Bedroom Hymns

by orphan_account

Summary

Anakin Skywalker is a young student with some kinky interests, and his search for a Dom leads him to Obi-Wan, a former professional. Obi-Wan has retired, but their purely professional kinky relationship changes the lives of both men. How long can they keep it professional? And what happens when they start falling for each other?

Abandoned.

Notes

This is self indulgent porn of the worst kind. It has little plot and most of the plot there is, is related to these two idiots pining for each other. Also, in this bizarre universe people have names like Obi-Wan and Anakin. What can I do? If you're into kinky porn and you want to read this self indulgent smut, here you go. I got more, but it's far from ready, but if you like it, I promise I'll post a much smuttier second chapter soon.
Chapter 1

_Obi-Wan Kenobi._ That’s the name Qui-Gon has given him. A name, a phone number and an address. Somehow this is even scarier than the club. There he could claim some kind of anonymity, but here, just casually meeting up with a guy who he wanted to spank and fuck him. That’s… not really how things went on first meetings. How is he even supposed to go in there?

_Hi I’m Anakin, please fuck me?_

He takes a deep breath, looks over at the piece of paper and the number on the house. This must be it. A normal suburban neighborhood and a normal house. What if he walks in and it’s the wrong person? What if this Obi-Wan doesn’t like him? He hasn’t even spoken to him, and now he’s in his house? What if this is a plot to murder him, and Qui-Gon was in it all along? He didn’t tell Padmé where he was going.

Another deep breath. He can do this, he can walk up to the door and ring the doorbell and… oh god, he did it. He bites his lip and attempts to slow his breathing, and for a second he hopes no one will show and he can just go home and forget all about this. Then he hears the footsteps, stands up straight and smiles.

“Hi.”

The man before him is handsome, with deep blue eyes and a beard. He can’t quite distinguish if he’s a ginger or if it’s just the light, but he can see he’s older than him. In his late thirties, probably. Where Anakin came in just jeans and a shirt, the other one is a fancier dresser. In his khakis and dress shirt he looks much like one of his college professor, but in a strangely hot way. The kind that could look at you over his glasses and give your fantasies for month.

“Hello. You’re Anakin?”

Anakin nods, because he suddenly has forgotten how to speak. He wants to say something charming or funny, but if “you look like a hot teacher” is all he has, he shouldn’t bother.

“I’m Obi-Wan Kenobi,” the other says, sticking his hand out. “Nice to meet you.”

“Anakin Skywalker,” Anakin replies, taking his hand. “Oh wait, you already know.”

Obi-Wan chuckles. “Now I won’t forget.” He opened the door a little further.

“Come in. I’ve made tea.”

Anakin is sitting across from him, his eyes averted and his hands clutches tightly to his mug of tea. Obi-Wan looks at him, stares rather, at the short curls falling over his face, at the way he licks his lips and his eyes dart from one place to the other: the tea, the table, the floor, but rarely at him.

“So,’ Obi-Wan starts, ‘you’re here because of Qui-Gon?’

“Yeah,” he says, his attempts to be casual lost. “He told me I might like you. So, I guess,” he looks at
him for the first time and he notices his eyes – a dark blue, rather striking in this light. “I guess here I am.”

“Is that what he said,” Obi-Wan asks. “Like?”

“Need,” Anakin corrects. “He said I might need somebody like you. A teacher.”

Obi-Wan nods slightly. “I’ve done that before, yes,” he says. “I trust you’ve talked to him?”

Anakin nods, his gaze averted again. He stares at the mug again, and Obi-Wan can only smile.

“Are you nervous?”

“No.”

Obi-Wan sighs. If he was so keen on lying, he should at least have tried harder to hide his stress. “There’s no shame in it,” he says. “I am.”

“I’m not.”

He doesn’t even look at him. “You haven’t done this before, have you, Anakin?” Obi-Wan asks.

“Not really, no,” he says, sipping the tea.

“Okay.” You got a lot to learn, young one. “I’m glad you were honest with me about that.” He pauses and looks at him again. His posture seems to be uncaring, but Obi-Wan knows not to misjudge him. “Ground rule.” Now Anakin looks him in the eyes, as if he felt he needed to. “We’re honest with each other.”

“Okay.”

“I ask you again,” Obi-Wan says, “are you nervous?” Then, a little softer: “it’s okay.”

Anakin blinks and bites his lip. “Yes,” he admits now. “I am.”

“Good – good.” Obi-Wan breaks himself off before he can continue. “Do you like your tea?”

“I prefer coffee, actually.”

“I’ll make sure to get that next time.” Obi-Wan smiles. “Do you want to drink the rest of it?”

“Yeah.” Anakin takes another sip and smiles for the first time. “You’re already so sure there will be a next time?”

“No,” Obi-Wan says, remembering he too has to adhere to his first ground rule. “But I hope so.”

“Where are we going?” Anakin asks. “Do you have like a dungeon?”

Obi-Wan chuckles. “I have a bedroom, Anakin. I assure you there is no dungeon.”

“Too bad.”
He raises an eyebrow. “This is really your first time, isn’t it?”

“I’ve read up on it!”


“No,” Anakin says, unable to hide his blush.

“Ground rule, Anakin,” Obi-Wan says, leading his up the stairwell. “Honesty?” He smiles as he looks down at him.

“I might have read it.”


“I’ve read other stuff!” Anakin protests. “I know that.”

‘Good job.’ He leads him over the brightly lit hall, into the second door to the right. “This is where we’ll be staying.”

“Okay.” Anakin looks at him before entering, and only when Obi-Wan nods, does he do so. A smile curls around Obi-Wan’s mouth as he sees Anakin’s mouth fall open.

“What do you think?”

“It’s so light, and big,” Anakin steps further into the room and paces around a little. “I didn’t expect that.”

“Do you like it?”

“Yeah.” He smiles a little when he looks back at him. “It’s nice.”

“Sit down on the bed,” Obi-Wan says. “Shoes off, please.”

“What about my clothes?”

He chuckles. “Those can stay on.”

“Okay.” Anakin sits down and takes off his shoes. He waits for Obi-Wan to remove his and then follows his example by sitting down cross-legged on the bed.

“Comfortable?”

“I guess.” Anakin is looking down at his lap again. “Nice bed. Is this your bedroom?”

He smiles. “No. This is for guests. Like you.”

Anakin frowns. “So where’s your bedroom?”

“That’s personal. We’re not there yet.”

“Okay. So,” he hesitates, his hands smoothing over the covers like they’re not already smooth. “What do we do now?”

“We talk.”

“Talk?” Anakin’s eyes dart up again now. “I thought we were here to fuck.”
“Fuck? How uncivilized.”

Anakin laughs nervously. “Well, what do you want to use? Make love?”

“Make love?” He shakes his head. “Call it fuck if you want to.”

Anakin looks down again, smoothing over the cover one more time. He doesn’t know why he chose that word, but – he can’t help it! This is his first time in this kind of situation, it’s just kind of… new. Usually people don’t get into this mess. Not like he does.

“So what are you into?”

“Oh.” He blushes again and curses at himself. “Well, I –” He looks away again. “I guess I liked being tied up, when my ex-girlfriend did that.”

“And?”

“I don’t – I haven’t really done much. Padmé – my ex – and I, we didn’t last very long.”

“That’s not what I’m asking, Anakin,” he says, shaking his head. “I’m asking what you’re into. Not what you have done.”

Anakin bites his lip and he laughs again. There’s something stirring in his stomach, something he isn’t sure is arousal or embarrassment. Maybe both.

“What do you use to get off?”

His fingers curl up in the blankets and he colors a deeper red. “Well, I –”

“Yes?” He leans forward and smiles. “You can tell me. Fantasies? Porn?”

He groans. “Do I really have to?” he asks, sliding one hand over his face. “This is… Oh God.”

“If you want good sex.” Obi-Wan chuckles. “Most of us do it, so there’ll be no judgement.”

Anakin sighs, his hand back in the covers. “Promise?”


“Okay.” He takes a deep breath and tries looking at him, only to look away. “Fanfiction, okay?”

“Fanfiction?” That sure is new.

“Yes, I know it’s stupid.” His hands curl into the covers. “Just, you asked, so here’s your answer.”

He waits for Obi-Wan’s expression to change into the disapproving line people usually have when he lets it slip he reads it, but it doesn’t come.

“I’m not judging, Anakin,” he says, “I promise I’m not.”

“Bet you are.”

“Anakin.” He sighs and moves in closer, keeping his eyes focused on Anakin. He’s staring at his hands, still curled into the covers. “Trust me,” he says. “Please.”

It takes ages for him to reply, his throat tightened up, but finally, Anakin sighs and nods. “Okay.”
“Yes?”

“Yes.” He takes a deep breath. “So what do you wanna know?”

“What you like?”

“What?” He says, his stomach now full on turning. “You want me to read aloud?”

“If you want to.”

“No!”

“Okay.” Obi-Wan laughs. ‘Why don’t you just send me the link to the things you like then?”

“Well…” Anakin wants to say no, but Obi-Wan is hard to say no to. “I don’t know.”

“I won’t judge, Anakin.”

He sighs, bites his lip again and then nods. “Okay, I guess I will.”

“I’m glad you trust me,” Obi-Wan says, and Anakin revels in the notion that he made Obi-Wan happy. “If you want to, we can meet up next week?”

Anakin blinks. “This is it?”

“Well, unless you want to stay and chat? I don’t want this to be too much.”

Anakin’s quiet for a second. “I thought we were going to, you know, talk about my kinks.”

“I don’t want to do anything you’re uncomfortable with.”

“I’m not uncomfortable.’

‘That’s good,’ Obi-Wan says. ‘Then why don’t you show me some of that fanfiction you like?’

Anakin feels his face burning once again. ‘Well,’ he says, ‘I – ‘

‘Yes?’

For some reason he just can’t say no. The way Obi-Wan is looking at him, the softness of his voice… He feels so genuine, like he really won’t judge him. And maybe he won’t. He used to work at the club, he must have seen so many things. Maybe worse than he’d show him now. His hand slides into his pocket and with a wildly beating heart he starts up the internet and opens one of his bookmarks. He closes his eyes and hands it to Obi-Wan.

“I really like this one.”

Obi-Wan is not too familiar with the site, but it’s easy enough to navigate. His eyes dart over the admittedly well written, text. The sub character is getting tied up and gets some light spanking. If this is the worst Anakin is into, it’ll easy enough.

“So you’d like to try getting spanked?”
“Yes,” he admits, his cheeks still glowing.

“No shame in that, Anakin.”

He looks up. “I know.”

A long silence falls and then Anakin says: “so how much do you charge for that?”

“I’m not a pro anymore, Anakin.”

“Oh.” His voice falls. “I thought… I thought you’d be the one to… you know?”

“Spank you and tie you up?”

“…yes.”

“I can still do that, if I decide we vibe well. I just won’t charge you.”

Anakin jumps up. “Yes? You wanna do that?”

“Well,” Obi-Wan corrects. “If we vibe well.”

“Okay.” He nods. “Yeah.”

“Well, how about you show me those links, Anakin? And then, next week, when you’ve had some time to think, you come by for a spanking?”

Anakin’s eyes widen. “Yes?”

“Yes.”

“Okay,” Anakin blushes and nods. “Let’s do that.”

Obi-Wan smiles widely and looks up to Anakin. He’s strangely proud of him already. They got so far as to talk about his kinks, to have him be open and honest. He understands it’s not easy, but not every client of his had been so welcoming and open-minded. Maybe they would be a good fit.

“Do you have my number yet?”

Anakin shakes his head. “Just your address.”

“I’ll put it in your phone,” Obi-Wan says, as he’s still holding Anakin’s phone. “If that’s okay with you.”

“Yeah.” Anakin nods, eyeing his phone. “You know how to?”

“I’m not that old.”

“Sorry.” He looks away again. “How old are you?”

“Thirty-eight,” he replies. “Is that a problem?”

He shakes his head quickly. “No, I just – wanted to know.”

“Okay.” Obi-Wan hands Anakin his phone back. “And you?”

“Twenty-two. Is that okay too?”
He’s younger than he expected, but he can see it now he said it. It’s been a while since he was twenty-two. He just found the club back then, just like Anakin. Back then it had felt all so exciting and important, but now… well, now he’s surprised anyone else than Quin remembered him.

“That’s okay.” Obi-Wan nods. “Are you a student?”

Anakin puts his phone back into his pocket, but still looks away from him a bit. “Yeah.”

“What’s your major?”

“Artificial intelligence.”

Obi-Wan raises an eyebrow. He’s just as smart as he’s pretty then. “Impressive. You’re certainly not one of mine then.”

“You’re a professor?”

He can’t help but laugh. “Why are you so surprised?”

“Because… you did… things.”

“Yes, things.”

“What if a student finds out?”

Obi-Wan suppresses another chuckle. “Then it’d be in both of our interests to keep that quiet, don’t you think?”

“I guess?”

“Are you going to tell everyone that you met up with me?”

Anakin’s mouth falls open. “Of course not!”

“See?”

He pouts and sighs. “Point made.”

“So,” Obi-Wan can’t help but smile smugly, “you’ll send me that fanfiction?”

“Yes.” He’s blushing all the way down to his chest. “Fine.”

Anakin lies down on his bed in the dark. He told Ahsoka he was going to sleep, and with the TV on in the common room, this was the perfect time to pick out what he was going to send to Obi-Wan. He scrolls through his bookmarks nervously, feeling himself heat up already just reading the titles. Spanking, bondage, gay sex… These are the things that belonged to just the night a few days ago. Now Obi-Wan wanted to know everything. It was like being naked. No, worse. Even Padmé didn’t know all of this.

His hand is around his growing cock before he even knows it, gently moving up and down as he reads the words back. Oh, how he wishes it could be next week already, he wants to feel so
desperately what it’s like to be spanked. He closes his eyes and puts the phone away. For the first time in so long his fantasy is more exciting than whatever he’s reading. He thinks about bending over and being spanked, about his hands tied together, and a man with Obi-Wan’s face fucking into him. He dreams of bruises on his ass and Obi-Wan’s accented voice whispering dirty things into his ear until he comes undone before him. Just as his fantasy version cums does Anakin too, groaning into the blankets and his body hot.

He just masturbated to Obi-Wan. That was okay, right? They were going to do things. Should he tell him? Or should he just send all the links? Damn, he hasn’t come so good in ages, definitely not with his own hand around his cock. He’s well aware of the mess he made, but still he lies back. What would they do after all this? Would they cuddle or just say an awkward goodbye? And what would Obi-Wan do to him after next week? He’s already half-hard again at the thought of it.

Right. He has to send Obi-Wan these links. He picks some of his bookmarks that he could *maybe* send away safely. He still wants to be able to look Obi-Wan in the eye after he has send them. Of course Obi-Wan would be used to quite a lot, but… this is different. These are *his* kinks. This is personal. So personal.

He pushes send and closes his eyes. Oh, what has he just done? How does he even know he can trust Obi-Wan? Still, the chance to see all his kinky dreams come true, it’s worth it, right? Yes. It’s totally worth it.

It’s already a late night of grading papers when Obi-Wan gets Anakin’s text. Seeing his name on the screen of his phone is almost a familiar feel, one that sends a jolt of excitement throughout his body. He had almost forgotten how that felt. His mind is no longer at the papers right now, and he sighs. That’ll be pushed forward then. He pushes the paper aside and picks up his phone.

“Let’s see what you have for me, Anakin.”

Anakin has just send him a couple of links without any personal message. He wonders if he was too embarrassed to say anything, and he chuckles at the thought of a blushing Anakin sending him dirty porn. He can’t help but find it cute. Obi-Wan clicks the first link, finding a piece of fiction heavily involving bondage. It’s again well written and, Obi-Wan admits, pretty hot. He takes note of how the sub is tied up to the bed and how he moans and begs, but also of how gentle and kind the dom is, if not a bit teasing. The tightness of his pants alerts him that there really won’t be any more grading tonight.

The second one he’s seen before, the one where the sub gets a good spanking with a paddle. He can do with that, surely. The thought of Anakin, pretty Anakin, bending over for him and taking a spanking makes his pants even tighter, and he groans in frustration.

“Really,” he says to his crotch, “do we have to?”

His crotch doesn’t reply.

He supposes it’s his own fault, reading Anakin’s favorite pieces of writing, and he expected something extremely cheesy, but this stuff is well written. By the time he’s arrived at the third standalone story, he has opened his pants, and he can feel his hand creeping up towards his hardening cock. As soon as he touches it through the cloth of his underwear, a bolt of pleasure and
excitement go through him. That’s been a while too.

The two characters are now just as hard as Obi-Wan, and he reaches through the fabric and takes out his cock, stroking itself as he reads the sub getting fucked into the bed after an over the knee spanking. He can’t help it, he tells himself, Anakin genuinely has good taste, and oh, the idea of fucking Anakin despite their rule, of bending him over his knee and spanking him, it’s been so, so long since he’s felt this turned on. The phone now lies abandoned on the table as Obi-Wan lets his fantasies take over. Oh, all the things he wants to do to him, he can’t –

He cums unexpectedly but intense, spraying over himself and panting in his chair. Fuck. He can’t wait for next week.
Chapter 2

Anakin is back to his blushy self the next week, but he’s very eager to come in and says no to tea.

“Can we get to it?”

“Anakin, before we do anything, we need to talk.”

“Really?” He pouts.


“But I’m ready!”

“Are you?”

“Yes.” He turns red again. “I’ve read all about it.”

“Okay,” Obi-Wan says, and he leads Anakin to the guest bedroom. “Then tell me about the stoplight system.’

“Green for go, orange for pause, red for stop.”

“Hmm,” Obi-Wan nods. “Good.”

They walk into the room, where Obi-wan has spread out some of his favorite toys. There’s a few of his favorite paddles, most made out of real or fake leather, and then there’s two floggers, one of leather strands, and one of rope. If he chooses that one, it’ll just be teasing. He’s too green for the full experience. The last toy is an actual whip, but even if Anakin would choose it, there’s no way he’ll use that on him. He’s far from ready for that.

“You recognize those?”

Anakin swallows and nods. “Yes. I do.”

“Do you know what they’re called?”

“I think so.” Anakin lets his eyes dart over them. “Paddles and floggers, right? And a whip?”

“Good.”

“I don’t want the whip.”

“I wouldn’t have done it to you, I’ll be honest.” Obi-Wan moves the whip off from the bed and back into the closet. Usually he has this one locked, but Anakin is not a normal guest. “But I still appreciate your honesty.”

Anakin walks around, pulling on his shirt. “Well,” he says. “I don’t know about those floggers.”

“I can also use my hands if that’s what you’d like?”

He doesn’t reply for a few second, and Obi-Wan sees why. He has a paddle in his hand, one of the
black leather ones, weighing it, feeling it…

“Can we use this one?”

Obi-Wan takes the paddle from him, and nods. “I think that’ll do.”

“What – ehm…” Anakin blushes, “what do I do now?”

Obi-Wan smiles calmly at him, hiding the fact that he too is nervous. It’s been a while since he’s really done this, and to do it at home was already quite a rare occurrence. But spanking is not something you unlearn, and they’ll both start off light.

“I want you to bend over on the bed with your ass out.”

He swallows and nods, moving slower than usual as he gets into the position Obi-Wan described. He’s doing great, sticking his ass out and burying his face in the blankets, and he nods happily.

“That’s it,” he says. “Are you ready?”

Anakin nods.

“Okay,” Obi-Wan wings the paddle up and down to get a feel for it again. “Keep your underwear on tonight. I’d like to start off clothed, at least.”

“Yeah.” Anakin curls his fingers into the blankets, and pulls only his jeans down “Okay.”

Finally Obi-Wan positions himself by Anakin and rubs his hands over his still clothed ass. It feels nice and firm, but padded enough to take his spankings.

“I’ll start off light.”

Anakin nods.

He swats down and hits his ass the first time, holding back to only a light pat. Anakin groans and then moans softly, adjusting and gasping. It feels good to get back in the swing of things. He smiles and says:

“How was that?”

“Good. Another.”

Obi-Wan spanks him another time, lightly again, and as Anakin moans in reaction, he follows up with another.

“Oh fuck, Obi-Wan,” he says.

“You like that?”

“So much.”

Obi-Wan’s heart flutters. He does like it! It’s not new for him to make a sub happy, but it feels good every single time.

“Another one?”

“Please.”
He swats one last time, and then stops. Anakin groans and pushes his ass farther out, whining softly. *Damn. Look at him.*

“Do you want more?”

“Yes,” he whines. “Please.”

“Are you sure you’re ready for that?”

“Yes,” he replies immediately. “Need more.”

Obi-Wan nods and decides. “Two more.”

It’s so embarrassing, Anakin thinks, to ask, no, *beg,* for more pain. But he just can’t help it. In this position, helpless, with his ass sticking out and so ready to receive it, he can no longer lie to Obi-Wan. He loves it so much, needs so much more. It’s everything he’s dreamt of and more.

He gasps when he receives another, just a little harder than the one before. It hurts so good he whines. He doesn’t want to show this so much, he… oh, why must it be so good. Then another, his ass burning already, he gasps and takes it happily.

Obi-Wan rubs his sore ass and then takes his hand off, and Anakin wants one last smack. It’s not fair. He wants more, he needs more. Obi-Wan should give him more.

“More,” he whines.

“No,” he hears Obi-Wan step away. “You’re had enough for your first time.”

“That’s not fair!”

Anakin looks up to the man, who shrugs. “But I’m still in charge.”

*Not fair.* Anakin hides his red face in the blanket and realizes the tingling in his crotch. He had focused so hard on the pain he didn’t even realize how painfully hard he is. He really regrets agreeing to Obi-Wan’s no sex until further notice rule.

“Fuck,” he says.

“What is it?”

He shakes his head and groans. “I’m – “

“What was the rule?”

“Honesty.”

“Yes,” Obi-Wan sits down next to him. “Now, what is wrong?”

“I’m hard.”

Obi-Wan nods slowly. “And what are you going to do about that?”
“Need to come,” he admits, growing redder with every word added.

“I suppose you do.”

Anakin groans. It’s not fair. Obi-Wan’s not giving him anything.

“So?”

“So what?”

“So, Anakin,” Obi-Wan says, “you need to come. How are you going to come?”

He looks away. “Do I have to say it?”

“You don’t have to, of course, but it’d help.”

“Okay.” He takes a deep breath. “M-masturbate?”

Obi-Wan nods. “Very good. You paid attention.”

“Thank you.”

“So, what are you waiting for?”

Anakin blinks. “You mean, here?”

“Yes. Or do you wanna go out like this?”

He shakes his head and sits up, painfully aware of his hard cock throbbing in his pants. Obi-Wan looks down at it and smiles smugly.

“Looks like I did my job well.”

“Shut up.”

“You’re not the one giving out orders.”

He’s right, and he hates Obi-Wan for being so smug. Even worse, Anakin asked for this himself. Maybe he should run, have vanilla sex with someone and forget all about this. But then he remembers how good the sting felt and how hard he is, and remembers why he’s here.

“You want me to take it out here?”

Obi-Wan nods. “If you want to.”

“With you watching.”

“Yes.” Obi-Wan says it as if it’s the most normal thing in the world.

“Can’t you… leave?”

“Yes,” he replies. “I can if you want to. But I want to learn about you.”

It’s not fair. He really can’t refuse Obi-Wan anything. He’d never let anyone do this to him, and still he was there just yet, getting spanked like a little kid, and now he will….

He will do this, won’t he? He can’t believe it, but he will.
“Okay.” Anakin’s hands move to his pants slowly. “You can watch.”

Obi-Wan’s face lights up, and Anakin is hit by how much he wants to prove himself for him. How much he wants to make him proud.

“I’m proud of you, Anakin.”

Anakin feels himself warm up inside, and it’s not just because his hand strokes past his still covered cock. He moans softly.

“I’m so glad you trust me like this,” Obi-Wan continues. “You’re a good boy.”

It feels humiliating and so, so good at the same time. Anakin wants nothing more than to be a good boy for him. He wants Obi-Wan to be proud.

“Take it out for me.”

Anakin opens up his pants and lets his naked cock flop out and takes it in his hand. He waits for Obi-Wan’s reaction and relaxes when he smiles.

“Very good,” he says. “Take it in your hands now.’

“Yes, Obi-Wan.”

“Stroke it for me. Stroke it till you come.”

Anakin nods and does what he says. Having Obi-Wan watch is not as bad as he thought it’d be. He’s genuinely interested, and soon enough he focuses on the sensation and the faraway realization someone is watching him get off. The same person that spanked him, that will tie him up, that will…

He comes all over his hand.

“I – I’m sorry.”

It’s like waking up, with his cock in hand and Obi-Wan’s eyes on him. He made a mess. What a mess he made.

“That’s okay.” Obi-Wan smiles, and he takes a paper towel. “Do you want to clean that up yourself?”

Anakin nods quickly and takes it from him.

“Thank you, Anakin.”

“For what?”

“For trusting me.” Obi-Wan smiles. “I’m very proud.”

Anakin puts the towel away on the nightstand and zips his pants back up. He doesn’t know how to feel. He just got spanked and then masturbated in front of this man he barely knows, and he… well, he’s not feeling bad.

“How are you feeling?”

He doesn’t know. “I think I’m fine?”
Obi-Wan nods and sits down next to him. “Is it okay if I touch you?”

“Yeah.”

All he does is putting a hand on his shoulder, and it’s a sharp contrast with the intensity of the feelings he had just yet.

“How’s your ass?”

Anakin laughs. “I can feel it a bit. It’s not so bad.”

“Maybe I should try harder next time then.”

“Maybe.” He must admit it’s quite the prospect. On the other hand, there’s sitting down. Less exciting prospect.

“I mean, if you want there to be a next time.”

“Yes.” He smiles. “Yes. I want that.”

Obi-Wan could not be more relieved to hear Anakin say he’d like to come back. He was scared, he has to admit, scared he pushed him too far by asking him to masturbate before him, but now, sitting next to him, Anakin seems completely okay. He’s smiling even.

“Do you want to stay for a bit? Or do you need to get home?”

Anakin’s eyes go to his watch. “I don’t know. Maybe my roommate is waiting for me.”

“Oh.” His voice drops. “I understand.”

“I’m sorry,” he says, as he gets up.

“No,” Obi-Wan follows his example. “If you’re totally okay, I won’t stop you. It’s just that maybe… maybe you’d want to stay after all this.”

Anakin smiles at him. “I’m fine, really. This was nice.”

He nods slowly. “Text me then, when you’re home. To let me know if you’re okay.”

“Hee.”

“And if you bruise. How long it hurts.”

He laughs again. “What are you, my mom?” His face immediately falls after that joke. “I mean… never mind.”

“I just want you to be okay, Anakin.”

“I know.”

Obi-Wan leads him out, and they awkwardly say their goodbyes. As soon as the door closes, Obi-Wan sighs. Was he really okay? Everything had felt good and nice until it ended. He just… he just
doesn’t want to be responsible for anything that happens to him. What if he drops when he’s alone, or on his way home? What if…

“Calm down, Kenobi,” he says to himself.

Maybe if there’s anyone who’s dropping, it’s himself. It’s time to clean up and settle back into the life he’s come to know so well. A life without kink or strangers that come by to be spanked, a life with papers to be corrected and lessons to prepare. And maybe a book tonight. That’s the life he chose for himself.

Ahsoka is sitting in their shared living room when Anakin comes in. Before he can even close the door, she asks:

“Don’t tell me you were having a late night study session.”

He closes the door and puts his coat away. “When do I ever?”

“Never, mister I-don’t-have-to-study-to-get-good-grades.”

“Jealous much, snips?” he walks into the living room, where she’s curled up with her study book and the TV on.”

“Of you? Never.”

He sits down next to her and puts his shoes on the coffee table.

“Having a break?” he asks, gesturing towards the TV.

“Let me live, skyguy.”

He checks out her book. “I had that class too. Easy enough.”

“If you’re you.”

He smiles smugly. “Can’t help being smart.”

“You’re quite an idiot though. Where have you been by the way?”

“I – I was at a friend.” He can’t stop the blushing, but Ahsoka doesn’t look away from the television.

“A friend that’s not me? That’s news to me.”

“Oh, funny. So you don’t want help studying?”

“Okay, okay, changed my mind.” She goes to sit upright. “You have tons of friends.”

“I’ll take it.”

When Anakin switches positions he finds his ass still hurts, even on the soft couch. He should hate that, probably, most of all because he has a lecture tomorrow, with wooden seats that are uncomfortable even with an unspanked ass. But even remembering that, he can’t help but smile at the sensation. It’s a good memory.
Obi-Wan’s phone is lying next to him on the couch in an attempt to read without distraction, but also as not to miss Anakin’s text. It’s been too long and although the rational part of his brain knows he’s probably just forgotten to text, but all kinds of crazy theories are forming in the back of his mind, and the most of them are coming down to Anakin hated it and now me. Finally he gives up and shoots him a message:

Anakin? You promised to check up on me. Are you okay?

It doesn’t calm his racing mind when Anakin isn’t replying immediately. It’s been so long, and maybe he got about it all wrong. The last time was, well, years ago. Maybe he shouldn’t have started again, but then again, it had been fun. It really had been.

Shit yeah, srry! Forgot. Am fine.

Obi-Wan breathes a sigh of relief. He’s okay then. He really is. They’re good together.

Is next week still on?

It only takes a few seconds for him to reply:

Definitely

Chapter End Notes

More filth for you! I don’t feel shame. Thanks for the comments and kudo's on the first chapter!! Enjoy this one :D
Chapter 3

Anakin is early the next week, with a happy grin on his face.

“Hi,” he says, as soon as Obi-Wan opens the door. “I’m here.”

“I can see that.” He raises an eyebrow but can’t hold back a smile. He’s just as excited as Anakin. “Come in.”

“Thank you.”

He walks in the hall and sits down at their usual seat. “How have you been?”

Obi-Wan is thrown off for a second. Usually his subs never ask about his life, and he never asks in return. Quickly he collects himself.

“Good.” He gets tea for himself and coffee for Anakin. “What about you?”

“Horny.”

Obi-Wan nearly drops his cup. “That’s – yeah.”

“Are you going to punish me for that?”

Anakin smiles widely and he wants to say yes, because he has a few things in mind, but he isn’t ready for that yet.

“Not while you’re still new,” Obi-Wan replies. “Count yourself lucky.”

Anakin gives him a hum and takes his coffee from him.

“Remind me I’m going to make you serve it next time.”

“Nah, probably not.”

Obi-Wan sighs. “You’re quite the brat today.”

“Am I?”

He nods. “You are. Drink up your coffee. I think I have exactly what will tame you.”

“Oh?”

“Your fanfictions showed your interest in bondage, didn’t it?”

“I mean,” Anakin says, as he starts playing with his cup, “it wasn’t mine.”

“But it turns you on?”

He starts blushing again. “Yes.”

“Good. Are you interested in trying bondage?”

He nods.
“Very good. I think you’ll like what I have in store then.”

“What is it?”

Obi-Wan shrugs. “You’ll see. Come on up.”

He can nearly feel Anakin’s anticipation as they walk into the guest bedroom. As Obi-Wan gets his favorite rope from the closet – soft but strong – Anakin waits awkwardly for him.

“Go sit down, on the bed.”

He nods, and by the time Obi-Wan has all his rope, he’s sitting on the bed, watching him with big eyes.

“Bondage,” he says, as he sits down on the bed next to Anakin, “is all about giving up power. Being restricted can be very erotic.”

Anakin just nods.

“Have you ever tried it on yourself?”

“I tried, but I couldn’t really tie up my hands with my hands, you know?”

He chuckles. “So only with your ex?”

“Yes. I don’t think she was really into it though.”

“But you were.”

He laughs and his cheeks redden a bit more. “You don’t even wanna know.”

“Oh, I do.”

“Fine.” He looks away. “Oh, this is embarrassing.”

“I won’t tell anyone.”

“You better not.”

His tone changes. “I won’t. I promise.”

“I know.” He swallows. “Okay then.”

“I’m listening.”

“She had my hands tied to the bedframe while she fucked me,” he admits, speaking much quicker than before. “I’ve never cum so hard as that day.”

“Well,” Obi-Wan takes his hand and whispers: “I plan on changing that.”

“Fuck.” He can see Anakin shiver and Obi-Wan can’t help but be proud of himself. “Yes, please.”

“Good.” He shows him the rope. “You want this?”

“Yes.”

Obi-Wan smiles at him, listens to his fastened breathing and asks: “yes?”
Anakin takes a deep breath and nods.

“Use your words.”

“Yes. I want it.”

“Good boy.”

Obi-Wan puts the rope loosely on Anakin’s hands and waits for a reaction. He doesn’t tense up. Good. Slowly, softly, he makes a loop around his both hands, testing the space between his wrist and the rope, and wraps another loop, until he dares tie it up.

“Good?”

Anakin nods. “Yes.”

“Okay.” Obi-Wan gives a slight nudge on the rope. “From here I can lead you anywhere.”

“Yes.” He visibly swallows. “What are you gonna do?”

“That depends. What do you want me to do?”

It takes a while before Anakin replies. “Lead me around?”

“Good choice,” Obi-Wan praises. “You have to learn to be led by someone else.”

He nods and takes a deep breath again.

“Green?”

“Yes,” Anakin replies. “Green.”

Obi-Wan gets up from the bed and nudges on the rope. Anakin obediently gets up and relaxes his arms.

“Very good!”

It only takes the slightest nudge for Anakin to follow him away from the bed and one step behind him. It’s frankly impressive. Obi-Wan looks at him and Anakin looks back with wide eyes.

“You’re doing so well, Anakin. Are you ready to take it one step further?”

“What is it?”

“I’m going to lead you out of this room, and you’re going to follow me.”

He doesn’t reply at first.

“To where?”

“Anywhere I lead. But I promise you nobody will see us.”

Anakin nods slowly. “Okay. If nobody will.’

“I promise.”
Anakin is surprised how willing he is to follow the man around. If Obi-Wan would ask nicely, if he’d praise him like he did before, he’d be obediently follow him to the end of the earth. However, all Obi-Wan asks now is to follow him out of the open door, and a gentle nudge on his ropes tell him to walk. He does so without question.

They enter the hallway and Obi-Wan opens the door to the kitchen. The cups are still on the table, and Obi-Wan gestures him to sit down. He wants to, but then realizes he can’t really take the chair without hands. He lets out a whine and looks at Obi-Wan.

“That’s not easy, is it?”

Anakin shakes his head.

“I’ll do it.” He pulls the chair back. “Sit.”

He sits.

Obi-Wan then pulls his own chair back, without even tugging on the rope, and sits down. Even though Anakin is taller still and he can easily look him in the eye, he doesn’t feel like his equal. And that isn’t even bad.

“How do you feel, Anakin?”

Anakin shrugs. “Good enough, I guess.”

“Are you sure?”

He takes a deep breath. “That’s not the answer you were looking for, was it?”

Obi-Wan shook his head. “Base rule.”

“Honesty.”

He nodded. “So, would good enough be a good description of how you feel?’

“No... I guess not.”

“Tell me then.’

Hundreds of thoughts go through his head, and he can’t find the right words for anything. He turns red and looks away.

“Yes, Anakin?”

“Submissive.”

Obi-Wan smiles. “Very good.”

“Yes?” He lights up. “Was I good?”

“A very good boy.”

Those words light a glowing fire inside his chest. It shouldn’t matter so much, but it does. He’s a good boy. He pleased Obi-Wan!
‘Good boys deserve a reward.’

Anakin’s eyes light up from the fire in his chest. “What’s my reward?”

“This time you get to pick. But,” Obi-Wan notes. “You can only pick one thing.”

“No sex?”

Obi-Wan shakes his head. “Not yet.”

Anakin’s head spins. There’s so much he can ask. He could get spanked again, like the last time, and it was so good the last time. He could ask to be tied up, or to be hurt another way. But there’s something he wants more than all of that.

“There’s something I want…” He looks away, afraid of that everlasting blush.

“What is it, Anakin?”

“There’s – “ He swallows. “There’s something I read.”

“Go on.” When Anakin dares look at him again, Obi-Wan is looking at him, warm and friendly. “Tell me.”

“Well, most subs call their Dom something,” he says. “Sir or mister, or daddy sometimes…”

“So?”

*Like Obi-Wan doesn’t know what he means.*

Anakin swallows again. “Can I call you one of those things?”

Obi-Wan is quiet for a few seconds, and then he nods. “If you continue to be so good, I think I can allow you that.”

He lights up again. “What do I call you?”

“My subs usually called me master,” he says. “I don’t know if that’s something you’d be comfortable with?”

*Master. He hadn’t considered that before.* “Would I be your slave then?”

“No, no,” Obi-Wan replies. “I’m usually more gentle than that. See me as more of a mentor.” He smiles. “A teacher, helping you master BDSM.”

“Okay.” Anakin nods. “I can do that then. I’ll master it.”

Obi-Wan smiles.

“I’ll be the best sub you’ve ever had, master.”

“Such big promises,” Obi-Wan teases. His master now. “Better make them true.”

“I’ll do my best,” he says, “master.”

He didn’t even consider calling Obi-Wan master before, but now he has tasted the word on his lips he knows it fits more than anything. His master, leading him on the way of kink. What a delicious foresight that is.
“Do you want me to untie you now?”

He nods. He doesn’t mind it, he realizes, not even outside of sex, although it has turned him on quite a bit. But he likes learning. He likes handing his master a bit of power, even if that’s just the power of taking a seat.

Obi-Wan’s skilled hands quickly untie him, and he watches the ropes fall down on the ground. His master takes his wrist and gently massages them.

“All okay?”

He nods. “Felt good.”

“How do you feel about calling me master?”

“I…” He feels the blush creeping back up. “I liked it.”

“You don’t have to call me master outside of play,” Obi-Wan says. “However, sometimes I might give you homework. How do you feel about that?”

“Homework? Please tell me it’s not reading.”

He laughs. “No, more… interesting, sexy things.”

“Then I’m all up for it.”

Obi-Wan smiles. “And how do you feel? Still horny?”

“Well,” he laughs, looking down at his crotch, “I think yes.”

“Hmmm,” Obi-Wan’s hand creeps up his leg. “Maybe we should help you with that.”

He gasps as the feeling grows stronger and stronger. Is his master making him masturbate right here? In the kitchen? Or is he going to…

“Do you want relief, Anakin?”

He nods.

“Up then.”

Obi-Wan leads him up towards the guest bedroom and for a moment he wishes he was still bound, so Obi-Wan could pull him onwards and make him come. But it’s not necessary. He wants to be here more than anything.

“What are we going to do, master?”

He chuckles. “Well, Anakin, it’s a surprise.”

“Not fair,” he whines.

“Oh, you’ll see soon enough.”

The anticipation is killing him. Is he going to spank him again maybe? Or will he have to masturbate in front of him? Or is his master going to really touch him? That’d be amazing.

“Sit down.”
Anakin obeys immediately.

“Good boy.”

“So,” Obi-Wan is still standing as he walks over to the nightstand. He hums and takes out some lube, handing it over to Anakin. “Remember what we did last week?”

He nods. “You made me masturbate.”

“You seemed to have enjoyed that.”

He blushes. “Well… yes.”

“We’re going to do that again. Only this time I tell you exactly how.”

He swallows. “What do you mean, master?”

“It means you’re taking off your pants and let me control your hand.”

A swarm of butterflies takes off in his stomach. “Yes, master.”

In a haze he unbuttons his jeans and lets it fall down on the floor. He looks over to Obi-Wan before pulling off his underwear, but he just nods.

“Go ahead. I’ve already seen your cock.”

Fuck. That’s true.

He dumps his underwear on the floor and looks over to Obi-Wan with a permanent blush.

“Good boy.” He smiles. “Very good.”

“Thank you, master.”

“Now lay down and show me your pretty body.”

Anakin nods and takes a deep breath before he sprawls himself out over the covers. His cock is standing right up, and half naked like this, he feels very much on display.

“You can rub your thighs now.”

He groans in displeasure, but does as his master says anyway. His cock is twitching and just begging to be touched. He feels the touch of his hands so much stronger now his master is looking down at him.

“Good boy. Giving me a nice show, aren’t you?”

He groans but doesn’t touch his cock. He must be obedient.

“Anakin?”

“Yes, master,” he replies. “I am giving you a show.”

“Good boy.”

“Now you can touch your balls.”
His hands shoot up and as soon as they touch his balls a shot of pleasure goes through him. He fondles them, rolls them through his hands and looks up to his master, wondering if he’s happy with the show.

“Good boy. You look very pretty for me.”

He whines.

“What do you want, Anakin?”

“Please, master,” he says, “let me touch my cock.”

He hums and then nods. “Put your hands by the base.”

Another flutter of pleasure as he obeys. He hates it, loves it, loves obeying his master.

“Showing off that cock, aren’t you?”

He moans and nods. “I am, master,” he says, unable to stop himself. “I am.”

“Now you can slowly stroke it.”

Anakin whines in protest, but still does what Obi-Wan asked of him, making slow movements up and down, even though his hands want to go faster, no, not just his hands, his entire body is begging him for it. Still, Obi-Wan’s words are enough to keep him obedient.

“Good boy,” he says. “You look so good like this.”

He groans but doesn’t reply. He doesn’t know if he’s feeling sexy or hot or humiliated, he just wants Obi-Wan to call him a good boy again.

“Master,” he moans.

“Yes, Anakin?”

“Let me go faster, please?”

The time it takes for him to answer seems like ages. Then, finally he says:

“I allow you, but only because you’ve been so good.”

“Thank you!” he says, immediately pumping faster. “Thank you so much, master.”

It doesn’t take long for him to get to the brink of coming, and he can hardly hold back.

“Master,” he says, “let me cum, please, may I, please?”

“You may.”

Obi-Wan has barely finished before he cums all over his naked legs in a more intense orgasm than usual. The waiting, the anticipation… it really has done something to him.

“Thank you,” he says again. “Thank you, master.”
Anakin has made a mess again, and Obi-Wan shakes his head.

“Oh Anakin, shall I get a paper towel again?”

He blushes and nods, as Obi-Wan gets a towel from the bed stand.

“Made quite a mess, didn’t you?” he asks, sitting down next to him. “How did that feel?”

It takes a second for him to reply. “It felt good. Yeah.”

“Is touch okay?”

Anakin nods and Obi-Wan puts a hand on his shoulder. “You did amazing, Anakin.”

“Thank you, master.”

“How are you now?”

“A mess.” Anakin wipes a bit of cum off his thigh. “Inside and out.”

Obi-Wan rubs Anakin’s arm and then his back, and in one swift movement Anakin is leaning on his shoulder.

“Talk to me, Anakin.”

“I’m fine, Obi-Wan,” he says. “Really. I just need to… need to breathe.”

“You can.” He strokes his back and Anakin shifts his head a little. “You’re safe with me.”

“I know.”

Anakin sits upright and puts his pants back again after a few seconds. “So…”

“Yeah.”

“I should go back home now.”

Obi-Wan nods and gets up to open the bedroom door. “I’ll let you out.”

“Thank you.”

The rest of the walk is quiet. He can feel Anakin’s eyes staring at him, but he doesn’t look back at him. Only when he opens the door, he speaks.

“Don’t forget to text me when you get home.”

“Yes,” he says. “Okay, master.”

It’s a shock to hear Anakin say it outside, in the open, but the wave of excitement that goes through him is enticing too.

“I’ll hold you to that.”

Anakin smiles one last time and then steps outside, waving at him before Obi-Wan closes the door. With Anakin gone, the last bit of life around the house disappears again, and normal life resumes.
There's a documentary he wanted to watch, there's responsibilities to be attained to. Now, Anakin is no longer his only responsibility. His entire own life is waiting up. It'll feel normal again by tomorrow, but there's one thing he must admit: he missed kink.

He tends to the dishes before watching the documentary, and while his hands are still wet, his phone buzzes. Anakin? Self-restraint, Kenobi. Later.

Sitting back on the couch, he opens the message and smiles.

*Hey master, I'm good. Thanks for today*

The rush of being called master is back, the mundanity of the documentary forgotten for a second. Anakin likes this. He really does. And he's getting so good already, so polite and obedient, thanking him, calling him master…

*Good to hear, Anakin. You're welcome. Will I see you next week?*

He almost immediately replies. He really has learned.

*Yes, master.*
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

It is time for more smut my dudes sit back and enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He must admit, Anakin has been looking forward to this day all week. His head has been spinning with memories and fantasies, but now that he’s here, he’s nervous again. It seems like every time they went a little further, so much that it didn’t make him uncomfortable, but still scary. Looking back at the memories of masturbating in front of Obi-Wan, of being spanked and led around, he can’t help but blush. It’s embarrassing but oh so exciting. And Obi-Wan… He couldn’t do this with anyone else. He makes him feel so safe in this crazy thing. How it’s even possible to feel safe when you get hurt, he doesn’t know. But it’s true.

It takes a second of collecting himself before ringing the doorbell. They might both know very well why they’re here, but that doesn’t mean anyone here knows. It feels like their own dirty secret. He wonders what the neighbors think.

“Hello Anakin.”

Obi-Wan opens the door looking put together as usual. How many sweaters can one guy have?

“Hey,” Anakin replies.

“Come in.”

Obi-Wan’s home still feels a bit like the first time, big and empty, but now even the look of the hallway makes butterflies appear in his stomach. It’s like Obi-Wan always has a plan for them, and he wonders what it’ll be today.

“Coffee?”

“Yes, please.”

They walk into the kitchen and Obi-Wan makes two cups: coffee for Anakin, tea for himself. The butterflies will not be drowned though, and Anakin wants two things: go into the bedroom right now and not go into that bedroom at all.

“I’m glad you messaged me last week.”

“Yeah.” He frowns. “Sorry about the week before.”

“It’s okay.” Obi-Wan places his cup before him. “I just worry, you know? I have a certain responsibility.”

“I know.”

“Glad you do.” He smiles. “I hope you liked it?”
He blushes. “You have no idea.”

“Oh?” Obi-Wan’s gentle smile makes place for a smirk. “Do tell.”

He doesn’t want to, but somehow he does anyway. His hand curls tightly around his cup, and he bites his lip. “Well,” he says, “I’ve been having fantasies all week.”

“About what?”

You. “What you might do to me today.”

“What are you hoping for?”

“I… Do I have to?”

He shakes his head and his voice gets gentle again. “Never. But there’s no need to be ashamed around me.”

“Okay.” He nods slowly. “I hope there’s more rope. Or maybe spanking again. Or both?”

Obi-Wan just laughs. “Do you want to come upstairs and find out?”

This time Obi-Wan doesn’t need to pull on a rope to make Anakin follow him. He follows him right into the bedroom, where he’s prepared the bondage rope already. They sit down on the bed, and without even having to ask him, Anakin holds out his hands for Obi-Wan to put the rope around.

“This is a knot you’re already familiar with,” Obi-Wan says. “This is what I tied you with last week. That feels okay?”

Anakin nods.

“Use your words.”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, master.”

“Good.” Obi-Wan gently rubs over his hands. “Remember what I said, Anakin. You’ve earned the privilege to call me your master, but it comes with responsibilities.”

“With great power comes great responsibility,” Anakin says. “Master.”

Obi-Wan shakes his head. “I don’t know whether to call you good or not.”

“Whatever gets me tied to the bed quicker, Master.”

“If I didn’t know you enjoyed spanking so much, I’d give you a long, hard spanking now.”

Anakin turns a deep red. “Yes, master.”
“I might do it anyway because you have such a nice butt.”

“Thank you, master?”


Anakin obeys without question, and when Obi-Wan gives him the smallest push he lies down on his back, his arms bound up above his head.

“Somebody is good today,” Obi-Wan says. “Maybe I’ll spank you as a reward.”

“Please, master.”

Obi-Wan smiles again and as he climbs on top of him, he can feel how hard Anakin is. He takes his hands and makes a knot, fastening him to the bedframe.

“Move your arms.”

Anakin tries but he doesn’t get very far before he feels the pull of the rope.

“How does that feel?”

He swallows. “Helpless.”

Obi-Wan smiles. “You’re good?”

Anakin nods. “Yes.”

“Good.” Obi-Wan shifts, changing positions to sit down on his lap. “You’re hard.”

He can only nod in response. “What are you gonna do to me?”

“Nothing.”

Anakin’s eyes widen and he whines. “But… you can’t do that!”

“And why not?”

“Because…” He doesn’t know what to say.

“I don’t owe you anything, Anakin. Understood?”

Anakin’s resistance breaks down in that moment. “Yes, master. I understand.”

“And,” Obi-Wan’s voice goes softer, “neither do you owe me.”

“Yes, master.”

“What would you want me to do, Anakin?”

He whines. “I…”

“Well?”

“Touch me?” Anakin finally tries. “Master?”

“Where would you like to be touched, Anakin?”
Anakin pulls on the ropes, but they don’t give in. Obi-Wan looks at him, his face just a curious smile. He’s blushing, but he cannot hide.

“My cock,” he says, his face heating up even further as he speaks. “Please, master.”

“Okay, Anakin.”

He can see the change in Anakin’s face as soon as he says yes, and he relishes in it. He hadn’t planned it, but there’s something about Anakin he just can’t say no to. Maybe it’s the pouty lips or the blue eyes looking up helplessly, but he just has to help out.

“Can I take it out, Anakin?”

He nods. “Please, master.”

Anakin whines as soon as he even touches his clothed crotch. He nearly forgot how much he loves the sound of whiny subs, and he smiles as he unzips his pants and pulls the hard cock out.

“Master,” Anakin whines. “Please.”

“You love this, don’t you?” Obi-Wan says, watching Anakin’s expression change. “Admit it.”

“Yes, master, please.”

“What do you want?”

“Touch me, please, master, please.”

That’s enough for him. Obi-Wan puts his hand around Anakin’s cock and slowly starts pumping. Anakin’s whines make it so much better, and the look on his face is like a piece of art.

“You like that, don’t you?”

“Yes, master, I do.”

Anakin fights in his bindings and pushes his cock towards him, so eager for more, more pleasure, more Obi-Wan.

“I expect a thank you.”

“Thank you,” Anakin moans. “Thank you for touching me, master.”

“That’s a good boy.”

Anakin reacts with a groan. “Master,” he says, “I’m gonna cum, master.”

“You’re allowed to, Anakin.”

He moans one last time before spraying over himself and over Obi-Wan’s hand. The tenseness of his body fades and he lays back and finally relaxes.

“Master,” he whispers. “Thank you, master.”
It’s like waking up from a dream, a wet one, because he’s all sticky and wet. Oh, and his hands are still tied to the headboard. That part is quite unusual.

“Are you okay, Anakin?”

He nods and pulls on the ropes a little. Now that he’s gotten off, the ropes no longer turn him on, they’re just annoying.

“Let me go, master?”

“Of course.”

Obi-Wan bends over and unties the ropes, first from the headboard and then his hands.

“How do your hands feel?”

He moves them a bit. “I think they’re fine.”

“Hmm.” Obi-Wan takes his hands in his and Anakin looks up at him in confusion, until he starts massaging them. “They feel good, yes.”

“Told you so.”

“You’d tell me if I bound you too tightly, right?”

Anakin nods. “Of course, master.”

“Good.”

“Master?” Anakin looks down at his messy lap. “Do you have one of those paper towels?”

He chuckles and steps off of him, opening the bedside drawer to get another one. Anakin takes it with an awkward grin on his face, pushes himself up and dabs his now stained shirt.

“Well, glad I have a jacket,” he says. “Oh. Oh shit.”

“What is it?”

“Well,” he says, wiping his shirt like mad. “My roommate is home and she’s not stupid.”

“No way to sneak past her?”

“Past Ahsoka?” He laughs. “No. No way. She’ll know something’s up.”

“I could wash it for you?”

“But then I don’t have a shirt.”

“You can borrow one of mine.”

He stops to think for a second, but he really seems to have no other choice. “Okay, fine.”

“You think your roommate will buy it?”

Anakin shrugs. “It’s better than arriving shirtless, don’t you think?”

He chuckles. “She might suspect something then, yes.”
Obi-Wan disappears out of the door and Anakin zips his pants back up and evaluates the damage. The worst bit is on his shirt. Yeah, he probably couldn’t have expected Obi-Wan to aim like he can do himself.

“Do you even have shirts?” he yells over at the other room. “I only see you wearing sweaters.”

“Very funny, Anakin. Remember you need something from me.”

He laughs. “Fine.”

When Obi-Wan comes back, it’s with a perfect black T-shirt, probably meant to be worn under a dress shirt, lacking cartoon references or nonsense text. Boring, in summary.

“Oh come on, I’d never wear this.”

Obi-Wan shrugs. “I won’t comment on your fashion sense.”

“Ahsoka already does.”

“I’m sure she does.”

Anakin decides he has to wear either this shirt or a cum stained shirt, and well, he’d rather wear a spotless black one than have Ahsoka wonder what those white stains are. He takes off his shirt and smiles when he sees Obi-Wan peeking at him.

“Like what you see?”

Obi-Wan raises an eyebrow. “Just wondering if that shirt is going to fit you.”

“Sure,” Anakin says, but soon enough he finds Obi-Wan’s concerns were valid. The fabric is tight around his chest and a bit too short. He feels like one of those bro types he sees at the gym sometimes.

“Well.” Obi-Wan laughs. “Maybe skip the gym once in a while?”

“Never.” He huffs. “Can’t help I have the perfect body.”

“You got the perfect butt for spanking, that’s what you have.”

Anakin feels the heat rising to his cheeks. He can’t believe Obi-Wan can shut him up with just that. That’s just unfair.

Obi-Wan must admit, Anakin looks absolutely gorgeous in his shirt. Having an attractive sub certainly is a perk of this job, and Anakin is one of the most attractive people he’s ever seen. However, the thing is, he knows it. Anakin’s body, his curls and his big blue eyes make him nearly perfect, and if he had not gone to see Qui-Gon first, everyone in the club would probably have been all over him.

Anakin is not his type though. He’s just too pretty, and his probably excessive use of the gym and brash attitude… No. He reminds him a bit of Quin and how had that ended? Well, in good sex, but they’d never been intellectual partners as he and Satine had been. Satine and he had been adults. She
may never have been kinky, but still… it had felt like a power struggle in a way, and he should have known that would never have ended well.

“Master?”

He blinks and Anakin is standing right in front of him. Right. Anakin. His sub.

“Yeah, I’m…”

“Something wrong?”

He smiles and shakes his head. “No. Don’t worry about it.”

Anakin pauses for a second. “Okay. Thanks for the shirt,” he says, pulling it down as far as he can. “Maybe this’ll at least allow me to sneak away to my room.”

“Take it with you next week, okay?”

He nods. “What about my shirt?”

“I’ll wash it. I’m sure I’ll be able to tell yours from mine.”

“Really?”

He raises an eyebrow. “I’m pretty sure. Mine don’t say University of Dallas 1949, because that makes no sense.”

“But it was cheap.”

“I bet.”

Anakin smiles. “I look better in this. Thanks for that.”

With a exasperated sigh he shakes his head. “Sure.”

“I gotta go now.”

“I’ll let you out.”

Anakin opens the door as quietly as he can, praying Ahsoka will be in her own room instead of their shared living room. No such luck. She’s playing a video game on the couch. Maybe she’ll be focused and…

“Hey Skyguy.”

He freezes. “Hey.”

She hasn’t taken her eyes off the game yet. “Where have you been?”

“Friend.”

“Ah yeah,” she chuckles, and then groans in frustration at the game. “Friend.”
“What do you mean?”

Anakin forgets his goal for a second, and Ahsoka looks up and her eyes widen.

“That’s not your shirt.”

He blushes. “Yes, it is.”

“No. It’s like three sizes too small.”

Anakin shrugs. “That’s so you can see my gains.”

She groans in response. “I got more gains than you, Anakin. Quit the bullshit. You trying to impress that friend of yours?”

“Well…”

“No,” she says, as if talking to herself, “you weren’t wearing this when you left.”

“I was!”

She raises her hand and Anakin immediately stops. “Hush. I’m thinking. So that’s their shirt. Obviously not a girls shirt, so your friend is a guy. And you’re fucking him.”

He just stares at her. “Fuck.”

“Yes, that. So when are you going to introduce me to your boyfriend?”

“I’m not – he’s not my boyfriend!”

“So why are you in his shirt?”

“I’m…” He groans. “It’s complicated, okay?”

She raises her eyebrows. “Complicated?”

“I can’t…” How is he ever supposed to explain what’s going on between them? Ahsoka may be nineteen, but he still deems her too young for… this.

“Well?”

“We’re friends with benefits. Sort of. I don’t know if we’re friends.”

“Acquaintances with benefits?”

“Yeah.” His laugh is a relief. “Something like that.”

She shakes her head. “You’re unbelievable, skyguy. Why can’t you just have a boyfriend like everyone else?”

“Because I’m me.”

He relaxes a bit more. Of course he can’t tell Ahsoka the whole story, but this will do for now. It won’t explain everything, but yes, acquaintances with benefits. It’s not really a lie. He sits down on the couch next to her.

“So how’s your love life?”
She laughs. “Your distractions are too obvious.”

“I think you’re the one trying to distract me.”

“Nah ah, skyguy. Tell me more about that mysterious acquaintance of yours. How did you even meet him?”

“I met him in a club. Tell me, do you have a girlfriend yet? What was that girl you were talking to called again?”

“Barriss. Stop distracting me. When do you ever go out?”

“I go out!”

“What’s he like?”

“Hot. What’s Barriss like?”

Ahsoka sighs. “Hot won’t do. Is he a student?”

“I – No.” He blushes and his eyes dart to his lap. “He’s a little older.”

“Oh, do you have a sugar daddy thing going on here?”

“No!”

“Wouldn’t surprise me anymore.” She sighs. “You could, you know. You’re pretty. Even I can see that.”

“Shut up, snips.”

“Like you don’t know.”

“I’m going to change shirts.”

She laughs. “You do that. You look like one of those douches in the gym that shout sexual harassment at girls and take selfies.”

“Rude!” he says as he walks to his room. “I’d never do that. The sexual harassment part.”

“I know, skyguy. I follow your Instagram.”

“Unfollow me,” he says, shutting the door before Ahsoka can make her rebuttal.

With a sigh he falls down on his bed and takes out his phone.

Dont think she bought it

Chapter End Notes

so since this is basically just a self indulgent smut fest, hit me with requests! I don't plan this, so if you got something you wanna see, I might put it in!
Anakin comes over that day with a big smile on his face, and a plastic bag in his hand.

“Hi master.”

Obi-Wan gestures at him to come in. “Welcome.”

“What have you planned for me today?” he asks. “Oh, and I got your shirt.”

He lays it down on the table and grins at him.

“Not so fast, Anakin.” Obi-Wan takes the shirt and smiles. “You washed it.”

“Of course.”

“Thank you.”

“She didn’t buy it?”

Anakin shakes his head and leans his butt on the table. “Nope. Told her we were *acquaintances with benefits*.”

Obi-Wan laughs. “Not friends?”

“I mean,” he shrugs. “Are we friends? We basically just… you know.”

“You’re welcome to come over and watch a documentary sometime.”

He shudders. “Only if you spank me during.”

“Oh? Now you’re asking for it.”

“For what?”

“Get your pretty ass upstairs.”

Anakin lays down over his lap, and Obi-Wan pulls his pants down to reveal his naked ass.

“I’m going to be spanking you with my hand now,” he says. “You’ll be spanked five times and you’re going to count for me.”

“Yes, master.”

Obi-Wan rubs Anakin’s ass to prepare him first. He has a great ass, he must admit, firm and round,
perfect for spanking. What a pleasure. He lifts up his hand and lets it go, hitting his ass with a satisfying smack.

Anakin moans and gasps. “One, master.”

He can take a little harder, Obi-Wan decides. Once again he lets his hand smack his beautiful ass, watching it jiggle.

“Two, master.”

“Does that feel good, Anakin?”

“Yes, master, so good.”

Obi-Wan wants to smack again, but changes his mind and asks: “do you want it harder, Anakin?”

“Yes!” he says. “Yes, please, master.”

He raises up again and smacks harder, spanking the air out of Anakin’s lungs. He moans harder and then says, out of breath:

“Three, master. Thank you, master.”

“Good boy.”

Another slap on his ass and Anakin can’t stop wiggling on his lap, and Obi-Wan can feel his cock grow.

“Four, master. Please, harder, master.”

The fifth one comes down hard and Anakin yelps in pain. “Five, master, thank you so much.”

His ass is nice and red by now, and Obi-Wan hopes it’ll form bruises. Maybe he should ask Anakin to take pictures. Later.

“You can come off now, Anakin.”

He steps off and whines as he pulls his jeans back up. The bulge in his pants is hard to miss, and Obi-Wan must admit he himself has gotten pretty hard too.

“Can you touch me again, master?” Anakin says, “Please?”

Obi-Wan thinks about it. He has already given Anakin so much: the spanking he’s been begging for, for so long, the handjob last week… Anakin needs to learn he needs to earn his pleasures.

“How do you plan to earn it?”

Anakin swallows. “Earn?”

“You have to earn it, Anakin.”

He thinks about it for a second. “I’ll do anything, master.”

“What will you do?”

“I can pleasure you too, master!” he says. “I can give you a handjob. Or a blowjob, master.”
Obi-Wan raises an eyebrow. “You want to blow me?”

“I – I’ve never blown anyone before, but I want to learn, master.”

The offer is tempting. “Check the drawer for condoms, Anakin.”

Anakin swallows and nods, making his way over to the drawer in a haze. Is he really going to do this? Is it going to happen? He doesn’t know what to do, he’s always been with women before, how is he –

No, it’s okay. He’s safe with his master.

The condoms are in the upper drawer, and he takes just one, taking a deep breath.

“What are they there?”

Anakin nods. “I got one.”

“Over here, please.”

“I’m coming, master.”

He fidgets with the condom as he walks back to Obi-Wan. He sits on the bed with his legs spread, his pants still on, but with a clear hard-on. He seems calm though. If Anakin couldn’t see the bulge in his pants, there would be nothing else giving away his arousal.

“Green, Anakin?”

Anakin nods. “Just nervous.”


“Okay.”

“Okay what?”

“Okay, master,” he corrects.

“Good boy.” Obi-Wan spreads his legs a bit more. “Go sit between my legs, please.”

Anakin obeys wordlessly, sitting down on his knees, looking up at his master. It might be the most submissive, excited and nervous he’s ever felt, all at the same time. His stomach turns and he swallows again. He can do this. He wants to do this. He really does.

“Good boy.” Obi-Wan reaches out to him and pets his hair slowly. “I really appreciate this, Anakin.”

His fingers glide down to his chin, gently nudging it up to force Anakin to look up, into his eyes.

“You’re safe.”

“I know, master.”
“If you want to stop, you tap my leg, okay?”

Anakin nods as much as he can. “Yes, master.”

“You can take my cock out now.”

His heart beats wildly. He’s never seen another one in real life. Sure, he’s seen some porn, but really holding one, sucking one… it must be different. His hands even shake a little when he opens Obi-Wan’s pants and take his hard cock out. It feels just like his own, except a little bigger. And, he realizes, he really wants to put his lips around it.

“Condom, Anakin.”

“Yes, master,” he says, tearing the package open and putting it around Obi-Wan’s cock. It’s just as easy as doing it to himself, he realizes. Obi-Wan reacts with a little groan.

Anakin takes it in one hand and gently licks the tip, looking up at Obi-Wan. His expression changes a little, and Anakin smiles and licks a little more. What would happen if he wrapped his lips around it now?

“Can I take it in my mouth?”

“Take as much as you want, Anakin.”

He doesn’t hesitate this time, wraps his lips around Obi-Wan’s cock and slowly but surely lets it glide into his mouth, filling him up. Obi-Wan moans this time, and Anakin feels a hand gripping his hair.

“Anakin. Yes.”

That encourages him to go faster. Obi-Wan’s nails bury themselves in Anakin’s scalp, turning him on even more. Anakin’s moans on his cock and encourages himself to take a little more, until he has his mouth all filled up. He pulls back and licks the tip again, before Obi-Wan gently pushes him back on his cock.

“You’re doing so good,” he moans. “So good.”

Anakin gleams with pride, and goes faster, using his tongue to work the tip and his mouth to work the rest, everything else forgotten. All that’s left to care about is helping his master to cum. That’s why he’s here: to pleasure his master. He takes more and more until he chokes a little, and then licks again, takes it again, and Obi-Wan reacts with louder and louder moans until he grips his hair even harder and cums in the condom, his cock softening. He pulls Anakin off slowly, smiling down at him.

“You did so good, Anakin.”

“Thank you, master,” he replies.

“Did you enjoy it?”

He nods. “Very much, master.”

“I’m so proud of you,” Obi-Wan says. “Do you want to undress for me now?”

Anakin swallows and nods. It’s not over yet then.
When Obi-Wan is back from throwing away the condom, Anakin is naked and shivering a little. Obi-Wan smiles and nods.

“That’s a good boy.”

Anakin’s body is beautiful: thin, but still lean enough to show he does work out. His curls fall beautifully, all ruffled, and he breathes quickly.

“Have you ever had anything in your ass?”

He reddens and looks away. “Yes, master.”

Obi-Wan can’t help but smile. He’s not as innocent as he looks then. “What was it?”

“Fingers.”

“Your own?”

Anakin groans. “Yes, master,” he admits after a few seconds.

“Good boy.”

Anakin’s eyes light up again and he smiles. He seems like a puppy sometimes, so excited to be good for him.

“On your hands and knees now, Anakin. On the bed.”

He swallows. This is new. This whole day is so new and he doesn’t know if he can do it. He doesn’t want to disappoint Obi-Wan, so he walks up to the bed and sits down on his knees, moving to the position slowly. Something feels wrong though. It feels… He doesn’t want this, he wants…

“Red!”

Oh, he remembered, thank god he remember. For a second nothing happens, but then his arms give in under him and he gasps.

“Anakin?”

He takes a shaky breath. “Yeah?”

“Are you okay? Can I touch you?”

He nods, his face in the bed, and he feels… He feels so many things, but most of all, he wants to cry.

“I’m sorry, master,” he says, and his voice feels so weak.

“It’s okay,” Obi-Wan gently rubs his shoulder. “Do you want a blanket?”
Anakin nods again, finding his fingers buried in the bed. He’s cold, suddenly, and vulnerable. But Obi-Wan drapes a blanket over him and the cold goes away.

“Do you want to come here?”

Movement is hard, but all he wants to do is be comforted, to cry and be with Obi-Wan. He must be so disappointed in him…

He pushes himself up, and Obi-Wan is waiting there for him, sitting on the edge of the bed. He looks at him with big worried eyes.

“It’s all okay, Anakin,” he says, his voice softer than he’s ever heard. “You’re okay.”

He blinks away the tears. “What’s happening?”

“Sub drop. Do you want to be held right now?”

He wants nothing more. “Yes. Please.”

“Come.” Obi-Wan pats his lap and Anakin comes closer, laying his head on Obi-Wan’s chest, listening to his heartbeat. Obi-Wan’s hands comb through his hair gently, and he feels his breaths evening out. “It’s okay, Anakin.”

He shudders. “Thank you.”

Anakin had expected his dom to wear leather all the time, but instead he’s wearing a soft beige sweater Anakin wants to bury himself in. there’s only the sweater now, Obi-Wan’s heartbeat and the gentle fingers in his hair.

“Are you mad at me, master?” he finally dares to ask.

“Of course I’m not. You did so well today.”

Obi-Wan’s other hand settles on his waist, and he pulls Anakin closer. “Don’t ever think I’ll be mad about you stopping us, Anakin.”

“No?”

“I’m proud.”

Anakin doesn’t reply, just lets Obi-Wan comb through his hair and pet him. He’s never been in this position before, or not for a long time. Not since… He’s never trusted anyone like this since then.

“I’m proud because you were honest, and showed me your limits. If I’ve crossed any boundaries, I apologize. I never want to hurt you.”

He buries his head deeper into Obi-Wan’s chest. “Just hold me?”

He should have warned Anakin about this. He should have told him, but he’d stupidly assumed he already knew. He shouldn’t have pushed him so far. Now all he can do is hold him and hope he’ll be okay. That he won’t hate him.
“Of course,” he whispers to the boy in his arms.

He looks so delicate and fragile now, here, with his nose buried in his sweater, crying silently. Obi-Wan wants to pull him even closer, but he’s afraid he’ll break him, tear his skin and make him fall apart. He needs to hold him, comb through his hair and hope.

“It’s okay, Anakin,” he says. “You’re safe with me.”

He just hopes Anakin agrees with that.

“I know,” Anakin whispers into his sweater. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry,” Obi-Wan replies. “It’s okay. You did so well, you’re so good, Anakin.”

Anakin moves around a little more, and for a second Obi-Wan sees a smile.

“I’m so proud, Anakin. So, so proud of you.”

A little sob comes from Anakin’s body and he trembles a bit. Obi-Wan moves the blanket up to his shoulder and asks:

“Better?”

Anakin moves away and looks up slowly. “Can I take a shower, master?”


He gets up, holding the blanket tightly around his body. “Thank you.”

They walk past a few doors and Obi-Wan lets the shivering Anakin into the bathroom, provides him with a soft towel and smiles softly at him. “I’ll see you soon?”

“Yeah.” Anakin steps in and drops the blanket. “Won’t be long.”

Obi-Wan sighs, as soon as he left the bathroom. Anakin wasn’t the only sub to ever call it to a stop, but somehow it felt more severe this time. More serious. He never wanted to hurt anyone, or at least not… damage someone, but with Anakin just now… Maybe he should have taken this slower. There was something about him, he could feel it, that there was more to this than just kink. The way Anakin buried his nose in his sweater, how he begged to hold him… Something had changed. This had peeled away a layer and now he was there, open and vulnerable. He wanted nothing more to protect the man he’d seen. He walked back into the guest bedroom and got Anakin’s clothes out, folding them up and placing them in front of the bathroom door. He might already have seen him naked, getting in felt like an invasion.

“Your clothes are by the door, Anakin. Meet me downstairs?”

It took a second. “Yes.”

The streams of warm water that usually cleared his head don’t do their work. No matter how long he
stays and breathes in and out, after all this, he just wants to be back in Obi-Wan’s arms. To feel loved. To feel calm and cared for. It hasn’t been like that for so long. Not since he were ten, not since mom…

He closes his eyes and turns off the shower, only to be assaulted by cold air immediately. He shivers and takes the towel Obi-Wan had prepared for him and dries himself off. His boner is gone now, so that problem has been solved at least. But he’s different than when he came here, different from how he usually leaves. Now he just feels cold and vulnerable, like he’ll have to walk out in nothing but skin, like everyone would see the scars on his body. Of who he was and who he no longer is. He’s stronger now, right? Stronger than when mom… when mom died. When Watto took over and then Cliegg, but he never…

No. This is not why he’s here. He’s not here to cuddle and cry, he’s not ten anymore. This is purely professional. He’s here to learn and then go back to the club and have more fun. Right?

Right. Get out now, Anakin.

He takes the clothes, puts it all on and hopes his eyes won’t show any puffiness. Obi-Wan told him to meet him downstairs, and so he would.

“Hello Anakin.”

He smiles. “Hey.”

“Do you like hot chocolate? I know you’re not into tea and I don’t like giving you coffee after what happened.”

Anakin nods. “Yeah. I like hot chocolate.”

He sits down and blows in the warm beverage, trying to ignore the worried looks Obi-Wan was sending his way.

“Anakin?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you okay?”

He nods. “I’m fine.”

He’s not fine. He wants what they had before. He can still see the wetness of his tears in Obi-Wan’s sweater, but he pretends not to notice. He pretends it never happened.

“Anakin, sub drop is totally normal. You don’t have to be ashamed.”

He looks away, at his cup. “I know. I’ve read about it.”

“If I pushed you too far…”

He shakes his head. “You didn’t. You’re fine.” He manages to smile a bit. “You’ve been very good to me.”

Why? He finds himself asking. I don’t even pay you.

“So have you,” Obi-Wan replies. “I’ve been enjoying it.”
“Me too.”

“But if you don’t want to continue, I understand.”

Anakin’s gaze shoots up. “No! I mean, yes, I mean… Of course I want to continue.”

Obi-Wan visibly relaxes. “I’m very glad to hear that.”

Anakin sipped the last of his hot chocolate and put it down. “I have to go now.”

“Anakin,” Obi-Wan says. “You can stay.”

Yes! Let me stay. “No,” comes out of his mouth instead. “I have… I got a paper I need to work on.”

“Oh.” He nods. “I understand then.”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll see you next week?”

“Yes.” Anakin walks towards the door. “Next week.”

Chapter End Notes

Anakin, you fucking idiot, STAY. Anyway, let me know if the system I use for trigger warnings now works for you, if there’s something you want tagged or warned about, I’ll make sure I make that happen! Thanks for the comments and kudos again, everyone!

Requests are still open. I’ve also thought about writing some side stories in this universe, but I don’t have a tumblr account since that site is a mess. Let me know if you’re interested and what kind of social media you use.
Chapter 6

Anakin clutches his jacket around him. It’s getting cold and he still doesn’t have a new coat. He should, but he doesn’t dare ask Cliegg for more money. He can’t imagine how broke he’d be right now if Obi-Wan had asked for payment. Maybe he’d seen it, how poor he is. He hopes not. He hopes Obi-Wan… well, he hopes he did it because he really wanted to. Anakin looks back at the warm house one last time, recalling the memory of lying in his arms and suddenly he feels so empty. He shivers and gets his phone from his warm pocket, scrolling through his list until he sees Padmé.

Do you wanna talk?

Only when he’s back at home does he get a message back. He dumps his jacket on a nearby chair and sighs. Ahsoka isn’t here, and he’s glad too. He can’t take any more of her questions.

What’s wrong, Ani?

He doesn’t even know where to start. He hadn’t told her about Obi-Wan and the club, out of fear she’d judge him. But on the other hand, it had been Padmé that had been so open and sweet about his kinks and she had tied him up too. He swallows and texts back:

Long story but I started seeing this guy as a sort of kinky friends with benefits relationship and I safeworded out and I cried and now I feel bad?

It takes only a few seconds to get a reply.

Omg, Ani.

He sighs.

I know I know but can you come by? I feel so bad

Despite their promise to stay friends, he still feels weird about inviting Padmé in to talk about his sex life. A sex life that is no longer theirs, hasn’t been that in a while, but still. Ex-girlfriend. Strange.

I’ll be right over.

He paces through the living room as he waits. What will she say? Why did he even bother her? She’s probably busy with the campaign and the last thing she needs is her ex-boyfriend texting her because he had kinky sex with a guy he’s in some strange arrangement with. Maybe he should have stayed with Obi-Wan, but… he didn’t want to bother him either. Crying on his sweater had been enough already. Enough of his mess. They’re there to fuck, not to chat about his childhood. He’s his master, not his therapist. Like he could afford a therapist…

He’s pulled out of his thoughts by the sound of the doorbell. Padmé’s here. It’s been a while since she was here. He walks into the hallway and opens the door.

“Hey.”

She’s beautiful as always, her curly hair styled as if by a hairdresser and the make-up she must have been wearing all day unsmudged. If they hadn’t been such a disaster together…
“Hi Ani.”

He smiles awkwardly. “So…”

“Yeah.” She steps towards him, and Anakin lets her in quickly. “You told me quite the story.”

“It sure is something.”

Padmé sits down on the couch and puts her purse by the side. “So, tell me.”

He sighs and sits down next to her. “So I went to that club I talked about.”

“You did?”

“Yeah.” He shrugs. “I mean, after we broke up, I knew if I wanted what I told you about…”

She nods. “Okay.”

“So there was this guy and he said I should visit this other guy, Obi-Wan. And I’ve been seeing him for a few weeks.”

“And you do… you do what?”

He groans and hides his face in his hands. “Things,” he says. “Stuff.”

“Stuff.”

“And things.”

She laughs. “Sorry,”

“I know. It’s super funny,” he says.

“Sorry, Ani.”

He looks up and sighs. “You know what I meant in my text?”

“You mean when you said safeworded?”

He nods and feels the blush rise to his cheeks. Doing everything with Obi-Wan is fine, but having to actually speak it out outside of Obi-Wan’s house, that’s embarrassing.

“Yes.”

“I did,” she replies. “I did some research when you brought it up.”

“So?” He swallows. “What do you think?”

“It’s not such a big deal, is it?”

Anakin feels anger boiling up. It is a big deal to him!

“I mean,” she says, “it’s just something people do when they’re uncomfortable.”

“But Padmé,” he protests, “I cried.”

She sighs and puts a hand on his shoulder. “I’m sure he doesn’t mind.”
“But I mind!” He gets up and shakes her hand off. “I’m embarrassed.”

“Ani!” He freezes in his spot and looks at her. “Ani,” she continues, “it’s normal. I know, you have no idea how much reading I’ve done for you.”

“I – I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay.” She leans back. “I bet this is not the only time this has happened to him.”

“I guess not.”

“See?” She pats the spot next to her. “Sit.”

He sighs and does what she says. “Fine. I just… I want to make a good impression, you know?”

“I know.” She’s quiet for a few seconds. “Obi-Wan has probably seen much more than you showed him. I bet he isn’t impressed.”

“I don’t know if that makes it better or worse.”

“Do you want him to be impressed?”

“I’m quite a mess.” He laughs. “I guess… I guess I want him to care.”

“I’m sure he cares.”

“He’s a professional, Padmé.”

Her hand is back on his shoulder. “That won’t stop him from caring about you, Ani.”

“I don’t know.”

“I do.”

Obi-Wan looks to next week with as much excitement as fear. He still doesn’t know whether or not he messed up or not. Anakin had assured him not, but the crippling guilt comes back slowly. That guilt he found so familiar. He hurt Anakin. He hurt him in a way he didn’t want to be hurt. Obi-Wan sips more tea to calm himself down, but it keeps hurting and hurting. Of all people, he wanted to hurt Anakin least. He may be tall and strong, but he’d seemed so fragile. The truth is that he wanted to hold onto him and protect him. The truth is that he wanted him to stay until he seemed alright. Obi-Wan sighs. Not even tea is helping. There’s only one person who can help him.

Hey Quin, he texts, drinks at my place?

He expected Quin to be at the club on Friday nights, but he gets a reply almost immediately.

Sure, never say no to free drinks

Quin shows up at his doorstep within thirty minutes with a grin on his face. He walks in as soon as Obi-Wan opens his door and sits down at his table.
“So, what’s up, Kenobi?”

Obi-Wan sighs. “First off, hello Quinlan.”

“Hi. Where are the drinks?”

*That man has been my best friend for far too long.*

“I’ve not invited you to drink my alcohol.”

“Aw, but you said…”

Obi-Wan sighs and takes the bottle of whiskey from the counter. “Yes, but I need your help.”

“You got me here under false pretenses.”

He puts a glass of whiskey in front of Quin. “Happy now?”

“Very.” Quin raises his glass with a wide smile. “What are we talking about?”

Obi-Wan sighs and sits down, his hand around a glass of whiskey for himself. “Anakin.”

“That new sub of yours?”

He nods.

“Did something bad happen? Is he misbehaving?”

“He’s –” Obi-Wan smiles. “He’s been good.”

“So?” Quin took another sip. “What’s wrong?”

“He safeworded.”

Quin was silent for a second, then put his drink back. “Ah, and you feel guilty again, don’t you?”


“You always did that with me too, Obi-Wan,” Quin says, “but I told you the safe word is there to be used.”

“But I failed him.”

“You didn’t fail him, and you never failed me,” Quin leaned over to Obi-Wan. “You never ignored a safe word, and you always made sure I was comfortable. I refuse to believe you did anything else for Anakin.”

Obi-Wan plays with his glass. “I didn’t, but…”

“But?”

“Anakin is different.”

“How is he different?”

Obi-Wan thinks of him, of the cocky smirk on his face and how he changes when he’s being spanked, when he begs for him, and how he looked when he came out of that shower. So closed off,
so alone.

“I don’t know. He’s… vulnerable, I suppose.”

“Because he’s younger?”

He shrugs. “Maybe. I don’t know.”

Quinlan shakes his head. “I don’t think so. I think it’s something else.”

“What do you mean?”

He grins. “No,” he says. “I’ll leave that to you to figure out.”

“Quinlan, are you kidding me?”

“No,” he down the last bit of whiskey. “You gotta find this one out yourself.”

“You’re really of no help, are you?”

Quinlan leans back. “I just came for the drinks.”

“Unbelievable.”

He shrugs. “You love me.”

The taunting brings back old memories. The bickering before sex, throughout their entire play, the delight he took in spanking out the brattiness. He smiles at him again, and nods.

“I do.” He takes the bottle away before he can take any more. “Asshole.”

“Hey! That’s why I’m here.”

“Well, you’re welcome to leave then.”

“Fine.” He stays, unable to hide his grin. “I will then.”

“No, you won’t.”

He doesn’t even get up. “Yes, master.”

“Don’t,” he says.

“Oh.” His smile disappears. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t do that again.”

He’s quiet for a second. “I’m sorry. What is it, Obi-Wan?”

He sighs. “I don’t know.”

“Well, it is something.”

“Yes.”

The memories of him and Quin come falling out. The sex, the play, those are the moments he remembers. The taming and the taunting, it was like a continuing fight Quin always happily lost. A
continuous game. But outside of that, weren’t they better off as friends?

“Obi-Wan?”

“Quin, why did it end? Between us?”

“Oh.” The tension in the room crystalizes. “I... do you still have feelings?”

“Memories.” He takes a sip, just to not have to talk. Or think. “Just memories.”

“No feelings?”

He sighs. “I don’t think so. Do you?”

“You know I don’t. I’m with Asajj.”

He nods slowly. The sudden urge of panic fades. Looking at Quin, he know everything he’s been telling himself. Their past is just that: the past.

“We couldn’t give each other what we needed, remember?”

“Huh?”

“The reason we broke up.”

“Yes.” He takes another sip and remembers everything else: the fights, the constant worry he had seriously hurt the man he loved, so much the game lost its appeal. Back then it’d felt like there was just sex. Sex and friendship. They weren’t partners, like he and Satine would become, just friends with benefits. “I remember.”

“I’m sorry, Obi-Wan.”

He lifts a hand. “Don’t be. We’re better off as friends.”

“I think we are.”

“How’s Ventress?”

He grins again. “Not working herself up over safewords, that’s how she is.”

“You ass.”

“My ass? That’s not great to be honest.”

“Quin,” he says, but this time he can’t help but smile. “You seem happy.”

“Bruised but happy, yes. And you should worry less.”

“I know.”

“It’s good he used the safeword,” Quin says. “That means he trusts you to stop and not punish him for it. That’s why I used it around you. That’s why I use it with Asajj.”

He smiles a little. “Thanks, Quin.”

“You’re welcome, Obi-Wan.” He checks his phone and blushes. “I think the Mistress needs me.”
“You better run to her then,” he says as Quin goes up to the door.

He nods and winks at Obi-Wan. “Don’t get hung up on me, Obi.”

“I promise I won’t.”

“Good.”

“Thanks for the free booze.”

“Hope Asajjpunishes you.”

Quin laughs. “Love you too.”

With those words he disappears, and he recognizes the feeling ofloneliness as Quin closes the door behind him. What was that sudden rush of feeling? Is it Anakin that has reawoken his love for play? But if it’s Anakin, then why is he not happy to just have him? Their play is good. It really is. Then what’s missing?

He’s calmer when Padmé leaves. There’s so many thoughts he couldn’t speak out before, and although he doesn’t understand why he picked Padmé of all people, he doesn’t know. But she calms him down, and that’s a rare gift. He knows he’s a mess.

Just when he’s about to start up a video game, to get his head off things by shooting other things, his phone buzzes.

Are you okay, Anakin?

His heart jumps. He does care! He cares enough to have them text all these times, he cares enough to not get mad over his missed texts, cares enough to follow up.

Yes, he sends back, met up with friend. Feel better

The reply is almost immediate:

That’s good to hear. Do I see you next week? I’d totally understand if you don’t want to come anymore.

What? Why would he not want to come?

Will be there. Wanna come.

He blushes when he realizes the double meaning of what he just send.

I still have your shirt. I forgot to give it to you earlier. I’m glad I’ll see you next week.

Obi-Wan didn’t even pick up on that?

Looking forward to staining it again

He laughs out loud at his own wittiness.
I'm not looking forward to washing it again, Anakin.

He can almost hear Obi-Wan say it. Usually he’d want to quit the conversation already and get to playing, but this time he’s thinking desperately of thinking what to say to keep it going. It’s strange, but he knows two things. One: Obi-Wan feels warm and safe, even over text. Even when he scolds him. And two: he should have stayed.

Sorry, master.

It feels so good to call him master.

It’s okay, don’t worry about it. I hope you’re feeling a little better after what happened.

He smiles a little. He already asked that. Anakin wants to let him knows, but the warm feeling in his stomach stops him. Obi-Wan really cares.

I do.

He wants to say more, but he doesn’t know how.

I know you had to leave, but I just wanted to tell you, you could have stayed if you wanted.

He knows.

I know.

He should have stayed.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, so at the end of in story drama, here's some fandom drama. There's something I need to get off my chest. A few months ago some drama happened with me in the obikin fandom, I said some things in anger I shouldn't have, and that's irrelevant now. What I want to say is: hi. you might actually know me from some other fics. my old username was donkerrood and I wrote a bunch of fics, Somewhere In Time being the most popular one. I just wanted to be honest here, so... I guess do with that information what you want. Hope you all had a good christmas.
Hey guys I felt the need to tell you all this story will not be continuing. I have a ton of reasons tbh but I feel so bad about keeping you hanging. I do have a bunch more chapters but I don't know if you'd wanna read those if you know there won't be a conclusion anyway? Feel free to comment on that below (wow I sound like a youtuber) or ask me for my discord/tumblr/whatever if you're curious about the rest or my reasons (yes it has to do with the fandom drama) or want me to die (lol). No chapter here, just to be clear, I'm so sorry.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Anakin feared the awkwardness between them the next week, but as soon as they’ve arrived in Obi-Wan’s guest room, everything seems just like before.

“I think it’d be best if we go back to what’s familiar for the both of us,” Obi-Wan says.

Anakin tips his head a little, indicating he wants to know what it is. He’s glad Obi-Wan acknowledged the incident like this. It could have been much worse.

“And,” Obi-Wan smiles, “I think you’ll like it.”

“What is it, master?”

“A spanking. But maybe with a little twist, if you’d like.”

Anakin’s stomach fills with butterflies. He’s going to get another spanking? Oh, those are his favorite. He wants to lie down on the bed already, but Obi-Wan stops him with just a look.

“I said a twist.”

“Sorry, master. What’s the twist?”

“I want to gag you.”

Gag him? Oh, he knows what he means… Does Obi-Wan think he’s ready for that?

“Would you like that?”

Anakin nods. “Yes, master.”

Obi-Wan smiles and walks up to the closet he’s gotten to know a little. It’s where he hides all the fun stuff. Herummages through it a bit before he finds it, and emerges with a gag, exactly as Anakin imagined.

“Does this look good?”

“Yes, master.”

Obi-Wan moves behind him, and lays one hand on his shoulder. “Now, Anakin,” he says. “If you want to stop, you only have to knock on the side of the bed, okay?”

He nods.

“Open your mouth.”

Anakin does what he’s told and Obi-Wan puts a piece of fabric in his mouth and makes a knot on the back of his head. He bites down on the fabric and feels the way it presses on the corner of his mouth, making it so much harder to talk.

“Okay?”
Anakin nods, because he’s unable to do anything else. It doesn’t feel bad, not even particularly uncomfortable. It just takes his speech away, just as the bindings around his hands took away the ability to use his hands. Another piece of power he gave away to his master. The thoughts of it fills his stomach with butterflies.

“You can kneel down before the bed now,” Obi-Wan says. “Make sure you’re comfortable.”

Months ago it’d have seemed like a contradiction to him that Obi-Wan could hurt him and look out for him at the same time, but Anakin just reveled in the feeling of being taken care of now. He was being taken of in so many ways now. So he walked up to the bed and positioned himself without a moment’s hesitation.

Anakin looks beautiful kneeling down with his ass up, Obi-Wan has to admit. In just a few weeks – or had it been longer – they had evolved into a very nice pair. Anakin’s favorite things just happened to be Obi-Wan’s favorite things too, and although he’s still feeling a little weary because of last week, seeing Anakin so excited again, makes it so much more fun and comfortable.

“Peddle again okay?”

Anakin nods and mumbles something through the gag.

“You can’t talk, remember?”

Another muffled hum.

Obi-Wan can’t help but laugh as he picks out a peddle. He forgot how much of a collection he had stashed away here. Most of them are plain, but today a certain one stands out: a pink one with a heart imprint. The point of the peddle is that if you spank hard enough, you leave a heart shape. He chuckles. Might be a funny surprise if it’ll work. Anakin does bruise quite easily, so, why not?

Okay, Anakin, ready?”

This time he just nods. One day he’ll learn.

Obi-Wan walks up to him and pulls down his pants and underwear in one movement. Anakin makes what seems like a muffled yelp and Obi-Wan suppresses another chuckle. He’s already hard. How adorable.

“I’m going to start now.”

Anakin nods and Obi-Wan positions himself. He remembers Anakin hasn’t been peddled before without the protection of his clothes, so he starts off soft. The first one is no more than a light pat on his butt, and Anakin groans and pushes his ass out further.

“You want more?”

Anakin nods.

The second one lands harder on his ass and Anakin moans deeply. For a second the impression of a heart shows up on his ass, but it doesn’t last. He’d need more than that.
“Harder?”

Another nod.

Obi-Wan gladly obliges and when he hits Anakin with another satisfying smack, the impression lasts just a little longer. His sub moans harder and his hands go towards his hard cock. Obi-Wan reacts immediately with a harder smack.

“No.”

Anakin whines, but it just barely makes it through the gag. However, his hand goes back, and that’s just what he intended to do.

“I decide when you get pleasure. Understood?”

Anakin nods again and groans in frustration. After a few seconds of silence he sticks out his ass again, ready for another smack. Obi-Wan obliges again, smacking him a little harder this time. Yes, he decides, this is what he needs. What they both need. Anakin reacts accordingly, and he smacks him again, and again, not stopping before Anakin wriggles in frustration.

“Get up now.”

Anakin obeys and stands up, his pants around his ankles. Obi-Wan smiles at him, reassuringly, and puts the paddle down at a nightstand.

“I’m going to take the gag off now, okay, Anakin?”

He nods, and Obi-Wan untangles the knot and gently pulls out the fabric out of Anakin’s mouth. He walks around him to see how he is, and brushes his thumb around the corners of his mouth. They just seem a little red. Anakin stares at him.

“Everything okay?” he says, softening his voice.

Anakin nods, and then realizes he can talk again. “Yes, master.”

“Do you want to go sit down for me? On the bed?”

He doesn’t want Anakin to be in pain right now. He genuinely doesn’t, and definitely not after last week. He needs to know he’s safe.

“What about my jeans?”

“Oh, right.” Those are still around his ankles. “You can take those off if you’re comfortable.”

Anakin nods and to his relief he does take them off, and he sits down on the bed wearing only socks and a shirt. It’s almost funny. No, it’s funny. But hot.

Obi-Wan sits down next to him. “I wanted to talk, Anakin.”

“Oh.”

He chuckles. “Don’t worry, we’ll be doing something about that boner soon.”

That seems to cheer him up again.

“What happened last week. I want to know what triggered it.”
Anakin swallows. He doesn’t want to recall last week’s feeling, it was bad, it was just… he doesn’t want to talk about it again.

“Please, Anakin.” Obi-Wan puts a hand on his shoulder and he calms down. “I don’t want to upset you again, but if there’s something I did that made you feel that way, I need to know.”

“I…” Anakin doesn’t know what to say. “I don’t know, master. You made me strip and then I was alone and I felt vulnerable and naked, in the bad way, and you seemed so far away, master.” He looks down at his lap. “I don’t know.”

“Oh.” His face changes. “I left you alone.”


“No?”


He nods. “Do you want to do that now, master?”

Obi-Wan shakes his head. “Not right now. I had another idea.”

Anakin swallows. “What is it, master?”

“Do you want to sit on my lap?”

He thinks about it for a second, and no matter how much he wants to point out that this is maybe too close for a professional relationship, he moves up anyway and sits down on his masters lap.

“Good boy.”

Anakin blushes, and Obi-Wan puts a hand around his waist to keep him secure, and puts the other one on his cock. He gasps at the touch.

“Won’t this be a mess again, master?”

Obi-Wan gently pumps his cock and Anakin can’t speak anymore. He just wants more. More of his master, more of this pleasure, more touch… Please.

“I don’t care, Anakin.”

Anakin moans and leans on Obi-Wan’s shoulder, as he did last week. But this time it’s just pleasure, nothing but pleasure. It’s his master gently pumping his cock as he rubs his back, reacting to every small gasp and moan Anakin produces.

“You sounds so good, Anakin,” Obi-Wan says, the hoarseness of arousal now in his voice too. “Being such a good boy.”

Anakin drowns in his touch and the feel of his soft sweater, then finds the skin of his shoulder and mouths it, lost in the pleasure, wanting to touch back somehow. Obi-Wan doesn’t pull back, just
keeps pumping until Anakin gasps again.

“Please, master, can I cum?”

“Yes, Anakin, you can,” Obi-Wan says, softer than he’s used to. “Cum for me.”

Anakin moans one more time and gasps with Obi-Wan’s perfect touch. “Oh, master,” he says, “yes, master.”

Speaking out those last words is too much and he lets go, spraying over both of their clothes, but unable to care. He just doesn’t want to leave Obi-Wan’s lap yet.

“Good.” Obi-Wan doesn’t stop stroking his back. “There you go, that’s a good boy.”

“Thank you,” he says, his voice so weak. “Thank you, master.”

They sit there for so long, until Anakin gets cold and sticky and Obi-Wan lets go of him.

“Do we need to clean up, master?”

Obi-Wan smiles and sighs, looking at their clothes. “Well, that’s going to need some cold water.”

“Shall I help?”

He shakes his head. “Just give me your shirt again. I’ll wash it out and then put it in the dryer, okay? This time I’ll give it to you back tonight.”

Anakin doesn’t hesitate to take it off, and when Obi-Wan takes off his sweater, it’s no surprise he’s wearing another layer. Unfortunately.

“Is it okay if I go now?” Obi-Wan says. “I’ll be back in a minute.”

Anakin nods, and walks up to get his pants. He feels normal again, if this is what normal feels like. It’s better than normal. It’s nice and calm, and he smiles at Obi-Wan.

“It’s okay.”

Obi-Wan disappears through the door and leaves Anakin to put his pants back on. Sitting on the bed, his eye falls on the paddle Obi-Wan used on him earlier. It has a heart imprinted on it. For some reason he keeps fixated on it. Why would he use a heart paddle? Is there a heart on his butt now? And, he finds the weirdest thought: does this mean he cares about him? He wants to walk closer and examine it, but he hears Obi-Wan’s footsteps in the hall, and he decides against it.

“It should be all clean in a few hours. Do you want coffee?”

He’s been through this, even in this very house, many times. Having a client or a play partner show up, doing an intimate scene and then sipping tea as friends or, depending on the relationship, maybe a sort of coworkers. Today, with Anakin, it feels different. Maybe because he’s shirtless.

“You’re not cold?”
Anakin shakes his head. “I’m usually pretty warm for a while after sex.”

Obi-Wan nods. “I hope you felt completely comfortable again.”

“Yes, I did.” Anakin blows on his coffee. “Thank you. You’ve seriously been amazing, doing all this for me.”

“It’s not just for you, I must admit.” Obi-Wan attempts to hide his smirk by drinking from his tea. “You’ve serviced me quite good as well.”

“Oh, have I?” It’s the look on his face right there where he decides he still has to do some work. “It was my pleasure.”

“You’re a talented young man, Anakin.”

He smirks.

“Don’t get cocky now.”

“Or what? You’ll spank me?”

He shakes his head and laughs. “Believe me, I have ways to actually punish you. Maybe I’ll introduce you.”

Anakin raises an eyebrow but doesn’t reply. A wise decision.

“There was something else I wanted to talk about actually.”

He takes a sip and wraps his hands around the mug. “What is it?”

For some reason there are butterflies in his stomach. “Remember our no sex until further notice rule?”

Anakin visibly swallows and nods. “Yes.”

“I’d like to give you that notice. If you agree.”

“Yes,” he says immediately. “I’d love to have sex.”

Obi-Wan sighs in relief. He agrees. Of course he’d agree, they’d had done pretty great lately. But still, it’s good. Yes, it’s really good.

“I don’t want to assume, but I usually top, although we could arrange bottoming too.”

“No, no,” Anakin says. “Let’s just start out with putting it in me.”

“If that’s what you want to call it.”

Anakin shrugs. “That’s what it is, isn’t it?”

“I suppose…” Obi-Wan sips from some tea. “Don’t think, however, I’ll let you go without giving you some homework tonight.”

“Oh?” Anakin can’t seem to hide his curiosity. “What is it, master?”

“First of all, an STD test. I’ll do it too, in case we ever want to try without condoms.”

“I want you to practice fingering yourself.”

Now he turns red. “I… Really?”

“Yes, really, Anakin. It’ll make it easier to see what you can handle and what your limits are.”

“Okay.” He takes a deep breath. “Yeah, that I can do.”

“Good boy.” Obi-Wan smiles. “I’m looking forward to next week.”

Setting up the test was the easiest part. He expected embarrassment, but everyone had been very professional. It’s the other homework he’s more worried about. Going to the gym had temporarily taken his mind off of things, but now he’s home – alone, he may add – he no longer has an excuse.

He walks up to his room and dumps his pants on the floor as he reaches for the lube he has hidden under the bed. It had all seemed so easy to promise yesterday, eager as he was. Now, today, actually doing it… probably best done on his back.

It’s not even the first time. He has slipped in a finger in his ass before, but it had been different. That was just an experiment, just for himself. No matter how much he secretly wanted Padmé to peg him, he knew that wasn’t really going to happen. Now, this thing, this thing, he doesn’t even dare think it out right now, it’s really going to happen. And his master gave him homework, so he has to be good and do it. He’d probably be disappointed in him if he doesn’t end up doing it, and that’s worse than whatever punishment would await him. So he takes a deep breath, lies down on his back and pumps some of the lube into his hand. He’s so glad Ahsoka is out, if she’d catch him like this…

He closes his eyes and thinks of Obi-Wan instead. He imagines it’s his hands wrapping around his cock, pumping and stroking. He suppresses a moan and lets go of his cock, travelling from his balls all the way to his entrance. There’s the spot. That’s where he’s going to be entering him. He imagines Obi-Wan lubing his entrance up as he does it to himself, imagines his finger prodding by his hole and then gliding in. He’s done it! He’s in!

It feels strange at first, but not painful. He pumps his fingers in and out a little and imagines it’s Obi-Wan’s fingers, imagines it’s his masters fingering him to completion, or even better, Obi-Wan’s cock filling him up and fucking him. He explores himself, pushing in deeper, fingering the walls, and then pumping more lube by his entrance as he lets a second finger slip in. The lube falls on the ground as he imagines his fingers are Obi-Wan’s cock, as he pumps his cock and cums quicker than ever before. Fuck. Fuck, that was good. He did it. He really did.

Now just this, every day.

Chapter End Notes

and this is chapter 1 of the remaining chapter dump. I'm sorry if it sucks, I haven't looked at it for months and didn't proofread. Let me also give you chapter 1 of how the
fandom drama started. I said that maybe we should tag abuse and rape properly. And not talk about underaged kids having sex as twenty-something adults. That was how they started hating me. Check the next chapter for more of this thrilling tale.
Anakin is laying down on his back, his face in the pillow, as Obi-Wan gently massages his back, making his way to his ass. In a strange way it feels like a teacher checking if he did his homework, but only it’s now his master making his way down to his ass.

“I’m just going to start with one,” Obi-Wan says. “and see how that goes.”

“Yes, master.”

Anakin can hear the pump on the lube, and he’s getting nervous. Having his master’s fingers in his ass is surely something very different than having his own fingers pleasuring him.

“Relax, Anakin.”

He nods and takes a deep breath, forcing himself to relax his muscles. He knows it’ll be much easier for his master to get in if he’s good.

“That’s it, good boy,” Obi-Wan says, his fingers inching closer and closer to his hole. “I’m just going to put one finger in you, okay?”

“Yes, master.”

Anakin takes a deep breath and relaxes as best as he can, trying to open wide for his master. Then Obi-Wan gets past his cheeks into him and Anakin groans. It feels just like his own finger and still different. Not painful, but strange. Strange to have him in him. Obi-Wan gently starts exploring him a little, and it feels pretty nice. He’s sensitive and hot, and before he knows it, he pushes his ass up further.

“Oh, that’s one enthusiastic boy,” Obi-Wan says, laughing. “You did your homework.”

“Yes, master,” Anakin groans. “I did.”

“Are you ready for a second?”

Anakin nods. “Yes, master.”

Obi-Wan takes his one finger out and Anakin doesn’t know if he’s relieved or disappointed to not have anything in him anymore. Obi-Wan pumps some more lube, he can hear it, and then he relaxes again, as Obi-Wan puts one hand on his cheeks and the other gliding off to his hole.

“Yes?”

“Yes, master.”

Two fingers enter him now. It hurts for just a second and then he glides in further and Anakin wriggles some. It feels good and strange and everything at once, but he knows he likes it. He knows he wants this.

Obi-Wan gently pumps his fingers in and out, and fingers the insides of him.
“Is this good?”

“Yes,” Anakin moans. “Yes, master.”

“I want to teach you something.”

“What is it, master?”

Obi-Wan keeps gently fingering, never going too deep or too hard. “How familiar are you with butt plugs?”

Anakin’s glad his master can’t see how red he is now.

“I know of them.”

“Have you ever worn one?”

He swallows. “No, master.”

It’s quiet for a second. “I want to introduce you to my smallest butt plug. Is that okay?”

He doesn’t know what to say. Fingers are one thing, but plugs? That’s a whole new level. But god, he’s so horny right now, and his master’s fingers are starting to feel so good.

“Yes, master.”

Obi-Wan slowly pulls out and Anakin whines at the loss. How did he get used to another’s fingers in him so quickly?

“This one is no bigger than two fingers,” Obi-Wan says, as he rummages through his closet. “I just bought a new set.”

“For me?”

Obi-Wan nods. “I need to train you, don’t I?”

“Yes…” Anakin lays back down. “Hope I’m doing well.”

“You’re doing very well.” Obi-Wan smiles at him and comes back with a small plug, one with a flared end Anakin knows is there to prevent it from going all in. “I want to put this in you.”

Anakin’s stomach flutters, and he nods enthusiastically. “Yes, please, master.”

“Good.” Obi-Wan climbs back on the bed and lubes up the plug. “This might feel a little weird at first.”

“Yes, master.”

Obi-Wan pushes the plug by his entrance and for a second, as it becomes wider, it does feel strange. He feels a bit stretched out, but then the moment is over and there’s a plug in his ass. Wow.

“How does that feel?”

Anakin considers. “It doesn’t hurt. I like the feeling.”

“How would you feel if you sucked me off while you wear it?” Obi-Wan strokes his ass a bit. “I bet this makes you even more talented.”
Anakin blushes. “Okay, master.”

Anakin sits down on his knees, his mouth opened slightly, waiting for the cock to fill his mouth. He looks both adorable and absolutely submissive like this. Obi-Wan opens his pants and takes out his hard cock. Anakin has made him so hard, and it makes sense he would be the one to solve that then, wouldn’t it?

“Can I?”

Obi-Wan nods, and Anakin takes his cock in his hands, bringing it to his lips. First he licks the tip, tasting the precum he has already produced. Anakin looks up to him, so desperate to do it well, Obi-Wan can only smile.

“Good boy.”

Then he starts licking more and with broader strokes until he takes it into his mouth. His right hand is still around his cock and his movements get from slow and sensual to fast and horny. Anakin wants to please so desperately much, and Obi-Wan moans in reaction.

“Such a good boy,” he says, grabbing Anakin’s curls. “So talented.”

Anakin moves away for a bit, out of breath, and he looks up with perfect wet lips. “Master,” he says. “Can I take all of it?”

“No, master.” He licks his pouty lips. “Push me down on your cock as far as I can.”

He hesitates. “Are you sure you can take that?”

“I’ve practiced, master.” Oh fuck, that’s a visual. “I’ll tap, master.”

Obi-Wan grasps his hair again. “I push you as far as I want to, okay?”

Anakin’s big blue eyes look up at him as he smiles, his lips still parted.

“Yes, master.”

Anakin puts his lips around him with a satisfied moan again and Obi-Wan holds his curls tighter, pushing him deeper and deeper slowly. His sub never stops looking up, eager to show his dedication, even when he has to concentrate harder. Obi-Wan gently pushes him down further, until Anakin lets out the tiniest choking noise and looks away.

“You okay?”

Anakin nods, and pushes himself deeper onto his cock. Obi-Wan pulls his hair back, and Anakin looks up again.

“I decide.”

Anakin nods as best as he can and stays still until Obi-Wan pushes him further up his cock again.
Anakin’s hot mouth feels amazing around his cock, and the tip can feel the back of his throat. He wants to feel the warmth of his sub forever, but he also wants more, so he pushes him further and further down until he has almost taken him in completely. Anakin looks up at him with teary eyes, but he can see the look on his face: he loves this.


Anakin lets out a noise and Obi-Wan immerses himself in the warmth of Anakin’s mouth once again before he pulls him all the way back.

“That was so good,” he says.

“Thank you, master.”

Obi-Wan pets his sub gently, while Anakin looks up to him. “Do you want to finish me now?”

Anakin nods. “Gladly, master.”

“Where would you like me to cum? I can pull out.”

“I can take it, master.”

Obi-Wan’s hand brushes through Anakin’s curls. “Are you sure?”

Anakin nods, his mouth opened already. “I want to feel you, master.”

He swallows. That’s so incredibly hot, and Anakin probably doesn’t even know it.

“Okay,” Obi-Wan says, “you have my permission.”

Anakin puts his lips around his master’s cock eagerly, and begins to suck him off, bobbing his head up and down, looking up expectantly. It’s impossible to last for Obi-Wan, with Anakin looking up to him with big blue eyes, so eager for him to cum.

“Anakin,” he moans, “I’m coming.”

He can feel himself release into Anakin’s warm mouth, shuddering from orgasm. Anakin’s eyes widen for a second, and then he settles into it, waiting it out and pulling away with wet lips and a full mouth.

“You can swallow or spit, whatever you want.”

Anakin nods and then he can see him swallow and smile. “Did I do well, master?”

Obi-Wan pulls him closer to his legs and brushes through his curls. “Oh Anakin,” he says, “You’re doing so well.”

He lets out a satisfied sigh and brushes against his leg. “Thank you, master.”

They stand there for a minute, Anakin leaning against his leg and Obi-Wan petting his hair, but then Anakin pulls away.

“Can I cum too, master?”
His master nods and urges him back onto the bed. The plug is sitting comfortably in his ass, alerting him of its presence with every movement in the best way.

“Do you like the plug?”

Anakin nods. “Yes, master.”

“Good. It’s yours now.”

“Really?”

Obi-Wan nods. “As long as you promise you’ll keep practicing with it. I want you to wear it every day for an hour.”

Anakin turns a bright red. “Really, master?”

“I’m serious, Anakin. If you want to have sex, of course.”

“Yes!” he says, way too quickly. “I mean, yes, master. I do.”

“Good,” he smiles as if he’s tricked him. “Then practice should be no problem.”

He’s defeated. “Yes, master.”

“Well then,” Obi-Wan says. “You want to cum?”

Anakin nods furiously.

“Are you ready to take something new?”

His stomach flutters. Something new? He already has a plug in. “What is it, master?”

“I have a thin vibrator you might like.”

He swallows and considers. He wants to cum really bad, and he likes the plug and he liked Obi-Wan’s fingers in his ass. But he never used a vibrator. Padmé had one, and she said it was great…

“How thin, master?”

Obi-Wan smiles and walks up to the closet. “I’ll show you.”

Anakin’s heart races as he waits, but to his relief Obi-Wan comes back with a thin, but long device. It looks sleek, almost like it’s not even a vibrator.

“What do you think?”

He nods before he really knows what he’s doing. “I think I could take that.”

His master’s smile is worth it. “I’m so glad to hear that,” he says. “You can always stop me.”

“I know, master.”

“Good boy.” Obi-Wan gets the lube again. “On your stomach now.”

Anakin doesn’t hesitate to lie down on his stomach again. Master was good to him last time, he’ll be
good to him again. Obi-Wan sits behind him and gently nudges his ass up a bit, so Anakin presents himself.

“Comfortable?”

“Yes, master.”

“Good.” Obi-Wan slowly pulls out his plug and suddenly his ass feels strangely empty. He knows he’ll be filled up again soon. “I’ll put some lube around your opening now.”

Anakin just groans and nods, as his master puts cold lube around his entrance. He wants to be filled up again already.

“Putting it in now.”

He pushes his ass out further and relaxes, as Obi-Wan has taught him. He’s lubed up and open, and as the vibrator gently pushes into him, it’s easy to take it. It slides in beyond where the plug and Obi-Wan’s fingers ever were, and Anakin groans. Then, when he isn’t sure he can take any more, it hits a spot he was never able to reach and a wave of pleasure washes over him.

“Oh, master,” he moans. “Please.”

Just at that moment Obi-Wan turns on the vibrator and the pleasure is almost too much. Obi-Wan pulls it out a bit and back in again, as he’d do if he was fucking him. Anakin stops moving and resisting and lets Obi-Wan take over as he hits the delicious spot over and over again.

“Master,” he shouts, “gonna cum, master.”

“Go on,” he replies. “Cum for me then.”

He’s never cum like this before. Waves of pleasure wash over him as his body trembles and shakes. He finds himself back on the bed as the last wave washes off, and he groans.

“Master.” His voice sounds so small. “Master, I…”

Obi-Wan pulls the vibrator out and Anakin curls up into a ball, feeling his every move so highly, the air in the room, and then Obi-Wan’s gentle touch. He strokes his back and Anakin takes a shaky breath.

“Can I hold you, Anakin?”

He can only nod and then Obi-Wan curls up around him, pulling him close with his arms around his chest. It feels so good, and he’s so tired, and Obi-Wan is there, and he’s safe.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah.” Anakin takes another deep breath. “I’ve never… cum like that.”

He wasn’t prepared for the feelings that came with it. He wants to be touched and held so bad, wants to be cuddled and loved and…

Loved.

“It’s okay, Anakin. You’re okay.”

He stares off in the distance. Obi-Wan holds him so tight, so protectively, if he closes his eyes he
could genuinely feel like, like he’s really his. All his.

“Thank you, master.”

Chapter End Notes

This one isn't even completely finished according to my old planner. But well, I guess it's better than nothing. Also, chapter 2 of the Fandom Drama: maybe I shouldn't have gotten into discussion about tagging but I really do genuinely care about people's well-being. Maybe I'm crazy. Anyway, if I ever make a mistake tagging I will make it up.
Anakin bites his lip and looks down onto his coffee. “It… I wore it during studying a couple times. It felt good.”

“No pain?”

He shakes his head. “No, it got pretty easy after a while.”

“Good.” Obi-Wan takes a sip to hide his smile. “And did you get a lot of studying done?”

“No,” Anakin blushes. “I didn’t.”

“Maybe next time do it during your leisure time.”

“Yes, master.”

“And did you do what I asked?”

He turns even redder and now Obi-Wan can’t hide his chuckle. “I’m wearing the plug.”

“That’s a good boy.”

“Thank you, master.”

Anakin might not think he’s noticed the way Anakin loves to be praised, but it's really undeniable. He gets all cute and flustered every single time Obi-Wan calls him a good boy. It’s really adorable. Too bad he’s got something planned where he won’t be able to see Anakin’s face.

“Are you ready to go to the bedroom?”

He nods enthusiastically, downing his coffee in one sip and getting up before Obi-Wan has even put down his tea.

“Are you coming, master?”

Obi-Wan shakes his head, but can’t hide his smile. “Wasn’t I supposed to lead?”

Anakin shrugs and walks up to the stairs, grinning down at him. “Maybe.”

“Oh, you want to challenge me?”

The game is on. He’s well aware there are some doms that would not let this kind of brattiness slide, but Anakin’s new side amuses him. It means he’s comfortable enough around him to let it show.

“Who knows, master?” he taunts. “Make me stop.”

Obi-Wan smirks and leaves his tea be. He’ll show him who’s really in charge here, and he’ll regret his brattiness. With an innocent smile he walks up to him and walks up one step of the stairs, taking Anakin’s shoulders, and now, taller than him, he bends down a little and whispers in his ear:
“If you don’t start being good, I’ll tie you up and pleasure you until you beg for release. And then, my dear sub, I won’t give it to you.”

He can see the blush creep up and Anakin swallows. “That’ll do it.”

Obi-Wan chuckles and walks up further, looking behind him to a now defeated Anakin. The look on his face is a mix of arousal and defeat.

“Are you coming?”

“Yes, master.”

He shakes his head in mock disapproval. “Maybe I should get you a collar and a leash. Then you’ll follow me, won’t you?”

“Yes,” Anakin seems perplexed. “I would, master.”

“You’d have no choice.” Obi-Wan can’t help but tease now that he has them like this.

“Yes,” he says again. “Yes, master.”

By the time they’ve arrived in the bedroom Anakin is highly aware of everything around him, especially the way his master leads him and the way his jeans are already tightening. He barely has to work for it, Obi-Wan can make him hard with just a look.

“Undress.”

Today he’s eager to show him how good he’s been. He really has been, he’s done everything his master asked of him. He practiced, he’s got the plug in, he’s really been good. He just wants Obi-Wan to see. His shirt ends up on the floor, and with his jeans off the uncomfortable tightness disappears. Finally, with his underwear off, he’s naked before him, half hard already.

“So on the bed, Anakin,” his master says. “Show me.”

He swallows and walks up to the bed, debating between sitting on hands and knees or on his stomach. He doesn’t know. What would be the best way to show he’s been good?

“Master?”

“Yes, Anakin?”

“Ehm…” He blushes. “How would you like me to show you?”

“What do you mean?”

“Position, I mean,” he says, feeling himself reddening even worse. “Master.”

“Oh. Right.” He chuckles and comes up to him, his hand on his hip first, pulling his ass up gently. “Like this, okay?”

Anakin nods.
“And then,” he walks to the side, then puts one hand on his shoulder and pushes him down into the pillow. “Like this.”

He swallows. It’s one of the most submissive positions he’s ever found himself in, and he panics for a second when Obi-Wan’s hand leaves his shoulder.

“Master?”

“What is it?”

“Stay?”

Obi-Wan’s hand is now on his back, laying there reassuringly. “I’m not going anywhere.”

“Thank you, master.” He feels warmer suddenly. Warm and safe.

His hand never leaves his body, but slides over his back towards the swelling of his ass, and Anakin hears an appreciative hum.

“You have been a good boy indeed.”

“Thank you, master.”

Obi-Wan’s hand rubs his ass for a few seconds, and Anakin’s tension rises as he wonders what he’ll do. Then he says:

“Do you think you’re ready for a bigger one?”

“Yes,” he calls out from out of the pillows. “Yes, master!”

The quicker they go through the plugs, the quicker they can go on to sex. And he’s been waiting for sex way too long already.

“I’m going to let go now, but I’m not going anywhere. Okay?”

“Okay.”

When Obi-Wan lets go he’s okay. He shifts himself a bit and follows him with his eyes as he walks up to the closet and gets out a plug that looks just a little scarier than the last. The last, however, had been just fine.

“You think you can try to take this one too?” Apparently his master doesn’t even have to check, he just knows Anakin is watching him.

“I think I can.”

“Good.” He smiles and finally looks at him. “You look amazing like that, you know that?”

Anakin swallows again. “Thank you, master.” That’s going to stick.

Obi-Wan sits down on the bed and puts one hand on his hip. “I’ll guide you through this, okay?”

“Okay.”

“First, taking this one out.”

He lets his hand glide towards his hole and gently pulls on the plug. Anakin gasps at the sudden
disturbance and intense feelings that comes with it, and before he knows it his ass is no longer filled.

“Good boy,” his master says. “You’re already opened so nicely.”

Anakin can’t help but moan at the praise. God, how bad he wants to be good, he can barely believe it himself. Obi-Wan opens one of the drawers and pours lube into his hands.

“I’m putting a finger inside now, okay?”

He nods.

The first finger glides in so easily he barely realizes it’s in already, so he pushes his ass back a little to signal his master he can take in more.

“That’s one eager boy.”

Anakin replies with just a whine.

“Okay, second finger.”

Obi-Wan’s finger makes his way up to his hole, stretching him a bit as he enters, and then goes in a little deeper, exploring him as he did before.

“How does that feel?”

“So good, master,” he moans.

“Good.” Obi-Wan’s other hand rubs over his cheeks. “I’m going to spread my fingers a bit and you tell me when to stop, okay?”

He whines again, not sure whether to fear or long for what’s going to happen next.

“Anakin?”

“Yes, master,” he says finally. “Okay.”

The stretch is slow, but comes. It’s not painful at first, just a little uncomfortable. He groans into the pillow but doesn’t move any more when he spreads his fingers a little further out. Even when it starts hurting doesn’t he stop. He just wants to serve his master, wants to have sex already, wants to –

“Ouch!” Oof, too much. “Stop, master, please.”

Obi-Wan freezes immediately and then takes his fingers out, rubbing his ass still with his other hand.

“Too much?”

He nods. “Yes,” he says, his voice weaker than usual. “Hurt.”

“I’m sorry, Anakin.” His voice sounds soft. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, it’s good now.” The pain has disappeared and made place for an emptiness he needs filled immediately. “Don’t worry, master.”

“You think you can take the plug?”

“Yes, master.”
“Good.” Obi-Wan keeps stroking his ass and then he hears the pump of the lube. “I’m going to put it in right now.”

He nods and tries to relax completely, but the anticipation of being filled up is making it harder than ever.

“Relax for me, Anakin,” his master says, and then suddenly he can. “Yes,” he praises, “good boy.”

The plug is at his entrance now, he pushes a bit, he feels himself stretch, and then suddenly it’s in already.

“Look at you, Anakin.” His master chuckles. “That wasn’t so hard, was it?”

“No, master.”

“Now, I forgot to tell you, but this plug has a special feature.”

“What is it, master?”

“It vibrates.”

Anakin looks beautiful with the next plug in his ass, and Obi-Wan could not be prouder of him. That’s why he deserves the reward he’s laid out for him so much.

“Will you turn it on, master?”

He smiles. “Do you want to?”

“Yes,” he moans, “yes, master, please.”

Obi-Wan keeps stroking his ass, but doesn’t touch the plug. Yet.

“I had an idea you might like.”

He groans in frustration. “Master, please, what is it?”

“How would you like it if I spank you with the plug in and vibrating?”

“Master.” He gasps. “I… I’d like that, master.”

“What’s the magic word?”

“Please,” he says. “Master, please.”

Only then Obi-Wan is satisfied.

“You remember what happened last time I spanked you? What you were not allowed?”

“Yes, master. I wasn’t allowed to touch myself.”

“We can’t have that again, can we?”
“No, master.”

Anakin has not moved from his presenting position and Obi-Wan likes the fact that he has gotten so much more comfortable in the pose.

“I think you need your hands tied, don’t you think?”

“I – I think so too, master.”

“Good boy.” Obi-Wan walks up to the closet and picks out his soft bondage rope. “This will do.”

When he sits back down, he looks at Anakin one more time, before he pats his lap. He doesn’t even have to say anything before his sub sits up and sprawls himself over his legs, ass up and hands behind his back.

“Someone’s obedient.”

“Thank you, master.”

Obi-Wan picks up his hands and puts the rope around his wrists, checking for space, and finally tying them together. He’s perfect like this, bound and about to be spanked.

“Ready, Anakin?”

“I’m ready, master.”

Obi-Wan rubs his ass and presses the button on the plug and the vibrations start. Anakin gasps in surprise and then moans.

“Does that feel good?”

“Yes, master,” he groans. “Spank me, master, please.”

Not yet. Obi-Wan reaches out to the plug again to intensify the vibrations, and Anakin starts to struggle in his bonds, pushing up his ass, desperate for more friction. That’s when Obi-Wan takes advantage and spanks him for the first time. Another gasp and a whine.

“Oh, master,” he moans. “Yes, master.”

He spanks him again, harder now, and Anakin wriggles in pleasure and pain, but he’s unable to move now. He’s all his.

“Master!”

Obi-Wan finds a rhythm, spanking him while Anakin wriggles and struggles in his bonds. He seems to want to be free so badly, but he wants to be spanked and denied even more. He groans and calls out to him, but never stops pushing his ass out for more spanks.

“That’s it, Anakin,” Obi-Wan says. “Take it nicely for me.”

“Yes,” he whines, struggling to stay still, “Yes, master.”

“Good boy.”

He spanks him one last time, his ass sufficiently turned red, and then lets him wriggle in his bonds.
“Master,” he says, “master, spank me more, please.”

“What do I gain from that, Anakin?”

“I’ll – I’ll do anything, master. Will suck you off again.”

A good offer. “Will you suck me off with your hands bound?”

He moans. “Yes, master,” he says. “I will, master.”

Anakin gets rewarded with another smack on his ass, and by the second smack he wriggles again, begging to be allowed to cum.

“Cum for me then, Anakin.”

He moans and then melts in his lap, exhausted and satisfied.

“How are you feeling?”

It takes a few seconds for him to answer. “Good, master. Relaxed.”

Obi-Wan smiles. “Good.” He strokes his back and turns off the vibrations. “Such a good boy.”

“Will suck you off now, master.” Anakin moves his bound hands. “Help me on my knees, master?”

Obi-Wan holds his shoulders while Anakin moves to his knees, mostly using his feet. To his surprise it goes pretty easily, and when Anakin is before him on his knees again, he remembers something.

“Just a second, Anakin.”

After a bit of searching he finds the marble he uses for bound and gagged subs. It’s hard enough to make a sound when it’s dropped. Obi-Wan walks over to Anakin and puts it in one of his hands.

“Drop this if we need to stop or pause, okay?”

He nods. “Yes, master.”

“Good boy.”

“Can I have your cock now?”

Obi-Wan laughs. “How greedy you are.”

Anakin replies with just a whine and a cocky smile, and when Obi-Wan sits down before him he can only think of ways to wipe that smile off his pretty face. He opens up his zipper and then takes his hard cock out for Anakin. He licks his lips and Obi-Wan smiles at that.

“Ready?”

Anakin nods, and Obi-Wan moves his cock to Anakin’s mouth, that’s waiting wide open for it. It slips past his plump lips and inside the heat of his mouth. He stops there, and takes Anakin’s hair in his hand. However, his steering is barely necessary. He takes it in his mouth greedily, sucking and licking as if it’s his last meal. His head bobs quickly, his hand struggling in their bounds, but Obi-Wan shoves his cock further down, and Anakin reacts with a happy moan, so he goes further and further, till he’s choking. Only then does the cocky smile disappear and a look of determination appear. He really wants to be able to take it all for him. Still, he releases his hair and lets Anakin suck
as much as he wants to, and he moans happily on his cock. God, what a natural. His plump lips and warm mouth make it impossible not to –

He pulls Anakin off his cock, and his blue eyes look up at him.

“Did I do anything wrong, master?”

“No,” he groans. “You got me nearly cumming, Anakin.”

He reacts with that same cocky smile. “Do I, master? You can cum in my mouth.”

“Oh no, Anakin.” He’ll pay him for that smile. “You made a mess too many times, now it’s my time.”

“What do you mean, master?”

“I’m coming in your face.”

Anakin’s look changes a bit, but then he nods. “Okay, master.”

“Yeah?” He softens his voice. “Is that okay?”

“Yes.” He smiles, sincerely this time. “I’ve wanted to try.”

“Oh,” that’s a happy surprise. “Open your mouth then and eyes closed.”

Anakin nods and does what’s been asked, his soft lips part and his eyes close as he prepares to take it. Obi-Wan strokes his cock and points it towards Anakin’s lips. It isn’t hard to cum on such a sight, because fuck, Anakin is hot, so hot like this, and fuck, there he goes. He sprays all over him, most of it dripping in his mouth, but much on his nose and his cheeks.

“Oh, Anakin,” he moans. “Yes.”

Warm cum drips over his face towards his mouth and his chin, as if he just has had a very messy meal. As he opens his eyes, he realizes he’s smiling. He just got the ultimate reward: he made his master cum, and his master showed him how much.

“Thank you,” he mumbles, licking cum from around his lips. “Thank you, master.”

Obi-Wan gently pets his hair and then unties his hands. “Are you okay? Was that too much?”

He shakes his head and wipes some cum from his chin. “I loved it, master.”

“Shall I get you some wipes?”

He nods, and as Obi-Wan walks over to the counter, he has a brief moment to reflect. How did he get into this situation? Sitting here with somebody he shouldn’t even really know, kneeling on his floor with cum all over his face. Then Obi-Wan comes back and kneels down next to him.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” Anakin smiles at him. “I’m a mess, aren’t I?”
“A hot mess,” Obi-Wan replies, as he gently wipes Anakin’s face. “I think that’s all.”

“Thanks, master.”

“Do you want to take a shower?”

He shakes his head. “I’m good.”

In that moment Obi-Wan’s eyes rest on him for a second, and Anakin is captured by him. His eyes seem light and soft in this light, and despite all they do, Obi-Wan has never seemed anything but gentle to him. Everything, every bit of pain he inflicted on him, and everything he made him do, all of it seemed out of genuine care. And then this… the aftercare, he –

He’s a good dom, he tells himself, of course he’d make him feel like he cares.

Obi-Wan gently pushes a curl back and then he sits back again.

“Anakin, I –”

He swallows. “What is it, master?”

Then, before he knows it, Obi-Wan’s arms are around him, rubbing his back and holding his body tight.

“I’m so proud,” he says, “You’re such a good boy.”

For the second time that day, Anakin melts into him, because he’s proud, he really is so proud of him. It’s the only thing he could ever want for, he only wants to be his forever. His good boy.

“Thank you, master.”

“How about you come over for dinner next week?” he asks, letting him go finally. “I have something for you”

He nods. “I can’t wait, master.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh god how was I ever able to write this? Anyway, chapter 3 of Fandom Drama. There were mean little stabs made at me constantly. I left tumblr, came back... bad pattern. I made a post on how tagging is important, about gender roles within gay relationships (if you don’t understand you’re welcome to ask) and about how if the fandom drowned in only darkfic it’d maybe chase away fans. A friend talked shit behind my back. I left tumblr.
Obi-Wan paces up and down. It’s not the food he’s worried about, no, he’s followed the recipe to the brim and nothing seems to be burning yet. It’s Anakin’s gift. It’s standing on the table in a gift bag. He had gotten it a week ago in his favorite shop, a place where he hadn’t been in years. Needless the say, Ventress had been surprised to see him. Oh, and teased him mercilessly. Next time he’s going with Anakin. He just bought one thing though: a collar. A collar for his sub. No leash, no outfits, nothing else. Just… that. He just doesn’t know if it’s too early or even too late, if Anakin will appreciate it. It’s meant as a reward for how well it went last week, for how well he’s been training for him, but what if he hates it?

Deep in thought, he almost burns the steak, and he settles for well done for the both of them. He can only hope Anakin is not some kind of steak snob. It’s not about the food anyway, it’s about the collar. Just thinking about it sends a jolt of excitement through his body. But Anakin does have to accept.

The doorbell rings when he’s still setting the table, and he quickly dumps the plates. It looks a bit crooked, all, but the gift bag is there. He can do it.

“Coming, Anakin.”

He opens the door, and he’s standing there with his hands in the pockets of a darker washed jeans with no holes in them. He’s even wearing a jacket over his usual shirt.

“Hey,” he says, looking a bit past him.

“Come in.”

“Smells good in here,” Anakin says, as he steps past Obi-Wan. “What did you make?”

“Steak. I hope you like it?”

He shrugs. “I never had it.”

“Huh.” Obi-Wan realizes he knows next to nothing about Anakin. “I hope you’ll like it then.”

“I hope so too.”

Obi-Wan takes the chair with the gift bag and he finds Anakin’s eyes dart over it. Should he give it to him or later?

“It looks good too.”

Later.

“Do you drink wine?” Obi-Wan gets the bottle he’s picked out. It’s a bold red, perfect for steak. “I picked out some.”

“I usually have beer, but I can make an exception.”

He pours Anakin some of it, and then fills his own glass. “Cheers then.”
“Cheers.”

He lifts his glass and smiles at Obi-Wan, sipping and nodding.

“It’s… good? I don’t know anything about wine.”

“As long as you like it.”

He nods and cuts into his steak. “I do.”

“I’m glad you do.”

He hums surprised. “This is good! I didn’t know you were rich.”

“I’m not rich.” He laughs. “I’m not eating steak every day.”

Anakin shakes his head. “No, but,” he says between two bites, “this house, the steak… It has a guest bedroom. Ahsoka and I have a bedroom each and a shared living room, and we can barely afford that already. You live in this huge house alone. How do you even afford that?”

“It’s not…” The look on Anakin’s face stops him. “Well, my salary is not awful, and when my parents died they left me quite the inheritance. Besides, I’m here alone. So… no other costs, I suppose.”

“Oh.” His face drops. “I’m sorry about your parents.”

He shakes his head. “It’s been a long time ago. Don’t feel bad.”

“What happened?” Anakin asks. “I mean, if that’s okay to ask?”

“It was a car accident when I was eight. Got me right into the foster system and at eighteen I was out on my own. But it’s okay.”

“I’m still sorry.”

“Just enjoy your meal.” He looks over at the bag. “There’s something I want to get you after dessert.”

“You got dessert?”

“Of course.”

He smiles. “I see there’s more advantages to being your sub than just the kink.”

“Maybe I’ll let you suck it off my fingers.”

“I won’t stop you.”

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They end up eating their dessert normally and although the chocolate mousse is excellent, Anakin can’t help but glance at the gift bag next to him. He doesn’t know why he’s getting a gift: having items of each other seems like a certain boundary they haven’t yet crossed. Their kinky life doesn’t extend past their weekly sessions. Anakin goes home, where nothing but his painful ass reminds him
of his kinks, and Obi-Wan locks up his toys and goes on as his life as a professor.

“What is it, Anakin?”

He blushes. “I was just wondering what you got me.”

“Eat your dessert.”

“Yes, dad.” He laughs. “I thought I wasn’t gonna call you daddy.”

“And that was the last time too.”

“Okay, master,” he corrects, as he eats the last of the mousse in one bit. “It’s eaten.”

“Little brat,” he says, but he can’t hide the smile on his face.

“Are you going to spank me?”

“Not right now.” Obi-Wan gets strangely serious all of the sudden. “I – well, I hope you like it.”

Finally he gets the bag and hands it over to Anakin over the table. “It’s a gift.”

“I know.” Puzzled he takes the bag. “What’s the occasion?”

“It’s more of a reward than an occasion really,” he replies. “See it as a gift from me as your dom to you as my sub.”

My sub. He swallows. Fuck, that shouldn’t feel so good.

“Thank you then,” he says. “Master.”

He can no longer wait, and he looks into the back, finding something black and seemingly made out of leather. His hand curls around it and as soon as he brings it into the light he realizes what it is: a collar.

“Is this for me?”

Obi-Wan nods.

A collar. Fuck. He can’t pretend he doesn’t know what it means to wear a collar, or well, what it means for some. And the idea of it, it makes his heart race. This… this makes it official, doesn’t it?

“What do you think?”

He looks over at him. “It’s – I don’t know what to say.”

“If you don’t want it, I can…”

“I want it,” he says. He’s never been more sure of anything. “Is this… does this mean I’m like your official sub?”

“It means…” Obi-Wan gets up and goes to stand behind him. Anakin hands him the collar without hesitation. “It means I want to keep you, yes.” His fingers glide over his neck and then take the collar with it, letting the leather rest on Anakin’s throat. “It means you’re mine.”

“Yours,” Anakin repeats. “Yes.”
Behind him Obi-Wan carefully fastens his collar, and as he lets go the weight of the leather stays with him, reminding him he’s his.

“Do you want to be mine, Anakin?” he whispers in his ear. “Do you?”

“Yes.” His reply is a breath more than a word. “I do, master.”

He accepted it. He did. Anakin stares up at him in awe, and he looks amazing with the collar around his neck. He looks all his. Obi-Wan offers his hand, and Anakin takes it. Everything is coming together. The collar, this evening… It’s Anakin’s first time with a man, it’s like taking his virginity. It has to be good.

“Come.”

He follows him to the bedroom, and for a second he considers taking his own room, but he quickly disregards that idea. No. Maybe later. The guest bedroom has fresh sheets, as always, but as he turns on the lights, they’re slightly dimmed.

“You know, I expected rose petals.”

Obi-Wan laughs. “Go lie down on the bed, you brat.”

“Without rose petals?”

“Little shit.”

“Fine, fine.” Anakin laughs back and they catch each other’s eyes for a second. “Back or stomach?”

“Back.”

He smiles and lies down on his back, his body so inviting. Obi-Wan follows him, climbing on his lap. Anakin raises his eyebrows.

“I expected a command. A spanking, maybe.”

“I told you, no spanking today.”

“Then,” he tilts his head a bit, “what are we going to do?”

“I…” Don’t get scared now. “I wanted to have sex.”

For a second his dom persona dropped, and the vulnerability in his voice came through the cracks. The truth is, he doesn’t know what Anakin is going to say. He didn’t know about the collar.

“I’d like that too.”

He smiles in relief and lets his hand brush through Anakin’s hair. So close to each other they’ve never been. It feels intimate like nothing has ever felt before. It feels so… real. It’s real.

“Hey,” Anakin says. “Are we ready for this?”

Obi-Wan nods. “Yes.”
For the first time Obi-Wan moves towards Anakin until their lips touch. He gives in to his touch, his soft warm lips on his, his mouth opening pliantly. His breath is hot and quick and he smells like aftershave. Just the smell of him turns him on, just the feel of his lips, it’s so close. So close. He pushes his tongue inside his mouth and they stroke past each other until Anakin sighs deeply.

“That was good, master,” he says, and Obi-Wan can feel the words on his skin. “Why haven’t we kissed before?”

“I don’t know,” he lies. *I know. Too close. Too real.*

“Let’s keep doing it.”

He sinks in plush lips and warm breath, his hands under Anakin’s shirt, feeling his breathing, faster and faster. He moans in contentment, and then Obi-Wan removes his lips to brush against his neck. Anakin lifts up his head and he kisses him, bites into his skin, first softly, but when Anakin moans in pleasure, harder, all around the collar on his neck.

“Master,” he moans. “Want more.”

He wants it too, so he pulls the shirt off his chest and kisses further down, from his collarbones to his nipples, sucking them into his mouth with his hands on Anakin’s stomach. His breaths grow faster and faster and by the time his hands reach the bulge in his pants, he has him begging.

“Master,” he says. “Please.”

“Do you want me to take off my clothes?”

“Yes. Please.”

Finally he gets to see all of his master. Finally he’s made his, and tonight… tonight he’s going to be in him. It’s the ultimate way to surrender to him. Obi-Wan comes back to his lap with only his underwear on. Anakin looks up at him in awe, to his body, to the dark hair on his chest and his strong arms, so capable of holding him down, and the bulge he wants to take in his hands or mouth. But not today.

“You look amazing, master.”

He reacts with just a hum and works at unzipping his jeans, taking his underwear with him as it drops on the floor. It reveals his hard cock, so ready to be touched, and yet, not to be.

“Hard for me already?”

“Always, master,” he says, knowing he can no longer lie. “Always.”

He doesn’t touch him at all, just sits back a little and reaches for the lube in the drawer, and then pumps some on his hands, leaving the bottle on the covers.

“You know what’s going to happen?”

Anakin nods. He’s been practicing so hard and he’s so sure he can take it. He knows how big his master’s cock is, it’s filled up his mouth so many times already, and he’s bigger than his latest plug.
but he knows he can take it.

“Good.”

Obi-Wan pushes his legs up and Anakin is lying there with his legs open wide for his master, and he loves it. He even loves it when he ignores his cock for his hole, when his fingers tease him, and then finally slide in. First one, then two, and it feels so much easier than the first time.

“I’m going to spread them now.”

He nods.

Obi-Wan is slower than before, and Anakin forces himself to relax, controlling his breathing. He gets further than last time, he knows it, because Anakin doesn’t have to ask him to stop. He’s ready.

“Yes?”

Anakin nods one last time, despite the nerves collecting in his stomach. He’s going to do it. Have sex with his master, real, actual sex. It’s nothing like his first time with Padmé, where he, despite her leading him, had to be the active one. What he fears now is not being open enough or tight enough, not being hot enough for his master. Would it feel good? Would it hurt? Finally Obi-Wan gets rid of his underwear, and covers his hard cock in lube. He wants it so bad, he wants it in him. He spreads his legs further and relaxes his body, hoping it’ll help his master enter him. Obi-Wan smiles at him and positions his cock by his entrance, prodding gently.

“I’m going to enter you now.”

Anakin just nods again, breathless. It’s happening. It’s really, really happening. Obi-Wan pushes and then he’s in. Anakin can feel his cock filling him up, from just the tip to further and further, feeling his entire length disappear into him. It stretches him, it hurts a bit, but he doesn’t want it to stop. His master is almost entirely in him, he’s finally in him, and then he hits the spot and Anakin moans in ecstasy.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes,” he moans. “Yes, master, you feel so good.”

“So do you. So tight and hot.”

“Fuck me, master.”

Obi-Wan starts thrusting slowly, bending down to look into his eyes, and then their lips meet in another kiss as Obi-Wan thrusts and Anakin wraps his legs around his body. He feels so good in him, he wants all of him, wants him to hit his prostate over and over again, wants this, wants him, wants it forever. But he can feel the pressure building, and he curls his legs tighter around him.

“Harder, master.”

Obi-Wan obliges and fucks harder into him, groaning with every move. He feels so good inside of him, he’s so big, Anakin’s so full and warm. So close.

“Permission to cum,” he begs. “Please, master.”

“Yes,” he groans, “come for me.”

Anakin’s pleasure comes in waves and then it releases all at once, in the most intense and mind
blowing way. He’s full and hard and then he isn’t, but his master fucks him all the way through it, providing new pleasure every second and it takes ages for the bliss to wear off. Only when Anakin is panting and lying down, melting into the bed, does Obi-Wan stop.

“Are you okay?”

He nods. “Cum in me, master. Keep fucking me.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Obi-Wan thrusts in him again, hitting his sensitive prostate, making Anakin whine, but he continues, harder, and Anakin loves it, loves the way he’s still full and useful for his master, loves the way that he enjoys his body till he thrusts one more time, emptying himself inside of him and then pulling out.

“Fuck, you feel good.”

Anakin smiles and Obi-Wan kisses him again, until they roll over on their sides and slowly stop kissing, just smiling at each other.

“Did you like it?” his master asks.

“It was amazing.”

Obi-Wan smiles and brushes his hand across his face. “For me too.”

“I’m glad my first time with a man was with you.”

Anakin’s words once again remind him what a special thing it was they did, and he tries to put away the guilt. Should Anakin not have been with somebody else? Somebody his age, somebody he’s been in a relationship with? But he smiles at him so happily, he can’t help but smile back. It had been good.

“I’m glad you liked it so much, Anakin.”

Anakin pulls him into another kiss instead of an answer, and he crashes into his softness again. He kissed greedily, pulling him closer, his mouth open and willing, but still taking and taking until they fall into each other’s arms again. Whatever barrier he has put up crumbles under them as he asks:

“Do you want to stay tonight?”

Chapter End Notes

Well, this is it. That’s not completely true, but after this there are mostly unfinished half chapters and I won’t post that. I don’t feel like finishing those up. I’m not sure what I’m going to do after this. The true way to leave this behind me is just delete the fic but I don’t think I will. Orphaning is an option. Anyway, off to the last chapter of the Fandom
Drama. I came back to tumblr (hey you're addicted or not) and I posted a frustrated post. Yeah, I was mad at this point so I tagged it. Didn't see the highly personal attack coming tho. I have a link somewhere if you want it, but believe me, it was terrible. They were so bound on tearing me down they attacked everyone of my insecurities. I wanted to fucking die. I deleted my ao3 and my tumblr and tbh I was miserable. I still love(d?) this ship you know? So at some point I posted this. A mistake ofc. Anyway, if you want to talk (and if it is to further harass me, go fuck yourselves, you've already been blocked) contact me on jedimistressblog. I'm sorry about this mess. I suppose this might be a good chapter to end things on.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://archiveofourown.org) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!