of his theory is right, the item is certainly locked out of his reach, so finding and breaking it he would require his connection to the Force intact – a condition he isn’t able to change on his own.

Even though it’s utterly against the way of Jedi he follows all his life, Obi-Wan slowly but inexorably begins to lose faith. Even in the Kadavo mines he wasn’t so hopeless; there was still a chance the Republic Army would find them, and Rex was with him and kept his spirits up when his hope for rescue was fading. This time, there’s no friend to accompany Obi-Wan. No chance for allies looking for him.

The Sith has successfully rooted hesitance in the Jedi’s soul in their only conversation. Obi-Wan realizes there’s no winning scenario for him - Sidious has already won. The only way Jedi can thwart Sidious’s plan is preventing him from laying his filthy hands on the baby. For a short moment of utter desperation Obi-Wan considered using the scraps of the Force he can still gather to end child’s life so the enemy would lose his precious prize – but then he felt them moving inside in him, their life spark
warming his soul and thawing his hopelessness, and he immediately abandoned the appalling idea. He couldn’t kill them. The Code forgotten, he just can’t murder his offspring. Even if in consequence they become Sith and bring an end to the Galaxy.

There’s another way, just as futile but better then impassively waiting for his doom. To use the bits of the Force to shield the baby against the Darkness they delve in. And that’s what Obi-Wan chooses instead of useless musing on issues out of his reach. All day long, day after day, fighting off nauseating headache, he meditates in the garden clinging to faith it will help.

*          *

Holograms flicker to vanish and present Jedi slowly head to the exit as the Jedi Council meeting is announced ended. Only Mace Windu and Yoda remain in their chairs, waiting until they’re alone in the round chamber.

The past months have affected the Order gravely. The death of general Kenobi was a striking blow right in the heart of the Grand Army. He wasn’t the first Jedi killed in the course of war, but losing him - a hero, a figure whose valor and brilliant tactics were famous Galaxy-wide, was disheartening and rippled across the Army. Soldiers’ morale dropped. The unlucky attempt to take over the Separatist facility began a streak of lost battles costing the lives of hundreds.

The Jedi and clone troopers mourned Obi-Wan alike, but the war goes on and his place must have been taken in order to restore the upper hand to the Republic in this mad conflict. Mace Windu himself took the lead over the 212th Battalion, joining in the battle in regular manner. Cruising between battlefields and outposts, the Jedi Master now rarely has enough time to pay a visit to the Jedi Temple between clashes. Today, while his battalion’s ships are on a scheduled maintenance check in orbital shipyards, Mace appeared on Coruscant personally, as a vexing issue has resurfaced.

Yoda regards his somber friend and asks, ‘A matter you don’t want to discuss with the rest of the Council, is there?’

‘Yes, Master Yoda. I was recently approached by Commander Cody’ the younger Jedi replies, his fingers forming a triangle. ‘He said he has… Dreams.’

Yoda hums thoughtfully and leans on his cane. ‘Of what nature, his dreams are?’

‘He dreams of Obi-Wan.’ Mace pauses, observing the elder Jedi. Yoda drops his stare, frowning. ‘He doesn’t see images, but he’s certain he… Senses Obi-Wan, those were his words. Sometimes he can even catch his feelings, that he’s frightened and desperate. The dreams keep recurring every few cycles.’

‘Close together, they were’ Yoda mutters, more of a statement than a question.

‘Their cooperation was flawless, exemplary…”

‘And in other aspects?’

Mace needs a moment of consideration before he gives an answer. ‘We would have to ask someone who worked close with them. Captain Rex, or Padawan Tano, or…’

He stops. They both know Anakin would be the best person to ask about Obi-Wan, but his former
Master’s fall changed Skywalker. At first he didn’t want to accept the news of Obi-Wan’s passing; he begged the Council to admit it was just another ploy of faking his death, like the Rako Hardeen scheme had been. He wanted to return to the outpost and search for Kenobi, even though the lieutenant who witnessed the accident claimed there’s no chance for Obi-Wan’s survival, plus the complex has had its security tripled since the unsuccessful raid. When the admission eventually sank into Anakin, he had become even more reckless and aggressive, mercilessly cutting every enemy down. Away from battlefield he often distanced himself from everyone, even his padawan. It’s difficult to find him and talk to him at all.

Yoda doesn’t speak, wrapped in his thoughts. Mace continues, ‘If there’s a chance… The slightest chance he’s alive…’

Finally, the elder Jedi raises his stare and trains his green eyes on his friend. Both Masters know sustaining hope for Obi-Wan’s resurrection is vain, no matter how much they wish it to be true. Jedi mourn their late acquaintance and then accept their departure. Death is an inevitable consequence of life.

Even if Kenobi’s death was never confirmed. There was no body, only the lightsaber Obi-Wan passed to a trooper. It currently rests on a shelf in Yoda’s room, next to a small clay pot made by youngling Kenobi.

‘Elusive, dreams and visions are’ the Grand Master says at last. ‘Born from Cody’s pining may they be, or from the dark side might they come. Careful we must be, in this matter. Tell the commander to inform you further about his dreams. With their frequency and nature, up to date keep me.’

‘I’ll do so, Master.’

Mace stands up and gives a low head bow to his friend. Yoda searches him, still wearing a concerned frown.

‘May the Force be with us’ the younger Jedi says and exits, leaving Yoda alone in the room to consider the news alone.

*   *

Obi-Wan feels it coming. The med droid might insist there’s couple more days more before the estimated time of birth, but Obi-Wan knows better. Is it thanks to the fragile connection to the Force he still preserves, the knowledge of his own body he has mastered in decades of Jedi training, the instinct, it doesn’t really matter. As a result, he isn’t surprised when the first contractions occur.

Droids, concerned about his state, call the med droid to his chamber. It doesn’t believe Obi-Wan’s words until its tests confirms the labor has truly begun, then gently ushers Obi-Wan to the residence’s infirmary.

For hours Obi-Wan paces around the well-equipped room, agitated, like a wounded, cornered, wild beast. Being in motion helping to ease at least some of the pain. Each cramp sends him leaning against the wall, biting on his wrist and moaning. He knows what it must look like that; the med droid has given him lectures - a welcome variety in the mundane captivity - on pregnancy and what childbirth looks like, but it couldn’t prepare him for what come.

Jedi are no novice to pain. Through years of his training Obi-Wan sustained more wounds than he
could remember, including broken bones, lightsaber slashes and Force lighting, but nothing was like this, a fierce sensation of his insides tightening sharply, so forcefully his flesh feels about to rupture. He was given painkillers, but analgesics doesn’t work well on the Force-sensitive and barely wear any effect. In any other circumstances Obi-Wan would ask the Force for help, centered himself to make the ache more bearable. This time the Force is out of his reach. He’s left alone and helpless, prone to agony he must deal with on his own. If only Cody, or any of his friends, was there with him…

But he’s alone.

And the feeling that the time has come to an end, that Sidious must have already been informed by his servants about the birth and will arrive soon to kidnap the baby, seeps into his body, anxiety and panic taking away what little breath he catches between cramps, and making his muscles even more taut.

‘Everything is going just fine, no need to stress so much’ the med droid chirps as it goes through readings on patient’s state. ‘It’ll go smoother if you relax master Kenobi.’

Obi-Wan huffs through gritted teeth in answer. If only it was so simple, to forget about the Sith lurking on his child. He attempts to school his breathing like during meditation, but then comes the next contractions and he goes rigid again.

The Jedi can barely stand on his legs when the med droid finally orders him to lay down. His mind, emptied from any rational thoughts, even from fear of Sidious, is now filled solely by pain, a thick, crimson fog dulling anything else. All Obi-Wan can do is following easy commands from the droid: to push, to relax, to breath in, to breath out. He has practiced these on their meetings with the med droid, and now repeats mindlessly in ordered rhythm.

At first he shouts. As the time drags on and his energy ebbs, cries shrinks to moans, and then to grunts. He’s soaked with sweat one of housekeeping droids, called by the med for assistance, kindly wipes away from his flushed face. The grip of his fingers closed tight around the edges of the chair begins to loosen. He’s growing tired and weak. It feels like an eternity has already passed and the end still seem so distant.

‘I can’t’ Obi-Wan whines for tenth or thousandth time, he’s lost the count. And one more time the med droid replies patiently, ‘You can do it, just a little longer Master Kenobi.’

Eventually the droid says “Only once more”, so the Jedi puts all remaining strength into the push with a choked cry.

‘That’s it, you can rest now’ the med droid coos like a proud teacher after its student passed a test.

Obi-Wan flops gracelessly on the backrest, boneless, gulping air like a drowning man, his raw throat burning with every gasp. The Jedi’s whole body went numb, unresponsive, debilitated by pain and stiffness lingering in limbs and pelvis. He needs to rest, he’s already drifting into slumber…

And then a newborn’s cry fills the room.

‘It’s a girl’ the med droid announces.

With the last remnants of strength the Jedi lifts his head and gaze at a tiny pink being squirming in droid’s metal arms and wailing loudly. Other droid, holding clean cloths in its hands, whirrs closer to clean up the baby. Another one checks the patient’s vitals.

Barely having any control over his abilities, terrified of what he might find, Obi-Wan probes the
baby within the Force. What he finds is pure, untainted Light. He breaths out a weak, giddy chuckle.

He succeeded. Sidious’ plan to corrupt the child failed.

Observing the robots attending his daughter with his eyes half-opened, Obi-Wan is drenched with the sensation he has almost forgotten – the Force. The baby’s innocent soul is like a bonfire, a beacon that casts light in the land of the dark side. It grants Obi-Wan’s mind clarity he craved for for months. He’s finally able to reach for depths of the Force again and It floods him like a waterfall, cleansing. It washes away his fears and doubts. Gives him the power to fight for this infant life Sidious wants to spoil. He won’t allow the Sith to lay a dirty finger on his pristine daughter. He’d get her out of here or defend her to his last breath - and finally has the might to do so.

When the med droid passes him the wailing child and he hugs her to his chest, Obi-Wan has a daring, desperate plan unraveling in his mind.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Good news: update comes little later than I planned, but is also longer than I expected :)

Bad news: I'm back to uni which means not much free time for writing. No promises when the next chapter arrives

No TW for this chapter.

Cody hurries across corridors of the *Negotiator*, armor parts clatter, echoing loudly among the battleship’s bare walls. His brothers move aside to make him way when they see him stomping, befuddled with his scowl.

For the first time it happened about a week after Obi-Wan… Had gone missing. Cody barely slept back then. The 212th had been granted a direly needed break to lick wounds from two disastrous battles. While his soldiers were resting, Cody threw himself into work, regrouping units and keeping tabs on conditions of the injured. Among subordinates he kept up the mask of a perfect commander undisturbed by the recent tragedy, a mask that broke apart like a dried petal as soon as he locked the door to his quarters.

In Cody’s chest, where his heart used to be, gaped a hole like a blaster shot, burning and bleeding. Obi-Wan’s departure had irrevocably ripped a part of him. Cody was used to death. It was all around him, a grim companion for life. Every day his brothers fell on countless battlefields. Every day Cody might have shared their fate. Cody was reconciled to this destiny. Clones are expendable, people across the Galaxy considered them to be so. The Jedi claimed differently, but they were few in numbers. Even the Marshall Commander CC-2224 was expendable - and one day the high command would send him to the battle he wouldn’t be able to leave alive.

Cody had believed that of the two of them, he would be the first to perish. That Obi-Wan was under protection of the Force that would save him in his hour of need as It had always done. Cody had been ready to die as long as Obi-Wan would live on.

He hadn’t been prepared for Obi-Wan leaving first.

Cody slumped to the floor in a pitiful heap and cried. He had cried in the first days of war, later he ran out of tears for every life lost in the conflict - until now, when the most important person in his life was gone. Instead of getting better, it was getting worse with every day. Every day the lack of Obi-Wan’s smile, witty remarks, his kind heart, was more explicit and hurt more. How could Cody have ever gotten back to normal when his life had irreparably shattered?
The clone cried for so long he passed out from exhaustion, still on the ground and fully armored. His
sleep was stirred by a strange sensation, like when he had his eyes closed yet knew anyway someone
stood beside him. Though odd, it was somewhat familiar. Cody decided it was like when Obi-Wan
had dozed off on his chest. Cody wielded no Force but he knew anyway it was Obi-Wan’s presence.
He had an impression that if he followed the feeling in the land of dreams, if he reached out, he could
find the Jedi… But when he stretched his arm he was awake, the other side of the narrow bunk cold
and empty. He pressed his face to the sheets and smelled only chemicals and moist whiff of ironing.
Obi-Wan had never slept in the clone’s standard-issue bed, never left his scent in the room. Cody
wished, heartbroken, for any memento of his late beloved, or just a chance to visit his quarters one
more time and recall good moments they had spent there together. Unfortunately, his old rooms were
now occupied by Master Windu. Even if Cody had enough guts to sneak into the general’s suite, he
wouldn’t find any trace of Obi-Wan left.

The dreams, the visions, returned regularly. In time they had become clearer, more insisting. Cody
started to catch up Obi-Wan’s emotions. His creeping fear. Swelling hopelessness. The clone tried to
follow these feelings like a fragile thread stretching in the darkness but to his frustration, they slipped
out of his grasp each time. He attempted meditation in the way Obi-Wan taught him to. It didn’t help
much.

The commander worked up the nerve to approach general Windu and ask for advice. The Jedi
Master was imposing, at times even terrifying, but Cody had no other Jedi at hand. Ahsoka would
surely be willing to help, but she was only a Padawan and held a low rank in the Order, and General
Skywalker was unavailable.

Windy was... Disturbed with the news Cody had brought. He promised to debate with the Council.
After a visit on Coruscant he told the clone to keep him up to date with next visions, and to, under
any circumstances, keep them secret. Cody complied at once. Gossip of Obi-Wan’s survival would
cause unnecessary ado in the Army, and proving the hope wrong would be disastrous to the morale.

Though the Jedi was extremely cautious with hope, Cody was certain – Obi-Wan was still alive.
This knowledge filled him with strength and carried him through battles. He had a reason to live on
and fight again.

This time, it’s different. Cody is awake, overlooking a combat simulation his battalion perform
regularly. The Negotiator is awaiting reinforcements before they fly to liberate a planet from under
the Separatist heel. Cody is reading the platoons’ score board on his data pad when a flash of tension
runs through his body like a lightning bolt for no apparent reason. His muscles tighten and fingers
closes around the pad on their own will.

‘Commander?’ Waxer standing next to him asks.

‘I'm fine. Just a headache' Cody mutters. Shortly after comes another wave of nausea, and another,
until it becomes a constant sensation of sickness roiling in his stomach. Certainly it originates from
Obi-Wan, Cody realizes with paralyzing fear. Something very bad must be happening to the Jedi.
Tortures? Execution?

‘Commander, what’s wrong?’ one of the troopers asks. Cody glances down to find his palm pressed
to his breastbone.

He must see General Windu as soon as possible. Whatever is going on, maybe this time the Master
will finally sense Obi-Wan too and be able to intervene.

‘Go on with simulations. I must speak to the General.’

Cody dashes away. He crosses the Negotiator, short from running. Sweat begins to bead on his temples. The nausea is getting worse. He prays in his thoughts, *Hang on, Obi-Wan. Be brave for a little longer…*

Just suddenly as it came, the sensation ceases.

Cody trips, taken aback by how abruptly the ache stops. Heart is hammering in his chest, threatening to break ribs. Why did it stop? *Is Obi-Wan finally gone?!*

The Jedi Master is found on the bridge as expected, conferring with officers. Cody approaches and salutes due to the protocol, his hand visibly shaking.

‘Something wrong with the test commander?’ the general turns to the newcomer.

‘There’s a situation, sir. In that matter.’

Mace excuse himself and steers Cody to the side, out of others’ ears.

‘Another vision?’ the Jedi asks deadpanned.

‘No. It was different this time. I was watching the tests and suddenly... I felt pain. Not mine, obviously. It must have been his. General, if he's in danger…’

Windu silences him with a gesture. ‘Are you still in pain?’

‘No sir. It just stopped all of a sudden.’

The Jedi rubs his chin thoughtfully. Just like Obi-Wan used to, Cody notices with a pang of heartache.

‘Didn't you sense anything sir?’ the clone inquires.

‘No. That's unusual. I shall contact the Temple and...’

‘General sir, we received a message!’ a comms officer calls out.

Windu frowns. ‘From whom?’

‘We don't know yet sir. It came on emergency channel.’

‘Play it.’

Above the nearest holotable flickers a blue shape that focuses into an upper half of a humanoid body. Cody's heart stops.

Obi-Wan.

He’s changed. His face is thinner and skin is pulled on his cheekbones, but it’s Obi-Wan without a doubt. His eyes and lips, even the neatly trimmed facial hair. He smiles tiredly and pushes a loose strand of his fringe back in its place. His voice is hoarse and raw.

‘Force, please you didn't change the frequencies... To every Republic ship that receive this message,
this is general Obi-Wan Kenobi. Yes, this is truly me, I'm actually alive. I'm held captive by the Separatist and require extraction. I don't know what planet this is, track me back via the signal. I'll leave the channel open. But I beg you, hurry...'

The transmission ends and the bridge is veiled with eerie silence. Cody is trembling all over despite all of the perfect soldier conditioning drilled into him since his infancy. His every nerve, every muscle fiber shouts to act, to shake the navigators until they change the course and follow the signal, even to the other side of the Galaxy, orders and the war be damned. But Cody isn't the one to make decisions in here.

Master Windu stares at the empty space where a moment ago an image of his friend was, his brows knitted and lips pursed. Cody turns to him, aware of desperation plain on his face.

‘Can you pinpoint his location?’ the Jedi asks out loud sternly, breaking the spell.

‘Yes sir! One second...’ an officer replies quickly. After a moment a map of the region materializes over the holotable. The Battalion’s fleet is an orange mark floating among stars and other Republic forces are green ones. A new dot, bright blue, appears in a short distance to the orange one.

‘We’re the closest!’ a cry escapes the commander's throat, surprised, relieved, expectant. ‘General sir, we must...’ he blurts out before common sense shuts him up. They aren’t on a leisure cruise. It’s a military operation, they are soldiers and they must follow orders. Obedience is Cody's creed. He never understood why some brothers, his close friend Rex included, are so easy to alter superiors’ plans on their own - until now.

Cody swallows and goes on, his tone calmer and more official but no less insisting, ‘General, we leave no man behind. We must help general Kenobi, our ships are the closest...’

‘I know commander’ Windu replies mildly. He turn to the comms officer, ‘Connect me with master Yoda.’

A moment later a holo of the small Master hovers in front of Windu. He replays Obi-Wan’s message to Yoda. The older Jedi’s eyes widen in utter surprise at the sight of the lost friend, tips of his ears twitching with emotions.

‘Master Yoda, I request permission to leave this post and search for Master Kenobi’ Windu speaks up when the message is over.

Yoda hums lowly. ‘Your help, the people of Siles awaits. But so Obi-Wan does. Permission, you are granted. The rest of the fleet, to Siles will fly, according to the plan. You, search for Obi-Wan. Go, save our friend.’

‘Understood, Master.’ Windu turns to the bridge officers, ‘Track down Kenobi’s location. Calculate the shortest route and set a jump to hyperspace as soon as you’re ready.’ He looks at Cody, ‘And hope we won’t arrive too late, whatever the reason, he wants us to hurry.’

The jump takes only a couple hours. Cody is tasked to collect a squad for an assault on the place of Obi-Wan’s detention. He picks up the finest, the most trusted men. The choice is quick to make, and for the rest of the trip Cody, unnerved, paces back and forth in the hangar. He knows he annoys his brothers with scrupulous checks of their equipment and preparing the shuttle, but he is restless. When in motion, busy with matters he is familiar to, he doesn’t think of Obi-Wan.

Single thoughts sneaks into his mind anyway. The commander is scared of what have been happening to Obi-Wan in past months. He has participated in rescue missions of the Republic
soldiers from the Separatist facilities. He witnessed horrible things the Separatist do to their prisoners. What have they done to the Jedi? Why is he kept in this quite populated region? The Army doesn’t get a hint of intel on the Separatist activity in this neighborhood. And what happened that just now Obi-Wan managed to contact them?

So many questions. Scolding Wooley for a stain on his chest plate helps to ease the clutter in Cody’s head.

The commander returns to the bridge minutes before the Negotiator leaves the hyperspace, fully equipped and taut like a pulled bowstring. Mace Windu is there too, standing right behind the navigators, his dark thoughtful gaze trained on bright streaks of passing stars.

A nav officer announces, ‘We’re leaving in five, four…’

Streaks shrinks into points, twinkling friendly again. Cody cranes his neck to get a good view through the viewport. On their right blazes a sphere of the local star, circled by colorful marble planets. According to astrographs’ notes stored in the Jedi Archives, the second planet is habitable and has small colonies on its surface.

‘Sweep for life forms’ the Jedi General demands.

After a moment he gets an answer, ‘The southern continent, eighteen settlements, each hundreds of higher life forms. Visuals confirm they are small towns. Sparse smaller settlements scattered around the towns, probably farms. Northern continent, no higher life forms… Correction, one reading on the northern continent.’

‘It’s him!’ Cody cuts in, leaning over the officer’s shoulder to stare on his screen. A single red mark on the ocean of land. Something in his chest tingles at the sight of it, filling his heart with thrilling anticipation.

Windu gives him a deadly serious glare. Cody holds it and nods his head. ‘I-I don’t know how, but I felt it’s him.’

‘There’s a single building on that spot’ the officer adds. On his screen appears an aerial shot of a huge mansion surrounded by finely groomed garden. An unexpected place to imprison a Jedi when their enemy has special prisons for that purpose.

‘There’s only one way to check it out. Admiral, the ship is yours until we return. Commander, let’s go’ Mace says and heads to a turbolift. Cody follows him promptly and the two go straight to the hangar.

The flight to the surface is nervous. Cody fidgets, staring at endless checks of forests and plains visible in the narrow viewport. It’s afternoon in local time, the star pouring a warm light over the stretch of land. The commander’s subordinates observe him, their glances itching at the back of his neck. He’s hot in his undersuit, blood thrumming in his veins and filling him with throbbing energy.

‘We’re approaching the target’ a pilot announces.

Cody shifts his weight, fingers tightening involuntarily around a handle. He doesn’t sense anything yet. He looks sideways at the General. Windu seems calm, like Jedi always do before a fight (maybe apart from Skywalker and Tano), but in lines of his face tension lingers. Cody knows he’s not the only one desperately wanting to retrieve Obi-Wan alive. For the clone Obi-Wan was a lover, but he was also a general, a teacher, a friend of many – all these people wish him to return too. Obi-Wan never was and will never be solely Cody’s.
The transporter descends to the ground and the clones spill outside, immediately taking defensive positions. Before them in a distance rises a silent block of the building, sandstone walls glinting in low sunlight.

‘No life form readings’ Waxer states.

‘This place is drenched in the dark side’ General Windu says to himself, then barks louder, ‘Move over. Surround the house, find every possible entrance! Beware of traps!’

The soldiers cautiously proceed as ordered. The Negotiator provides them live feed of how the situation looks from the orbit. There’s no motion inside nor outside of the residence, even as a circle of Republic troopers closes around it. There are no guards, no security cams, no sensors. It’s hard to believe Obi-Wan is held here.

‘We’re in position,’ Cody reports to the General when he gets confirmation from all teams.

‘Now!’

Simultaneously the clones breache doors and windows and secure luxurious rooms. They discover the floor is littered with broken droids. Several still erupt sparks and smoke. Cody recognizes two battle droids but mostly they are civil robots. He kneels to examine the parts. Droids were dismembered mechanically, with a blunt instrument rather than a blaster.

‘All clear! No sentients, only incapacitated droids!’ multiple identical reports sounds from speakerphone in Cody’s helmet.

‘Scatter to search every room, every corner!’ the Jedi’s order booms.

Cody dispatches squads, one to every floor, and himself leads his men to the cellar.

‘Fan out’ he mutters when they reach the underground. Clones warily spread out into a labyrinth of corridors. It’s almost completely dark; only emergency lights embedded in walls just above the floor level casts a dim glow along the way. Clones turn on the flashlights on their helmets. Here also lay droid corpses, few in numbers. Doors look all identical, though most of them aren’t locked and open to show rooms stocked with crates and supplies.

A sensation pulls at Cody’s heart, making him halt at once. On his right is a corridor, practically invisible in the ink-black darkness.

Obi-Wan is somewhere there.

Mindlessly the commander turns into the obscure corridor. Lights no longer work here. In a thick layer of dust on the floor Cody spots footprints blended into one smear along the wall. The person that left them dragged their feet. Cody touches the wall. He can see with his mind’s eye Obi-Wan, hurt, pressed against the wall, limping further into the corridor searching for shelter…

The commander walks on until another ethereal pull stops him in his tracks. He almost missed this door. His heart rate suddenly lurches forward again. The clone raises his gun and pushes at the door.

In the cone of torch’s light he sees Obi-Wan.

The Jedi stands pressed flat against the far wall, with a long metal rod in his hand like a makeshift sword. With the other arm he hugs a bundle strapped across his chest with bandages. He squints from a sudden assault of light and blinks to make out the view of a trooper.
‘Cody’ Obi-Wan rasps. The rod falls from his numb grip. His knees buckles and he droops slowly to the dirty floor.

Obi-Wan’s face is pale, marred with grime. He wears a loose knee-long robe that once must have been white, at the bottom hem – to Cody’s horror – stained red. Inside of Obi-Wan’s thighs are smudged with streaks of dried blood too. His limbs are thinner than Cody remembers, their musculature gone. Fabric of the tunic pulls on his swollen belly.

The commander shouts to his comm, ‘I found him! Underground level, eastern wing! He needs a medic. And a stretcher.’

Cody can barely catch a breath. He tugs off his helmet as he comes closer to the Jedi and sinks to his knees. He cups the concave cheek and Obi-Wan’s head lolls into the touch.

‘Hang on, Obi-Wan. We’ve got you’ Cody babbles, his wavering voice refusing to cooperate. He wants to kiss him until they are out of breath. The Jedi gives him an exhausted smile. Cody touches their foreheads together, and notices that inside of the bundle is shifting. With a shock he realizes he’s looking at a human baby.

‘Who is this child?’

‘She’s mine’ Obi-Wan replies staring right into Cody’s eyes. ‘Mine… And yours.’

‘Mine? How, what do you…’

There are footsteps echoing in the corridor and Obi-Wan falls silent and shakes his head.

In the doorframe appears Mace Windu, his blade casting a purple glow around the room, and behind his back pokes helmets of clones.

‘Obi-Wan, it’s truly you!’

‘Glad to see you too friend’ Obi-Wan grins weakly.

Mace squats beside him and frowns baffled when he notices the infant on Obi-Wan’s chest. ‘Who is this child?’

‘Later, friend. For now, get me out of here, please…’

Clones outside the room move aside to let the medic in. Hills commandeers troopers to carefully move the Jedi on the stretcher. Obi-Wan groans when they lift him up.

‘Give them to me’ Windu reaches out for the baby. Obi-Wan only possessively tightens the embrace around her small frame. Mace cocks his brow in surprise but doesn’t insist.

Cody leads the procession through the maze back to the fresh air. Clones dispersed in the residence have gathered in front of the building and await their commanders. The shuttle flew closer in the meanwhile so soldiers could board quickly and depart from the planet.

Troopers watch the retrieved Jedi with mixed feelings: curiosity, relief, anxiety. The battalion’s members respected and missed their general. Cody doesn’t blame them for staring at Obi-Wan as if they were afraid he might disappear again. Himself, the commander stays by Obi-Wan’s side, just like general Windu and Hills. Obi-Wan doesn’t speak, barely moves at all, plainly remaining conscious by sheer will only. He leans in to press a light kiss to the baby’s head and whispers to her, ‘Safe, little one. We are finally safe.’
Onboard the *Negotiator* Obi-Wan is immediately taken to the med bay. General Windu leaves to visit the bridge for a short while, but Cody remains. He stands next to the bed when Hills performs scans and hooks the Jedi to medical equipment. The girl begins to squirm and wail. Obi-Wan beckons the commander close and whispers, ‘Take her Cody. Please take care of her…’

‘Hey, hey, you’re not dying!’ Cody replies with dread.

‘Take her of her, please…’ the Jedi wheezes through clenched teeth.

He needs confirmation, Cody guesses, so he declares, ‘I will.’

With extreme care Cody plucks the baby from the makeshift harness. ‘Does she have a name?’

‘No. I… wanted to choose it with you…’

Cody’s heart leaps. He glances at the child in his arms. She waves her tiny fists and protests aloud. The clone regrets the first time she sees and feels him is when he wears armor, stinking of violence and death. Is she scared of him? His… Daughter. It still seems so abstract to Cody, that he took part in her creation.

‘There, little one. No need to cry’ Cody coos, with little effect.

The med bay’s door swishes open to let Mace Windu in.

‘We’re heading to Coruscant at the top speed. How is he?’

‘Worn out to the limit. Tests show minor internal damage of unknown origins, not life-threatening. Otherwise no physical damage, no signs of malnutrition’ Hills reports.

Windu comes to the bed and lays a hand on the friend’s shoulder. ‘Force’s mercy, Obi-Wan, you reek of the dark side. What the kriff has happened?’

‘It’d better wait, Master Windu. He should rest,’ the medic remarks and turns to the patient, ‘Sleep, General. You are in good hands. She is too.’

Obi-Wan nods his head and stares at Cody. ‘Take care of her.’

‘I will’ Cody promises. He adjusts the grip around her. The girl clings to his chestplate.

Obi-Wan’s lips pull up and his eyelids finally flutter shut.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Hi all. Long time no see.

I'm very very sorry it took so long. Rough time irl, art block and constantly sore eyes are a disastrous combo. Thanks for Your infinite patience with me and all the kudos and comments You've left in the meantime.

No warnings for this chapter, just feels.

(this one is unbeta'd, all mistakes are mine)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An invisible hand grasps at Obi-Wan’s throat. Gurgling he claws at his neck but it’s no use against the intangible pressure. The tall monster in black carapace and terrifying mask steps toward him unhurriedly, its breathing a rasp that sends chills down one’s spine. Its one hand rises, fingers half-closed around nothing, and the other lifts in direction of the small girl crying in Obi-Wan’s arms. The Jedi tightens his grip around her but his muscles wither without air supply. He won’t be able to protect her. The black creature will take her, take her away to turn her into an abomination akin to itself. Behind the monster lurks Darth Sidious, grinning menacingly, waiting for when his servant brings him the girl…

Obi-Wan opens his eyes, frantically swallowing in gulps of air. He can’t see well, light is low and everything is blurred. Bare walls are strange to him. He’s lying on his back, under a plain blanket. Underneath he still wears the dirty tunic obtained back in that cursed mansion.

The ominous wheezing hasn’t ceased. The Jedi is paralyzed until he realizes what he hears is his own breathing coming through an oxygen mask. He wants to take it off but his muscles are lax, uncooperative. His throat and lips are parched dry. Fever has spread in his bones.

On periphery of his vision, an off-white blotch stirs and gets up. As his sight sluggishly refocuses Obi-Wan recognizes Cody. The commander is exhausted, obviously hasn’t get proper rest in a long while, his complexion almost of the same pale hue as his armor, but he smiles with immense relief.

‘Hi’ the clone greets Obi-Wan. His voice is husky, trembling. ‘We reached Coruscant, and now are in a shuttle heading directly to the Temple. You’ll be home in no time.’

Obi-Wan exhales through his mouth. Yes, they’re back to civilization, he can sense the never-ending citylife bustling all around now. It’s a mollifying news, yet his heart is pounding hard, spurred by
another fear. He forces his arm up to remove the mask so Cody can understand him. His voice comes out raspy, ravaged by hours of screaming.

‘The baby…’

‘Oh, she’s here’ Cody leans to the side and Obi-Wan sees his daughter on a bed behind the clone. She is covered with a blanket, tiny limbs splayed and twitching in sleep. She looks so peacefully, yet a primal instinct, no weaker than the hand from his dream, chokes the Jedi. Fresh wave of panic tenses his muscles.

‘Why’s she stopped crying?’

‘She’s alright, don’t worry. We took care of her. Hills did his tests, she’s completely fine, just was hungry. We found nothing we could feed her onboard the whole ship, but Hills did extensive research and found a magical way to convert ration bars into a solution suitable for her. We fed her, changed her and then she fell asleep, seemingly pleased.’

Obi-Wan senses his words are true and finally relaxes. He probes the girl lightly within the Force; she is resting, dreaming, unaware of chaos happening around. Safe and sound. Still no trace of Darkness tainting her soul.

Cody steps closer to the bed. His fingers, slightly unsteady, wind with Obi-Wan’s. What runs between them when their skins touch isn’t a surge of electricity, it’s more like a wave of warmth, comforting familiarity. Cody gently combs loose strands of auburn fringe from his forehead. Always afraid of getting caught, he seems to no longer care if they’re seen so close together, can’t hold back, giddy with happiness of retrieving Obi-Wan alive, almost intoxicated. His eyes gleam and the old scar creases as he grins. He squeezes their fingers, and Obi-Wan weakly squeezes back.

The Jedi wishes to share his joy, but he can’t. A thought lingers in the back of his head like a splinter, small and painful: the Council will soon know, or already knows about their affair, and won’t be happy. Who knows what their punishment will be. They might be separated, assigned to different task forces. This might be the last time they see each other.

‘Obi-Wan, I…’

‘Shhh.’

It’s not a time nor place for confessions. Words have great power. What Cody wanted to say would imprint itself in the Force like an irreversible seal – Obi-Wan senses it. For these words to sound, time is yet to come. Or might never come.

Obi-Wan releases the mask and beckons the clone closer. He also no longer cares if they’re seen, if this is the last chance to get it. Cody throws one more glance over his shoulder and leans in. The kiss is not much, just a chaste brush of chapped lips, but somehow it carries more emotions than ever. Like sharing a message they are forbidden to voice out.

Too soon they must part. Cody gives his fingers one last squeeze and returns to his seat between the beds, back a composed commander of emotionless expression. Only his eyes glint brightly with hope.

Obi-Wan senses Mace and Hills’ approach before the door between compartments slides open and the two enters.

‘Glad to see you back with us Kenobi’ the Jedi General welcomes him dryly, although a happy note in his voice betrays him.
‘Good to see you too friend.’

The shuttle lands with only the slightest shake when it touches surface of a landing pad. Hills deftly unhooks Obi-Wan from the medical equipment, then with a push of button makes the bed hover above the floor.

‘Commander, mind to help me?’

Cody moves to the foot of the cot and together with the medic they push the drifting bed through the compartment and off the ramp. Mace takes the baby in his arm and leaves the ship behind them. The girl stirs awake in his hold and protests loudly against being moved.

It’s midday on Coruscant. Blazing daylight and clamor assault Obi-Wan’s senses, dizzying. Months of austerity in the residence made him unused to receive so many stimuli at a time. Sensory overload adds headache to his already miserable state.

There’s a welcoming party awaiting them on the landing pad: Master Yoda, Chief Healer Vokara Che, her two acolytes and two additional Temple Guards of golden-bladed weapons and faceless masks.

‘Welcome back Master Kenobi. I’ll take care of you from now on’ the Twi’lek Master speaks warmly in her usual gentle manner. It’s like a soothing balm put on a burn wound, to hear again a familiar voice that have so often scolded Obi-Wan for getting hurt.

Vokara speaks briefly to Hills and the clone passes her a datapad with the patient’s readings. The Grandmaster curtly greets Obi-Wan, his features for once devoid of stoicism as he gives Kenobi’s shoulder an affectionate pat.

‘Let’s go. I’ll take her too’ Vokara takes the girl from Mace’s embrace and signs to move on. Her students take the clones’ place by the bed and push Obi-Wan toward a turbolift. The healer with the wailing child walks beside them and the guardians leaves as well, flanking the group at perfectly synchronized pace.

Obi-Wan cranes his neck to get one last glance of commander Cody standing alone on the platform, in the white and orange armor marked by months of fights, corners of his mouth pulled up with a shy smile and eyes so full of hope for seeing each other again.

The procession moves quickly through the Temple’s halls. The sight draws attention of knights and younglings alike. Rumors of Obi-Wan’s survival has spread across the Grand Army, but hasn’t arrive at the Temple yet. Jedi can’t believe their eyes as they witness Obi-Wan Kenobi, battered but alive, back among them. The crying baby is also an object of interest of the crowd. An escort of the guardians grants the group swift passage straight to the Halls of Healing.

Yoda and Mace walk in the direction of the Halls too, albeit on much slower pace; partially because of Yoda’s size, partially because they know Vokara needs time to attend her patients. On the unhurried way Windu describes his friend details of the extraction he didn’t dare to share on a long-range holocall. Yoda listens to him with a thoughtful frown. This puzzle still misses many elements only Obi-Wan can contribute.

When they finally reach the Halls there’s no news. Masters wait in a lounge, the wide room empty but the two. Silence is broken only by a quiet splash of a small fountain in the corner and sounds coming from the depths of the Halls. Yoda is sitting motionless like a statue, meditating on the latest revelations, while Mace is pacing around the room biting at his lip. Even a powerful Jedi like him can run short of patience.
At last the blue-skinned Twi’lek approaches the Jedi.

‘He’s resting, that’s what he needs now’ she says. ‘The bleeding the clone medic mentioned has already stopped during the flight, and the developing infection was easy to contain. What’s actually concerning is that they both had the same source. An… Additional organ. Resembling a womb. What’s more, in a state indicating he’s recently given birth.’

The Grandmaster’s eyes open wide and Windu makes a choked noise, both Jedi utterly dumbfounded.

‘You imply she’s his…’ Mace cannot speak it out.

‘I don’t imply anything, Master, I simply state facts. And the facts are, he recently gave birth to a child and the girl isn’t older than two-three days. Also… Their genetic code matches in exactly fifty percent.’

A choked noise leaves Mace’s throat once again. The Jedi steps away while Yoda still don’t move nor speak, just stares incredulously at the healer.

Vokara spreads her arms. ‘I can say nothing more for now, Grandmaster. For that, you’ll have to ask him personally. His body will be fine in couple of days, but I cannot speak of the state of his mind. I didn’t sense psychical trauma, but it might have been cloaked with shock.’

Yoda nods his head minutely. He seems unperturbed, but at a closer look one could see how pinched the lines of his face are. ‘Thanks for your service, Master Vokara. Please inform me of his state.’

‘Of course Master.’

The healer retreats to her kingdom, and Yoda turns to his old Padawan, his brows raised with question.

‘I can’t believe Obi-Wan is like men from legends…’ Mace mutters, still stunned by the news, and shakes his head. ‘Unbelievable. Who’s the other father?’

Yoda doesn’t answer, just locks his piercing stare that conveys more than words at Mace. Mace whines.

‘You think- Him? Force’s mercy, what have they done…’

‘Only guess it is. For what Obi-Wan says, we must wait’ Yoda taps his staff to the floor. He’s still tense, yet smiles warmly. ‘Now, shall we join our brothers and sisters his return celebrating.’

Waking up from healing trance is like floating from a bottom of the sea up to the surface. Darkness slowly turns into light. Limbs gradually recover their mobility from under enfeebling pressure. Ringing in ears turns into silence. Breathing gets easier.

Obi-Wan opens his eyes to see nothing. He blinks; the whiteness doesn’t disappear. He carefully tilts his head to the side and his sight glide from white above to a warm honey color of walls. A room. On the right, a window, shut blinds obscuring the view. On the left, a closed door.

His mind resumes functioning too sluggishly to his liking. He can’t make up where he’s held this
time, but he senses the ancient currents of the Light coursing all around him. He inhales deeply and let It soak him through. It’s like a rain after a draught, so pure he would laugh if his throat wasn’t so dry. He knows where he is. Suddenly everything becomes so familiar – the walls, the Force, the air tinted with scents of bacta and herbs, even the rough plait of a tunic on his back, he wants to cry.

The door swishes open and Master Vokara steps inside.

‘I sensed you’re awake Master Kenobi.’

‘Yes, hello.’ Obi-Wan croaks. It hurts to speak. ‘T-the girl…’

Vokara comes closer to the bed and pour water from a pitcher on a nightstand and passes him a glass. It’s just a water, but it tastes better than best beverages served in royal palaces.

‘The girl is fine. We took care of her like we do with every child arriving at the Temple.’

There’s no reason to doubt her, yet Obi-Wan checks on his daughter through the Force anyway. Promptly he gets an answer – she is just couple rooms away, a Jedi caretaker with her.

‘Can I see her?’

The Twi’lek gives him an understanding smile. ‘We can arrange it later. For now, you have a guest.’

Obi-Wan only now notices Master Yoda standing in the entrance and nods for greeting. Vokara leaves the two alone, her robes billowing around her frame as she walks away.

‘Welcome back, Obi-Wan. Unexpected, your return is, but welcomed. A good omen it is, that in this dire times we need.’

‘Master, how is the war…’

‘Bother yourself not with the war, Obi-Wan. Rest, you now must, if return soon to the battle you want’ Yoda smiles sadly. ‘A lot you have been through, I sense. With the dark side you have been struggling. Time to recover your mind and body need, yes. But many questions your return has brought. Of what happened to you in past months, the Council is curious. Once you’re ready, debrief you, the Council wish.’

Obi-Wan takes another sip. He expected that.

‘Of course Master. I’ll answer the Council’s request as soon as Master Vokara let me out of here.’

‘When you’re ready, come’ Yoda repeats with insistence. He must sense or at least guess Obi-Wan went through horrors he’s not ready to face yet.

Yoda leaves without another word. Obi-Wan puts the cup on the nightstand and flops back on pillows. His legs feel weak, but he urges to visit his daughter. How much will Vokara shout if he sneak out to the girl right now?...

As soon as Master Vokara releases him, which is three days after his arrival, Obi-Wan stands before the whole Jedi Council.

He can feel twelve pairs of stares locked on him, hot like lightsaber’s tip pointed at his face. Masters,
either present in body or as a holo, just look in silence, waiting for when he’s ready to speak. Obi-Wan is ready; he imagined this conversation many times during past months, played dozens different scenarios in his head. He’s ready, however they’ll react.

He takes a deep breath and says, ‘The girl found with me is my daughter. In the very sense of it. I was pregnant with her and gave birth couple days ago.’

The bomb goes off and the whole Council erupts with mutters. Only Yoda and Mace Windu remain unaffected; they must have expected it, or got a hint from Vokara.

Obi-Wan waits for them to calm down before he resumes. He starts from the beginning, when he learned he carried a child, followed by events of the failed raid. He describes the mansion and repeats his only conversation with Darth Sidious, word by word. At last he say how after the delivery, finally able to reach for the Force again, he fought droid guards, found a corrupted kyber crystal that hindered his connection to the Force and smashed it, and then contacted the Republic.

It oddly makes him feel like a Padawan again, reporting on not so successful mission, or successful only because Qui-Gon followed his own rules, as he stands tall with head bowed humbly and balled fists hidden in wide sleeves of Jedi robes – oh how good is to wear them again, to feel the weight of his lightsaber on his hip – yet this time Qui-Gon isn’t there by his side. Not physically at least. Obi-Wan can swell he sensed an inkling of his old Master’s presence when he stepped into the center of the chamber, and it gave him strength he needs to reveal the truth.

He works his best to keep his voice cool, but it’s impossible to remain stoic while remembering six months of terror and fear for his unborn child. Once or twice it falters and the audience wait patiently for him to restart. Obi-Wan doesn’t need to look around and see their faces to know their attitudes vary. Depa Bilaba and Ki-Adi-Mundi radiates with sympathy. Plo Koon frowns with disapproval. Holo of Shaak Ti has her eyes wide open in disbelief.

When Obi-Wan finishes his story, the silence stretches for next few minutes. Outside the windows Coruscanti endless traffic trickles in every direction, noises muted by thick glass.

‘Corrupting a child in mother’s womb. Only a Sith could invent such a wicked plan’ Ki-Adi-Mundi sighs. ‘He attempted to abduct Force-sensitive children before, but this is new.’

‘How can we prevent it next time? We can barely protect children identified as Force-sensitive, how can we search for Force-sensitive mothers as well?’ Adi Gallia adds.

‘I dare to think he won’t try such scheme again. He needs a child to be powerful, that’s why he was after an offspring of a Jedi Master, not just any Force-sensitive’ Obi-Wan interjects.

Yoda agrees. ‘Right you may be. Especially that failed his plan has. Corrupted the girl hasn’t become.’

‘Your story misses one important element, Master Kenobi’ Mace Windu speaks at last. He’s somber, frowning, leant forward with elbows rested on knees. ‘Who’s the other father of the girl?’

Obi-Wan’s fists tightens involuntarily. The question he was afraid of. So far he was the only one to pay the price for the events. When he say the name, it may backlash into his beloved as well.

‘Commander Cody.’

A collective gasp rolls through the chamber. Again Mace and Yoda seem to see it coming. Obi-Wan heard Mace has replaced him as 212th general, but doesn’t know yet how close with Cody Mace has been.
‘I assume it happened with his consent? You didn’t impose yourself on him using your position of superior?’

‘No, stars, of course not! He was free to decline or leave at any time.’

‘This should have never happened in the first place’ even distorted by the mask, voice of Plo Koon sounds scolding. Usually gentle Jedi Master was known for having no mercy for those who break rules.

Obi-Wan bow in his direction. ‘Yes, Master, I know. I can’t change the past. I willingly surrender to the Council’s judgment for my actions.’

‘Exactly, what with Kenobi and the clone?’ Adi asks.

‘His mistakes he understood, I sense’ Yoda replies slowly, making an eye contact with Obi-Wan. ‘No need for further punishment I see. And in the commander I find no guilt.’

Even if other Council members disagree with him, his tone leaves no place for argument so no one objects. Obi-Wan thanks with a nod as he can’t find proper words to express his gratitude.

‘Masters, I would like to return to battlefield as soon as possible.’ Obi-Wan speaks out.

‘And you will, Kenobi, because we need every pair of hands on deck’ Mace agrees. ‘But only after you pass all tests. We must know you’re ready.’

‘Of course.’ Obi-Wan accepts it with a nod. There’s one more matter he wants to raise, considers how to say it. ‘Masters, I dare to have a request.’

Yoda waves his hand. ‘Go on.’

‘Before I leave the Temple, can I visit the girl from time to time? I’m aware I must cut ties with her but for only a short time, while I’m here…’ his voice fails him before he ends, “after fearing for her for so long”.

‘Of course’ Yoda replies at once before any other Council member speaks. ‘From mother’s arms tear children we do not. However of forming bonds beware, Master Kenobi.’

‘Yes. Thank you Master’ Obi-Wan bends in half with a bow. He was afraid the Grandmaster would decline his begs.

Saesee Tiin’s holo stirs and turns away. ‘Something’s happening. Excuse me Masters, I have to leave’ he barks and engages his lightsaber before disappearing completely.

Yoda looks around at the rest of gathered Jedi. ‘Call the meeting finished, I guess we shall. A lot have we heard, yes, but of time we ran out. Soon shall we meet again to discuss.’

Obi-Wan spins on his heel ready to leave the room first but a quiet voice calls him, ‘Wait Obi-Wan.’

He faces Yoda in his chair while other Masters walks out or disconnect. Mace Windu gives them a glance but leaves as well. The elder Jedi waits for when they are alone before he says, ‘For a favor I must ask you Obi-Wan.’

‘I’m all ears Master.’

‘A guest awaits me, but a pressing issue arose I must attend first. Of my guest, can you please care take? Make him wait I don’t want.’
‘Yes, of course Master. Who is he?’

‘Recognize him you will. By the main entrance find him you will.’

The Grandmaster, mysterious as usual. ‘Right. Comm me when you’re available Master.’

Yoda gives him a wry smile and leaves him.

On the way Obi-Wan is greeted by almost every Jedi he passes by. His neck starts to ache from repetitive nods, but he doesn’t blame them. Thanks to the Holonet he’s widely recognized as a hero, and for many Jedi he’s a resurrected idol.

In the hall in the said place stands a clone commander with his helmet under his arm. The face and the armor painting, and the Force signature, it can be none other than CC-2224.

‘Cody!’

Cody turns toward the caller, flushed with relief to hear Obi-Wan. He’s plainly uneasy with the company of faceless Temple Guards. He looks better than the last time they met, even if bruised circle are still there under his eyes.

Obi-Wan surprises him with a hug, a little too tight and too long to be just a friendly embrace but no one is watching anyway. Cody goes rigid before he relaxes and unsurely lays his hands on Obi-Wan’s back.

‘What are you doing here?’ the Jedi asks when he lets go of the clone.

‘I was invited by Master Yoda, sir. I have no idea what’s the reason…’

Ah, Yoda and his schemes.

‘He’s preoccupied and asked me to amuse you until he can receive you.’

Cody mutters “ah”. He starts to understand it’s all a setup.

A smile pulls at Obi-Wan’s lips. ‘Let’s go commander. You must meet someone.’

Cody leans over the crib with pure awe on his face. Obi-Wan can’t watch the clone speaking shyly to their daughter, the girl gaping at him with her huge blue eyes, without tears welling.

‘She’s kind of star of the nursery’ Obi-Wan says. ‘Rarely such small children comes to the Temple.’

‘Yeah, she draws attention. She proved it within those couple hours on the ship.’ Cody looks at the Jedi, his eyes glistening with wetness as well, and lowers his voice. ‘So she’s really… Ours?’ Cody whispers. There’s only three of them in the room; caretakers, already used to Obi-Wan’s often visits at the girl, left them alone as soon as the men appeared in the nursery. ‘How is it even possible? You’re a man…’

‘Very rarely human males have this quirk that they’re able to carry a child.’

‘So you really were…’ Cody makes a gesture of rounded belly. Obi-Wan confirms with a nod.
The clone sighs in disbelief and turns his attention back to the girl. ‘It’s so hard to believe. One day you go missing in action, for months you’re presumed dead, and all of a sudden you reappear, claiming we have a child…’ He raises skittish stare at Obi-Wan. ‘What’s gonna happen to her now?’

The Jedi answers placidly, ‘She’s strong with the Force. She’ll stay here, and in a few years she’ll start her training.’

‘Just like you’ Cody’s smile widen even more only to immediately fade away. ‘Will she ever know who are her parents?’

‘She’ll be told she’s a war orphan, found on a planet reclaimed from the Separatist. Jedi are discouraged to follow their lineage anyway. Although in the Temple’s official records we’re listed as parents.’

The girl becomes tired of constant attention and starts to wail. Cody tucks blanket around her small body and backs off, serene, still gazing at the girl.

‘What about her name? Do you have any ideas?’ he asks quietly.

Obi-Wan hangs his head sheepishly. ‘I’m sorry, I had to pick it on my own. It couldn’t wait.’

‘Ah. I see. What is it?’

‘I chose Keavy. It originates from my homeplanet.’

‘Keavy. It sounds good.’ Cody leans in for the last time to kiss her forehead. ‘Be well and grow strong, Keavy’ika. Ret'urcye mhi.’

To hide his emotions, Obi-Wan looks down and checks his commlink. Still no message from Yoda, not even a signal.

‘What now, Master Jedi?’ Cody asks, back a clone commander at attention, his tired features schooled perfectly.

Obi-Wan shrugs. ‘We wait for a call. Fancy a cup of tea?’

The men head to the living parts of the Temple, close together but apart, talking leisurely on the go – to the observer just a Jedi General and his clone commander reunited after a long time apart. In his chamber Obi-Wan prepares two cups of drink and they settle down on two ends of a windowsill, as far as possible – Obi-Wan wouldn’t dare to even touch Cody inappropriately inside the walls of the Temple – and chatting while staring at hectic Coruscanti panorama.

Cody describes what happened in the Army in past months. Obi-Wan has heard most of it from Anakin during the former Padawan’s brief visit when Obi-Wan was in the Healing Halls, and Cody focuses on events from the point of view of the 212th – their battles, successes and loses. Obi-Wan asks about particular soldiers and Cody counts the fallen.

He doesn’t say it directly, but from his stories ooze immense sadness and loneliness of a man who’s lost the most important part of their life but couldn’t share his pain with anyone. Obi-Wan wants to hold him tight, reassure Cody he’s really back and alive, kiss him until oblivion – but not now, not here. Perhaps never.

Cody surprises Obi-Wan he had dreams of him. Yes, the bond the Jedi was concerned about still links them like a thin golden thread, even now, although he didn’t suppose it can affect a Force-null clone as well. In this case breaking it might be more problematic.
In turn Obi-Wan tells his story. He can’t reveal the Sith existence to a non-Jedi, but once or twice he addressed “the Jedi enemy” during conversations with Cody (perhaps he shouldn’t have, yet he trust Cody with his life and knows the clone won’t pass it along). He can’t say the details about Sidious and his vile plans, instead he says what he didn’t tell the Council – the harrowing loneliness and scare for Keavy he felt every day of the abduction. Obi-Wan doesn’t even attempt to restrain emotions like he did before the Masters, lets his fists and teeth clench and voice break, the memories still too fresh, too dreadful. When he can no longer hold off tears, shy fingers find his and squeeze. Obi-Wan blink the tears away to see Cody’s face pale and full of compassion. The clone wishes to do more for his General, but can only do so much – and it’s enough. They sit in silence like this, connected by intertwined digits, staring mindlessly through the window and savoring each other’s presence.

Obi-Wan’s comm starts to beep insistently. Sighing, the Jedi takes his hand away from Cody’s hold and check it. As expected, it’s a message from the Grandmaster.

‘Yoda asks for you. Let’s go.’

The road to the elder Jedi’s chamber feels like the final journey. They have no idea why Yoda called the commander, but they’re almost certain it’s the last time they meet. Cody will return to his men, under Mace Windu’s command, and Obi-Wan, if allowed, will lead another troop against the Separatist.

Yoda see them in a meditation chamber, a small silenced room with low round cushions to seat on.

‘Thank you’ Yoda nods at Obi-Wan and waves his small hand at the empty cushion in front of himself. Surprised with courtesy, Cody steps forward to sit down, and Obi-Wan turns to the exit.

‘Going, where are you? Invited you are as well Obi-Wan.’

Obi-Wan cocks his brow but doesn’t say a word. He looks around to find no free seat; Yoda points at the same cushion once again. Cody awkwardly scoots to the side to make more place for the Jedi who drops next to him, trying to leave as much space between them as possible. Even more awkward is how intensely Yoda glares at them, so scrupulously Obi-Wan can’t help a flush.

‘Yes, sense it now I can. Strong bond ties you two.’

Obi-Wan and Cody blush alike and move even farther away from each other. A corner of Yoda’s mouth quirk. The Jedi knocks his stick to the floor and turns to Obi-Wan, ‘Love this man, you do.’

Obi-Wan doesn’t have a courage to look at Cody when he answers, the clone waiting for the reply with hammering heart.

‘Yes, I do.’

‘But before the Council, to mention it you forgot.’

‘Because I know I mustn’t, Master. I… I’ll let go of this feeling. It’s unbecoming of a Jedi.’

He still doesn’t look at Cody. He wishes he could discuss their future on their own first, not under the Grandmaster’s scrutiny.

Yoda turns to the commander, ‘And you, love him you do?’

Cody twitches, jittery, unsure what and how to say.
‘Free to speak you are. As Cody, not as commander CC-2224 you are here.’

‘Then yes. Yes I do’ Cody finally confess.

‘Eh, younglings, do with you, what should I?’

Obi-Wan doesn’t know whether it was an actual question or a rhetorical one, so he doesn’t answer. Cody hunches, fearful stare dropped to the floor.

‘Commander Cody a soldier is, but to feel and love free he is, when the war ends. Unlike a Jedi, sworn to, of attachments, let go.’ Yoda points his staff at the younger Master, ‘And yet, that the Force has linked you two obvious is. And the Force’s will defy we must not.’

Obi-Wan frowns. Where is Yoda going with this comment?

‘Master?’

‘To love is a Jedi way. The stranger Jedi selflessly help, to love. Every life within the Force, to love. But to love from passion separate, the hardship is. To not let emotions guide you, but the Force.’

Cody skips his stare between the Jedi, baffled and not understanding Yoda’s riddles. Obi-Wan has a clue what the Grandmaster has in mind but decides it’s too foolish to be hopeful.

‘An intriguing quote, in the library I recently came across, very old piece. That not love leads to the dark side, but the passion can. That controlling one’s passion while being in love, that is what Jedi should teach to beware. Agree wholly with it I cannot, hmm, but maybe not for me these words addressed were.’

Yoda rises to standing, wise eyes measuring the younger men before him. ‘Since we and Siri met here for similar reason, grew up you have, Obi-Wan. Love since then more than once you have experienced. Painful lessons you’ve learned. The question answer to yourself you must now, if to let go are you ready is.’

Yoda heads to the entrance. Obi-Wan at last understands what Yoda meant, and knows it’s only couple of seconds chance. There’s no place for deliberation. He jumps to his feet and blurts out, ‘Master, let us marry!’

Deadpanned, Yoda slowly turns back to them. He spare a judging stare to Obi-Wan, then to the fidgeting clone.

Obi-Wan falters, audacity ebbing all at once. ‘There were and are married Jedi, right? So maybe we could…’

‘Two, the marriage requires. What commander Cody wishes is that too, hmm?’ playfulness slips in at the end of the sentence. Obi-Wan’s heart skips a beat.

Cody awkwardly stands up to nervous attention. ‘S-sir, I’d be honored.’

‘Hmm. Precedence it will be. On such important matter the Council must debate. But if you were I, of the ceremony’s protocol I’d think.’

Yoda marches away without a further word, pretending he doesn’t see Obi-Wan and Cody falling in each other’s arms and sharing an enthusiastic kiss.
But the most difficult talk was yet to come.

Called to the Council chamber, Anakin is surprised to see there are only two Jedi present – the Grandmaster and his old Master, and even more is surprised by the view of Padmé sitting on a simple chair before the councilmen. Obi-Wan can tell so much.

Anakin bends in a bow before the Jedi. ‘Masters. And Senator Amidala. As always good to see you milady’ the young Knight greets her as he stands beside her seat, and she spares him a nod of head. That special glint in their eyes when they see each other. How could I have missed it, Obi-Wan muses.

‘Masters. What’s the special occasion we’re all gathered here?’

Yoda looks at Obi-Wan. They decided the latter will handle the talking on the delicate matter. Obi-Wan sighs, staring at his ex-Padawan and wondering how he should start. He planned this conversation in his head countless times, in the mansion and back in the Temple. Admittedly, it’s more stressing than revealing he has a child with Cody to the Council.

Rubbing his hands nervously, Obi-Wan takes a deep breath before he finally asks, ‘Are you two married?’

Padmé is stunned speechless, which doesn’t happen often. Anakin is shocked as well, suddenly turned pale, but recovers quicker.

‘H-how did you…’

‘It’s irrelevant. Anakin, are you two really married?’

Padmé opens her mouths to give a diplomatic evasive response, but the Jedi Knight is first to speak.

‘Yes, we are. But Master, we…’

Obi-Wan interrupts with a sigh and rubs his eyes.

‘Anakin, what have you done.’

‘We love each other Masters! Our feelings makes me stronger, more tuned to the Force…’

‘Anakin, what have you done?’ Obi-Wan asks again through gritted teeth. His heart cracks at the sight of a mix of fear, embarrassment and confusion on Anakin’s face. ‘Did you forget everything I taught you about being a Jedi?’

Padmé tries, ‘Masters, we didn’t mean wrong…’

‘Padmé, I’d expect more reason from you’ Obi-Wan voice comes out harsher than he wants it to be. She twitches like he slapped her in her face. ‘You know Jedi Code well enough to know he’s forbidden any relationship. Whatever he offered, you should’ve rejected him. Did you consider how it would fuel your enemies, or the enemies of the Jedi, if you two were caught?’

She falls silent, flushed and ashamed. In turn Anakin changes from befuddled to enraged. Obi-Wan senses waves of anger his former Padawan sends off, the rage he has troubles to control taking over him. Obi-Wan almost physically hurt from having this conversation, having to punish Anakin for finding shelter in love, but for the sake of Anakin’s future as a Jedi he must. He volunteered to be the
one to speak to Skywalker, hoping Anakin would take it better coming from him than from any other Master.

‘It must come to an end, Anakin.’

‘What? Why?!

‘You know the reason. Passion leads to the dark side, to deception, lies and grief.’

Anakin stands up. ‘Yeah? And your love is better than mine? You slept with your clone commander and I can’t be with my wife?!’

Padmé covers her mouth in shock. Obi-Wan revealed the truth about Keavy’s origins to Anakin, but hoped futilely he wouldn’t bring this as argument.

‘You see how furious the idea of losing her makes you? This is exactly why you must let go of Padmé for your own good, Anakin, or it will make you suffer.’

‘What if I refuse?’ Anakin spits out boldly.

‘Ani’ Padmé speaks quietly, her slender hand resting on his elbow, ‘Maybe… Maybe he’s right. We were rash, light-headed with our survival on Geonosis. I love you and I know you love me as well, but your zeal starts to be oppressive. Frightening.’

He pulls his arm away and furiously turns to his former Master, ‘I thought you’d be on my side, Obi-Wan! And you turned her against me too! I hate you!’

The Knight stomps out of the chamber. Padmé jumps to her feet ready to run after him. ‘Anakin!’

‘Leave him for now, Senator Amidala’ Yoda speaks for the first time since the start of the meeting. ‘Time he needs. Think it over, he must.’

‘I’m sorry Masters it came to this.’ she states sincerely, bowing her head gracefully. She hasn’t quite proceeded what just happened yet, just knows nothing will be the same anymore.

Obi-Wan hides his face in hands, hoping no one sees tears in his eyes. He failed Anakin. Failed Qui-Gon. Failed everyone.

Sharp knock of the staff to the floor halts his train of thoughts.

‘Blame yourself for your pupil’s mistake you mustn’t, Obi-Wan’ Yoda scolds him. ‘If teach him well you did, the way back he’ll find himself.’

There’s a gleam of sadness in the Grandmaster’s eyes. Obi-Wan remembers Yoda’s Padawan failed him as well and never returned to the Light.

‘Yes Master.’

‘Senator Amidala to the exit you’ll escort.’

‘Of course.’

Once Yoda left Obi-Wan stands up on wobbly legs and looks at the woman. She’s sorrowful and worried, staring at the Jedi like expecting he’ll come up with a miraculous solution.

‘What’s going to happen with him now? With me?’ she whispers.
‘It depends on what he’ll do now. As for you, the Jedi Council has no power over you, Padmé. Also, for now only I, Master Yoda and Master Windu know about your relationship. Their trust in you might be damaged, but nothing more.’

Tears well in Padmé’s dark eyes. ‘What will happen to him?’ she repeats, more insistently now, not meaning punishment as a Jedi but his fate as a man. ‘He was so angry at us, I could feel it. His rage will burn him alive one day.’

Obi-Wan hugs her lightly. ‘We must trust the Force he’ll come back to us, Padmé. It’ll take him time, but I trust he will do so.’

Chapter End Notes

You know guys, I'm sorry. You were so hyped to see Anakin, and actually it was the only scene with him.

*Ret'urcye mhi* - in Mando'a "Goodbye", literally: "Maybe we'll meet again" (from Wookieepedia)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!