No love is greater than that of a father for his son.

by Geekygirl24

Summary

One-shots about the relationship between Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon. Ranging from sweet to hurt/comfort.

Chapter 65: Sequel to Chapter 62
Chapter 66: Everyone finds out Obi-Wan can sing
Chapter 67: Another Master takes on Obi-Wan (TPM AU)
Chapter 68: Sequel to Previous chapter
Chapter 69: Cody punches Qui-Gon
Chapter 70: Defending Point rain (Codywan)
Chapter 71: Qui-Gon catches Cody and Obi-Wan
Chapter 72: Sequel to Chapter 69

Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-
Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)
Jedi Master, Qui-Gon fought every urge to sigh and roll his eyes as the delegates continued to argue and shout at each other. A mission that was only meant to take a few weeks had ended up dragging on for a couple of weeks now, with the delegates not coming to an understanding at any point soon and rebels attacking them at any chance they got.

The streets of Lurark, the capital city of Saffalore on the Outer Rim, were dark and twisting. With the added chaos of the recent discussions, one wrong move could mean a knife in the gut and all of your belongings gone…it was dangerous and Qui-Gon was all too familiar of this. Almost as soon as they had arrived, his padawan Obi-Wan Kenobi, was attacked whilst wandering through the streets and it was only due to the quick reactions of Qui-Gon and a security guard, Mena Shihudd, that they were able to stop the attack from going too far.

It was now almost seven in the evening, and Qui-Gon could see that his padawan was beginning to falter. //Obi-Wan…go and get some rest. It has been a long day and it is only going to get longer.// He ordered gently through their bond.

Obi-Wan gave his Master a side-ways glance as he schooled his features into looking more alert, //I can do this Master.// He insisted stubbornly.

//I’m afraid I am going to have to insist…no reason for both of us to suffer needlessly.//

Obi-Wan seemed as if he was going to protest again, but at a single glance from Qui-Gon, he soon fell silent. Smiling slightly at the small amount of disappointment on his padawan’s face, Qui-Gon quickly waved Mena over and encouraged her to lean over. “I’m going to have to ask that you escort Obi-Wan back to our quarters. With the recent rebel attacks, I don’t want to take any chances.”

//Master, I can go by myself!  

//No Young One…I need you to do this for me, okay? //

Obi-wan thought to himself for a few moments, before nodding and standing up from his seat. This attracted the attention of several delegates, one of whom, stood up. “Excuse me Master Jedi, but may I ask where your…student is going?”

Qui-Gon inclined his head, “I’m afraid that we keep to a very strict schedule on Coruscant. At around this time, we usually insist that the padawan learners meditate for a while before settling down for the night.” He gestured to Mena, who placed a gentle hand on Obi’s back in order to encourage him out of the room, “I really must insist that we stick to this schedule as today’s meetings seem to need more time.”

The delegate turned to his colleagues, before nodding and sitting back down. As Obi-wan and Mena left the room, he turned back to his Master and shot him a grateful smile, which Qui-Gon quickly returned before turning his attention back to the meeting.

Mena and Obi-Wan quickly strode through the corridors towards the guest wing, the evening sun reflecting off of the glass art and creating beautiful shadows along the walls. Mena turned slightly to the young boy, “You know…your Master is only doing this for your own good you know?”

The boy smiled, “I know. Jedi Master’s have a duty to their learners, and this involves keeping them safe. Both physically and mentally.”
Mena frowned before smirking at the hidden meaning in Obi’s statement. As they got closer and closer to the guest quarters, Obi-Wan stopped in the middle of corridor….something was wrong. “GET DOWN!” he yelled as blaster shots suddenly came from around the corner as a group of rebels ran at the pair. Pushing Obi-Wan to the side, Mena drew her gun and return fired, only stopping when a blast struck her shoulder.

“Mena!”

“Get away young one! Go and get your Master!” Mena screamed as she fought through the pain and continued to fire at the oncoming rebels.

Obi frowned, “You’re injured, I can’t do that….” He darted out and began waving his hands, “If you want a true hostage….then you’ll have to catch me!” And with that, he ran back the way they came, towards the garden exits. The gardens on this planet were full of rare and exotic plants, but the most beautiful feature of it was the rocky mountain that lay at the bottom of it. The mountain stretched high above the clouds, creating an air of mystery about the whole thing.

“GET HIM!” yelled one of the rebels as they followed Obi-Wan into the gardens, causing the young Jedi to dive into a nearby ‘maze’ of overgrown grass and exotic flowers in order to hide from the group. Suddenly, Obi was very grateful about the negotiations taking so long, as even the gardeners were too pre-occupied to keep the grass trimmed. Remaining very still and taking care to monitor his breathing, he reached into the Force, listening and ‘feeling’ out for the rebels. He could just about hear their heavy breathing and their boots breaking the sticks on the ground…but he knew better than to rely on that. His senses could be fooled, but the Force had never lied to him before.

There!

As the rebels leapt through the grass and into the small space where Obi-Wan had been waiting, he used his legs to push off from the ground and back-flipped back onto the open garden pathways, smiling slightly as he heard the rebels yelp in surprise. As he ran towards the mountain it began to rain, causing the mud and stones to squelch underneath his feet and the feet of the rebels who weren’t too far behind.

//Master! \

…………………………..

Qui-Gon frowned slightly as the cry echoed over their bond. //Padawan? Obi-Wan?! \

Silence.

Before Qui-Gon could make his excuses and briefly leave the meeting in order to check on his padawan, the doors to the main hall slammed open and Mena staggered through. Her right shoulder was burnt, the singed uniform gaping open to reveal the swollen and slightly bleeding flesh underneath. The guard was clearly struggling to remain upright, “Master Jinn….” She groaned before falling to the floor in a heap.

Qui-Gon leapt up and ran over to the fallen guard, ignoring the chaos that was going on behind him. “Mena? Mena!”

The guard struggled to stay awake, “Obi-Wan….”

“Obi-Wan…what about Obi-Wan, where is he?!?” asked Qui-Gon frantically.

Mena weakly gestured towards the door before wincing in pain, “Rebels…going to kill me…Obi-
Wan got…attention. Don’t know…where he went.”

Qui-Gon tried not to let his panic show. The rebels had already proved themselves to be deadly and the thought of his young padawan standing against them chilled him to the bone. He glanced at the delegates, “Get security in here! And we need a healer now!” he ordered as he stood up, gently lowering Mena to the ground and heading towards the door.

“Wait! Where are you going?!” yelled one of the delegates.

Qui-Gon stopped at the doorway, “I’m going to help my padawan…”

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Obi-Wan winced when he came face to face with the mountain. The rain was making the rocks slippery and dangerous, and Obi-Wan couldn’t help but remember earlier in their visit, when he had tried and failed to climb the mountain before.

……..Flashback………….

“Come on Padawan.” Sighed Qui-Gon as the pair stared up at the mountain, with Obi-Wan clearly looking very unhappy with the prospect of the task ahead of him. “We can’t stand here all day Obi-Wan.”

Obi-Wan glanced at his Master before scowling in determination and attempting to head up the rocky face of the mountain. He had been told that this exercise would help to increase his stamina and can be used as a problem-solving task for when the padawan feels as if he cannot go any higher. Obi-Wan didn’t make it too far before sliding back down to the ground, but that didn’t stop him. He had only been Qui-Gon’s padawan for a few months and was determined to prove himself.

He tried again, getting a little bit further before sliding back down….only to be stopped by a gentle hand on his back. Sheepishly, he glanced back at his Master who smiled gently at him. “Perhaps, this can be a teamwork exercise?” asked the man as he pushed slightly and encouraged his padawan to make his way up the mountain.

Obi-Wan flushed and nodded, “Thank you Master…”

“Do not worry yourself about it little one.”

……..End Flashback……..

Obi-Wan grunted as he scrambled up the mountain, monitoring his breathing in order to remain calm and expel his fear into the Force.

“GET BACK HERE!” screamed one of the rebels as they fired blaster shot after blaster shot at him, and reaching up to try and grab a hold of Obi’s leg as he pulled himself up onto another ledge.

Obi shook his head as one of the rebels slid down the mountain, yelling in shock before there was a grunt of pain. However, he couldn’t be too distracted as the others were slowly gaining on him.

Noticing a small pile of loose rocks near the next ledge, Obi-Wan summoned up all of his energy and focused the Force on those rocks. With each wave of his hand, he tried to dislodge the rocks in order to cause a minor avalanche, until finally, one of the bottom rocks fell away and the pile came tumbling past Obi-Wan and onto another one of the rebels.

This small avalanche knocked the rebel back down to the ground, causing him to groan in pain as the rocks struck off of his head and various other unprotected parts of his body. Without even looking
back, Obi-Wan continued to climb. He scrambled from ledge to ledge, using all of his leg strength to push himself further and further, higher and higher until he reached a dead end. Pressing back against the mountain, Obi-Wan turned around to face the edge of the ledge just as the final rebel climbed onto it.

“End of the line, Jedi brat!”

Obi-Wan’s eyes widened as the rebel aimed his gun at him.

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Qui-Gon ran through the gardens as the rain poured down all around him, the mountain up ahead was shrouded in mist, making it impossible for the Master to see his Padawan…but not sense him. Through their bond, Qui-Gon could sense that Obi-Wan was scared and trying to expel these feelings into the Force. Knowing that the mountain was the most strategically sound position in the gardens, providing cover and giving Obi-Wan an advantage over his pursuers, Qui-Gon leapt up the mountain. He leapt until he could just about see the outline of two figures down below.

His padawan was pressed against the back of the mountain as a grown man advanced on him, aiming his blaster at the boy, knowing that he couldn’t escape.

“OBI-WAN!” yelled Qui-Gon.

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Obi-Wan’s eyes darted away from the rebel, towards the source of his Master’s voice. Master Qui-Gon had a reputation of being cold and emotionally unavailable, but over the past few months, Obi-Wan found this to be untrue. His Master could be happy, disappointed and occasionally angry and sad…however, Obi-Wan had only heard fear and panic in Qui-Gon’s voice twice. Once during the incident on Bandomeer and now.

Knowing that his Master feared for him spurred Obi-Wan on. He frowned in determination and, using the last of his strength, Obi-Wan lifted his legs off of the ground and propelled both of them into the rebel’s stomach before the man could pull the trigger. The sudden shock of having the breath kicked out of him and the strength behind the attack, sent the rebel stumbling off of the edge and down to the ground below…where he lay still.

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Qui-Gon sighed in relief, making a mental note to make sure that the rebel’s families were notified of the incident…however, for now he was more concerned for his Padawan. Proudly, he watched as the teenager nimbly climbed up to a ledge opposite Qui-Gon before leaping over to join his Master, beaming widely as Qui-Gon nodded his approval.

However before Obi-Wan could take another step, the Force called out a warning as the rocks underneath the boy’s feet began to crumble and fall away. Obi-Wan’s eyes widened in shock as the area he was standing on fell….taking him with it.

“OBI-WAN!” yelled Qui-Gon, running forwards in an attempt to save his Padawan…but he was too late. With a startled cry, Obi-Wan tumbled down the mountain until he reached the bottom, his head striking a rock with a sickening crack as the bond fell silent.

Qui-Gon stood there in silence for a few seconds before scrambling down the mountain face. The rain continued to pour as he reached the bottom, only to stop in shock. Lying by a large rock was Obi-Wan. The boy was pale, his reddish hair stained with a small amount of blood…and he didn’t
 seem to be breathing.

“Obi-Wan…” whispered Qui-Gon in shock, sensing nothing from over their bond, “…Obi-Wan.”

He stepped closer, frowning as he did, “Get up….” He begged desperately, his eyes still focused on
his padawan as a couple of delegates, security and a limping Mena joined them, standing a
respectable distance away in order to give the pair some privacy.

Qui-Gon took another step forward. “You have to get up! How dare yo-“ He stopped in his tracks,
before shaking his head wearily and collapsing to his knees besides his padawan. Gently, he pulled
Obi-Wan to his chest, brushing the boy’s padawan braid out of his face as the rain drizzled to a stop.

The small group that were standing to one side watched in silence as the Jedi Master rocked
backwards, his padawan still clutched in his arms as the man whispered praise into his ear.
Respectfully, the small group turned away as Qui-Gon’s shoulders began to shake slightly and a
single tear streamed down his cheek. They remained there for several minutes before Qui-Gon
slowly stood up, Obi-Wan still in his arms.

“Master….“ Whispered a small voice and Qui-Gon’s face lit up in shock, hope and joy.

Obi-Wan’s eyes slowly opened and Qui-Gon couldn’t help but grin at the sight. “I’m here little
one…” whispered the Master Jedi, “…I’m here.”
Obi-Wan didn’t think things could get any worse. He and his Master had been on some very
dangerous missions before, but this one really exceeded all expectations. They had travelled to the
planet Aar, where the Aar’aa lived. They were a sentient, reptilian species who were well-known for
being the enforcers of the Hutts or guards for the t’landa til on their religious journeys.

The reason that the Jedi had been sent to the planet, was the emergence of a religious cult, which
caused the chief officials to be concerned. They had first believed that it would be a simple
negotiation, but almost as soon as the Jedi arrived in the cult camp, the leader turned the crowd
against them, stating that they got their Force powers from witchcraft.

At first this wasn’t a problem, with Qui-Gon being as diplomatic as possible, however a few days
into the negotiations, the pair found themselves being dragged from their beds and injected them with
an unknown substance that dulled their connection to the Force, practically cutting them off from it.
Their lightsabers had been confiscated, with the guards now taunting the two Jedi by holding them
up and waving them just out of reach.

That was how Obi-Wan got into this particular situation…tied to a large pole, wood under his feet
and the leader holding a burning torch. The leader turned to face the crowd and seemed to be making
a grand speech. Obi-Wan had never been so thankful for the lack of the translator droid (their one
having been destroyed during the ambush), because whatever the leader was saying, the crowd
seemed to be agreeing and glaring at the young boy.

Twisting his head around, he focused on his Master. The man was being held in a basic, wooden
cage, but with his connection to the Force dulled and no lightsaber readily available, getting out was
more difficult. Qui-Gon was pulling against the bars and staring at Obi-Wan desperately, who tried
to smile reassuringly at him…probably not very successfully as he could feel the sweat dripping
down his face as he tried not to panic.

Suddenly, he heard the leader’s voice get even closer and after twisting his head around the face the
front, his eyes widened in shock. The leader’s face was only a few inches from his own as the man
(?) hissed at him, a smirk on its face. Obi-Wan tried to remain calm and reason with the leader, “I’m
afraid I don’t understand what you’re saying, but if you-“

Before he could finish, the leader span around and held up his arms in triumph, gesturing to Obi-
Wan with the still-burning torch…this was not good. As the speech seemed to be drawing to a close,
Obi-Wan tried to focus on the Force and called out through the bond, as the torch lit the wood
underneath his feet.
Qui-Gon didn’t have to have the bond to know that his padawan was scared. As the smoke billowed up from the flames, Qui-Gon could hear Obi-Wan choking and coughing as he struggled to breath, causing the Jedi Master to struggle furiously, his fists tightening against the wooden bars. This couldn’t be happening…he couldn’t be useless at a time where his padawan needed him the most. The smoke was now so thick that Qui-Gon could barely see Obi-Wan…but he could still hear him.

He winced as the coughing only increased in volume…until nothing. “OBI-WAN!!” he yelled. He pulled against the bars and scowled as the guards laughed at the sight of his padawan slumping over and going limp against his restraints. The guards stepped back towards the cage and Qui-Gon saw his chance. Seeing their lightsabers attached to one of the guard’s belts, he snatched them and used his to slice through the bars, allowing him to hop out and head towards his student.

He leapt over the heads of the crowd and behind the pole where Obi-Wan was being kept, using his lightsaber to carefully slice through the ropes holding his padawan up. The leader hissed threateningly at him, but Qui-Gon couldn’t focus on that. He ran in the direction of the Aar’aa city, clutching his padawan close to him and swiping at anything that got in his way.

Almost as soon as he reached the city, they were ushered into the medical centre and Obi-Wan was taken away by the healers. Qui-Gon stared after them in dismay as he was approached by the King of the city and another translator droid. “My Master takes it the negotiations did not go as plan?”

Qui-Gon shook his head wearily, “They took us by surprise…tied my padawan to a pole and set it alight.”

The King opened his mouth to say something, but found himself interrupted when something exploded near the walls of the city. A guard came running down the corridor towards them and hissed something at the King in panic as another explosion shook the city. The translator droid turned to Qui-Gon, “The cult leader and his followers are attacking the city…” The King hissed, “…and his Royal Highness would like to ask for your help against them.”

Qui-Gon glanced in the direction of the Healers room, before nodding. “Alright, but you must know that I will not kill any of them for you.”

The King seemed displeased at this, but nodded in agreement. With another glance towards the Healers room, Qui-Gon activated his lightsaber and attempted to reach out to the Force again.

//I will be with you soon Padawan.\n
The fight was long and exhausting. Despite may of the cult members being untrained, they fought with all their might and there were many times where Qui-Gon found himself struggling, especially as his connection to the Force was dulled and he couldn’t use his lightsaber (in an attempt not to kill). The only weapon he had was a stun blaster…and his aim was shocking.

However, with the help of the Aar’aa guards, the cult members were eventually all caught and imprisoned with only a few injured and one dead. Qui-Gon glanced around at the courtyard. It was pure chaos, with many ordinary citizens hiding in their houses as soldiers banged on the doors and searched the building, in case any cult members had tried to hide. There was no sign of the cult leader, which caused great concern for Qui-Gon. As he headed back to the main building, the King
and the translator droid were waiting for him.

“His Royal Highness would like to thank you for helping to stop this dangerous cult.”

Qui-Gon bowed slightly, “You need not thank me Your Highness. I regret to inform you that we have not yet caught the leader.”

The King waved his hand in a dismissive manner and hissed. The translator nodded, “It is of no concern. The coward is probably hiding in a house, where he will be found, or he ran back to his camp. His Royal Highness assures you that no matter what, he will be found.”

Qui-Gon nodded in thanks before making his excuses and heading towards the Healers Wing, located in a separate tower. As he strode down the corridors, he couldn’t help but notice the sympathetic looks he received off of many of the Healers….at least, he thought they were sympathetic. One of the Healers seemed to recognise who he was and pointed him towards the relevant room.

“We’ve done it Obi-Wan…” he stated as he entered the room, “…the cult members have been imprisoned. You should really come and see, I have a feeling that you’ll appreciate it.”

He was met with complete silence. There was no voice groaning about being in the Healers Wing again, sighing in relief about another close call…or even any reassuring beeps to signal any life at all. His padawan lay deathly still on the bed, his face pale and slight burns on the soles of his feet.

“Obi-Wan?” Nothing. “Oh no…”

Qui-Gon shook his head in denial, quickly striding over to the bed and grabbed a hold of Obi-Wan’s hand. He sat there, for what seemed like hours, his head bowed low as he slowly felt the Force come back to him…and felt nothing over the bond. The only solace that Qui-Gon had, was that the bond was not completely severed.

Suddenly, what little connection he had to the Force called out a warning, causing him to spin around and grab the wrist of someone behind him. The leader of the cult hissed and struggled against the grip, the knife in his hand glinting as it reflected the setting sun. Using all of his strength, Qui-Gon pushed the Aar’aa away, trying to get him away from his padawan, making sure to remove the knife. The leader fell against the far wall and held up his hands in a sign of defence, but Qui-Gon shook his head. “You need to listen to me. Your little cult is finished and you will most likely be tried for treason….and you had better hope a murder trial is not added onto your list of crimes, because if my padawan doesn’t make it then-“

//Master?\n
Qui-Gon stopped as their bond flared to life and he span around to see Obi-Wan lifting himself up off of the bed, coughing slightly as he swung his legs over the side of the bed. However, before Qui-Gon could say anything, he heard a threatening hiss from behind him. Thinking quickly, Qui-Gon grabbed Obi-Wan, carrying him in bridal fashion and running out of the door just as a blaster shot struck the bed where Obi-Wan was once sitting. He ran out into the corridor and ran towards the stairs in an attempt to gain the high ground.

//Master! I can walk! \ Obi-Wan weakly yelled through the bond as the run jostled him, causing him to cough and try to catch his breath.

//Not as fast as he can little one!  

Before they could reach the stairs, the Force called out another warning and Qui-Gon was forced to
drop Obi-Wan on the floor as the leader leapt at them, sending both him and Qui-Gon threw a nearby window…which was about seven stories up.

“M-master!” cried out Obi-Wan, as he crawled towards the window and peered over the edge. What he saw caused him to sigh in relief. Clasping onto the edge of the window ledge was his Master… but crawling up the vines was the leader. The man (?) clambered onto the ledge besides Obi-Wan and stood up to his full height, holding the blaster at Obi-Wan’s head.

“And he sssssshall ssssssmite the wicked and plunge them into the fiery pitssssssss of hell!”

Before the trigger could be pulled however, Qui-Gon shoot up into the air and back-flipped over his padawan, before holding his lightsaber against the neck of the leader. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

The leader simply smirked, his finger tightening on the trigger. However, before anything could be done, Qui-Gon sliced the blade of the lightsaber across the leader’s neck, causing him to gurgle and choke before falling off of the ledge and down to the ground below. Qui-Gon shook his head in sadness and sheathed his weapon, before kneeling down in order to help Obi-Wan off of the ground. Obi-Wan grinned up at his Master, “You have got to teach me that at some point!”

Qui-Go smirked and raised an inquisitive eyebrow, “Teach you what?”

Obi-Wan coughed slightly, “The manoeuvre you’ve just performed, where you save yourself from falling from a great height, by using the Force to propel yourself up onto safer ground and then engaging your lightsaber in order to best a foe.”

“Oh, that manoeuvre.”

Obi-Wan nodded, “I can’t help but feel it might come in use one day!”

Qui-Gon felt a dull ache near his chest at these words and grimaced, “I can only hope that it never comes to that. If there ever comes a time where I am not there to help you, then you may use that move…..in the meantime, I would like you to trust me. Trust me to keep you safe.”

“Oh of course Master…b-but can you extend the same courtesy to me?”

“I can certainly make my best attempt Padawan.”

“That’s all I ask Master.”
10 years later (Fits Into Canon Universe)

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

“I assume that there’s a reason for why you’ve brought me down here Master?”

Master Yoda smiled softly to himself as he taped his way towards the crèche, closely followed by Jedi Master, Qui-Gon Jinn. “Someone I want you to meet. Interesting I think you may find him.”

Qui-Gon Jinn very maturely, did not roll his eyes (outwardly anyway) as they strode down the corridor. “I’m not sure I should be leaving Xanatos alone. He’s going through a difficult time at the moments. “

Yoda wisely chose not to say anything. Silently, the pair crept past the main sleeping area where the younger initiates were spending the night, however as they headed towards the older initiate area, Qui-Gon heard an automated voice from around the corner.

‘On the clearest of nights, when the winds of the Inner Rim were calm and peaceful, the great merchant ship with their cargoes of Adegan crystals, felt safe and secure. Little did they suspect that they were pursued by…pirates!’

Qui-Gon glanced at Master Yoda and frowned, “Is that-“

“Your favourite story when you were younger, was it not, hmmm?” asked Master Yoda as they turned around the corner. Huddled against the wall was a young boy, only around 2 or 3, with his eyes firmly focused on a holo-book. Images of speeders and ships flew out of the book, with the automated voice describing the events.

‘And the most feared of all these pirates, was the notorious Captain Nathaniel Flint. Like a Krayt dragon, overtaking its prey—‘

“Past your bedtime it is, Initiate Kenobi…..” Gently scolded Master Yoda, “Have another dream, did you young one, hmmm?”

Slamming the book shut, cutting off the voice, the young child sprang up and toddled over to the two masters, “Yeah, it was weally scawy and I couldn’t sleep again!”

“Hmph, so decide to read you did, hmmm?”

Kenobi nodded eagerly, clearly not worried about being in trouble, “Yeah! Dis one about piwates!”

The child glanced between the two amused Jedi Masters, “You wanna wead wif me?”
Yoda gently tapped the boy on the leg with his gimmer stick, “Sit down you will and stay, we might.”

Kenobi beamed and sat back against the wall, waiting semi-patiently as Yoda sat beside him. Before he could open the book, Yoda pointed up at Qui-Gon, “Master Qui-Gon’s favourite story, this is.”

Qui-Gon inwardly sighed as the small child patted the space besides him, his eyes widening in a silent plea. “How big can those eyes get?” muttered the Master as he slowly lowered himself to the ground, “Okay, but only for a little while.”

Kenobi beamed at him, before opening the book again.

‘Like a Krayt dragon, overtaking its prey, Flint and his band of renegades swooped in out of nowhere. And then, gathering up their spoils…..vanished without a trace. Flint’s secret trove was never found, but stories have persisted that it remains hidden somewhere at the farthest reaches of the galaxy, stowed with riches beyond imagination--the loot of a thousand worlds….’

Qui-Gon smiled softly as the child listened intently to the story, practically vibrating with excitement as the story drew to a close.

“Tweasure planet!” whispered Kenobi.

Realizing that the child was no longer focusing on the book, Master Yoda gently removed the book, closing it as Master Qui-Gon lifted Kenobi off of the ground. “I think it’s time for young initiates to go to bed now…” he whispered, smiling softly as the child buried his face in the older man’s neck.

“How d’ya fink he did it?” How did Flint come out of nowhere and vanish wifout a twace?!"

Qui-Gon, despite his earlier misgivings about the situation, gently patted the boy’s back soothingly. “I have no idea little one…” Before the child could answer, the Jedi Master dug his fingers into the boy’s sides and tickled him mercilessly, chuckling as Kenobi squirmed and giggled, with Master Yoda watching fondly.

As they approached the youngling initiate area, Qui-Gon began to rock the child back and forth in an attempt to send the child off to sleep. Creeping into the main sleeping area, Qui-Gon gently lowered Kenobi into the lone empty bed, between another human boy and a Mon-Calamari. “Where do you fink tweasure planet is Master Yoda?” asked Kenobi sleepily, as Qui-Gon softly tucked the child in.

Master Yoda shook his head, “Legend, treasure planet is young one. Think about it, you should not.”

The small Master quietly headed out of the door as Kenobi pouted, “I know it’s weal…” he whispered, smiling as Qui-Gon chuckled warmly.

“Master Yoda isn’t right all the time young one…”

“So tweasure planet does exist?!”

“It very well might child. Now sleep…” whispered Qui-Gon, entering a small amount of Force suggestion into the words.

As his eyes began to slide shut, Kenobi managed to force one last thing out, “M’name’s….Obi-Wan…”

Secure in the knowledge that Keno-Obi-Wan was sleeping, Qui-Gon carefully tiptoed out of the room and met with Master Yoda outside of the initiate area. “The Force is very bright with him…”
greeted Qui-Gon, “…I’ve never seen anything quite as bright.”

Master Yoda nodded in agreement, “Strong with the Unifying Force, he is. Plagued by visions, which keep him awake.”

“At such a young age?”

“Yes. A hard life, he may have. But bright, he still remains.”

“What do you see in store for him?”

“Clouded, his future is. See clearly I cannot.”

Qui-Gon frowned at this, finding it hard to imagine anything but a happy future for the small child. As he was thinking, Master Yoda continued, “Know only this, I do. Your future, tied in with his, it is.”

Qui-Gon shrugged, “Who knows, maybe when Xanatos becomes a knight, I’ll take on another padawan learner…but by that time, he’ll probably have been chosen.”

“The future, always in motion it is. Be sure of nothing, you should. Meet again, you and Kenobi will. Remember this night, you must.”

Almost 10 years later, Qui-Gon found himself smiling at the memory as he and his new padawan headed back to Coruscant from Bandomeer.

“Master?”

He twisted around to face Obi-Wan and raised an eyebrow as a silent signal for the teen to continue. Obi-Wan twisted his fingers into his robe for few minutes before blurt out a question, “Did you only take me on as a padawan learner because of the bomb incident?”

Qui-Gon frowned at the memory, but shook his head nonetheless, “No. Whilst I admire your determination and your willingness to sacrifice your life in order to save others that was not why I chose you. You may not remember this little one, but we met a long time ago….”

“We have?”

“Hmmm, yes. You were only a small boy then…but I suspect that’s when a bond first formed between us.”

“B-but then why didn’t you do anything earlier? If we had this bond?”

“Stubbornness, little one. I was too stubborn to accept what the Force was telling me.”

“And now?”

Qui-Gon smiled gently at his student, “Now, I accept that I was wrong. And I am going to devote myself to teaching you and getting you to knighthood…not matter what.”
With this particular one-shot, it is an alternate universe where Qui-Gon survived, but Obi-Wan still went on to train Anakin. Dooku is also not a Sith in this, however, he remains neutral in the clone wars. Also….CODYWAN! Yes, the characterisation is a little off :S

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)
during this war, it was Master Jinn who scared him the most. The man had an unnerving habit of simply staring at Cody when he thought the clone wasn’t paying attention. As if trying to see into the Clone’s mind. “Where is your Master? I thought you two were spending your day off together?”

Obi-Wan shrugged, “Mast—I’m sorry, Count Dooku came for a visit so I encouraged Master to spend the day with his old Master. We’ll end up talking later anyway…”

As Obi-Wan made to continue, he was interrupted by Rex making his way over. “Good afternoon General. I hope you’re enjoying your day off as much as General Skywalker is?”

Obi-Wan sighed wearily, “Dare I ask?”

“Probably best not to Sir…”

Obi-Wan sighed and shook his head before turning his attention back to Cody, “Commander…I was wondering whether or not you’ll allow me to show you around the Coruscant market…that is of course if you aren’t too busy or have previous plans?”

Before Cody could even think about protesting or making an excuse, Rex hissed in his ear. “You’ve been waiting for this chance forever…forget that he’s a Jedi and go!”

Cody flushed as Obi-Wan gave them a knowing grin. Nudging his brother away, Cody nodded in response to his General’s query, “That would be…nice Sir.”

Obi-Wan practically beamed, “Excellent…but I think you can call me Obi-Wan, especially now.”

“Yes S-Obi-Wan…Sir”

Obi-Wan chuckled, “Come on then Cody, we have quite a bit of ground to cover.”

Ignoring Rex’s smirk, Cody followed the Gen-…Obi-Wan, trying not to look too eager in case the…Obi-Wan turned around and noticed.

………………………………

The next few hours were arguably some of the best in Cody’s life. The pair spent the rest of the afternoon and some of the evening wandering the streets of Coruscant, watching the many shows and performances of the people. They strolled by the side of the lake until Obi-Wan ran around and picked up a small plant.

Cody frowned, “Ummm, S-Obi-Wan? Isn’t that a weed?”

Obi-Wan grinned, “I used to think so too, but Master was so in tune with the Living Force that he would often teach me all about the plant life of each plant. For instance, smell this plant….”

Cody was slow to obey, but when he did, he found himself smiling in shock. “That’s…nice. What is it?”

“It’s a herb…used in cooking. Speaking of which, I know exactly where to go next!”

They walked until they eventually came to a small diner. It seemed deserted, with only a couple of hooded patrons in, but Obi-Wan still pushed his way in. “Dex?”

Cody watched in amazement as a large Besalisk came out into the main diner area, his arms open wide as he pulled the Jedi Master into a seemingly bone-crushing hug. ”Obi-Wan! You’re just in time! I’ve just finished a soufflé!”
As he released Obi-Wan, the Besalisk (who Cody assumed to be Dex) caught sight of Cody and beamed, “Well, well, well…who’s this then?”

Obi-Wan gently encouraged Cody to stand next to him, “This is…Cody. My friend.”

Dex smirked knowingly at the pair of them before heading back into the kitchen, coming back out with a soufflé. “You fella’s hafta try this, it’s-“As it was placed on the counter, the soufflé practically deflated, causing Dex to spit out a very unflattering word in his own language.

Cody sighed sympathetically, “Shame, it looked-“

He paused as Obi-Wan held up a hand and dipped a spoon into the now deflated mixture, “Wait…” he held out the spoon for Cody, “…try it.”

Cody was quick to obey…and found himself pleasantly surprised, “Wow….“

Obi-Wan grinned as Dex sighed in relief, “One thing about Dex’s cooking is, that no matter what it looks like, it’s the best.”

The pair (along with Dex) eagerly finished the pudding, before Obi-Wan grabbed a hold of Cody’s hand “Come, there’s one more thing I have to show you!”

Waving goodbye to Dex, the pair quickly left. As they rounded the corner, Dex turned to the hooded couple in the end booth and grinned. “Well, what d’ya make of that?!“

The two removed their hoods and Qui-Gon frowned, “I-I didn’t realise-“

Dooku shook his head, “Don’t act rashly. Maybe it was not what it appeared to be?“

Dex frowned at the pair, “You didn’t like what you saw?“

Qui-Gon sighed, “It’s not that we didn’t like it…it’s that it’s forbidden.”

“Love?”

“Attachment…”

Dooku placed a calming hand on his old padawan’s shoulder, “Let us see the true nature of this relationship Qui-Gon, maybe not all is what it seems.”

………………………………………………

Cody frowned in confusion as Obi-Wan pulled him up the stairs of a tower. “This is my favourite spot in all of Coruscant…” explained the General as they neared the top, “…isn’t it beautiful?!“

Cody shook his head, “But I can’t see anything?“

“You don’t have to. Close your eyes and listen to the city…”

Cody obeyed and almost instantly he was met with the sounds of children playing, music from the performers and the laughter of the people down below. As he listened, Obi-Wan gently tugged him up a few more stairs until there was the sound of a door opening and the sudden gust of wind caused Cody to open his eyes.

There he was met with a view of Coruscant, more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. The city lights twinkled in the evening sky and Cody couldn’t help but smile. “Yeah…I can see why this
“Is your favourite spot.” He turned to Obi-Wan and grinned, “Got anything else to show me?”

Obi-Wan looked surprised for a second before nodding eagerly and jumping onto the nearest building roof, encouraging the Commander to join him with a simple wave of his hand. Cody couldn’t but laugh as he followed his General across the rooftops of Coruscant.

This…this was what he always wanted.

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“The very same. Obi-Wan was always very young when exposed to strong feelings of compassion and I was always there to point out why he couldn’t pursue anything. He would then expel these feelings into the Force…with the occasional rebellion here and there.”

“Kenobi? Rebellious?”

Qui-Gon chuckled, “He’s not always been the perfect example of a Jedi…even now, he is far more like me than he’ll ever realise.”

Dooku seemed surprised at this and as thunder and lightning cracked and boomed overhead, from beneath the shelter of a nearby store, the pair watched as Obi-Wan and Cody stayed out in the open. The rain poured down from the skies and the couple in the square laughed as their clothes slowly became soaked.

Dooku frowned, “What makes this love so different from the previous occasions? I notice that you’re not exactly rushing to remind him of the code.”

Qui-Gon simply smiled and gestured at the couple, “Obi-Wan hates getting wet unnecessarily. Whenever we would go on a mission where the main weather forecast was rain, Obi-Wan was miserable. As he got older, he complained slightly less…but he still preferred staying dry.”

“So?”

“Look at him…I don’t think he even realises it’s raining, he’s so focused on Commander Cody.”

There was another crack and boom as the storm intensified, and the suddenness of it startled the pair who quickly realised what situation they were in. Qui-Gon chuckled warmly as he watched Obi-Wan’s face twist in distaste, trying to pull the wet cloth away from his skin as Cody tugged him towards another shelter.

They watched as the pair disappeared into the shadows and Dooku turned to his old padawan, “Are you going to talk to him?”

Qui-Gon smiled, “I see no reason to. If it goes any further, I’m sure Obi-Wan will tell me…but in times of war, a little bit more love can go a long way.”
Qui-Gon sat with Master Yoda and Senator Bail Organa in dismay and shock. Whilst on a mission, his clone troopers had turned on him and attempted to shoot him in the back. It was due to the Force’s warnings that he was able to dodge the oncoming attack and escape to his ship, where he was able to send an emergency transmission. No Jedi picked up the signal, but thankfully the Senator did, who then informed him that clones all around the galaxy were turning on their General’s. Upon hearing this, Qui-Gon felt a flash of worry for his old padawan, who had been sent to take care of General Grevious. Realizing that the Jedi Master had nowhere else to go, Bail sent him coordinates to his cruiser.

Upon entering the cruiser, he met up Master Yoda and the Senator….and no-one else. Qui-Gon frowned, “How many other Jedi have managed to survive this attack?”

Yoda shook his head wearily, “Heard from on-one, have we…”

“Not even-“

“No…not even Obi-Wan” interrupted Master Yoda.

Qui-Gon closed his eyes in grief as Bail described how he saw thousands of clone troopers attack the Jedi Temple, hence the contact with Master Yoda.

“Have we had any contact from the Temple then?” asked Qui-Gon, practically in desperation as his thoughts turned back to Obi-Wan.

“Received a coded transmission, we have…”

Bail nodded, “Yes, It states that every Jedi should make their way back to the Temple….it says that the war is over.”

Qui-Gon turned to Master Yoda, “Well then we must go back…if there are any survivors, they might
fall into the trap and be killed!"

Master Yoda shook his head, “Stop worrying about Obi-Wan, you should…but suggest dismantling
the coded transmission, do you?”

Qui-Gon nodded, “There is too much at stake here Master Yoda…if anyone did survive, then they
will be killed instantly!”

Master Yoda nodded, “I agree…and a little more knowledge may light our way, hmmm?”

As they travelled to Coruscant, they received a transmission from the Chancellor’s office, instructing
Bail to attend a meeting of the delegates, which Bail agreed to. “It could be a trap….” Mused the
Senator.

Qui-Gon shook his head, “No…the Chancellor will not be able to control the thousands of star
systems without keeping the Senate intact.”

“If a special session of Congress, there is. Easier it will be to enter the Temple…”

Qui-Gon nodded in agreement with Master Yoda

As Bail flew to the Congress meeting, Master Qui-Gon and Master Yoda made their way to the
Temple. Upon reaching it, they were met by a legion of clone troopers…who already appeared to be
attempting to try and take down another Jedi. Leaping over the heads of these clones, between the
three of them, they were able to defeat the clones.

“Master!” called out the other Jedi.

Startled, Qui-Gon turned his attention away from the carnage and towards the familiar voice.
Practically running towards them, was his old padawan. “Obi-Wan…” he whispered in relief, “…I
thought…with all the clones…I-”

“Cody helped me escape…” sighed Obi-Wan sadly, “…he deliberately missed so that I could get
away. And then he helped me to my ship so that I could get away…”

Qui-Gon winced in sympathy. The growing relationship between Obi-Wan and his Commander was
no secret to the Master, and the sudden betrayal of the clones must have hurt Obi-Wan deeply…still,
it was a relief to know that Cody didn’t follow Order 66 to the letter, however, it was possible that
Cody would be punished for failing not to kill the General.

Obi-Wan shook his head, “I-I received the transmission…but by the time I realised what it was, it
was too late…”

Qui-Gon and Yoda nodded in understanding before heading into the Temple. Their faces crumbled
as they saw the bodies covering the floor, and Obi-Wan’s face twisted in grief. “Not even the
younglings survived….” He whispered.

Master Yoda shook his head sadly, “Killed not by clones, this….” The Master took a deep,
shuddering breath in an attempt to control his emotions, “…padawan, by lightsaber he was.”

Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan glanced at each in shock, as Qui-Gon lowered himself to the ground in order
to see if what Master Yoda said was true…it was. “Who?” he asked, “Who could have done this?”

Master Yoda simply shook his head as Obi-Wan gently patted his old Master on the shoulder, “I’m going to go and change that transmission…we can’t have any other surviving Jedi making their way here. Not when our future is so unsure…”

Qui-Gon nodded in agreement and watched his apprentice race towards the communications section, a steady hand on his lightsaber in case he ran into any trouble. He sighed wearily, glancing around in an attempt to see past the tragic events.

Master Yoda gestured towards the living quarters, “Search for survivors, you should hmmm?”

“And what about you Master?”

Yoda turned towards the security chamber “Find out who did this, I must”

Qui-Gon watched as the senior Jedi Master tapped his way down the corridor, pausing every so often to close a young Jedi’s eyes. Shaking his head, Qui-Gon ran towards the living areas and prepared himself for what he might find.

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After almost an hour of searching, all Qui-Gon found were more bodies. Children who must have been sent to their rooms in a last desperate to protect them…some of them didn’t even make it past the doors. Slowly, he made his way over to the communications section, meeting up with a clearly grieved Master Yoda.

Upon entering, they watched as Obi-Wan finished what he was doing, “You know…” sighed the man, “…I remember a young padawan asking me if this system could be used to warn Jedi away…not recall them. I agreed, saying that for unexpected reasons it could be used that way…I just hoped that it would never come to that.”

He turned to the two Jedi Masters, “I’ve recalibrated the code, warning all surviving Jedi to stay away”

Master Yoda nodded, “For the clones to discover the recalibration, a long time it will take.”

Qui-Gon and Yoda waited until Obi-Wan was finished, before heading towards the security systems chamber, which would then lead to the hanger bay. Hopefully there was a ship they could use. However, before they could leave the chamber, Obi-Wan stopped in his tracks, “Wait Masters…there is something I must know.”

He headed over to the recording systems, closely followed by Qui-Gon…who wanted to know the same thing. Master Yoda held up a hand to try and stop them, “If into the security recordings you go, only pain will you find…”

Undeterred, Obi-Wan continued “I must know the truth Master…”

He switched on the hologram recording, only to take a step back in shock as a familiar figure appeared, striking down Jedi after Jedi. Qui-Gon shook his head in dismay, “It can’t be…” he whispered as he watched Anakin Skywalker kneel before the Sith Lord, Darth Sidious.

“You have done well my new apprentice…” murmured the Sith on the recording, “…now Lord Vader, go and bring peace to the Empire.”
Obi-Wan shook his head, switching the recording off, “I can’t watch anymore…”

The pair turned to Master Yoda, who frowned at them, “Destroy the Sith, we must!”

Sensing what Yoda meant, Obi-Wan shook his head and lowered himself down to Yoda’s level, “Send me to defeat Sidious, send both of us! I cannot kill Anakin!”

Yoda sighed, “To fight this Darth Lord Sidious, strong enough you are not!”,

He glanced at both of them, causing Qui-Gon to nod in understanding. Even he and Obi-Wan would not be enough defeat Sidious….the man was just too powerful. Obi-Wan seemed even more distressed at this, “He is like my brother, I cannot do it!”

“Twisted by the Dark Side, young Skywalker has become…the boy you trained, gone he is.”

Qui-Gon found himself flinching at the all too familiar words…last spoken before his final confrontation with Xanatos.

“Consumed he is by Darth Vader” continued Yoda.

Obi-Wan continued to try and argue his case, “I don’t know where the Emperor has sent him, I don’t know where to look!” he pleaded.

Master Yoda strode away from the pair, “Use your feelings Obi-Wan, and find him you will.”

They watched as the small Jedi Master disappeared around the corner and Qui-Gon found himself kneeling beside his old padawan and pulling him into a one-armed hug, “You know where we must go…”

Wearily, Obi-Wan nodded. “Padme…”

……………………………..

Not a word was spoken during the journey. Once they arrived at Senator Amidala’s apartment, the two Jedi were met with relief. Padme embraced them both, expressing her worry at the thought of them being hunted down like common criminals. However, her worry soon turned to doubt and disbelief as they began question her about the whereabouts of Anakin.

“When did you see him last?” asked Qui-Gon

“Yesterday…” She wandered over to the balcony sofas, her hand resting on her clearly pregnant belly.

“Do you know where he is now?”

“…No.”

Sensing her lies, Obi-Wan sighed, “Padme, we need your help. He is in grave danger-“

“-from the Sith?!” she interrupted, twirling around.

Obi-Wan frowned, “From himself…Padme, Anakin has turned to the Dark Side.”

Furiously, Padme shook her head in denial, “You’re wrong! How could you even say that?!”

Qui-Gon placed a comforting hand on his old padawan’s shoulder as the younger Jedi’s grief and
sorrow became all too clear over their bond. “I have seen a security holo-recording of him…” Obi-Wan took a deep breath and covered his mouth in an attempt to hide this grief from the Senator, “…killing younglings.”

“Not Anakin!” cried Padme in disbelief, “He couldn’t!”

Qui-Gon shook his head sadly, “He was deceived by a lie…we all were. It appears as though the Chancellor is behind everything, including the war! Palpatine is the Sith Lord we’ve been looking for…after the death of his last apprentice, Anakin became his new one.”

The pair watched as tears began to stream down Padme’s face, as she lowered herself down onto a sofa, “I don’t believe you….I can’t!” she choked out, her distress evident on her face.

Obi-Wan sat beside her and sighed wearily, “Padme…we must find him.”

The young lady turned to him and frowned, “You’re going to kill him aren’t you!”?

“…He has become a very great threat…”

She shook her head, “I can’t…”

Noticing that she was unwilling to speak anymore, Qui-Gon wandered over to the balcony and stared out over the city, “Anakin is the Father isn’t he…”

Obi-Wan turned to his Master and then Padme, shaking his head in denial. This denial turned to shock as Padme’s silence said it all. “No…” he whispered, “…he would have told us surely!”

Qui-Gon shook his head, “I’m beginning to see that there’s a lot Anakin has failed to tell us….he turned to Padme “…I’m so sorry.”

With these words, Qui-Gon gestured for bi-Wan to follow him and they both headed back to their speeder. Obi-Wan frowned, “Master, what should we do now?”

Qui-Gon glanced back at Senator Amidala, before shaking his head wearily. “You must stay here Obi-Wan…on the off-chance that she leaves, you must follow her.”

“How?”

“Hopefully, she will permit you to leave with her…but if not, then you may have to sneak aboard her ship. She might take you straight to Ana-Darth Vader.”

Obi-Wan frowned, “And what about you Master?”

“I will try and search for more survivors…there cannot be only the three of us alive.”

“B-but isn’t that dangerous? Maybe you should wait until we’ve…dealt with the Sith issue? Then we can look for survivors together?”

Qui-Gon smiled sadly at his old padawan, “No Obi-Wan…I’m afraid this is where we must part ways little one.”

“But Master!”

“No Obi-Wan…please follow my instructions this one, possibly last, time.”

Obi-Wan glanced back at Padme, before nodding wearily, “Okay Master…”
They both entered the speeder and drove to the main hanger bay, where Qui-Gon encouraged his old padawan to get out. “Wait here and when she leaves to go and see Ana-Vader you must sneak on-board and make sure he is stopped.”

Obi-Wan nodded and turned to head towards Senator Amidala’s personal ship, however, before he could walk away, he felt his arm grabbed and Qui-Gon pulled him into a gentle hug.

“May the Force be with you little one…” he whispered into Obi-Wan’s ear before releasing him and bowing, “Until we meet again…my padawan.”

He watched as Obi-Wan returned the sentiment and disappeared in amongst the ships, before turning his back and starting his own journey…with the hope that everything would be back to normal and the Jedi could continue on.
Obi-Wan Leaves (Qui-Gon survived/Obi-Wan Leaves Order AU)

Chapter Summary

AU where Qui-Gon survives Maul and Obi-Wan leaves the order...yes this is heavily based off of Ashoka's big scene in the Clone Wars.

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Obi-Wan sighed wearily as he slowly made his way to the Jedi Council Room. It had been a few weeks since the Battle on Naboo, where his Master was grievously injured and the Sith was defeated by Obi-Wan himself. It was only due to Obi-Wan's quick use of Force healing and the Sith’s poor aim, that Qui-Gon Jinn survived the assault…not that the man seemed to care.

Almost as soon as his Master was out of the Healer's ward, the man had spent the majority of his time with Anakin, getting him used to Temple life and kick-starting his lightsaber classes in order to make sure that the boy was not too far behind his classmates.

As he reached the Council Room, he could feel his heart pounding against his chest and he began to feel weak and dizzy. Quickly he knocked on the door, desperately praying to the Force that he didn’t pass out before he even had a chance to speak to the council.

“Enter.” Boomed a voice from within

Taking a deep breath, Obi-Wan opened the large doors and strode silently into the centre of the room, bowing as he reached the middle. “Masters…” he greeted, scanning the room…pausing when he caught sight of his (ex) Master, “…you wished to see me?”

Before anyone on the Council could speak, Qui-Gon took a step forward and held out his hands, as if to pull his (ex) padawan into a hug. “Obi-Wan…” he whispered, “…I am so sorry…for everything”

Before Obi-Wan could answer, he found himself interrupted by Master Plo Koon. “We are all very sorry Padawan Kenobi. We were wrong to treat you with such disdain and suspect you of drawing from the Dark Side in order to defeat the Sith.”

Obi-Wan forced back the urge to take a step back…this was news to him. Although looking back, it seemed obvious now. Many Masters and Knights had been giving him a wide berth, glancing at him
with suspicion as he passed them in the corridors.

“You have shown great strength and skill whilst fighting to save your Master’s life….” Began Master Saesee Tiin, “….and your resilience during these past few weeks has been exemplary.”

Master Ki-Ai-Mundi nodded in agreement, “This is the true sign of a Jedi Knight.”

Obi-Wan, once again, fought back the urge to take a step back as Master Windu spoke next. “This was actually your great trial, now we see that. We understand that the Force works in mysterious ways and because of this trial, you have become a greater Jedi than you would have otherwise.”

Obi-Wan frowned slightly, his mind flashing back to that horrible day in the Council Room when his Master cast him aside…all in favour of a newer, better model. They didn’t seem so certain about his readiness to take the trials then…

***”I take Anakin as my Padawan learner.”***

Master Yoda stepped forward, “A Jedi Knight, you now are.”

There was silence for a minutes, until Qui-Gon stepped closer to Obi-Wan and gently tugged on his braid, “I said you were ready little one…you have made me very proud.”

Obi-Wan stared at his Master unbelievingly…it was as if the man had completely forgotten about the way he had treated him over the past weeks…he seemed to expect Obi-Wan to smile gratefully and bow down to the man’s wishes just as he had done so many times before now.

Tears filled Obi-Wan’s eyes as he tugged his braid out of Master Jinn’s light grasp and took a step back, “I’m sorry Master…” he whispered, “…but I’m leaving the order…I can’t do this anymore.”

Obi-Wan quickly span around on his heal and strode out of the Council Room, pausing only to deposit his lightsaber on a nearby desk. Waves of shock and dismay followed him as Qui-Gon brushed against his mental shields, desperate to talk to him over their (nearly shattered) bond.

Quickly, he strode through the corridors, ignoring the curious stares of passer-by’s as he neatly unbraided his braid, collecting the treasured beads in the palm of his hand. As he reached the main doors to the Jedi Temple, he felt a familiar presence come running up behind him.

“Obi-Wan, wait!” cried out Qui-Gon behind him, the man’s footsteps echoing throughout the entrance hall, “Obi-Wan! I need to speak with you!”

Hearing the desperate plea in his ex-Master’s voice, Obi-Wan slowed to a halt and waited. Slowly, he span around as the Jedi Master skidded to a halt in front of him. “Why…” gasped the man, “…why are you doing this?!”

Obi-Wan sighed, “You heard them Master…the Council didn’t trust me, you didn’t trust me! So how can I trust myself? Trust myself not to turn to the Dark Side in the future?”

Qui-Gon scoffed, “There’s more to it than that…is this because of Anakin? Are you that jealous of him, you would turn your back on the Order?!”

“I cannot lie to you Master….at first, yes. Yes, I was slightly jealous….but now I see that he is the Chosen One…and I didn’t want to get in the way of that. I am grateful to all that you have taught me Mas…Qui-Gon….but I don’t want to be Knighted because I killed I man. It just doesn’t feel right…”

“The Jedi Order is your life! You can’t just throw it away like this….Obi-Wan, you are making a
Obi-Wan sighed and turned away from his old Master, “Maybe…but I need to sort this out on my own. Without the Council… and without you.”

“I understand… more than you realise. I understand wanting to walk away from the order… you know about my feelings for Tahl. If she had but said the word… I would have walked away from all of this!”

“…I know.”

Qui-Gon, sensing the finality in his old padawan’s words, held out his hand in a desperate, last attempt to stop the boy from leaving… but to no avail. Sadness seeped over their almost shattered bond as Obi-Wan strode towards the steps of the Temple.

“Obi-Wan!” he called out as the last remnants of their bond faded away, “May the Force be with you!”

Obi-Wan turned his head, angling it so that Qui-Gon could only see half of his face in the evening sun. The ex-padawan smiled softly, “And with you… Master. We will meet again.”

With those words, Obi-Wan walked out of sight, down the Temple stairs as Qui-Gon watched in silence. He stayed there until the sun set on the horizon and the sparkling lights of the city lit up the view.

He would see his padawan again… he was sure of it.
Cody couldn’t help but chuckle as General Keno-Sorry….Obi-Wan dragged him into the Jedi Temple, muttering and groaning over his wet tunic which was beginning to stick to his skin.

“Should I really be in here Sir?”

Obi-Wan scoffed, still dragging Cody in an unknown direction. “You’re with me Cody, I doubt anyone’s going to say anything….and when we’re not on duty, it’s Obi-Wan remember?”

“….I think you dragging me down the corridor by my hand is going to raise a few eyebrows…Obi-Wan.”

The Jedi stopped in his tracks just outside an unknown room, his face flushing slightly….probably from the cold, reasoned Cody. Obi-Wan glanced both ways down the corridor, before resting his hand on the door, causing it to open. Before Cody could comment on this, his General dragged him into the room.

Cody stopped in the middle of the main living area, glancing around at the cosy setting. There were a few plants scattered here and there, with three other doors, probably leading towards the fresher, kitchen and bedroom. “I think that may have raised a few more eyebrows…..” Muttered Cody, “….are these your quarters then Gen-Obi-Wan?”

Obi-Wan was striding towards one of the three doors, probably the fresher. He paused, spinning around and grinning at the soldier. “Yes. I moved in shortly after Anakin was knighted. The Master and Padawan quarters seemed far too large and far too quiet for just one person. If you need to dry your armour, there are heaters in the far right corner….if you need dry clothes I can-“

Cody held up a hand to interrupt, “No need…Obi-Wan. The armour protected my clothing well enough from the rain.”

An unfamiliar emotion flashed across the Jedi’s face, before it fell into neutrality once again. “Very well. You wouldn’t mind waiting here for a few minutes would you? I could do with a change of
clothes.”

“Of course not…Obi-Wan.”

Obi-Wan smiled gently at the man, before heading into the fresher and closing the door behind him. As predicted, it was only a few minutes later when Obi-Wan strode back into the sitting area. He seemed a lot more relaxed now that he had dry clothes on and the content expression on the Jedi’s face made Cody smile gently at the man.

Quickly realising that he was staring at the man, Cody coughed slightly and turned his attention away from the General, choosing instead to glance around the room. “You know…” he began, “…I didn’t think the Jedi Temple would be like this.”

He saw Obi-Wan frown slightly out of the corner of his eye as the man twisted around to face him, “I…I don’t think I understand. Like what?”

“Well….like any other living quarters I suppose.” Cody chuckled, “On Kamino, we all heard rumours about the Temple. That it was a cold, forbidden place where the Jedi sat and meditated for hours on end. There are no comforts such as warm beds or sofas…only the basics in order to fully develop their skills and connection to this mystical Force.”

Obi-Wan shook his head in amazement, “I had no idea….”

Cody grinned, glancing at Obi-Wan. “It’s a comfort to know it’s not like that….”

“Yes….although you are not the first clone to enter the Temple. How did these rumours continue?”

“I believe the older clones simply thought it would be amusing to keep the story going….almost like a traditional clone tale to tell our younger brothers.”

Obi-Wan thought to himself for a few minutes before grinning, “I suppose it’s a lot like the rumour we tell our younglings about Master Yoda.”

“Sir?”

“It’s Obi-Wan….we used to hear all sorts of horror stories about the Master. Most of which were completely unfounded….”

“Does he know?”

“O, of that I have no doubt. He makes a habit of teaching to the youngling classes in order to try and dissuade these rumours. The children catch on pretty quickly that he’s not such a demon….although, if you’ve ever been on the other end of his stick, then those rumours seem a little more believable.”

Cody chuckled and the pair remained in silence for a few minutes.

Suddenly, Obi-Wan turned to Cody and frowned, “Cody…have you ever thought about what you’ll do when this war is over?”

Cody shrugged, “Security probably. Although, some of us may be decommissioned…after all, when the war is over, there isn’t really a need for us anymore. And you can only have so many security officers.”

“There are hundreds of star systems with hundreds upon thousands of planets! Surely, there is enough space for all of your brothers?”
Cody shrugged, “It’s not really our choice….Obi-Wan.”

Obi-Wan muttered something under his breath, causing Cody to frown and lean in closer. “Pardon Obi-Wan?”

“I said…..” Obi-Wan took a deep breath, “I won’t let you be decommissioned Cody….not if I have anything to say about it.”

“And if there is nowhere for me to go?”

“…You’ll always have a place here.”

Cody stared at the Jedi, his eyes wide in shock….nobody, aside from his brothers, had ever stood up for him in such a way, or even vowed to. Slowly, he leaned in closer….until he heard a quiet shuffling from outside of the door, accompanied by a slow tapping.

Quickly, Cody moved away, his hand automatically moving towards where his blaster would usually be. Startled, Obi-wan frowned, “What is it?”

“There’s someone outside the door….“

Obi-Wan closed his eyes, before smiling softly and placing a calming hand on Cody’s arm. “Peace Cody….he won’t harm us.”

He waved his hand and the door slid open. A small, green….man (?) slowly limped in, his cane tapping against the floor and humming a soft tune. “Greetings to you, Commander Cody.”

His mouth having suddenly gone dry, Cody bowed his head in respect, choosing to ignore Obi-Wan’s soft chuckles from beside him.

“It’s considered polite to answer…” whispered the younger Jedi.

“Greetings to you as well Master Yoda….” Cody finally managed to blurt out. Whilst he had heard many rumours about the Master Yoda and had fought on the same battlefield as him, meeting the Jedi Master face to face was slightly unnerving.

Yoda chuckled, “Frightened you should not be. Worse than my bite, my bark is.”

Cody tried to reply, but found he couldn’t say anything else. Beside him, Obi-Wan chuckled. “Say something…..” He whispered.

“W-what do you say to a Jedi Master like Master Yoda?”

“Anything you want…..within reason of course.”

Cody shifted uncomfortably in his seat, “So…..”

Master Yoda shook his head and gestured for Cody to come closer, which Cody was very quick to do. Kneeling down in front of the Master, the clone was alarmed when his face was suddenly grabbed and brought closer to Yoda’s own face.

“Hmmmm, a good soul this one has. Approve I do, young Kenobi.”

Without even meaning to, Cody found himself smiling at the thought of a Jedi Master such as Yoda, approving of him. Obi-Wan, who had made his way over, bowed in respect. “Thank you Master Yoda….”
Before Obi-Wan could say anything else, Cody’s communicator began to beep, causing Cody to rush over to his still drying armour in order to answer it. A little blue hologram of his brother, Rex, popped up. “Cody, where are you? Nobody’s seen you for hours!”

Desperately, Cody tried to keep his expression neutral… but judging by the grin that was slowly appearing on Rex’s face, he wasn’t very successful. “Cody…” smirked Rex slyly, “…are you still with—“

“Sorry Rex! I think you’re cutting out! I’ll see you soon!”

He switched off the communicator before Rex could say anything else, spinning round and flushing at the knowing look on Master Yoda’s face. “A good man, your brother is.”

Cody nodded, “They all are… but Rex especially.” He glanced at Obi-Wan, “…I should be heading back to the barracks, before they send out a search party for me.”

Obi-Wan nodded in agreement, “That may be best. When does your shift end tomorrow?”

“1800 hours.”

“I will meet you in the courtyard, there is…” he glanced at Master Yoda, who was humming and staring at a fixed point on the wall, “…something I need to discuss with you.”

“I’ll be there…”

Quickly, Cody dressed in his armour before rushing out of the door. Smiling, Master Yoda shuffled over to the sofa, “Not this much gossip there has been, since lose his hair, Master Windu did.”

Sighing wearily, Obi-Wan shook his head. “What am I doing? I shouldn’t be feeling this way, wanting to see him again….”

“Why young one?”

“I-it’s forbidden. These feelings… no matter how right they feel.”

“Listen to the Force, you should. Only possession is forbidden, not compassion….. not love.”

“You really think it might be love?”

“Know not I do… Only you, can really know.”

The next day, Cody spent in a mixture of nervousness… and dread. More clone troopers had been commissioned to try and end this war quickly. However, with every 100 clone troopers ordered, there was 500 droids fresh out of the factory, ready and waiting. He sighed, before striding away in order to meet General Kenobi.

Meanwhile, Obi-Wan was pacing the courtyard nervously, his mind focused on the upcoming conversation.

“Young one…”

Obi-Wan managed not to flinch in surprise as he was approached by his Grandmaster, “Count
Dooku.”

“….I assume you have heard the news about the clones.”

“They have commissioned more…as if that’s going to end the war quicker.” Obi-Wan scoffed, his eyes scanning the entrance to the courtyard….oh, there he is!


“Commander…I see you and young Kenobi have something to discuss. I think I will see you at dinner Obi-Wan?”

“Of course.”

“Excellent.”

Cody waited until the older man was out of earshot, before saying anything “You’ve heard the news?”

Obi-Wan nodded as Cody sighed, “There’s even more rumours…Fives is convinced this increase in clones is for a much larger purpose than simply taking down droids and winning the war…there are many who agree.”

“Fives has a bit of a reputation of being paranoid….still…” Obi-Wan sighed, “…maybe we should speak to the council and bring the issue up in front of the Senate.”

Cody shook his head, “Obi…talking isn’t going to do anything, especially not from a clone!”

Obi-Wan frowned, “Talking has gotten us out of some delicate situations before….”

“With all respect, not this time….Once two sides want to fight, then nothing will stop them!”

“You believe the Republic wants to continue fighting?!”

“Not all of them, no…but certainly a large majority, the ones earning the credits.”

Obi-Wan appeared as though he was going to protest, however, the tapping of a stick interrupted him.

“Aah, hoping to catch you I was.” Greeted Master Yoda, “Follow me, you must.”

The Jedi Master continued on towards the Jedi Temple, and after a few minutes of bemused silence, Cody and Obi-Wan quickly followed. Master Yoda led them into the Room of a Thousand Fountains, keeping them out of sight from other Jedi’s who were meditating. They strode over to a secluded corner, where Yoda beckoned them over to an off fountain. “Today’s news, distressing it is….something I must show you, there is.”

He dipped his stick into the still water, gently creating ripples to appear in the water.

“The ripples….” Whispered Obi-Wan, seemingly understanding the meaning behind the gesture. Cody, however, was still very confused, “What about them?”

Yoda smiled softly at the clone, before pointing at the ripples. “Small at first, they are….but grow they do. But start them, somebody must.”

It clicked in Cody’s head, causing him to shake his head. “They’re not going to listen to us…not to
me.”

“The right path, not always the easiest it is.”

Obi-Wan and Cody simply stood in silence, causing Yoda to roll his eyes and frown. “See you do not!” He struck them both on the legs with his stick, the unexpected hit causing Obi-Wan to stumble as Cody quickly grabbed him in order to stop the Jedi from falling. “Be together, you two can. Only wen stopped, the fighting has!”

Cody flushed at this, trying not to meet Obi-Wan’s eyes.

“Cody…” whispered Obi-Wan, gently out of Cody’s grip and taking a hold of the clone’s hand, “Master Yoda’s right.”

“Y-you-“

“Yes Cody….it took a while, but I know the truth now.”

Cody could only stare at Obi-Wan in amazement, watching as the Jedi grew nervous at Cody’s silence, flushing red as he let go of Cody’s hand. “I-I’m sorry, I thought you felt the same, I-“

He stopped in his tracks as Cody gripped his hand and tugged him closer, “Alright…” began Cody, “…let’s go speak to someone. Maybe Master Jinn will be of use.”

Obi-Wan nodded, not trusting himself to speak as he heard Master Yoda shuffle away. Once he was sure they were alone, Cody wrapped his spare arm around Obi-Wan’s waist, pulling him closer until their chest met. He slowly released his grip on the Jedi’s hand and, making sure Obi-Wan wasn’t going to bolt, he placed his hand on Obi-Wan’s cheek and leaned down slightly, pressing his lips on the Jedi’s.

The time seemed to fly by, however, Cody knew that they were standing in this lover’s embrace for quite some time. When Cody pulled back from the kiss, he was delighted to see a dazed look in Obi-Wan’s eyes and the fact that Obi-Wan’s arms had made their way around Cody’s neck, his fingers gently gripping the hairs on the back of his neck, also delighted Cody.

Quickly, Obi-Wan seemed to come to his senses, but he still didn’t move from his position. “Well, that was-“

“Nice?”

“Unexpected…but yes, nice.”

Cody grinned, “We can do this.”

Obi-Wan nodded and smiled softly, “Yes…yes we can do it.”
Qui-Gon sighed wearily, rolling his shoulders in an attempt to relax the muscles there. He and his old padawan, Obi-Wan, along with Anakin and his padawan had recently returned from a mission, when Obi-Wan’s communicators beeped and an automated voice called them to the Jedi Council Room.

The mission had been long and exhausting, with the Separatist droids outnumbering the targeted village ten to one. Their days had been spent fighting and pushing the droids back, before finally arresting the Separatist leader almost a month later….and now, having only just handed the leader over to the authorities, they were being summoned.

“So…” began Anakin, “…what’s the big rush?”

“The Jedi Council has called an emergency meeting.” Explained Obi-Wan, smiling as Qui-Gon rolled his eyes.

Anakin seemed to agree with Qui-Gon’s silent opinion as he groaned, “Great…I can just see it now! Another long, boring debate…..”

Ahsoka chuckled, “Would you rather they call you in to watch the younglings?”

Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan found themselves chuckling as Anakin mock shuddered at the very thought, “Are you crazy?!” he asked Ahsoka, grinning to let her know that he was only joking.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, blaster shots whizzed by the small group….far too close to Obi-Wan’s head for Qui-Gon’s comfort. Grabbing his old padawan’s arm, he pulled them both behind a stack of boxes, glancing over to make sure that Anakin and Ahsoka had also found shelter.

“That was aimed at you!” cautioned Qui-Gon, frowning as Obi-Wan waved off his concerns, clearly not believing what he said.

“Nonsense, we were all walking rather close together, it could have been aimed at any one of us….can anyone see where those shots are coming from?”

Qui-Gon kept a protective eye on his ex-padawan as Ahsoka pointed up to a nearby rooftop, “A sniper. I see him up there!”
The blaster shots kept coming, deliberately aimed at the boxes which Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon were crouched behind. Making sure that Obi-Wan was a far away from the edges of their shelter as he could possibly be, Qui-Gon quickly formulated a plan. “Alright, here’s the plan. Anakin, you flank him on the right. Ahsoka and Obi-Wan, you cover the lower streets….I’m going after him.”

//Master!/// protested Obi-Wan over their bond, //It would be better if we both went after him, he can’t escape as easily then! //</>

//He’s aiming at you. You’ll be safer on the lower levels, where it’ll be harder to hit you! //</>

//I’m coming with you and there’s nothing you can say to stop me! //</>

Qui-Gon glared at Obi-Wan before wearily shaking his head in surrender, “Fine…change of plans. Ahsoka will cover the lower streets alone whilst Obi-Wan and I go after him….agreed?”

A smug smirk on his face, Obi-Wan nodded…the smirk only growing as Ahsoka giggled at the exasperated look on Qui-Gon’s face.

//You’re a bad influence little one…”//

Obi-Wan gave no indication that he had even heard Qui-Gon as all four Jedi ignited their lightsabers and ran towards the source of the blaster shots, with Anakin, Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan hopping up the building.

Racing towards the sniper, the three rooftop Jedi often had to duck down behind metallic cylinders in order to avoid the blaster shots. The sniper sped ahead, leaping onto the next rooftop….and disappearing. As Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan crouched behind two separate shelters, they listened out for any sign of the sniper….but the blaster shots had stopped.

“I’ve lost him!” cried out Anakin over the communicators, “Master Qui-Gon, Obi-Wan! Do you have anything?!?”

Cautiously, Qui-Gon raised the communicator to his lower face, “Negative…” he whispered, “…but stay alert. I don’t like how bold this hunter is…..”

//Obi-Wan…../// he cautioned over the bond, //Stay down. We need to rethink this plan and-OBİ-WAN! What are you doing?!//

Qui-Gon watched in dismay as his old padawan stepped out from behind his shelter, glancing around, presumingly for the sniper…who then made his presence known. A blaster shot came from the right, hitting Obi-Wan directly in the chest, causing him to cry out in pain and stumble back….right over the edge of the roof.

“OBİ-WAN!!!” Qui-Gon cried out, hearing Anakin call out the same, his voice clearly devastated at what he just witnessed.

“I’ve got him!” yelled Ahsoka from the lower streets, “Go!”

Shaking away the unnerving feeling of the bond between him and his ex-padawan falling silent, Qui-Gon was quick to run after the sniper, closely followed by Anakin. After a few seconds of running, the sniper leapt onto a speeder bike and zoomed away, being sure to drop a smoke bomb behind him in order to cover his tracks and confuse the pursuing Jedi.

Coughing slightly, Qui-Gon could sense that Anakin was all too ready to continue the pursuit. He reached out a hand to stop the younger Jedi. “We are wasting time on this…come, we can catch him
later. Right now, Obi-Wan might need us.”

“I can’t feel him over the bond…” whispered Anakin, his face already twisted in grief.

Seeing this, Qui-Gon shook his head, “He’ll be fine…he’s survived far worse.”

“Like what?!”

“…Come on, let’s go and get him to the healers if Ahsoka hasn’t already done so.”

Quickly, the pair made their way down to the lower streets, running toward the alley underneath the building Obi-Wan fell off. Upon rounding the corner, they saw Ahsoka seated on the ground, Obi-Wan’s upper body pulled onto her lap as the young Togruta gently brushed the Jedi Master’s hair out of his face.

“How is he?” asked Qui-Gon, as the pair made their way over….only to stop in their tracks as Ahsoka glanced up at them, tears in her eyes as the words seemed to get stuck in her throat.

Qui-Gon could only stand there in shocked silence as Anakin stormed over, shaking his head in disbelief. “Obi-Wan…” he shook the limp Jedi Master’s shoulders, “Obi-Wan…OBI-WAN!!”

Kneeling down next to the trio, Qui-Gon gently nudged Anakin out of the way and pulled Obi-Wan into his own arms, ignoring how Ahsoka buried her face in her Master’s chest as muffled sobs echoed through the streets.

“Obi-Wan…” whispered Qui-Gon, tears building up in his eyes as he stroked the younger man’s cheek…similar to how he would soothe the child after a nightmare or a particularly horrific vision, “…Obi-Wan please…please don’t do this to me…I need you!”

Silence.

“Obi-Wan!” growled the Jedi Master as sirens filled the streets, “Obi-Wan, wake up!!”

Desperately, Qui-Gon searched for any sign of Obi-Wan’s Force presence….only to find nothing. “No…” he whispered in grief as Master Windu leapt out of a nearby speeder and rushed over, “….no, Obi-Wan please!”

“Qui-Gon…” Master Windu’s remained calm, despite the devastating scene, “…Qui-Gon, come on. You need to let go now…”

“No! No, he needs me…what if he wakes up and he’s scared, like after the-“

“Jinn!” interrupted Mace, as he finally managed to tug Obi-Wan out of Qui-Gon’s grip, “He’s not coming back…he’s one with the Force now.”

As Obi-Wan was placed onto a stretcher, with a sheet pulled up over his face, Qui-Gon found himself rooted to the ground. He couldn’t move….he couldn’t speak….he just sat there in the middle of the alleyway. Despite being helped up by a sobbing Ahsoka and a silent Anakin, his eyes remained fixed on the speeder that contained his poor padawan’s body….even when it vanished around the corner, towards the Jedi Temple.

“Come on Qui…” gently encouraged Mace, “…You need to let him take the rest of this journey….alone.”

At first, Qui-Gon let himself be led into a separate speeder, which Mace ordered the driver to return
to the Temple. “Wait!” ordered Qui-Gon, “…..Take me to the Clone Barracks first. There’s someone I need to see.”

The laughter and playfulness that echoed throughout the corridors of the Clone Barracks pulled at Qui-Gon’s heart….so many times, he had come to this building, knowing that he was likely to find Obi-Wan sitting with….him.

Upon striding into the mess hall, Qui-Gon quickly scanned the crowd of similar faces…he didn’t even notice that the hall had gone quiet from the sight of seeing a Jedi Master in their midst….well, a Jedi master who was practically unfamiliar to them.

There.

In the far right corner, sat a small group of clones. Qui-Gon instantly recognised a couple of them, including Fives (identifiable by the tattoo), Captain Rex (who he and Anakin worked a lot with) ….and Commander Cody.

Taking a deep breath in order to try and get himself under control, Qui-Gon strode over to their table, trying not to lose control as the group stared at him in confusion. “May I sit?” he asked wearily, not even smirking when the clones all rushed to make room on the bench for him.

Sitting down, Qui-Gon took another deep breath as the clones stared at him. After a few minutes of silence, Cody nervously cleared his throat. “Ummmm, General Jinn…Sir?”

Qui-Gon glanced up at the very clone he had come to see and sighed, “There….was an incident, not too long ago. I felt that, you especially Commander Cody, needed to hear it from me….instead of the news channels.”

“Sir?”

Wiling himself not to cry in front of all these soldiers, Qui-Gon squeezed his eyes shut in an attempt to control the tears. “Myself, Anakin, Ahsoka….and Obi-Wan were making our way to the Jedi Temple for a council meeting….when we were attacked by a sniper. During the chase to apprehend the man…Obi-Wan was shot and-“

Qui-Gon was interrupted when Cody leapt up from his seat, “Is he in the medical bay?! What have the droids said?! Will he-“

The clone fell silent as Qui-Gon held up a silencing hand. Before he continued, Qui-Gon watched as Rex tugged his brother back down to the bench, a knowing look in his eyes. Qui-Gon shook his head sadly, “Obi-Wan…was shot in the heart and fell several stories to the ground…I’m sorry Cody, but he didn’t make it…."

Qui-Gon winced as Rex, Fives and a few of the other clones bowed their heads in respect and grief…Cody’s reaction was very different however. The scarred clone shook his head in denial, bringing his communicator to his mouth and desperately pressed in his General’s contact code. “General!”

Silence.

“General?”

Slowly, the realisation dawned and Cody leapt up from the table once again, only this time, he didn’t
stick around. Making sure that his face was kept hidden from the rest of his comrades, Cody ran out of the room. Rex moved as though he was going to follow, however, Qui-Gon stopped him. “I’ll go after him…” muttered the older man.

“I’m sorry sir…” Qui-Gon turned around to face Rex, who was clearly upset at the news, “…we all how much Obi-Wan meant to you.”

Qui-Gon bowed his head in thanks and hurried after the distressed Commander. It didn’t take long to find the man. Cody hadn’t made it very far past the entrance to the mess hall before collapsing against the wall in grief and falling to his knees, his shoulders shuddering as he tried to keep his sobs silent. Slowly, Qui-Gon knelt next to him, placing a comforting arm around the young man’s shoulders. “I’m sorry…” he whispered, “…I should have protected him…I should have done something.”

He felt Cody shake his head, “He w-would have resented being protected like some shiny….” The clone muttered, “…at least he died trying to stop a criminal…that’s the main thing.”

Qui-Gon tactfully chose not to mention how the sniper only really seemed to be aiming at Obi-Wan and simply nodded in agreement. “The council wishes to hold the funeral as soon as possible…I think Obi-Wan would have wanted you to be there. You and the others if they can.”

“I don’t know about the others Sir…but I’ll definitely be there.”

Accepting this, Qui-Gon got to his feet and helped Cody up. As the Jedi Master prepared to leave, Cody stopped him, a desperate plea in his voice. “You caught him…the sniper? Didn’t you Sir?”

“…No. I’m afraid he evaded capture.”

Straightening up, Cody schooled his face into a more neutral expression. “Sir…when you get news of his whereabouts…permission to aid in his capture.”

“Permission granted.”

The funeral was a sombre affair, with Jedi from every corner of the Temple showing up to pay their respects to one of the finest Jedi that ever walked these corridors…’of course’ thought Qui-Gon, ‘he could be biased in that aspect.’

He and Cody had chosen to stand together, with Qui-Gon placing a calming hand on the clone’s shoulder when it appeared as though the man was going to lose his composure. Next to them were Ahsoka and Master Plo Koon….and in front was the shrouded body of Obi-Wan. They were standing at the head of the altar….but Qui-Gon was concerned to see Anakin on his own at the foot of the altar…a furious expression on his face as the young Knight stared at the body.

“I’m worried about Anakin…” he heard Ahsoka whisper to Master Plo, “…he hasn’t said a word since it happened…not even to Master Jinn.”

Qui-Gon silently agreed with Ahsoka’s concerns. After returning from the barracks, he had attempted to see the young man, hoping to find a kindred spirit who was as close to Obi-Wan as he was….only to be met with stony silence as Anakin ignored every attempt he made to talk about Qui-Gon’s old padawan and Anakin’s old master.

Suddenly, Qui-Gon was startled out of his thoughts as the altar lowered down beneath the ground, the platform sliding shut above it. Gripping tightly onto Cody’s shoulder in order to prevent him from
running over, a bright light shone through the gap in the floor indicating that Obi-Wan had finally been laid to rest. Sighing sadly, Qui-Gon watched as Anakin stormed out of the room...they needed to catch Obi-Wan’s killer…before Anakin got there first.

The news came in not even 24 hours after the funeral. The bounty hunter responsible for Obi-Wan’s death had been spotted in a nearby cantina. It took only a few minutes for Qui-Gon to find Anakin, Ahsoka….and of course Cody, in order for them to make the much desired arrest.

“Did Master Yoda say how they found the sniper?” asked Cody as they strode up to the entrance.

Anakin shrugged, a furious expression on his face. “Who cares? All that matters is that they found him…”

Upon striding into the cantina, Qui-Gon watched in alarm as Anakin immediately ignited his lightsaber. “Where is Rako Hardeen?” he growled, glaring at every individual (several of whom shrunk back).

A snake-like alien, gestured to the back of the cantina, a worried look on his face at the sight of three Jedi and a Clone Commander invading his workplace. “Ah, back room…” he hissed.

Anakin stormed ahead, closely followed by the other three as he burst into the room….only to find a lone figure curled up on the bed, lying deathly still as the group entered the room.

“Is he dead?” whispered Ahsoka.

Before Qui-Gon could answer, Anakin stormed up to the figure. “He’s about to be…”

Qui-Gon frowned, “Anakin…control yourself.”

Seemingly ignoring the Jedi Master, Anakin roughly rolled the man onto his back, only for him to blearily glare up at the Knight and roll back onto his side, waving his hand in dismissal. “A Jedi? I already killed a Jedi today…let me sleep.”

Qui-Gon shook his head sadly, ignoring the sharp pain he felt at the uncaring way the sniper talked about Obi-Wan’s death. Anakin however, just snorted in disgust. “He’s not dead, he’s drunk!”

He grabbed the man, “Get up you filth…” and pinned him against a nearby wall, “…If it were up to me, I would kill you right here! But lucky for you, the man you murdered would rather see you rot in jail!”

As Rako’s eyes rolled back into his head, clearly disorientated from both the alcohol and the brutal attack, Qui-Gon subtly gestured for Cody to grab the hunter as he himself tugged Anakin away. “Calm yourself Anakin…. He whispered into the Knight’s ear, “…remember your training.”

Furiously, Anakin wrenched his shoulder out of Qui-Gon’s grasp as Cody handcuffed the sniper and roughly dragged him out of the cantina. “Let’s go you coward, before General Skywalker changes his mind about letting you live!”

After a short speeder ride, the group handed the criminal over to the prison guards, with Cody taking the lead. “You should be expecting this scum?”
“Yes Sir!”

They took Rako Hardeen off of them as Anakin stepped forward. “Let me if he’s any trouble. I’d be happy to straighten him out.”

As Rako Hardeen was dragged into the prison, the group climbed back into the speeder and set off. After dropping Cody back off at the barracks and arriving at the Jedi Temple, Qui-Gon pulled Anakin to one side. “You need to control your anger Anakin. If you keep going down this path, you’ll—”

“-turn to the Dark Side. I know, I know!!” interrupted Anakin, rolling his eyes. “But I seem to be the only one who actually cares that Obi-Wan is dead! I’m the only one who wanted to bring that scum to justice!”

Qui-Gon stared at Anakin in shock, before shaking his head and frowning at the younger man. “How dare you…” he whispered, a touch of anger in his voice (despite his best efforts to remain calm), “…how dare you suggest that you are the only one who wanted to hurt Hardeen just like he hurt Obi-Wan! The only who loved Obi-Wan….you are not the only one who feels like this, but you are the only one who is giving in to hate!”

Anakin pushed past the Jedi Master, “By feeling anything less for that kriffing bastard, you’re only proving that you don’t care…not as much as you should.”

As he stormed off, Anakin couldn’t help but stop at Qui-Gon’s next words. “Remember this….he was my padawan, long before he was ever your Master. Do not ever presume to tell me you are the one who feels the most pain at this…do not treat my feelings as less important than yours….just because I have chosen not to continue hating the murderer who killed my Obi-Wan. It is over Anakin…Rako Hardeen is behind bars…where he will stay.”

Well…until Rako escaped the following day.
Qui-Gon sighed wearily. It had been almost three days since Rako Hardeen, Cad Bane and Moralo Eval had escaped the prison….and he had spent each and every day with Commander Cody. Partly so that he would have company (especially as both Mace and Yoda were avoiding him and Anakin wasn’t speaking to him) and partly to try and stop Cody from going on a vigilante mission and stopping Hardeen himself.

As Cody was regaling him with the tale of how Obi-Wan had saved the 212th battalion by taking control of some gutkarrs on Ryloth, Qui-Gon’s communicator beeped and Mace Windu’s hologram popped up. “Qui-Gon. We have a situation.”

Qui-Gon frowned suspiciously, “What have you got planned Mace?”

Ignoring the question, Mace continued. “We need you to travel to Nal Hutta and stop Anakin from going too far. Take Commander Cody with you.”

Before Qui-Gon could say anything else, Windu signed off, leaving the pair in confused silence. “He seemed very insistent that Anakin not kill Hardeen…” began Cody, “…what possible good could it do to keep him alive?”
Qui-Gon shook his head and sighed, as he rose from his seat at the table. “The Council has a nasty habit of not telling us everything…sometimes it’s best to simply obey….” He smirked at Cody “…at least until we absolutely have to get involved. Come on, we have a bounty hunter to save.”

Quickly, Cody followed on behind the Jedi Master, “The idea of saving that scum really doesn’t sit well with me.” He muttered.

“I know…but he’s part of a larger plan. One that I hope the Council will share with us soon.”

The pair travelled to Nal Hutta as quickly as they could, hovering over the surface of the planet until they spotted the familiar glow of lightsabers through the murky fog. Quickly, Cody landed the ship and they ran over to the scene, halting as they saw Ahsoka standing protectively over Anakin as Cad Bane and Rako Hardeen ran back towards their own ship.

“What happened?” asked Qui-Gon as he knelt by Anakin, his mind briefly registering the face that Cody was shooting at the retreating pair of bounty hunters.

Ahsoka sighed, “They overpowered us Master Jinn…I’m sorry.”

Qui-Gon smiled reassuringly at the young padawan, “You were here to save your Master in the end, that’s all that matters young one.”

Almost as though he was responding to being mentioned, Anakin groaned, beginning to stir weakly.

“Master!” cried out Ahsoka in relief, “Master, are you alright?!?”

Anakin groaned again, clutching his head as if in pain. Qui-Gon frowned in concern, “What is it? What’s wrong?”

Anakin didn’t seem to hear him, muttering to himself, “That’s why I felt a connection….” The young Jedi Knight then began to stare at Qui-Gon, “…have you felt it? That little nagging sensation at the back of your head?”

Qui-Gon slowly nodded, having simply attributed the sensation to the recent and unexpected shattering of his bond with Obi-Wan. Anakin nodded, almost in relief, before glancing in the direction the bounty hunters had ran towards. “Obi-Wan is still alive…”

“I-I-I don’t understand” gasped Ahsoka.

Anakin shook his head, “I don’t either…”

Qui-Gon frowned, the shock of Anakin’s statement still evident on his face. “We’re going to get to the bottom of this…” he mused, “…believe me.”

On their arrival back to Coruscant, the Jedi were summoned to the main Council room, whilst Cody waited outside.

“You summoned us Master Yoda?” began Qui-Gon, his mind still on Anakin’s shocking theory.

Master Yoda sighed, “Wrong to deceive you it was…but much at stake, there is.”

Anakin stepped forward, his face twisted in anger. “So I was right, Obi-Wan is still alive!”
“Skywalker, a powerful Jedi you are, yet unpredictable and dangerous you can be, to both your friends and enemies. For Obi-Wan, on your patience, everything depends.”

Unable to take any more of this, Qui-Gon stepped forwards, “What if he needs our help? I presume you’ve switched him with the real Rako Hardeen? You’ve put my padawan at risk, if they even suspect he’s not what he seems to be, they’ll kill him!”

Yoda stamped his cane against the floor, “Your padawan he is, no longer! If you leave, help him you could, but his future….uncertain it is. Trust in Obi-Wan we must.”

Sensing the dismissal for what it was, Qui-Gon and Anakin stormed out of the room, closely followed by Ahsoka. “What do we do now?” she asked, worriedly glancing between the two.

Qui-Gon sighed, “Now we wait…and hope.”

The next day, Qui-Gon, Anakin and Ahsoka found themselves in a Jedi Council meeting, as Mace Windu went through the plan. “As you can see, we’ve mapped the Chancellor’s route to and from the festival stage. We know where he’ll be at every moment from the time we land on Naboo.”

“What security measures are in place?” Asked Master Plo Koon.

“The Naboo royal guard will have armed sentries at all entry points on the palace. And the stage itself will be sealed off by a ray shield for the duration of the event.”

“I see nothing here to worry about…” Qui-Gon muttered sarcastically. He was still slightly annoyed at not being told about Obi-Wan’s undercover mission, and was trying not to take it out on the Council….unsuccesfully.

“With complacency comes vulnerability…” gently scolded Master Yoda, a frown on his face as he took note of Qui-Gon’s disrespect, “Yes. It is what we do not see, that concerns me. A long time to plan his attack, Darth Tyranus has.”

“Yes…” Agreed Windu, “…We thought we'd have an advantage with Obi-Wan on the inside, but we've had no communication from him in days.”

Anakin scowled, “Obi-Wan will do his part, let’s make sure that we do ours.” With that, he stormed out of the room, closely followed by Qui-Gon. The frustration and anger was plain to see in their body language and facial expressions.

Almost hours later, they were arriving on Naboo, along with the Chancellor. Anakin and Qui-Gon had remained silent throughout the entire trip, only giving short, sharp answers when talked to. Upon exiting the ship, the Chancellor greeted the young Queen and Senator Amidala.

“I'm thankful to the Jedi for bringing you here safely.” Thanked the Senator, nodding slightly at the accompanying Jedi.

The Chancellor sighed, “Yes, senator. It is good to be back, although I think the amount of security that has accompanied me is overkill.”

Mace frowned, “With all due respect, Chancellor, where your safety is concerned, there is no such thing as overkill.”
“So you keep insisting, Master Jedi, but I've grown tired of discussing it.”

As the Chancellor strode ahead with Master Windu, the Senator joined the Jedi. “Anakin, Ahsoka, Master Jinn. Welcome to the Festival.”

“I've never seen the Festival of Light. Sounds like a big event.” Stated Ahsoka, glancing around in amazement.

Qui-Gon smirked, “I have…although I was in the infirmary when it was taking place.”

“The infirmary?”

“I was recovering from Maul’s attack….Obi-Wan didn’t leave me alone the entire time. It would have been his first time seeing the festival, but he chose to stay with me.”

Before Ahsoka could change the subject, Anakin interrupted. “They're expecting a large crowd, which means it will be difficult for Tyranus to attack during the ceremony. That leaves the palace as the best opportunity for an ambush.”

Senator Amidala frowned, “Are you that certain an attack is imminent?”

“I'm afraid so. Which is why we’re making Ahsoka your personal bodyguard.”

Ahsoka grinned, “At your service, My Lady.”

Feeling glad that there was a clear friendship between the two, Qui-Gon continued, “If there's trouble, Ahsoka will get you, the Queen, and the rest of your staff to safety.”

“What about you two?”

Anakin smirked, “Hopefully, I'll be where I always am.”

“He means saving the day.” Mock whispered Ahsoka

“Oh course he does.” Chuckled the Senator.

Later that evening, the Jedi made their way in front of the Chancellor to the stage. Once seated, Anakin got to work. “The stage is set. Activate the ray shield.”

Once the purple/blue shield was up, the Chancellor began his speech. Qui-Go wished he could say he was listening…but he’d be lying. His eyes were scanning the area for any sign of Obi-Wan…however, he was interrupted when the fireworks began.

“Jinn! Skywalker! The shield generator!” yelled Mace Windu suddenly, causing the pair to spring into action and dart towards the generator, just as a Parwan was inching his way through the ray shield.

However, they weren’t quick enough.

With an almighty bang, the generator exploded and the shield disintegrated into nothing. As the Chancellor and the Queen were being evacuated, Anakin leapt onto the stairs and attacked the Parwan….only to be shocked unconscious a few minutes later.

“ANAKIN!” cried out Qui-Gon, racing towards the young Knight and trying to revive him.
He was soon joined by Mace, as Anakin was waking up. “Those tentacles pack quite a punch…” he groaned.

Qui-Gon smiled in relief, “Come on….”

Suddenly Mace leapt up and raced towards the speeder that the Chancellor was being escorted in, his lightsaber drawn as he stopped the driver in his tracks. It was only when Qui-Gon and Anakin joined him, did they realise that the guard had been replaced by a bounty hunter.

“Chancellor…” sighed Anakin in relief, “…are you alright?”

To everyone’s surprise, the elderly man struck Anakin across the face twice….until Anakin lashed out with his lightsaber, revealing yet another Bounty Hunter. “Where is the Chancellor?” he growled.

Standing against a furious Anakin, it was unsurprising that the bounty hunter gave up the meeting point so quickly. Racing to the location, they arrived just in time to see Cad Bane smirking at them from a speeder, “So long Jedi….”

As they sped off with the unconscious Chancellor, Mace’s communicator beeped. “I’m going after the Chancellor!”

“I’ll send you the coordinates and hold Bane there as long as I can!”

Ignoring Qui-Gon whispered demands to speak to his ex-padawan, Mace switched the communicator off. Not even a few minutes later, the coordinates came through, prompting the trip to grab a speeder (armed with a few guards) and race over there, arriving just in time to see the figure of Rako Hardeen holding Cad Bane at gunpoint. Leaping out, the three were quick to keep Moralo Eval at bay with their lightsabers.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Please! Do not kill Moralo Eval!” snivelled the bounty hunter, trembling as he surrendered.

“Take him and Bane into custody, and make sure the Chancellor is returned safely to the palace.” Ordered Mace, watching as Anakin and Qui-Gon grabbed the snivelling coward and dragged him towards the speeder. As the bounty hunter was loaded into the speeder, Qui-Gon couldn’t help but overhear Mace’s next words.

“You did a good job, Obi-Wan.”

Cad Bane, who was being arrested, sneered. “Kenobi! I should have known. Something smelled wrong about you from the start.”

“Yes. Well, spending so much time with you was no reward either.”

Qui-Gon smiled at the familiar dry wit, resisting the urge to run over to the pair. Cad Bane, was clearly less than impressed with this wit. “Reward! I'll give you a reward, when I plug you full of laser bolts!”

Obi-Wan…or rather Rako, rolled his eyes. “Such a pleasant fellow. I hope this was all worth it.”

“The Chancellor is safe, that’s all that matters.”

Qui-Gon silently disagreed.
After the festival, Senator Amidala was quick to thank them for saving the Chancellor, “Once again, you have all distinguished yourselves in the eyes of the Republic, and the people of Naboo are in your debt.”

“It's all part of the job, My Lady.”

Qui-Gon fought the urge to smirk at Anakin…did those two really think they were being subtle?

As they walked back to the palace, Mace was clearly getting more and more frustrated with the Chancellor. “I’m not sure I agree with your orders to send the rest of the security detail back to Coruscant.”

“Now that the threat has passed, I think Anakin is all the security I need.”

Tuning out the rest of the conversation, Qui-Gon turned his attention to the haggard looking, young man beside him. Now that he didn’t have to keep up the façade of being a criminal, Obi-Wan was clearly weary. His shoulders sagged as he was joined by his old Master and his old padawan. Anakin frowned, “You look terrible.”

Obi-Wan chuckled, “Being a criminal is not easy work.”

Qui-Gon shook his head, “If I’d known what was going on, I could have helped you.”

“Too bad the Council didn't trust me…” growled Anakin, his eyes flickering briefly to Master Windu.

“Anakin…Master…” sighed Obi-Wan, hesitating as he placed a gentle hand on Qui-Gon’s shoulder, “…it was my decision to keep the truth from you both. I knew if you were convinced I was dead, Tyranus would believe it as well.”

Qui-Gon and Anakin spun around in both shock and disgust. “Your decision?!” They both exclaimed.

“Look, I know I did some questionable things, but I did what I had to do.” Obi-Wan frantically tried to explain, “I hope you can understand that.”

“You lied to me!” Anakin yelled, “How many other lies have I been told by the Council? And how do you know that you even have the whole truth?”

As he stormed away, Qui-Gon turned to his old padawan, a disappointed look on his face. “I thought you trusted me…you know I would have kept the secret. I might not agree with it, but I would have gone along with it.” Before Obi-Wan could even think about protesting, Qui-Gon shook his head. “You don’t know how many people you hurt by pulling this little stunt…not just me and Anakin.”

“I know….I need to call Cody and explain-“

“No…” interrupted Qui-Gon, “…let me speak to him first. You need to…you need to go back to being Obi-Wan Kenobi.”

Obi-Wan didn’t even get a chance to answer this time, as Qui-Gon strode away, heading back towards the palace in order to speak in the privacy of his own rooms. Cody needed to know the truth…and quickly.

“Master Qui-Gon…What’s the matter?”
“Cody…I need to tell you something.”
Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Please remember that this is the AU where Count Dooku isn’t Darth Tyranus :)

After the conversation with Master Qui-Gon, Cody wanted nothing more except to be alone…Obi-Wan was alive. Obi-Wan had faked his own death, seemingly without understanding the pain Cody would (and had) gone through.

Stumbling out of his room, Cody found himself walking towards the training room…his mind still focused on one thing.

“Cody!”

No response.

“Cody! Wait!”

Flinching as a hand spun him around him around, Cody carefully avoided his brother’s eyes. Rex frowned in concern, before gently pulling Cody in the direction of the canteen. “That’s it…I’m pulling you out of this self-inflicted solitude. You need to spend some time with the team and—"

“Just so you know…” interrupted Cody as they entered the canteen, “….I wasn’t alone the whole time. I’ve been with Master Jinn.”

Rex rolled his eyes, “I’ll rephrase….you need some time away from Jedi.”

Before Cody could reply, he was forced into an empty space on the bench by their usual table. Already sat there were Tup, Boil, Jesse and Kix, all of whom were giving him concerned looks. Kix frowned, “Have you even been sleeping?”

Cody shrugged, “Yeah…a little bit.”

“A little bit?!”

Cody didn’t seem too bothered by Kix’s distress, his eyes still focused on the table. The others glanced at each other worriedly, however before they could say anything, Fives came racing up to the table. “Have you heard?!...” At their stunned silence, he quickly continued, “…General Kenobi is alive! Apparently he went undercover to catch Moralo Eval and Cad Bane, stopping the attack on Chancellor Palpatine!”
Rex grinned and turned to Cody, “He’s alive! He’s actually alive! Isn’t that brilliant!”

“…I already knew.”

The rest of the table turned to Cody in shock, “WHAT!?” exclaimed Fives, pushing his brothers further up the bench so that he could sit down, “What do you mean you already knew?!”

Cody sighed, “Generals Skywalker and Jinn found out that the Council had placed General Kenobi undercover as the bounty hunter Rako Hardeen…in order to get close to Moralo Eval and protect the Chancellor. When he first….died, none of knew….our deaths were going to ‘sell’ the entire plot. We mourned and the Separatists truly believed that Obi-Wan Kenobi was dead.”

There was silence for a few minutes, before Rex shook his head in dismay. “I-I mean….that’s cruel…but surely he explained everything? Surely, General Kenobi has called to explain-”

“He hasn’t…” interrupted Cody, “…after the Festival on Naboo, it was Master Jinn who contacted me to tell me everything.”

“I bet he’s not too pleased.”

“That’s putting it mildly…”

Rex sighed, “Well think about it like this-“Suddenly he stopped, his eyes widening as he focused on something over Cody’s shoulder.

Without even turning around, Cody knew exactly what…or rather, who was behind him. Being sure to focus his eyes on the table, ignoring the way Boil was nudging him in the side, Cody was determined to remain calm.

“Cody….”

Cody winced at the desperate plea in that familiar voice, slowly turning his head and glancing at the man. His eyes widened…whilst he had been provided with artificial hair, closely resembling his old hairstyle, General Kenobi was completely clean-shaven, looking about ten years younger.

Obi-Wan self-consciously rubbed his face and shuffled from side to side, “You all look like you’ve seen a ghost…” he teased, the smile on his face falling as the clones on the table simply continued to stare at him. Rex raised an eyebrow at Cody, silently asking if he wanted Rex to ask the Jedi to leave.

Cody shook his head minutely, his gaze turning back to the Jedi who, without the beard, wasn’t quite able to completely hide his feelings.

“I-I sense that this may not be my wisest decision…..” Muttered Obi-Wan, taking a step back nervously, “…I will see you around Commander.”

Before Obi-Wan turned to leave, he felt a hand grab his own and pull him closer. One he was close enough, Cody wrapped his arms around the Jedi, burying his face in Obi-Wan’s chest. He shook his head, “I was so determined to be angry at you…. “ He whispered, “…you were dead and then you weren’t….and you didn’t even seem to care.”

Obi-Wan seemed to be in shock as Cody slowly realised him, “And…you’re not angry now?”

“Not as much as I was….I was prepared to be, but you’re alive and that’s all that matters at the moment.”
As Obi-Wan shyly smiled, Cody tugged him down next to him. “Thank you Cody. I don’t know what I would have done if you’d shunned me.”

“Have you spoken to Master Jinn yet?”

Obi-Wan shook his head and winced, “Not since just before we left Naboo... he needs some space.” The Jedi chuckled, “You know, we never seem to leave Naboo in a pleasant mood. There was the time when Qui-Gon was almost killed... and now this.”

Rex smiled sympathetically at him, “You should speak to him... we all know how Cody was, but General Jinn has known you for longer. You have a bond with him... he was devastated that night.”

Obi-Wan nodded in understanding, but still seemed uncertain. “He was so disappointed in me...” He whispered, “…I always hated disappointed him, and I was very good at it when I first became his padawan.”

Placing a caring hand on the Jedi’s shoulder, Cody sighed. “You need to talk to him. Waiting will only make things worse between you. The longer you wait, the more Master Jinn will think that you don’t care what he thinks.”

There was silence for a few moments as Obi-Wan mused over his decision. After a couple of minutes, the Jedi nodded, “You’re right... if I don’t do this, it’ll only make things worse...”

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Almost as soon as they arrived on Coruscant, Qui-Gon had shut himself away from the rest of the Temple, ignoring the holo-communicator (which beeped every 5 minutes, with a message from either Yoda or Mace). The last couple of hours had been spent going through his odd photo album, specifically focusing on the sections that included Obi-Wan. Whilst flicking through the photos of Obi’s 16th year, there was a commanding knock on the door.

“Enter.”

As the door slid open, Qui-Gon bit back a groan. “Master Dooku...” he greeted, as his ex-master strode into the room, “…to what do I owe this pleasure?”

Dooku smirked, “The Council believes that you need someone to talk to regarding the recent events on Naboo.”

“And they sent you?”

“I volunteered. You don’t need someone to coddle you and listen to your complaints about Kenobi’s mission. You need someone to knock some sense into you.”

Qui-Gon rolled his eyes slightly, “Of course you agree with what he’s done.”

“Of course, and so should you...” scolded Dooku, “…your old padawan was the key reason we were able to save the Chancellor.”

“I thought you didn’t like the man?”

Dooku waved his hand in dismissal, “I detest the man... but he plays an important part in this war, and with him in the hands of the Separatists, your chances of winning will decrease.”

Qui-Gon nodded in agreement and sighed, “Darth Tyranus tried again later on... Anakin and Obi-
Wan managed to fend him off though."

"Hmmm, the Sith’s interest in that boy concerns me. Skywalker is far too powerful….and out of control."

"Out of control?"

"His anger and attachment has practically advertised how easy it will be to turn him to the Dark Side…he needs to learn control!"

"Anakin won’t turn!"

"I wouldn’t be so sure about that…"

Qui-Gon shook his head in disgust, “You think the worst about everyone….what should I do? About Obi-Wan I mean?”

Dooku sighed and seated himself down beside his old padawan, “When we almost lost you on Naboo all those years ago, I realised that there are so many things I hadn’t said…I don’t know what I would have done if I had lost you. But I got the chance to tell you these things and now so do you….don’t let this opportunity go to waste.”

Qui-Gon nodded in understanding, sensing that his Master didn’t want to discuss that event any longer. The pair sat in silence for a few moments….until there was another knock on the door.

“Enter.”

Once again, the door slid open…this time to reveal a clean-shaven Obi-Wan, who seemed surprised to see Dooku there. “Oh…excuse me, I didn’t realise you were…I’ll come back later.”

“Nonsense…” scolded Dooku, rising out of his seat, “…I should be leaving anyway. The Council tends to get nervous if I’m in the Temple for too long…being a bad influence on young minds and all.”

Brushing past Obi-Wan, Dooku nodded goodbye to the pair and headed out of the door. After it slid shut behind the Count, silence filled the room. Obi-Wan glanced everywhere, except for where his Master sat.

Qui-Gon remained quiet, not wanting to pressure his ex-padawan. Glancing down at the photo album, he couldn’t help but chuckle. “Now I remember why you grew a beard in the first place…."

Obi-Wan frowned in confusion, realization only dawning in his eyes when Qui-Gon held up the album and showed him a photo of Obi-Wan’s 17th Life Day. Obi-Wan was flushing as a classmate of his, Siri Tachi, kissed him on the cheek.

Obi-Wan smiled at the photo and self-consciously rubbed his bare chin, “Yes…I’ve had three Masters already come up to me and treat me like a knight.”

“All you need is a padawan braid, and you could possibly pass for a senior padawan…if we cut your hair of course.”

Obi-Wan mock shuddered, “No thanks. I like the freedom I get by being a Master….” He paused, before sighing wearily, “….I think we need to talk.”

Qui-Gon nodded, slightly motioning for Obi-Wan to continue. The younger Jedi began to pace, “I’m
sorry….I should have kept you in the loop, but I was so focused on getting the job done that I completely neglected the ones that I care about. I know that—

Seeing that Obi-Wan was quickly getting more and more wound up with each passing second, Qui-Gon quickly got up and pulled his old padawan into a loose hug. “I know little one….I know you’re sorry….” He whispered, “…and I forgive you.”

Obi-Wan remained silent, his eyes wide in shock. Undeterred, Qui-Gon continued, “When I thought that you were dead, I realised that were a lot of things that I didn’t tell you….the most important one was that I’m so proud of you. Always have been and always will be. And whilst I may not completely agree with how you handled this mission, I understand why….thanks to my old Master….but don’t tell him that or I’ll never live it down.”

Obi-Wan chuckled, before schooling his face into something more serious. “I think that’s the last time I’ll be doing undercover work….” He decided, “…I’ve found that I lose more than I gain.”

Qui-Gon simply smiled, “As long as you are still able to learn from your mistakes, then that’s all I ask for.”

Obi-Wan sighed in relief….until he suddenly realised something. “I’m going to have to go and see Anakin aren’t I?”

“Oh yes.”

“Come with me?”

“I think this is one journey that you are going to have to make alone little one.”
Three days.

It had been three days since Obi-Wan’s knighting and still….nothing.

Qui-Gon sighed wearily from his seat on the sofa, glancing over to Obi…Anakin’s room every once in a while in order to make sure the kid was still in bed. He could admit that the events leading up to Obi-Wan’s knighting had been less than pleasant.

The hurt that came over the bond when Qui-Gon stated that he would take Anakin as his padawan learner still echoed in his mind…and the fact that his ‘last words’ were focused on Anakin’s future probably didn’t help matters.

But after the dust of their fight with the Sith had cleared and Qui-Gon had healed sufficiently enough, he had hoped everything would be alright between them…but that never happened. From the moment he was released from the Healer’s Wing, Obi-Wan had been nowhere to be found.

His room had been cleared out, with Master Windu informing him that his padawan had been moved to the Knight’s quarters in preparation for his ceremony. The pride that Qui-Gon had felt at these words, soon diminished when he felt nothing over the bond, and every attempt to contact his padawan was rebuffed.

Every time he contacted Obi-Wan, he was forced to leave a message due to Obi-Wan not picking up and no-one else would tell him anything about his padawan. Even Master Yoda avoided the issue.

To be fair, after a few days, Qui-Gon found all of his attention monopolised by Anakin. The young boy was eager to tell Qui-Gon everything that had been going on since he had moved into the Temple, and Qui-Gon was ashamed to realize that most thoughts of Obi-Wan had been banished to the back of his mind.

At the knighting ceremony itself, Obi-Wan didn’t even speak to him (aside from stating his vows) and avoided all eye contact, rushing out of the chamber as soon as the ceremony was over. Qui-Gon had tried to give him his space, however, after no contact and the glares from Obi-Wan’s friends, enough was enough.
After checking to make sure Anakin was sound asleep, Qui-Gon found himself striding towards the Knight’s quarters and knocking on the door registered to his ex-padawan. It took a few minutes, but eventually, a bleary-eyed Obi-Wan opened the door.

“M-master? W-what-“

He was interrupted as Qui-Gon pushed his way inside and waited until Obi-Wan shut the door, before beginning his tirade. “I’ve had enough now….” He began, ignoring the confused look on Obi-Wan’s face, “….I will not stand for this Obi-Wan! I refuse to accept being shoved aside like a piece of rotten meat, or an old toy!”

“Hurts doesn’t it?”

Qui-Gon stopped in his tracks at the hurt tone in his old padawan’s voice. Turning to face him, he winced at the neutral look Obi-Wan had on his face….completely blank, were it not for the pain in his eyes.

Sighing, he collapsed onto the nearby sofa and shook his head, “I’ve really hurt you haven’t I?”

Feeling a slight dip in the cushions next to him, Qui-Gon glanced to his right, only to stare at the floor again, “I-I know that whatever I say, won’t make things between us alright again….we can’t go back to the way we were before….but please….forgive me.”

“For what….“

Knowing that he was being prompted, Qui-Gon thought about his next words very carefully. “….For everything. For how I acted early on in your apprenticeship, the way I made you think that you were never good enough….I’m sorry for the way I pushed you aside for some kid that we didn’t even know properly. I was blinded by a foolish desire to teach the chosen one when I already had the perfect apprentice…”

Bowing his head, Qui-Gon remained silent as there came no response to his apology. After a few minutes of silence, he sighed and pushed himself off of the sofa. “I’m sorry for bothering you at such a late hour….Knight Kenobi”

Before he could take another step, however, he felt the sleeve of his tunic grabbed, holding him back. “Please….” He heard Obi-Wan whisper, “…please let me speak.”

Qui-Gon let himself be tugged back down to the sofa as Obi-Wan sighed, “…I was hurt. I’m not going to deny that…..and not matter what, I won’t apologise for how I’ve treated you over the last few weeks, because that’s how I’ve felt when you pushed me aside for some insignificant lifeform that more often than not, has caused more trouble than it is actually worth.”

“Every time?!?”

“Every time…but, whilst my actions are understandable….I shouldn’t have continued it for as long as I have. I could feel your hurt during the knighting ceremony, and all I could think to myself….was good. Let him suffer, as I have suffered…..”

Qui-Gon sighed, “I understand your reasons…I hurt you, and it was only fair…”

“No lecture on how petty revenge leads to the Dark Side?”

The older Jedi Master shook his head, “Not this time little-sorry, Obi-Wan.”
Obi-Wan placed a caring hand on his old master’s arm, “You…you can still call me little one, if you wish.”

Qui-Gon nodded gratefully, watching as Obi-Wan rose and headed over to the window-still, where a small box was waiting. Lifting up the lid, Obi-Wan pulled out a long lock of hair, with small beads woven into it. He walked back to the sofa and held out the braid, “I think this now belongs to you?”

Gently, Qui-Gon took the braid, feeling as if a huge weight had been lifted from his shoulders. At the knighting ceremony, the ex-padawan would usually give the chopped-off braid to their Master as thanks, unless it was believed that the Master didn’t deserve it….which Obi-Wan clearly believed back then.

After staring breathlessly at the braid in his hand for a few seconds, Qui-Gon glanced at his old padawan, who was smiling softly at him.

“I forgive you…Master.”
Cody groaned at the heat. The Clone Wars had taken them to the sweltering planet of Ryloth, where they had been attacked by the Separatists. Partway through the battle, Cody had found himself separated from his battalion, led by General Jinn.

Master Qui-Gon Jinn was a senior level Jedi, with long grey hair and a constant stern look. General Skywalker, who had been Jinn’s padawan, had once confessed that Master Jinn had barely smiled since his last padawan, Obi-Wan Kenobi, left the order over ten years ago.

Bugs zoomed in and out of Cody’s vision as he batted them away. He needed to get back to the main camp….and quickly. Suddenly, his motion detectors picked up movement to his left, causing the clone to spin around on his heel and aim his blaster at the source of the disturbance.

In the shadow of the trees stood a young, bearded man….with sea-blue eyes that seemed to twinkle in the rare spots of sunlight that shone through the canopy of leaves.

“Are you lost?”

It took Cody a while, but eventually he realised that the young man had said something. “…What?”

The young man chuckled, “Are you lost?” he asked again, taking a cautious step closer despite the blaster aimed at his face.

Cody glanced around for a few seconds, before nodding. “I need to get back to the main camp….do you know where it is?”

The young man frowned, “Camp?”

“The Clone camp….we’re here to defend a village from Separatist rule. You have heard about the war I assume?”

“Of course…I suppose there are also Jedi with you?”

Cody had lowered his blaster slightly by this point, however, at these words he raised the blaster up
again and frowned, “Why do you ask?”

The young man held his hands up in surrender, “I’ve had some…mixed experiences with the Jedi. Do you mind if I ask which ones you came with?”

Cody’s frown deepened at this, “Not before I know who you are.”

With barely a flick of the young man’s fingers, Cody’s blaster flew out of his hands and into some nearby bushes.

Ignoring the shocked look on the clone’s face, the young man shrugged. “The Jedi Temple and I go way back…. He glanced up at the sky, “….it’ll be dark soon. We can’t travel through these jungles in the dark.”

Cody, who had gone to fetch his blaster, frowned. “I’ll be fine. Just point me in the right direction.”

“No…you won’t be fine. Follow me, you can spend the night at my place and then I will take you back to your camp.”

“How do I know you won’t kill me in my sleep?!”

The young man smiled, “I swear on my honour. You’ve had a lot of interaction with Jedi have you not? Then you know, that we swear an oath, it is for life.”

“You’re not a Jedi though….you can just use the Force.”

“I was a Jedi for over two decades…much longer than the years I have spent away from the Temple.”

Cody thought to himself for a few moments, before nodding reluctantly. “Fine….but as soon as it’s safe, you take me back to the camp.”

The young man nodded in agreement, gesturing for the clone to follow him.

They must have been walking for over 30 minutes, and the sun was almost below the horizon…..the sounds of hungry predators seemed to follow them wherever they turned. Eventually they arrived at a clearing, where a small hut was situated in the middle.

“Come on…” gently encouraged the young man, “….the creatures won’t follow us here.”

Once inside the hut, the young man started a fire and turned to beam at Cody. “Would you like anything to drink….I have some tea, if you would like?”

“Ummm….”

“Unless of course, you don’t like tea, which is fine. I’m afraid the other option is some berry juice-“

“Tea is fine.”

The young man chuckled nervously, “Sorry…I’m afraid I don’t get many visitors out here. My host skills have gotten a little rusty.”

Once the water had boiled over the fire, the young man quickly poured two cups of sweet smelling tea into cups and handed one over to Cody, seating himself in a chair opposite the clone. Cautiously,
Cody sipped the mixture, only to grin.

“Our Jedi General drinks this. He offered me a sip once, and now I drink it more than caf.”

The young man nodded, smiling as his eyes drifted to the small fire. “My Master used to drink it… after over ten years of learning under him, you start to pick up some habits.”

Cody frowned, “What happened…to make you leave the order I mean? I’ve only heard of a few that chose to leave, and Count Dooku was one of them….and now he’s one of the most powerful Sith Lords out there.”

The young man seemed very shocked at this, his eyes widening as he stared at the clone. “D-Dooku’s a Sith Lord?”

Cody frowned at this, “How much do you actually know about the war?”

“Only that it is the Republic against the Separatists. Other details haven’t quite made it to my little hut….such as Dooku’s betrayal.”

“D-did you know him well?”

The young man chuckled and shook his head, “No…my Master kept me away from the man as much as possible…probably for the best in hindsight.”

The pair sat in silence for a bit, quietly drinking their tea. Suddenly, there came the cracking of branches just outside of the hut, causing the young man to leap to another corner. His hood was pulled up, shielding his face and the familiar thrum of lightsabers filled the room.

Cody watched in amazement and shock as the young man took on a defensive stance, white lightsabers causing shadows to flicker on his face. Not long after, there was a knock on the door.

“Cody?”

Cody recognised the voice instantly, and silently signalled for the young man to stand down. He quickly moved to the door, opening it slightly and grinning at the familiar sight.

“Rex…” he sighed in relief.

Rex tried to see past him, “Are-are you okay?”

Glancing back, Cody frowned at the defensive man, before turning his attention back to his brother and nodding. “Yeah…are you alone?”

Rex shook his head, “No….when you were separated, I went go find you….and General Skywalker and General Jinn said they would help.”

“Really?”

Rex sighed, “You’re a good man Cody, and the Generals know this….I don’t think they’re far behind.”

Cody didn’t have to turn around to know that the young man behind him, had tensed up slightly at this news. Silently, he gestured for Rex to stay where he was, before turning to face the young man. “Are they allowed to come in?”

Silence.
“You said it yourself….” Sighed Cody, “…It’s too dangerous out there, especially at this time of the night.”

The young man, still in his defensive stance, stared at him for a few moments…before sheathing the lightsaber and nodding. “Alright…just-just…they’ll have to stay in this room. Okay?”

Cody nodded, a frown appearing on his face as he watched the young man disappear into a back room. Sighing, he opened the door only to take a step back when he saw the two Jedi Generals standing behind his brother.

“General Jinn!” saluted Cody, wincing slightly at the sound of a pot crashing from the back room, “I’m sorry for the inconvenience…”

The older man shook his head and smiled, “You are an excellent commander Cody. It was no inconvenience…” he glanced over Cody’s shoulder, “…may we come in?”

Cody nodded, opening the door wide enough for the three to come in. Upon entering, General Skywalker smirked, “Cosy…”

Qui-Gon sighed, “Be respectful Anakin…is that…tea?”

Nodding, Cody offered the General his own cup. “The…owner happens to like the same tea as you.”

“Surprising…most find it too sweet. Even Anakin doesn’t like it.”

The group sat down on the home-made chairs, awkwardly glancing around as silence filled the house. “So….” Began Anakin, “…are we going to meet this…host?”

Cody shrugged, “He’s a very private person…I think he’s a bit nervous about having so many people in his home.” He quickly glanced around before leaning in close to the other three. “He’s a Force-user…”

Qui-Gon seemed very concerned at this, “I-is he armed?”

Anakin also seemed curious at this, and turned his attention away from the back room, towards his ex-Master. Qui-Gon sighed, “White lightsabers generally mean that the owner has an obedience to a larger cause…not Sith Lords, but the Order still tries to avoid contact with them. They are seen as being quite…uncooperative with the Council.”

The other three glanced at each other, before turning their attention to the back room. Anakin frowned slightly, “Master…does something seem familiar to you.”

Qui-Gon nodded, “Yes…I’ve been aware of a familiar presence since we arrived here…a very familiar presence.”

Slowly, the two Jedi rose from their seats and headed towards the back room…their hands moving towards their weapons. Cody looked dismayed at this, “What are you doing?”

The Jedi silently gestured for him to remain quiet as they strode closer to the room. However, before they could burst through the door, Cody found himself pushing past them and standing in front of the door, almost protectively. “You can’t….” he hissed, “…If you just burst in there, then he might react…badly.”
Qui-Gon gently moved the clone out of the way with one hand, and pushed the door to the back room open with the other. Cody watched as the Jedi Master took a step back in shock. “O-Obi-Wan?”

As Qui-Gon stumbled back into a chair, aided by Anakin, the young man…now known as Obi-Wan stepped out of the back room. Cody and Rex watched as the young man knelt in front of Qui-Gon, smiling gently as the older Jedi Master’s eyes shined brightly with unshed tears. “I did say that we would meet again…Master.”

Qui-Gon chuckled, “I remember…” he glanced at the ex-Jedi, “…I tried to find you. For so long, I tried to find you….where have you been?”

Obi-Wan shrugged, “Here and there…”

“Doing what?” asked Anakin, a slight frown on his face as he came face to face with the young man who he’d met all those years ago….and who had been mentioned in almost every conversation he’d ever had with his old Master.

“Contract work mostly….for the Order.”

Qui-Gon and Anakin stared at Obi-Wan in shock, “F-for the Order?!” stuttered Qui-Gon.

Obi-Wan nodded, a slight flush on his cheeks. “A few months after I…left the Order, Master Yoda contacted me, wanting me to have a look into a…delicate situation. One job turned into two…then three, and before I knew it, I was the Order’s main source of information regarding certain…war-like conflicts.”

“Master Yoda never mentioned this…” mused Qui-Gon, “…and yet, he was the one who pushed us towards this planet.”

“Meddling old troll….” Muttered Anakin, ignoring the warning glances off of Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan, “…but at least now, we have some added help against the Separatists!”

Obi-Wan seemed concerned at this, “I-I don’t think I should…I m-mean, I can’t~

“You should…” interrupted Cody, flushing slightly as the three Jedi turned to look at him. “I-I mean…we could really use your help out there.”

Obi-Wan and Cody stared at each for a few moments, until finally, Obi-Wan nodded. “Okay…” Using the Force, he summoned his lightsaber to him and rose to his feet. “…We’ll make our way to your campsite as soon as the sun rises…until then, you can rest in here.”

Before Obi-Wan could disappear back into the back room. Qui-Gon placed a gentle hand on the young man’s shoulder and pulled him into a hug. “It is good to see you again…little one.”

“And you….Master.”

Catching Cody’s eyes, Obi-Wan smiled and retreated back into the bedroom.

//Cody. When the lights are out, I would like to see you again…in private? \

As the fire died down, sending the hut into darkness, Cody couldn’t help but smile.
Help from the Grandmaster (Grey Dooku AU)

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from bluedragoninamber
(http://archiveofourown.org/users/bluedragoninamber/pseuds/bluedragoninamber): I would ask for a piece of Dooku & Qui-Gon emotional hurt/comfort/friendship set maybe after Tahl died and after The Call to Vengeance in the Jedi Apprentice series which you are clearly familiar with. I can imagine Qui-Gon growing so depressed from grieving that someone, maybe even Obi-Wan, dares to contact Dooku (separated from the Order but neutral not fallen, just as you wrote him in chapter 4 I think it was) to plead with him to come and pull Qui-Gon out of it. I think Qui-Gon would be resistant to being comforted and that perhaps the only person who he would allow to hold him if he falls apart is Dooku, at least as you have written him.

Obi-Wan sighed wearily to himself as he watched his Master perform kata after kata, working himself to exhaustion, just as he had been doing for the past few weeks. Ever since almost losing Tahl and almost falling to the Dark side, Qui-Gon had resisted any help from his friends and padawan.

Mace, especially, had been particularly concerned….however, every attempt at contact with his friend, had been rebuffed. Obi-Wan had tried (oh god had he tried) to help. Cups of tea, leaving his Master alone except for lessons and meals together…but still, every time it seemed as though his Master was improving, Tahl would enter the man’s thoughts again and the bitterness would return.

Obi-Wan wished that he could help more…but his mind often flashed back to when his Master was on the edge of falling. The sheer rage that pulsed over their bond, as the Jedi Master stood over the leader of the rogue faction, honestly scared him…and whilst he was more scared for his Master, rather than of the man…Obi-Wan felt unable to fully assist his Master.

This is why he was here.

Standing in the Jedi Temple comms unit, mentally preparing to contact the one person who he believed could actually help Qui-Gon.

Taking a deep breath and glancing around, Obi-Wan inputted a communications code and waited patiently. After a few minutes of steady beeping, a cultured voice came over the comms and the blue, flickering figure of Count Dooku appeared in front of him.

“Padawan Kenobi?” Dooku frowned at the young man, “I trust you have a good reason for contacting me?”

Obi-Wan opened his mouth to answer…only for the words to get caught in his throat. He ducked his head as tears brimmed in his eyes.

“Padawan…” Dooku now sounded concerned, “…Is it Qui-Gon? Is he alright?”

Tearily, Obi-Wan shook his head and gasped, trying to get his emotions under control. Slowly, he took deep breaths and expelled his grief and sadness into the Force, until he was finally ready.

Lifting up his head once again, Obi-Wan sighed. “Ever since the death of Master…Tahl. Master Qui-Gon has been distant…refuses all help and continues to be…bitter. I’ve done all I can but he still pushes me away…you’re the only one I can think of who might be able to get through to him.”

There was silence for a few moments, until Count Dooku nodded. “I see…my old padawan is grieving for his friend. Qui-Gon has always been one to take loss harshly…” the elderly man glanced at Obi-Wan, before seemingly coming to a decision. “I shall be there in two days….continue what you’ve been doing for the time being.”

“Yes Master” Obi-Wan bowed his gratitude as Dooku cut the comms. Remaining where he was for a few moments, Obi-Wan sighed…closing his eyes as he reached out to his Master over their bond…only to be mentally pushed away within seconds.

He winced in pain, retracting back into his own mind. Groaning as a dull ache set deep into his head, Obi-Wan quickly made his way back to their rooms…knowing that his Master wouldn’t be there.

Dooku sighed as the speeder docked in the Jedi temple’s bay…nothing seemed to have changed since he left all those years ago. Initiates and Padawan’s roaming around as Knights and Masters chatted in small groups…many of the older members of the Order giving him suspicious looks of recognition.

Striding down the corridors that led to the shared Master/Padawan rooms, Dooku couldn’t help but smirk as the younger Jedi’s practically leapt out of his way…still got it.

“Dooku!”

Hearing the voice of one of his ex-padawan’s oldest friends caused Dooku to stop in his tracks. Spinning around on his heel, he smirked at the slightly frantic pace that Mace had set, as he sped up to the ex-Jedi. “Mace…delightful to see you once again. Is Qui-Gon around?”

Mace frowned, “He should be…why do you ask?”

“I ask, because getting a comm off of Padawan Kenobi detailing how his Master, my old padawan, is suffering the loss of a dear friend….well, it’s not something I ever want to hear again.”

Mace opened his mouth to protest, however, he was interrupted by Dooku. “No Mace….that boy is being neglected because you and the council seem to believe that Qui-Gon will work past this. He needs some sense knocked into him, because he has a padawan to take care of. He needs to let it all out on someone who isn’t going to mollycoddle him!”

Mae sighed, “We’ve tried…we know Obi-Wan is suffering as well, but he won’t let anyone else take him in whilst Qui-Gon mourns, not even Master Yoda!”

“The boy’s loyal, of course he isn’t going to let his Master suffer….but have you actually tried forcing Qui-Gon to see someone? This isn’t healthy for either of them!”
"He won’t see them….and we are not in the habit of forcing people to see our mind healers."

"That’s not what I remember…" snarled Dooku, before taking several deep breaths and turning away, “…all I want to do is help my grand-padawan and Qui-Gon before one of them does something that they’ll regret.”

Remaining silent, Mace watched as the Count strode away. “Good luck…..” He whispered under his breath, “…you’ll need it.”

………………………………………………….

"It’s simple Obi-Wan! Even the youngest of initiates can do it, why can’t you!?"

Obi-Wan tried to remain composed in the face of his Master’s blind fury…but Force it was hard. As the shouting and screaming got louder and louder, Qui-Gon’s face got redder and redder.

After five more minutes of being called useless and a bad Jedi, Obi-Wan finally snapped. “I’m tired!” he yelled, “You haven’t let me sleep or eat properly in weeks because of this obsession!”

“How dare-“

“How dare I? How dare you treat me like this, after all we’ve been through! You know, I miss her too…Master Tahl, she was someone I could truly look up to and she would be disgusted at what you’ve become!”

Qui-Gon’s eyes flashed with barely contained anger as he lifted in hand in the air. However. Before he could strike his padawan, there came a cultured voice from the doorway. “To strike a child is to forget the basic good in you…”

Qui-Gon spun around on his heel, his eyes widening in shock when he saw his old Master in the entrance to their rooms. “Master!”

Dooku ignored him, turning his attention to Obi-Wan, who was shaking slightly with exhaustion. "Padawan Kenobi…come here.” He beckoned for the child to stand by him, which Obi-Wan was all too happy to do, “You need to rest…Master Yoda will be very happy to give you somewhere to sleep for the time being.”

Obi-Wan opened his mouth to protest, but soon stopped when Dooku held up a hand, “No arguments. You have done a remarkable job…but now let me do what I came here to do, what you asked of me.”

Obi-Wan nodded, glancing once more at his Master before rushing down the corridor.

Qui-Gon sighed, “Thank you Master….I really appreciate being undermined by my old Master, who isn’t even with the Jedi Order any more…”

Dooku simply stared at him, his eyes scanning him from top to bottom, until his gaze softened. “Her death was not your fault Qui-Gon.”

“Don’t talk about her!” growled Qui-Gon, “You have no right to talk about her!”

Dooku remained silent, watching as his ex-padawan glared at him.

“You never approved of my relationship with Tahl!”

“For a good reason clearly…” sighed Dooku, “Ever since your early apprenticeship, you were too
easily influenced by that young lady, and let your emotions take control of you.”

“I—"

“No….” interrupted Dooku, “…it’s my turn to talk. When your padawan comms me, worried about
you and your grief, then I need to get involved….when I shouldn’t have to. It has been months Qui-
Gon, you should have expelled your grief into the Force by now.”

“I need time to—“

“To grieve? I agree….but not for too long, and certainly not when you have a young padawan to
train and take care of. That boy looked on the verge of collapse, and that means that you are failing
as a Master.”

Qui-Gon scoffed, “Like you have any room to talk…” he muttered under his breath.

He clearly wasn’t quiet enough, Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Dooku frowning at him. “You
think I mistreated you?”

“Well I—"

“Did you ever go hungry? No. Did you get enough sleep? Yes. Did I ever hurt you? No….Did I let
you bring every single creature into our quarters? Yes.”

Qui-Gon remained silent as Dooku strode closer. “How dare you…” continued the ex-Jedi, “…how
dare you imply that I was ever cruel to you?!”

Seating himself on the sofa, Dooku patted the space besides him, encouraging his ex-padawan to sit
beside him. Once the man had sat down, Dooku turned to him and sighed. “You can’t live like this
Qui-Gon…” he began, “…you are killing yourself and that young boy!”

“You exaggerate…”

“No…I don’t.”

Qui-Gon opened his mouth as if to protest, but simply shook his head. “I…she’s dead Master. The
one woman who I would have left the Order for is gone!”

“I know…” murmured Dooku soothingly, watching as his ex-padawan practically deflated in front
of him, the previous anger and arrogance gone.

“I was so angry…” sighed Qui-Gon, “…I was so ready to kill the person who took her away from
me!”

“And what stopped you?”

“…Obi-Wan. All I could see was the look on his face…and then I thought, how could I do this to
him? After all that we’ve been through with Xanatos and the troubles we had right at the beginning
of our partnership….I couldn’t turn my back on him like that, not by turning to the Dark side…”

“And yet you’ve spent over two months neglecting him…you might as well have turned, he might
have had a chance at becoming a Jedi, because I’m sure someone would have taken him in….in fact,
I would have come back myself in order to teach that boy, because even I can tell that he will be a
great Jedi one day and to know that I was the one to teach him, would be the greatest honour.”

There was silence for a few moments, before Qui-Gon sighed, his head falling forwards into his
hands in despair. “I swore, when I became his Master, that I would teach him and take care of him….maybe I shouldn’t be a Master when I keep pushing my padawan’s away.”

Dooku shook his head, “Don’t give up Qui-Gon…yes, you went through a terrible experience but that was no reason to treat Obi-Wan like he was worthless. You now realise that, and now you can move forward…” He stood up and helped his ex-padawan to his feet, “I will stay until you are ready, but I’m sure that you have some grovelling to do to that young boy. Agreed?”

Qui-Gon nodded, and Dooku smirked. “Excellent…now, I think that that’s enough of the heartfelt conversations.”

Qui-Gon smirked at this and the pair headed down the corridor, towards Master Yoda’s rooms.

“How many animals did I really bring into our rooms?”

“Count how many grey hairs I have….that’s how many.”
Abandoned (Qui-Gon survived and trains Anakin AU)

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Contains prompts from;

bertie (http://archiveofourown.org/users/bertie/pseudos/bertie) -(who wanted a continuation from chapter 13),

Tanny (Could you please do a story where Obi-Wan shows him his true feelings - maybe you could let him save Qui-Gon and Maul brings him with dark words very near to the Dark Side?)

And HeartsAndBones (https://www.fanfiction.net/u/7757306/HeartsAndBones) (Personally, I'd love to see a piece about how Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan adjust to their new lives as master and padawan. Both of them had difficult pasts and getting over the initial callousness of their relationship would be interesting to see.)

Obi-Wan sighed as he made his way through another kata. His Master was still laid up in the hospital wing after the fight with Maul…and Bratikins was with him. Being practically abandoned by his Master in front of the council still hurt and because of it, Obi-Wan was desperate to distance himself from the man and the so-called ‘Chosen One.’

“Your left arm is off by about two inches…”

Spinning around at the voice from the door, Obi-Wan grinned and sheathed his lightsaber. “Master Dooku!”

The elderly man in the doorway smirked, “It's Count now. That kata is very advanced for your age, consider me impressed.”

Flushing slightly with the praise, Obi-Wan bowed. “Thank you…Count. I’m assuming you’ve heard about-”

“-my ex-padawan being stabbed in the mid-section? Yes. You single-handedly defeating a Sith Lord? Yes. Very impressive…but what I don’t understand is why you’re here and not with your Master in the infirmary?”

Obi-Wan winced slightly, “He’s…already got company. I don’t think he’ll want me there, crowding him.”

“And do tell….who is more important than his padawan?”
“…The ‘Chosen one’. And I may not be his padawan for much longer.”

Dooku frowned, “I wasn’t aware that Qui-Gon was ready for you to be knighted? The last time I spoke to him, he was adamant that he still had more to teach you. And what’s this nonsense about the ‘Chosen one’?!”

Quickly, Obi-Wan told him what happened on Tatooine. By the time he finished, Dooku was shaking his head and frowning. “Had no Father, HA! More like she doesn’t know who the boy’s Father is and the story about him having no Father was easier than admitting she slept with a stranger.”

“That’s a bit harsh-“

“-I know. But that’s the truth of it….what have the council said? I can’t imagine they’re happy with this situation.”

“They…don’t want him to be trained.”

Dooku scoffed, “Of course not. The child is far too old and after a life of slavery, his emotions are going to be difficult to control.”

Obi-Wan shrugged, “Like I said. Master Qui-Gon is determined to train him…even if it means having me knighted.”

“Strange…from what I remember from Feemor, the council had to practically force Qui-Gon to allow that man to be knighted.”

Obi-Wan shrugged, “He chose to take over Feemor’s training…Qui-Gon and I didn’t have the best of starts, in fact, I think he only chose me out of pity.”

“Obi-Wan I-“

“-No…our relationship was strained in those first few months. Anyone could see it!”

……Flashback…..

“Obi-Wan, watch your footing!” cried out Qui-Gon in the middle of the training hall, “A stupid mistake like that and you’ll be dead!”

Nodding, Obi-Wan was quick to correct his stance, his face flushing as he saw Master Yoda and Master Windu watching from the doorway….only to yelp when he felt a training saber strike the back of his legs.

“Focus boy!”

The training continued until Obi-Wan was at the point of exhaustion, and only then did Qui-Gon call an end to the session. Before he could dismiss his padawan, Qui-Gon turned to the two Master’s in the doorway. “Can I help you?”

Yoda sighed, his eyes still on Obi-Wan. “Time for dinner it is. Missed breakfast, your padawan has.”

Qui-Gon winced slightly, “We were having a…conversation this morning about his morning routine. It might have gone on for a little too long.”

“So, dinner we should have.”
Obi-Wan’s eyes lit up at the thought of having a meal with his Master. Ever since returning from Bandomeer, Qui-Gon had made every excuse not to sit with his padawan and eat with him… however, the smile fell from his face when he saw his Master shake his head. “My apologies Master Yoda, however, I’ve made previous commitments for this afternoon. You are very welcome to take Obi-Wan out for a meal though.”

He moved to walk out of the training hall, but yelped when Yoda’s stick struck him on the shin. “His Master, you are!” scolded the elderly Master, as Windu nodded in approval, “Spend time with him, you should. Outside of training, yes?”

Qui-Gon frowned, “I-“

“No…” interrupted Yoda, “…Listen, you will now. Neglecting your padawan, you are. Time for change, it is.”

There was silence for a few moments as Qui-Gon stared at his young padawan. Finally the older Master nodded sullenly, “Fine…dinner it is.”

…….End Flashback……

Even after that tense meal, it took a while for Qui-Gon to warm up to him….whereas he took to Anakin immediately. Watching as the younger man’s face fell in disappointment and slight distress, Dooku scowled. “I’ll sort this out little one, even if it means going to the council and asking to finish your training myself.”

“The council seems to think I should be knighted now, because of the recent duel with the Sith Lord.”

Dooku rolled his eyes, “Of course they do…wait here. I’ll have a word with my old padawan.”

With a dramatic flick of his cloak (which, let’s be honest, is the reason he wears it), Dooku left the room and headed straight for the hospital wing.

……………………………………………………………………………………………….

As soon as he entered Qui-Gon’s room, Dooku could see a small child bouncing up and down excitedly in a chair, babbling as Qui-Gon watched in amusement. After a couple of minutes simply standing there, Qui-Gon eventually noticed him and waved him in. “Master! Come in! This is Anakin Skywalker.”

The small boy turned to him and beamed, “Hi! I’m gonna be Qui-Gon’s new apprentice!”

Dooku raised an imperious eyebrow, “Charmed I’m sure…” He turned to face Qui-Gon, “…can I have a word with you?”

Qui-Gon nodded, but Anakin remained where he was. Dooku gestured towards the door, smirking at the scowl on the child’s face. “Alone please.”

It took a few minutes, but eventually Anakin shuffled off of his chair and strode out of the door, glaring at Dooku as he left.

“You could have spoken to me with him in the room…” began Qui-Gon, “…there was no need to kick him out.”

Dooku quickly took the seat by the bed and frowned at his ex-padawan. “There was every need to
“kick him out…have you spoken to Obi-Wan yet?”

Qui-Gon shook his head and turned his face away, “I…haven’t had the chance.”

“Have you even asked to see him?”

“I-I don’t think that would be wise.”

Dooku frowned in confusion, “You think it unwise to let your padawan know that you’re okay in person?”

Silence.

“I heard that the council are thinking of knighting him on your request, despite you saying just the other week, that he wasn’t ready.”

Qui-Gon sighed, “I-I didn’t think they would knight him….not after that fight.”

“Excuse me?”

“…He was tempted by the Dark Side Master. The Sith Lord taunted him whilst I lay there…”

…………Flashback…………

Qui-Gon groaned, clutching at the wound in his abdomen…he could feel himself slipping away as his brave padawan fought the Sith Lord with all his might and skill. Deep in his heart, Qui-Gon knew that Obi-Wan would likely not survive the solo fight…and this would destroy him.

“Why are you fighting me little Jedi?” hissed the Sith, “I can feel your pain…I can feel your disappointment and your anger!”

There was only silence from Obi-Wan as the sound of lightsaber clashing echoed throughout the room.

“He abandoned you little one…abandoned you for a newer model! Cast you aside like a broken weapon!”

“H-how do you know about that?” Obi-Wan asked weakly, panting as the stresses of the fight caught up to him.

“Everyone knows about it little Jedi. Everyone knows about your humiliation and abandonment!”

“Liar!”

The lightsabers clashed again and the fight continued. Weakly, Qui-Gon attempted to move, only to fall back to the ground as his strength disappeared.

“He abandoned you little Jedi…you have no obligation to fight for him! Leave and I’ll spare your life!”

“I know he abandoned me…and yes, I was hurt and I was angry, but he is still my Master and I will fight to the death if that’s what it takes to save him!”

Once again the fight continued…until there was the smell of burning flesh and the sound of lightsaber slicing through muscle and bone. And then…nothing.
The next thing Qui-Gon remembered was Obi-Wan crying over him, begging him not to leave as the council ran into the room and surrounded the pair.

………….End Flashback……………..

“He was tempted…” whispered Qui-Gon, “…Obi-Wan was tempted by the Dark side. He said it himself, he was angry!”

Dooku shook his head in disappointment, “You cast him aside for the so-called ‘Chosen One…of course he’s going to be angry…but he didn’t turn, he defeated the Sith Lord, without drawing on the power of the Dark Side.”

“You don’t know tha-“

“-No…but the council do, because they performed a mind search on him and found nothing! This is just you trying to justify casting your padawan aside and I won’t let you!”

Qui-Gon was stunned into silence, his face creasing into a frown. “Obi-Wan is ready to be knighted….” He muttered, “…I know that I shouldn’t have told the council the way I did, but he is ready and Anakin needs to be trained.”

Dooku sighed, “Skill wise….yes, Obi-Wan has been ready for a long time. But, emotionally, the boy is nowhere near ready. Your partnership didn’t start out very well, and he has constantly battled with feelings of abandonment…something which you have not helped with in any way.”

“Master I-“

“-No…” interrupted Dooku, “…you made a promise at the beginning of the partnership to teach him until the very end, and now, as soon as the so-called ‘Chosen One’ makes his way onto the scene, you break this promise!”

“Anakin needs-“

“That boy does not need anything! Yes, I admit that the Force is strong with him, but to believe in this prophecy with no proof, is one of the most foolish things you have ever done. Skywalker is too old and too angry for Jedi training to have a true effect on him!”

“So surely he needs a Master to give him a chance? The Sith are back, and if they get their hands on him, they could turn him into the greatest threat the Jedi Order have ever faced!”

“Fine…so maybe it should be Master Yoda who trains him. The strongest Jedi in the Order should train the ‘Chosen One’, leaving you free to finish training Obi-Wan.”

“He’s bonded with me though…he would feel abandoned if I sent him to Master Yoda.”

“Abandoned? Like how Obi-Wan feels?”

There was silence as Qui-Gon’s face flushed. Sadly, Dooku shook his head. “You need to fix this Qui-Gon…or you’ll lose him forever.”

Quickly, he left the room, barely glancing at the small boy seated by the door outside in the corridor. As he made his way back towards the living areas, he stopped in his tracks. Standing in the middle of the corridor, just outside of Qui-Gon’s rooms, was Master Yoda.

“Talked to Qui-Gon, you have, hmmmمم?”
Dooku nodded, “Master…is Obi-Wan really ready to be knighted?”

Yoda bowed his head, “Ready, he is. But suffer he does…time he needs.”

Dooku frowned, “And the boy?”

Yoda sighed, “Trained he will be….by Qui-Gon.”

Wisely, Dooku chose not to say anything, simply frowning in disappointment. The pair stood in the hallway, listening to the sounds of Obi-Wan training in the rooms.

“I will help him move…” whispered Dooku, “…he needs someone with him, because Qui-Gon clearly isn’t up to the job.”

“Fixed, this relationship will be….” Sighed Yoda, “…but time, they need.”

“Will it ever be how it was?”

Yoda hummed and closed his eyes, “Always shifting, the future is…but know this I do. For these two, peace will come.”
Captive Temple AU (Jedi Apprentice AU)

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt by Kanifa (what if Qui-Gon didn't took Obi-Wan as his Padawan that fateful day?) and Tanny (I would love to see Obi-Wan carrying a red lightsaber and fight against his master. So - what if Qui-Gon didn't took him as a Padawan on Bandomeer? If I remember it correctly, Xanatos was still alive on this point (was he? :0) and so he could have turned Obi-Wan and makes him to his apprentice. And a few years after that, he and Qui-Gon meet again and fight against each other.)

Qui-Gon sighed wearily as he made his way through the corridors of the Jedi Temple. Earlier that morning, there was an attempt on Master Yoda’s life. As per usual, the elderly Master had rose before dawn to meditate, going to the Room of a Thousand Fountains. Before reaching a footbridge he sensed a surge in the dark side of the Force, causing him to hesitate, listening to the Force, and in that heartbeat a device planted underneath the footbridge exploded.

In all the years that he had been living at the Temple, something this shocking had never happened. Everyone in the Temple relied on the wisdom of Master Yoda, and to think of him dead, sent shivers running up and down his spine.

Nothing had been found at the scene….but a student had found a note, with ‘MEDITATE ON THIS, MASTERS: NEXT TIME I WILL NOT FAIL’ written on it.

The Dark side was clearly behind this.

Another issue that the Temple was having, was that the intruder (possibly two, according to the senses of Master Yoda) managed to sabotage the central power structure. The cooling system had been damaged, and there were also problems with the lighting and communications…every time Miro Daroon fixed something, another malfunction occurred.

Poor Miro could hardly keep up.

There was sabotage within the Temple, and originally, the suspicion had fallen on Bruck Chun. However, he was eventually ruled out….

“Good Morning Master Qui-Gon…”chirped a familiar voice.

Glancing down, Qui-Gon smiled at the Mon Calamari, Bant Eerin. Whilst she had been a good friend of…Obi-Wan’s, she had also been a huge help to him and Master Tahl with an investigation of a theft.
Before he could return the greeting, however, there was a sudden crash. The pair span around to see part of a horizontal tunnel swinging in mid-air.

“It’s the horizontal turbo-lift,” Bant said, horrified. “It’s going to crash!”

Qui-Gon sighed in relief…the children and the crèche master had been saved from the horizontal turbo-lift. Although Windu had scolded him for being impulsive, the council were relieved. Even Master Yoda, who had been rather cold with Qui-Gon ever since he’d returned from Bandomeer without Obi-Wan…apparently Qui-Gon had made a huge mistake by refusing to take Obi-Wan as his padawan.

Speaking of the older master, Qui-Gon rushed to meet him in a secure location.

Yoda stood in the middle of the empty white space of the safe room in the central tower, where no surveillance could possibly penetrate.

“Confirmed it is by Miro Daroon,” he told Qui-Gon. “Sabotage it was. A timing device in the repulsor-lift engines, and a bug in the central core that shut down the lift tubes and comm units in the area. Find this person we must, Qui-Gon. After the children now, he is.”

“The last repulsor-lift engine held,” Qui-Gon pointed out. “I do not think the turbo-lift was meant to fall.”

Yoda turned to him. “Taunting us, the intruder is? Endangering the lives of babies for a joke?”

“Or there is some other motive,” Qui-Gon said. “It’s not clear to me yet. At first I thought the petty thefts were designed strictly to irritate and tease. Now I wonder otherwise. The stolen items appear to have served various purposes. The toolbox from the servo-utility unit was most likely used to dismantle the repulsor-lift engines. The teacher’s meditation robe was used for the intruder to travel about freely, especially in the early morning when most Knights meditate.”

“And the fourth year student’s sporting gear?” Yoda asked.

“No significance yet,” Qui-Gon said. “And then there are the stolen school records. Only students with names A through M. I’m certain the records were stolen to conceal something about a current… or possibly ex-student.”

Yoda nodded. “Time it will take, to regather information. Something you do not know, Qui-Gon - a sensitive time for the Jedi this is. A secret mission for the Senate we have undertaken. Held in our Jedi treasury is a large shipment of vertex.”

‘Now that was a surprise’….Vertex was a highly valuable mineral, often cut into crystals of various shapes for currency. Many worlds used crystalline vertex instead of credits.

“Unprecedented it was, to accept such a shipment,” Yoda agreed, noting Qui-Gon’s surprise. “Yet the Council thought it best. Two star systems there are, locked in conflict over the shipment. Agree to peace talks they would not, unless a neutral party held the shipment. Almost concluded, the peace agreement is. If word there is that the Temple is vulnerable, war there would be.” Yoda’s voice dropped in concern. “A large war it would be, Qui-Gon. Many alliances these star systems have.”

Qui-Gon nodded in understanding. “There is no time to waste,” he told Yoda. “I will start with Miro Daroon. I must discover how this intruder managed to navigate around the Temple without being seen. I’ll need to coordinate with Tahl.”
Yoda nodded in agreement, and with a brief wave of his hand, Qui-Gon was dismissed. Knowing that he had to go to the tech centre, so he decided to take a short-cut through the Room of a Thousand Fountains. To be honest, he wasn’t even fully aware of his surroundings as he strode down the winding paths, his mind on other things.

….Then he saw the destroyed footbridge where the attack on Yoda had taken place.

He stopped in his tracks, his eyes focusing on the splintered bridge…and then it occurred to him. His mind flashed back to a mission years ago, where the aim was to stop a tyrant from taking over a world in the Outer Rim. The tyrant’s strategy was based on a simple equation: Disruption + Demoralization + Distraction = Devastation.

That was the pattern. The thefts had followed the formula.

Disruption: the petty thefts disrupted classes and activities.

Demoralization: the theft of the Healing Crystals of Fire and the attack on Yoda had caused many students to lose heart.

Distraction: the failing of the cooling system, the security breaches, and the destruction of one of the main turbo-lifts meant that the Jedi had to focus to keep the Temple running.

These intruders seemed to be following the same pattern in order to create unease and chaos within the Temple. Suddenly, there was a disturbance in the Force.

The dark side was here.

Although everything seemed to be peaceful, with the fountains continuing to flow. Qui-Gon surveyed the area carefully, noting every leaf, every shadow. He saw nothing out of the ordinary.

Yet he knew something was there.

………………………………………………………………

Qui-Gon sighed as he reviewed what little information he had…There were dozens of tunnels, however they were only tall enough for the older padawan’s to walk upright inside. Ducts were placed conveniently on every floor, giving outlets to every area of the Temple except those under the most severe security restrictions, such as the treasury room. The problem wasn’t discovering a way for the intruder to navigate.

The problem was narrowing it down.

Tahl, one of Qui-Gon’s oldest friends, was sending out search teams that would comb the infrastructure of the Temple….but that would take, that they really didn’t have

He needed to find a clue...soon.

Qui-Gon turned to Miro, “Have any additional problems cropped up?”

Miro sighed wearily, “When I tried to restore power to the service lift tubes in the lake area, the air circulation failed in the north wing. We have to move all the students to temporary quarters in the main building.”

“So now two wings of the Temple have been shut down…You must be very frustrated, Miro.”

Miro’s frown deepened. “Frustrated doesn’t cover it, Qui-Gon. I know this system inside and out.
But when I fix one problem, three more pop up. It’s difficult to keep up. I’ve never seen such intricate sabotage, not even in hypothetical models. My last resort would be to shut the whole system down to run my own program. That’s something I don’t want to do.”

This bothered Qui-Gon…..Miro was a brilliant, intuitive tech expert. Anyone who could confound him must be a tech genius. Not anyone could do this…meaning that Qui-Gon was searching for a slippery being with a hatred of the Jedi, a knack for subterfuge, and now a technological wizard as well.

Suddenly it clicked. “Xanatos,” he murmured.

Miro looked at Qui-Gon, shocked. “You think Xanatos is involved?”

“It’s possible …” Qui-Gon murmured, “…although, in order to move around the Temple with such ease, he might have had some help. It has changed since Xanatos was last here.”

It was all coming together now. Xanatos held an implacable hatred for the Jedi - a hatred that was only surpassed by his hatred for Qui-Gon. And then there was that feeling he’d had in the Room of a Thousand Fountains… could Xanatos have been nearby?

Disruption + Demoralization + Distraction = Devastation.

During that mission, Xanatos had been his Padawan, a boy of sixteen. He could have easily remembered the formula.

“I remember him,” Miro said quietly. “He was a year behind me. But he was the only Jedi student who was better at constructing tech infrastructure models.”

Qui-Gon nodded in agreement, pausing in thought. “I need to see Tahl…. …” He muttered, spinning around on his heel and quickly leaving.

……………………………………………………………………..

Tahl was doubtful. And to be fair Qui-Gon could understand why…she highlighted how lots of people had the same technical skills, and by narrowing in on one suspect, the real suspects could get away.

As the two continued to talk quietly, there was a knock on the door. Once permitted, one of the younger initiates, Siri, entered the room. “Masters, I need to speak to you.”

They nodded, allowing the young girl to continue, which she did. “Initiates who have been sent to the agricultural planets are allowed to contact their friends after being dropped off in order to make the transition easier…Obi-Wan called me a couple of weeks ago.”

Qui-Gon frowned at this, “And?”

Siri sighed, “He kept mentioning an older brother…but Obi’s never mentioned him before. He seems different, somehow…darker?”

Tahl turned to face Qui-Gon, “I wasn’t aware Obi had an older brother.”

“He doesn’t…”answered Qui-Gon, “…I’ve read his file. It is one of the ones which was stolen, which makes it difficult to check…however, I am mostly positive he has no older brothers.”

Siri frowned at this, “Obi-Wan mentioned a name…Xani?”
This caused Qui-Gon’s face to grow pale. Sensing that Qui-Gon wasn’t going to (or couldn’t speak), Tahl quickly thanked and dismissed Siri.

“Obi-Wan….has joined Xanatos?” whispered Qui-Gon in shock.

“It would appear that way….and if Xanatos is the one behind these attacks, then it’s possible that Obi-Wan has been helping him get around…”

There was silence for a few moments before Qui-Gon sighed wearily, “We need a plan…I suggest we divide the investigation into two parts. I must discover where Xanatos and Obi-Wan are hiding….if Obi-Wan is even involved in this. Tahl, you must find out everything you can about Xanatos and Offworld. It will be tricky - he’s very secretive. But your investigative powers are a legend around here. Start working your galactic network.”

“There’s no need to flatter me,” Tahl said dryly. “I can hardly crawl around tunnels with you”

Qui-Gon winced in sympathy. Tahl had only recently lost her sight…meaning that she couldn’t do everything that she used to, including crawling around tunnels and looking for physical clues. “Clues are found in many ways, Tahl,” He said quietly. “The right information can save a mission more surely than a battle.”

She nodded, but Qui-Gon could see the struggle on her face. He brushed his fingers against her shoulder compassionately. “It will be a challenge,” he said. “Whatever clues there are will be well buried. Off-world is made up of a pyramid of false companies, phony titles. No one knows where their headquarters is.”

“No one so far,” Tahl chuckled, determination in her voice as she silently accepted the challenge.

Suddenly, the door hissed open. “Sir Tahl! I am back from my errand. Here are the extra data sheets you asked for.” 2J, Tahl’s navigation droid, hurried into the room.

Knowing that Tahl had only given the droid the task in order to get rid of him. “I’ll leave you to your task,” Qui-Gon said.

On his way out of the room, he almost collided with Bant, who was rushing through the open door.

“I think I know how the intruders are navigating through the Temple!” she cried. “I was thinking about all the different attacks. They all took place near water. Think about it - Yoda was attacked in the Room of a Thousand Fountains. The turbo-lift controls are by the lake. And you could reach the tech centre itself through the water purification tanks.”

Qui-Gon nodded. “A series of water tunnels links all the systems. I saw it on Miro’s diagrams, but I didn’t think the tunnels were navigable.”

“They are,” Bant ured him. “I use them. It’s against the rules, I know,” she added sheepishly. “But if I’m late for a class, it’s so much faster for me to swim than walk.”

“The sporting gear…” realised Qui-Gon, “…The kit must have several breathers.”

“Good work, Bant,” Tahl said approvingly.

“Excellent deduction.” Qui-Gon put his hand on Bant’s slender shoulder. “Can you show us the tunnel? I’ll need a guide.”

Bant nodded. “Of course.”
“If any trouble crops up, I want you to fade back,” Qui-Gon warned. “Don’t engage with Xanatos. He is extremely dangerous…I’ll need a breather.”

“I brought some,” Bant told him. “I thought you’d want to go right away.”

“That was quick thinking,” Qui-Gon said approvingly, as they left the room.

“I found the tunnel entrance when I was exploring the bottom of the lake,” Bant explained as they waded into the cool water. “Water is flushed through every twenty minutes past the hour, so I always keep track of time. It’s easy to get out in time, or there are plenty of places to climb to when the water flushes through.”

She dove under the surface as Qui-Gon followed. Eventually they surfaced in a large tunnel of blue tile with a ceiling that curved overhead. The water was clear and clean.

“This services the fountains and reflecting pools in the wing,” Bant explained, her voice echoing against the tiled surface. “There are landing platforms every thousand meters or so. Some of them are high enough to conceal someone who wants to hide. I’ll stop as we go along.”

The pair continued, as she led him down tunnel after tunnel, curving and twisting throughout the Temple. They stopped at every landing platform to examine it for traces of Xanatos or his helper (hopefully not the obvious suspect). They found nothing. At last Bant surfaced at a place where a wide main tunnel narrowed and fed into three smaller tunnels.

“This feeds into the water purification tanks,” she said as she bobbed. “We’ve seen everything. I guess I was wrong.” Bant looked discouraged. “We should head back.”

“It was a good deduction, Bant,” Qui-Gon told her kindly. “And we haven’t disproved it yet. We didn’t find anything. That doesn’t mean that Xanatos wasn’t here.”

Qui-Gon treaded water, surveying the area. “What’s that?” he suddenly asked, pointing to a recessed area to one side.

“It’s too small to be a landing platform,” Bant said. “I think it’s a service area for the purification tanks.”

The Jedi hoisted himself up on a narrow ledge, water streaming down his tunic. He worked his way along the ledge which ended in a sheer wall. From here they could hear the hum of machinery.

“We’re close to the purification tanks,” Bant said.

“But why would the ledge just end?” Qui-Gon wondered. He bent to examine the curving wall on one side. “Here. There’s an access panel,” he said. “Bant?”

“I see it,” she said excitedly. Her fingers ran alongside the edges. She pressed something, and the curved panel slid open.

Qui-Gon stepped through and he saw that they were on some sort of service platform that was suspended above the water in the dura-steel purification tank. A narrow, tiled staircase led down to the water below. He bent down to examine a servo-tool kit and some items stacked against the wall.

“They were here,” he said.

Suddenly, there was a whisper in the Force…a dark presence was nearby and the feeling only increased as, below them the water parted, and a black form rose. It was Xanatos.
He was perfectly still, waist-high in deep water, suspended by the Force without kicking or moving his arms. Qui-Gon activated his lightsaber and they stood waiting. But Xanatos didn’t move to engage him.

He smiled. “It took longer than even I imagined for you to figure out it was me,” he called mockingly to Qui-Gon. “That noble head of yours can be so thick. Foolishly, I continue to give you credit for some intelligence.”

Qui-Gon stood easily, his lightsaber activated but held loosely at his side. He chose not to answer Xanatos, appearing not to have heard Xanatos at all, knowing that he couldn’t attack whilst Xanatos was still in the water.

“You don’t even answer me?” Xanatos goaded. “Still holding a grudge? What a hard heart you have, Qui-Gon.”

“I wasn’t aware we were having a conversation,” Qui-Gon answered. He moved forward a step. “That was always the way with you, Xanatos - you prefer the sound of your own voice.”

“How tiresome you are, Qui-Gon. Your petty taunts still miss their mark. You never were very clever. And you still rely on children to do your work. You never would have figured out the water tunnels on your own.”

Suddenly, he flew through the air in a great leap, propelled by the Force. His black cape streamed water as he activated his lightsaber in the blink of an eye. Qui-Gon saw Bant make a running dive off the platform. She was unarmed, and no doubt was swimming for help. She had only waited for Xanatos to move.

Xanatos’ red lightsaber crashed against the green glow of Qui-Gon’s. The angry buzz echoed through the tunnel. The platform soon grew slick with their wet footprints and the water from their clothes. Xanatos was as quick as he was strong, already whirling away from the attacks to strike at Qui-Gon.

Slowly, Qui-Gon manipulated Xanatos into getting closer to the narrow staircase. Xanatos took a step down, then another, as Qui-Gon stepped up the fierceness of his attack. If Xanatos got close enough to the tank, he would have to swing back to gain momentum for his blows. Xanatos would run the risk of shorting out his lightsaber or weakening his attacks.

But he had to distract Xanatos with countermoves so that he wouldn’t realize how close he was to the water below.

This was difficult…The steps were slippery. It was difficult to get enough grounding to lend strength to his blows. He was tiring, but Qui-Gon remained focused, moving gracefully, forcing Xanatos down another step.

Suddenly, over the sound of the battle, there was a rumble in the distance. Within seconds, it was a roar…It was the water flushing the system. A giant tidal wave of foaming water rushed toward them from a conduit in the tank.

Using the Force, Qui-Gon used the Force to leap to another platform, twirling around to face Xanatos. But Xanatos had not leapt to safety. The man deactivated the lightsaber and within the flicker of an eyelash, he was swept away by the torrent of water.

Sensing that Xanatos had allowed himself to be manoeuvred towards the stairs, Qui-Gon decided to search the area.
It was quickly found that Xanatos had escaped through the use of a ladder…which was well hidden, only confirming that Xanatos was getting help from within the Temple, or from someone who knew the Temple well.

As he mused over the problem, Tahl asked for him over the communicator. Once he arrived, she handed him a sheet of paper that had the details of Off-World’s finances.

“You’re going to have to tell me. You know I’m not good at galactic finance.”

“Offworld is not as solvent as they appear,” Tahl said, tapping her finger on the desk. “A futile mining operation on an inhospitable planet has drained its resources. Xanatos refused to accept defeat and just kept pouring more and more money into the operation. There’s a rumor that he’s secretly plundered the treasury on his home planet of Telos.”

If Xanatos was close to financial ruin, maybe his motive for storming the Temple had as much to do with money as revenge. Always a double motive …“The vertex,” he said softly.

“Of course,” Tahl breathed.

“We’ve been focusing too much on Xanatos’ revenge motive,” Qui-Gon said. “Xanatos is more complex than that. Why put himself in such danger if all he got out of it was personal satisfaction? But destroying the Temple and walking away with a fortune would be worth much more to him.”

“The treasury room is one half level below the Council room,” Tahl said. “Isn’t it strange how the wings have been shut down one after the other? Now everyone has been moved to the central building. This can’t be accidental.”

“Xanatos is planning something,” Qui-Gon brooded. “He hopes to contain us so that it will be easier to destroy us. But how?”

The door hissed open and TooJay walked in, carrying a tray. “I brought your lunch, Sir Tahl,” she announced.

“I’m not hungry.”

“There is a protein cake, fruit, and -“

“Just put it down,” Tahl ordered absently, her mind still on Xanatos.

TooJay set down the tray and began to straighten Tahl’s desk.

“Whatever he is planning, it will happen soon,” Tahl said.

TooJay moved one set of papers from one side of the desk to the other.

Qui-Gon stood. “Tahl, can TooJay fetch Bant? We need to talk to her.”

Tahl turned toward Qui-Gon, a surprised expression on her face. “Bant?”

Qui-Gon spoke in a meaningful tone. “I’ll explain when she gets here.”

“TooJay, please fetch Bant from the temporary quarters,” Tahl ordered.

“I can wait for your lunch tray, sir,” TooJay added.
“Now,” Tahl said firmly.

“I will return,” TooJay said, hurrying out the door.

As soon as the door closed behind the droid, Tahl turned to Qui-Gon. “What was that about?”

“How did you get TooJay?”

“I told you, Yoda arranged for it,”

“Did Yoda bring the droid himself?”

Tahl nodded. “Why?”

“It was just a few days after you and I arrived from our latest mission…” Qui-Gon mused. “…Was the droid ever out of your sight?”

Tahl groaned. “Are you kidding? TooJay is always underfoot…Except on the second day. I needed TooJay to guide me to the north wing. But I couldn’t locate her for several hours. She said she had to attend some kind of indoctrination training. What are you driving at, Qui-Gon?”

“The droid appeared at the same time that the thefts began.”

“Are you saying that TooJay is the thief?” Tahl asked. “That droid is pretty conspicuous.”

“No, TooJay isn’t the thief…But I think we could have found our spy. We’ll have to be sure though. If we could shut TooJay down temporarily, we could find the transmitter. We can’t have Xanatos know we suspect.”

“How can we shut TooJay down without arousing suspicion?”


“What do you mean?”

“It’s obvious that the droid annoys you. Pick a fight and shut her down because you’ve had enough.”

Slowly, Tahl smiled. “I’ve done it before.”

Within minutes, TooJay reappeared. “I cannot locate Bant. If I can say this, Sir Tahl, I do not think it advisable for me to be absent. You could need my assistance. For example, there are data sheets on the floor several centimetres from your left foot—”

“I know that,” Tahl snapped. “Qui-Gon, those are for you. Why don’t you sit here?” She stood, sweeping an arm toward a chair. The tray of food TooJay had brought earlier crashed to the floor.

“Your lunch!” TooJay scurried forward. “It was ten centimetres to your right —”

“Enough, you drivelling droid!” Tahl snapped. “If you don’t shut your voice activator, I’ll shut it for you!”

“But you won’t be able to navigate!”

“I’ll be able to think!” She reached forward and deactivated the droid completely.

Qui-Gon strode forward and began to examine TooJay. “Here,” he said after a moment. “Right in
the joint of the pelvic servomotor…A transmitter.”

“Does it record and send simultaneously?”

“Yes,” Qui-Gon said. “I would guess that Xanatos has some sort of trigger on his end that alerts him if the conversation is important. He could have programmed several word triggers, like my name, or Yoda’s, his, Obi-Wan’s maybe. That way he doesn’t have to listen to everything that happens to you - only what he needs. This unit transmits audio and visuals.”

“So Xanatos has known what we were planning all along,” Tahl said, sinking back into her chair. “He’s been watching our every move. This is bad news.”

“Not at all,” Qui-Gon said softly. “Now we do not have to chase him. He will come straight to us.”

The pair thought up their own trap, choosing Ali-Alann as Qui-Gon’s body double.

“Qui-Gon, I am happy to help you, but what am I going to be doing?” Ali-Alann asked respectfully.

“Not much,” Qui-Gon answered. “You have to be me for a short time, that’s all.”

“I will record a voice track,” Qui-Gon went on. “You will activate it when you’re sure that Tahl’s personal navigation droid is nearby. Then you’ll go on a search for the intruders. But you will not find them.”

“Why not?”

“Because I will,” Qui-Gon’s eyes glowed fiercely. “I will put an end to this.” He paused for a second. “We’ll have to exchange tunics. Everything you wear and carry must be mine. We can’t underestimate Xanatos. The match must be as perfect as possible.”

Suddenly, Tahl appeared, her sightless eyes instantly landing on Qui-Gon. “Qui-Gon, we could have a problem…Bant has disappeared. She knows she’s not supposed to roam the Temple without permission.”

Before Qui-Gon could answer, his com-link beeped. Once activated, a familiar voice came through the speakers. “What a pleasure to greet you again, Qui-Gon.”

Everyone froze…Xanatos.

“What do you want?” Qui-Gon asked tersely.

“My transport,” Xanatos answered smoothly. “Fully fuelled, on the spaceport landing platform. And no one around to follow me.”

“Why should I give you this?”

“Hmmm. An interesting question. Perhaps because I have bumped into a friend of yours in the water tunnel. I think it might be a good idea if the fish-girl stays with me for a while. Unless you object.”

Bant.

Qui-Gon’s grip tightened on the com-link as Tahl grabbed the door-frame.

“So do we have a deal?” Xanatos asked. “My transport, and I send the girl back to you. I’ll give you
fifteen minutes. That is all.”

“How do I know you have Bant?”

Seconds later, a firm, high voice came over the com-link. “Qui-Gon, don’t do it. I’m fine. I don’t want you to—”

Bant’s voice was cut off abruptly and the com-link went dead. Tahl shook her head in dismay, “Qui-Gon—”

“No…” interrupted Qui-Gon, “…We will rescue Bant. We will defeat Xanatos. We will bring him down.”

“What are we going to do?”

“When your enemy strikes unexpectedly, things change,” Qui-Gon said. “But if your plan is good, there is no reason to abandon it.”

The plan went ahead. Tahl sent TooJay on an errand while Qui-Gon exchanged clothes with Ali-Alann, as he and Tahl decided what would be said on the audio track.

Qui-Gon activated the voice track. “We must move fast. No doubt Xanatos has moved Bant from the water tunnels. We’ll begin the search in the north wing of the Temple. Other search teams will start at the high floor of the north wing while we begin at the lowest. We’ll meet in the middle and then shut down the wing completely and move onto the south wing. We’ll trap them eventually….Xanatos will be stopped!”

Qui-Gon had decided to play the part of being impatient, wanting Xanatos to think he was on the edge of control. It could give him an advantage if Xanatos underestimated him.

“Now, as we search, remember that Miro will be shutting down the power system. We can’t run the risk of other systems failing while we search. Miro will have to shut down the system in order to run a program to find all the bugs. Miro will have to shut down water systems, communications, power stations, and last of all, security. The turnoff will last for twelve minutes. Then Miro will turn the system back on, beginning with security. It’s a necessary risk.”

He strode towards the turbo-lift, and once he rounded the corner, he deactivated the voice track. He handed it to Ali-Alann. In a few moments, Tahl would summon TooJay. Ali-Alann would impersonate Qui-Gon and transmit the conversation while TooJay was within earshot. This would give Qui-Gon time to position himself to ambush Xanatos.

Qui-Gon was counting on the fact that Xanatos would be monitoring closely, since he would want to know if his demand would be met. Thanks to the transmitted conversation, he would think he had a clear field.

“You must seem to follow through on the plan,” Qui-Gon directed Ali-Alann, “Start searching the north wing. Try to stay in ill-lighted areas, just in case Xanatos…or his helper checks to make sure.”

“And what am I to do, Qui-Gon?” Tahl asked softly.

“Your work is done, my friend,” Qui-Gon said. “Now it is up to me.”

“May the Force be with you.”
“May it be with us all,” Qui-Gon quietly replied as he headed for the lift tube...Xanatos was going after the vertex.

The security chamber was built like a strongbox. It could not be reached by turbo-lift, only by a short stairway down from the Jedi Council room itself. Access was limited to Jedi Council members, who underwent a retinal scan to enter. Approval had to be received and coded into the central system.

Ali-Alann impersonation had given him time to arrange the ambush. Yoda arranged for Qui-Gon to enter before security shut down. The hallway outside the chamber was narrow and dark, the lights at half-power.

Three minutes left...Qui-Gon kept a hand on his lightsaber, his eyes focused on the air ducts where Xanatos would most likely enter from.

Suddenly, the lights went out...Miro had shut down the central power core. A slight noise overhead alerted him that someone was now traveling in the duct system. Qui-Gon kept his eyes trained on the duct closest to the treasury door.

Moments later, the grate slid open. Xanatos and a hooded young man somersaulted through, both dressed in black, blending into the darkness. The only gleam of light was Xanatos’ pale skin.

Qui-Gon sprang forward, igniting his lightsaber as he went...smirking at the surprise on Xanato’s face. Xanatos gave a strangled cry of rage and sprang back, his hand reaching for his lightsaber.

The young hooded boy wasn’t as quick, only just managing to grab his lightsaber when Qui-Gon disarmed him. He didn’t want to harm this boy, only disarm him...but Xanatos had a plan up his sleeve, placing his red lightsaber against his partner’s neck.

“Don’t come any closer,” he said, his eyes snapping a challenge. “You know I’ll do it, Qui-Gon.”

“Xanatos?” The young tremble in the voice was very familiar.

“Be quiet,” Xanatos snapped. “Now I have two hostages, Qui-Gon. Do you want to sacrifice two young lives?” He removed the hood of the young man, to reveal an extremely familiar face, “Remember this young man? Thanks to you...he’s become quite the useful little apprentice.”

Qui-Gon tried not to flinch at the fury on the young man’s face...Obi-Wan. “Just attack him!” growled Obi-Wan, his eyes flickering up towards Xanatos, “You promised you would kill him Xanatos!”

“The boy is ruthless, Qui-Gon,” Xanatos purred. “Did he learn this from you?”

Qui-Gon sprang forward....and at the same time Ali-Alann appeared from the shadows and attacked as well. Xanatos gave Obi-Wan a violent shove away from him, trying to use the boy to block Qui-Gon’s advance. At the same time, he stepped forward to meet Ali-Alann’s first strike.

Obi-Wan fell to the floor, scrambling for his lightsaber, grabbing it despite Qui-Gon’s effort to stop him.

“Make sure she is dead!” Xanatos hissed at Obi-Wan. “Now!”

Obi-Wan sped away from the fight, closely followed by Qui-Gon who messaged the council to inform them about Ali-Alann’s on-going fight. He didn’t want to leave Ali-Alann alone with Xanatos, but he had to stop Obi-Wan. It was an impossible choice, but he had to make it.
Since the turbo-lifts weren’t operational, Qui-Gon had to race behind Obi-Wan down hallways and stairs. Soon, Qui-Gon guessed where Obi-Wan was heading - the Room of a Thousand Fountains.

Where better to hide Bant than underwater?

He ducked into the room. Immediately, he spotted Obi-Wan running along one of the trails that twisted through the greenery. An instant before Qui-Gon reached him, Obi-Wan stepped off the path and reversed direction. He had learned cunning from Xanatos.

The Force warned Qui-Gon of the attack a split second before, or he would have run into the end of the boy’s, now red, lightsaber, who came at him with a two-handed sweep.

The boy actually wanted to kill him…

Qui-Gon deflected the blow and whirled to take the offensive. But Obi-Wan had gained in strength as well as strategy under Xanatos’s tutelage. He blocked Qui-Gon’s blow and struck again.

“I’ve learned well, haven’t I?” he asked, his sea blue eyes fierce. “Xanatos showed me what true power is. The Jedi will regret that they abandoned me! You’ll regret leaving me on that Force-forsaken planet!”

“The order never abandoned you Obi-Wan!” Qui-Gon said, parrying the young boy’s strike. While he parried and struck, his eyes darted around, searching for a glimpse of Bant under the still surfaces of the pools that surrounded him.

“No one chose me as Padawan!”

“You were not ready little one!”

“I was ready!” Obi-Wan screamed. Then his expression grew crafty. “I would have been a great Master…none of my padawans would have turned to the Dark Side!”

Qui-Gon knew that Obi-Wan was trying to get him to lose his temper…But the words still hit their mark. His next blow had anger behind it.

Yes, Obi-Wan had learned well from Xanatos.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him…Xanatos had tried to keep him away from his concealed air-speeder…was Obi-Wan doing the same in order to stop him from seeing Bant?

With a great leap, Qui-Gon suddenly launched an offensive. His blows sent Obi-Wan backward, driving him down the path. Sweat poured from his body as he swung the lightsaber in a ceaseless motion, attacking Obi-Wan from all sides.

The highest waterfall loomed ahead. Normally the cascading water flowed into a deep pool, but since Miro had turned off all systems, the waterfall was dry.

But the pool was not.

Qui-Gon felt his heart stop as he glimpsed a flash of a lighter blue underneath the deep sapphire of the water. Bant’s tunic…He drove Obi-Wan before him relentlessly until they reached the edge of the pool.
Bant lay on the bottom. Her ankle was securely chained to a heavy anchor. Qui-Gon felt relief course through him as tiny bubbles rose to the surface of the water. She was still alive.

Bant could last underwater for long periods of time, but she needed oxygen to breathe. How long had she been under?

“She doesn’t look too good, does she?” Obi-Wan remarked as he took advantage of Qui-Gon’s distraction to administer a two-handed blow toward his midsection.

Obi-Wan raised his lightsaber and deflected the blow, crying out Bant’s name, calling on the Force to help him reach her. Her eyelids opened slowly. She blinked. But she seemed to barely register his presence. Her eyes closed again.

//Hold on, Bant!\

But Qui-Gon did not feel an answer. Her living Force was ebbing. He could feel it….Bant would die.

“That’s right, Master,” Obi-Wan taunted him. “Bant is dying. I won’t have to do a thing. I’ll just make you watch it. We would have freed her if we got the treasure….but now you will watch her die!”

Qui-Gon felt his heart sink…He knew now that Obi-Wan was beyond redemption. Taking a deep breath, he launched on the offense, backing a startled Obi-Wan up the hill that formed the waterfall. It was a rocky slope, the footing treacherous. Ruthlessly, Qui-Gon pressed Obi-Wan, driving him up, keeping him off-balance. Their lightsabers tangled.

Obi-Wan reached the top of the hill. He took the opportunity to plant his feet and swing down at Qui-Gon, aiming for his chest. The Jedi master twisted as he parried the blow. His foot slipped on the mossy rocks and he landed on one knee. Pain sliced through him.

One thought kept him going…If he lost this battle, Bant would die.

Still on one knee, Qui-Gon managed to deflect Obi-Wan’s thrusts. He could barely keep the lightsaber moving in order to counteract Obi-Wan’s blows. He tried to use the Force again, but it proved as slippery as the moss-covered rocks.

“Good move Master” Obi-Wan sneered.

Seeing the look of pure hate on Obi-Wan’s face, Qui-Gon realized something…Xanatos had made Obi-Wan a killer….and this saddened him.

Obi-Wan saw the change in his eyes. His own sea blue eyes flashed with cruel satisfaction. He planted both hands on the hilt of the lightsaber and raised it high.

In that split second, Qui-Gon saw the seeds of his own defeat.

This is the moment. The very worst time is the time you must follow the Code.

In defence, Qui-Gon raised his saber. He let his anger and fear move through him, exhaling them in a breath. He reached inside and found his centre of calm.

Obi-Wan’s lightsaber came down, and he blocked it.

Obi-Wan’s next blow fell. Qui-Gon parried the strike, but he did not have the balance to counter-
attack. It didn’t matter. He had regained his calm. He could regain his footing. He knew now that he could defeat the young boy.

But Obi-Wan was equally certain of victory. Qui-Gon’s fall and his unsteady footwork had convinced him that the battle was his. Obi-Wan’s flaw had always been overconfidence when he thought he was on the verge of winning….

Qui-Gon circled around Obi-Wan, forming a new strategy. He bounded from a rock and flipped over Obi-Wan so that he was behind him.

Miro was shutting down the system for twelve minutes. He had about eleven seconds until Miro began powering up the different systems, one by one. First, security. Then the water systems would resume.

Qui-Gon moved forward, pushing Obi-Wan back toward the dry bed of the waterfall. He made sure to continue to block Obi-Wan’s blows and retaliate, but weakened his stroke slightly. He still wanted the young boy overconfident.

“Getting tired, Master? Don’t worry. It won’t be long before I finish you off.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Qui-Gon saw the red security light beam on the service console. The water would be next.

Obi-Wan whirled, attacking Qui-Gon from the left. Instead of blocking the blow, the Jedi Master stepped aside so that Obi’s momentum would send him into the dry waterfall bed.

He heard a distant roar. If Obi-Wan heard it, he did not understand its significance. His entire being was focused on his anger and his lust for victory.

The water gushed from the hidden pipes and spilled out in a torrent. Qui-Gon had timed his counter-attack, and Obi-Wan found himself surrounded by water. He was barely able to keep his footing, but he swung his lightsaber back to aim another blow at the older Jedi…And hit the water with the laser. With a fizzing sound, the saber shorted out.

“That’s it, Obi-Wan…” Qui-Gon sighed, “…Give up.”

“Never!” Obi-Wan yelled fiercely, hate still in his eyes. His face contorted in a frenzy of frustrated rage. He leaned down to pick up a weapon to throw at Qui-Gon, any of the rocks that lined the bed. But the water pulled at him, and he slipped on the mossy rocks. He lost his footing and stumbled back to the very edge of the waterfall. He teetered on the edge for an instant, his eyes wide with disbelief and panic.

In one fluid motion, Qui-Gon deactivated his lightsaber and leaped forward. He reached out a hand, ready to pull Obi-Wan to safety…but it was too late. Obi-Wan’s panic sent his arms twirling, further unsettling his balance. The Jedi Master felt the young boy’s fingertips brush his as his opponent tumbled backward into thin air.

“MASTER!”

“OBI-WAN!”

Desperately, Qui-Gon stepped forward, only to grimace as he saw Obi-Wan hit a rock and bounce, then hit another. He landed on the dry grass beside the waterfall. His head lay at an awkward angle, and he was still.
Qui-Gon gathered the Force to him and dove off the top of the falls, landing clear of the rocks, and pushed himself upward through the cool water. He swam quickly to the bank and vaulted out onto the grass. He felt for Obi-Wan’s vital signs.

Obi-Wan was dead. He had probably died instantly…His neck was broken.

Qui-Gon closed his eyes in grief, trying to push the feelings to the side….Bant still needed saving

After saving the young girl, Qui-Gon then rushed back to Ali-Alann in order to help him in his fight with Xanatos. The pair pushed him back, as Xanatos begin to sneer and snarl at them.

“You must be tiring, Xanatos,” Qui-Gon said. “That’s when you begin your taunts.” He gritted his teeth as he slammed a blow toward Xanatos’ shoulder.

Xanatos blocked it. “Your precious Temple is doomed!” he shouted. “When that idiot Miro Daroon powers up the last link in the system, the whole fusion furnace will blow. The Temple will implode. Did you really think I’d allow the Jedi to follow me?”

Qui-Gon staggered both from surprise and an unexpected short strike from Xanatos’ left. Was he telling the truth? Desperately, Qui-Gon realized there was no way for him to know.

He attacked furiously, delivering a wide arm sweep from the left. The two lightsabers tangled. For an instant, their faces were very close. Xanatos’ eyes burned with a strange light. The pale half-circle scar on his cheek gleamed.

“What you revere can destroy you.” His voice was soft, yet Qui-Gon caught every word. “Haven’t you learned that yet?”

Above him, Qui-Gon saw the lights of the Council room flicker. After the lights, Miro would power up the communications system. Then the repulsor-lift engines for the turbo-lifts throughout the complex. The air circulation would be last.

Qui-Gon calculated that he had only three minutes before the explosion. Maybe four. If Xanatos was telling the truth…

“You can’t be sure, can you, Qui-Gon?” Xanatos sneered.

Qui-Gon hesitated, his lightsaber held in attack position. He knew he could defeat Xanatos. But how long would it take?

In that split second, Xanatos glanced below. An air taxi flew twenty meters underneath the ledge. Qui-Gon sprang forward, but Xanatos stepped off the ledge. He landed on the air taxi. Qui-Gon saw the surprised driver’s look of panic as Xanatos calmly lifted him out of the seat and pushed him out into mid-air.

Qui-Gon had less than a second to decide. He could make the jump. He could land on the taxi. He could grapple with Xanatos. He could end this once and for all.

The second passed. Xanatos roared away. Helpless rage surged in Qui-Gon even as he deactivated his lightsaber and raced for the opening in the window.

Qui-Gon jumped inside and ran, accessing his com-link as he moved. He tried to reach Miro, but the communication fields weren’t fully functioning.
He was halfway to the turbo-lift before he realized that it wouldn’t be operating. Qui-Gon’s frustration was turning to panic. How could he reach the tech centre in time?

Ali-Alann caught up to him and gestured for him to follow, “I studied the diagrams. I can get us there faster through the infrastructure of the building.”

They crawled down a short length of an air circulation shaft and came to a service panel. Ali-Alann accessed it. It slid open and he climbed in. It was a tight fit, but the pair made it. Here they could stand upright. They were on a catwalk, surrounded by machinery.

Qui-Gon heard a slow whining noise. “The repulsor-lift engines are starting up,” he said.

“This way.” Ali-Alann came to a vertical ladder and began to scramble down. Quickly, Qui-Gon followed. The ladder left them at a service door. Pushing through, they were now ten levels down.

“There’s a back stairway to the right,” Ali-Alann said as he raced down the hallway with Qui-Gon beside him. “It will bring us to the horizontal tube that is used to transport food from the dining hall to the med unit.”

They came to the tube. Qui-Gon crammed himself into the small space. Ali-Alann squeezed in next to him. Then he hurriedly set the controls. In seconds, they were sucked down the tube on a moving ramp.

At the end, Obi-Wan kicked open the door. They spilled out in one of the resting rooms in the med unit. Qui-Gon knew it was on the same level as the tech centre. But he also knew that a shaft separated the two wings.

Qui-Gon checked his chrono. “We have about one minute.”

Ali-Alann’s face was streaked with sweat. “The gas duct.” He turned and ran.

Qui-Gon followed. Out the window he could see that across the shaft ran an air-systems duct. “Where does it come out?”

“Right where we want it to,” Ali-Alann said, locking his fingers in the grate and prying it off. He kicked it aside and scrambled inside the duct. “It’s the gas transport system for the freezer containers used to store med supplies.”

“What happens if Miro tests the gas transport system when he powers up the air ducts?” Qui-Gon asked.

“…I’m not sure”

Qui-Gon knew that the gas pumped into molten carbonite was toxic, but decided to keep the information to himself. Thirty seconds. Qui-Gon tried to move fluidly, gracefully. He was a big man, and wasn’t normally fast on his hands and knees in a confined space.

He saw a fractured beam of light ahead….They were approaching the grate.

Rushing through the opening, they immediately saw Miro, who was standing at the console, his fingers flying on the keys.

“Stop!” Ali-Alann and Qui-Gon yelled together.

“Don’t activate the air circulation system,” Qui-Gon warned. “It’s booby-trapped.”
It didn’t seem possible that Miro’s translucent skin could pale. But for a moment he seemed to simmer like a ghost. He jerked his hand back from the console.

“We have to find the bug,” Qui-Gon said, striding toward the console.

Miro punched in a code, and the blue screen that surrounded them filled with numbers and graphs. “I ran a complete bug check when the system was powered down,” he said. “Nothing came up. There’s no program in the system anymore except for mine. Are you sure about this, Qui-Gon?”

“No…Xanatos could have lied. But can we take the chance?”

“I can run the checks again. Maybe I missed something.”

Qui-Gon turned away. He knew that Miro was vastly better at figuring out tech systems….But he could do something that Miro could not. He could go inside the mind of Xanatos.

Qui-Gon closed his eyes, remembering the final scene with Xanatos on the ledge. His enemy’s fatal flaw was his need to boast. Often he inadvertently let slip something that would alert Qui-Gon to the diabolical windings of his mind. And Xanatos prided himself on his elegance. Whatever he had done, it would have a twist.

Qui-Gon remembered the fiendish glee in Xanatos’ expression. Yes, there was something personal about what he had done, some final, stinging slap to the Jedi.

What you revere can destroy you…..

Qui-Gon’s eyes sprang open. “Miro, where is the main power source of the system?” he barked.

“In the power core,” Miro answered. He crossed the room and opened a dura-steel door marked fusion furnace. “Here.”

Qui-Gon hurried through the door. He found himself in a small circular room. A catwalk ran around a deep central core. A ladder led down into it.

“This is the fusion reactor. The power sources are lined up in a grid,” Miro explained. “It goes down about ten stories. I’m running my second check-up on the power sources now, but nothing came up the first time -“

“No,” Qui-Gon murmured. “It wouldn’t.”

He hoisted himself onto the ladder and began to climb down. “Whatever you do, don’t reboot the system,” he called up to Miro.

It didn’t take him long to reach the bottom of the core. Qui-Gon circled around slowly, running his hands along the various compartments and dials. He saw a compartment labelled fusion furnace access.

Qui-Gon pressed the lever. The door slid open. Nestled inside were stolen Healing Crystals of Fire. He tucked the glowing artefacts reverently in his tunic. Immediately, they warmed his skin.

He climbed up the ladder where Miro and Ali-Alann were waiting anxiously. He pulled the crystals out of his tunic. “They were in the fusion furnace,” he told Miro.

“They would have served as a massive power source,” Miro said, his voice slightly unsteady. He cleared his throat. “They would have started a chain reaction with the burst of energy from the
reboot. If I had punched that key -“

“-What we revere would have destroyed us,” Qui-Gon finished.

…………………………………..

Despite turning, Master Yoda insisted on a memorial service for Obi-Wan, with only a few select people being aware of the true nature of Obi-Wan’s demise…the majority of the Temple believed Obi-Wan had died on Bandomeer in a freak accident.

Everything went back to normal…but Qui-Gon didn’t feel normal. He still remembered the brush of Obi-Wan’s fingers against his. Time and again he stared down at his hand and opened and closed his fist, remembering how he had grabbed air instead of that poor boy.

Obi-Wan had turned though…had tried to kill one of his old friends and Qui-Gon could not forget that. He only had one mission now: talk to Bant.

………………………………………………

Bant sat on a rock overlooking the pool where she’d almost died. Bant always sat as close as possible to the pool, so that the fine spray misted her skin.

“Why are you here?” he asked gently, taking a seat beside her.

“This is one of my favourite spots at the Temple,” Bant answered, her silver eyes on the cascading water. “I did not want what happened here to spoil that. I almost died here. Someone else did lose his life. The experience taught me more about being a Jedi than a thousand classes…..I hope you don’t blame yourself…for Obi-Wan I mean.”

“I know I tried my best to save him…But my heart is still heavy.”

“That is how it should be shouldn’t it? A life is lost. When he still had life, he had a chance to change.”

Qui-Gon sighed, “I can’t help but think I could have changed Obi-Wan’s future by taking him on as a padawan…maybe he would have turned out to be a great Jedi.”

“Maybe…or maybe he would have turned out exactly the same. We’ll never know.”
Obi-Wan winced in exhaustion…this had been one of the toughest battles in the war against the Separatists. Tall pillars that held up the Temple were beginning to crack and crumble due to the amount of blaster bolts they had been subjected to.

Standing near the edge of a platform, Obi-Wan stared at the destruction…and sighed wearily. He just wanted this war to end…

There was the sound of cracking behind him… but Obi-Wan paid it no heed, too consumed in his own thoughts… until he heard his Commander.

“OBI-WAN!”

A sudden force hit him from the side, sending the Jedi rolling to the side. As Obi-Wan twisted around, he was met with the worst sight ever… Commander Cody was pinned under one of the pillars.

“Cody! NO!”

Obi-Wan raced over and, using all his might, used the Force to lift the heavy weight off of his most loyal commander…and friend. Cody screamed in pain as the pillar was lifted to one side, and Obi-Wan was quick to make his way to the clone’s side.

Gently, he raised Cody’s head to his lap, shaking his head in denial as blood began to trickle from Cody’s nose. “C-Cody, why did you-Y-You didn’t have to—“

Cody chuckled weakly at the sight of his usually eloquent General stammering, “P-people do crazy things… when they’re in love.”

Obi-Wan felt his heart drop… yes, the man he had feelings for had just confessed his love… but only because he knew he wouldn’t live to face the consequences. “O-Oh Cody, Cody I-I—“

“Are you… always this articulate?”

Obi-Wan couldn’t help but grin at his commander… only for the smile to fall from his face as Cody groaned in pain. “Y-you still have time… to stop Sidious from killing the council.” Gasped the clone.
Obi-Wan almost shook his head, wanting to stay by his commander…but found himself interrupted when a cloak made its way under Cody’s head and Qui-Gon moved the clone from Obi-Wan’s lap to his own. “Go…I will stay with him little one.”

Obi-Wan nodded, leaning in close to Cody. “You’ll be alright…” he whispered, “…I promise.”

Quickly, he rushed to the council room….he had to stop the Sith Lord.

The battle was over almost as quick as it had begun. Once the council members were free, the balance shifted and they were easily able to over-power the Separatists…although Darth Sidious still managed to escape.

However, not without a parting jab. “Bravo Master Kenobi…you may have won this battle, but I have a nice consolation prize. A friend of yours, who’s just dying to see me!”

Obi-Wan stopped in his pursuit, as realization struck like a lightning bolt. “Cody!”

As he approached the courtyard where he had last seen Cody and his old Master, Oi-Wan felt his heart practically stop. Lying where he had left him, was Master Qui-Gon.

“Master!”

Obi-Wan raced over, kneeling beside the older man, who was just waking up. “They got him…” whispered Qui-Gon, “…four of them, they just s-snatched the commander up and left. He didn’t look good little one…”

Obi-Wan shook his head in denial, pulling his Master closer. “No, no…it’s not too late. I can still save him!”

“By the time…you get to the Sith’s hideout…he’ll be gone little one.”

Expelling his distress and grief into the Force, Obi-Wan waved over the recently-arrived council. “I know…” he whispered, “…but I’ve got to try.” He turned to Master Windu, “Please look after…I’m going to put an end to this war.”

Mace nodded, a concerned frown on his face. “Obi-Wan…I won’t pretend to approve of this decision, but please be careful.”

Obi-Wan nodded, before heading towards the speeder bay…he had a commander to save.

It was laughingly easy to enter the Sith base. With ease and skill, Obi-Wan sliced his way through droid after droid after droid…until he finally reached Darth Sidious’s throne room.

With a burst of anger, Obi-Wan used the Force to fling the door open. As he strode into the room, he desperately tried to school his face into a neutral expression, shielding his mind from the powerful Force user.

Darth Sidious chuckled with maniacal glee up on his throne, “Master Kenobi…what a surprise!”

“Where’s Commander Cody?!” asked Obi-Wan demandingly, “Let him go!”
As Obi-Wan got closer, Sidious rose from his seat and raised a hand…stopping Obi-Wan in his tracks. “No need to be rude Master Kenobi…come, let me show you around.”

The Sith lord forced him into a dimly lit room…that dipped down to reveal a cavern of pure red gas. Obi-Wan grimaced at the sight of bodies floating around in the gas…some with their eyes wide open, mouths open in a silent scream.

Suddenly, he spotted a familiar individual. “Cody!” he cried out. Sidious released him, letting him lean over the cavern and reach into the gas to try and grab the clone as he floated past.

However, he yelped in pain as a sharp burning sensation caused his hands to seize up. Quickly, he yanked his hands out as Sidious chuckled menacingly. “Now, now, now Master Kenobi…” the elderly man sneered, “…you mustn’t touch now. I’ve reallocated Commander Cody to a different division….although, not a very lively one.”

Obi-Wan thought to himself for a few moments before turning to the Sith Lord. “You like making deals don’t you? Take me instead.”

Sidious chuckled, “The treasured student of Master Qui-Gon and the Jedi’s pride and joy trapped forever…”

“Going once!”

“Hmm, is there a down side to this?”

“Going twice!”

Sidious smirked, “Fine…you get him out. He goes…you stay.”

Nodding once, Obi-Wan took a deep breath and dived into the red gas. Watching as the Jedi ‘swam’ towards the clone commander, Sidious shook his head. “I forgot to mention that he’ll be dead before he even reaches the commander…I hope that’s not a problem.”

Desperately, Obi-Wan powered towards Cody, who was drifting further and further away from him. The longer he spent in the gas, the older he felt. Bones began to ache and skin became withered. Strands of grey hair fell in front of his eyes as he reached out for Cody….feeling his life drain from his body.

But he didn’t die.

Despite the weariness and pain that he felt, Obi-Wan was able to grab a hold of Cody’s hand and pull him closer. Weakly, he felt for a pulse as he ‘swam’ back up towards the surface. The closer he got to the surface, the stronger he felt.

After what felt like years, he was able to grab a hold of the edge of the cavern and pull him and Cody up.

Sidious was backing towards the door, his hands shaking slightly as he pointed at Obi-Wan. “T-that’s impossible!” he hissed angrily, “You can’t be still alive, you’d have to be-be…”he paused, recognition dawning in his eyes, “….the Chosen One.”

Obi-Wan, who had lifted Cody into his arms, simply strode past him.

Sidious shook his head in despair, “You can’t do this to me Kenobi you-OMPH!”
His rant was cut short…by Obi-Wan’s fist. Obi-Wan continued as the Sith Lord yelped in pain.

“Well…I may have deserved that….” Hissed Sidious, using the Force to hold Obi-Wan in place, “…we’re not finished Master Kenobi. We made a deal remember? You’ve got Commander Cody, and the deal was that you stay behind!”

Silently, Obi-Wan nodded, seemingly in agreement…prompting Sidious t let him go.

This was a mistake.

With his own use of the Force, Obi-Wan propelled the Sith Lord away from him and into the pit of red gas. Within seconds of entering, the other victims trapped in the substance suddenly gained new life and swarmed the elderly man.

Ignoring the man’s cries and screams for help, Obi-Wan continued to stride out of the Sith base… Cody still in his arms as droids practically shot each other to get out of the way of the Jedi.

“Don’t worry Cody…” he whispered, “…you’ll make it. I’ll make sure of that.”

……………………………………………………………….

Beep

Beep

Beep

Cody winced as he slowly opened his eyes, flinching away from the bright light above. Weakly, he turned his head to the side…only to see Master Kenobi smiling gently at him.

“G-general…” he coughed, “…w-hat…why?”

Gently, Obi-Wan took a hold of the clone’s hand. “People do crazy things….when they’re in love.”
Punishment (Qui-Gon trains Obi-Wan earlier AU)

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :) 

Prompt by bluedragoninamber: Something back when Obi-Wan is still a padawan and a teenager. A Council scene in which Qui-Gon is called on the carpet by the Council for one of his "impulsive" decisions which nearly catastrophically sabotaged a delicate mission...if Obi-Wan hadn't saved the day. The Council praises Obi-Wan and berates Qui-Gon. The Council feels Qui-Gon needs to be taught a lesson...and leaves it up to Obi-Wan to decide how that lesson will be taught and to administer that lesson. Obi-Wan comes up with a creative way to do that, and Qui-Gon finally realizes just how much of a treasure Obi-Wan is to him...and tells and shows him. Fluff and cuddles follow...paternal Qui-Gon.

“Years of good relations and peaceful trade agreements…ruined because you couldn’t wait for specific orders on how to proceed.”

Qui-Gon stared straight ahead, trying to drown out the scolding of the council. Standing by his side, was eight year old, Obi-Wan Kenobi…his new padawan who had been forced upon him in an attempt to tame the Master’s rebellious nature and to help him forget about Xanatos.

“With all due respect Council I-“

“Respect you have not!” scolded Master Yoda, slamming his gimmer stick down onto the ground, “Your own methods, you have chosen. Conflict you have created!”

Qui-Gon winced. During trade negotiations with a nearby colony, there had been some misunderstandings about specific customs….which had then led to chaos. A young female had been isolated from the rest of the group, remaining silent with her face covered…Qui-Gon, upon witnessing this, assumed that she was being abused.

He called the council, who told him to wait for further evidence… but Qui-Gon couldn’t accept that and tried to help, entering her tent in the middle of the night.

It turns out, that that was the tradition for engaged females…and no male was allowed inside her personal tent.

The leader of the colony had accused Qui-Gon of trying to place his claim on the young female, when she was already betrothed. It was all a misunderstanding of course, but the conflict and scandal had almost ruined the relationship between the Jedi and the colony.

Qui-Gon took a deep breath, “I know that the council are disappointed with me, however, at the
Once again, he was interrupted by the banging of Master Yoda’s stick against the floor. “Matters not, it does. Your punishment, we must decide on.”

Glancing around the council room, Qui-Gon remained calm against the frowns and disappointed stares. The soft tugging on the edge of his robe was ignored as he awaited the council’s decision. As the tugging continued, Qui-Gon noticed that Master Yoda’s attention was drawn to his young padawan.

“Padawan Kenobi.”

At the mention of his name, Obi-Wan instinctively straightened up and stared at a spot just over Master Yoda’s head. Qui-Gon couldn’t help but smile…whilst their relationship had been rocky lately, he had to admit that the eight year old had begun to worm his way into his heart.

“Your decision, this punishment will be.”

Now this caught Qui-Gon’s attention. With an incredulous look at the Jedi Master, he began to protest, “You can’t be serious! My padawan does not have the authority to-“

He was interrupted by Master Yoda, who simply raised his hand, still staring at the young padawan. “Teach your padawan, you must….but teach you, he must as well. Your decision it is…Obi-Wan.”

Nervously, Obi-Wan glanced between his Master and the council….not saying anything for several minutes. Taking pity on the young boy, Master Windu smiled…well as close to smiling as he could get. “How does Master Jinn punish you when you’ve been a bit naughty?”

This caused Obi-Wan to shake his head, his eyes wide in worry. “I haven’t been naughty, honest!”

Qui-Gon couldn’t help but come to his padawan’s defence, “This is true. Obi-Wan has been nothing but perfect since I became his Master. Some issues with control, but nothing that he hasn’t immediately tried to rectify.”

Master Yoda held up a silencing hand, his eyes still focused on Obi-Wan. “Punishments, you have seen though hmmmm?”

A silent nod.

Yoda smiled, “Then your decision it is.”

Obi-Wan mused to himself for a few moments, his face scrunching up in thought as he nervously glanced up at his Master every so often. Eventually, the young boy took a deep breath. “Well…we used to do extra katas that would make us really tired and then the instructor would make us stand in the corner until we truly understood what it is that we did wrong? It was really hard to stand up after all those katas, and if we moved, we had to start all over again!”

Qui-Gon felt as though his heart dropped into his chest as the council chuckled at this….they wouldn’t….would they?

Master Windu smirked at him, “Obi-Wan…I think you may have something there.”

“Now Mace, you can’t be serious-“protested Qui-Gon, however, his friend (who soon may be his ex-friend) was quick to interrupt.
“You heard your padawan Qui-Gon… I believe a trip to the training room may be in order?”

Glancing at his padawan, who seemed more nervous than ever, Qui-Gon shook his head. “No… isn’t there the option to ban me from going on missions for a while?!”

“There was once…” sighed Mace, “… But it doesn’t seem to have had an affect on you. You still continue to disobey us and rush ahead without thinking of the consequences. No… this has to happen.”

Qui-Gon opened his mouth to protest once again, however, Master Yoda slammed his stick against the ground. “Decided it is. To the training room, we shall go.”

As the council rose, Qui-Gon frowned. “Everyone? B- but “ He was ignored as the council moved past him, with Mace prompting him to follow.

Slowly the group made their way to where the training rooms were, and entered an empty one. Spinning around to face Qui-Gon, Mace drew his lightsabre. “Maybe we should make our way through the katas of all the forms. That should wear you out.”

Resisting the urge to glare at his padawan (who had been moved to one side by Master Yoda), Qui-Gon drew his own lightsabre and moved into the first position.

“Begin!”

… It took over three hours for Qui-Gon to make his way through every kata, and by that point he was ready to collapse to his knees and beg for forgiveness. Sweat poured down his face as he panted heavily, his eyes unfocused as he desperately tried to catch his breath.

Mace glanced over at Obi-Wan, who looked as though he was going to leap up from his seat and help his Master. Silently, he gestured for the boy to wait where he was as he strode up to Qui-Gon. “Qui-Gon… come on, the punishment’s not quite over.”

Qui-Gon resisted the urge to whine, slowly limping over to the corner, where he rested his head against the wall and tried to catch his breath… every part of his body ached.

“Away, you must stay, hmmm Obi-Wan?”

“Y-Yes Master Yoda…..”

Qui-Gon smiled at the guilty sound in his padawan’s voice.

“Now…” began Master Yoda, “… your own training, you are missing out on hmmm?”

“Y- yes Master Yoda.”

“Teach you, I will.”

“Really?!!”

Qui-Gon heard Yoda chuckle warmly, making him smile. Master Yoda always did enjoy spending time with the younglings, often arguing that the sense of innocence and peace that children gave off soothed him and made meditation easier.

Over the next hour, Qui-Gon listened to the sounds of his padawan giggling as Mace and Yoda ‘ argued’ over what Form they should teach Obi-Wan. It was all an act of course, to keep Obi-Wan’s mind away from his (humiliated) master in the corner… but it caused Qui-Gon to think.
When was the last time he heard Obi-Wan laugh like that?

…Has he ever heard his padawan laugh like that?

Qui-Gon sighed wearily, his legs aching as he forced all thoughts of pain and tiredness to the back of his head. When two senior Council members were more successful at making your padawan happy than you were…then it was time to change.

Once his time was up, Qui-Gon heard Master Yoda’s cane slam against the ground. “Out you may come Qui-Gon.”

Wearily, Qui-Gon pushed himself away from the wall and limped over to the two masters and his young padawan.

Mace bit back a smirk at the sight, schooling his face into something sterner. “What have you learnt from this experience?”

Qui-Gon resisted the urge to glare at his friend, nodding as he bowed slightly….wincing as his back tensed in pain. “To listen to the council before making any rash decisions…” #Even if it seemed like the best course of action was to act immediately# he thought rebelliously.

Seemingly satisfied with this, Master Yoda and Master Windu moved to one side and allowed Qui-Gon to leave the training room. Keeping his head up and his back straight, Qui-Gon limped out of the room, closely followed by his padawan….who remained silent.

It felt like hours when they finally reached their rooms, and as soon as they entered, Qui-Gon collapsed onto the sofa and groaned in pain.

“I-I’m sorry…” he heard a voice whisper.

Qui-Gon glanced over to Obi-Wan and frowned slightly at the upset look on his face. “Pardon little one?”

Obi-Wan took a shuddering breath, “I-I’m sorry. I didn’t think they’d actually make you go through with it….”

Chuckling softly, Qui-Gon raised his arm as an invitation for Obi-Wan to come closer…which the eight year old was quick to do. Pulling the young child into a hug, Qui-Gon chuckled again. “You have no need to be sorry little one. If you hadn’t have spoken up, then I can guarantee that the council would have thought up a worse punishment for me…I’ll take a few sore muscles and a bit of humiliation over suspension any day.”

Obi-Wan nodded, shuffling closer to his Master. “So…I’m not in trouble then?”

“Oh yes…you are. I believe some lines on respecting your Master are in order”

“But-“

“And maybe an extra training session tomorrow….“

“Master!”
Obi-Wan smiled as he watched Luke and Leia walk away, arms wrapped around one another as they fell naturally into their sibling role.

“Over, it is…” sighed Master Yoda, smiling up at Obi-Wan, “…peace, we have.”

Nodding, Obi-Wan felt his gaze fall onto his ex-padawan. The Sith who had caused him so grief over the last twenty years. Anakin was staring back at him, guilt written all over his face as tears brimmed in his eyes.

“Obi-Wan, I-I-“

Obi-Wan held up his hand as a silent signal for Anakin to remain quiet. Master Yoda remained quiet as the other two Jedi stared at each other.

Finally, Obi-Wan waved Anakin closer, before pulling his old padawan into a hug. “I forgive you…”he whispered into the young man’s ear, “…I forgive you because I know that it was Darth Vader committing those atrocious acts, not the young pod-racer I taught and raised since he was ten.”

At the beginning of the hug, Anakin froze up….but upon hearing that he was forgiven, he would have collapsed, were it not for Obi-Wan’s arms around him. Slowly, he began to hug his old master back, tears of relief brimming in his eyes.

“Thank you…” he whispered, “…thank you Master.”

Pulling away from the hug, Obi-Wan grinned at the younger Jedi. “You don’t have to call me Master Anakin…you are no longer my student. Obi-Wan is fine.”

Anakin nodded gratefully. His eyes then focused onto something behind Obi-Wan, causing him to beam in joy. “Obi-Wan…” he whispered gleefully, “…Obi-Wan it’s-“

Before Anakin could finish, Obi-Wan span around….to see his old Master standing behind him, arms out-stretched as Obi-Wan found himself running towards the man.

“Master!” he cried out, as he slammed into Qui-Gon, instantly wrapping his arms around him.

Silently, the pair held tightly onto one another. They were given their peace by Master Yoda (who moved to watch the celebrations) and Anakin (who went to watch his children).
“I’m sorry…” whispered Obi-Wan, “…I’m so sorry.”

Obi-Wan flinched slightly when he felt his old Master pull away from the hug, however, Qui-Gon gently encouraged Obi-Wan to raise his head. “Sorry for what little one?”

Fresh tears began to pour down Obi-Wan’s cheeks at the sound of the once-forgotten voice. “I t-tried to teach him…I tried to be a good mentor but all I did was drive him towards the Dark Side.”

“No…” Qui-Gon gently scolded, “…Anakin made the decision to join the Dark Side, and he also made the choice to kill Sidious and bring an end to the battle between the light and the dark. You have done nothing wrong Obi-Wan.”

Clearly Obi-Wan didn’t believe him, but Qui-Gon chose to ignore this…for the time being. Gently he placed an arm around his ex-padawan’s shoulder and led him away from the celebrations. “I have someone I’d like you to see…” he began, “…I think this will cheer you up.”

“I’ll be happier with my old hair line.”

“…You can change it you know. How do you think Anakin looks so young and not….crispy.”

This made Obi-Wan chuckle as he closed his eyes. Within seconds, Qui-Gon could finally see traces of the young man he’d once called Padawan.

Obi-Wan sighed in relief as he rolled his shoulders, “That feels so much better…” he groaned, “…I finally feel like myself again.”

Qui-Gon hummed in agreement, remaining silent as the pair continued to stride further into the wooded area. When he was sure they were alone, Qui-Gon stopped in his tracks and spun around to face Obi-Wan.

“I have a surprise for you little one…” he exclaimed, grinning as Obi-Wan rolled his eyes.

“If it’s another rock-“

“No, no, no…” interrupted Qui-Gon, “…but you have to close your eyes alright?”

Groaning slightly under his breath, Obi-Wan obliged. He heard someone walk up behind up him….it wasn’t Qui-Gon. His old master had a very soft step, but this was almost…military like.

“Okay little one, you can-“

Before Qui-Gon could even finish his sentence, Obi-Wan span around, his eyes wide in hope. Upon seeing who was behind him, he beamed in joy.

Cody didn’t appeared to have aged a day, his scar still prominent by his left eye. The ex-clone commander was dressed in his traditional, resting clothing and seemed very nervous when Obi-Wan stepped closer.

“I-I’m sorry…” whispered the clone, “…I-I’m so sorry.”

Obi-Wan shook his head, reaching out and pulling Cody into a hug. “No. You have no need to be sorry. You and all those other clones had no choice, you are not to blame for what happened!”

“I almost had you killed!”

“But I wasn’t….your men could have killed me easily, but they didn’t. You all had some control
over your actions…however slight.”

Cody nodded, clearly not believing the Jedi. Rather than continue the argument, he pulled Obi-Wan into a kiss…ignoring Qui-Gon’s chuckle behind Obi-Wan.

When they pulled apart, Obi-Wan frowned, running his hands up and down Cody’s arms. “H-how did you-“

“Die?”

Obi-Wan nodded as Cody shrugged. “I was in the first Deathstar…the one that your student blew up.”

“What?!“

“I was glad to be honest. After Order 66, I felt like I had nothing to live for….I saw you, you know.”

“Pardon?”

“On the Death Star, when you came to rescue the Princess…I saw you sneaking around.”

“Why didn’t you say anything….or do anything?”

“….I was scared. The last time we were together, I gave the order to kill you. I didn’t how you would react….“

Obi-Wan thought to himself for a few moments, before shrugging. “I don’t know how I would have reacted…it doesn’t matter now anyway. You’re here and you’re the Cody I remember.”

Cody pulled him into another hug, pressing his lips to Obi-Wan’s forehead in relief. Still clutching onto the Jedi, Cody glanced at Qui-Gon and nodded his thanks.

Qui-Gon smiled and simply waved his hand in a ‘don’t worry about it’ gesture. As he moved to leave the two alone, Obi-Wan twisted his head around to stare at his old Master. “H-how did you-“

Interrupting, Qui-Gon shook his head. “The Force helped this to happen, not me little on.”

“B-but, you were the one who led me to Cody!”

“True….the Force led me to find him, so that I could lead him to you when the time was right. I kept an eye on you for a long time Obi-Wan, long after I was gone. The relationship between you and Cody was the one thing that made you truly happy after I was gone….so the chance to reunite you two was the right thing to do.”

Obi-Wan grinned, releasing Cody so that he could hug his old Master. ”Thank you…” he whispered, “…thank you.”

The group stood in silence for a few moments as the victory celebration music echoed around them. There was finally peace.
Obi-Wan winced as the earlier wounds from the day ached and burned… the Jedi had been betrayed, and by their own soldiers… and friends.

Whilst the initial attack on Obi-Wan had missed, on his way to the hanger bay, he found his path blocked by the one man he truly trusted throughout this entire war. Coming to a complete halt on the bridge leading to the hanger bay, Obi-Wan thought his heart might stop at the emotionless look on his Commander’s face…his helmet was by his feet.

“They’re dying Cody…” he begged, “… I can’t let that happen.”

Silence.

“Please Cody! Don’t make me do this!”

Still silence.

Sensing that his commander was still against him, Obi-Wan’s jaw tightened and he Force-pushed Cody away as the clone pulled out his blaster and fired at the Jedi. Obi-Wan’s lightsabre had been damaged during the initial attack, so he was left with the Force and his own skills.

With the Force against Cody’s blaster, they were relatively even-matched, with Obi-Wan dodging as man shots as he could…. However, one shot got through and struck Oi-Wan in the stomach, causing him to yell in pain.

Despite the burning sensation in his mid-section, Obi-Wan was able to push Cody back and advance even closer to the transport vehicles, pushing against the metal of the bridge walls in order to avoid going over the edge as Cody fought violently against him.

What was once civilised fighting soon disintegrated into a desperate scuffle for survival, with Obi-Wan even resorting to tugging on Cody’s hair in order to try and get the upper hand. As he was pulled away from the hanger bay again, Obi-Wan winced as Cody’s grip tightened on his shoulder.

That was going to bruise later.

He was being pushed harder and harder into the bars, and in slight panic, Obi-Wan wrenched at Cody’s arm. Bitting back an apology as Cody growled in pain, the Jedi Master managed to get into a position where he was able to put the Clone Commander into a choke-hold.
“Cody please!” begged Obi-Wan as the man continued to struggle against his grip, “Stop fighting me!”

After a few minutes of constant pressure, Cody eventually went limp, giving Obi-Wan the chance to race towards the transports…. Hopefully before reinforcements arrived.

He ran as fast as he could…. Until there was the sound of a blaster shot, followed by a searing pain in the back of his leg. Obi-Wan glanced behind him to see Cody aiming his blaster at him…. And this is why Master Qui-Gon used to say checking someone was unconscious was the only way to end a fight!

Obi-Wan was still a fair distance away, so he continued to run…. Another shot to the back of his shoulder caused him to stumble again. With one more burst of speed, Obi-Wan managed to reach a standard transport vehicle…. Only to be stopped by a sharp pain in his mid-section.

He crumpled to the ground beside the transport and placed a hand over where the pain was. When he pulled it away, blood coated his fingers. Wincing, Obi-Wan watched as Cody lowered the blaster and stepped closer.

“C-Cody. C-Cody please!”

Nothing.

Obi-Wan shuffled backwards… and then the hanger bay began to shake. Sounds of a cannon firing could be heard from the land below the bay, near the edge of the ocean. It appeared as though, despite one of their own being on the bridge, the threat of a Jedi was enough to have the rest of the clones fire upon them.

Shielding his face from the dust and rubble that was falling from the ceiling, Obi-Wan dimly heard Cody call out in pain. Once everything settled down, the rest of the clones clearly believing that their old General had been killed, Obi-Wan glanced over to where Cody was last seen.

Lying just by the bridge began, on the hanger bay, was Commander Cody. He was pinned to the ground by a large piece of metal, clearly trying to get it to shift before the rest of the hanger bay collapsed, but nothing was happening.

Weakly, Obi-Wan attempted to move the metal away with the Force, but due to his injuries, it didn’t budge an inch. Despite everything Cody had done recently, Obi-Wan decided to crawl closer and try again.

With a little help from Cody’s strength and the Force, the metal shifted enough for Cody to roll out from underneath it. His back to the bridge, Obi-Wan stumbled to his feet and held his bloodied hands up in the air. “You know me Cody, remember?”

“A good soldier follows orders.”

“Whose orders Cody?!”

“Don’t call me that!” yelled Cody, kicking Obi-Wan back… closer to the edge.

“What? Cody?” Obi-Wan wavered slightly as he struggled to remain on his feet, “I was the first one to call you that, remember? I didn’t like calling you by your clone name so-“

“SHUT UP!” screamed Cody, striking the Jedi Master in the face.
Obi-Wan stumbled closer to the edge of the bridge, but soon straightened up, arms down by his side. “I’m not going to fight you Cody….” He whispered, blood dripping out of the corner of his mouth, “…. I c-care deeply- No, I love you.”

There was silence for a few moments, before Cody growled in frustration and tackled Obi-Wan to the ground, the pair landing very close to the edge.

“A good soldier follows orders!” the clone yelled, his fist in the air and he struck Obi-Wan across the face again and again. “I. Follow. Orders!”

After the third strike across the face, Cody raised his fist for another punch…. only to hesitate, his eyes focused on Obi-Wan’s bruised and bloodied face.

“Finish it then…. ” Obi-Wan gasped, “…. but you are better than this and I know this. I’ll be with you until the end of the line Cody.”

Cody simply stared at him, but before he could say anything, the bridge underneath them began to creak and fell out from under them, sending Obi-Wan falling to the water below. As he fell, Obi-Wan blearily saw Cody gripping a metal bar to prevent his own fall.

Just before hitting the water, the Jedi Master’s eyes grew heavy and he fell unconscious…. He didn’t remember anything after that.

Cody didn’t hesitate to dive into the water after his General.

The urge to follow the ‘kill’ order was almost overwhelming, but eventually, he managed to grab a hold of Obi-Wan’s tunic and pull him up, out of the water, dragging him towards the river bank. The Jedi Master was still unconscious, even after being pulled onto the bank.

The clone only waited long enough to check that the other man was still breathing.

Once Obi-Wan sputtered and coughed out water, Cody turned his back on the Jedi and began to walk away.

With Obi-Wan still alive, maybe there was still hope.
Obi-Wan whooped slightly in glee when his foot struck the weighted pad…that had been positioned halfway up the training wall.

Whilst his usual training sessions with Master Jinn revolved around lightsabre forms and the Living Force, due to his Master being on a mission, Master Yoda (who had taken over in the meantime) wanted to improve Obi-Wan’s athletic performance.

Landing in a perfect crouch, Obi-Wan straightened up and bowed to his Great Grandmaster, a light flush on his cheeks as Master Yoda let out a pleased hum at his progress.

However, before the Jedi Master could say anything, Obi-Wan’s comm began to beep. The teen grabbed it from his belt and beamed, “Master Jinn is back!” he exclaimed, “He said it would beep as soon as the transport he was in, landed in the bay! That way, he wouldn’t need to remember to call.”

Master Yoda nodded in understanding, however, his thoughts were elsewhere. Almost 24 hours ago, he had felt a sharp pain in his head, before… nothing. His intuition told him that something awful had happened, but what, he could not be sure.

Obi-Wan had also suffered from a headache, and came to Master Yoda in shock, reporting that he couldn’t feel Master Jinn anymore. Not wanting to distress the young padawan, Yoda explained that recent bonds needed constant re-application and strengthening at the beginning in order for them to hold.

Because of Qui-Gon’s initial reluctance in taking on Obi-Wan, he believed it was possible that, with the long distance between the pair, the bond had weakened to a point of snapping…. Obi-Wan seemed satisfied with that, but Master Yoda remained on edge.

Something wasn’t right.

“Go you should young one…” Yoda chuckled warmly, “Your Master, this evening should be spent with.”

Obi-Wan beamed again and raced towards the door, only pausing to bow at Master Yoda, before sprinting away. Darting past initiates and other padawans, Obi-Wan managed to make it to the hanger bay in record time, just in time to see a transport open and other Master’s exit.

He bowed as the other passengers made their way past him, completely missing the sympathetic looks directed at him. As Master after Master after Knight strode past him, Obi-Wan’s smile slowly
fell from his face.

Where was Master Jinn?

Ignoring the familiar tap of Master Yoda’s stick behind him, Obi-Wan rushed forwards to the large transport… only to fall back in grief. Lying on a medical berth, lightsabre carefully balanced on his chest…. Was Master Jinn.

The man’s chest remained utterly still… Obi-Wan gently tiptoed over to his Master (not the body, never the body) and tapped him on the shoulder.

“Master?”

Nothing

“Master please!”

Falling to his knees, Obi-Wan began to sob, flinching when he felt a familiar hand upon his shoulder. Yoda, however, remained silent, letting the padawan grieve.

………………………………………………

As Master Jinn lay on the crematorium altar, Master Yoda couldn’t help but glance at Padawan Kenobi. The child hadn’t spoken a word since discovering his Master and this was worrying. A quiet Obi-Wan was always worrying.

“One with the Force, Master Qui-Gon Jinn is… “began Master Yoda, “…died protecting his fellow Jedi, he did. Died saving those less fortunate, he has. May the Force be with him.”

Raising his voice so that it reached the back of the burial chamber, “A good man and devoted Master, Master Qui-Gon Jinn was and will always be.”

There was movement to his left, causing him to glance over. Obi-Wan had shuffled closer towards the door, tears streaming down his face as he tried to remove himself from the distressing situation Yoda let him.

……………………………………………….

After the ceremony, Master Yoda found himself remaining behind in the chamber, staring at the spot where his Grand-Padawan used to lie.

“It is always hard when the Padawan dies before the Master.” Came a familiar, cultured voice from behind him.

“Rare it is…” answered Yoda, without turning around, “…fortunate that is.”

“Indeed…” Master Dooku, who had been on an extended mission to the far reaches of the galaxy, stated, kneeling by his old Master, “…although, the pain of losing his Master must be painful for Padawan Kenobi as well.”

Yoda sighed, “Quiet he has been…worrying, this is.”

“The child is grieving Master… it is to be expected.”
There was silence for a few moments, before Yoda sighed once again. “Reason, you have to be here. Bite, I do not my Padawan.”

Chuckling to himself, Dooku smirked. “I know Master. Listening was always one of your stronger attributes… however, you may find my request to be in poor taste.”

“Hmmmmm?”

“I… formally request your permission to follow on in Qui-Gon’s footsteps and continue Kenobi’s training. Taking him on as my Padawan.”

Yoda mused on this for a few moments, before turning to face his old padawan. “A surprise this is Dooku. Vowed you did, to take no more padawans.”

“I remember Master… however, Qui-Gon often spoke of Kenobi’s potential. Potential that would be a shame to waste.”

“Hmmmm…” Yoda silently agreed with this, however, remained reluctant due to Dooku’s views on the Jedi code. “… Stay here, you would have to. Remain in Order, you would have to.”

There was silence for a few moments, before Dooku nodded in understanding. “Of course,… I don’t think any other title, other than Master, would really suit me.”

Yoda nodded, “Send Obi-Wan to your rooms, I will. His decision, it must be.”

…………………………………………………………………………….

Almost three days later, Obi-Wan stood in the middle of the council and allowed Master Dooku to add another bead to his braid. The older Master had refused to remove Qui-Gon’s original bead, which Obi-Wan was silently relieved over.

“Take Obi-Wan Kenobi as your padawan learner, do you Master Dooku?”

Dooku nodded once, “I do.”

“And take Master Dooku as your Master, do you Obi-Wan?”

Obi-Wan silently nodded, before practically whispering “I do.”

With no further words needed, and the rest of the Council pointedly ignoring the tears in Obi-Wan’s eyes, Dooku reached into the teen’s mind and the pair formed a Master-Padawan bond.

It was done.

…………………………………………..

Years later, as Obi-Wan came closer and closer to knighthood, Master Dooku watched as the young man stood on some rocks in the middle of the sea, the waves crashing against it. They were on a mission to Naboo, and sadly, it was the anniversary of Qui-Gon’s passing.

Obi-Wan was always quieter around this time of the year.

As Obi-Wan’s thoughts were clearly somewhere else, Dooku allowed his own thoughts to wander.

Obi-Wan was one of the finest fighters Dooku had ever seen. The young man had chosen to specialise in Form 3, Soresu, with the occasional use of Form 4 making its way into his fighting. He
had beaten Padawans who were days from being knighted and his negotiation skills were unparalleled except by seasoned Masters, who had trained as negotiators for years.

Dooku was proud.

Yes, the boy was prone to daydreaming, often drifting away during long hours of meditation, but that changed nothing.

Dooku was proud, and he knew Qui-Gon would have been proud as well.

“Obi-Wan!” he called out, straightening up as the padawan twisted around on the large rock to face him, “It’s time to go now Padawan.”

There was silence for a few moments, before Obi-Wan smiled and nodded at him. “Yes Master.”
Reunion (Cody gets past brainwashing AU)

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

This is a prompt from SpencerBrown. I know this one is quite short, but I honestly didn't know what else to write....

18 years.

He couldn’t believe 18 years had passed.

Wandering through the markets of Tatooine, Cody made sure to keep his face hidden under a cloak. Ever since the fall of the Jedi, clones were easily recognisable, and any clone not in the Stormtrooper (ridiculous name) was automatically labelled as a traitor to the Empire.

Ever since Order 66, Cody had hitchhiked onto transport onto transport, travelling to different planets in order to avoid detection.

The memory of Order 66 made him wince to himself… images of bruised flesh and bloodied fists flashed across his mind. Sea blue eyes looking at him with forgiveness as they fell away from him. The cough and splutter of life.

He hoped Obi-Wan lived.

Running his eyes over the fruit (that was barely in date to be considered fruit anymore), Cody tried to remain as unassuming as humanly possible, eventually settling on the two least rotten fruit he could get his hands on and handing over the credits.

He felt a chill run down his back.

Someone was watching him.

Stepping away from the fruit stall, Cody glanced around. Whilst most travellers just passed right by him, not even sparing him a second glance, a young humanoid was sitting on a crate and paying very close attention to him…. Far too much attention really.

With a sinking heart, Cody watched as the young man glanced around, probably for a nearby Stormtrooper. Upon glancing to the right, he saw his own face gazing back at him.

A news hologram was reporting that Clone Commander CC-2224 was suspected to be on Tatooine and that if anyone spotted this traitor, they were to alert the authorities and turn the clone in.
Without looking too suspicious, Cody blended into the ground and headed in the direction of his temporary home that he had rented a week earlier.

The journey took slightly longer than it should have done, but only because Cody doubled back several times to try and lose anyone who was trying to follow him.

Upon entering the small home, Cody instinctively reached for where his blaster was hidden under his cloak. Standing near his food storage unit, was a cloaked figure… a familiar figure.

As if sensing the clone, the figure turned around and lowered his hood.

“Cody….” Whispered Obi-Wan warily, “… do you remember me?”

As if he could forget. The Jedi Master’s eyes had haunted his dreams for 18 years.

Cody smiled, “You’re Jedi Master Obi-Wan Kenobi. We fought together… a long time ago.”

“Almost a lifetime ago.” Agreed Obi-Wan clearly relieved that the clone recognised him, “I know you’re nervous… and you have plenty of reason to be. Unless of course, this is an elaborate trap.”

Cody shook his head desperately, “No, I swear to you Obi-Wan. I’m not like them… I’m not like the other Troopers. I managed to shake off Order 66, that’s why I’m on the run. That’s why I’m considered a traitor to the Empire.”

“I know this Cody…” sighed Obi-Wan, “… in fact, at this point, everyone in the galaxy knows this.”

“… How?”

“Someone spotted you when you arrived on Tatooine… news travels fast on this planet. There’s not much else to do I’m afraid.”

Obi-Wan sighed, “The bounty for your head is for you dead… they’re not planning on taking you alive.”

“It’s a good strategy…” Cody tried to keep the mood light, “… I’ve had another 18 years’ experience.”

Suddenly, the pair heard the stomping of footsteps surrounding the small house and the clanking of Stormtrooper armour. Obi-Wan’s hand tensed, moving towards where Cody knew he kept his lightsabre, “I hope this doesn’t have to end in a fight Cody….”

Cody sighed wearily, “It always ends in a fight…”

The footsteps got louder…and closer.

“All those years ago, you pulled me from the river….” Stated Obi-Wan confusion in his voice, “… how did you manage to overcome Order 66?”

“… I don’t know.”

“Yes, you do.”

Seconds later, a grenade flew through the hole in the house (Tatooine’s version of windows). Without even blinking, Obi-Wan waved his hand and the grenade flew back out of the window,
exploding in the face of several Troopers outside.

Before Cody could react, the wooden door was then shattered, wood flying everywhere as Cody leapt into action, grabbing his simple table and flinging it at the door, pushing those troopers back.

From this moment on, he fought to survive.

As the Troopers forced themselves in through the front door and clambered through the ‘windows’, Cody struck out, removing his blaster from his side holster and firing blindly, even using it as a melee weapon for those who got too close.

His attacks were vicious and aimed to kill the intruders.

Obi-Wan however, was working on a defensive position, blocking some of the Trooper blaster shots with his lightsabre. “We need to get out of here…” grunted the Jedi Master, “… there’s too many of them. Another fifteen minutes of this and we’ll be dead.”

Cody nodded in agreement, diving towards a gap between his bed and the wall and pulling out a bag…. That was full of spare weaponry and explosives. Things that he’d just picked up during his years of tactical retreating.

“Nobody’s dying here today…” he grunted, pulling the pin out of a stolen, Imperial grenade and lobbing towards the front door, where the majority of the Troopers were entering, “… except these Kriff-Heads!”
These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words// = Bond speak

Please read and review :) 

Prompt from SpencerBrown: On Kadavo, Obi watched as innocents, many of them, were murdered, just to keep him in line. For a Jedi, a protector and champion of all life, this would be soul-rending. For Obi, who shoulders far too much responsibility for things beyond his control, and who wears his honor and duty to others on his sleeve, it would have the potential to shatter him. In the wake of that haunting ordeal, as Obi deals with the anger, frustration and guilt of those innocent lives lost, I imagine your gray Dooku would be just the man to shake him up and remind him why he is a Jedi, and why they continue to fight in an often unfair galaxy. Rex may be useful here, as the only witness to what Obi endured, and if a little concerned and caring Qui made it in to the mix as well, extra kudos. ;) That's probably way to much rambling, but take or leave what you will!

.......................................................... 

***Keep away from me!****

Obi-Wan winced in his sleep and rolled onto his side.

***Jedi only make things worse!****

“No….” whimpered the Jedi Master, “… I tried to help. I tried!”

..........................................................

In another room, Rex sucked in a pain-filled breath as he placed a bacta-patch on a whip wound.

“That’s looks painful…” came a voice from the doorway, causing Rex to straighten up instinctively.

“Sir, I-I…”

Anakin simply waved his hand in dismissal, “Please Rex… sit down.”

The aching in his joints and the burning wounds meant that Rex was very quick to obey, sighing slightly in relief. “Thank you, Sir.”

Remaining silent, Anakin sat by the Captain and lifted up the bacta-patch, his face darkening at the familiar looking wounds. “You were whipped….” He stated, anger evident in his voice, “… like a common-“
“- Slave?” interrupted Rex, tensing at Anakin’s anger, “That’s what we were… what we all were.”

Anakin frowned, “Obi-Wan as well? Was he… treated like this, like you?”

There was silence for a few moments, before Rex sighed. “I think he had it even worse than me Sir… they… took advantage of him. Of his nature.”

“His nature?”

“His willingness to protect others. When he did wrong, it wasn’t him that was punished, it was the other slaves.”

Anakin shook his head wearily, “I think that’s even worse than actually beating him…” he sighed, before glancing around, “…. Where is Obi-Wan anyway?”

Rex gestured towards the other room, “He said that he needed to meditate on recent events.”

“Sounds about right.”

Patting the Captain on the back, Anakin got to his feet and strode over to Obi-Wan’s room, knocking on the door.

Nothing.

“Obi-Wan?” Anakin placed his ear against the door, “Obi-Wan?”

From within the room, he could hear quiet whimpers and his ex-master pleading for someone to stop. Without hesitation, Anakin ignited his lightsabre and slashed through the door, bursting into the room… and startling Obi-Wan awake.

As the Jedi Master was still slightly asleep, he was also quick to ignite his lightsabre, moving into a defensive position. It took a few seconds, before Obi-Wan realised who exactly was in his room.

“Anakin…” he grumbled, glancing at his door and then at his padawan, one eyebrow slightly raised, “… did you suddenly forget how to knock?”

“You sounded distressed…” Anakin sighed, “… I thought someone might have been attacking you or something.”

“In a heavily secured ship, in the middle of outer space?”

“…. It’s not unheard of, but maybe I acted a bit rashly.”

“Just a bit.” Obi-Wan sat up and stretched, wincing in pain which prompted Anakin to step closer.

“So…” began the Knight, “… I’ve just been talking with Rex. Apparently, you went through some… problems in the slave camp.”

“Nothing that you need to be concerned over.”

“Really? Then maybe you wouldn’t mind showing me your back? Or telling me why you’re having nightmares, with you asking someone to stop?”

Obi-Wan sighed, “I have many nightmares Anakin. Much like those, I will deal with these in my own way.”
Nightmares. Yeah, Anakin knew about those.

When he was recently apprenticed to Obi-Wan, he was awoken almost every night by Obi-Wan’s fearful cries and pleadings for Qui-Gon… other nightmares included mentions of a Tahl… or a Cerasi.

“You had a little help then…” sighed Anakin, “… maybe I should call- “

“No.” ordered Obi-Wan, his voice changing from exasperated to firm, “I forbid it.”

“You forbid it?! You’re not my Master anymore!”

“I have always been, and always will be your Master!”

Anakin through his hands up in the air in frustration. “Fine! Suffer! I was only trying to help!”

“Don’t.”

Snarling in barely restrained anger and frustration, Anakin stormed out of the room, kicking the pieces of door as he went. As soon as Rex saw him, he could tell that Anakin was at the edge of his control.

“Is he- “

“- Being as stubborn as usual? Yes.” Anakin took a deep breath, “I know what I have to do, but…”

“… But?”

“But the only person who can help Obi-Wan, really doesn’t like me and therefore unlikely to actually answer my call.”

Rex frowned, “Who?”

“…. Dooku. Count Dooku.”

Wincing in sympathy, Rex sucked in a breath through his teeth. “I… I can see why you’re reluctant.”

“Forget it. If Obi-Wan wants to suffer, then let him. Eventually, he’ll come to his sense.”

Anakin may have faith in Obi-Wan, but Rex didn’t. He saw what Obi-Wan saw, and whilst his experiences were slightly different, if he was suffering…. Then Master Kenobi was suffering as well.

Which is why Rex found himself striding towards the communication centre as soon as they landed back on Coruscant. “Dooku…Dooku… Dooku…” he muttered, frantically glancing around to try and find some clue as to what code he had to use in order to contact the Count.

“Can I help you Sir?”

Rex span around to see a young Jedi initiate standing right behind him, “How did you… never mind, yes I could do with some assistance.”

The young girl beamed, clearly happy to hear that. “I didn’t think clones were supposed to be in here alone!” she exclaimed, bounding closer, “Are you on a secret mission?”
“Y-yeah…” stammered Rex, instinctively straightening up to try and appear more authoritative, “A very secret mission… about that assistance?”

The Jedi Initiate bounded even closer, “Of course! How can I help?!”

“How do you find the communication code in order to contact someone outside of Coruscant?”

“Communication code?” The child tilted her head to one side, “You don’t need one of those. My crèche Master showed us in case of emergencies! All you have to do, is state clearly, who you are trying to contact. If you have a registered voice on the system, it’ll put you through automatically.”

“And if you don’t have a voice on the system?”

She shrugged, “Then you do need a code I think. But my Master said that everyone in the Temple and the Senate is registered, even a few clones like you!”

Rex’s eyes lit up at this, “Very true… thank you for your help little one.”

The child giggled, bowed and sped back out of the room. Once sure that she was a suitable distance away, Rex turned back to the table in the centre of the room. “Come on Cody, don’t let me down…” he muttered, knowing that if there was one clone who had his voice in the system, it would be Cody.

“Contact Count Dooku.” He stated clearly, tensing as the room fell into silence…. Until a computerised voice spoke up.

“Voice recognition…. CC-2224. Contacting Count Dooku.”

Rex sighed in relief, straightening up as he waited for the Count to answer. Whilst it was only a couple of seconds, it felt like hours.

“CC-22- “Count Dooku stopped in his tracks and frowned at Rex, “You are not Obi-Wan’s usual clone.”

Deciding not to read too much into that, Rex shook his head. “No Sir. I am Captain Rex… CT-7567.”

“Hmph. And I suppose you have a good reason for contacting me?”

Rex nodded, “I am… concerned about General Kenobi.”

“Oh?” This seemed to get Dookus’ attention, with almost a concerned look appearing in his eyes, “And pray tell what trouble my Grand-padawan has gotten into this time.”

As Rex relayed all the information that he could about the previous mission and what Obi-Wan went through, he could see Dookus’ frown deepen. Once finished, Rex sighed. “He won’t listen to General Skywalker, so I was hoping that you’d be able to talk to him?”

There was silence for a few moments, before Dooku sighed and nodded. “I’ll be there in the morning… it would be best if you informed the Council of my arrival. They don’t tend to react well to my presence in the Temple.”

“Of course Sir.”

Before signing off, Dooku eyed the clone. “Captain… you made the right decision to contact me.”
“This was a rash decision Captain Rex…” scolded Master Windu again as they waited for Dooku’s arrival, “… do you really have so little faith in Jedi Healer’s?”

“No Sir. I have little faith that General Kenobi will make the choice, and see them.”

There was silence for a few moments, before Windu nodded. “Agreed. Obi-Wan is much like his old Master. Stubborn to a fault.”

The Jedi master glanced over to the clone, “And that is the only reason I’m not going to have you suspended for interfering in Jedi affairs.”

Rex knew that this wasn’t an idle threat, and chose to remain quiet as an unfamiliar ship arrived into the hanger.

A few minutes later, Dooku exited the craft, his cloak billowing behind him. “Master Windu…” drawled the Ex-Jedi, “… delightful to see your disappointed face again.”

“Is it disappointed?” Windu raised an eyebrow, “I couldn’t tell. Must be my default expression when dealing with you Dooku.”

“Yes. Even when I was a Jedi Master, that was your default expression when dealing with me.”

Windu simply sighed, choosing to end the conversation. “I assume you are aware of the circumstances for which you have been summoned here?”

“Of course, Captain Rex informed me exactly of what had happened to Master Kenobi. He is the only reason I would come back to the Temple after all.”

Without waiting for an answer, Dooku strode past the Council Member and headed in the direction of the dorms, closely followed by Captain Rex.

As they strode down the corridor, towards Obi-Wan’s rooms, Dooku turned his attention to Rex (who was trying to remain out of sight and out of mind). “Has the situation improved at all since our last conversation?”

Rex shook his head, “I’m afraid not. Ever since returning to Coruscant, General Kenobi has barely left his room.”

“Is he eating? Sleeping?”

“Cody…sorry, Commander Cody has confirmed that he is eating small amounts, but sleeping? I’ve barely been sleeping 4 hours a night, so who knows how long he’s sleeping.”

Dooku nodded in understanding, “I severely doubt he is to be honest…” the pair arrived outside Obi-Wan’s room, “… When faced with tough decisions and traumatic events, Obi-Wan has always been the one to place the blame upon himself. Qui-Gon was very much the same. Which means that as a Master and Grandmaster, it was usually up to me to knock some sense into them.”

Without even knocking, the Count entered an override access key and the door slid open. “Thank you for your assistance Captain Rex…. But I can take it from here.”

Rex saluted, taking a step back as Dooku entered the room, the door sliding shut behind him.

……………………………………………………………………

Dooku cast his gaze around the small rooms. As per usual it was in impeccable condition, with
nothing out of place…. Much different from when Kenobi was a padawan.

“Master Dooku?”

Dooku span around on his heel and raised an eyebrow at the young Jedi Master. “Am I interrupting something?”

Obi-Wan was dressed in a simple, non-work tunic, his hair still damp from a recent shower.

“N-no…not that it’s not wonderful to have you here, but- “

“-but you’d like to know what I am doing here?”

Obi-Wan nodded, moving to sit down…. Before quickly remembering his manners and shooting back to his feet. “Shall I get us some tea before we talk?”

“Of course, it has been a long journey.”

“I’ll put us out a plate of biscuits as well then.”

Dooku sighed in contentment as he took his first sip of the warm tea, “Perfect. One thing that has been passed down, down this Master-Padawan line, is the ability to make perfect tea.”

“I’m afraid Anakin hasn’t quite picked up on that skill yet.”

“Humph. What a shock.”

Wisely choosing not to comment on Dookus’ obvious dislike of Anakin Skywalker, Obi-Wan simply took another sip of tea. “Not to sound rude, but what’s the reason behind this visit. As far as I can recall, it’s not a special occasion?”

“Some people have been…. Concerned about you.”

“Let me guess. Anakin?”

Dooku scoffed, “Skywalker has never once contacted me. You know he and I haven’t ever really gotten along.”

“You did call him a spoilt brat the first time you met.”

“I wasn’t wrong.”

Obi-Wan, once again remained silent, one eyebrow raised as he waited for Dooku to say something more about his visit. The older man drank some more and sighed.

“Kadavo.”

Watching as Obi-Wan’s face grew pale, Dooku felt as though he didn’t need to say anymore. The younger Jedi placed his cup of tea on the nearby table, and leaned back, his eyes closed as though in deep thought.


“…. Captain Rex was very concerned about you. He reported that you hadn’t been out of your room
“in quite some time, and believed that you weren’t sleeping very well either.”

“I’ve been sleeping fine.”

“The black bags under your eyes says different.”

Obi-Wan fell silent once again. Dooku sighed, “They were scared Obi-Wan….” He began, “…Those who are subjugated to horrific acts of violence, and forced to be submissive to a cruel Master, will say anything and do anything to stay safe.”

Silence.

“The slaves you worked with, whose pain was threatened should you disobey, were only trying to remain safe. I’ve found that very few species are against the Jedi Order.”

“I wouldn’t blame them if they were…. ” Whispered Obi-Wan, “…have you ever thought that we do make things worse?”

This stunned Dooku into silence. Obi-Wan had always placed a large amount of faith in the Jedi, believing them to be the true peacekeepers of the galaxy. This sudden change of attitude indicated just how traumatised Obi-Wan was by the incident on Kadavo.

After a couple minutes of tense silence, Dooku placed his cup on the table and straightened up. “Don’t be ridiculous.”

“Master Dooku?!”

The older Jedi shook his head, “You heard me Obi-Wan. Don’t be ridiculous… stop feeling sorry for yourself because someone didn’t react the way you believed they should have.”

“It’s not that at all!” protested Obi-Wan, “I don’t think they should have reacted any differently, I was getting them hurt because of my own weakness!”

“Exactly.”

Obi-Wan frowned, quickly realising that Dooku had tricked him. “What do you mean, exactly?”

“You aren’t annoyed with the Order, for possibly making things worse. You were annoyed with yourself…. you believed that you were weak, despite being strong.”

“I wasn’t strong I- “

Dooku held up a hand to silent the younger Jedi, “You were strong. Any person who has been forced into slavery is strong, no matter how you act in the situation. You are strong because you survived. The people who suffered with you, including Captain Rex, are also strong because they survived.”

Obi-Wan fell into silence once again, before sighing. “Then why don’t I feel strong?”

“Because you’ve led quite a cushy life. Apart from the occasional hiccup, you have not gone through a situation like that… you weren’t prepared for it.” Dooku sighed, “This was a hard lesson for you to learn… but you’ve learnt it none-the-less. Now what you can do, is make yourself a better person because of it.”

“And how do I do that?”
“Talk.” Dooku smirked at the shocked look on Obi-Wan’s face, “Talking is one of the best forms of learning and improving. I told this to Qui-Gon all those years ago, and now I’ll tell his stubborn student the exact same thing. Don’t hide yourself away from the world and your friends. They are there to help.”

Obi-Wan winced, “I don’t know if I can talk to Anakin or Ashoka about this.”

“Ashoka?”

“Anakin’s padawan.”

Dooku rolled his eyes, “They let him train a padawan…. He’s barely out of his own padawan training!” He took a deep breath, “Alright, I’m assuming you don’t want to remind the precious Chosen One of his own time as a slave. Even if his life was a bit cushier than your brief time.”

“Slavery is one of the few subjects that… upsets Anakin. I don’t want to make him revisit those memories.”

“Then talk to someone else. Rex or that Clone of yours.”

Obi-Wan hid his flush behind his cup, “Cody isn’t my clone. He just happens to work with me.”

“Hmmm….” Dooku was clearly not convinced, “…. So, I’ve kicked you out of your self-loathing and given you some good advice. Do I need to do anything else?”

Chuckling Obi-Wan gestured towards the kitchen. “You could stay for dinner?”

“…. You didn’t inherit Qui-Gon’s cooking skills, did you?”

“I don’t think anybody could be that bad.”

“You didn’t have to spend years with Master Yoda…. He can make raw grass seem more appetizing.”
Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

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Obi-Wan dived to the side as a blaster shot struck the side of his house, where his head had once been.

“You certainly are a tricky one to find Master Kenobi…” chuckled the Inquisitor, silently ordering the helmetless Trooper beside him to fire again.

Ducking again, Obi-Wan kept his eyes on the unmasked Trooper beside the Inquisitor… his eyes straying to the familiar scar above the man’s left eye.

“Cody…” he begged, “… Cody please, It’s me! You know me! You’re my Commander remember?”

Nothing.

Chuckling at the Jedi Master’s attempt to get through to the Clone, the Inquisitor smirked. “He’s not yours anymore… he belongs to the Empire.” The tall being bowed, “But please…. It humours me to see you try and take him. He will not miss a second time.”

Obi-Wan, keeping his lightsabre ignited, turned his attention back to Cody. “It wasn’t your fault…” he whispered, referring to Order 66, “… they made you do this Cody, they made all of the clones do this!”

As the Jedi Master stepped closer, he saw Cody wince slightly, one hand coming off his blaster in order to press against the side of his head, as though he had a headache.

“You’d never hurt me…” continued Obi-Wan, taking the final steps until he was able to place a gentle hand on Cody’s cheek, “… I know you’d never hurt me!”

Dropping his blaster to the ground, Cody began to hiss in pain, both hands clutching his head as he quivered in pain. “O-obi-Wan…” he whispered, “O-obi-Wan get a-away!”

The Inquisitor frowned at this, “How are you doing that?” he questioned.

“… I love him.” Answered Obi-Wan, keeping his hand on Cody’s cheek, “… Do you hear me Cody? I love you.”

“O-Obi-Wan… L-love you too.”
Obi-Wan couldn’t help the grin that spread across his entire face, “That’s it Cody! That’s it, fight it!”

Clearly shocked by the turn of events, the Inquisitor snarled and struck the Clone across the face.
“ENOUGH!”

Before the Inquisitor could even react, Cody span around and punched him in the face, sending the Force user flying.

“Yes!” Obi-Wan cheered, hurrying over to the fallen Inquisitor and placing his lightsabre against the man’s neck, “I’d stay down if I were you Inquisitor….” He chuckled, smirking as the man snarled at him.

“Obi-Wan?”

At the sound of Cody’s voice, Obi-Wan’s grip tightened on the lightsabre, his eyes darting over for a few seconds…. This was all the Inquisitor needed.

Before Obi-Wan could react, the other Force-User swept his legs out from under him, sending the Jedi Master to the ground.

“What is it the Jedi used to believe…” sneered the Inquisitor as he summoned his lightsabre to him, “… Attachment leads to the Dark Side…. Or death in this case.”

As the man raised his sabre into the air, with Obi-Wan quickly falling into a defensive position, there was the sudden sound of a blaster shot.

Stunned, the Inquisitor glanced down to see a burning hold in the centre of his chest. Desperately, he tried to suck in a breath, only to gasp as the pain finally kicked in. Still trying to suck in a breath, the Inquisitor fell backwards to the ground.

“I don’t think I’m going to get that promotion.” Cody muttered, keeping his blaster carefully aimed at the Inquisitor as he died, “Shame.”

Pushing himself to his feet, Obi-Wan couldn’t help but stare at the Commander. After a few seconds of silence, he smiled weakly. “Just like old times?”

“As far as I remember General, you were the one saving us most of the time.”

Striding over and helping Obi-Wan to his feet, Cody nudged the body with his foot. “… What do we do now?”

“Now… now there’s a young man who needs our help.”
Together (Qui-Gon Lives/Grey Dooku AU)

Chapter Notes

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Prompt from SpencerBrown: Even in a timeline with your Cody/Obi romance, I think Obi and Satine would be close friends, because they're so much alike. So, when Maul murders her on the false assumption that Obi is in love with her, not for power, not for politics, not for the war, but JUST for revenge, how would Obi react?
Not only would he bear the guilt and pain at causing a friend's death, but he would also fear that the same might happen to Cody should his true feelings be discovered. Right when he would need Cody's support, to even BEGIN to start healing, I imagine he would pull away, distance himself, to try to protect Cody in the only way he thinks he can. After all, he couldn't protect Satine, so he would be afraid he couldn't protect Cody either. (We're never our smartest when overcome with grief).
I picture him drowning himself in missions and battle. Maybe this time it's Anakin who steps in to help his brother/Master? Or maybe Cody just can't stand to see Obi grinding himself into the ground and forces the truth out of him? (Presumably after some good advice from Rex, of course)

//Remember my dear Obi-Wan… you have been and always will be… my dearest friend.\n
The words replayed over and over in Obi-Wan’s mind as the ship transported them back to Coruscant.

//Remember my dear Obi-Wan… you have been and always will be… my dearest friend.\n
“General…. Obi-Wan?”

Flinching as a gentle hand was placed on his shoulder, Obi-Wan twisted around to see a concerned Cody staring down at him.

“Are you alright General?”

Obi-Wan sighed, turning his attention away, “I’m…. conflicted Commander. If you wouldn’t mind, I’d like to be on my own for a while.”

A hurt look flickered across Cody’s face, before he schooled it into a neutral expression, nodding in understanding. “Of course sir…if you need me, I’ll be in the main cockpit.”

Silently, Obi-Wan nodded, eyes fixated on the opposite wall as he lost himself in his thoughts once again.
It was all his fault.

Satine was dead because Maul saw their close friendship as something more and murdered her to hurt Obi-Wan… it was revenge, pure and simple.

And he wished that he could say this was the first time he had allowed something like this to happen.

In his mind, he could still see the red lightsabre blade enter Qui-Gon’s midsection as he remained trapped behind a laser wall.

He could still hear the cries of the slaves of Kadavo… crying out for him to leave them alone. Jedi make everything worse.

It was all his fault.

All the pain and suffering…. His fault.

Taking deep breaths, Obi-Wan attempted to meditate, hoping to push all the feelings of guilt and anger into the Force before they truly overwhelmed him. Closing his eyes, he took breath after breath until he relaxed.

As he slipped further into a meditative state, images began to flicker across his eyes;

The look of shock on his Master’s face when Maul stabbed him through the midsection.

People cowering away from him as he tried to help.

Anakin lashing out at him in anger and frustration, his face morphing from being a young boy to a young man.

… Cody’s face twisting in pain as a red lightsabre came out from the front of his chest.

Obi-Wan’s eyes shot straight open at this last image, sweat beading on his forehead as his face grew pale with shock. He knew that this hadn’t happened… Cody was still alive.

For now.

As his stomach felt like it was sinking, Obi-Wan shook his head.

He couldn’t let what happened to Satine, happen to Cody…. Someone he loved.

He just couldn’t.

………………………………………………

Cody frowned when he checked his holo-messenger for, what seemed like, the hundredth time in the past few weeks.

He hadn’t been on a mission since they’d returned to Coruscant…. Not one.

“Cody?”

He glanced up to see Rex standing above him, a frown on his face.

“Why aren’t you on the mission?”

Cody raised his eyebrow in a silent question, as Rex’s frown deepened.
“Obi-Wan’s mission? The one to Naboo?”

Feeling slightly sick, Cody gestured at his communicator. “I haven’t had any messages from Obi-Wan for weeks… nothing. Nothing about work and nothing personal. Nothing.”

He sighed sadly, “I think he’s been avoiding me… maybe he regrets… us?”

Shaking his head, Rex went to sit by his brother “He’s not contacted you at all?”

“No mission reports, no strategy meetings… nothing.”

“Have you been… removed from your position?”

Cody’s face grew pale at the thought as he shook his head, “I haven’t heard anything about that… I don’t think so. What do you think I should do?”

Thinking to himself for a few moments, Rex sighed wearily. “I don’t know… What happened on your last mission?”

“… Maul killed Duchess Satine Kryze. From Mandalore?”

Rex hissed through his teeth, “In front of Obi-Wan?”

After Cody nodded, his brother sighed. “I think I understand now. General Skywalker hinted that there was a… history between the Duchess and General Kenobi.”

“What sort of history?”

Rex simply gave Cody a significant look, causing Cody to flush slightly.

“Oh…. Really?”

“I don’t know if there was actually something between them but… if Obi-Wan reacted that strongly, maybe there was something more?”

Before Cody could say anything, Rex sighed. “Maybe we should ask Master Jinn about it? I think Obi-Wan and Satine met when they were teenagers, or possibly a bit older.”

“That long?”

At the slightly hurt tone in Cody’s voice, Rex forced a smile on his face. “It might just have been a strong friendship?”

“I wouldn’t be that lucky.”

………………………………………………………………………

Personally, Rex found the Jedi Temple to be really intimidating. Stone walls lined with statues and tablets. Surrounded by stern looking men and women in bland cloaks… All giving the pair disapproving stares.

“I think General Skywalker mentioned a training session with Master Jinn earlier.”

“The training rooms are this way…” lead Cody, flushing slightly as Rex gave him a significant glance, “… Obi-Wan showed me one time. He wanted to show me a new move that he’d learnt.”
“Is that what they’re calling it now?”

“Shut up.”

Quickly, the pair marched over to the training rooms, drawn to the correct room when they heard Anakin cursing slightly…. Okay a lot.

“I thought we were using the safety settings!”

“If I use the safety settings, then how are you going to learn?”

“Without getting burns on my legs and arms!”

As Cody and Rex entered the room, they watched as Qui-Gon Jinn (who was pushing 70) flipped over Anakin’s head and poked him in the back with a training sabre.

“Strike 3… best five out of seven?”

Anakin groaned, but before they could fight again, he spotted the two clones in the doorway. “Cody! Rex!” Thank the Force, please tell me you have a mission for me?

Rex chuckled at the slightly desperate tone in Anakin’s voice, shaking his head in the negative. “Sorry General, but we’d like to speak to you both about General Kenobi.”

Frowning in concern, Qui-Gon deactivated his lightsabre and beckoned the two clones’ forwards. “What’s wrong with him?”

Cody and Rex glanced at each, with Rex silently indicating for Cody to take the lead. When Cody hesitated, he rolled his eyes and stepped forwards. “Obi-Wan hasn’t been taking Cody on any missions recently. Ever since Duchess Satine’s death, he hasn’t contacted Cody at all!”

“Have you been… relieved of your duties Commander?”

“Not that I’m aware of. I-I haven’t got anything saying so?”

Gesturing for the pair to sit down, Qui-Gon sighed wearily. “Obi-Wan and Satine…. Bonded a long time ago. When Satine became Duchess, she was very young by the way, it led to a civil war. It eventually grew to a point where the Jedi Order was sent in as an intervention. Specifically, the council sent me and Obi-Wan to protect her.”

Cody and Rex were engrossed in the story, as was Anakin.

“What happened?” asked the younger Jedi eagerly.

“The insurgents sent bounty hunters after the young duchess to kill her, which meant that me and Obi-Wan were forced to take away from Mandalore in order to protect her…. We were on the run for around a year. It’s unsurprising that the two young adults bonded so fiercely.”

“How fiercely did they bond?” Cody blurted out, unable to remain silent at the thought of the possible answer he might.

Qui-Gon clearly didn’t want to answer, but Anakin frowned at the question. “When I talked with Obi-Wan, he implied that they were very close. He definitely didn’t like me calling her his girlfriend.”

“They were never lovers…” interrupted Qui-Gon sternly, “… Obi-Wan reassured me of this after the
mission and I believe him. I know the… behaviours of someone in love, especially one who’s in the Order.”

Frowning at the way Qui-Gon glanced away, Cody found himself leaning forwards. “Forgive me Master Jinn…. But that sounds like you’re speaking from personal experience.”

“…. Her name was Tahl. We grew up together and we grew… close. Very close.”

“What happened to her?”

“…. She was murdered.”

Even Anakin seemed surprised at this, but wisely chose not to say anything as Qui-Gon continued.

“I became… a ghost of my former self after I lost Tahl. I almost drive Obi-Wan away by pushing him harder and harder during training… it got so bad, he felt as though he needed to call his Grandmaster to help knock some sense into me.”

“Dooku?”

Cody had briefly met the Count when Obi-Wan and he first started seeing each other, and he could see how someone as unnerving as Qui-Gon Jinn would stand down against the Count…. That man was scary.

“Obi-Wan has the same reaction as I do in times of trouble…. He’ll push people away.”

“Yeah…” Rex glanced over at Cody, “… we’re getting that sense.”

Qui-Gon sighed wearily, “It’s not just you Commander. Me and Anakin haven’t seen Obi-Wan since his return from Mandalore. He’s been on mission, after mission, after mission without staying in the Temple for more than two hours.”

Rex and Cody glanced at each other. They hadn’t realised this.

“So… what do we do?” asked Cody, “We can’t let him continue like this. He’ll get himself killed.”

There was silence for a few moments, before Qui-Gon winced. “There’s really only one person who could through to Obi-Wan when he’s like this.”

“Please don’t say-“

Ignoring Anakin’s partial protest, Qui-Gon continued. “- Dooku.”

Anakin groaned at this, “Only if you’re going to contact him.”

“If I didn’t know any better Anakin, I’d say you were scared.”

“Merely…. Apprehensive.”

With Qui-Gon clearly resisting the urge to roll his eyes, Rex cleared his throat and spoke up. “I’ve contacted the Count before…. If neither of you feel comfortable doing it, maybe I could?”

“You don’t have to do that Captain…” Qui-Gon stated, heading towards the door, “… Dooku is my old Master, and if he ever found out that I let someone else contact him on my behalf…. Well, he’d be very disappointed. And I would never hear the end of it.”
“Very well.”

Straightening up, Qui-Gon rolled his shoulders. “This is going to be fun.”

……………………………………..

“So, you’re telling me…. “Dooku sighed, “… That once again. The Jedi Order is letting another Master wallow in self-pity after the death of a friend or loved one. It’s like they never learn.”

Qui-Gon winced, glancing around the communication room in case any of the Council were lurking. “Obi-Wan hasn’t been around the Temple long enough for anyone to try and talk to him.”

“So, he’s wearing himself out by going on mission after mission after mission. That sounds familiar…. Although you always preferred to train yourself and your padawan to death.”

Resisting the urge to retort in frustration, Qui-Gon took a deep, calming breath. “I understand that you may not want to come back to the Temple. I know that you disagree with how the Council does things… but Obi-Wan needs your help… we need your help.”

There was silence for a while, before Dooku smirked over the hologram. “I sense that it hurt you to saw that… fine, I will catch the next transport to Coruscant. Do you know if Obi-Wan will be at the Temple any point soon?”

Qui-Gon glanced at Rex, who thought to himself for a few moments before clicking his fingers in remembrance. “I’m sure it was only a diplomatic mission. He should be back by the end of the week I believe.”

Dooku nodded in understanding, “Then I shall endeavour to be there before he returns. If we can catch him as he arrives, we stand a better chance of keeping him in the Temple.”

“Are you suggesting kidnapping him?”

“Let us be honest Qui-Gon…. Your old Padawan has had plenty of experience of being captured.”

……………………………………………………………………..

As one as Obi-Wan’s transporter touched down on the Temple landing pads, Qui-Gon and Anakin were ready for him. Whilst the Council wasn’t happy with their decision to call Dooku and try and handle things themselves, they did agree that if Master Kenobi continued to go on mission after mission, the chances of him burning himself out was increasing.

Concealing themselves in the shadows, the pair winced at the sight of Obi-Wan. The man appeared as though he had aged, his tunic seemed loose, hanging on his body as his weight loss became evident.

Anakin sucked in a sympathetic breath. “I hate to admit it…. But maybe having Dooku here will help.”

“It usually does.”

As Obi-Wan exited the hanger, Qui-Gon and Anakin followed behind him in the shadows. As the Jedi Master turned to go down a deserted corridor that led to the training rooms, Qui-Gon and Anakin took advantage and grabbed Obi-Wan.

The fact that it was so easy, was another sign of how bad things had gotten.
“What are you doing?” yelled Obi-Wan, as he struggled in their grasp, “Anakin! Master!”

Ignoring Obi-Wan’s protests, Qui-Gon and Anakin managed to drag him into an abandoned room. With Anakin blocking the doorway, Qui-Gon called Dooku and gave him directions as to where they were.

“What is the meaning of this?” Obi-Wan hissed, shooting disappointed glances at Anakin, “Anakin?”

Anakin frowned, “You need help Master… everybody has seen it… even Cody.”

A brief look of guilt flashed across Obi-Wan’s face before it was schooled back into a neutral expression. “I… I did not intend to worry anyone, but I’m afraid I’ve been needed on several, important missions.”

“I don’t think they needed you for every single one of them.” Scolded Qui-Gon, “Surely you could have spent more than a few hours at the Temple?”

“I don’t question the decisions of the council, unlike some people.”

At the obvious slight on Qui-Gon and Anakin’s rebellious nature, the two other Jedi bristled. However, before anything could be said, the door slid open and Dooku, Rex and Cody entered the room.

Quickly sensing the tension in the room, Rex and Cody moved to the opposite corner of the room and simply watched as Dooku scanned Obi-Wan from head to toe.

“I must confess…” sighed Dooku, “… I find myself a little disappointed in you Obi-Wan.”

“Disappointed? In me?”

“Have you looked in a mirror lately? I understand that you and Satine were close, but was it really necessary to push everyone away?”

“… I was trying to deal with this in peace. Without being surrounded by well-meaning friends and family.”

“Hmmm, strange that you would choose this occasion to fall apart like this. As I recall, you have gone through many other distressing situations… what makes this one so different?”

Seeming to sense that Dooku wanted him to confess feeling something strong for Satine, Obi-Wan clammed up, turning away from his Grandmaster.

Anakin however, frowned at Dooku’s statement. “What do you mean? What other distressing situations?”

Smirking at Qui-Gon’s almost un-noticeable wince, Dooku plastered a look of mock surprise on his face. “Haven’t Qui-Gon or Obi-Wan told you?” he exclaimed, “I hate to say this, but my old student was a bit… dense during Obi-Wan’s early years as a padawan.”

Qui-Gon’s wince was definitely visible that time.

“What do you mean?” Anakin asked, catching Obi-Wan’s frown out of the corner of his eye.

“Well… Qui-Gon refused what to see what was right in front of him and didn’t take Obi-Wan as his padawan until they were both on Bandomeer.”
“Wait…” Anakin turned to Obi-Wan, “… you were sent away from the Temple? Why?”

Obi-Wan sighed, “I had… anger issues. Do we really have to talk about this Master Dooku?”

“Yes, because although you were disappointed and hurt, you still managed to prove yourself. The same with Melida/Daan. Qui-Gon abandoned you then, and yet you still stood strong.”

Both Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon protested at this.

“Abandoned is a strong word Master.” “I deserved it! What I did on Melida/Daan was stupid and reckless!”

Dooku frowned at Obi-Wan’s statement. “Nonsense… Qui-Gon spent half of your early partnership believing that you weren’t good enough, and trying to push you away. Of course, you’d rather stay on a planet where you were treated with some semblance of respect…. Even if it did go against the Jedi Code.”

“Wait, wait, wait!” interrupted Anakin as he watched Qui-Gon turn away, almost in guilt, “Why hasn’t anyone told me this?”

Obi-Wan sighed, “It wasn’t important for you to know Anakin. What happened between Master Qui-Gon and I is in the past, and that’s where it should stay.”

“But-”

“- Anakin. Enough. Master Dooku, surely there’s a point to this?”

Nodding, Dooku smirked. “I am merely trying to get my point across. Even after Tahl’s demise, Qui-Gon’s second abandonment of you, his near dea-“

“- Wait, wait, wait!” Anakin interrupted again, with Cody and Rex frowning in the background “Second abandonment?”

Qui-Gon shook his head, “Master. Is there any real need to-“

“- Yes Skywalker…” interrupted Dooku, ignoring how his old padawan protested, “… The day that Qui-Gon announced that he would take you as his padawan, despite only days earlier, claiming that Obi-Wan wasn’t ready for the trials, was the day that Qui-Gon abandoned Obi-Wan for the second time.”

“Master, please-“

“- And yet, despite this, Obi-Wan still remained strong. He still fought Darth Maul bravely and defeated him when Qui-Gon was struck down!” Dooku continued, undeterred by his ex-padawan’s protests, “So what makes this occasion so different… why are you neglecting yourself in this way?”

Obi-Wan remained silent,

“Do you believe it’s your fault…” continued Dooku more softly, “… because you weren’t meant to know that Maul would survive after the Battle on Naboo.”

“I know.” Obi-Wan shook his head and sighed, “I know now that no-one else could survive what I did to Maul… but every time he comes back, he follows a distinct pattern.”

“Oh?”
Fleeting, Obi-Wan glanced over at Cody, before sighing wearily. “He hurts someone that I care about… I can’t let it happen again.”

Before anyone else could say anything, Cody stepped forwards. “Is that why you’ve been avoiding me?” he whispered, ignoring everyone else in the room, “To protect me?”

Obi-Wan nodded silently.

“I can protect myself!” Cody blurted out, slightly offended by the idea that he needed this protection, “I may not be as agile or skilled as the Jedi, but that doesn’t make me weak!”

“I don’t think you’re weak Cody…” sighed Obi-Wan, “… the opposite actually.”

“What?”

Obi-Wan sighed again, “Maul fatally injured my Master when I was in my early twenties…. He has killed some of my closest friends within the Order and then he killed Satine almost the exact same way he injured my Master, so no, I don’t think you’re weak…. I think he’s stronger.”

He turned away, “And I can’t watch him hurt anyone else… not like that.”

There was silence as everyone simply stared at Obi-Wan, with Dooku being the only one to speak up after a couple of minutes.

“That’s why you’ve been pushing everyone, especially the Commander, away… you believe that if Maul finds out about your feelings for Commander Cody, or your closeness with Qui-Gon and Skywalker-

“- and you Master Dooku.” Interrupted Obi-Wan, “Rex as well. Maul could take advantage of any interaction I have with others, and use it to break me further!”

“You’re not broken…” interrupted Qui-Gon, “… just a bit cracked little one.”

Before Obi-Wan could even think about replying, Cody strode closer and pulled him into a hug. “You’re not alone… please don’t push us away any more.”

He pulled away, “If Maul does decide to return, then we’ll be ready for him… together.”

There was a brief silence, before Obi-Wan smiled. “I’m hoping we will both be old men by the time we face each other again…”

“Even then, we’ll fight together.”

“Yes… together.”
Retreat to Serenno (Qui-Gon Dies/Grey Dooku AU 2)

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from bluedragoninamber: Qui-Gon dies, Obi is knighted (maybe by Dooku), but Anakin is taken as a Padawan by Yoda. The Council decides Obi is too young and inexperienced to train Anakin. Dooku, who has come to the Temple for Qui-Gon's memorial service, offers to take Obi to Serenno with him for a temporary "leave of absence." Angry at the Council's decision and grieving his master's death, Obi agrees. Dooku and Obi spend time together. The two of them grieve together...and perhaps Dooku could be a little less prickly and a little more comforting? Something to show that he cared for Qui-Gon and for Obi-Wan. It would be nice to see him as a little more human...for the love of the man that he has come out to save from himself, time and again.

Taking another sip of tea, Dooku couldn’t help but feel like something was wrong… something was missing inside.

Resting in his chair, Dooku found himself staring at his personal communicator. Whilst he personally, would not contact the Jedi Order, if something was truly wrong, his old Master would contact him.

Another 30 minutes passed, before the communicator began to beep.

As he answered it, Dooku was dismayed to see Master Yoda at the other end, his ears slightly drooping… which was never a good sign.

“Back at the Temple, you are needed.” The older Master sighed, “Sad news, I have.”

Dooku frowned, leaning forwards (despite internally, not wanting to know what had happened). “What’s happened?”

“… Passed on to the beyond, Master Qui-Gon Jinn has.”

Feeling as though his heart had sunk to his stomach, Dooku pushed himself to his feet and turned away from the communicator, not wanting Yoda to see how shaken he was by the news. After a few seconds, he took a deep breath. “How?”

“Killed by a Sith Lord, he was.”

Now this caught Dooku’s attention as he span back around, “A Sith Lord? That’s impossible! They’ve been extinct for years…” A sudden thought occurred to him, “What about Padawan
Kenobi? Is he alright?”

Whilst he and his Grand-padawan had very few interactions over the course of the boy’s training, Dooku found that he was quite fond of him. The boy was sensible and polite, almost to a fault, but there was something there that made him… different.

A certain, unique quality.

Master Yoda winced slightly, but quickly maintained his composure. “Defeated the Sith, he did. Recovering now, he is.”

“He defeated the Sith?” Dooku questioned, some pride in his voice, “Impressive for someone who’s not quite made it to knight-hood”

“Hmmmm, unusual it was.”

Recognising the tone in his ex-Master’s voice, Dooku frowned. “I sense there’s something you’re not telling me.”

 “… Concerned the council were. An investigation there was.”

“Into Obi-Wan? Why?”

“Concerns about the Dark side, there were.”

Dooku couldn’t believe it. Before he could protest and question the sanity of the council, Master Yoda held up a hand to stop him.

“Cleared he was. The Dark Side, he did not use.”

Feeling a sense of relief at this, Dooku resisted the urge to sigh. “So…” he began, “… what happens now? With Obi-Wan?”

“Knighted he will be, we have decided.”

“Knighted? He has just lost his Master… emotionally, he might not be ready.”

“Never-the-less, knighted he will be.”

“I want to be there. If his Master can’t perform the ceremony, then his Grand-Master should”

Yoda nodded, “Agree, I do. Ask you, I was going to.”

“… I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

………………………………………………………………..

Knighting ceremonies were usually a positive occasion. To have a student, who had practically been raised by their Master, reach the end of their training and rise in the Jedi Order was a celebratory event.

Not this one.

Mutely, Dooku glanced down at Obi-Wan, who was kneeling before him. As he took a hold of the padawan’s braid, ready to remove it, Obi-Wan tensed.
Ah yes… the sensation of someone other than his Master touching his braid must have been uncomfortable.

Without dwelling on the thought, Dooku finished the ceremony by uttering the final statement and removing the braid with his lightsabre.

Obi-Wan Kenobi was now a Jedi Knight.

“- but I promised Master Jinn- “

“Understand, I do. But ready, you are not.”

As Dooku rounded the corner, he watched as Obi-Wan seemed to deflate in defeat, turning away from Master Yoda and heading in the opposite direction.

“He seems… upset.” Dooku stated, frowning as Yoda shook his head.

“Disappointed, he is. A promise he made, to Qui-Gon.”

“What kind of promise?”

“… To train Anakin, he promised. Ready, he is not.”

Dooku couldn’t help but shake his head upon hearing that. “What was Qui-Gon thinking… “he muttered sadly, “… to place that large a burden on Obi-Wan’s shoulder on his deathbed. Surely there were reassurances that everything was going to be okay? That Obi-Wan made him proud?”

Yoda shook his head, “Silent Qui-Gon remained, on that matter.”

“Damn him….”

Without waiting for his old Master to say anything else, Dooku strode after Obi-Wan.

Eventually, he found the newly-knighted Obi-Wan in an abandoned training room. Silently, he watched as Obi-Wan made his way through kata after kata, his movements fluid and strong… despite the pain on his face.

“I have a proposition for you…” began Dooku, “… You need some time away. Time to clear your mind. My home is always open.”

Obi-Wan barely paused in his training. “I have to stay…” he argued, “… I have to train Anakin.”

“Because Qui-Gon told you to…. He was wrong to do so.”

Spinning around at this, Obi-Wan glared at his Grand Master, “I can do- “

“- I know you can do it. That’s not what my old padawan got wrong…. He should have said so many other things with his last breath, and none of them should have included Skywalker.”

There was a tense silence, before Obi-Wan seemed to deflate. “I feel like you’re the only one who believes that… Everyone else believes I was knighted too early. I know why… because Master Yoda believed that there was no-one who would be willing to continue training me. Better to knight
me and keep me in the Temple until I am ready.”

It sounded harsh, but Dooku knew that the majority of the statement was correct. No, Obi-Wan was not ready to be knighted. Not so soon after the death of his Master…. But there would have been lots of Masters willing to train the young man, especially as Obi-Wan was quickly building the reputation of becoming a master negotiator.

“You need time away from the Temple.” Insisted Dooku, choosing not to express his own views, “Being here is only going to make you feel worse in the long run.”

“I need to be here…. I promised I would train Anakin.”

“You need time to grieve… away from the prying eyes of the council.”

Judging by the look on Obi-Wan’s face, he knew that his Grandmaster was right.

“Alright…,” muttered the ex-padawan, “…. Alright. Maybe I can spare a few days away from the Temple. Where would we go?”

“Serenno. I own a… comfortable little property there.”

“Should we inform the council?”

“Leave that to me. Go and pack your essentials, I’ll meet you at the docks.”

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“You’re going to do what?” exclaimed Master Windu, an eyebrow raised in disbelief.

“Me and Obi-Wan are going to take a little sojourn to Serenno.” Answered Dooku in a matter of fact manner, choosing not to look at Master Yoda, “I think he could do with some time away from the Temple.”

“He needs time to heal!”

“Agreed… and he can’t do that here. Not when half the council suspects him of drawing on the Dark Side to defeat his Master’s killer.”

With slight satisfaction, Dooku observed some of the council members flinch… hopefully in guilt.

“And…” he continued, “… we all know that he was not ready to be knighted. Some extra training with me won’t go amiss.”

There were a few minutes of silence as the council all glanced at other, silently debating their options. Eventually, they seemed to reach a decision and Master Yoda cleared his throat.

“Go with you, Obi-Wan may. In two weeks, he should return.”

Two weeks was better than what he was expecting, so Dooku chose not to reply, simply bowing his respects and turning to head out of the room.

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A little over half an hour later, Obi-Wan was packed and ready to go.

“Is there anyone you want to say goodbye to?”
Obi-Wan shook his head, remaining silent as they headed towards Dooku’s personal transport.

“Are you sure?”

Another nod as Obi-Wan sighed, “The rumour spread that I drew on the Dark Side…” he whispered, “…and everyone, even those I considered to be my friends, believed it. I haven’t spoken to my friends in days and they’ve actively avoided me…. I don’t have anyone to say goodbye to.”

Slightly saddened by the thought of the Order turning against the talented young knight, Dooku chose not to say anything, simply following Obi-Wan into the transporter. As he glanced behind him, he saw his old Master standing near the entrance to the hanger bay, his eyes drooped low in sadness.

And that was the last thing Dooku saw before the back door closed.

Three days.

Obi-Wan had spent three days barely interacting with Dooku, choosing instead to remain in his room, only coming out to train and eat.

Dooku wasn’t having it anymore… they needed to talk.

“I have brewed us a fresh pot of tea…” he announced as he strode into his personal training room, where Obi-Wan was making his way through the katas of Form 3, “… come. I believe we are overdue a very important conversation.”

“Maybe later. I have yet to master this particularly difficult- “

“- I’m afraid you don’t get much of an option.”

This caused Obi-Wan to stop in his tracks, spinning around to face Dooku as he frowned in confusion. “I-I don’t”

“No…. now get changed into something fresh and we’ll have some tea.”

Less than 10 minutes later, Obi-Wan entered the main living area, his hair freshly washed and a fresh tunic on. Seating himself opposite Dooku, he gratefully accepted a cup of tea and nodded his thanks, choosing not to say anything.

Silence filled the room, broken only by the sound of sipping and the clink of cups against porcelain saucers…. Until Obi-Wan couldn’t take it anymore.

“So, what is it that you wanted to talk to me about?”

Dooku remained silent for another minutes, wanting to make sure that he had Obi-Wan’s full attention (and make the young man squirm slightly). As Obi-Wan began to flush uncomfortably, Dooku finally placed the cup on the saucer. “I would like to talk about Qui-Gon.”

“I don’t think- “

“- Talking helps you with the grief. Yes, it may never fully go away, but looking on your memories of Qui-Gon should be filled with happiness…. Not anger or sorrow.”

“My Master is dead…” Obi-Wan stated, an upset frown on his face, “… I believe I am entitled to feeling sorrow towards him.”
“But not so much that it outweighs the happiness… and not so much that it leads to anger and betrayal.”

“I don’t—"

“- Yes, you are.” Interrupted Dooku, “Qui-Gon stated, in front of the council, that he would take Anakin as his padawan because he is the ‘Chosen One’.”

Judging by the tone in Dooku’s voice, he clearly didn’t believe in the Chosen One theory.

“Despite telling you that you weren’t ready to be knighted…” continued Dooku, “… days late, he changes his mind… all because he wanted to train the Chosen One. He was arrogant enough to believe that he could be the only one to- “

“- Stop it!” hissed Obi-Wan, slowly putting his cup on the saucer as his fists clenched in anger, “Just stop it!”

“No… because your Master wasn’t perfect, and you need to realise this.”

Seeing that his words had upset the young man, Dooku sighed wearily and moved to sit beside Obi-Wan, placing his own cup down and slowly (and unsurely) pulling Obi-Wan into a one-armed hug.

“Talk to me Obi-Wan… just talk to me.”

There was a brief silence, before Obi-Wan’s shoulders began to shake uncontrollably, burying his face into his hands as muffled sobs broke through. “I-I felt so angry…” he sobbed, “… I felt humiliated in front of the council as he disowned me! I tried to tell him, but… he was Master… It would have been disrespectful.”

“You would have been confiding in him…. It is a Master’s job to take care of and raise their padawan to knighthood. By casting you aside, Qui-Gon broke the unspoken rule that all Masters know and learn. None of it was your fault.”

Obi-Wan shook his head, “With everything that happened before and shortly after becoming his padawan, I’m slightly ashamed that… that I wasn’t shocked. I feel like I was expecting him eventually casting me aside.”

“Yes. Mistakes were made on both sides during those early years…. But that does not excuse his behaviour.”

“… What if Anakin is the Chosen One?”

“Then he is being trained by the Order’s most powerful Jedi. Qui-Gon would have been too lenient because he is the so-called Chosen one, and you would have been the same, but only because of your guilt over your Master’s passing… that boy needs a firm stick if he’s going to get his emotions under control.”

“Don’t you mean firm hand?”

“No. His stick is worse than his hand… trust me.”

Obi-Wan chuckled at this, letting the room fill with a comfortable silence. After a few minutes, Obi-Wan sighed, “I’m sorry.”

“For what?”
“It’s all been about my grief… what about yours?”

Dooku sighed wearily at this, “Qui-Gon and I made our peace with one another long ago… it hurts, but… I am working through it.”

“… Maybe we could do it together?”

Twisting around Dooku smiled at the younger man. “… I’d like that.”
It started out fine.

The mission was going well, and it seemed as though it would be a complete success. There were very few casualties on their side, they still had a lot of supplies in case of delays and there were very few political issues.

Until the bomb.

Commander Cody had instructed a team of twenty clones to scout ahead, telling them to look out for any clankers along the way.

As the transport vehicle rounded the corner, there was a loud bang, and the vehicle could be seen flying into the air, before landing with a loud crash.

None of the team had survived.

Whilst no-one explicitly said anything, Cody knew that the blame fell on his shoulders…. He should have expected the Separatists to play dirty, lining the path with bombs in order to kill as many clones as possible.

But it had been such a good day, Cody didn’t even think to send out bomb droids in order to check the path.

It was all his fault.

That had been several hours ago, and now, Cody found himself seated on the roof of the barracks, staring up at the stars.

“It wasn’t your fault you know.”

Cody flinched at the familiar voice, hearing General Kenobi stride closer to him, his footsteps echoing in the night.

“Why, if it wasn’t for you and your strategies, I can guarantee that a lot more men would have- “
“- No offense General, but don’t you get it!?” exclaimed Cody, annoyance and anger creeping into his tone, “I messed up! What’s the point of being a Commander if I can’t keep all my brothers’ safe!”

Obi-Wan didn’t seem phased at Cody’s raised voice, merely raising an eyebrow as Cody turned away.

“I’m sorry General…” he sighed wearily, “… just… just forget what I said.”

There was a brief silence between the two, before Cody felt a gentle hand on his shoulder, as Obi-Wan encouraged him to turn around.

“Listen to me Cody…” Obi-Wan softly demanded, “… I know you may not want to hear this, but you are a good man, a great man. You’ve taken command so many times, led so many men to safety and victory… and yet you still remain unsure of your role. You are a respected Commander and nobody thinks any less of you because of this one instance!”

Cody blinked in shock as Obi-Wan gently encouraged him to look to the Jedi in the eye. “But I have watched you do great things… I have been a part of your victories and have never felt so proud.”

There was silence, until Cody seemed to deflate, wrapping his arms around Obi-Wan and pulling him into a hug, which Obi-Wan briefly tensed up at. Eventually, he relaxed into it, gently patting Cody on the back. “It’s alright Cody…” he murmured, “… it’s all alright.”

The pair stood in that position for a few moments, before Obi-Wan gently pulled away, a light flush on his cheeks. “I think you’d better get some rest… I hear it’ll be a busy day tomorrow.”

Cody nodded, clearing his throat and saluting the general. “Thank you General…. I’m sorry- “

“- Obi-Wan. Call me Obi-Wan. And you have no need to be sorry…. Just get some rest.”

“Yes Gen- Obi-Wan.”

Cody sighed wearily as he made his way through the Jedi Temple corridors.

Much like that terrible event last year, a mistake had been made…. This time by Obi-Wan. New padawans and Master had joined them on what seemed like a standard mission.

Destroy as many clankers as possible. Reclaim the city and try and avoid too many casualties.

It didn’t work out like that.

The intel regarding the planet had been mistaken and instead of the locals welcoming the Jedi with open arms, they had instead joined the side of the Separatists.

It was a trap.

Once the Jedi were comfortable and unaware, the locals turned on them…. A high number of padawans and young Masters were killed before they even had a chance to react.

Once they returned back to Coruscant, Obi-Wan had retreated to his room, only emerging to give a short report of the mission’s events… which led to Master Windu ‘suggesting’ that Cody pay the Jedi General a visit.

As he approached Obi-Wan’s room, he could hear the General talking inside. Not wanting to
interrupt, he chose to listen from the other side of the door, leaning against the wall as though waiting for someone.

“You said you’d always be there for me…” he heard Obi-Wan say, weariness in his voice, “…. But you’re not…. It’s because of me, it’s all because of me. It’s my fault… It’s my fault!”

Knowing that this was far more serious then he’d initially assumed, Cody opened the door (having been granted access when he and Obi-Wan first started their… friendship) and strode in.

Seated on a couch facing away from the door, Obi-Wan appeared to be talking to a hologram that was on the table. Looking closely, Cody could see that the hologram was of Obi-Wan’s old Master, Qui-Gon Jinn.

If Obi-Wan had turned to talking to the hologram of his old Master, he must be suffering. And Cody was unwilling to let Obi-Wan take the blame for something that wasn’t his fault…. Several things that weren’t his fault by the sound of it.

“General?”

Obi-Wan startled, spinning around to stare at Cody, “Commander!” he exclaimed, instantly plastering a fake smile on his face, “I-I was just- “

“- talking to your old Master.”

“Ah…. You heard that then?”

Cody chose not to answer that, stepping closer to his General and pulling the man into a hug. “None of this is your fault…” he whispered, “… do you remember telling me that?”

Nod.

“Do you remember what else you said?”

Silence.

“I know you may not want to hear this, but you are a good man, a great man. You’ve taken command so many times, led so many men to safety and victory… and yet you still remain unsure of your role. You are a respected Comm- General and nobody thinks any less of you because of this one instance!”

It took a few minutes, but Obi-Wan eventually smiled and relaxed into the hug, bringing his arms up around Cody and returning the affection.

“Thank you…” he whispered, “… I think I needed to hear that.”

“I know…” Glancing at the hologram of Qui-Gon, Cody sighed, “… it wasn’t your fault… none of it.”

Sensing that the Commander wasn’t just talking about recent events, Obi-Wan nodded, his eyes misted slightly in grief.

“I know… but some days, it’s harder to believe than others.”
Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from Maeve.Pendergast: I have been following this story forever and I absolutely love it! What about some good old fashioned hurt/comfort? Maybe Obi-Wan is captured on a mission and is rescued months later, scarred in body and in mind. Nobody can get through to him except one person because he's too freaked out/agitated?

“You do not intimidate me Tyranus.” Sneered Obi-Wan, trying to remain strong as the Sith Lord strode closer, despite being cut off from the Force through the use of a Force collar, “No matter how powerful you think you are, you are still just- “

He was interrupted as Tyranus grabbed the collar of his tunic and shoved him against the wall, causing the younger Jedi to grunt. Before Obi-Wan could react, the Sith Lord cuffed his hands to the wall and smirked at how the Jedi tensed and struggled against the restraints.

“You are wrong Master Kenobi…” sneered Lord Tyranus, otherwise known as Count Dooku, “…with you by my side, I shall be more powerful than anyone could have ever imagined.”

“I’ll never join you.”

“Yes… you will. Eventually.”

As Tyranus leaned in, placing his fingers against the sides of Obi-Wan’s head, Obi-Wan’s struggles intensified.

There was a foreign sensation in his head…. Familiar to when Master Qui-Gon first initiated the Master-Padawan bond.

“Get out!” he muttered, grinding his teeth together as he tried to force the presence out, “Get out!”

“Just let me in Obi-Wan…” Dooku ordered, trying and failing to be soothing, “…it’ll hurt much less if you just let me in.”

“Never!”

“Then it will hurt… and you will learn.”

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Mace Windu frowned as they crept through the Sith hideout, hands clutching lightsabers as he and
Captain Rex’s team made their way through the corridors.

3 months.

It had been 3 entire months since Master Obi-Wan Kenobi fell out of contact with them during a stealth solo mission… and he hadn’t been seen or heard from since.

“Spread out…” ordered Windu, “… Attack formation Delta 5. I don’t want anyone getting past us without several blaster shots in their chest.”

“Yes Sir!”

The corridors were dark, and smelled strongly of bodily fluids, probably due to the number of bodies that got dragged from the cells, to the interrogation rooms… and sometimes back again.

Reaching out with the Force, Windu desperately searched for Obi-Wan’s signature…. Nothing. The same result that there had been for the last three months.

“Search every room.” He ordered, “I want General Kenobi found.” He didn’t want to say the obvious…. Dead or alive.

Going up the corridor, checking every room as they went, Mace grew more and more concerned when every search turned up negative results…. Maybe Obi-Wan wasn’t here anymore. Maybe Dooku had had him moved.

Very soon, the team had one door left.

Using the Force to slowly open the door, Mace cautiously eased into the deserted room… well, almost deserted.

Sitting in the corner, a vacant stare on his face and arms limp by his side… was Obi-Wan.

“Force help us.” Whispered Mace as he quickly scanned the room, tiptoeing over to the still form of his friend (hoping to avoid setting off any traps). “Obi-Wan…. Obi-Wan!”

Nothing.

The young Master was missing the top half of his tunic, meaning that exposed whip marks and Lightsaber burns were on show.

Uncharacteristically, Mace let out a furious curse (shocking the clone troopers behind him) and rushed over to the downed Jedi. “Obi-Wan… Obi-Wan say something.”

Nothing. Obi-Wan just stared blankly at his friend…. It put a meaning to the phrase ‘the lights are on, but no-one’s home.’

“We need to get him to the Healers. Now!” ordered Mace, lifting Obi-Wan into his arms, “Cover us!”

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“What do you mean there’s been no reaction?” demanded Mace as he and the rest of the council talked with the Healer, “You can’t have tried everything.”

“I’m afraid we have Master Windu…” sighed the Healer, “… even some of our most talented mind healers haven’t been able to do anything. The physical wounds were easily dealt with…. But we
have some disturbing suspicions that he may have been mind-raped… several times over the course of his captivity.”

The council all bowed their heads in grief.

To mind-rape a member of the Jedi Order was one of the cruellest acts that could ever be imagined. Because of their connection to the Force and their methods of communication, being mind-raped could cause a backlash which would cause a Jedi to shut down until their minds were sure that they were safe.

“Is there anything we can do?”

“…. We’re hoping a familiar voice might bring him back to himself. Is there anyone who may fit that criteria?”

Mace and Yoda glanced at each other in concern. With Anakin and Ashoka on a undercover mission that was crucial to the war, and Commander Cody leading a mission against the Separatists with another Jedi Master (whilst Obi-Wan was missing), there was hardly anyone else left who Obi-Wan was close enough to.

“Try, me and Master Windu should.” Sighed Master Yoda, “Successful, we may be.”

Privately, Mace disagreed. Whilst Master Kenobi was their colleague, many of the council didn’t have any personal dealing with him…. Well, none of them except Master Yoda.

It was worth a try.

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Nothing.

Obi-Wan still remained in an ‘awake coma’ state, staring blindly at the wall despite all efforts to make him talk.

“What should we do Master?” Mace asked Yoda, trying not to sound worried as they watched the Healers tend to Obi-Wan’s physical wounds, “Isn’t there anyone else we can try…. Maybe old holovids of Qui-Gon?”

“Tried that, we have…” Yoda sighed, “… no response, Obi-Wan had.”

“…. What about his old friends from his initiate and padawan years?”

“Claimed many lives, this war has…. With the Force, or on a mission, his friends are.”

“So that’s it then. There’s no-one else that we can bring in to help.”

There was a brief silence, before Yoda shook his head. “One more option, we do have. A last resort, it is.”

“Who?”

………………………………………………

“You have got to be joking Master Yoda…” muttered Mace as they headed up to the small building, “… Surely we can wait until one of Obi-Wan’s friends comes back from a mission?”
“Very little time, we have. Permanent, the condition may become.”

“…. But here?”

Master Yoda simply smiled mysteriously as a large Besalisk came out of the kitchen and beamed upon seeing them, his four arms open wide.

“Jedi Master!” announced Dex, “Come, come! There’s always a table for the Jedi! I’ll be with you in a moment!”

With their only other interaction with a Besalisk being with Pong Krell (who was one of the more solemn members of the order), getting such an enthusiastic greeting from the diner came as bit of a shock.

After seating themselves at the table, with the waitress quickly taking some drink orders, it didn’t take long for Dex to join them.

“Sorry about that gents…” he apologised, “… the lunch rush hour can take a lot out of us.”

Yoda nodded in understanding, having sent plenty of Padawan’s to work in the kitchens during lunchtime as a punishment. It was very effective in wearing them out.

“So…. What can I do for you gentleman?”

Glancing at each other, the Jedi pair silently decided that Mace would take the lead.

“I assume you heard the news that Master Obi-Wan Kenobi went missing almost three months ago?”

Dex nodded sadly.

“… Well, we found him.”

Almost immediately, the Besalisk’s face lit up. “Excellent! Is he alright?”

At the tense silence, Dex frowned, “He’s not- “

“Dead, he is not.” Interrupted Yoda, “But living, he is not either.”

Dex frowned in confusion, rolling his eyes slightly at the cryptic statement. “I remember Qui-Gon being exactly the same…” he muttered, “… Could never just tell me what the matter was. It all had to be in riddles.”

“So…. You’ve known Obi-Wan for a long time then?” Asked Mace, “Through his old Master.”

“Yep! I’ve known that kid since he was this high!” Dex held up his hand to indicate how tall Obi-Wan was, “He and his Master used to come in here all the time!”

“Do you think he’d recognise you?”

“… I hope so. What is this all about?”

Mace sighed wearily. “It appears as though whoever took Obi-Wan… was cruel and imposed one of the worst acts upon him. He’s broken…. He just sits there staring at a wall, having to fed through a tube. We have tried to wake him up, but nothing has worked so far… you’re our only hope.”

There was a brief silence, before Dex nodded in determination. “What do you need me to do?”
To say that the majority of the Order was surprised to see the large, slightly un-kempt Besalisk make his way through the corridors after Master Windu and Master Yoda would be an understatement.

Pong Krell was a rare visitor to the Temple, usually preferring to be on missions, so many of the initiates and younger padawans had never seen a Besalisk in real-life before.

Poor Dex seemed un-nerved by all the attention, but kept his head down and his two lower hands grabbing his bag until they reached the Healer’s Wing.

“Through that door, Obi-Wan is…” Stated Yoda, “…. Difficult, this may be.”

“Hey, Qui-Gon always insisted that if anything happened to him, I should take care of Obi-Wan…” Dex chuckled, “… hell, I even said that if your Order kicked the kid out, I’d take him in.”

Mace frowned at this, “You would have?”

“Yep…. He was so skinny, I could have really used to clean out the vents.”

Before the two Jedi could answer, Dex walked into Obi-Wan’s room and closed the door behind him.

………………………………………………………………..

“Oh kid….” Muttered Dex sadly as he stopped a metre away from the bed, “… what happened to you?”

Obi-Wan didn’t react, still staring at the wall as the Besalisk stepped closer.

“Those two masters told me that you’re doing this to protect yourself…. Shutting yourself away from everything so that you don’t break or say anything you shouldn’t…. but you’re safe now Obi-Wan. Listen to me. You. Are. Safe.”

There was no response, causing Dex to sigh wearily. “I figured that just speaking to you wouldn’t work…” Reaching into his bag, he pulled out a Tupperware box, “…. So, I brought this.”

As he cracked open the lid, the smell of freshly cooked meat and vegetables that had been boiled in stock and gravy filled the room. Dex took a deep breath in and sighed in satisfaction. “All they’ve tried to do is tell you you’re safe…” muttered the Besalisk, “…. But I bet they haven’t tried familiar smells.”

Pulling out a couple of utensils, Dex beamed at Oi-Wan. “If your favourite stew can’t pull you out of this, then nothing will!”

For around half an hour, there was silence, broken only by the sounds of the Besalisk eating his way through his own container of food.

“You’re missing out Obi-Wan…” he muttered, knowing that soon, the nurse would expect him to leave, “…. I don’t make this very often you know, not with how long it takes for the meat to cook just right…. I only ever really used to cook it when I knew you and your Master would be visiting.”

Dex sighed, “I do miss your Master you know…. He was always kind to me. He saved my life you know; did I ever tell you that story? It was long before he become a fancy Jedi Master and- “

There!
Dex stopped in the middle of his sentence and stared at Obi-Wan…. More specifically, the hand that just twitched.

“Obi-Wan?” he whispered, pulling himself closer and taking a hold of the younger man’s hand, “Obi-Wan, listen to me…. You’re safe now.”

The hand twitched again, accompanied by low murmuring as Obi-Wan started to blink wearily, his gaze becoming unfocused.

“Obi-Wan?”

“Mmmmmm…. Dex?”

Dex thought his face was going to split in half from the force of his grin. “Yeah…. Yeah it’s me?”

With the blank stare gone, Obi-Wan was clearly confused as to where he was and he glanced around.

“Where- How- “

“- You’re back at the Jedi Temple…” Dex muttered soothingly, “…. Giving everyone grey hairs with worry.”

“O-oh, I-I’m sorry I- “

“- It’s not your fault Obi-Wan. None of this is your fault.”

It took a while, but Obi-Wan eventually nodded, twisting around to smile at Dex. “Thank you… I-I don’t know how I’m ever going to- “

“- Forget it Obi-Wan. You just focus on getting better.”

“…. Can you stay here? Don’t think I haven’t smelt that stew.”

“Kid…. They’d have to drag me away.”
Chapter 9 AU

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :) 

Prompt from SpencerBrown: So, I love the idea of Qui being alive during the Hardeen mission. 
So, what if Qui had come along when Anakin and Ashoka went after the escaped prisoners? In the duel, Obi had to use all his skills to keep Anakin and Ashoka safe, without blowing his cover. And even then he almost gave himself away. 
What if the duel went differently? What if he wasn't able to pull off the balancing act, and was forced to choose between protecting his family, or the mission? How far would he go, and how much danger would he be willing to put himself in, to protect the people he loves? And what might be the consequences?

Qui-Gon sighed wearily. It had been almost three days since Rako Hardeen, Cad Bane and Moralo Eval had escaped the prison…and he had spent each and every day with Commander Cody. Partly so that he would have company (especially as both Mace and Yoda were avoiding him and Anakin wasn’t speaking to him) and partly to try and stop Cody from going on a vigilante mission and stopping Hardeen himself.

As Cody was regaling him with the tale of how Obi-Wan had saved the 212th battalion by taking control of some gutkurs on Ryloth, Qui-Gon’s communicator beeped and Mace Windu’s hologram popped up. “Qui-Gon. We have a situation.”

Qui-Gon frowned suspiciously, “What have you got planned Mace?”

Qui-Gon frowned, “You’ve not managed to find Rako Hardeen?” At the mention of Obi-Wan’s murderer, Qui-Gon noticed a flash of anger in Cody’s eyes.

Windu sighed, “No…we know where he is….but now, so does Anakin. He’s on his way there now.”

“You sent him after the man?! Anakin will kill him!”

Ignoring Cody’s mutter of “Let him…” Windu shook his head. “The council weren’t the ones who sent him. Chancellor Palpatine decided that by sending Anakin after the bounty hunters, the situation would be resolved much faster and the attack on him may not take place.”

“He has a point…”

“No!” ordered Windu, a worried look on his face, “Anakin must not kill Rako Hardeen!”

Qui-Gon frowned suspiciously, “What have you got planned Mace?”
Ignoring the question, Mace continued. “We need you to travel to Nal Hutta and stop Anakin from going too far. Take Commander Cody with you.”

Before Qui-Gon could say anything else, Windu signed off, leaving the pair in confused silence. “He seemed very insistent that Anakin not kill Hardeen…” began Cody, “…what possible good could it do to keep him alive?”

Qui-Gon thought to himself for a few moments, before shaking his head. “There is no possible good…. and whilst Anakin must not deliberately kill Rako Hardeen, the Council didn’t mention anything about an unfortunate accident occurring.”

Cody was obviously surprised by the callous tone in the Jedi Master’s voice…. And yet, he could see his point. One wrong movement on a rooftop and Rako Hardeen would no longer be a problem…. Let him suffer the way Obi-Wan must have suffered in those last moments.

“What are we going to do?” he asked.

There was a brief silence, before Qui-Gon grabbed his communicator. “I’ll have Anakin and Ashoka wait for us in Nal Hutta. With the four of us, Rako Hardeen won’t be able to hold out for long.”

“And the council?”

“… The less they know, the better.”

Having received Qui-Gon’s message and the hidden message within, Anakin and Ashoka were waiting for him and Cody when they arrived on Nal Hutta.

“You’re in luck…” Anakin stated, “… he hasn’t left yet. We’ve hired a larger transport that can carry all of us. Shall we?”

The atmosphere inside the transport was tense as they all seemed to realise what they were planning on doing… and yet, none of them could find it in themselves to feel regret.

Obi-Wan might not have approved, but he wasn’t here right now… because of Rako Hardeen.

As they approached a public hanger and spaceport, Ashoka suddenly gestured out of the window. “Look! It’s Cad Bane!”

“Are you sure?”

“Who else wears a hat like that?”

“Good point.”

As the large transport carrier took off, Anakin was close behind, nudging into the back of it in an attempt to cause a crash.

Knowing Anakin’s driving style, it wouldn’t take long.

“What now?!”

“Jedi!”
At Cad Bane’s sneer, Obi-Wan felt his chest tighten slightly. Judging by the flying style, he knew exactly who was at the controls.

‘Dammit Anakin’ he thought to himself, wincing slightly as the ship rocked from side to side, ‘What are you doing!’

…………………………………..

“Take control…” Anakin ordered Ashoka, moving to the back doors of their ship, “… me and Master Jinn can bring it down.”

Knowing what Anakin was planning, Qui-Gon gestured for Cody to sit in the pilot passenger seat. Together, he and Anakin opened the back doors as their ship hovered over the other.

“After three…” ordered Qui-Gon, “One- “

“- Three!” Anakin yelled, leaping onto the front of the ship, closely followed by Qui-Gon (who rolled his eyes at Anakin’s recklessness).

………………………………………………………..

Obi-Wan resisted the urge to curse when he saw his old Master and his ex-student land on the front of their ship.

“I’ll take care of them…” he blurted out, hoping to quickly deal with the pair in order to continue to mission without any problems.

However, before he could leave, Cad Bane grabbed him by the shirt and forced him back to his seat. “No! it’s my turn to kill a Jedi!”

Obi-Wan knew that he couldn’t fight against Cad Bane… not without drawing suspicion to himself. He knew that Cad Bane would never be able to take on both Qui-Gon and Anakin by himself, and he couldn’t let himself be taken into jail once again… not when they were so close.

Swiftly, he decided to try and sway the vehicle from side to side, hoping to knock the two Jedi off….

It didn’t work.

Neither did firing lasers at the pipes up ahead to create smoke and explosions as a distraction.

And then he had an idea.

Spotting an arched pipe further up ahead, Obi-Wan aimed the ship towards it, flying through the looped hole and suddenly pulling it up in the air, meaning that Ashoka couldn’t do anything except fly straight into them.

The sudden impact knocked Cad Bane and the two Jedi off of the ship, sending them crashing down to the rocky ground below. Unfortunately, this manoeuvre also ensured that the two ships crashed as well.

Wincing in pain, Obi-Wan slowly pushed himself to his feet, his eyes widening in alarm. “Anakin… Master.” He whispered to himself, running out of the door.

Dust surrounded the area, having risen up into the air from the force of the crashes. Armed only with his blaster, Obi-Wan remained cautious…. He was wearing the face of his ‘killer’ after all.
Suddenly, he caught movement from the side of him as Anakin came bursting through the dust and
tackled him, sending them both rolling off a ledge and to the lower ground below. Anakin was
closely followed by Qui-Gon.

“You’re going to pay for what you did!” snarled Anakin, lunging at the supposed killer once again
and trying to wrap his hands around Obi-Wan’s neck.

“Y-You shouldn’t have gotten involved!” Obi-Wan snarled, his voice strained as he desperately tried
to remain in character… and survive the vicious attack.

As soon as he managed to get out of Anakin’s grip, something unseen propelled him against the
stone wall of the ledge above. Once the black dots faded away from his vision, Obi-Wan could see
Qui-Gon standing opposite, his hands outstretched as he continued to use the Force to keep his ex-
padawan’s ‘killer’ in place.”

‘Hypocrite...’ Obi-Wan thought to himself as he resisted the urge to use his own grip on the Force to
get free, ‘… I’m sure this is an inappropriate use of the Force!’

But what Qui-Gon said next, made Obi-Wan grow pale.

“Make it quick Anakin...” the Master muttered, “… It needs to look accidental.”

As Obi-Wan watched in alarm, Anakin ignited his lightsabre, raising it in the air in order to deliver a
killing blow.

Thankfully (and Obi-Wan never thought he would say this in conjunction to Cad Bane), the other
bounty hunter used his whip to trap Anakin’s arms to his chest, and knock the lightsabre from his
hands.

“You can thank me later!” Cad Bane snarled, flying backwards and dragging Anakin with him.

Qui-Gon released his hold on Obi-Wan, rushing over to try and help Anakin.

“You’ve had you turn to try and kill him...” continued Cad Bane, “… now it’s my turn!”

Qui-Gon clearly disagreed, using his lightsabre to slice the ropes that held Anakin, enabling the
younger Jedi to backflip himself to freedom and kick Cad Bane in the face. From there, he
summoned his weapon to him and blocked the blaster shots Cad Bane was firing at him.

Obi-Wan was now having his own problems.

Now that he knew that Anakin was safe and out of harm, Qui-Gon had launched on the attack,
leaping at Obi-Wan and forcing him back against the ledge wall. Ideally, Obi-Wan would have
preferred to get Anakin away from Cad Bane, knocking his ex-student out so that he could continue
his undercover work.

Qui-Gon wasn’t going to allow this though.

Knowing that he couldn’t use all of his skills that he’d learned during his time in the Order, Obi-Wan
found himself on his back very quickly, with Qui-Gon’s lightsabre inches from his unprotected
throat.

“I wish it didn’t have to come to this...” Qui-Gon sighed, keeping his eyes on his ex-padawan’s
‘killer’, “… but I can’t let you go through with this plan. Not if more people are going to die at your
hands.”
Obi-Wan was pinned to the ground, faced with only two decisions.

One…. He could get out of the awkward situation and keep on going with the mission…. but seriously injure his old Master in the process.

Two…. He could save his life, but reveal himself in the process, therefore ending the mission and risking the lives of hundreds.

There was only one choice really.

Before Qui-Gon could deliver the killing blow, Obi-Wan used to Force to pull a blade from his boot and flung it at Qui-Gon’s shoulder.

The lightsabre blade disappeared as Qui-Gon dropped the weapon in pain and shock, his other hand flying to his injured shoulder.

Those few seconds of confusion and pain were all that Obi-Wan needed.

Kicking his Master’s feet out from under him, he quickly pinned the older man to the ground.

“Master…” he whispered as he got Qui-Gon into a chokehold, “… do not follow me. I need to do this in order to save everyone. I’m sorry.”

As Qui-Gon fell limp, Obi-Wan realised him and raced off to help Cad Bane…. Ignoring the shocked whisper of “Obi-Wan…” from behind him.
AU of the Chapter 9 AU

Chapter Notes

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Prompt from Maeve.Pendergast: I need more of the Chapter 9 AU! What if Anakin and Qui-Gon succeed in their plan to 'kill' Rako only to have Rako barely survive and be revealed as Obi-Wan? How will they handle the guilt of knowing they tried (and nearly succeeded) to kill their best friend? Will Obi-Wan forgive them?

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Two…. He could save his life, but reveal himself in the process, therefore ending the mission and risking the lives of hundreds.

There was only one choice really…. Or so Obi-Wan thought.

Before he could use the Force to remove a knife from his boot, Obi-Wan felt all his limbs pinned to the ground through Qui-Gon’s own use of the Force. As Qui-Gon moved the blade of the lightsabre to just over Obi-Wan’s heart, the younger Jedi knew he had to do something.

But he couldn’t reveal his identity…. Not when so many lives were at stake.

There was a tense silence, punctured only by the sounds of Cad Bane and Anakin fighting, as Qui-Gon stared down at his ex-padawan’s ‘killer’…. Until Qui-Gon disengaged his lightsabre and took a step back.

“You have almost made me lose myself…” whispered the Jedi Master, “… in my grief I have come close to succumbing to the Dark Side… and yet, I can’t let you get away with killing Obi-Wan.”

This would have been a perfect chance for Obi-Wan to reveal his identity…. But he didn’t.

Instead, the Force pressure from his limbs disappeared, allowing him to push himself to his feet. However, before he could do anything, the green lightsabre was back at his neck as Qui-Gon moved forwards, forcing him back towards the edge of the ledge.

Once Obi-Wan was one step away from falling to his death, Qui-Gon stopped, keeping his lightsabre in position. “Jump.”

Obi-Wan frowned, glancing between the lightsabre and the unseen ground. “I-I beg your pardon?”

The words didn’t really fit in with Rako Hardeen’s personality, which is probably why Qui-Gon paused for a brief second…. Only for a brief time though, as the steely look appeared in the older Master’s eyes once again.

“I said jump…” He sighed, slight regret on his face, “… You can’t be allowed to continue on this path… you are a threat and you need to be stopped.”

“So, you want me to jump off the ledge?!?” Obi-Wan couldn’t believe this was happening, “I-I thought Jedi were against cold-blooded murder!”

“It won’t be murder though…. I’m not pushing you off the edge, you are going to jump willingly.”

Obi-Wan glanced over to where Cad Bane was battling Anakin and Ashoka…. His rocket boots would be really helpful right about now.

“Jump.”

“…. Do you honestly feel comfortable doing this?”
Again, not exactly what Rako Hardeen would say, but Obi-Wan was starting to panic now.

“I raised Obi-Wan from the age of thirteen…. And you murdered him for what? Your reputation? For an adrenaline rush?”

Qui-Gon’s voice cracked a little, but the older Master quickly cleared his throat.

“No matter… Jump Mister Hardeen…. Maybe you’ll survive, but I rather doubt it.”

Obi-Wan should really have revealed his identity at this point…. And looking back, he wished he had.

As Qui-Gon took another step forwards, Obi-Wan couldn’t help but take another step backwards in alarm…. Just as the rock under his foot broke away from the main ledge.

With a startled cry, he fell backwards, shocked eyes catching sight of Master Qui-Gon’s alarmed face and his partially out-stretched hand.

If the Jedi Master had had a change of heart, it was too late now.

Desperately trying to grab onto the rough side of the cliff in order to stop his fall, Obi-Wan yelped in pain as the sharp rocks sliced through his clothing and cut his skin. As he continued to try and grab the edge, unwilling to use the force to slow his fall, he yelped in pain as his shoulder dislocated under the force.

With one arm useless, Obi-Wan continued to fall…. Until finally, he landed on another ledge almost 30 feet below the one he’d fallen off.

Aching, with blood slowly oozing out of his wounds and the blackness creeping into his vision, Obi-Wan reached for his hidden communicator.

“This is Master Obi-Wan Kenobi…” he grunted, pain evident in his voice, “… I seem to have run into a slight complication.”

………………………………………………

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Please! Do not kill Moralo Eval!” snivelled the bounty hunter, trembling as he surrendered.

“Take him and Bane into custody, and make sure the Chancellor is returned safely to the palace.” Ordered Mace, watching as Anakin and Qui-Gon grabbed the snivelling coward and dragged him towards the speeder. As the bounty hunter was loaded into the speeder, Qui-Gon couldn’t help but overhear Mace’s next words as the Jedi Master spoke into his communicator.

“Your information paid off Obi-Wan. You did a good job…. what have the healers said?”

Qui-Gon thought he was going to pass out… he couldn’t have heard that correctly.

Could he?

Anakin appeared to have heard the same however, as he stormed over to Mace. “Obi-Wan?” he growled, “Tell me we didn’t just hear you say Obi-Wan.”

There was a brief silence, before Mace sighed. “Now that everything is over, I don’t see any harm in telling you. Obi-Wan was not killed by Rako Hardeen.”
“What?!”

Master Windu shook his head. “No. The council came to a decision, that in order to find out Moralo Eval’s plot, Obi-Wan would need to go undercover as a prominent bounty hunter. As Rako Hardeen. Once the original was captured, Obi-Wan took his place.”

Qui-Gon felt like he was going to be sick as Mace continued.

“Unfortunately, due to some complications, Obi-Wan was unable to continue with the mission. Thankfully, he had the good sense to put a tracker/recording device on Cad Bane in case anything happened to him.”

“W-what happened to him?” Qui-Gon asked.

“During a ship crash, he was knocked out of the ship and fell into the ravine down below. He had several lacerations to his hands and legs, one broken right leg, a severe concussion and bruising all over his body. He’s lucky he didn’t die.”

Qui-Gon felt like he was going to pass out at this point.

Jump…. He’d told his ex-padawan, his foster son, to jump.

Force forgive him.

“I’m sorry we didn’t tell the pair of you…” Mace apologised to Anakin and Qui-Gon, “… but it needed to be kept secret for the good of the mission.”

Anakin clearly wasn’t happy with the apology, but Qui-Gon couldn’t think about that. “Can we see him?” he asked, some desperation in his voice, “I assume he’s in the med-bay?”

There was a brief moment of silence as Mace scanned his old friend from head to toe, as though searching for something. Whatever he was looking for, he didn’t seem to find as the Jedi Council Member nodded in understanding. “Yes, he is. I’ll arrange for a transport to take you back to Coruscant immediately…. And I am sorry Qui-Gon.”

“Not as much as I am…” Qui-Gon muttered under his breath, bowing to Mace and heading in the direction of the docks.

He needed to see Obi-Wan.

The Jedi Temple’s med-bay was quiet, meaning that Obi-Wan’s voice could be clearly heard above the beeping of various machines.

Qui-Gon had to go and see the council before he could go anywhere near the med-bay (which neither of them were very happy about), but now that he was free, he was practically running down the corridor towards his desired location.

When he walked into the room, Qui-Gon almost took a step back in shock.

Obi-Wan was practically covered in bacta patches, chuckling at Cody, who was seated on the edge of the bed.

The clone was unaware of the decision Qui-Gon had come to, and merely thought that what happened to Obi-Wan was purely an accident.
The pair seemed to have reconciled very quickly.

When he spotted his ex-master, Obi-Wan fell silent, prompting Cody to turn around.

“Oh!” the clone muttered, quickly getting to his feet, “I-I’ll leave you two alone.”

Before anyone could say otherwise, Cody rushed out of the room, leaving the Jedi alone.

A tense silence filled the air, before Obi-Wan tried to give him a reassuring smile. “I think I should thank you…” he chuckled, “… spending so much time around Cad Bane was starting to give me a headache.”

Qui-Gon smiled at the familiar dry wit, resisting the urge to run over to the bed, instead choosing to walk over and seat himself on the edge.

“I hear the Chancellor is safe…” continued Obi-Wan, “… I suppose that’s all that matters.”

Qui-Gon disagreed, and made sure to say so. “I almost killed you…” he hissed, “… Surely that is more important?!”

“You were doing your job Master…” Obi-Wan gently placed his hand on Qui-Gon’s hand, “… I can’t fault you for that…. Where’s Anakin?”

“He’s still acting as security for the Chancellor in case Darth Tyranus tries to finish the plot himself.”

“Odd for the council to allow that?”

“The Chancellor insisted Anakin was all the security he needed.”

Obi-Wan rolled his eyes, “That sounds about right. The Chancellor has always been fond of Anakin.”

Scanning his ex-padawan from head to toe, Qui-Gon couldn’t help but sigh. “You look terrible.”

Obi-Wan chuckled, “Being a criminal is not easy work…. Neither is falling down a rocky cliff face.”

“If I’d known what was going on, I could have helped you…. Too bad the Council didn’t trust me”

The last part was muttered under his breath, but Obi-Wan still clearly heard it, if the guilty look on his face was anything to go by.

“Master…” sighed Obi-Wan, hesitating as he placed a gentle hand on Qui-Gon’s shoulder, “…it was my decision to keep the truth from you. I knew if you were convinced I was dead, Tyranus would believe it as well.”

“Your decision?!”

“Look, I know I did some questionable things, but I did what I had to do.” Obi-Wan frantically tried to explain, “I hope you can understand that.”

There was a brief moment of tense silence before Qui-Gon shook his head, a disappointed look on his face. “I should be angry at you… you didn’t trust me, and if you had told me then you might have never ended up in the med-bay.” Before Obi-Wan could even think about protesting, Qui-Gon shook his head. “But I know your injuries can’t be blamed on you…. I alone was responsible for them. I was the one who forced you back off that ledge… and all because I was consumed with revenge.”
Obi-Wan sighed at this, gently tugging on Qui-Gon’s sleeve until the man shuffled closer. Once Qui-Gon was close enough, the younger Jedi pulled his ex-Master into a hug. “I forgive you Master…. Can you forgive me?”

“There’s nothing to forgive Obi-Wan, I’m just happy you’re alive.”
Chapter Notes

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Please read and review :)  

Prompt from SpencerBrown: After Chapter 28, when the mission is over and the Chancellor is safe, a guilty Obi will have to face up to Qui and apologize. I know you did a similar scene in Chapter 10, but how different would it be without Dooku to intervene, and Obi-Wan blaming himself for hurting his master? How long would it take Qui to forgive him?  

Me and SpencerBrown have agreed to have an unforgiving Anakin instead of Qui-Gon, so please enjoy

“So, the Chancellor was almost killed….” Sighed Qui-Gon as he sat by Obi-Wan’s bedside, “…. Thank the Force Anakin was watching over him, or we might have had a serious political issue on our hands.”

“Where is Anakin now?”

“He should be coming back here…” Qui-Gon sighed, “… I accidentally let it slip that it was your choice not to tell us about the undercover mission.”

“Ah… I imagine he’s not happy.” Obi-Wan shrugged, “I can’t say I blame him.”

Qui-Gon frowned at this.

Obi-Wan often did this…. When he would do something that his Master or someone else he cared about disagreed with, the young Jedi would start feeling guilty. He would feel guilty and then he would shut himself away from the rest of the world until the feelings were dispersed into the Force.

Qui-Gon had a feeling he hadn’t helped during their early days of being a Master and Padawan team.

“Obi-Wan…” he sighed, taking a hold of the younger Jedi’s hand, “… you are not the only one to blame for this. The council should take some of the blame.”

“Hmnm.”

Before Qui-Gon could say anything else, there was the sound of footsteps echoing in the corridors, heading straight for the room. Seconds later, Anakin burst into the room and instantly, his gaze locked onto the injured Obi-Wan.

“You lied to me…” Anakin hissed, “How many other lies have I been told by the Council?”
“Anakin, calm down.” Ordered Qui-Gon, who was glancing between the two.

In the face of Anakin’s anger, Obi-Wan seemed to shrink slightly, as though trying to appear smaller (which technically he was) and more submissive.

Anakin’s anger had always been bad. After around ten years of slavery and his Mother giving him everything (well, almost everything), he found it difficult to adjust to the Jedi way of life, often lashing out when he found something unfair or when he was told not to tinker with the Temple droids.

It hadn’t been this bad for a very long time though.

“He lied to us Master!” Anakin yelled, “He decided a mission was more important than us, than people who care about him!”

“It’s not that simple Anakin. Obi-Wan had to make the choice between our distress and hundreds, possibly thousands, of innocent lives!”

“He could have gone undercover without having to lie to us! All it would have taken was a quick message, and we could have continued to act as though he had died!”

Obi-Wan shook his head, “We couldn’t take that chance. The bounty hunters had to believe that I was dead, through your grief. If Darth Tyranus even suspected that I was alive, the entire mission was at risk of failing and the chances of getting another opportunity like that was slim.”

“So, you lied to me! To us!”

The silence that filled the room said it all, and Anakin knew it.

“I assume Cody knows…” he hissed, “… considering the fact that you lied to him as well.”

“Cody is aware that I’m alive, yes.”

“Great… that’s just great.”

Fed up of Anakin’s barely contained anger, Qui-Gon got to his feet. “Anakin… think about this like a true Jedi. Obi-Wan’s role in this mission was a key factor in the safety of the Chancellor. I know you care for the man, so think about that.”

“I do care about him but-“

“- but nothing. The Chancellor plays an important part in this war, and without Obi-Wan’s help, the Separatists might have had an advantage in this war… forget that, they would have had an advantage.”

“It didn’t matter!” Anakin groaned, “Because Darth Tyranus went after him anyway. I was there to stop that one and I did it without having to pretend that I was dead!”

“Anakin, control yourself!”

With Anakin clearly preparing to continue arguing, Obi-Wan finally spoke up. “I understand Anakin…” he sighed, stopping his ex-padawan in his tracks, “… Whilst I haven’t gone through the death of a Master, I almost did on Naboo, remember? Qui-Gon almost died, and I felt exactly the same anger you feel right now after that Sith Lord fatally injured him.”

“It’s not the same Obi-Wan!”
“I know… you actually thought I was dead, whereas I was merely worried about the prospect of Qui-Gon dying.”

Qui-Gon sat back on the bed and took a hold of Obi-Wan’s hands once again, as his ex-padawan continued.

“I don’t want you to think the worst of me Anakin…” Obi-Wan sighed, “… and yes, maybe I made the wrong decision. Maybe I should have told you… the both of you, and then maybe- “

“- you wouldn’t have fallen off the edge of a ledge and broken almost every bone in your body?”

At Qui-Gon’s teasing, Obi-Wan just rolled his eyes, nodding slightly in agreement.

The reference to Obi-Wan’s almost-death seemed to re-ignite Anakin’s anger, as he flushed bright red, opening his mouth to continue his rant.

“I care about you Anakin…”

Anakin stopped in his tracks.

“… I know sometimes it might not seem like it…” sighed Obi-Wan, his eyes not meeting Anakin’s, “… but I do care about you. And I know that I’ve hurt you by thinking of the mission over you… I just hope that you can forgive me.”

Silence.

Qui-Gon glanced between the two. Obi-Wan (having had his beard shaved off when he went undercover) looked like a kicked puppy… and nobody could resist the kicked puppy look, especially not Anakin or Qui-Gon.

Slowly, Anakin made his way over and sat in the chair next to the bed. “… I’m really not happy with you Master…” he sighed wearily, “… but I don’t think this situation is all your fault. The council knew you had people who would miss you and they went along with the plan…. I forgive you, but I don’t know if I can forgive them.”

Obi-Wan chose to remain silent, despite frowning at Anakin’s negative statement against the council. Eventually however, he sighed. “Thank you… I think that’s the last time I’ll do any undercover work. It seems to be more effort than it’s really worth.”

“How long do you have until you can leave?”

“I think I could leave now… the Healers disagree.”

Anakin and Qui-Gon chuckled at the familiarity of it. Obi-Wan was always a handful when he was forced to stay in the Med-Bay.

“They are keeping you alive and well little one…” Qui-Gon scolded gently, “… I think some time away from the war and missions will do you some good.”

“Consider this your punishment…” continued Anakin, “… It’s like that saying you like… something about beds and making them?”

“… You’ve made you bed, now lie in it?”

“That’s the one!”
“Great… just great.”
Early Days (Fits into Canon universe)

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from NabooRose: I don’t know if this prompt fits in with this story, but maybe something from the beginning of Obi-Wan’s apprenticeship with Qui-Gon? With lots of angst?

“Again.”

Obi-Wan resisted the urge to roll his eyes and supressed a groan.

Not for the first time, he thinks he might have been better off on Bandomeer. At least there, he wouldn’t have had to go through the same three katas over and over again. There would be no disappointed lectures, no stern voice criticising every little thing that he did.

More importantly, there would be no Qui-Gon.

Yes, Obi-Wan had wanted to be a Jedi ever since he was a youngling, but despite saving Qui-Gon’s life and becoming the Master’s padawan, Obi-Wan still felt like he was a waste of space in Qui-Gon’s eyes.

Maybe one day, Qui-Gon would praise him when he did well in his studies. Maybe he would be permitted to go on missions with him someday… then he’ll get to show Qui-Gon that he can be a good padawan.

And maybe, just maybe Qui-Gon will finally stop comparing him to his first padawan.

..............................................................................................................................
“Obi-Wan! Get back here!”

Qui-Gon’s voice followed him, but he didn’t care. He had no intention of speaking to either him or Tahl for the foreseeable future. Instead, he took sanctuary in his room, locking the door behind him (breaking one of Qui-Gon’s rules).

He knew that Tahl and his Master could easily get in if they wanted, but for the moment, silence filled the small apartment.

Obi-Wan slid down the door, resting his head against the cool metal. It was insanely frustrating to live here, always clashing with his own Master. It was only now, months after he became Qui-Gon’s padawan, that he realised just how different he and his Master truly were.

Maybe too different.

Obi-Wan had no idea how he and Qui-Gon could ever have a successful Master-Padawan relationship if the older man kept shutting him out. He’d seen Master-Padawan relationships where it seemed more like a parent-child relationship, and the Force practically sang with joy around them.

Their relationship was, and probably would never be, anything like that. They seemed to disagree on everything, Qui-Gon wouldn’t take him on any missions and Obi-Wan felt like he could do nothing right.

From the living room, he could hear raised voices.

“Was that really necessary Qui-Gon?” Tahl sounded exhausted, as she always did when she tried to fix the relationship between the pair.

“I have explained and shown that kata to Obi-Wan countless times. Yet time and time again, he makes a silly mistake and grows frustrated instead of expelling those feelings into the Force. He’s insolent and rude, and somehow it’s all my fault – again!”

Obi-Wan couldn’t resist placing his ear against the door, trying to hear everything that was happening.
Tahl let out a frustrated sigh before starting again, “You are a Jedi Master, you are not a padawan yourself. You need to be more patient, especially as you did reject him less than five months ago. He’s a boy and he’s having trouble adjusting to your flippant attitude…. Your wrong attitude by the way.”

Obi-Wan couldn’t help but flinch. Master Qui-Gon was not going to like that.

“He’s not a boy! He’s thirteen years old and he’s the one with the wrong attitude”! He’s reckless, arrogant and yes, I rejected him at first, because I believed he wouldn’t make a good Jedi!”

Silence filled the apartment for a moment, “And I think I was right Tahl… if Obi-Wan continues to act like this, he will never make a good Jedi.”

Qui-Gon’s voice boomed throughout the apartment and Obi-Wan was certain that the neighbours would hear him. But he knew that Qui-Gon wasn’t the type to care about being overheard.

“Let’s remember who the adult is here, hmm?” sighed Tahl, “You should be setting a good example and not acting like this.”

“He’s acting like an initiate at the age of thirteen, why doesn’t that bother you?”

Obi-Wan sighed and moved towards his bed, already feeling the tears threatening to fall. This seemed to be a daily occurrence. Nothing he did pleased his Master. He was always messing up, a constant disappointment in Qui-Gon’s eyes.

It was moments like these when Obi-Wan couldn’t help but repeat every negative thing his Master had ever said about him in his head, thinking about them over and over again. All he really wanted was Qui-Gon approval, but it never came.

That’s when he’d start to imagine being chosen by a different Master… imagining how different his life would be. Maybe he would have been taken on as a padawan at a much earlier age. He imagined having his braid gently tugged as his Master teased and praised him. That Master wouldn’t raise his voice in anger or continuously berate him.
Life would be easier if it happened that way.

At last, he gave in and let his tears fall freely. He was safe in his room and wouldn’t feel bad about crying openly. After a while, his eyes bloodshot and head heavy, he found his way under the warmth of his bedspread and quickly fell asleep.

Obi-Wan woke to a light rapping on his door. He groaned and rolled over, pulling the blanket over his head.

“Obi-Wan, it is time for dinner.”

Tahl’s voice made him groan again. His head still felt heavy and his eyes burned.

“Not hungry.” He muttered as he yawned.

It wasn’t the truth though. He was starving; now that he was awake, he could feel his stomach rumble. But he didn’t want to go out and face his parents.

“Obi-Wan, you need to eat. Open the door please.” Tahl’s voice was composed, but Obi-Wan could tell that she was stressed out from being the constant referee between her friend and his padawan.

“Obi-Wan, please just open the door.” Tahl pleaded once again and Obi-Wan couldn’t help but unlock the door for her.

He didn’t even bother to remove himself from the bed. He simply reached out with the Force, preparing to use it to open the lock. “It’s just you, right?”

“Yes, it’s just me.”

Obi-Wan used the Force to turn the lock until it clicked, and Tahl opened the door, a small smile on her face.
“There now.” Tahl closed the door behind her and looked into Obi-Wan’s face for the first time since the argument from the afternoon. Obi-Wan knew his eyes must still be read, and his face puffy, surely sticking out prominently against his pale skin.

Tahl crossed the few steps towards the bed and Obi-Wan moved over to give her a spot to sit. Tahl adjusted herself on the small bed, her back against the headboard as she placed her arm around Obi-Wan’s shoulders, pulling the teenager close. “You know Qui-Gon doesn’t mean-“

“You always say he doesn’t mean it, but he wouldn’t say it if he didn’t mean it. He’s not like that.” Obi-Wan mumbled as he stared blankly at his feet.

Tahl sighed and ran her fingers through her hair. “Qui-Gon gets a bit tense at this time of the year, with Xanatos and everything. You just have to keep your head down and-“

“-Tense at this time of the year? He never stops being tense, he never stops acting like that!” He whipped his head around and looked at Tahl, frustration in his voice. “You always take his side and-“

“-Do not interrupt me.” Tahl’s voice was firm and commanded Obi-Wan’s attention, “I am not taking any sides. You both have your reasons. You were disrespectful and he overreacted. He said some things that he shouldn’t have said, and I’ve already talked to him about it.”

Obi-Wan resisted the urge to growl in anger as Tahl used the ‘parenting voice’ on him. “I don’t want to be his padawan anymore.”

“You don’t mean that, you’re just upset.” Tahl removed her arm from around Obi-Wan’s shoulders and silence fell between the two for a moment. Obi-Wan could tell that Tahl was at a loss for words slightly.

Tahl was getting up to leave when the door slid open and Qui-Gon entered.

“We’re coming Qui-Gon, don’t worry.”

“I want to have a few words with Obi-Wan.” Qui-Gon’s voice was placid, no longer holding any
more disappointment.

“No Qui-Gon…” Tahl shook her head and pinched the bridge of her nose, “… I don’t think that’s the best idea right now.”

“Yes, and I’m sure you have your reasons, but I feel this is necessary. He is my padawan after all.”

“I don’t want to be your padawan anymore.” Obi-Wan whispered, not looking his Master in the face.

Tahl groaned, but before she could say anything, Qui-Gon stepped forward and glanced down, his brow creased. “Tahl, would you please give us a moment?”

Glancing between the two, Tahl caught Obi-Wan’s eyes. “I’ll just be in the living room if you need anything.” She stood close to Qui-Gon and whispered in his ear, “He’s a bit stressed. Try to be nice alright?”

Tahl and Qui-Gon locked eyes.

“Tahl… please.” Qui-Gon gestured to the door.

“Hmmm, I will go and warm up dinner.”

When Tahl left, Obi-Wan felt an overwhelming urge to run from the room. But he knew he was going to stand his ground, regardless of what his Master said.

Qui-Gon pulled up a chair from the nearby desk and sat on it. He folded his hands over his lap and the two stared at each other for several minutes in silence.

“Pardon me Master, but if you’re not going to say anything, may I go and have my dinner?”

Qui-Gon quirked an eyebrow, “You’re not going anywhere. You want to know what I’m going to say…. You’re curious.”
Begrudgingly, Obi-Wan shrugged his shoulders and removed the blanket from his boy, swinging his legs over the edge so that he was face to face with the man that he called ‘Master’.

Qui-Gon studied Obi-Wan for a few seconds before starting. “When we first started this partnership, I never thought we would be so at odds. I don’t know how to communicate with you properly… and this has affected you.”

Qui-Gon stopped, and Obi-Wan stared. He didn’t believe what he was hearing… what angle was Qui-Gon working from. Did he honestly want to make nice or was he just luring the teen into a false sense of security?

“You say, that you no longer wish to be my padawan- “

“- I don’t…. not anymore.”

Qui-Gon titled Obi-Wan’s chin upwards with an elegant finger, his eyes widening. “We went through the ceremony.”

“That’s just a formality, it doesn’t mean that the Master-Padawan relationship is going to work.” Obi-Wan’s lips pressed firmly together as he watched Qui-Gon.

“I don’t want to be your Padawan anymore…” he repeated, pushing on, “… you don’t trust me and you probably never will.” His throat tightened as he said the one last thing he always kept buried in him, ashamed, “I’m not what you want.”

Tear formed in his eyes again, but he was determined not to be weak in front of Qui-Gon. He pushed the feelings into the Force, but he could tell that his Master had noticed his eyes watering over.

When Qui-Gon spoke again, his voice was soft, a fierce determined look on his face, and Obi-Wan knew in that moment, that whatever Qui-Gon was going to say, he wanted Obi-Wan to believe it completely. “I’ve sat with you in the Healers Wing when you were injured during a sparring match. I was there when you had your first flying lesson. I have helped you with your homework. I have been to every sparring match over the last few months, since you became my padawan. I don’t have to do it. I want to do it, because I am your Master and you are my chosen student!”
Qui-Gon’s voice raised on those last words and Obi-Wan looked away, biting on his lower lip.

“I am aware that I’ve not been the best Master to you….” Qui-Gon said coolly, but then paused, as if debating mentally what he should say next, “…. And I know that I don’t tell you the things that I… perhaps should.”

Those last words were said carefully, as if relinquished after deep consideration.

Obi-Wan was still looking away when Qui-Gon gently took hold of his chin, guiding his head until they were facing each other.

He met his Master’s eyes reluctantly and Qui-Gon moved his hand away swiftly, leaning back, studying him with a calculating expression.

Then he began to speak.

“One: I am proud of you. Of all your accomplishments, big and small. Two: I have no doubt that you will be a great Jedi one day. Your scores in diplomacy are far higher than mine ever were. You spend hours practicing your katas, and you learn them with such ease.”

The words rolled off Qui-Gon’s tongue, eyes unwavering on his. “Three: I am dreadfully sorry if I have ever made you feel inadequate. It was never my intention. Four: I am honoured that you are my Padawan, and I do care for you Obi-Wan.”

Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon stared at each other in silence, and Obi-Wan took his time processing everything he’d just heard.

The sincerity in his Master’s voice was rarely heard…. But the declarations of love and assurance touched him deeply and it was if a great weight had been lifted from him.

There was a knock on the door and Tahl peeked in. “I haven’t heard any screaming. I’m not quite sure if that’s good or bad…”

She glanced between the two of them. Qui-Gon just stared at his student as Obi-Wan smiled slightly.
“Everything alright?”

Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon exchanged another glance before Obi-Wan turned his attention to Tahl. “Yes… everything is fine.”

Tahl blinked in surprise, then smiled. “Excellent. Now the pair of you can stop moping and come and eat.”
These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from Maeve.Pendergast: Hey I know you haven't written this AU in a while but can I maybe get some more On My Master's Wings AU? Maybe Obi-Wan gets a padawan and they ask him about what happened to his first master and he breaks down sobbing and starts freaking out because he hasn't talked about it in a while and it still haunts him and his heart still hasn't healed? He eventually just runs away from the situation because he's embarrassed/stressed/terrified?

I used Chirrut Imwe, because I have a little headcanon that he was a Jedi. I don’t think Anakin would be a Jedi without Qui-Gon, so Chirrut took his place as Obi-Wan’s padawan.

Chirrut Imwe never thought this day would come.

Ever since he’d been taken from the Guardian Temple in Jedha, with a Jedi telling him that his connection to the Force was significant, he had had very little hope in being adopted as a Padawan. With his condition, that meant he might be blind before the age of eighteen, he thought that no-one would bother to train him.

Not until Master Obi-Wan Kenobi came along.

Master Kenobi was a mystery. As Master Yoda’s Grand-Padawan and Master Dooku’s Padawan, Master Kenobi was one of the most talked about Jedi’s in the Order.

A master negotiator.

A master of Form 3.
He was everything that a Padawan could ever want, and Chirrut never thought that he would be chosen.

But he was.

Slowly, he followed Master Kenobi into their new shared quarters, glancing around in wonder as his new Master placed their bags on the floor.

“Alright…” sighed the Jedi Master, “… I believe the room to your left is yours and the one next door is mine…. So long as the Master/Padawan shared quarters structure hasn’t changed much since I was in your position.”

Chirrut nodded eagerly, grabbing his bag and heading towards the room…. Although the thought of Master Dooku living in quarters like these was a strange one.

The man always seemed like royalty to the younger members of the Order, with many believing that he owned his own property on another world.

It didn’t take Chirrut long to unpack, placing his braille books on the shelves and his clothes in the drawers, before heading back to the living room. As soon as he entered, he noticed that his new Master had un-packed everything for the living room… including the holographic image of an unfamiliar Jedi on the table near some potted plants.

“Master!” Chirrut called out, “Who is this?”

“Who is whom?”

“The man in the holo-picture.”

There was silence for a few moments, before aster Kenobi slowly made his way out into the living room, his eyes instantly focusing on the holo-picture in question. “That… that is Master Qui-Gon Jinn. He was my first Master.”
“Oh…. What happened to him?”

Silence.

“… Master?”

Master Kenobi was still staring at the holo-picture, until he shook his head and turned to go back into his room, “Go to your room Chirrut…. Take some time to meditate before the evening meal.”

“But Master- “

“- Go!”

He didn’t have to tell Chirrut again, as the young padawan raced back into his room, banging his shoulder against the doorframe just before the door slid shut.

As soon as he was sure that Chirrut was out of the room, Obi-Wan made his way over to the couch and collapsed onto it, picking up the holo-picture briefly… before his hands started to shake in grief and it fell to the ground.

“Kriff….” He muttered, burying his face in his hands just before the tears started to fall, “…. For Kriff’s sake!”

He shouldn’t have yelled at Chirrut like that…. It wasn’t his Padawan’s fault.

He needed to calm down…. why wasn’t he calming down?

“Kriff, kriff, kriff…” he muttered, pushing himself to his feet and stumbling into his own room, collapsing onto his bed as he tried to calm down.

He and Dooku never really talked about Qui-Gon after the man’s death…. It was too painful for the pair of them, and nobody else in the Order really broached the subject with him.
Honestly, it was a surprise that this hadn’t happened sooner.

As the minutes ticked by, Obi-Wan moved into a meditative position, frantically trying to expel his grief into the Force. Once that was done, he could speak to Chirrut again.

Hours seemed to fly by, but eventually, Obi-Wan felt more at peace and ready to get up once again. Heading into the living room, he sighed when he noticed that Chirrut had left his room yet… Usually, new padawans would be eagerly looking around, trying to get used to their new surroundings.

Unless their Master shouted at them.

Obi-Wan remembered going through the same problems when he first became Qui-Gon’s padawan. The man was so strict, he didn’t dare leave his room.

He wasn’t going to let Chirrut live like that.

“Chirrut?”

He knocked on his padawan’s door, patiently waiting for an answer.

“Chirrut, can I please speak to you out here?”

Silence.

“I’ll be on the sofa padawan.”

Less than two minutes later, Chirrut crept out of his room, bowing to his Master before shuffling over to the sofa. “You wanted to see me Master?”
“…. I am sorry Chirrut. I should never have treated you like that.” Encouraging Chirrut to sit next to him, Obi-Wan continued, “I must confess, I have spoken about my old Master for a long time.”

“…. I didn’t know you had a first Master.”

“No…” Obi-Wan sighed, “… not many people knew. Not unless you were in the Order when I was a new padawan myself. The story behind this involved one of the worst case scenarios for a Master/Padawan pairing.”

“One of?”

“…. A Master losing a Padawan is usually considered to be the worst scenario.”

Chirrut nodded in understanding, perching on the edge of the sofa as his attention fell on the holo-picture that had fallen on the floor earlier. Following his gaze, Obi-Wan winced, using the Force to lift the picture into his hands.

“I know it’s not the correct use of the Force, but I think we can let it slide this one time.”

Silently encouraging Chirrut to shuffle closer, Obi-Wan started to speak. “Master Qui-Gon Jinn was an amazing Jedi…. Yes, he was cold at the beginning of our partnership, but eventually, he became like a Father to me.”

Obi-Wan paused briefly, taking a deep breath, “He went on a dangerous mission…. I was too inexperienced to go. He was killed on the mission, and I was without a Master.”

“…. Is that when Master Dooku took you on?”

“Master Dooku was Master Qui-Gon’s Master…. So, he decided to take me on.”

Chirrut nodded in understanding, his eyes focused on the holo-picture. “That sounds horrible…. He whispered, “…. I-I’m sorry that i- “
“- You have nothing to be sorry for…” interrupted Obi-Wan sternly, “…. I have not had a chance to come to terms with my Master’s death, and I… may have over-reacted.”

Chirrut rose an eyebrow at him, prompting Obi-Wan to change his statement.

“Alright… I over-reacted. And I am sorry for that.” He gently pulled Chirrut closer, “I only hope you can find it in yourself to forgive me.”

There was a tense silence, before Chirrut nodded and beamed at his Master. “All forgiven!”
These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from Arianna Silvia: I have an idea for your next chapter if you want to use it: Maybe a szene about the Jabiim and Ratatak/Ventress arc with Qui-Gon in it? For example his reaction to the 'death' of his former student?

“No executions Alpha…” Master Qui-Gon Jinn ordered as he moved through the battlefield with his padawan, Anakin, “… they are already injured. Show some mercy, after all, we cannot hope to end this civil war by killing half of the planet.”

War was brutal.

No matter how long this war between them and the Separatists had lasted, Qui-Gon felt like he could never get used to it.

Deflecting bolts next to him, Obi-Wan nodded in agreement, “Master Jinn is right. The Jabiimi rebels will only fight harder if we teach them to hate us.”

“Unless we teach them to fear us as well…” sighed the clone commander, “… but it's your call Generals.”

As Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan fought side by side and back to back, both using the Force to slam the opposing soldiers into one another, Anakin came bounding up to them.

“Hey Master. If you’re a general, what does that make me?”

“You are still only my padawan Anakin…. The General position is only temporary after all. Now
“General Kenobi! General Jinn!” called out another Clone commander, “We’re over-running the main emplacement! I suggest you sent a flanking force to prevent any enemy retreat!”

Obi-Wan brought a hand up to his ear, “Kass! Your unit is closest, get around to the back of that hill now!”

//Finally! \ came a female voice over the communicator, //We’ve been waiting for our orders for hours. \ 

“Ah, the padawan pack to the rescue…” Alpha groaned, “… as if this mission wasn’t dangerous enough.”

//You’re still on the comms Clone! \ 

“I know.”

The battle continued on for a little while longer, before Obi-Wan sighed. “There’s no sign of the confederacy here. It’s making me nervous…. Let’s regroup.”

At the camp, Anakin joined the two Jedi Masters and shook his head, “The prisoners are terrified of us…. One even accused me of eating children!”

“Anakin…” sighed Qui-Gon, putting on his lecture voice, “… you must remember that there are over a hundred thousand inhabited worlds in the Republic, and there are now only a few thousand of us. Billions of beings have never seen a Jedi. Millions have never even heard of our order or of the Force.”

Obi-Wan nodded in agreement, “Yes…. And when we do appear, we can be killers. Thank the Force we can also be healers.”
If Anakin was frustrated with the peaceful words, he didn’t show it (although he usually did).

After grouping up with Master Sirrus and other Commanders, they discussed the Jabiimi Separatist Commander, Alto Stratus and his bodyguards, trained commandos called The Nimbus.

“So far, we’ve destroyed a dozen outposts…” reported Obi-Wan, “… but we’re no closer to finding Stratus, or any of his Confederacy hardware.”

Alpha, the Clone Commander, frowned and crossed his arms. “We could end this quickly if you’d only listen to my advice.”

“We are not killing every surviving, political leader on this planet.”

“You’re just going to end up killing them eventually.”

Quickly seeing that Obi-Wan was going frustrated (and slightly upset with the conversation), Qui-Gon took over.

“Commander, if you’re not going to give us any useful advice, then kindly back off… or you can and help the padawans.”

Alpha groaned under his breath as Anakin piped up, “Why is being put with us a punishment?!”

Nobody wanted to answer him… padawan duty was the worst though.

“With all due respect Generals…” Alpha continued, clearly gritting his teeth, “… we’re being strung out. Every time we ‘discover’ another target, the attack carries us further from the shelter base. Further from supplies and reinforcements… and the new walkers. We’re at least a full day’s trek away from the base. We’re slowed by the rain and our equipment is all waterlogged.”

Qui-Gon frowned, crossing his arms. “So, what does that mean for us?”
“The Confederacy finds our weak spot and attacks in full force, and lots of Jedi and Clones die.”

Of course, it all turned out how Alpha said it would.

“The shelter base is under attack! We are under attack! I repeat, we are- “

The plea for help was cut off by the sounds of explosions and cries of pain, prompting Obi-Wan to increase the vehicles speed until they reached the base.

“You’ve found the battle Alpha.” Qui-Gon stated, tense as he deflected laser bolts away from them.

“Yes General. Now all we have to do is win it.”

Eagerly, Anakin glanced back at his Master and Obi-Wan. “You guys help the others, I’ll deal with mud-for-brains!”

Before either of them could protest, Anakin leapt out of the speeder and raced towards the leader of the Confederacy, lightsaber at the ready.

“You have one chance to surrender!”

The leader snarled at Anakin, “Don’t patronize me! I’d rather die than become your political prisoner boy!”

“Alpha!” Obi-Wan called out, “Watch for the Nimbus troops! They have repulsor boots! Don’t let them flank you!”
“I’ll ground them.”

An explosion from the right indicated that Alpha had taken the more destructive route of shooting the repulsor booster on the boot.

Effective.

“Generals! We have at least one walker on the move!”

Qui-Gon quickly took charge, “Protect it! Use it to lock down our right flank! We’re pulling out!” He turned to his ex-padawan, “Take some men and take down that walker! Plant your charges!”

“Yes Master!”

Minutes later, the legs of the walker exploded, and the giant machine fell to the ground.

“Obi-Wan! Evacuate the troops! Hurry!”

Obi-Wan nodded, racing into the walker, “Everyone out! Before it all explodes!”

Over the comms unit, Anakin reported in. “Master. We’ve secured this section of the base.”

“Excellent work Anakin…” Qui-Gon praised, “… make your way over to the AT-AT, Obi-Wan will need some assistance.”

“We’re on our wa- “

Anakin was interrupted as a loud explosion almost shattered Qui-Gon’s ear-drums and the force of the blast flung him onto his back.

Everything seemed to be in slow motion as he slowly pushed himself to his feet, a high-pitched
ringing in his ears as he glanced around. His eyes instantly focused on the aftermath of the explosion, the smoke rising up into the air as fire burned.

The walker was gone.

“Obi-Wan…” he whispered, barely managing to get the words out as he stumbled forwards, “…Obi-Wan!”

No reply, either verbally or mentally.

“OBI-WAN!”

…………………………………………

Everything felt numb.

Qui-Gon knew that he was now the most senior Jedi on the planet, and he vaguely remembered sending the padawans away from the main battle, not wanting anyone else to…. Not wanting anyone die like Obi-Wan had.

It was day thirty-two of the battle.

Whilst Qui-Gon was struggling with the death of his old padawan, often retreating away in order to grieve, Anakin acted with anger, appearing cold and unforgiving as he sliced through both droid and living rebel alike.

After taking out a platoon of droids together, Qui-Gon turned to his padawan. “Good work Anakin.”

“Battle droids are single-minded…. Give them an obvious target and they’ll attack it without watching their rear quarters. Easy ambush.”

“… That sounds like an Obi-Wan tactic.”
Bowing his head in grief, Anakin nodded, “Yes… is it strange that I miss him?”

“No… not it’s not.”

It was now day forty-two, and tensions were beginning to grow.

The Republics forces were stretched thin, and it was decided that the clones would be evacuated… which their supporters of this planet didn’t appreciate.

The General of the supporters even started to blame the Jedi for all the problems that had be-fallen their planet… Which was the final straw.

Anakin’s anger and frustration had been growing ever since Obi-Wan’s death… which led to him using the Force to choke the General.

“ANAKIN, STOP!” Qui-Gon ordered, pulling Anakin away and shaking him harshly, “STOP!!”

It took a few moments, but eventually Anakin calmed down and turned away.

“Let’s just go…” the teen muttered, “… I’ve had enough of this planet.”

As they headed onto the transport, the General as his army started to jeer and yell at them as they took off, which only seemed to anger Anakin further, especially when they started to throw rocks at the transport.

Once they were far enough away, a clone came up to Qui-Gon, “Now that we’re far away from the blocking signal, we’ve received a message from the Chancellor. He wants an update on the situation.”
It took a few moments, but eventually, Qui-Gon sighed wearily. “Tell him it’s over… The Battle of Jabiim is over. We lost… we’ve all lost.”

Once they were back on Coruscant, Qui-Gon found himself standing in front of the memorial that the people of New Holstice created eons ago, to honour all Jedi killed since the birth of the Republic. It was made up of memory moths, each one representing a fallen Jedi.

The monument was growing brighter every day.

Quietly, Qui-Gon released his own memorial moth, taking deep breaths as he resisted the urge to cry. “…Goodbye Obi-Wan.”

Meanwhile, on another planet, a limp figure was hanging in chains, clothes torn and burnt.

“You vowed to kill me the last time we met…”

“Patience…” crooned a female voice, “… it wouldn’t do to kill your body, before I’ve destroyed your spirit. I came to give you more news of the war… the Republic has been beaten back on all fronts. The Confederacy is on the verge of winning.”

“We shall see.”

“The Republic has already been crushed on Jabiim… Even sweeter, we slaughtered all of the Padawans and Masters… including yours.”

“LIAR!”

The female chuckled, a red lightsaber glowing in the room, “You were easier to break than I expected… Welcome to your ‘Dark Side’ Obi-Wan Kenobi.”
“Troubles, you are having.” Master Yoda sighed, as he watched Qui-Gon from the apartment doorway, “Speak to someone, you should.”

Wearily, Qui-Gon shook his head, his eyes focused on an old holo-picture of Obi-Wan. “I almost lost him before… when Maul came after us… I thought it hurt then. This is so much worse.”

“A clone, taken as well I believe?”

“Yes…. Alpha. I have informed his brothers. They rest easy in the knowledge that it was a quick death.”

“I’m impressed. I thought you would be easier to break…” the female frowned, holding up a bloodied knife, “… I have cut you once for each of my questions you have failed to answer. Where shall I cut you next? An eye? An ear? Your throat?!”

The muscular man smirked at her, “Might as well take my tongue too. I’m not trained to answer questions.”

“You’re trained to be fodder! Trained to die for the false Jedi and the Republic…. In fact, you’re only alive now because of me. Just tell me what I want to know, and you’ll go free, perhaps to start a life of your own… where are the Republic’s primary medical facilities?!”

“I am advanced Recon Commando A-17, Republic Army, under the command of General Obi-Wan Kenobi. That is all I am authorised to reveal.”

“Where are the Republic Founderies?!!”

“I am advanced recon commando A-17- “
“- You’ve consigned yourself to a painful death clone. I’ll be back tomorrow… to gut you.”

That didn’t happen however;

Obi-Wan barely glanced up when he heard someone else being thrown into the room. When he did glance up, he frowned at the sight. “Alpha?” he whispered, “You’re alive?”

“Not yet…” grunted the clone, “… though, I don’t expect to survive my next interrogation. But you’ve been in here for three weeks. I assume you’ve devised an escape plan?”

“… This mask has kept me from concentrating enough to rip the door down…” Obi-Wan whispered weakly, “… but not enough to stop me from pushing on water pipes for twenty days straight.”

Up above, the water pipe shattered, and water spurted out, soon starting to fill the room.

Alpha was not impressed.

“Great. So now, we either drown, or get electrocuted?!”

“…Or the water shorts out your manacles.”

There was a buzzing sound as Alphas cuffs did exactly what Obi-Wan predicted, shorting out and falling off of the clones’ wrists.

“Okay…” Alpha reached up to free Obi-Wan, “… now I’ll drown with my hands free.”

“Just get this mask off of me.”
Once Alpha removed the mask, he winced at the intense bruising and bleeding nose, “You looked better with the mask on.”

As Obi-Wan was helped to his feet, he smirked at the clone, “Next time, we’re going to find a Clone Commander with a better sense of humour. Now let me concentrate on the door.”

It took a few moments, but eventually, the door shattered and was thrown away from the frame, allowing them to leave the small, cramped room.

“Now we’ll see who breaks!” growled Alpha.

Obi-Wan nodded in agreement, fingers brushing over his over-grown beard (his mind flashing to his Master almost immediately). “We need to free the rest of the prisoners.”

“Good idea… cause a prison break and cause chaos. With all those prisoners on the loose, there’ll be a lot of confusion.”

“And it’s the right thing to do… these people will rot if we just leave them here.”

Alpha simply shrugged, helping Obi-Wan free all the prisoners… all of the really big prisoners.

“Ummmm General, I think some of these prisoners were kept here for a reason.”

“That’s Ventress’s problem now… there are more direct problems we have to face.”

Here, Obi-Wan was referring to the armed guards who were racing towards them, all shouting orders at one another.

“They don’t have any weapons! Kill them!”

Obi-Wan smirked at this, “You think I’m unarmed…” Even with his weakened muscles, he found it easy to leap at the men, “… Even without my lightsaber, I’m still a Jedi!”
Now that they were in control, they started to head out of the facility.

“Ventress was telling me that there were maggots eating you from the inside out…” Alpha began cautiously, “… are we going to need to call for some healers when we get out of here?”

Obi-Wan winced at the memory… all the creatures wriggling as they buried inside of him. “Judging by your limp and how my nose is aching, we’ll need the healers anyway…. But no, I used the Force to kill the last of the grubs days ago. But it was useful to let Ventress think I was helpless.”

“I’ll never make that mistake. But, even we can’t defeat Ventress’s entire army… we should slip away while we still have the chance!”

Nodding in agreement, the pair slipped into a side corridor, remaining tense as they went.

As Obi-Wan retrieved his lightsaber (plus a spare one just as case), him and Alpha headed out to where the ships were kept, hoping to steal one and make their way off the planet.

“Alpha! Prime the engines on that ship!” Obi-Wan ordered, desperately pushing himself despite the pain spreading throughout his entire body, “We need to get out of here before she finds us.”

“Too late…” Ventress smirked at the pair, “… I’m surprised you’re fleeing. I would have thought you’d want revenge?”

She and Obi-Wan leapt at each other, their lightsabers crackling with the force of being struck against one another, “The first goal of any war is survival…” Obi-Wan growled through his teeth, “… you should know that!”

Ventress, as usual, was delighted by the banter. “All too well, false Jedi.”

“I’m the false Jedi? You are the one who’s a pawn of the Dark Side.”
The pair fought ferociously for what seemed like hours, until Ventress finally growled. “Surrender Master Kenobi… or I’ll take your arm.”

“You have my pity, Ventress. You could have been a great Jedi Master…” He backflipped onto the leaving hip right behind him, “… one of the Order’s brightest maybe?”

“The Order FAILED my Master!”

“And you have failed yourself. Let go of your hatred and fear! It will not bring him back!”

Before Ventress could say anything more, the ship shot away, quickly leaving the planet before anything more could be done.

…………………………………………………………………….

Qui-Gon hated politics… scratch that.

He hated politics that had Chancellor Palpatine involved.

The man had an unhealthy attachment to Anakin, and after… after what happened with Obi-Wan, the boy was eager for a little bit of attention.

After the most recent Council meeting, where the Chancellor refused to talk about Jabiiim, Qui-Gon and Anakin were asked to see the Chancellor in his office…. Qui-Gon tried to find an excuse as to why they couldn’t go… but to no avail.

“And what will you be doing next young Skywalker?” Palpatine asked, his lecherous gaze focused on Anakin, despite his Master standing right next to him.

Before Anakin could even think of answering, Qui-Gon spoke up. “We will be looking into reported increases in pirate activity, such as the one encountered by Senator Organa, whilst our troops are re-outfitted for their next mission.”
Palpatine briefly looked annoyed that he was interrupted before giving Qui-Gon a concerned look, “So soon after your old student’s death? Such a terrible loss for you…. And how terrible for you Anakin, you must miss him a great deal.”

There was a short moment of silence, before Anakin bowed his head in grief. “Yes.”

Qui-Gon had to force down his own feelings of guilt, as he spoke up once again, “The Order has a strong belief that there is no death… only the Force.”

“It’s all very easy for the Jedi Order, I understand…. But for everyone else, such a loss is… difficult to comprehend. For us, death is very real, very painful.” Palpatine sighed, “I admire your detachment Master Jinn, I only wished I could do the same sometimes.”

Sensing that they were being given permission to leave, the two Jedi headed out of the door. Once they were far enough away from any listening ears, Anakin turned to his Master.

“He’s right you know… why can’t we feel grief like everyone else?”

“You believe we don’t feel grief…” Qui-Gon turned to Anakin and frowned at him, “… you believe that I don’t feel grief? I have felt nothing but grief since losing Obi-Wan, but I have to put these feeling to one side because we are still in the middle of a crisis. If I lose myself to my grief, and wallow in my pain, then lives may be lost… and I will not allow that.”

Without giving Anakin a chance to answer, Qui-Gon picked up the pace and headed down the corridor, refusing to show any weakness.

There were eyes everywhere nowadays.

Days later, a freighter containing an ex-senator exploded with him in it, just as he was preparing to leave the planet.
Qui-Gon was startled out of his meditation by the sound of Anakin’s screams, his face twisting in concern as fear and alarm echoed through the bond between them.

He’d been having these dreams more and more recently… unsurprising with Obi-Wan’s death.

As Anakin stumbled into the room, Qui-Gon got to his feet. “You are distressed… I felt it in the Force. I suspect they could have felt it on Coruscant.”

“… I’m fine.”

“Obi-Wan’s death is a tragedy, I do understand, but- “

“- but that’s the problem Master.” Anakin shook his head, “I don’t feel like Obi-Wan is dead, don’t you feel it. A nagging sense of doubt?”

He had…. The bond between him and his old padawan may have been weakened due to the years spent apart, but Qui-Gon was sure that he should have felt it snapped…. And yet he felt nothing.

But it was impossible for Obi-Wan to have survived.

“If Obi-Wan were truly alive, wouldn’t he have revealed himself by now?” he asked reasonably.

“…. We didn’t recover a body on Jabiim.”

“There may have been nothing to recover…. I am sorry Anakin, but we need to focus on the present. Come, we are approaching Riflor and Ventress’s ship has been spotted.”
“Shield’s are gone, the hyperdrive is about shot and the comm is out.” Alpha sighed, as they were fired upon, “Great escape we have going here.”

Obi-Wan rolled his eyes, “I never assumed Ventress would give up and let us go. This is her ship after all, she must have a way to track it! We might want to find the nearest planet where it would be safe to land.”

“Great idea. I’ll do that in my spare time… nearest planet is Riflor. Barely habitable… volcanic. The problem is that we’re not in Republic controlled space, and one of the three suns in this system is having sunspot activity. Going to make it difficult getting word to our side.”

“Do we have any other options?”

“No…. and believe me, I looked.”

Obi-Wan sighed, “Then Riflor it is. We’ll have to find a comm when we get planet-side. I trust you to get us safely there Alpha.”

“You’re a trusting man General Kenobi.”

Back with Anakin and Qui-Gon, the pair were launching an attack on the Separatists… and Qui-Gon was finding it difficult to concentrate.

All he could here was Obi-Wan’s voice in his head, pleading with him, practically yelling in his ear.

“-er…..ter….ster….aster…..MASTER!”

Qui-Gon was startled out of his thoughts, spinning around to face Anakin, “Obi-Wan…” he whispered, “… Obi-Wan’s alive.”
Obi-Wan resisted the urge to groan in frustration, the words on his data-pad blurring as his vision started to waiver. Bant, who was seated next to him in the Temple Library, glanced over, quickly sensing that her friend was slowly losing patience.

It was rare nowadays.

Obi-Wan usually had so much patience, which was only expected with Qui-Gon as a master.

“Obi-Wan?” she whispered, “Is everything alright?”

“…. Yes…. My apologies Bant.”

Something was clearly wrong.

“Obi-Wan…” Bant warned, narrowing her eyes, prompting Obi-Wan to look away, his mouth twisted into a slight frown.

“It… it was just something Master Jinn said this morning.”
“What did he say?”

“I was talking about Yule… I thought we could help decorate one of the tress in the gardens like the other padawan’s and masters. “Obi-Wan’s smile was slightly sad, “He just raised an eyebrow at me and said ‘aren’t you a little old for such childish nonsense?’”

Obi-Wan scowled, “All I want is one Yule with him…. Is that too much to ask?”

Hidden around the corner, Qui-Gon heard Obi-Wan’s sad words, his own heart twisting in guilt. He never meant to sound so callous when he’d denied Obi-Wan’s request to go and decorate a tree.

He couldn’t remember why he’d refused the request in the first place.

He’d gone through the tradition with his other padawans… why wouldn’t he think about it with Obi-Wan, who was still so young.

“You’re right Obi-Wan…” he muttered under his breath, “… it’s not too much to ask.”

Straightening up, Qui-Gon then strode into full view and stood in front of his padawan, “Obi-Wan…. We have training. Come.”

“Right arm a little further up Obi-Wan!”

Qui-Gon couldn’t help but smile proudly at his padawan’s fluid motions. Yes, there were small mistakes, but nothing that couldn’t be corrected with a little bit more practice.
It was two days before Yule, and all practice was suspended for the time being. Obi-Wan was seated on the sofa in the living room, desperately trying to focus on his Political Studies reading homework.

Usually, padawans would be having fun as it got closer and closer to Yule…. But not Obi-Wan. He was listening to his Master make some herbal tea in the kitchen, in preparation for the day.

“Obi-Wan?”

Obi-Wan frowned at his Master’s hesitant tone. He hadn’t heard the man sound like that ever since… well ever since Bandomeer. “Yes Master?”

Qui-Gon walked over and stood in front of his padawan, “I’m sorry…”

Resisting the urge to gasp, Obi-Wan straightened up… Qui-Gon hardly ever apologised without prompting… this was a shock.

“… I was a bit harsh earlier… when you asked me about decorating a tree. There was a tradition I had in the past, with my old padawan…” Qui-Gon’s eyes met Obi-Wan’s, but they were far away, caught in the past, “… We’d put up all the decorations, all around these rooms but…” Qui-Gon chuckled, “… We’d never go and decorate a tree in the gardens though. I think Xanatos thought it beneath him. I never pushed.”

“Master Qui-Gon…”

Qui-Gon kept talking, as if Obi-Wan never spoke.

“We used to get up early every morning, have a big breakfast…. Xanatos used to tease me, saying that one day he’ll burst in when I’ve got a new padawan, with all the embarrassing stories about our mis-adventures together.”

Obi-Wan flinched when he felt fingers gently run through his hair, but Qui-Gon didn’t stop.

“I think I should spend some time with my padawan, this Christmas. Resurrect some old traditions, decorate the room. What do you think?”
Obi-Wan beamed, the slight frustration and loneliness from earlier disappearing completely.

“I’d love to.”
As soon Qui-Gon knew that his old padawan was alive, he didn’t hesitate in breaking away from the main group, heading down to the planet below.

Obi-Wan would be there… he knew it.

As they landed down onto the planet, it didn’t take long for him and Anakin to find him…. In danger as per usual.

As a thug raised his hand, preparing to order his followers to fire, Qui-Gon shot forwards and sliced the man’s hand off, his green lightsaber a blur. As the man lay on the ground screaming, Qui-Gon turned his gaze to his old padawan.

“Obi-Wan…” he smiled softly at the younger, forcing a scolding look on his face, “… when we’re done here, you and I are going to have a little chat about giving your Master grey hairs!”

“Yes Master.” Obi-Wan chuckled, “Later, Master.” He then turned to Alpha, “Are you able to get to high ground?”

The clone nodded, “Of course… tell your Master he has great timing!”

Obi-Wan slowly made his way over to his old Master’s side, leaping over heads and slicing through blasters. “Master…. Please tell me that this is going to be another one of your usual rescues. You
know, the one’s that require the entire Republic army to come and get us out of the mess?"

“Oh, very funny.”

Alpha joined them at that moment, a smirk on his face. “Come one General. Three Jedi and an Arc trooper against a band of bounty hunters? This is overkill as it is.”

He was right.

It only took a few more minutes, before all the bounty hunters were wiped out. As soon as the last man fell to the ground, Anakin sheathed his lightsaber and went rushing over, pulling Obi-Wan into a hug, a big beaming grin on his face.

“I knew you were alive! I knew it!” the padawan cheered.

“Thank you for believing Anakin.”

“… You look terrible.”

Obi-Wan rolled his eyes, “Oh thank you, that’s just what I want to hear….” He glanced over at Qui-Gon, who was also giving him a concerned look, “… alright, if you must know, I’m feeling pretty terrible… time spent with Ventiss will do that to you.”

“Alright…” Qui-Gon took his old padawan’s arm and wrapped it around his shoulders, “… I think it’s a trip to the Healer’s Ward for you. The council will be thrilled to see you. Apparently, I’ve been a bit of a pain since you’ve been gone.”

“You? Never?”


Hours later, when Obi-Wan was mostly healed, he stood in front of the Council and gave his report.
“…. And it was Alpha who kept me from being killed in the explosion. In terms of Ventress and what I’ve learnt from her… well that may take an entire day to convey.”

“What is Alpha?”

Obi-Wan straightened up, “He has chosen to leave… I believe he’ll be going back to Kamino in order to help train new clones.”

Anakin piped up at this, “Can he give them all names? CC124647 doesn’t quite roll off the tongue.”

“We shall see Anakin… in the meantime, have we learnt anything new?”

Qui-Gon stepped forwards at this point, placing a gentle hand on his ex-padawan’s shoulder. “I’ve learnt now, that I should never leave you to venture off alone… you always seem to get in the worst trouble without me.”

“Master!”
Obi-Wan never really imagined that his Master could look so… pitiful.

The council had already been in to see Qui-Gon, making sure that he would pull through (Obi-Wan might have listened in at that door when they were giving his Master a gentle scolding), and once they were sure that he would, they went to deal with the ramifications of the Naboo incident.

Tonight was the Festival of Light.

Not that Obi-Wan was going to see it… he needed to keep an eye on his Master.

Every time that his Master winced, his wound clearly hurting, Obi-Wan couldn’t help but feel a tug of sympathy in his chest. He was used to seeing his Master as being strong and tall…. This was an unfamiliar sight for him.

At that moment in time, he was trying to focus on his holo-pad, hoping to get some homework done before they had to travel back to Coruscant.

“Why are you here Obi-Wan?”
Startled, Obi-Wan glanced over at his Master, who was frowning at him. Bandages were wrapped all around the older man’s chest, hiding his near-mortal wound from view. “W-well… you’re hurt Master! I can’t leave you here!”

Qui-Gon sighed, pushing himself him slightly (barely allowing Obi-Wan to help him). “This is your first time experiencing the Festival of Light…. And it may be your only chance. You shouldn’t spend it looking after me.”

There was a brief moment of silence, before Obi-Wan moved and sat on the edge of his Master’s bed. “You are my Master…” he muttered, “… my duties as a padawan are to help you. Rushing off to a festival, is not helping you in any way.”

“Obi-Wan… ” Qui-Gon smiled softly at his padawan, “… I’m sure I can manage for a few hours, without you.”

“… I’m not taking that chance…. Sorry Master.”

Qui-Gon moved, as though to protest, only to fall back to the bed in pain, his face going white as he tried not to make a sound. Obi-Wan immediately went to help, gently easing his Master back into a comfortable position.

“Master? Are you alright?”

“…. Ow.”

Obi-Wan rolled his eyes, and smirked. “And that is why I’m not going to the Festival. I need to be here, just in case you hurt yourself even further.”

“… This might be your only opportunity though!”

“There will be other opportunities Master… for now, let me do this.”
There was a brief moment of silence, before Qui-Gon sighed wearily. “I can’t wait for these wounds to heal…” he grumbled under his breath, “… I don’t know if I can deal with this for much longer.”

“Do you need anything to drink? Eat?”

Qui-Gon looked away sharply, not saying anything for a few long moments. Then, finally, he huffed loudly. “Tea… please Obi-Wan.”

Obi-Wan nodded, a small smile on his face as he went to brew up. “Remain settled Master, and I’ll make that tea.”

Silently watching as he padawan bustled about, Qui-Gon felt a warm feeling run through his entire body. Obi-Wan was good to him, and he was too exhausted to maintain his grumpy façade.

“Do you need anything else?” Obi-Wan asked gently, placing the cup of tea on the bedside table.

Qui-Gon wanted to ask about Anakin… but decided, in the circumstances, it wouldn’t be for the best. “How are you?” He finally asked, “The Council told me what happened after…. After everything. I want to hear from you, that you’re alright.”

His padawan was silent for a few moments, before he patted Qui-Gon on the hand and gave him a soft smile. “I’m fine… the Council has been talking about getting me knighted. I think they were hoping to wait until you were feeling a little better.”

“Knighted…” Qui-Gon knew this was coming. His padawan had killed a Sith after all, “… I-I think you are ready, but…” He turned away slightly, “… I don’t want you to be. I don’t feel like we’ve had enough time together.”

“… What about Anakin?”

“Anakin might be the Chosen One… but you are still my padawan, someone I’ve raised since you were a young boy… You are more important.”

Obi-Wan seemed thrilled to hear that, clearly resisting the urge to beam at his Master. “Thank you
Master…” he whispered, “… now drink your tea before it gets cold.”

“Yes, Master Yoda.”

“…. Rude.”
Rushing into Danger

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :)  

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from Guest: Chapter 33 was also really really great, and has sparked its own little request in my head.

Poor Cody and Rex and the rest of the 212th and 501st have to watch as Obi does all sorts of crazy things and throws himself at danger over and over. How about a little fluff where Cody is patching up his wounded general and gives him a piece of his mind?

Could be a post-33, or something entirely different? Bromance or Cody-Wan, whatever you feel like.

He was sure that one of the first things they ever learnt when becoming to be a Jedi, was how to get into trouble.

General Kenobi was always rushing into danger.

Cody has seen his General’s knee dislocate after defending them from a wild Wampa on Hoth. The General’s broken his collarbone after being slammed into a building and Cody’s sure the man has at least three ribs that never quite healed right.

And that’s not even mentioning the concussions.

General Kenobi had rushed into danger once again, confident that he could deal with the issue. Cody was too busy dealing with the Clankers, when he saw Obi-Wan be thrown into a wall out of the corner of his eye.

He knew from the crunch and the way the General didn’t immediately curse under his breath, that the chances of a serious head injury were high.
Once all the clankers were down, Cody found himself on his knees, fist ing his hands in the sleeves of Obi-Wan’s tunic before he even registered what he was going or that he’d even moved. Obi-Wan was awake now, his eyes tracking Cody’s movements.

“General? General? How many fingers am I holding up!”

Obi-Wan just stared blankly at him.

“Kirff!”

Cody bundled his General into the ship, resisting the urge to curse in front of the other men as they sped off towards Coruscant. He rushed towards the small med-bay that was on the ship, knowing that he needed to see how badly Obi-Wan was hurt.

The General kept fuzzing in and out of lucidity, and that was not a good sign.

“No Cody…” Obi-Wan muttered by his side, his voice slow like the name was a thought he was still dredging out of the back of his mind while he said it, “… Cody, you ‘kay?”

“Yes General… I’m alright. But we need to get you looked at by the Healers.”

“Mmmmm, it’s not that bad.” Obi-Wan’s head lolled forward a little, prompting Cody to gently shake him, one hand on the man’s thigh.

“Obi-Wan, wake up…. You need to stay awake until the Healers have had a look at you. Make sure there are no internal injuries.”

Obi-Wan blinked up at him, “You’re warm.”

“Cody had to smile, “You’re concussed.”
“So?” Obi-Wan said belligerently, “It’s not the first time… I know what I’m doing.”

“You know what you’re doing, being concussed?” Cody asks, using the logic that, if he can keep Obi-Wan arguing, then he’s keeping him awake. They’ll in a safe area of the galaxy soon, and all he needs to do is just check, just satisfy himself that his General doesn’t have a serious injury and then they can both sleep it all off.

But for now, Obi-Wan has to stay awake.

“I have had a lot of practice…” Obi-Wan slurred, “… Master used to say I gave him grey hairs with how often i- “

“You’re giving me grey hairs as well!” Cody gently shook Obi-Wan’s leg, “I wish you wouldn’t keep rushing into danger like this… we can take care of ourselves, you don’t need to keep doing this.”

“You…” Obi-Wan frowned, like his was thinking hard about it and the words weren’t coming to him fast enough, “… You worry… I’m the- I’m supposed to look after you.”

The ship was starting to slow down, indicating that they were heading into safe space.

“I’m supposed to look after you…” Obi-Wan insisted again.

“And yet… here you are, not able to walk on your own. Again.”

“… ‘M sorry.”

Cody shook his head, “It’s fine, just… try not to do it again?”

“Mmmmm.”
That…. That was not convincing at all.

The Med-Bay that was in the ship was very basic. Cody made the General sit on the end of the bed and knelt down, so that he could get a look into Obi-Wan’s eyes without him falling over.

He still had to hold the other man’s head up.

Both pupils were blown huge, but the same size…. Probably… maybe…. Kriff!

Cody couldn’t afford to be probably-maybe about that. He got up off his knees, wincing as Obi-Wan grabbed at his wrist.

“I need to get a light…” Cody explained, “… I need to see the extent of the damage.”

He kept the beam just shy of being directly in Obi-Wan’s eyes, sighing in relief when the General’s pupils went down to pinpricks and then widened back up to normal-ish.

“Okay, I don’t think you’re bleeding in the head.” Cody sighed in relief, “Time for some sleep I think.”

“Alright.” Said Obi-Wan, agreeable like he almost never was when he wasn’t suffering from head trauma, falling back against the mattress. As Cody went to moved away, he felt the General grab his hand.

“C’mere…” the General gently ordered.

“Obi-Wan…” Cody protested, even though he just wanted to give in. It’s a weakness he can’t seem to shrug off – the need to hold his General when the older man was hurt, “… Obi-Wan, w-we can’t-

“- Cody.” Obi-Wan’s voice was firm, despite the slight quiver in it, “C’mon…. it’s cold.”
“… I should leave you in that bed…” Cody sighed, “… It would serve you right for running into danger all the time.”

“Mmmmm.”

“… Fine.” Cody slowly encouraged Obi-Wan to lie down, before lying down next to him, gently pulling the General closer, until his lips were near the older man’s ear.

“Please…” he whispered, “… please don’t worry me like that again.”

“… love you Cody.”

“I love you too Obi-Wan.”
Visions

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from Maeve.Pendergast: For the next one what about something like Obi-Wan starting to have really freaky visions that make him collapse/pass out and Qui-Gon is scared because they could come at any moment (i.e. the training salle, the Council chambers, a mission, etc.) Thank you :))))))

“OBI-WAN!”

Obi-Wan glanced around frantically, seeing nothing but red laser walls surrounding him, “Master?”

“OBI-WAN! HELP ME!”

One of the laser walls disappeared, prompting him to run in that direction. Fighting ferociously against a shadowed figure, was his Master.

“HELP ME!” his Master yelled, the shadowed figure forcing him further and further back, “OBI-WAN!”

“Hold on Master!” he screamed, trying to walk forwards, only to find himself unable to move one inch. As he continued to try and move, the shadowed figure’s attack increased in fervour and Qui-Gon was forced further and further back.

“I’m coming Master!”

It was too late however, with one swift movement, the shadowed figure kicked Qui-Gon’s arms into the air and quickly stabbed Qui-Gon through the mid-section.
“NOOOOOOOOO!” Obi-Wan screamed, as his Master fell to the ground.

And then the shadowed figure started to come closer, his red lightsabre lighting up the room, Obi-Wan found his feet glued to the floor.

The figure’s breathing started to sound metallic and raspy, before there was a burning sensation in his side.

And then he awoke with a gasp, shooting into a seated position.

“MASTER!”

His bedroom door slid open, and Qui-Gon came rushing in, falling his knees beside Obi-Wan’s bed. “Another one?” he asked gently as Obi-Wan nodded, sweat practically pouring from his forehead as his face remained pale.

“There’s getting worse Master…” he gasped, his hands shaking as he accepted a glass of water from Qui-Gon, “…. It’s always about death. Death and grief and pain and- “

“- Alright, alright.” Qui-Gon gently pulled his padawan into a hug and sighed, “We may have to see Master Yoda soon…. With his experience in visions, I think he’ll be more help than me.”

“Do we have to?”

“. You had one during training the other day. What if you have one during an important mission, or in your lessons. It’s better that we see him sooner, rather than later.”

Obi-Wan thought to himself for a few moments, before sighing and nodding. “Alright… we can- “

Suddenly the communicator beeped, and Master Windu’s voice could be heard. “Master Jinn. We need you and your padawan to come to the Council Room immediately. We have a mission for you.”
Death.

The reek of decay was thick in the air, choking him with every breath. In the distance, he could hear his Masters last cry of pain, followed by a raspy, mechanical breathing.

The putrid smell of burnt flesh tore through his nostrils and down his throat. He staggered and stumbled, putting his hand out to catch himself. When he pulled his hand back, it came back bloody.

“I hate you!” cried out a young voice in the distance.

Glancing down at the ground, there was a lake of blood pooling there, his own reflection staring back up at him.

It was like an out of body experience.

He watched the reflection fall back, but he himself wasn’t moving. He reached out, wanting to grasp, to grab, but there was nothing but air and blood… with Master Qui-Gon’s lifeless eyes staring up at him.

“...Wan! Obi-Wan! OBI-WAN!”

Obi-Wan sat up with a strangled gasp, reaching for nothing, air whistling through a too tight throat as he struggled to come back to his senses.

“Obi-Wan! Obi-Wan, are you alright?!”

Obi-Wan shakily nodded his head, knowing that nobody else would believe him. He was drenched in a cold sweat, his tunic clinging uncomfortably to his skin as his Master pulled him closer, and the rest of the Council stared at him, barely-concealed concern in their eyes.
Bile rose in the back of his throat, an after-effect of the vision that was still ringing in his mind. He swallowed impatiently and tried to push it all away, push back the vision, push back the thoughts, because none of that would help him now, wouldn’t help him at all.

“A strong vision, that was.” Master Yoda spoke up, “Been having them long, has he Master Jinn?”

“For a few weeks now, they’ve been getting worse…” Master Qui-Gon reported, although his voice sound like it was underwater, “… we were coming to see you before Master Windu called this meeting.”

Obi-Wan knew he had to stop the future… he was being shown it for a reason, surely?

“Obi-Wan?”

Obi-Wan couldn’t get his Master’s dead eyes out of his mind.

He flung his arms out and caught his Master around the shoulders, the momentum sending them both crashing to the floor, amidst Qui-Gon’s exclamation of surprise and Obi-Wan’s pulse pounding in his ears.

“Obi-Wan!”

Obi-Wan nearly choked on his breath as he startled back to reality, worried (but alive) grey eyes staring at him. He felt dizzy; the world was trembling all around him.

“I’m sorry…” he whispered, pulling away and curling up into a little ball.

His Master and the rest of the Council were saying something, voices thick with worry and panic, but Obi-Wan couldn’t hear it over the pounding in his ears, the rushing of air through his nose and mouth. His Master’s arms were tight around him and Obi-Wan realized that the world wasn’t shaking; he himself was.

“… Obi-Wan! Obi-Wan, look at me!” Master Jinn ordered, gripping his shoulders tightly.
Obi-Wan could only shake.

“Obi-Wan!”

“What should we do?”

“Should we fetch a mind healer?”

“What vision could have brought this on?”

“Do we really need to ask him? Can’t you tell it was traumatic?!”

And through all the clutter of voices around him, Master Jinn’s voice drowned them out. “Obi-Wan, calm down. Obi-Wan, I’m not going anywhere. I’m right here. I’m okay. I’m not leaving. Breathe, Obi-Wan. Come on, it’s okay.”

Obi-Wan forced in a shallow breath, and then another deeper one, his lungs expanding to full capacity before deflating. He did it again, and again, following his Master’s orders and praises, because Qui-Gon was there. His Master was fine.

His throat burned. He was still going to be sick… his stomach was still writhing. He felt dizzy and breathless.


“Death…” Obi-Wan muttered, “… so much death.”

There was the tapping of a stick, before a glass was pressed into Obi-Wan’s hand. “Drink this, you should.” Yoda’s calm voice spoke up.

Obi-Wan sucked in a deep breath and swallowed three mouthfuls of the water, trying not to throw it
back up immediately after.

“Alright?”

Obi-Wan nodded slightly. “Better,” he rasped, curling into his Master. He sighed shakily and sat up slightly, trying to get to his feet. “I’m sorry about all the bother I caused.”

“You are not a bother Obi-Wan…” Qui-Gon stated firmly, as he glanced back up at the council, “…I think we should be heading back to our rooms.”

Obi-Wan nodded in agreement, “That sounds good.”

“Any help, do you need?”

Helping Obi-Wan to his feet, Qui-Gon shook his head. “Thank you, Master Yoda, but I think I’ll manage…. Can we speak to you later this evening perhaps?”

“Arrange a meeting, I shall.” Yoda then turned his attention to Obi-Wan, “Feel better, I hope you will.”

Obi-Wan simply nodded, not finding the energy to speak.

Less than thirteen minutes later, they were back in their rooms. They sat on the sofa, with Qui-Gon keeping his arms around Obi-Wan as the younger man began to shake.

“I’m okay…” Qui-Gon eventually muttered, “I know what these visions have been about, and you need to know that I’m alright.”

“… I know.”
“Everything’s okay.”

There was silence for a few moments, before Qui-Gon sighed wearily. “I’m worried about you Obi-Wan.”

Obi-Wan stared blearily at his Master, before trying to straighten and appear stronger. “Don’t be… It was just… unexpected. Next time, I’ll be better prepared for them.”

“I’ve never seen you like that… you’ve never been that lost after a vision.”

“… I’m sorry.”

Qui-Gon’s eyebrows furrowed, “Why are you apologising?”

“I made a fool of you… “ Obi-Wan eventually sighed, “… I acted like a fool in front of the entire council.”

“No! You had a terrible vision… they all understood that!” Qui-Gon smiled softly at his padawan, “They do not think any less of you, and never will.”

“… Am I to see Master Yoda?”

“Yes… I think that may be the best course of action.”

“And then they’ll stop?”

Qui-Gon was silent for a moment, “They’ll ease little one… they’ll ease.”
Nightmare

Chapter Notes

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//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from Guest: Maybe something with a young Anakin and Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon all together? Like, Anakin has a nightmare and both Obi and Qui come to comfort him and they all fall asleep together, or something

Burning.

All he could comprehend was a horrible burning sensation. Fire rushed through him, making his limbs twitch and shudder in pain.

The sharp sting of a lightsabre slicing through his arm caused him to scream in pain. He could feel himself drifting, not able to make it stop. Black crept into his vision, the once excruciating burn of the lightsabre being replaced by a dull numbness, hearing a familiar voice cry out “You were my brother Anakin!” and then-

Anakin was jolted awake just before the worst part of his nightmare. It took all he had not to cry out, but he soon realised that his throat was sore, which probably meant he already had. He slowly sat up in bed, trembling. He clenched his clammy hands into fists, trying to calm himself.

It was just a dream, he told himself, you’re stronger than this, calm down.

Anakin’s skin felt hot, and he felt tears drying on his cheeks. He scowled and rolled his eyes in disgust at himself. This wasn’t the first time he’d had the Dream, but every time it happened he mentally scolded himself for his weakness.

He was a Jedi Padawan, and Jedi Padawan’s were not meant to be weak…. Just look at Obi-Wan. Obi-Wan faced a Sith and he wasn’t-
He was halfway through his self-lecture, when he heard footsteps outside his room. For a horrifying moment, he feared it was Master Jinn again. Whenever Anakin had a nightmare like this, Master Jinn somehow managed to always sense it.

It wasn’t that he didn’t like Master Jinn, but he always felt like he should be able to deal with these nightmares himself.

There was a knock on the door, before it slowly slid open and Obi-Wan stepped in.

“Obi-Wan?” Anakin frowned when he saw the Jedi Knight step in, “Where’s Master Jinn?”

Obi-Wan stood there in loose trousers and an old tunic. He had bags under his eyes, but he seemed alert. His lightsabre was held loosely in his hand, which, he sent flying back to the living room when it was clear there was no threat.

“Sorry Anakin…” He said apologetically, “… I heard you screaming, and because Master Jinn is helping out at the Healer’s wing… outbreak of Valarian flu you know.”

Anakin crossed his arms, “I wasn’t screaming.”

Obi-Wan rolled his eyes, “Of course not…” A look of concern flashed onto his face, before he leant against the door frame, “But… you’re okay, right?”

“… I’m fine.” Anakin frowned, “Why are you even here? I thought you got your own rooms?”

“Master Jinn had to go and help the Healers, so he called me over so that someone was in the rooms with you… I think he was concerned about your dreams.” Obi-Wan stepped closer and frowned, “Looks like he was right to be concerned.”

“I said I was fine!” Anakin protested.

Obi-Wan held up his hands defensively, “You don’t need to explain yourself Anakin… I get it.” He
sheepishly lowered his hands and scratched his ear, looking at the floor, “So…. If you want to talk about anything?”

“I said I’m fine!”

Obi-Wan took a step back at Anakin’s defensiveness, “Look… I know you don’t like me.” He whispered, “But if Master Jinn taught me one thing, it’s that you don’t have to suffer alone. I used to go through these nightmares exactly like you, and he was always there for me…. Which shouldn’t I do the same for you.”

Huddling in on himself, Anakin shook his head. “You don’t have to do that…. Please, leave me alone.”

Obi-Wan considered this for a moment. After a beat, he sighed and turned around. “Follow me, “ he ordered over his shoulder.

Hesitating for a moment, Anakin shuffled out of bed and padded out of the room, into the living room. “What are we doing?” He eventually asked.

“Cooking… I find food often helps take your mind off dreams like that. Is a vegetarian burger all right?”

“… It’s fine.”

“And milk? I find that’s very soothing.”

“Can you actually cook?”

Obi-Wan chuckled, “With Master Jinn, you’ll have to learn very quickly. The man can burn water….” He thought to himself, before sighing, “… I remember when I first had a nightmare like yours…. Master Jinn bundled me up in a travelling cloak and took me to Dex’s, you’ll find out about him soon enough…. It did help I promise.”

He then turned to Anakin, “I’m just saying… I understand how you’re feeling.”
“You can’t!” Anakin blurted out, a scowl on his face, “All I can feel in pain! My pain! Night after night, I’ve been dreaming about my death! Why shouldn’t I feel like this?! Why shouldn’t I feel like I never want to sleep again?!”

He was panting by the end of his rant, face red and expecting either a fight or a rant from Obi-Wan himself… Obi-Wan just smirked.

“What are you grinning about?”

Obi-Wan shook his head, “I thought it was a nightmare.”

“… Shut up.”

They ate in tense silence after that, until Obi-Wan spoke up again. “For future reference, I just want to make sure you know that we all get them. Nightmares, I mean. Every Jedi, Padawan or Master, has gone through what you’re going through.”

“So?”

“So, I’m just saying that when you get a bad dream and Master Qui-Gon isn’t here, then you don’t have to deal with it alone.”

Anakin frowned, “You don’t like me… why would you help.”

Raising an eyebrow, Obi-Wan chuckled, “What do you think I’m doing now? Good food helps and now, we’re going to watch an old holo-movie.”

“We are?”

“Yep… they’re awful and when you can’t help but laugh at how awful they are, it takes your mind off any nightmares.”
When Qui-Gon arrived home at around 3am, he expected his ex-padawan and his current one to be asleep… although it was meant to be in separate rooms. However, when he walked into his rooms, he spotted the pair on the sofa, watching an old holo-movie together.

Qui-Gon froze and wondered if he was dreaming.

Obi-Wan was propped up on the arm of the couch with a bowl of popcorn beside him, his eyes locked on the screen. Meanwhile, Anakin lay next to him with his head on Obi-Wan’s lap, already fast asleep.

Qui-Gon was caught between wanting to take a picture and asking if Anakin had been drugged.

“Hello Master…” Obi-Wan greeted, spotting him in the doorway, quietly so as not to wake the sleeping child.

“Is he okay?”

“Bad dream, possibly a vision… I handled it.”

Qui-Gon smiled, “Well, I’m glad you two are getting along.”

The corner of Obi-Wan’s mouth curved upwards a little, “He’s kind of like my little brother now… silly for me to remain upset.”

“How very mature of you…. Room for one more?”

Obi-Wan chuckled, gently holding Anakin as he shuffled along, making room for Qui-Gon to settle down. Once the older man was settled down, Obi-Wan lay down on him and started to close his eyes, just as Qui-Gon pulled him and Anakin closer.

“Goodnight Master.”
“Goodnight little ones.”
“...Correct you were, Qui-Gon.” Master Yoda sighed wearily as Master Windu nodded in agreement;

“His cells contain a high concentration of midi-chlorians.”

Master Ki-Adi also agreed, “The Force is strong with him.”

Obi-Wan watched as his Master seemed to brighten up at this, trying not to let his own dismay show.

“He’s to be trained, then.”

The Council members all glanced at one another.

“No...” Master Windu eventually spoke up, “... He will not be trained.”

Anakin was clearly crestfallen at this, tears beginning to form in his eyes.

Qui-Gon frowned, “No??!!”
It was horrible, but Obi-Wan couldn’t help but smile slightly.

“He is too old. There is already too much anger in him.” Explained Master Windu

“He is the chosen one...you must see it!”

Master Yoda shook his head, “Clouded, this boy's future is. Masked by his youth.”

“I will train him, then. I take Anakin as my Padawan learner!”

Obi-Wan felt his heart drop to his stomach, knowing that his face must have reflected the shock on his face, even as Anakin watched on with interest.

The Council were also shocked, with Master Yoda giving Qui-Gon a disappointed look, “An apprentice, you have, Qui-Gon. Impossible, to take on a second.”

Master Windu nodded in agreement. “We forbid it.”

“Obi-Wan is ready...” Qui-Gon protested, turning to his padawan and silently asking for a show of support.

He wasn’t happy with his Masters’ decision… but he knew that if he didn’t say something, there would be problems. Obi-Wan stepped forwards to face the Council.

“I am ready to face the tri- “

Obi-Wan stopped in his tracks when there was a flash of blue above him, glancing up and taking a step back at the swirling portal above his head.

Almost immediately, everyone drew their lightsabres and ignited them, with Qui-Gon pushing Obi-Wan behind him as a show of protection.
Less than a minute later, two men dropped out of the portal, yelping as they both hit the ground hard.

“Well done….” The older of the two groaned, trying to push himself to his feet (stopped by the younger man on top of him), “… don’t touch anything I said. Remember that?”

“I remember… I thought it would help us find out what Do- “The younger man stopped, his head raised as he stared at Anakin, his eyes wide in shock as he pushed himself to his feet, “- I think I might know what that machine does.”

“Do enlighten us.”

The young man gestured at Anakin, as he helped the older man to his feet. “Look familiar?”

The older man paled at the sight of Anakin, spinning around to stare at the Council and then at Master Qui-Gon, who was still keep Obi-Wan behind him. “Perfect…” he muttered, “… this is just perfect.”

“State your purpose here!” Master Windu ordered, having had enough with the confusing conversation.

The older man pulled his eyes away from Master Qui-Gon, and turned to face the Council, bowing before straightening up to speak. “My apologies. It appears as though my companion and I have stumbled into your meeting. An accident I do assure you, I- “

“- Not from this time period, I believe you to be.” Master Yoda interrupted, chuckling when the older man’s eyes widened slightly, “Correct, am I not?”

There was a brief moment of silence, before the older man chuckled and bowed his head in respect. “You are correct… so you understand why we need to get back as soon as possible, without changing anything.”

This last part seemed to be directed at the man’s younger companion, who simply turned away, focusing on Obi-Wan…. Master Qui-Gon wasn’t happy with this and glared at the younger man.
“Are we really going to let them simply stay here until they find a way home?” Qui-Gon asked the Council, tension in his voice, “What if they’re- “

He stopped in his tracks as the older man removed his lightsabre from his belt and ignited it, the blue glow lighting the entire room. “I am no Sith.” The older man stated, “I know what you may think, and I know that recent events- “

“- How would you know about those?” Qui-Gon interrupted, clearly resisting the urge to smirk when the older man groaned under his breath, closing his eyes as though scolding himself in his mind. “How would you know about anything that’s happened to us recently?”

A tense silence fell over the Council room, as the younger man glanced over at the older one. They seemed to be having a conversation between themselves… a tense conversation if the look on the older man’s face was anything to go by.

“Fine…” the older man eventually sighed, turning away from his companion, “… all we can tell you, is that our past selves were present to hear of your recent events. The memory…. The memory is still strong in our minds.”

“Painful, these memories sound.” Master Yoda frowned, “Close, you were to the events?”

The older man sighed and nodded, “We both lost someone very dear to us around this time… which is why we must stay put.”

“Of course.” Master Windu nodded in agreement, “You will have to excuse us though, this meeting is an important one.”

The older man seemed to wince at this, but nodded in agreement anyway, heading to leave the room. The younger man, however, seemed reluctant to leave, his eyes focused on Anakin, and then Obi-Wan.

“I-I- “

The older man rushed back to his friend and gently grabbed his arm, “Don’t.” he hissed, “Don’t say
“anything!”

“… You were still upset, years after it happened… why shouldn’t I- “

“- because we can’t change the past!”

The two glared at each other, before the younger one practically deflated and followed his companion out the door. As soon as the door closed behind them, Qui-Gon span around to face the Council, a glare on his face.

“They shouldn’t be given free reign of the Temple…” He stated, “… they can’t be trusted. Didn’t you see how they look- “

“- looked at Obi-Wan and Anakin?” Master Windu spoke up, a small smile on his face as he and Master Yoda gave each other secretive looks, “Yes, we did notice that.”

“As it seems, nothing is.” Master Yoda sighed, his eyes on the door that the two strangers had just gone through, “Familiar, the older man is.”

“Familiar Master?”

Master Yoda nodded, “Something in his eyes, there is. Seen them before, I have.”

Master Qui-Gon seemed as though he was going to protest, until a sudden thought occurred to him. “You’re right…” he whispered, turning to Obi-Wan and looking him in the eye, “… there was something in the eyes.”

Seemingly coming to a conclusion in his mind, Qui-Gon rushed to the door, and flung it open, reaching out and grabbing the older man, pulling him back in.

“Master!” cried out the younger man, racing after Qui-Gon. However, he soon stopped in his tracks when he noticed how Master Qui-Gon held the older man out at arms length, scanning him from head to toe.
The tense exchange seemed to last forever, with the older man straightening up and trying to back away as Qui-Gon stared intently at him. A couple of seconds later, Qui-Gon suddenly gasped and took a step back, still looking into the older man’s eyes.

“Obi-Wan?”

Obi-Wan stepped forwards, a frown on his face as he stared at his Master, “Master?”

Qui-Gon waved his hand in dismissal, “No, no, no…” he gestured at the older man, shock written all over his face, “… Obi-Wan?”

The older man clearly winced at this…. Before sighing deeply and nodding slowly. “It is… nice to see you Master Qui-Gon.” Master Kenobi sighed, as his younger self took a step back.

“M-Me?”

Master Kenobi turned to his younger self and tried to give him a reassuring smile. “I’m very sorry about all the secrecy…. In order to protect time and the events leading up to my present day, it seemed only right to keep our identities a secret.”

“So…. Who’s he?!” Obi-Wan pointed at the younger stranger, a frown on his face as he tried to place the familiar looking face.

The younger man glanced over at Master Kenobi… who shook his head.

“No…” he muttered, “… It’s bad enough that my identity has been revealed, yours must remain secret.”

The younger man frowned at this, but obeyed his Masters’ wishes, taking a step back as Master Kenobi turned his attention back to Master Qui-Gon. “We shouldn’t interrupt this meeting any further…. Me and my… companion will wait outside.”
“You can’t!” Qui-Gon was clearly delighted to have discovered the older man’s identity, grabbing Master Kenobi’s arm, “Don’t you see what this means?” He turned to the Council, “Obi-Wan is a Jedi Master, clearly not much older than my padawan is now!”

Silence.

“Don’t you see it…. If he’s become a Jedi Master so quickly, then he must have been knighted fairly young. Possibly around this time…. It’s proof that you agree that Obi-Wan should be kni- “

“- ENOUGH!” Master Yoda interrupted, slamming his stick against his seat, an uncharacteristic frown on his frown, “Enough, we have heard. Distress, you are causing.”

“Distress? I- “Master Qui-Gon stopped in his tracks when he caught the look on his padawan’s face…. a look he promised to never put on the young man’s face again, not after how often he saw it during the first few years of having Obi-Wan as a padawan.

“- Oh.”

The younger man couldn’t remain silent any longer. “Yeah oh…” he grumbled, “… I might have been too bloody stupid to see it back then, but- “

“- Stop.” Master Kenobi ordered, his voice tense and his body even tenser, “It’s not use dwelling on the past like this….” He frowned at the younger man, and gestured at the door, “… maybe you’d prefer to wait outside?”

“Not really.”

“That wasn’t a request.”

Before the younger man could say anything else, Anakin piped up from his position against the wall. “If Obi-Wan gets knighted, does that mean I can be trained?!”

Before Qui-Gon could speak up, Master Windu intervened, “The Council has already made a decision young one…. You are not to be trained and that is final.”
Anakin seemed as though he was about to burst into a temper tantrum, as the younger man stepped forwards to say something…. And then Master Kenobi intervened.

“Enough!” he ordered, his voice stern, “Instead of bickering about things that should remain unchanged and unaltered, we should be focusing on getting me and my companion back to our proper time.”

“Correct, Master Kenobi is.” Master Yoda sighed, “Back home, they should be going. Postponed, this meeting shall be.”

Qui-Gon didn’t seem happy with this, but accepted the Council’s decision nonetheless, watching as Master Kenobi and his younger companion walked out of the room, heavily immersed in conversation.

……………………………………………………………………

“I don’t understand why we can’t do anything??”

Obi-Wan hushed his padawan desperately, glancing around as other Jedi stared at them, confused frowns on their faces, “We can’t change anything, we don’t know what effect they would have on our timeline!”

“What if these changes are for the better!” Anakin cried out, “What if, having Master Qui-Gon alive, changes the course of the war?!”

“And what if it makes the situation worse! We can’t predict these things!”

“But- “

“- No more!” Obi-Wan growled, “We need to focus on getting back and stopping Dooku before- “

“- but what about you?”
Obi-Wan was silent for a few seconds, before sighing and shaking his head. “How I felt back then means nothing. It…. It was a long time ago and I’ve expelled all negative feelings about the event, into the Force.”

He turned away from his padawan, “I would advise you do the same.”

“… How did you pass the knighting ceremony?”

Obi-Wan frowned, as Anakin continued.

“After… everything that happened before you became a knight, the test must have been practically impossible! They focus on dark feelings and- ”

“- Defeating the Sith was considered to be my test.” Obi-Wan eventually sighed, “The Council performed a simple mind examination, before knighting me and giving me my first padawan… you know the rest of the story I’m sure.”

“… Did you hate me… when I became your padawan?”

Obi-Wan turned to Anakin in shock, “I beg your pardon?”

“Did you hate me? I noticed the way your younger self looked at younger me…. He didn’t look happy.”

Obi-Wan was silent for a short time, before shaking his head and sighing. “I never hated you Anakin…. I was disappointed in my Master more than anything”

“Huh?”

“… He was always taking in creatures or people that needed help, that needed saving…. But he always swore that none of them would ever replace me.” He shrugged, “Until one of them did…. I never held it against you Anakin. But I was very disappointed in my Master… even after everything
He turned away from Anakin and sighed, “It was never you Anakin…. Never you.”
Call to Vengeance AU

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from bluedragoninamber: What is the Jedi Apprentice novel "The Call to Vengeance" goes a different way? What if, instead of Tahl's spirit and Obi-Wan pulling Qui-Gon back from killing Balog and Falling to the Dark Side, what if Qui-Gon kills Balog and Falls? What if Obi-Wan flees with his master (because Obi-Wan would never abandon him, even if he Fell)? What if Obi-Wan calls for Dooku (because he knows the Order will want to execute Qui-Gon as a Fallen Jedi)? Maybe Dooku takes in the two of them (probably after paying off the planet due to Qui-Gon's murder of Balog), and they become Grey Jedi like Dooku? They make a Grey Jedi family on Serenno?

Brace yourselves everyone… this is a doozy of a chapter.

"Qui-Gon, wait!"

Obi-Wan watched in dismay as his Master ignored him, continuing forwards to where Balog was. Everything seemed to be in slow motion as he followed the older man, his feet getting heavier and heavier with each step.

Everything seemed to be dyed the colour red as he walked through the door, igniting his lightsabre as Balog rose from his chair, reaching for a communicator.

Voices were muffled as Qui-Gon buried his lightsabre in the console, before Balog could call for help. Blaster shots were fired, and Qui-Gon deflected every one of them, a smirk on his face as Balog started to panic. When Balog tried to make a run for it, his legs got tangled in the legs of his chairs and he fell backwards.
At last, Qui-Gon's enemy lay at his feet.

“No, Master Qui-Gon!”

Obi-Wan felt as though he had been glued to the floor, watching as Qui-Gon raised his lightsabre above his head… and brought it down on Balog’s throat, slicing through the vulnerable flesh and silencing any protests Balog might have made.

At that moment, Master Windu burst through the door, his face morphing into anger as he stared at the scene.

“OBI-WAN!”

“It wasn’t my fault!” Obi-Wan tried to beg, “I tried to stop him!”

“YOU HAVE FALLEN! JUST LIKE XANATOS!”

“Please, no!”

Master Windu’s voice seemed to echo all around the room, deafening Obi-Wan as he fell to the ground.

“OBI-WAN!”

“OBI-WAN!”

“OBI-WAN!!!!!”

Obi-Wan shot up in his bed, his head almost colliding with his Master’s as he was startled out of his dream… memory… nightmare.
“Bad dream?” Qui-Gon asked, his tone knowing as he took a step back from the bed, his eyes tinged with a hint of yellow, signifying his descent to the Dark Side, “Breakfast is ready. Come down as quickly as you can. We need to get going soon.”

That’s all they’d been doing since Master Windu burst in on the gruesome crime scene and tried to have Qui-Gon brought in for a trial. When Qui-Gon refused to come quietly and grabbed Obi-Wan’s arm, dragging him away and starting their life on the run.

And Obi-Wan hated it.

All this sneaking around and hopping onto transport after transport in order to avoid the Order. Qui-Gon was fallen, and therefore the Order would stop at nothing in order to catch him and execute him.

Maybe they would just let Obi-Wan go… or maybe they would execute him as well for willingly following his Master.

Because that what Obi-Wan had been doing… willingly following his Master, even when he had every opportunity to escape and make his way back to the Temple.

He was just as culpable.

…………………………………………………………………………………………………………………….

“We need some more food…” Qui-Gon muttered, ignoring the leaking roof of the shack and turning to Obi-Wan, “… I’ll be gone for about an hour. Open the door to no-one, understood?”

Obi-Wan silently nodded, keeping his eyes focused on the floor.

There was an audible sigh, before the door slid shut, leaving Obi-Wan alone with his thoughts.

It was less than half an hour later, when he heard the knock on the door.
Startled out of his morbid thoughts, Obi-Wan glanced up and frowned... Qui-Gon wouldn’t knock... he had the key to the shack.

Knowing that the possibility of the Jedi Order or bounty hunters or anything like that suddenly bursting in was high, Obi-Wan scrabbled up from his seat and hid behind the sofa, hand automatically reaching for his lightsabre.

Until they actually came through the door, he wasn’t going to make a sound or a movement.

There was a soft clicking noise, before he heard the door creak open and a familiar, cultured voice echoing throughout the room. “Oh Qui-Gon...” the man whispered, “... What has become of you?”

Recognising the voice for who it was, Obi-Wan cautiously peeked around the side of the sofa, frowning at the sight of Count Dooku, standing in the middle of the room and sneering at the leaks and ragged furniture.

Before he could duck down once again, Dooku eyes flickered in his direction and the man seemed to sigh in relief. “Obi-Wan...” Dooku took a deep breath, “... Thank goodness.”

“M-Master Dooku?”

Dooku opened his mouth to protest the incorrect title but chose not to say anything as he silently gestured for Obi-Wan to come closer, looking quite pleased when the young teen didn’t budge.

“Cautiousness is smart at a time like this...” the older man praised, “... but rest assured, I am not here to bring you and Qui-Gon to the Order. I’m here to help.”

“H-How?”

Dooku simply smiled at him, moving to sit down on the sofa... before changing his mind at the sight of something moving inside. “... Please tell me my mind imagined that.”

“No... that’s Windu.”
“Hmmm?”

“The rat… Master called it Windu.”

Dooku couldn’t help but chuckle at this, as Obi-Wan frowned. “If you don’t mind me asking…. How did you know where to find us?”

“… I visited the Temple to celebrate your birthday.” Dooku eventually stated, “Qui-Gon had mentioned it months ago, and yet, when I arrived, I was told that Qui-Gon had fallen and taken you with him.”

At this, Dooku suddenly became very serious and looked Obi-Wan straight in the eye. “I came to help Obi-Wan… however, if he’s forcing you to be here, or hurt you in anyway, you need to tell me.”

Obi-Wan frantically shook his head, “No, no, no…” he flushed in shame, “… I’ve been following him willingly. He hasn’t done anything… except for the whole Balog thing.”

Sighing in relief, Dooku nodded. “Good… then yes, I will help you and Qui-Gon.”

“How? If you don’t mind me asking?”

Dooku seemed thrilled at the question, pulling a lightsabre from his belt and igniting it, showing off a pure white blade. “Do you know what this means Obi-Wan?”

Transfixed by the lightsabre, Obi-Wan slowly shook his head, prompting Dooku to explain the meaning behind the colour.

“Having a white lightsabre means that I am not affiliated with either the Jedi or the Sith.”

“So… y-you’re- “
“- A grey Jedi, yes…. In the loosest sense of the term. I am neutral, unless me and the Council agree on a certain subject… only then, will I help.”

At Obi-Wan’s sudden panicked look, Dooku waved his hand in dismissal. “If I cannot rehabilitate Qui-Gon, then I will follow the Council’s guidance…. But only then. For the time being, I’ll see what I can do for him back on Serenno.”

“B-But, what if someone sees Qui-Gon and calls the Council.”

“They won’t.”

“But-“

“- I’ve bought off the relevant people on the planet. Law enforcement, security officers, high-ranking gang bosses… they’ll help keep the news contained.”

Before Obi-Wan could say anything, Dooku suddenly stiffened and positioned himself behind the front door, the prime ambush spot. Sensing that something was wrong, Obi-Wan dived back behind the sofa, tensing as the front door opened again.

“Obi- UGH!”

Obi-Wan winced at the familiar voice and the grunt of pain, peeping out from behind the sofa. Dooku didn’t look apologetic as he stood over his ex-padawan, brow creased in disappointment as he shook his head. “Really Qui-Gon… why didn’t you come to me in the first place? Why drag your padawan around the galaxy like this?”

Grunting in pain, Qui-Gon pushed himself to his feet, glaring at his old Master. “It was the only way to remain safe!”

“Why didn’t you come to me?”

“You haven’t exactly been there! You weren’t there when Tahl was murdered!”
“Because I thought that you would have more success in expelling these feelings of grief into the Force! Our relationship hasn’t been the best, but I thought I taught you better than to go on a quest for revenge, falling to the Dark Side!”

“I loved her!”

“You shouldn’t have done!”

The pair stared at each other for a few moments, with Obi-Wan preparing to leap to one side if they did decide to fight. Thankfully, the tense situation passed and Dooku sighed wearily.

“I am here to offer you help Qui-Gon…” he sighed, “… You can either come with me, back to Serenno where I can train you in the ways of being a Grey Jedi…. Or you can live like this. Darting from planet to planet in order to avoid capture and execution.”

Before Qui-Gon could answer, Dooku held up a hand. “You should know… should you decide to continue down this path, Obi-Wan will not be joining you.”

“… What?”

Dooku gestured to Obi-Wan, a scowl on his face. “You cannot continue to drag Obi-Wan along with you. He has the potential to become something great, and I will not see you ruin that chance for him.”

“You can’t- “

“- Yes, I can Qui-Gon. He is my Grand-padawan, and I will do whatever it takes to make sure he achieves his very best.”

There was another tense silence, before Qui-Gon practically deflated, nodding wearily. “Alright…” he whispered, “… alright. We’ll go to Serenno with you.”
Master Yoda was immediately suspicious as he and Master Windu landed on Serenno.

Nobody seemed to be looking them in the eye, and several were whispering to one another, glares on their faces.

“Has Dooku turned them against us that much?”

“Suspicious they are. Ignore it, we must.”

Cautiously, the pair made their way to the home of Dooku, knocking on the large ornate doors and waiting.

Due to the extravagance of the home, the pair were expecting a droid to open the door… however, it was a red-headed, young man… a very familiar young man.

It may have been over ten years since Qui-Gon’s fall and his and Obi-Wan’s disappearance, but Master Yoda recognised the young man instantly.

“Obi-Wan Kenobi…” he greeted, a frown on his face, “… a surprise to see you, this is.”

Obi-Wan had gone slightly pale at the sight of them, but soon straightened up and stepped to one side. “I assume you’re here to see Master Dooku?”

The young man tensed at the sight of Master Windu’s hand inching towards his lightsabre, his entire body prepared to leap into action if the Jedi Master engaged his weapon.

For a time, everything was tense, until an imperious voice boomed throughout the hall.

“Stand down Mace!”
Dooku came storming down to the lower level, his cloak flowing behind him and a frown on his face. “Obi-Wan is on our side.”

The two Jedi Masters’ clearly didn’t believe him, prompting Obi-Wan to slowly remove his lightsabre and engage it, showing off the pure white of his blade.

“He is a Grey Jedi, just like I am.... just like Qui-Gon is.”

Master Windu was outraged at this, opening his mouth, only for Master Yoda to hold up a hand, stopping him in his tracks.

“Fallen, Qui-Gon has. Grey Jedi, he cannot be.”

“You are no expect on being a Grey Jedi Master Yoda…” Dooku scolded, “… Qui-Gon suffered a great tragedy, and yes, he reacted badly, but he has changed…. I can assure you of that.”

As though speaking of the devil, Qui-Gon’s voice was suddenly heard from the top of the stairs. “Obi-Wan! As I recall, we have a training session! Answering the door doesn’t take that long!”

The words may have been stern, but the tone was fond…. Fonder than it had ever been during Qui-Gon’s time in the Order. It seemed as though the Master/Padawan pair had grown closer.

“I think it’s best you schedule an appointment with my personal assistant…” Dooku sighed, watching as Obi-Wan raced up the stairs, “… goodbye Master.”

The Jedi pair hadn’t realised that they were being backed back out of the mansion, until the door was shut in their faces.

“Do we call the Council?” Master Windu asked, already preparing to launch an attack.

“Alone, we should leave them…. In peace, they are.”
Go On Without Me

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from Cuneiform: Obi-Wan gets separated from Qui-Gon on a mission and a few days later is dropped off, severely injured and they're not sure if he's going to make it and Qui-Gon is freaking out? I just love hurt/comfort ones stories!

Qui-Gon wasn’t entirely sure how they’d gotten into this mess, though he was fairly certain he wasn’t to blame. It was probably Mace’s fault.

Whoever’s fault it was, they were well and truly in trouble. Qui-Gon was sitting back to back with his padawan, their wrists bound so tightly together to an iron ring set in the floor, that he had lost almost all sensation.

It should have been an easy mission; investigate the disturbance in a series of underground, crystal caves on Ryloth and return when it was all sorted. But the ‘slight disturbance’ had turned out to mean ‘secret underground criminal cartel’, who were mining the crystals and did not appreciate Jedi’s snooping around.

So here they were…. Trussed up with no means of escape, their lightsabres in another area, out of reach. Three men were muttering to themselves, circling as they watched them.

Qui-Gon smirked at their wariness…. They were right to be wary.

Footsteps echoed on hard stones outside and Qui-Gon glanced towards the door, noting the way their guards stood up straighter. Whoever was coming must be important.
A moment later, a tall figure strode through the jagged archway to their miserable prison. A sneer was already plastered across what little of his face wasn’t badly scarred. He had an aura of cruelty that Qui-Gon sensed he’d have no trouble using against them.

A threat then… a serious one, considering their defenceless state.

“What is the problem?” the man hissed. His voice had a sibilant quality and seemed to reverberate off the walls, “I told you to stash them somewhere and return at once.”

“We was goin’ to…” one of the men said hesitantly, “Cept we was worried they might escape, them being Jedi’s and all, so maybe one of us ought to stay and guard ‘em?”

Obi-Wan shifted restlessly at Qui-Gon’s back, clearly already considering the idea. Qui-Gon could feel where Obi-Wan’s blood had seeped in his own sleeve from a cut on the boy’s sleeve, but thankfully, it was shallow. However, the padawan had also taken a blaster butt to the head, meaning that he was phasing in and out of consciousness.

“A guard will not be necessary,” the scarred man said haughtily.

Qui-Gon fought the urge to smirk at his arrogance…. Jedi were not supposed to find enjoyment in fighting, but it might be enjoyable to wipe the smug look off his face.

“But what if they escape and go fer help?” one of the goons asked timidly.

The leader fixed him with a cold glare, stalking forward until he was standing next to the prisoners.

“I’ve heard…” he began, eyes meeting Qui-Gon’s with cold intelligence, “… that Jedi Masters’ are utterly devoted to their students. Is that true?”

No one spoke for a moment, and the man’s face hardened. In a motion quicker than Qui-Gon could follow, his hand darted forwards and caught Obi-Wan a ringing blow across the jaw, who yelped and rocked backwards against his Master.
Qui-Gon tried to crane his neck over his shoulder to check on his padawan. The krißfing bastard must have known Obi-Wan had a head injury, for now he smiled cruelly, flexing his hand menacingly.

“T’m still waiting for an answer,” he said softly. His hand rose slightly, as if to hit Obi-Wan again.

“Yes, it’s true.” Qui-Gon blurted out, desperate to stop any further attacks on his padawan.

The man smiled at him, a cruel, predatory thing. “How interesting…. You see men, we will not need to set a guard, because they won’t be escaping. That is, not unless the Jedi Master here wants to leave his Padawan behind.”

Faster than Qui-Gon could follow, the man’s foot shot out and stamped down with all his strength on Obi-Wan’s ankle.

The crack of breaking bone nearly drowned out Obi-Wan’s agonized gasp, but it wasn’t enough to mask Qui-Gon’s enraged cry. He struggled against his bonds, straining to find something he could focus on enough with the Force, to throw at the men and his guards. However, he stopped moving when his motions jarred Obi-Wan, drawing a pained sound from the young teen.

The man’s cruel smile only grew as Obi-Wan attempted to hunch forward over his broken ankle.

“I really doubt he’ll be escaping on that,” the man said, feigning concern in a manner that made Qui-Gon’s fingers itch to tighten around his throat, “Enjoy your stay.”

With that he turned, intentionally brushing against Obi-Wan’s leg as he went, drawing another hissed breath of pain.

As soon as his cronies had filed out behind him dutifully, Qui-Gon sighed, trying to twist his head around and look at his padawan, without jarring the injured boy further. However, their arms were bound together from wrists to elbows.

Obi-Wan’s breath was coming in sharp pants.
“Obi-Wan.”

“I’m fine.”

“I heard the crack young one, your ankle is broken.”

“Really? I hadn’t noticed.”

“How bad is it little one?” Qui-Gon asked quietly, concern curling in his belly.

“I-I don’t know… I think it’s a clean break.”

“Is there any chance you could walk on it?”

He knew the answer before Obi-Wan shook his head wearily. “N-no, I don’t think so,” he muttered, letting his head fall back to rest against Qui-Gon’s shoulder. His Master shifted slightly to give him a better angle.

Qui-Gon sighed bitterly, realizing that the leader of the cartel had cleaved through all his burgeoning escape plans in one go by hobbling his padawan. His sigh must have been louder than he thought, as Obi-Wan cautiously spoke up.

“You should go… get some reinforcements.”

“… I think we’re better off sticking together little one.”

Obi-Wan shivered slightly. The caves were bitterly cold, and Qui-Gon didn’t doubt that the temperatures would serve to make them lethargic, further complicating any plans to escape… especially with Obi-Wan’s wounds.

“My foot’s at a really odd angle.”
“Try not to think about it too much little one.”

“Master… you know you have to escape.”

Qui-Gon frowned, despite knowing that Obi-Wan couldn’t see it, “We are not discussing this.”

“Yes, we are,” Obi-Wan insisted, “If you don’t go for backup, we’ll be killed…. You know this. Whatever reason they kept us alive, it’s not a good one.”

“I will not leave without you.”

“But you have to.”

Qui-Gon blinked at the statement…. He would hate it, and the guilt would churn like acid in his gut, but he could leave his padawan behind, hidden somewhere safe, if it freed him to go for reinforcements. It was the cold, logical decision, and Qui-Gon hated himself for being able to make it…. But he could.

“Do you have a way to get free?”

Qui-Gon hesitated for a brief moment, before reaching around with careful fingers until he brushed the back of his belt. Sliding his fingers along the underside, he managed to get himself into a position where he could manipulate the locks inside the cuffs.

His fingers had gone slightly numb from the tight restraints, so it took a fair bit of concentration before the lock finally clicked and the cuffs fell to the ground. From there, it took even less time for him to get Obi-Wan free.

“So, what’s the plan Master?” His padawan asked, trying to grin cheekily, but it fell flat in the face of his evident exhaustion.

“This place is built like a warren. The way they brought us in barely looked used, so we’ll head out and- “
“- you’ll head out.”

“I could carry you.”

“Not if you wanted to deal with anything or anyone you came across.”

Qui-Gon hated to admit it, but his padawan was right. If there was an issue and he needed both hands quickly, Obi-Wan would be a hinderance.

“I can hide away in some forgotten corner and be perfectly safe while you get help!”

“… Fine.” Gently Qui-Gon lifted his padawan to his feet, wincing as the young boy bit back a groan at the motion, “Come on, let’s find somewhere safe for you.”

He easily found a smallish corner for Obi-Wan, gently placing him in it. “Be safe, be silent and don’t move until one of us finds you, alright?”

Obi-Wan nodded, wincing at the pain in his head. “May the Force be with you Master.”

“And with you little one.”

Unfortunately, by the time Qui-Gon returned with reinforcements, it was too late… Obi-Wan was gone.

.................................................................

Pain. Indescribable, terrible pain.

That’s all there was as he laid on the ground.
He couldn’t remember anything of the past few days… he just remembered fear and pain and hurried footsteps followed by panicked voices.

………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………

Qui-Gon felt like he was going to pass out.

All he could see was the bloodied form of his padawan as the healers rushed him to the Healers’ Wing. Obi-Wan’s body was limp and his breath was shaky, almost non-existent.

Qui-Gon gasped as he noticed this, rushing over and grabbing his padawan’s hand as they sped to the Healers’, “Kriff- Obi-Wan, stay with me little one! Don’t do this to me!”

Nothing…. Obi-Wan’s breathing remained quiet and shallow.

Once they were in the Healers’ wing, the Healers stripped Obi-Wan of his bloodied uniform, dressing him in clean clothes and desperately trying to stabilise him before placing him the bacta tank. When Obi-Wan was in, the Healers turned to Qui-Gon, with the leader shaking their head.

“This will be a long battle for your padawan… one they may not win. I would advise preparing yourself for that.”

Qui-Gon simply nodded, keeping his eye focused on Obi-Wan. As soon as the Healer left the room, he fell to his knees in front of the tank, placing one hand on the glass and trying to calm his mind.

Obi-Wan didn’t look good. His body was a mass of blood and bruises, with barely any skin peeking through the black and blue wounds.

For almost a week, he slept in front of Obi-Wan’s tank, spending all day looking at his padawan’s slowly healing body.

Another three days came and passed, and Qui-Gon was starting to pace anxiously in front of the tank.
What was taking so long?

Shouldn’t he be better now?

The Healers were becoming less and less hopeful.

Obi-Wan’s chances of survival were dwindling.

Another week passed before the Healers felt secure enough to removed Obi-Wan from the tank, placing him in a nearby bed and wrapping up his wounds, which were still quite badly bruised.

Less then three hours later, Obi-Wan stirred weakly. “Master?” he croaked, “What’s wrong?”

Qui-Gon practically collapsed into the chair next to his padawan, grabbing the teens hand and clenching it tight.

“I should never have left you…” he whispered, his eyes shut as he stroked Obi-Wan’s hand with his thumb, “… I should have carried you, threats be damned.”

“… It was my choice Master. It is always my choice.”
Sequel to Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

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//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :) 

Prompt from Guest (Hey) & Ello_its_meme: Is there going to be a sequel to this chapter? Like the Jedi Council find out who older anakin is (referring to chapter 40)

When it became clear that Master Kenobi and his companion were not simply going to disappear to their own time period, the council decided to give them their own rooms… far away from Master Jinn’s rooms.

Anakin was sent to the initiate rooms whilst Qui-Gon argued with the council, desperate to teach him.

The younger Obi-Wan however, wasn’t content to wait in his own rooms… not when his older self was wandering around… not when this man had all the answers to his future.

Not when the man could tell him whether or not Qui-Gon would keep him on as a padawan… or whether he’d be cast aside for the newest model.

Knowing that his Master would be with the Council for quite some time, Obi-Wan snuck out of the small apartment and headed towards his older self’s temporary rooms. There was no risk of him getting caught, which might be the only thing that Anakin was actually good for… providing a distraction.

When he knocked on the door, it took a while to open and instead of his older self, it was the companion.
“Oh…” groaned the companion, “… it’s you.”

At the tone, Obi-Wan found himself straightening up. This man was barely older than himself and he still saw Obi-Wan as nothing more than a pest… a child.

“I was hoping to speak to Master Kenobi.” Obi-Wan spoke up, trying to sound more mature, “I have a few questions for him.”

There was a brief pause, before the other man frowned. “Weren’t you paying attention in the Council room? You can’t know anything about your future, no matter how curious you are?!”

“It was one simple question… nothing drastic I assure you.”

“No Kid… now scram before- “

“- Before what Anakin?”

Obi-Wan couldn’t help but smirk when Master Kenobi appeared in the doorway, although the expression soon fell when he realised that Master Kenobi didn’t seem pleased to see him either. “I-I-“

“- You were hoping to ask me a few questions about my life… many of them revolving around Master Jinn and Anakin.”

At Obi-Wan’s shocked expression, Master Kenobi smirked and shrugged. “I know what I would have done if my future self suddenly appeared… and I suspect you already know my answer.”

“I just want to know if he ever gave you a reason for trying to abandon you?”

The nameless man winced and twisted away, hiding his face as Master Kenobi’s face fell and he sighed wearily.
“Obi-Wan, I- “

“- Because I thought I was doing well as a padawan, and he said there were still a lot of things to teach me and- “

“- it is not your fault Obi-Wan.” Master Kenobi eventually interrupted, moving to one side and allowing the younger man inside. “I know it must feel that way, but what happened in that Council room… none of it was your fault.”

“Then why does it feel that way?”

Master Kenobi didn’t seem to have an answer for that, his eyes turning their attention to the floor as his companion turned fully away, his fists clenched.

“I can’t answer that…” Master Kenobi eventually sighed, “… but you need to know this Obi-Wan. Whatever you believe Master Jinn thinks of you, it’s- “

Before he could finish, there was a knock on the door, prompting Obi-Wan to duck to the side, sensing that it would be bad if he was seen in these rooms.

Once he was sure that Obi-Wan was out of sight, Master Kenobi opened the door and straightened up at the sight of Qui-Gon. “Master Jinn…” he greeted, “… what a pleasant surprise. And how can we help you?”

“The Council wishes to speak to all of us… and I was wondering if you’d seen your younger self anywhere?”

‘Your younger self’… not even ‘my padawan’, ‘your younger self… that hurt.

Master Kenobi made a show of looking around, before shaking his head and shrugging. “My apologies Master. Have you tried the training rooms?”

“Yes…” Qui-Gon was clearly suspicious, but decided to let it go, “… Well, if you see him, can you tell him that the Council requires him as well?”
“Of course. We’ll meet you there.”

Once Qui-Gon left, Master Kenobi shut the door and turned to his younger self. “You might as well walk with us, and if your Master asks, we bumped into you after you went to see a friend… Bant perhaps?”

“… I think he knew I was in here.”

“Oh definitely, but we’ll keep up with the pretence… it’ll make everyone feel better.”

…………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………

“We bumped into each other…” Master Kenobi stated, when Master Jinn frowned at his padawan, “… I believe he was going to see a friend.”

“How lucky.” Master Qui-Gon raised an eyebrow at his padawan, before gesturing for everyone to follow him inside, placing a fond hand on Anakin’s shoulder.

Obi-Wan felt like he was going to implode, clamed only when Master Kenobi’s companion placed a hand on his shoulder, clearly trying to reassure him that everything would be alright.

But Master Qui-Gon was treating Anakin much better than how his treated Obi-Wan at first, and that was hard to ignore.

When they stood in front of the Council, Obi-Wan fought to keep the jealousy off of his face, knowing that it could hurt his chances of getting knighted… if his Master wanted him to be knighted in order to be happy, then he wasn’t going to do anything to hurt those chances.

“Concerned, we are…” Master Yoda began, his attention on Master Kenobi and his companion, “Longer, you stay. More chances of change, there are.”

“I couldn’t agree more Master Yoda.” Master Kenobi agreed, stepping forwards, “However, there
seems to be no way to go back naturally. We did assume that this would wear off in a few days, however… it hasn’t.”

“Concerning, this is.”

“Very… has the Council found any reason as to why we’re here?”

Mace cleared his throat and spoke up, “It appears as though the reason behind your sudden appearance occurred in your timeline. There are no signs of activity on this end.”

“How very concerning…” Master Kenobi mused, “… well, hopefully the Council in our time has found something. It is how you say Master Yoda, the longer we stay here, the higher the risk of changing something.”

“I don’t suppose there is any chance you staying in your room would minimise the risk?” Mace asked, raising an eyebrow when Master Kenobi chuckled at the thought.

“Unfortunately not… there have already been some changes, which may have had an effect.”

“Changes? What changes?”

Master Kenobi and his companion glanced at each other before Master Kenobi sighed wearily. “By this time in our timeline, there was an incident that required our attention.”

“And what incident would that be?”

“Forgive me Master Mace, but I believe it’s best that we keep that information to ourselves.”

Mace nodded but was clearly not pleased about it.

Another person who wasn’t pleased, was Anakin himself.
‘Must be annoying not to be the centre of attention for once’ Obi-Wan thought spitefully to himself, instantly regretting it and clenching his fists in order to try and calm down.

“But what about me?” the child piped up, “If they stay any longer, does that mean I won’t be a Jedi?”

“That won’t be happening anyway…” Mace sighed, clearly fed up of the conversation, “… we have explained this.”

“But- “

“- it’s not all about you kid!”

Everyone fell silent as Master Kenobi’s companion’s voice echoed throughout the chamber. At his Master’s glare, the young man flushed slightly and turned around, hiding his face as he took deep breaths.

“My apologies…” Master Kenobi eventually sighed himself, “… my friend is a little worried about the situation we are in and the effect it may have on our time…. And he briefly forgot about his basic manners.”

After being nudged in the side, the young man nodded and bowed, “My apologies Masters… but we should be focusing on more important things, other then whether or not I beco-UMPH”

Once again, everyone went silent as the young man… Anakin flushed as Master Kenobi audibly groaned and covered his face with his hand.

“Well done…” he muttered, sending an annoyed glare at his companion, “… this is why you don’t get sent on undercover operations very often.”

“Sorry Master.”

Everyone else was still in shock, until Qui-Gon stopped forwards. “Anakin? Our Anakin.”
The older Anakin glanced over at his master, as if checking that it was okay to speak, before nodding in agreement with Qui-Gon. “Yes… we agreed that it was for the best that I… remain anonymous.”

“Because you prove that Anakin could be a Jedi? That even the Council can see your- his potential and agree to make him my padawan?”

At Qui-Gon’s slight smugness, Obi-Wan wilted slightly, hunching in on himself… which everyone was quick to notice.

“We weren’t going to tell anyone our identities at all…” the older Anakin frowned, “… but you guessed who Obi-Wan was. The choice to hide our identities wasn’t anything to do with Anakin! It was because of the effect it would have on the timeline!”

“Yes, but now that we know you’re Anakin, it means- “

“- Enough!” Master Yoda ordered, frowning at the sight of the younger Obi-Wan hiding his face away from the rest of them, with the older Obi-Wan not looking much better, “Pointless, this conversation is. Bigger concerns, we have.”

“Bigger concerns?”

“Incident on Naboo, there has been.”

Master Kenobi and the older Anakin both glanced at each other, but before they could say anything, a blue portal, similar to the one the time-travellers arrived in, appeared in the centre of the room and a young Togruta stepped through.

“Masters!” she exclaimed in relief, a big grin on her face, “We thought we’d never find you!”

“Ashoka!” Older Anakin stepped forwards, returning the grin, “How did you- “

“- It’s a long story Master. But we need to get ba- “Ashoka stopped and stared at child Anakin and
younger Obi-Wan, “- Is that.”

“Alright, time to go youngling.” Anakin gently pushed Ashoka back towards the portal, “We need to get back.”

Those two quickly went through the portal, leaving Master Kenobi behind. “Thank you for your hospitality…” he bowed low, “… And may the Force be with you.” He then turned to his younger self, “It does get better… I promise.”

With one, sad last look at Master Jinn, before anyone could stop him, he went through the portal as well, leaving behind a stunned silence as the portal closed.

“Over, it is…” Master Yoda eventually stated, “… Back to normalcy, we can go.”

Privately, Obi-Wan disagreed, but he remained silent, musing over his older self’s final words as the details of the Naboo mission was given to them.

He would figure out what the cryptic words meant soon, he was sure of that.”
Sequel to Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :)

Prompt from Leandra Damien: What if the meetings with Yoda wear Obi-Wan out and he is somewhat constantly tired and Qui-Gon is still worried about him. Then his friends (Bant, Garen, Siri, Reeft) invite him for a sleepover and they watch some holo-vids where they all slowly fall asleep and are startled awake by Obi-Wan having a nightmare and when he wakes up he's completely panicing, because Qui-Gon isn't there and his friends try to calm him, until Bant tells Garen (or someone else) to com Qui-Gon and he comes and comforts his Padawan. Idnk if it's too much or not what you like you can change it.

Obi-Wan knew he was stupid to accept the sleep-over invitation.

His sessions with Master Yoda had left him worn out and exhausted, making him especially prone to nightmares…. Not visions, not like the ones he’d been experiencing… but blood-curdling nightmares that led to panic attacks in the middle of the night.

Needless to say, his Master was still worried.

But Bant, Garen, Siri and Reeft had invited him over to watch holo-vids and sleep-over in Bant’s chambers.

It would have been rude to decline, right?

It wouldn’t be too bad… right?
For some reason, Garen couldn't fall asleep.

He stared at the ceiling, playing with his fingers lazily… He wasn't tired at all.

Everybody else had gone to sleep hours ago, but he just couldn't fall asleep. He finally sighed and pushed himself to his feet, deciding to pace for a bit, try and wear himself out… Maybe some of the left-over dinner will help.

He stopped at the sound of pained crying though, followed by a loud thump.

It was coming from Obi-Wan’s bed.

“Obi-Wan? Obi-Wan, what’s wrong?”

Obi-Wan’s eyes suddenly flew open and he backed up until he was pressed against the wall. “Get away from me!” he snapped.

Garen stepped back when Obi-Wan tried to kick him, noticing that Obi-Wan’s eyes weren’t really looking at him. He slowly moved back towards his friend, kneeling next to him as Obi-Wan took in deep ragged breaths, eyes squeezed shut.

“Obi-Wan… Obi-Wan it’s okay,” he tried to reassure the other teen, setting a hand on his shoulder.

Obi-Wan looked up at him, mouth open slightly…. Before inhaling sharply and leaning over as he threw up.

“Oh kriff!”

At the exclamation, the others slowly started to wake up, quickly spotting what was happening.
“What’s wrong with him?” Siri hissed, gently rubbing Obi-Wan’s back, “He looks terrible!”

“I think he had a nightmare but—“

Suddenly, Obi-Wan seemed to realise someone was touching him, and reared back, knocking Siri off balance and Force-pushing the others away.

“I’ll get Master Jinn!” Bant gasped, stunned slightly by the push, “He’ll know what to do!”

Needless to say, Master Jinn made it there in record time, practically pushing past the other children and kneeling by his padawan.

“Obi-Wan!” He placed his hands on Obi-Wan’s shoulders, on his face, trying to anchor him as the teen fought his way back to wakefulness, “I’m here little one. It’s okay, you’re okay, I’ve got you.”

Obi-Wan opened his eyes and found himself face-to-face with his Master, a flush on his face as he quickly realised what had happened. He was shaking, tremors rolling through him in waves and there was a metallic taste on his tongue. His heart-rate was almost a single blur of sound and his breath came in short, shallow gasps.

“Obi-Wan, listen to me.” Qui-Gon moved closer and reached out, “I want you to give me your hand, okay?”

Obi-Wan opened his eyes, turning to meet his Masters’ gaze with a panic scorching in his veins. Slowly, hesitantly, he obeyed, reaching out and taking Qui-Gon’s hand, who squeezed it.

“This is real…” his Master stated, his tone calm and measured, “I’m real. You’re safe. We’re both safe.”

Obi-Wan nodded, tucking his head and closed his eyes. He felt his Master shift close and moved
towards him, leaning into the older man’s gentle touch. “Thank you…” he whispered gratefully, “… can we get out of here.”

“Anything you want little one. Anything you want.”
Dooku's Frustration

Chapter Notes

These are just little random one-shots that I will be doing about the relationship between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. They will be updated as often as I can, and if any wants me to expand on any of them or if you have a prompt for me, just say in the review :) 

//words\ = Bond speak

Please read and review :) 

Prompt from Sarah March: I really love everything you write and I would love, if it’s possible to see the continuation of 14. Abandonment 

Now I know I said chapter 11 was a sequel to this chapter, so this is will take place between the two chapters 

As soon as Dooku wandered into the room, Obi-Wan knew that something was wrong… he knew that Dooku hadn’t gotten the answers that he wanted.

“It’s alright Master Dooku…” he started, before Dooku could say anything, “… I think I can guess how the conversation went.”

“The man is as stubborn as he always was…” Dooku growled, ignoring the incorrect title used for him, “… He was stubborn when he wanted to train Feemor, when he said Xanatos wasn’t going down the wrong path, when he decided you weren’t going to take the test almost two years ago, and now he’s being stubborn about this brat being the Chosen One.”

Obi-Wan remained fairly calm as his Grand-Master started to pace the room, growing more and more frustrated with Qui-Gon.

“I thought his stubbornness was a good quality when he was younger…” Dooku growled, “… he persevered against everything. Every challenge that I threw at him, he put everything into it, refusing to let it defeat him, and I admired that about him. On missions, he wouldn’t let anyone walk all over
him for being a padawan and yes, sometimes his stubbornness meant that we had more plants and animals than necessary in our apartments, but he was my student, like a son to me! I just let him get away with it!”

Obi-Wan watched in alarm as Dooku’s ranting started to increase in volume. “Master Dooku- “

“- I don’t know if I can deal with this anymore.” Dooku didn’t appear to have heard Obi-Wan, “I have scolded him time and time again for how he treated you during your early years of being his padawan, but this might honestly be the last straw…. Abandoning you for some brat…. And even the Council seem to agree with that!”

“Maybe… it’s a sign that Master Jinn may be correct about Anakin? Maybe he is the Chosen One?”

Dooku paused in his pacing for a while, before turning to the younger man. “I know I shouldn’t be telling you this… but many members of the Council do not truly believe in the prophecy of the Chosen One. It has been prophesised for years, and nothing has happened.”

“Then maybe… maybe they believe I’m ready?”

“I have rarely put faith in the Council’s decisions as to who is ready for Knighthood and who is not… in my opinion, the padawan knows when they are ready.” He stepped closer to Obi-Wan and encouraged the young man to look him in the eye, “Obi-Wan… do you feel as though you are ready?”

There was a moment of tense silence as Obi-Wan stared at the older man, his eyes wide in shock as his mouth fell open and closed, unable to say a word as he stammered and stuttered nervously.

“I-I-I- “

Dooku didn’t say a word, simply keeping his eyes on Obi-Wan, as the younger man tried to calm down and maintain his composure.

“I-I-I- “Obi-Wan took one more deep breath, before giving Dooku his best reassuring smile, “If I’m being honest… I’m not sure. But I need to believe in myself, because it’s obvious that the Council believes in me.”
“The Council wants to knight you so that Qui-Gon can get his way… but if you truly want to go through this, then I’ll be right beside you all the way.”

Before Obi-Wan could say anything else, Dooku continued, “But can I give you one more piece of advise?”

“Ummmm-“

“- Make Qui-Gon work for your forgiveness. I don’t think he deserves it just yet.”

“… As you wish Master Dooku. As you wish.”
The first few days on Serenno were hard.

Despite the fact that he agreed to move there with his Grandmaster, in order to keep Obi-Wan with him, Qui-Gon felt like he was going to pop out of his skin.

He was losing his mind.

“I’m leaving….” He growled, striding past Dooku, “…. I can’t stay here anymore.”

“You’re giving up so easily?”

Qui-Gon stopped in his tracks at the disappointed tone in his Masters’ voice, his entire body tensing as he heard the man walking closer.

“You’re giving up on Obi-Wan that easily?”

Qui-Gon span around at this, his fists clenched tight as he glared at his ex-Master. “I fell like a
prisoner…. You’re keeping me trapped in here!”

“You are still a Fallen Jedi Qui-Gon… you are a danger to anyone you come across, so yes, until you actually calm down and start to listen to me, you’re not going anywhere.”

Quickly summoning his lightsabre to his hand, Qui-Gon ignited it and leapt at his ex-master, forcing the older man to move swiftly to the side.

“LET. ME. OUT!”

Dooku didn’t even flinch as Qui-Gon swiped at him, simply keeping his hands behind his back and moving from side to side, avoiding each slash with ease.

“Is this really the example you want to set for your Padawan?” Dooku taunted him, still not drawing his weapon, “Someone who is out of control and unable to defeat an old man?”

“SHUT UP!”

Out of the corner of his eye, Dooku spotted Obi-Wan appear on the staircase, a worried look on the teen’s face. Silently, he told the teen to stay where he was… just in case Qui-Gon turned his anger on the younger man.

Obi-Wan didn’t listen.

“Master! No!”

It all seemed to happen in slow motion.

Obi-Wan came flying down the stairs, clearly hoping the grab Qui-Gon’s lightsabre arm before he could make another move. Unfortunately, Qui-Gon used their bond to his advantage, spinning around and using the Force to stop Obi-Wan in mid-air… and then throwing him against the nearest wall.
Like a puppet that had had its’ strings cut, Obi-Wan crumpled to the crowd, not moving as he slipped into unconsciousness.

“Obi-Wan!” Dooku cried out in alarm, finally going on the offensive and swiftly disarming a stunned Qui-Gon, grabbing his lightsabre before rushing over to Obi-Wan, who was slowly starting to recover, rubbing his head as he desperately tried to get a bearing on his surroundings.

When he noticed the smallest trace of blood on Obi-Wan’s hands, he immediately lifted the young teen into his arms and rushed past Qui-Gon in order to get to the medical bay.

“Very foolish little one…” he muttered into Obi-Wan’s ear, “… but I think you just might have gotten through to him.”

Being sure to shut Qui-Gon out of the room, he lay Obi-Wan on the bed and allowed his personal healers to get to work.

Obi-Wan was completely fine… but Dooku made the decision to stay in the room for a while longer, just to worry Qui-Gon.

Once he was sure that his ex-padawan was a little bit calmer (the pacing outside the room had stopped), Dooku slowly made his way out, glaring at Qui-Gon who was slumped against the wall, head buried in his hands.

“You are very lucky…” he began, taking a secret delight in the way Qui-Gon’s eyes widened in shock, “… Obi-Wan will make a full recovery… you might not be so lucky.”

“P-pardon?”

Dooku shrugged, “I thought you could be a Grey Jedi… I thought you could work with me and Obi-Wan, but after today, I’m not so sure… I don’t think there’s any hope for you.”

“Master no….” Qui-Gon moved to his knees, eyes wide and pleading, “… Master please, I can
“Can you?” Dooku raised an eyebrow at the man, “Prove it.”

As he walked past his ex-padawan, he continued to talk/ “You will spend the rest of the week in meditation, pushing all negative feelings into the Force and re-learning everything about yourself. Your strengths and your weakness... and how you can better yourself. Am I understood?”

Qui-Gon nodded frantically, practically leaping to his feet and racing after his old Master, allowing himself to be led to another room and shut inside.

His rehabilitation started now.

It had been months since they moved to Serenno.

Qui-Gon was slowly, but surely, heading towards becoming a Grey Jedi... but Obi-Wan knew he himself was struggling slightly.

The Order insisted on strict rules, strict ways that padawan’s had to act in order to prove themselves worthy of a knighthood.

And Obi-Wan tried to continue these rules to the best of his ability... honestly, he did.

But Master Dooku didn’t seem to appreciate it.

“What have I told you about this?” Dooku scolded as he watched Obi-Wan struggling in the kitchen once again, unfamiliar with the equipment, “I have highly trained chefs who do this for us, there’s no need for you to be in here.”

“I-I know, but- “
“- but nothing.” Dooku gently gripped his shoulder and escorted the teen back to the dining room and encouraged him to sit down. “Talk to me.”

Obi-Wan fidgeted nervously, “Talk about what?”

“… Why you feel the need to act more like a servant, than a member of this family?”

“That’s- that’s- “

“- I know. That’s how you’ve been taught to act…” Dooku placed a gentle hand on Obi-Wan’s, “You don’t have to do these things anymore. All I want you to do, is get used to this new situation, try as hard as you can during our training sessions… and be yourself.”

“… Okay.”

“Good…” Dooku straightened up, acting more like the Count that he was, “… now that we’ve got this sorted, I expect you to sit at the table and eat with me and your Master. I hope your table manners are up to standards?”

“Ummmm…. Possibly not yours?”

“No matter, I’m sure we can do something about that.”

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“I have some very interesting news.”

25-year-old Obi-Wan and Master Qui-Gon Jinn both glanced up at Master Dooku, who was scanning through the recent news-reels.

“It appears as though Naboo is in the middle of a catastrophic event.”
Qui-Gon frowned, “…. And? Has the council called us in?”

“No yet… but it appears as though Master Windu has found the ‘Chosen One’

Whilst he had been given the ‘chosen one’ lecture time after time after time, Qui-Gon couldn’t help but lean forwards in curiosity. “The one who will bring balance to the force? That ‘chosen one’? Where in the galaxies did they- “

“Tatooine… that horrible planet where Jabba insists on running his business from. Some small child, around nine or ten… far too old to be trained.”

“But, he is the ‘chosen one’.”

Obi-Wan resisted the urge to smirk as Master Dooku rolled his eyes, clearly preparing himself for another lecture on ‘foolish prophecies’ and the trouble that they cause. Settling back in his chair, cup of tea in his hands, Obi-Wan watched the… disagreement with interest.

It was good practice for his diplomacy lessons.

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“I was so sure that you wanted to train the Chosen One…”

Qui-Gon rose one eyebrow in the middle of his meditation, smirking as he heard Obi-Wan walk in, “So sure were you?”

“… A little bit, yes. It is the Chosen One after all.”

Opening his eyes and unfolding his legs, Qui-Gon smiled up at his padawan… god Obi-Wan had grown so much since they came here, “You’re my padawan… why would I want anyone else?”
“Not even the Chosen One?”

“Master Dooku was right… If the boy is trained, Master Yoda will be the better choice, and if they
don’t train him, they’ll send him somewhere safe, where the Dark Side can’t follow…. It is the better
choice.”

“So… no urge to rush off and kidnap the kid from his bed?”

“You’re enough trouble Obi-Wan, trust me on this.”
Newtwork 2

Chapter Summary

Prompt from PadawanMouse: I'd like to see Qui-Gon trying to sleep, and a little Anakin comes in with a nightmare and seeking comfort. So Qui-Gon, being Qui-Gon, lets him sleep up in the bed with him. And then Obi-Wan comes in, and grumbles about all the noise Anakin was making, and Qui-Gon invites him in, too, and so Obi-Wan hops in bed (with a little more grace than Anakin) and now it's right crowded in there. And in the morning, the two of them are cuddled in their Papa's arms, and Padmé slips in and takes a picture.

Anakin had been plagued with nightmares for as long as he could remember.

Low voices and sparks of electricity flashed through his mind.

Now that he’d been separated from his family, the nightmares seemed to have gotten worse…. Which was why he woke up with a scream of fear, the sound echoing through the ship. The adrenaline still coursing through his veins, he shot up from his bed and raced towards Master Jinn’s quarters.

He flung the door open, preparing to apologise only for Qui-Gon to give him a sad smile, lifting up the covers and silently encouraging the child to come onto the bed.

Anakin didn’t hesitate.

He dove at the older man, nearly smothering him as he clutched at Qui-Gon, sobs racking his body. Anakin’s nails dug into the Jedi Master’s shoulders as he clung to the other man, tears dampening the older man’s night shirt.

Qui-Gon wrapped the blanket back around the two of them and sighed into the boy’s hair, rubbing his back gently.

Less than a few minutes later, the door to the room slid open once again and Obi-Wan stood in the doorway, rubbing his eyes as he yawned wearily. “Nightmare?” he asked, gesturing at Anakin.
“It would appear so… did he wake you little one?”

Obi-Wan shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant. “Well, he did almost scream the ship down… but I was awake anyway.”

“Hmmmm….,” Qui-Gon clearly didn’t believe him, raising an eyebrow at the younger man, before moving the blankets to one side, and gesturing for Obi-Wan to lie on his other side, “… come on little one.”

A little more gracefully, Obi-Wan slid into the bed and curled up next to his Master, humming as the older man rubbed his back soothingly.

“Sometimes nightmares get the best of everyone…,” Qui-Gon muttered, “… it is nothing to be ashamed of.”

Anakin had already succumbed to exhaustion, but Obi-Wan nodded slowly. “I know… it doesn’t stop the shame sometimes though.”

“I know little one… I know.”

Padme was concerned.

She had heard the scream, same as everyone else on the ship… and then there was only silence.

Anakin was just a kid, what if he needed comforting?

Slowly, she eased herself out of bed, making sure she didn’t wake any of the other girls, before shuffling towards Anakin’s room. When she noticed that the room was empty, her panic grew.
What if the scream had been something more sinister than a simple nightmare?

Panic and fear flooding through her veins, she raced towards Master Jinn’s room, bursting through the door and opening her mouth to raise the alarm… before stopping in her tracks.

Kriff this was cute.

Master Jinn, Padawan Kenobi and Anakin were all curled up together in the bed, limbs entangled as they snored softly. They didn’t even react when Padme went rushing out of the room, her bare feet slapping against the metal ground as she raced back to her room to grab a holo-camera.

How she managed without waking up the other women, she would never know.

When she made it back to the other room, she snapped several photos of the sleeping trio, smiling softly when a slight noise caused Anakin to grumble in his sleep and shuffle closer to Master Jinn.

It was nice to know the Jedi Order had some human qualities.

Luke couldn’t help his curious nature.

Ben had admitted that he knew his father and that they’d fought in the clone wars together.

He had a right to be curious.

The hut was practically devoid of personal possessions… except for one holo-pic on the bedside table.

Ben wouldn’t mind him looking, would he?
He was out anyway, he would never know.

Carefully, Luke reached over and activated the picture, frowning when he saw an older man huddled up next to his... sons?

“Curious, were we?”

Luke span around in shock, dropping the picture to the ground, only to sigh in relief when Ben held out his hand and stopped the picture in mid-air.

“S-sorry!” Luke stammered, “I-I.... who were they?”

A sad look flashed across Ben’s face, opening the picture himself and staring at the figures.

“They were my family.”
Festival of Illumination

Chapter Summary

Prompt from: bluedragoninamber: So Coruscant has a big fair/festival/amusement event for the younglings every year. Masters typically take their padawans (especially the young ones), and it's considered a day to indulge them and let them be children. Obi-Wan really wants to go, but Qui-Gon thinks it's frivolous. Really, he's resistant because Dooku always refused to take him to the festival because Dooku thought it was frivolous. But then, Dooku shows up hoping to take his grandpadawan, Obi-Wan, to the fair and enjoy a day of spoiling him like an indulgent grandfather. Whether Dooku is still in the Order or not is up to you. But anyway, Qui-Gon is jealous and pouting because his master would never take him and now wants to indulge his Obi-Wan. Dooku realizes he messed up, and he has to apologize to Qui-Gon (with feels and fluff and at least one heartfelt hug). Dooku ends up indulging both his son and grandson at the festival with lots of sweets (but please no stomach aches) and at least one massive stuffed creature for each of them, maybe took as or something? And when they're back in Qui-Gon's quarters afterward, he looks over his sleepy lineage and realizes that he has a family.

Mornings were usually a peaceful time of the today.

Master Jinn and Obi-Wan would wake up at around the same time, meditate for a time before having their morning meal.

Not this morning, however… this morning was widely different.

“Master! Master!”

Qui-Gon grunted as a small weight suddenly landed on his bed, startling him awake and causing him to shoot into a seated position. “Obi-Wan!” he scolded the teenager, “What are you doing? Why are you suddenly acting like an initiate?!”

Obi-Wan wasn’t even phased by the scolding tone (which was unusual in itself), the beam on his face only growing as he practically quivered in excitement. “It’s the Festival of Illumination!”

“What are you- “Qui-Gon stopped, groaning as it all came back to him.
Of course.

The Festival of Illumination. A time where Creche Masters’ spoiled the initiates and Master spent whole days spoiling their Padawans.

Master Dooku used to hate it. It was seen as ‘foolish’ and ‘childish’, therefore they never went.

And he’d continued on the same way with his Padawans…. And it wasn’t going to change with Obi-Wan.

“We’re not going.”

Obi-Wan seemed to deflate entirely, “What?”

“Almost everyone will be at the festival. It’s the perfect time to try out some of the more advanced drills and exercises without having to book the dojo.”

“Oh….” Obi-Wan looked like he was about to cry, “… I-I understand that but- “

“- but nothing little one. Now go and get changed, I will get breakfast ready.”

When it looked like Obi-Wan was going to protest again, Qui-Gon held up his hand in a silent order for him to stop. “This conversation is over Obi-Wan. We’re not going and that is final.”

It was remarkable how a silent Obi-Wan was worse than a talkative one.

Qui-Gon refused to feel guilty.
Missing a childish festival was not going to do the child any harm.

“Make sure you finish it all Obi-Wan…” he scolded, noticing how the teen simply pushed his food around the plate, a dejected look on his face, “… Another good thing about this festival, is that we can get all your favourite food in the cafeteria if you want?”

Silence.

“Obi-Wan. I sincerely hope you’re not going to be like this the entire day?”

More silence.

“Obi-Wan-“

//Count Dooku is at the door. \ droned the door computer system, stopping Qui-Gon in his tracks and causing him to frown in confusion.

“Open.”

As soon as the door slid open, Dooku practically glided in. He wasn’t wearing his usual elegant clothing, which gave Qui-Gon some suspicion, especially when he saw the soft smile on the older man’s face.

Dooku never smiled, not if he could help it.

“Master Dooku…” he began, pushing himself to his feet, “… what an unexpected surprise. How can we help you today?”

“It’s the Festival of Illumination… I was hoping to take Obi-Wan out for the day. Grandmaster’s prerogative and everything.”

Obi-Wan immediately perked up at that, beaming as Dooku gave him a soft smile. Qui-Gon however, felt… well, he felt a little betrayed.
“You? You want to take him to the Festival of Illumination? You?”

“I would really get that hearing of yours seen to Qui-Gon…” Dooku teased (and who knew he could do that), “… it’s important to catch it early. To answer your question, yes I intend to take Obi-Wan to the Festival, and you if you so wish.”

“Oh, so now you decide to take me to the Festival?”

There was a brief moment of tense silence where Dooku and Qui-Gon stared each other down, and Obi-Wan nervously glanced between the pair of them.

“Obi-Wan…” Dooku finally spoke, “… go to your room and get some normal wear on. It’s a little chilly, so you might need a traveling cloak.”

Grateful for the excuse to leave, Obi-Wan shot away from the table and raced to his room, sending an apologetic wince towards his Master, before disappearing through the doorway.

“What’s this all about Qui-Gon?” Dooku asked once he was sure that Obi-Wan was in his room and not eavesdropping.

Qui-Gon rolled his eyes, “Don’t act like you don’t see what’s wrong here… not once, in all the years that I was your padawan, did you take me to the festival. You used to say it was frivolous, remember? We’d spend all day training in the rooms that were always booked any other day of the year. So, I was going to do the same with Obi-Wan… until you got his hopes up like that.”

Silence.

“What’s the matter, Master? Hard to hear the truth?”

Little did Qui-Gon know, his words had hit a nerve with his old Master.

// “Master! It’s the Festival of Illumination! Come on! We need to get there early!”
“We’re not going Qui-Gon. A ridiculous tradition if you ask me. No, our day will be best spent going over some new katas and trying out the new training program.”

“… Oh.” \/

The look on Qui-Gon’s face was very similar to the look Dooku had briefly seen on Obi-Wan’s face…. and it was a look Dooku saw until Qui-Gon was around 17… by that time he was used to it.

“You are right Qui-Gon.”

At Qui-Gon’s stunned expression, Dooku continued. “I wanted you to be the best, and I thought that could be done by ignoring events such as this… but I was wrong.”

“Are you sure you’re not saying that just because you want to take Obi-Wan out?”

“No…” Dooku chuckled, moving to sit by his ex-padawan, “… no, I’m not just saying it… although, I applaud your suspicion. I think it all started after I took you on as my padawan… after you won the dueling championship for your age group, remember?”

Nod.

“You were the best in your age group, and I was so proud to be your Master, so proud that I was going to be the one to lead you to greatness…. And I think I let it all go to my head. It became all about training and not about being a good Master… and I am sorry about that.”

Qui-Gon was silent for a time, simply staring at his Master.

“Qui-Gon?”

Qui-Gon seemed to be startled out of his thoughts, turning to his Master with a soft smile on his face. “… You do realize that you owe me quite a few treats if we go out today?”
Unable to help the chuckle that bubbled up from his throat, Dooku reached over and pulled Qui-Gon closer in a one-armed hug. “I think I can manage that.”

“Ummm…”

They both turned to Obi-Wan, who had re-joined them in the living room.

“… are we still going out?”

“Yes, little one…” Qui-Gon nodded, “… we’re going out. Grab any credits you have and let’s get going.”

“Qui-Gon…” Dooku frowned, “… I may not have taken you, but I remember how it used to work with Master Yoda. Today is my treat Obi-Wan, leave your credits here… Qui-Gon, you do the same.”

“It will be expensive Master.”

“And that’s why being a Count is a benefit.”

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“He really didn’t need that teddy…” Qui-Gon muttered, nibbling on a sugary snack as they wandered through the crowds, keeping a careful eye on Obi-Wan as he raced on ahead, “… I’m pretty sure teenagers aren’t supposed to have teddy bears.”

Dooku rolled his eyes, “If I remember correctly, you insisted on cuddling something soft up until you were actually knighted.”

“… that wasn’t a teddy.”

“Then what was it?”
Recognising the dangerous tone for what it was, Qui-Gon winced, “A Loper…a young one.”

“A loper… as in the rodent creatures that are carnivorous pack hunters, armed with teeth and claws, and a bone-plated barbed tail? That type of Loper?”

“…. Yes.”

Dooku resisted the urge to tear at his hair, instead, taking a deep breath and exhaling. “Right… well, that’s nice to know. Anything else you need to tell me?”

“No, no.”

He was lying, but Dooku let it slide, especially as Obi-Wan doubled back to meet them, still clutching the teddy in his arms and a sweet treat in the other hand. “Can we please go on the Ferris Wheel?” he asked politely, glancing between Qui-Gon and Dooku, “I’ve already checked on the queue and it doesn’t appear to be too long?”

“Of course…” Dooku answered before Qui-Gon could even think about it, “… that sounds like a perfect end to the day.”

It really was a perfect end.

Obi-Wan started to drift off as they made their way back to the Jedi Temple, stumbling slightly from side to side, prompting Qui-Gon to lift him in his arms and carry him the rest of the way… even though Qui-Gon looked like he was going to pass out himself.

“I can carry him if you want?” Dooku eventually asked fondly, as his ex-padawan yawned wearily, “I assume he’s not too heavy?”

Qui-Gon yawned again, “Not really…. I’ve been trying to get him to eat more, he’s like a twig.”
“… hand him over Qui-Gon.”

“Hmmm.”

It was a clear sign Qui-Gon was too tired to even argue… Dooku had been prepared for something far worse. Slowly, Obi-Wan was transferred over and they continued on their way, with Qui-Gon starting to sway, his own weariness getting the better of him.

“Come on Qui-Gon… just a few more steps now.” Shifting Obi-Wan into one arm, Dooku gently started to support Qui-Gon with the other one, taking on more and more of his weight, the closer they got to the pairs’ rooms.

Less than half an hour later, Dooku found himself pinned on the bed, unwilling to move too much as Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan slept gently on top of him.

No… he wasn’t entirely sure how he got into this position, but he wasn’t complaining.

They were family after all.
What Kind of Man he Becomes

Chapter Summary

Prompt from Alex: Could I request one maybe of Qui-gon with padawan Obi-wan and Qui-gon gets sent to the future by himself and sees what kind of man his bad decisions and cruel actions made Obi-wan into and then returns to his time and vows to make sure that he will change his ways so that he not let that happen to his Obi-wan?

Qui-Gon knew he should have stayed away from the blue light.

It was common knowledge… Maybe his curiosity overcame him. To be honest, he’s not entirely sure what pulled him towards the light.

He’d had a hard day with Obi-Wan and just wanted to get away from teenagers and their mood swings.

And the blue light looked so inviting.

Almost like it was calling to him.

The next thing he knew, there was a bright flash and he landed on unfamiliar ground… heavily.

“Ummmm, General Kenobi?” An unfamiliar voice spoke up, followed by a poke to his side, “I think we have a problem.”

“Cody? What’s… oh my.”

Obi-Wan? What was Obi-Wan doing here?

Before he could even think about trying to push himself up from the ground, there was a sharp pain in his head and everything went completely black.
“- gree. Unusual this is.”

“Has anything like this ever happened before?”

“Not to our best knowledge Obi-Wan, but we’re looking into it.”

“And in the meantime? What are we supposed to do with… with him?”

The voice was deeper than what he remembered, but the accent was the same, as was the politeness.

“Obi-Wan…” he muttered weakly, opening his eyes as much as he could and trying to glance to the sound, “…Obi-Wan?”

When he glanced over, he instantly recognised Master Windu and Master Yoda standing by his bedside, giving him concerned looks.

Standing opposite the two Masters, was a man in full combat army and another Jedi, with sandy brown/red hair and beard… and very familiar eyes.

“Obi-Wan?”

The sandy haired man winced, a frown on his face, before he turned back to Master Windu and Master Yoda. “Keep me updated on the situation, if you wouldn’t mind?”

“Of course, Master Kenobi.”

Without saying a word to Qui-Gon or even acknowledging that he had even spoken, Obi-Wan turned on his heel and strode out of the room, closely followed by the armoured man.
Qui-Gon could swear that that man was glaring at him as he left.

“He didn’t even acknowledge me…” Qui-Gon whispered, pain in his voice, “…. My own padawan didn’t even speak to me.”

Mister Windu and Master Yoda glanced at one another before Master Yoda sighed wearily. “Tired, Obi-Wan is. Better tomorrow, I’m sure he will be.”

But even he didn’t sound sure.

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“So… you’re the one who’s going to be guarding me?”

The armoured man with orange tints on the armour, didn’t even look at him, continuing on down the corridor with Qui-Gon following on behind.

“… Have I done something to offend you?”

“No.”

This was the most the man had spoken in the hour they’d been together.

“You were with Obi-Wan… do you know he used to be my Padawan?”

“Yes.”

“… What did I do?”
Finally losing patience with the cold shoulder he was receiving, Qui-Gon reached out and grabbed the man’s shoulder... only to yelp in surprise when the man effortlessly grabbed his wrist, twisting it around and pinned him against the wall.

“Do not grab me General....” The man growled, “... it is never a good idea to just grab me.”

“Let me- “

“- You want to know why your student can’t even look you in the eye?” The man continued, as though Qui-Gon had never said anything, “You abandon him, time after time after time... and you don’t even care.”

Qui-Gon wanted to argue, he wanted to push back against the accusations... but he couldn’t.

He had already abandoned Obi-Wan once before this mess ever happened.

Seeming to know that he’d won the argument, the armoured man let him go, setting him back on the ground and stepping away. “You hurt him Master Jinn...” the man finished wearily, “… you hurt him again and again... even your final words hurt him.”

His final words?

… He was dead?

Qui-Gon desperately wanted to know more, opening his mouth to bombard the man with more questions, until a young man and an even younger Togruta appeared from around the corner.

“Cody!” the young man called out, a teasing smile on his face, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you so far away from Obi-Wan! You had an argument or something?”

Cody... so that was his name.
“I have any job at the moment…” Cody sounded a bit calmer talking to the young man, gesturing at Qui-Gon, “… It appears as though there’s been an incident of time travel.”

At the sight of Qui-Gon, the young man took a step back, his mouth gaping open in shock. “That’s… that’s… Qui-Gon?”

“… Yes? Do I know you?”

He felt slightly guilty when the young man looked hurt, his face only becoming neutral when Cody spoke up again. “Obi-Wan thinks he came from when he was about thirteen, long before he ever meets you.”

This young man clearly knew who he was. In which case… maybe this young man could explain what had happened between him and Obi-Wan.

If this Cody would ever give him the chance.

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Sneaking away from Cody was remarkably easy.

The man had taken him to a separate room in the Temple, far away from the other living areas, ordered him to stay where he was, before leaving.

It was a bit naïve of him really.

Around an hour after Cody left (just to be sure he wasn’t coming right back), Qui-Gon snuck out and headed straight for the Master/Padawan rooms, knowing that there was a chance he would meet the young man and his padawan (or so he assumed).

It was late in the evening, and the majority of the Temple would usually be heading back to their rooms, settling down for the evening which increased his chances.
“Excuse me!” he called out as soon as he spotted the young man, rushing over and placing a gentle hand on the man’s shoulder, tightening it when the man tried to squirm away, “I just want to talk.”

“Obi-Wan said- “

“- Let me guess…. Don’t say anything to me because I might affect the past, and therefore the present and future?”

“…. Pretty much.”

“I don’t want to know anything specific… like how this apparent war started or what happened to me or anything. I just want to know what happened to Obi-Wan.”

The young man frowned, “Huh?”

“He’s my padawan, and yet he has spent the entire time I’ve been here, avoiding me, dodging me at every turn! I need to know why!”

There was silence, as the young man turned his attention to the ground, before shaking his head. “I didn’t know you for long Master Jinn… Obi-Wan was knighted not long after I met you, I have no idea what happened when he was your padawan.”

“At all?”

A guilty look flashed across the young man’s face.

“You do know something, don’t you?”

Silence.

“Please…” Qui-Gon placed a hand on the young man’s shoulder, “… I need to know.”
“… You disowned him… in front of the Council.” Once he started, the young man couldn’t stop, “You wanted to train another padawan, one who the Council didn’t want trained, and you were desperate!”

“… What did I say… exactly?”

“… You said… I will train him, then. I take… the child as my Padawan learner.” The young man shook his head, “He was in the room, and I just remember the look on his face…. he looked betrayed. You then said that he was ready for the trials and looked at, like- “

“- like I was begging him to just play along.” Qui-Gon felt like his heart had dropped to his stomach, “Like I wanted him to just roll over and give up.”

“Yeah… and Obi-Wan listened.”

“So… I abandoned him?! Took on another padawan and threw him into knighthood kicking and screaming?”

“Sort of… it didn’t play out like that.”

Before Qui-Gon could question him further, the young man held up his hand. “I can’t say anything else, so please don’t ask.”

“Alright… you’re sure you don’t know anything else?”

“I’m sorry… I didn’t know you for very long.”

Qui-Gon nodded in understanding, taking a step back as the young man headed towards his room. The information had been appreciated, but it still wasn’t enough.

His abandonment of Obi-Wan might explain why his ex-padawan was acting so coldly towards him… but that couldn’t be all.
“This is ridiculous…” Qui-Gon muttered to himself almost an hour later, “… One Jedi master cannot be this hard to find…. It’s easy in the past!”

He had been wandering all around these corridors and going in circles by the feel of it.

How had everything changed so much in the years that he’d been away?

“Lost, you look Qui-Gon. Like an initiate, you look.”

Resisting the urge to yelp in shock, Qui-Gon spun around and bowed at the Jedi Master. “Master Yoda, I didn’t hear you there.”

“Meant to hear me, you were not.” Yoda moved a little bit closer, his stick tapping against the marble floors, “Lost, you are.”

“Yes…” Qui-Gon chuckled weakly, “… I think they’ve moved everything around since I was here.”

“Misunderstand me, you do. Lost in thoughts, you are.”

Qui-Gon was silent for a time, before sighing wearily and resting against a nearby wall, sliding down until he was seated on the floor. “I don’t understand why Obi-Wan suddenly seemed to… dislike me. He’s not said a word to me since I got here… I just want to know what I did!”

Master Yoda seemed distressed by this news, his ears hanging low for a second as he shook his head sadly. “A hard life, Obi-Wan has had. All your fault, it is not.”

“… But part of it is my fault… A lot of it, right?”
Master Yoda was silent, causing Qui-Gon to sigh wearily. “Great… just what I needed to hear.”

“Speak to Obi-Wan, you should. From his mouth, you should hear the truth.”

“How! He’s avoiding me!”

“Trick him, I will. To the Council room, you should go.”

Feeling a sense of relief, that Master Yoda had the situation under control, Qui-Gon nodded gratefully, before heading to the room in question.

He needed to know the truth.

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“I thought Master Yoda was acting a little bit suspiciously.”

Qui-Gon straightened up at the familiar voice, spinning around to look his old padawan in the eyes. Obi-Wan looked slightly amused by what had happened, but he was still keeping his distance.

“Yes, he…” Qui-Gon cleared his throat, “…. He thought we needed to talk.”

“Oh? He doesn’t usually get involved in things like that.”

“… You’ve been avoiding me.”

Obi-Wan looked a little bit shocked at the statement, remaining silent as Qui-Gon continued.

“Ever since I got here, you’ve avoided me at every turn… I just want to know why. Someone told
me that I abandoned you in front of the entire council, and I’m sorry… but I need to know if there
was anything more? What did I do?”

Silence.

“Obi-Wan… please.”

There another second of silence, before Obi-Wan shook his head wearily. “Our master/padawan
relationship was… tense.”

“… How tense?”

Obi-Wan sighed, “Let’s just say… when you decided to take on another padawan, it wasn’t a
surprise.”

“You felt like I was going to abandon you for all those years?”

“You have to admit Master, the start to our relationship wasn’t exactly the best.”

That was putting it mildly… Even Qui-Gon could admit that.

“It improved but there was always this lingering doubt…. ” Obi-Wan continued, “… and then there
was the incident in the Council Room.”

“Where I took on another padawan and left you on your own.”

Obi-Wan winced, “It… it didn’t happen quite like that.”

“… Pardon?”

Another wince, “It- you… there was an incident and you… died not long after.”
Qui-Gon knew he’d gone pale at this… from Cody’s statement, it was obvious that he died at some point, but for it to be so soon after he abandoned his padawan?

It just couldn’t be true.

And then he remembered something else that Cody said…” Even your final words hurt him.”

Even your final words hurt him.

“What did I say to you…” he asked quietly, frowning as Obi-Wan turned away and didn’t answer him, “… Obi-Wan… what did I say to you? Before I died?”

Silence…. Obi-Wan looked like he was going to pass out.

Eventually, he took a deep breath and turned back to face Qui-Gon. “Train the boy. He is the Chosen One. He must be trained.”

What?

Qui-Gon was going to ask further questions… until he remembered what the young man said. He’d wanted to train a boy, and the Council disagreed… and then he abandoned his padawan to try and train him.

“I asked you to train the boy the Council didn’t want me to train.” Qui-Gon felt like he was going to pass out, “I didn’t say anything else?”

“… No. Just that you wanted the boy trained.”

It all started to make sense now. Why Obi-Wan had been so cold towards him, why Cody seemed to hate him… he had been so cruel, crueler than what he ever thought he could be. Silently, he fell to his knees, resting his forehead against the floor as he took deep, long breaths, trying to calm down before he completely lost it.
“Master? Master?!”

He couldn’t look up at him… couldn’t see the look on the man’s face… couldn’t see the disappointment.

“… Master.”

At the change in Obi-Wan’s tone, Qui-Gon forced himself to look up.

“Oh Master…” Obi-Wan smiled sadly, “… I know this is a little harsh, but I’m glad you are so distressed by this.”

“… Huh?”

“It means that you care… it means that you see it as unacceptable behaviour. If you see it that way, then maybe you can change.”

Qui-Gon frowned, “I thought that- “

“- changing this little bit of the past probably won’t change much in terms of the future…. We haven’t told you how the war started or any of the key players… I believe this will have a minimal impact on our future.”

“O-okay…” Qui-Gon then chuckled, “… it’s not like I’m going anywhere so- “ He stopped, a blue light catching his attention out of the corner of his eye, “- oh.”

Obi-Wan glanced up, spotting the light as well. “It seems as thought it’s time for you to go home.” He whispered.

“But, I need to ask you- “
“- Master…” Obi-Wan took his hand, “… you’ll be completely fine. I have every faith in you.”

“I don’t know if I have faith in myself.”

“Trust in the Force Master… everything will be alright.”

And with a bright flash, Obi-Wan vanished from sight.

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“-aster? Master! MASTER!”

Qui-Gon shot awake with a loud gasp, shooting upwards and almost knocking Obi-Wan out with the force.

Wait…. Obi-Wan!

Much to his padawan’s surprise, he reached over and pulled the young teen into a hug, keeping his arms wrapped around him as he silently prayed to the Force in gratitude and for forgiveness.

“Ummm…. Master?”

Eventually, Qui-Gon managed to pry himself away from his padawan, taking in Obi-Wan’s worried expression. “I’m so sorry little one…” he murmured, “… I’m so sorry.”

“… What for?”

“Everything….” He got to his feet and helped Obi-Wan to his feet gently, “… I’m sorry for everything.”
Prompt from Antonia Rose: I was wondering whether you could do another codywan chapter next. :D You've pulled me onto that ship and now I can't wait to read more. :) Inspiration from Dakt37 (http://dakt37.tumblr.com/post/168979222924/a-qui-gon-survived-tpm-au-raises-a-lot-of)

Obi-Wan felt as though every muscle in his body ached.

It had been a tough mission.

After going through the tedious debrief in the Council room (Although he would never say that to their faces), Obi-Wan slowly made his way back to his rooms, automatically heading towards the fresher in the hope of washing the grime and sweat away.

As the fresher warmed up, he unpacked, frowning at the blaster burn marks on some of his clothing…. They were always hell to get rid of.

Unwilling to bother with the unpacking anymore, Obi-Wan stripped and moved over to the fresher, sighing in relief as the warm water struck his front and face, the water already making him feel better.

And then he heard the bathroom door open, feeling armour against his bare back.

“You should be more careful General…” Cody muttered against his neck, “… anyone could have walked in here.”

“Oh? Luckily I have you to protect me.”

Cody chuckled fondly, “I brought some food… left it on the table.”

“From Dex’s?”
“Of course. He prepared all your favourites.” Cody stepped back and there was the sound of armour hitting the floor, “How did the Council meeting go?”

“How is usually goes… they were impressed with the work, but as always, there was a way that we could have done it better, more peacefully.”

“Of course they did.”

Obi-Wan didn’t have to look to know that Cody was rolling his eyes, causing him to chuckle in amusement. However, before he could say anything, a hand was placed on his shoulder and he was spun around to face a smirking Cody.

“Don’t you remember how this finished last time?” Obi-Wan mock scolded, allowing himself to be pressed up against the cold fresher wall, “Because I do.”

“I remember having fun.” Cody started to nuzzle his general’s neck, “Isn’t that the important thing.”

“Cody!”

“..........................”

“That Cody seems very fond of you.”

Obi-Wan twisted around to face his Master, a fond smile on his face at the mention of Cody…. Not that he could let Qui-Gon see just how fond he was. “Well I should hope so, considering I need him to trust me while leading him into possible doom on a regular basis.”

“And you are very fond of him as well.”

Obi-Wan knew that tone of voice…. His Master only ever had that tone when he’d discovered something very interesting. “Well he- “He cleared his throat, his moth suddenly feeling dry, “-yes. I mean he’s… he is extremely… competent.”
He knew that didn’t sound convincing at all, but he kept his back straight and eyes in front, attempting to seem as confident as possible.

“Hmm…” Qui-Gon seemed amused by his ex-padawan’s less than perfect reply, “… Well, I’m not your Master anymore, and anyway, I hardly think I of all people need to tell you of all people, anything about the Code.”

“… Indeed.”

Qui-Gon placed a hand on Obi-Wan’s shoulder, “But just a small bit of advice from an old friend?”

Obi-Wan was silent, waiting for the advice.

“Tell your Commander to aim a little lower on your neck.”

Obi-Wan’s hand immediately flew to the place where he knew Cody had left a mark, his face flushing as Qui-Gon chuckled warmly and walked away.

Force damn it.

……………………………………………………………………

“Obi-Wan?”

Obi-Wan didn’t respond.

“General? Is everything okay?”

Slowly Obi-Wan nodded, twisting around to face Cody and giving him a reassuring smile. “Yes… well, actually it does rather depend on your viewpoint.”
“Oh?”

“… Master Jinn knows about us.”

Cody felt like he was going to have a heart attack… Master Jinn was one of the most un-nerving Jedi Masters’ he knew. “W-what?! Are you sure?”

“Considering he spotted the mark on my neck, I think so.”

Cody knew he was flushing at the statement… and at Obi-Wan’s admonishing look. “And… what did he say?”

“… I think he approves… sort of.”

Cody couldn’t help but sigh in relief at that, moving to sit by Obi-Wan and pull him closer into a hug. “Thank the Force… he’s the only Jedi Master who really scares me.”

“Really? What about Mace… or Master Yoda?”

“I know where I stand with the other members of the Council, I know how to act…. But Master Jinn practically raised you…. How am I meant to act with him?”

“Just… be yourself.”

“I’ll remember that when he’s warning me against hurting you with his lightsabre.”
Hatred for Healers

Chapter Summary

Prompt from SpencerBrown: We all know Obi hates the healers, and looking anything less than composed in front of anyone. How about some fluff where Obi is sick but won’t take a break and either Cody or Anakin has to make him sleep or get some rest? Or anyone else who catches your interest, for that matter.

“General… are you sure about this?”

Obi-Wan resisted the urge to roll his eyes, and he nodded, checking over his lightsabre for the hundredth time. “Yes Cody, I’m sure.”

“Even though you promised to go to the Healers this morning?” Anakin questioned.

“There are more important concerns for the Healers to worry about…. Unless you forgot about the wounded from the bomb earlier this morning?” He then coughed a little bit, before shaking his head, “Besides, one more push and we’ll finally get rid of the Separatists for good.”

Qui-Gon strode over to his ex-padawan and stuck a hand on the younger man’s forehead. Obi-Wan tried to move away, but it was too late, and Qui-Gon was already giving him a disappointed look. “You’re too warm…” he scolded.

“It’s warm on this planet Master… you are all overreacting, I will be fine.”

Secretly, Obi-Wan knew he was not fine…. He felt like a Gundark had sat on him. But as he said, one more push and they would have liberated this planet from Separatist rule forever…. And he wasn’t missing it just because he felt a little under the weather.

The only problem was, the three people with him knew him the best and he couldn’t fool them, no matter how hard he tried.
He made it more than halfway through the battle before he started to lose steam. He was panting hard and his vision swam as he tried to get enough oxygen to his lungs.

Cody noticed.

He was next to Obi-Wan in less than a heartbeat, feeling the other man’s forehead and staring at his flushed cheeks, his rapidly falling and rising chest.

Obi-Wan didn’t have the energy to reassure him, merely moving past him and continuing to fight,

Once the last droid was down, Qui-Gon and Anakin rushed over, half carrying him back to safety as Obi-Wan’s legs shook to the point where he couldn’t support his own weight. He collapsed onto a chair as soon as he could, with Anakin grabbed a cloth, making it wet and placing the cool material against his ex-master’s head.

“We should really call the Healers.” He stated, frowning in concern as Obi-Wan weakly waved a hand at him.

“’M fine…” he muttered, not even managing to protest as Qui-Gon stuck a thermometer in his mouth.

“103 degrees…. We’re going to the Healers. Now!”

………………………………………………………………………..

“So?” Qui-Gon asked the Healer in concern, “Is he going to be okay?”

The Healer nodded, “General Kenobi will be fine…. Bacterial pneumonia. Thankfully, you managed to get him here on time, otherwise that fever could have been dangerous. We’ve given him some medicine, make sure his fever goes down and he’s taking good, strong breaths, and everything will be fine.”
The other three men sighed in relief as the Healer continued.

“He was a bit… eager to get out of here, so we’ve given him a sedative. That will also help with the muscle tremors. You can probably take him back to Coruscant tomorrow.”

Once the Healer left, Qui-Gon, Cody and Anakin made their way over to Obi-Wan’s side… there weren’t a lot of words spoken. Anakin tugged nervously at his hands until Qui-Gon stilled them for him.

“Was he always like this?” Anakin asked eventually, “So stubborn?”

“Oh yes…” Qui-Gon nodded and chuckled, “… since the first day I met him. He used to have be dragged to the Healers, every time.”

“Even as a kid?”

“You should hear the horror stories from the Healers… most of them still dread having to have him in the Healers wing.” Qui-Gon glanced at the clock, “We should head back to base and get some sleep whilst we can… hopefully we can take him home tomorrow.”

None of them slept very well.

In the morning, they all sipped at their tea or caff, quickly preparing to head back to the Healers…. Until there was a knock on the door.

Anakin walked over and opened the door to see a pale and shaking Obi-Wan, who was giving him a small smile. “Obi-Wan! What are you- “

“- I checked myself out.” Obi-Wan explained weakly, “I was feeling much better, I promise.”

“You’re still sick.” Qui-Gon noted. His tone was carefully flat again, but he was clearly worried.
Obi-Wan waved a hand in dismissal, “What else is new.”

Rolling his eyes, Qui-Gon grabbed his ex-padawan’s arm and pulled him towards the nearest bed. “Sit down, before you fall down…” he gently ordered, “… rest. We’ll be here for when you wake up.”

“And you won’t take me back to the Healers?”

“I promise.”
Prompt from sarya: If you wouldn't mind I'd really like some more stories with Dooku as a grey Jedi/Jedi Master and maybe some more Codywan. You can decide on the concrete details for both prompts but something fluffy and maybe hurt/comfort would be great:

“Count?”

Dooku barely glanced up from his paperwork… sometimes he believed that running a large area of land, such as the one he owned, was harder than the years of extensive training he went through in order to become a Jedi Master.

“I’m sorry to interrupt Count Dooku… but there is a message for you.”

“If it’s Hel-Der, please inform him that he does still have to pay taxes, I don’t care if his business is heading for the gutters.”

“No… It’s Master Jinn, Count.”

This got Dooku’s attention immediately, as he turned his attention away from his work, and gestured for his assistant to step closer and place the holographic message on the desk. When Dooku pressed the play button, the familiar image of his ex-padawan appearing.

“Sorry to bother you Master…” the message began, followed by a weary sigh, “… But I think I need some advice. I believe Obi-Wan is in a relationship with one of the clone commanders, and whilst it would be hypocritical for me to say he can’t, I’m worried for them. I need some advice.”

Obi-Wan? In a relationship?

The thought boggled Dooku… it seemed like it only yesterday that he first met the young man… surely he can’t be old enough for things like dating?
“Get my private ship ready…” he ordered, pushing himself to his feet, “… I need to see this first hand.”

…………………………………………………

“Master Dooku?!?” Qui-Gon frowned, stepping to one side and allowing the older man inside, “What are you- “

“- I got your message.” Dooku interrupted, his eyes darting towards the holo-pictures of their small family, “I decided to see this so-called relationship for myself.”

Qui-Gon paused for a moment, before moving to sit on the sofa, Dooku sitting beside him. “I saw… a love mark on Obi-Wan’s neck. A little bit of probing and it was obvious who gave it to him.”

“And here I thought Obi-Wan was a devout follower of the Jedi code?”

“Obi-Wan has always been one to listen to his heart… yes, he may use his head to make decisions more than his heart, but his heart is always there.”

Dooku was silent for a time, before getting to his feet. “I think… I would quite like to meet this clone commander.”

“Cody.”

“Hmmm?”

“Cody…” Qui-Gon shrugged, “… they give each other names, rather than CC-something.”

“How… unique.”

“Makes it easier to communicate with them, I’ll confess that much.”
Dooku had always been fascinated with the clone army…. An endless supply of warriors all willing to serve the Jedi and fight for them.

Die for them.

But he always suspected there was something more to them…. Something hidden beneath the surface.

“Over there…” Qui-Gon muttered, pointing to a table on the far-left corner, “… the one sitting on the end.”

“…. The one with the scar?”

“Hmmm…. It makes it easier to tell him apart from the others.”

As the rest of the dining hall all turned to stare at them, Qui-Gon and Dooku made their way over to Cody… who had just noticed them and was looking like he wanted to run away as fast as he could.

“Master J-Jinn! Count Dooku!” Cody got to his feet and nervously saluted them, straightening up as Dooku scanned him from head to toe.

Qui-Gon however, was amused by the whole situation. “Commander Cody… I was hoping we might have a word with you?”

Knowing that he had the eye of every clone trained on him in curiosity, Cody simply nodded, directing them to the canteen exit, and then into a smaller room on their right.

“Ummmm, is there something I can help you with Masters?” Cody asked, trying to act as though he had no idea why they were even there, “If you want to know what happened on our last mission, then I’m afraid I’ve already submitted my report.”
"- You know why we’re here Cody.” Qui-Gon interrupted, “I know about you and Obi-Wan.”

Cody’s face went a little pale, but he kept it neutral and straightened up even further… if that were even possible. “With all due respect Masters, Obi-Wan is an adult and- “

“- and like a son and grandson to us.” Qui-Gon frowned, “Hence this conversation.”

Before they could really get into the ‘shovel talk’, alarms started to blare, and Cody audibly sighed in relief. “Got to go!” he announced, gently pushing past the pair, “That’s the sign for an oncoming mission. I need to go!”

And then he was gone.

“I get the feeling that he’s trying to avoid us….” Dooku mused as he and Qui-Gon headed towards the exit of the compound, “…. I wonder what he’s worried about.”

“Master…” Qui-Gon gave him a warning glare, despite the amusement in his voice, “… maybe we did come on a little strong?”

“Nonsense… we have a right to be a little bit stern with him. You said it yourself, Cody has Obi-Wan’s heart in his hand, and we need to know that he’ll be careful with it!”

“…. I don’t remember saying that exactly.”

“I paraphrased. Now, come on. Let’s wait for them to return in the Temple… I think it’s time I caught up with my old colleagues.”

……………………………………………………………………..

Hours later (after Dooku had gotten on Mace’s nerves, amusing Yoda to no end), the pair watched as Healers suddenly rushed towards the Temple landing bay, concerned looks on their faces.

“How much do you want to bet, that’s for your wayward ex-padawan?” Dooku muttered, “He was
always the one getting into trouble on your missions.”

“That’s not always true!”

“I remember how often you used to call me, upset because Obi-Wan had either been captured or seriously hurt…. You also used to call me when he had a slight sabre burn!”

“That one was his first injury! I was worried!”

“You had a padawan before him! Surely he got burnt as well?”

Qui-Gon thought back to Xanatos, before shaking his head. “I think, as much as I hate to admit it, Xanatos was usually the one doing the burning.”

“Horrible boy.”

When they finally reached the landing bay, they spotted Cody instantly… leaning over a stretcher as a familiar figure was being carried towards the Healers Wing.

“Obi-Wan!” Qui-Gon called out in alarm, rushing over, only for the Healers to stop him, explaining that they needed to get the Jedi Master into the Bacta tank as quickly as possible.

With Obi-Wan gone, Qui-Gon and Dooku turned their attentions to Cody, who was looking very shell-shocked.

“What happened?!” He demanded to know.

“…. Ambush…” Cody muttered, “… Nobody saw it coming, we didn’t even have any intel that there was a group of locals who felt that way about us…” He stared off in the direction that Obi-Wan had been taken, “… He took blaster shot for me. My helmet had been knocked off…. It would have killed me if he hadn’t taken the blast.”

Qui-Gon and Dooku glanced at one another and frowned. Whilst this could be seen as a sign of
weakness on the part of Obi-Wan… but Cody looked so devastated, it was impossible to say that there were no feelings there.

Cody clearly loved Obi-Wan.

“Come on Cody…” Qui-Gon gently took the man’s arm and pulled him back towards the main area of the Temple, knowing that a cup of tea would help settle the man’s nerves, “… Let’s go and sit down.”

“My report… I-I need to give them my r-report.”

“Your report can wait young man…” Dooku sniffed, “… You’ve gone through quite a stressful situation, and stress can only be cured by a cup of herbal tea.”

“But-“

“- But nothing. You will let me deal with anyone who might be unhappy with this decision.”

Cody nodded shakily, allowing himself to be led through the corridors, towards the main rooms. There, they all waited for further news from the Healers.

Obi-Wan winced at the bright light directly above, squeezing his eyes closed again until someone moved the light away.

“Obi-Wan? Little one, are you alright?”

It wasn’t a surprise that his old master was there.

“Obi-Wan, we have been sitting here for quite some time now. It’s time to wake up.”
Dooku… what is going on here.

“Please Obi-Wan… please wake up.”

Cody as well…. What was going on?

Slowly, he opened up his eyes… only to groan when he saw all three staring down at him. “This is some sort of horrible nightmare…” he muttered, “… You three were never all meant to be in the same room.”

“Obi-Wan?”

He turned to Qui-Gon, “Please tell me you and Dooku haven’t been tormenting Cody.”

“I’m offended by that accusation!”

“So yes then?”

“…. Maybe… just a little bit.”
Dealing with Loss

Chapter Summary

Prompt from SpencerBrown: Obi-wan lost Anakin to the dark, just as Qui-gon lost Xanatos. When Qui-gon starts visiting Obi in the desert as a ghost after RoTS, Obi would still be mired in deep mourning and guilt. I would love to see Qui help Obi start to deal with his grief and guilt. Especially since little Padawan Obi helped pull Qui from his own darkness after Xanatos.

Obi-Wan was a shadow of his former self.

Qui-Gon had watched a sullen, but studious young teen grow to a serious young man, who then grew into one of the Jedi’s finest diplomats they had ever seen.

He was so proud of his old padawan, and always would be…. He wouldn’t have wished this on his worst enemy.

“Obi-Wan…” he tried to contact his old padawan, watching as the young man didn’t even react to his voice, merely choosing to stare off into the distance, dried tear tracks still on his face, “…. Obi-Wan can you hear me?”

Nothing… absolutely nothing.

“Alright Obi-Wan…” he sighed wearily, “… I’ll be here when you’re ready.”

………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………

He was sure that Obi-Wan hadn’t eaten in days.

From his spot near the cooking area, Qui-Gon watched as his old padawan made his way through kata, after kata, after kata…. No breaks, no food and no water.
He was sure the young man had aged ten years in just a few days.

He must have looked similar when he first took on Obi-Wan…. He barely remembers those few years after Xanatos left the order. He was so focused on his training, that he barely ate and slept.

Much like what Obi-Wan was doing now.

“Don’t you remember how you helped me get through this?” he murmured sadly to Obi-Wan, who didn’t react to his voice at all, “Don’t you remember all the cups of tea you would make, most of them wrong, but looking back, I did appreciate the effort… you would just sit next to me and talk, about your lessons, your friends, about anything you could. Eventually I started responding and then training, turned to tea and conversation.”

Inspiration struck him.

Slowly, he made his way over to where Obi-Wan kept a rusty kettle, focusing on it intently….. Before striking out.

The first couple of times, his hand went straight through it… finally, he managed to gain enough control over the Force to knock the kettle over, causing it to fall together with a loud clang.

Obi-Wan was startled, spinning around and igniting the lightsabre, still jumpy from the effects of Order 66. Once he realised that there was no immediate threat to his person, he let out a shaky laughter, almost falling into the nearby chair as he stared at the kettle.

“Time for tea, hmm Master?” he muttered to himself, a small smile on his face as he went to pick the kettle up, seemingly unaware of his Master sighing relief beside him.

Maybe there was hope for Obi-Wan after all.

Days later, whilst Qui-Gon was happy and secure on the knowledge that his old padawan was starting to eat, drink and sleep properly, he noticed something else that was unusual.
Obi-Wan hadn’t cried… not once since this whole mess began.

It wasn’t healthy.

Obi-Wan had been through the fall of his Order, walked over the body of some of his closest friends and small initiates and padawans, had been fired at by the one person he trusted with all of his heart, lost his old padawan to the dark side, watched another one die in childbirth and had been forced to hand the baby over, with the knowledge that he might not see the boy again for years.

That was too much for one person to handle, without completely breaking down.

“Obi-Wan…” he tried contacting his padawan again, “… Obi-Wan, please give me some sign that you can hear me?”

Obi-Wan continued to sip his tea.

“Obi-Wan, please!” With a touch of humiliation, Qui-Gon realised that his own eyes were getting damp. He couldn’t spend the rest of his days like this…. Yes, he had been joined in the Force by several of his friends (not a good thing really), but he couldn’t spend all of this time, without the ability to talk to Obi-Wan, to comfort the young man after the horrors he’d suffered.

Obi-Wan had been there for him, and he desperately needed to be there for Obi-Wan.

*******Flashback********

Qui-Gon knew he must be worrying his Padawan.

Almost 12 hours sat in this dark room, staring up at the ceiling as his padawan tried to speak to him through the door.

He hadn’t replied… It was the anniversary of Xanatos’s betrayal, and it was all getting to be too much for him. It was like the air was heavy all around him, pinning him to bed, preventing him from
leaving.

“Master?”

It sounded like Obi-Wan was trying again.

“I know you don’t want to come out today, and that’s okay I promise… but you do need to eat, so I made up a sandwich and some tea for you. It’s just outside the door for whenever you need it…. And I’ll be in the living room doing some homework if you need me.”

Silence.

“I’ll see you later Master.”

Once he was sure that his padawan had moved away from the door, Qui-Gon slowly mustered up all the energy that he could, before pushing himself into a seated position, moving to stand and then heading to the door. Slowly he opened it up and smiled softly at the sight.

There, sitting neatly on a tray, was his favourite sandwich, with his favourite blend of tea…. There was even a little bun on the side, probably bought from the Temple cafeteria with Obi-Wan own money.

Despite their rough start, Obi-Wan was still trying to be the perfect padawan.

Slowly, he picked up the tray and headed towards the living room, quickly catching sight of his padawan on the sofa, eyes scanning over a data-pad. Once he sat down, Obi-Wan’s eyes darted towards him, scanning him from head to toe.

It must have been obvious to see that he had been crying.

Obi-Wan didn’t comment though… he simply nodded at his Master, sending him a reassuring smile that said more than words ever could.
‘It’s alright to cry.’

*******End Flashback*******

Qui-Gon took a deep breath, focusing on his connection to the Force as he slowly stepped closer to Obi-Wan and placed a hand on the man’s shoulder.

Obi-Wan gasped sharply, one hand darting to his shoulder and running his fingers over Qui-Gon’s fingers for a few seconds, before he bowed his head lowly, eyes already growing damp.

“Thank you Master.”

“I just…” Obi-Wan sighed, “… I feel like a failure. Anakin went dark, and I can’t help but think… maybe I should have been a better master.”

“Obi-Wan…” Qui-Gon went to sit by his old padawan, secretly thankful for the opportunity to speak to the man again, “… You can’t think like that. What happened with Anakin is the fault of the Emperor. He’s the one who managed to manipulate Anakin into these dreadful deeds… and as much as I hate to say it… I think it was my fault as well.”

“Master, what- “

“- I was the one who insisted Anakin be trained. I knew that he was too old, I knew that he was too emotional, but I insisted, I made it my dying wish, which I should never have done…. He should have been a pod-racer, like he wanted to be. And I should never have placed that burden on you.”

Silence.

“You don’t blame me for what happened with Xanatos, do you?”

Obi-Wan turned to him in shock, “No, I would never- “
“- then don’t blame yourself for what happened with Anakin.” Qui-Gon knelt in front of him, “I remember how long it took me to come to peace with what happened with Xanatos…. But you were there for me, and I’ll be there for you, no matter how long it takes.”

“… Thank you Master.” Obi-Wan gave him a soft smile, “Thank you.”
Chapter Summary

Prompt from Arianna Silvia: I have a new idea for a one-shot: what if a mission of the Clone Wars takes Anakin, Ahsoka and Obi-Wan to Melida/Daan and Anakin and Ahsoka meet some old friends of Obi-Wan like Nield. Anakin learns of some painful parts of Obi-Wans time as a Padawan and Ahsoka realises that some of the Storys about him which are circulating among the padawans are true.
Now with added time travel.

“Anakin…” Obi-Wan groaned, pushing himself to his feet, “… remember when you were a padawan, and I told you never to touch something-“

“- strange and unknown, I know, I know!” Anakin rolled his eyes as he and Ahsoka pushed themselves to their feet, “I’d like to point out, that the light came after us, not the other way around.”

“I’m sure you encouraged it somehow.”

“You think I encouraged a floating orb to-“

Ahsoka tuned the arguing out, already so used to it by now as she scanned their surroundings.

This place didn’t look familiar… it looked war-torn as so many planets did nowadays, but she wasn’t getting a sense of familiarity from it.

She did feel as though someone was watching her though… and the gaze didn’t feel friendly.

“Ummm, Master?” she cautiously spoke up, the nerves in her tone quickly catching their attention, “I don’t think this is the time right now.”

Once Obi-Wan glanced around for himself, immediately tensing as he did…. Clearly it was familiar to him, but how, Ahsoka didn’t know.
“I think we should- “

Suddenly, there was the sound of branches being broken as someone raced away… a scout probably, who was reporting back to someone.

“Kriff dammit!” Anakin cursed lowly, “How much do I want to bet, that that’s not good?”

“It’s not….” Obi-Wan was still tense, but his voice didn’t show it, “… it appears as though we are on Melida/Daan.”

Anakin frowned, “Melida/Daan… why does that ring a bell?”

“It should. I believe they still teach it in Diplomacy…. About how civil wars can lead to miniature factions and how peaceful negotiations can go wrong.”

“Oh yeah…”

“I don’t think we’ve covered that yet!” Ahsoka piped up, “What happened with on Melida/Daan?”

The question was directed at Master Kenobi (he was the best storyteller after all). Obi-Wan cleared his throat, still looking a little bit tense as he gave Ahsoka a brief synopsis on the civil war.

“Melida/Daan, at the point when i first remember hearing about this planet, had been engulfed in a civil war for centuries. It was between the Melida and the Daan factions, which I sure you’re not surprised to hear.”

“So, when did the Jedi get involved?”

“I was around… fourteen or fifteen. A group called The Young, which was led by various children of the Melida and Daan, rose up and made various moves in order to end the war. The Jedi High Council sent Jedi Master Tahl to help negotiate a treaty.”

At the name ‘Tahl’, Ahsoka and Anakin glanced at each other… they both recognised the name
 instantly.

Obi-Wan, unaware of this silent conversation, continued with his story, “During a meeting with the Daan, Tahl was taken hostage and lost contact with the Temple… so me and Master Jinn were sent to rescue her.”

“… And then what happened?”

There was a brief moment of silence, before Obi-Wan sighed wearily, “It… Got a little complicated from there.

Without saying another word, he gestured for them to follow him, clearly hoping to move them away from the area that they had been spotted in. As Ahsoka followed on behind them, she couldn’t help but think about the stories that the older padawans had told the younger ones…. About how Master Kenobi actually left the Order to join a civil war.

But they were only rumours…. Master Kenobi would never do something like that, even if he were a padawan at the time.

After about ten minutes of walking, Master Kenobi suddenly held up his hand as a silent signal for them to stop. “I do believe we’re being watched…” he muttered, summoning a rock to his hand, before using the Force to fire it in a specific direction.

There was a yelp of pain, before a familiar looking boy fell out of a nearby tree, rubbing his hand on his forehead as he stared up at Master Kenobi.

“Y-You’re a Jedi!” the boy exclaimed in a well-spoken accident, “Did Master Jinn send you? Or the High Council? Or-“

Master Kenobi held up his hand again, a slightly sad look on his face. “No…” he finally managed to blurt out, “… we were not sent by the Council, or your Master, Padawan Kenobi.”

Revealing the young teen’s identity was more for Anakin and Ahsoka’s benefit, to make sure they didn’t reveal anything that might spoil the future… but the with the unknown Jedi master knowing his name, Padawan Kenobi visibly relaxed.
“Oh….” He sounded a little upset about the fact that his Master hadn’t sent anyone, but soon straightened up, acting like the perfect little Jedi, “…. So, may I ask why you’re here? And who you are?”

Master Kenobi seemed amused by his younger self’s bravado, “Well, as to why we are here, let us just say it was a happy accident. And you may not know who we are, because we spend long periods of time away from the Temple.”

“But…” Padawan Kenobi frowned, glancing over at Ahsoka, “… your padawan looks like she’s my age. And I don’t think I’ve seen her in any of my lessons.”

Ahsoka frowned, “I’m pretty sure I’m older than you.” She stated confidently. Padawan Kenobi was smaller than her, so he must be younger.

“No.” Master Kenobi seemed to know what she was thinking and sent her a quick, disapproving look, “You are the same age, but Ahsoka here travels with her master and her schoolwork is sent through to her.”

“Oh…” Padawan Kenobi didn’t seem to fully believe the story, but nodded anyway, before glancing around, “… we should probably get out of here, before- “ he cleared his throat, “- before anyone sees us.”

………………………………………………….

They seemed to walk for hours, but eventually they reached a smallish hide-out, where the atmosphere was subdued.

“Ah…” Master Kenobi muttered under his breath, a wave of sadness flashing across his face, “… I did wonder if it was around this time.”

“Master, what’s- “

“- Obi-Wan!”
The trio all turned to face the strange voice, watching as a humanoid male, with brown hair, dark eyes and light skin came storming over, anger written all over his face, “What are you doing Obi-Wan?!” the boy snarled, “Getting outside help? How do we know they’re not spies for that kriffing bastard Wehutti?!”

“They’re not Nield! I promise!” Padawan Kenobi held his hands up, a very defensive gesture for someone who seemed to be on his side, “I found them walking in the woods, and I think they can help. If the Young and the Melida/Daan factions try and negotiate a deal between them, I think- “

“- I’M NOT MAKING PEACE WITH THE MAN WHO KILLED CERASI!” Nield screamed, getting in Padawan Kenobi’s face, almost pinning the younger teen to the wall, “And you know what…” he then backed off slightly, “… I don’t know why I’m still here with you. Cerasi is dead because of you as well.”

“W-what?”

“You’re meant to be this all-powerful Jedi… but you weren’t fast enough. She died because you weren’t fast enough!”

Padawan Kenobi looked like he was going into shock as Nield stormed away, with other members of the Young murmuring to themselves.

“Come on…” Master Kenobi muttered to his companions, “… I think we should let them all cool down.”

From there, he led them into a secluded area of the hide-out. Once he was sure that they were alone, he took a deep breath and sighed wearily.

“I’m sure you both have quite a few questions.” He finally broke the silence, “What you heard in there… wasn’t pleasant.”

“I can’t believe the rumours were true!” Ahsoka couldn’t hold it back anymore, “You actually did leave the Order and join a rebel group!”
Anakin seemed surprised as well, nodding in agreement. “I always thought that story was nothing but a rumour!”

“I was… foolish in my younger days. I thought I knew better, that I was the only one who could help. So, I decided to stay here when my Master just wanted to take Tahl to safety.” Obi-Wan looked slightly ashamed as his eyes focused on the ground, “He looked so disappointed in me.”

“Wait, wait, wait….” Anakin frowned, “… And he just left you? Just like that? If I even thought about doing that with you, you would have dragged me out of there by my ear. Didn’t he care that he was leaving you behind in a war-zone?”

“Master Jinn and I had… complications during our early partnership.”

Sensing that it was a tough subject, Ahsoka decided to talk about something else… another tough subject.

“Who’s Cerasi?”

Another wave of sadness flashed across Master Kenobi’s face, “She was the original leader of The Young… and a good friend of mine.”

“… how did she- “

“- die?” Obi-Wan glanced at the door briefly, “After Master Jinn left with Master Tahl, we managed to end the war between the two factions and started to rebuild the planet…. But Nield wanted revenge on the people who had continued fighting for so long, whereas all me and Cerasi wanted was peace. Nield then decided to lead an attack, that resulted in the destruction of Melida/Daan’s Halls of Evidence, which then led to a war between the Elders and the Young…. I tried to stop them, but Cerasi was the one who decided to rush into the middle of the fight… her Father was a part of it after all. But when she tried to stop it all, she was shot and killed by blaster fire. Nield never recovered.”

“… And then?”

Master Kenobi was silent for a short time, before shaking his head. “Then there was only chaos… My younger self needs to contact the temple, and Master Jinn immediately in order to try and save
hundreds of lives from being lost.”

There was a brief moment of silence, before Anakin cautiously spoke up. “He’s no longer a part of the Order… are you sure they would come and help?”

“I know Master Jinn’s actions surprised you…. But he wouldn’t leave my younger self here. There’s still that bond.” Obi-Wan moved towards the door, “With everything that’s happened, hopefully, he’ll be easy to convince.”

“You mean, you hope he isn’t as stubborn as you are now?”

Obi-Wan chuckled fondly at this, “Ah Anakin… I’m afraid I was far more stubborn at this age.”

Thankfully, he wasn’t too stubborn.

It didn’t take long for Master Kenobi to get through to his younger self, advising him to contact the Temple as soon as he could.

“Master Kenobi?” Ahsoka nervously spoke up, once Padawan Kenobi had left the room, hopefully to call the Temple, “I know you weren’t kicked out of the Order, I-I mean that’s obvious… but how did you- “

“- I worked hard to get back into the good graces of the Council.” Master Kenobi sighed, “I knew I would have to admit my flaws and faults in front of the Council just to be given a second chance… but as with everything that happened back then, there was another complication. But after what happened here, I knew what my calling in the Order was… a negotiator. Someone who could actually help, rather than just a child who thinks too highly of themselves.”

“… You really believe that?”

Before Obi-Wan could answer, there was a flash of blue light…. And they were back where they were before this whole mess began.
“But-But…” Ahsoka stuttered, “… we didn’t get to see what happened?”

“We already know what happened Snips. Obi-Wan was allowed back into the Order and becomes the Master you see before you…. Somehow.”

Obi-Wan rolled his eyes at his old padawan’s statement but nodded in agreement anyway. “Yes, well helping the Order after the almost assassination of Master Yoda did help matters slightly.”

“Wait… what?”
Prompt from Boltspark and JakeChambers: Love could you possibly do a few sequels for this like, 2 years later Obi-wan is killed on a mission and Mace watches him die and when Qui-gon is told he feels really bad and living up to his nickname, Bratakin doesn’t care about obi at all until he relises that obi-wan died fighting grievous or something like that? & Anything with the phrase "Qui-Gon curled around Anakin," please.

“Raise your arm up a little bit more Anakin.” Qui-Gon directed gently, smiling as his padawan nodded and adjusted his stance accordingly, “Excellent. You’ll be moving onto the next five katas before we know it.”

Anakin beamed, a lot of pride in that one grin… possibly even a little too much.

“How old was Kenobi when he got to this point?”

Qui-Gon winced at this. Anakin always thought everything was a competition against his old padawan… maybe he felt like he was in Obi-Wan’s shadow?

After all, it had been two years since Obi-Wan’s knighting ceremony, and the pair hadn’t talked since Qui-Gon though he was dying on Naboo.

“You and Obi-Wan are very different…” he tried to scold his current padawan, “… Not everything is a competition between the pair of you.”

“…. I bet he was older.”

Before Qui-Gon could even think about scolding his padawan again, he saw movement near the door, prompting him to turn around… and take a step back in shock.

Master Windu was standing there, looking less than his usual impeccable self…. There were still blood stains on his tunic.
He’d been on a mission with Obi-Wan, Qui-Gon knew that much, and that was what was giving him an eerie feeling.

“Qui-Gon…” Mace took a deep breath, “… I-I need to speak to you.”

“Please no….”

Mace winced at Qui-Gon’s desperate plea, “I’m sorry…” he whispered, “… We were caught unawares. The planet had a good army, but they weren’t enough. Obi-Wan and I tried to hold them back, but- “

“- Please don’t say it.” Qui-Gon knew he was starting to panic, his stomach starting to churn with it.

“I’m sorry… but Obi-Wan didn’t make it Qui-Gon.”

Qui-Gon didn’t remember what happened next. At some point, he leaned over and vomited what little breakfast he’d managed to eat.

Anakin was just stood there, watching as Mace stood there with a vacant look on his face, Qui-Gon trying not to sob as his shoulder’s shook in grief.

“So…. Kenobi is dead?” he cautiously asked, scowling as Mace glared at him, the words having brought about another wave of muted tears from Qui-Gon.

“Yes… Count Dooku shall be here within the next four hours in order to aid Qui-Gon with the grieving process. It would be best for you to tidy up your rooms in preparation for his visit.”

“But- “

“- Padawan Skywalker! I do not want to have to repeat myself!”
So, Anakin did as he was told… although not without a good deal of muttered complaints under his breath.

…………………………………………………

Qui-Gon was just sitting there…. Eyes focused on the wall as he absently sipped his cup of tea.

He didn’t even complain about how Anakin made it

It had been about three and a half hours since the news of Obi-Wan’s death was first heard, and true to Windu’s words, Count Dooku was there as quickly as he could. A tall, important looking figure of a man, he strode into the room confidently, not even sparing a second glance on Anakin.

He went straight over to Qui-Gon, who got to his feet and tried to pretend as though he had been strong for all this time.

“Master…” Qui-Gon began, his voice cracking slightly, before he cleared his throat, “… I assume you’ve heard the news then?”

“Qui-Gon, sit down.” Dooku gently ordered, his voice softer than usual as he used the Force to summon a box of tissues over, “Yes… I heard the news. I’m so sorry Qui-Gon.”

“Did Mace-“

“- He informed me what happened yes. And rest assured, I will be joining the efforts to catch that monster and bring him to justice.” Dooku voice was tight, almost as though he was struggling to remain in control, “Although, it should never have happened in the first place…. Obi-Wan… Obi-Wan will be deeply missed.”

“…. It’s all my fault.”

“Not entirely.”
Before Anakin could protest, stating that it was Obi-Wan’s own fault that he got himself killed, Dooku spoke up again, “Should you have mended the bridge between you and Obi-Wan sooner? Yes…. But you are not to blame for his death.”

Personally, Anakin disagreed…. Only Jedi’s who can’t fight would die in battle.

But he remained silent, heading to his room in order to get some peace before the funeral tomorrow…. Where he would be forced to act like he actually cared.

The cremation room was dark, and Anakin stuck close to his Master, with Dooku on the other side of the man, as though they were both supporting him…. Of course, this was actually true when they saw the covered body on the altar.

It looked strange… misshapen almost… like not everything was fully attached to the body.

Anakin suddenly felt sick, his grip tightening on Master Jinn as the ceremony began…. Not that Master Yoda could really be heard over the sound of people crying.

He could just stare at the body.

As the altar dropped into the flames down below, Anakin heard his Master moan lowly, his body tensing as though he was ready to jump into the chamber after the younger man, stopped only by Dooku’s tight grip on his arm.

Once it was all over, Dooku was quick to pull Qui-Gon away, wanting to get his old padawan back to the rooms where the grieving process could begin.

Anakin hung back though, moving over to Master Windu before nervously speaking up. “Master Windu?”

A quick glance was the only sign that the Master had even heard him.
“How did Ken-Knight Kenobi die?”

Master Windu was silent for a time, before a weary sigh escaped him. “General Grievous… a monster who’s now more machine than man. He’s famous for killing Jedi and taking their lightsabers… and he’s very adapt at using them.”

“Does that mean- “

Windu shook his head, “I managed to get Obi-Wan’s…. I'll present it to Qui-Gon when he has successfully expelled his grief into the Force. You should join him…. It might do you good.”

Knowing a dismissal when he heard one, Anakin bowed and headed towards his rooms…. He could still see the body under the cover in his mind.

………………………………………………………………………………………………………..

“Anakin”

Anakin spun around at the voice, his eyes wide in alarm as he walked towards it, blind because of the thick fog.

“Anakin.”

The next time, when he turned to try and find where the voice was coming from, he yelped and took a step back in alarm.

Obi-Wan was staring at him… or at least, it sort of looked like Obi-Wan.

If Obi-Wan always had limbs hanging off him like that.

“Are you pleased Anakin?” Obi-Wan grinned at him, blood oozing out of the corner of his mouth,
“Now you’ve got Master Jinn all to yourself.”

“No, I-“

“- Now he’s all yours.”

“No! Please I- “

“All yours!”

Obi-Wan charged and Anakin woke up with a terrified scream, sweat pouring from his skin and tears trickling down his cheeks.

“ANAKIN! ANAKIN!” Master Jinn came charging into the room, stopping in his tracks at the sight of the young teen sobbing.

“I-I’m sorry!” Anakin exclaimed, “I d-d-didn’t mean to be s-so m-mean about him, I-I-I-“

Qui-Gon curled around Anakin, trying to comfort the boy as his words dissolved into tears and sobs, his own shoulders quivering slightly.

“I know Anakin… I know.”
Life Days were a fairly muted affair in the Temple.

The initiate or padawan (as they were usually the only ones who still cared about their Life Days) would receive practical gifts from their Masters, Grandmasters and any previous padawans’ they may have had.

They might receive a slightly nicer pudding from the cafeteria, but that was it.

Every Master followed this tradition… well, almost every Master…. Master Qui-Gon Jinn disliked the Jedi way, and often showered his padawan in treats.

And this year was going to be no different.

Early on the morning of Anakin’s Life-Day, there was a knock on the door. It opened up to reveal Obi-Wan and his brand new padawan, Chirrut Imwe.

“Is he up yet?” Obi-Wan asked, gently pushing his padawan inside, watching as the young man slowly made his way over to the sofa, placing several boxes on the living room table, “I remember getting up as early as I could on my Life-Day.”

“Only once you knew what you were getting into.” Qui-Gon chuckled, “That first year, you were very difficult to get up.”

“Really Master? In front of my padawan?”
Qui-Gon glanced over at Chirrut, who was clearly trying not to giggle, “I find it’s good for padawan’s to know that their Masters’ were human once upon a time. Builds a bond.”

“Hmmm…. I’ll remember that for the meal we’re having with Anakin later.”

Chuckling, Qui-Gon made his way over to the kitchen. “Tea Obi-Wan?”

“If you wouldn’t mind.”

“And Padawan Imwe? What will you have?”

When there was silence, Qui-Gon turned around… and smiled at the sight of the padawan focused on one of his many plants. “Ah, in tune with the Living Force is he?”

“Very…” Obi-Wan gently tapped his padawan on the shoulder, clearly trying not to chuckle as the padawan flinched and then flushed in embarrassment, “…Would you like a cup of tea Chirrut?”

“O-Oh, yes Master.”

“Coming right up.”

A little over an our later, with their tea almost finished and Chirrut giggling at the stories that were being told, Anakin finally stumbled into the room, eyes weary and hair sticking up in all directions. As soon as he saw Obi-Wan and Chirrut, he stopped in his tracks and frowned.

“W-what’s going on?” he yawned.

“Happy Life-Day padawan.”
Anakin was silent, frowning in confusion.

“You did remember that it was your Life-Day, right?”

A couple of seconds passed, before Anakin shook his head, a light flush on his face. “It wasn’t really something we celebrated back home…” he muttered, “… we had to work after all. There wasn’t any time.”

The other three resisted the urge to frown at this, with Qui-Gon inviting Anakin to sit next to him. “Well, consider this a pleasant change then.” He announced, pulling the presents closer and picking the top one up, “Happy Life-Day Anakin.”

Anakin seemed stunned for a few moments, glancing at everyone nervously, before grinning and tearing into the wrapping eagerly, whooping in glee at the model vehicle set. “Thank you Master Qui-Gon!” he beamed, wrapping his arms around his Master.

“You can hang them up around your room if you wish…” Qui-Gon smiled, “… I can’t count how many Obi-Wan had hanging up.”

“Over twenty I think…” Obi-Wan chuckled, handing his and Chirrut’s present over to Anakin, “… Master was always worried they were going to drop on his head.”

“Actually, I was more afraid that I was going to hit them with my head… you always did hang them slightly too low.”

“They weren’t too low, you’re just too tall.”

Anakin couldn’t help but chuckle at the banter between the pair, pulling the paper away from his second present…. Only to gasp in shock.

It was a holo-picture… more specifically, it was a holo-picture of his Mother, who was beaming at the camera happily, the stress line almost completely gone at the joy on her face.

“How did you- “ He stopped, a lump building in his throat at the sight of his mother, after almost 10
months without seeing her.

“… We went on a mission to Tatooine not too long ago” Obi-Wan gently explained, “I remembered where your mother lived and that it was your Life-Day soon… I thought you would appreciate a picture.”

Anakin nodded tearily, eyes still focused on the smiling picture of his mother. “Thank you…” he eventually managed to blurt out, “… Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

Much to Qui-Gon’s surprise, Anakin gently placed the picture on the table and suddenly leapt at Obi-Wan, pulling him into a spine-breaking hug as he repeated his gratitude over and over again into the older man’s tunic.

Obi-Wan was shocked as well, glancing at Qui-Gon briefly, before cautiously returning the hug. “It’s… it’s okay Anakin.”

When Anakin finally calmed down enough, he sat back in his original seat, sending one last thankful smile at Obi-Wan, before turning his attention back to Qui-Gon. “This is… amazing!” he exclaimed, “I can’t believe this is- “

“- it’s not over yet.” Qui-Gon interrupted, “We’ve got other things planned.”

“But… I thought that…” Anakin trailed off, shaking his head slightly before plastering a smile on his face, “… never mind. What else are we going to do?”

Anakin could honestly say that he’d never had a Life-Day like this.

After the presents, they travelled to Dex’s, Qui-Gon’s favourite diner, where Anakin had one of the best meals of his life, including a chocolate desert that he didn’t even think he could pronounce (To be fair, Dex had troubles pronouncing it as well).

Then, they took him to a fair that was being held on Coruscant.
Master Qui-Gon explained that it was very lucky that the fair happened to be on the planet…. And then he muttered something about the ‘Force working in mysterious ways’.

Obi-Wan sighed wearily at this but nodded along anyway.

After dragging his Master, Obi-Wan and Chirrut on some of the scariest rides that they had (Obi-Wan was the only one who really didn’t like them… which is why Anakin dragged him on a load), they headed back to the Jedi Temple, where several padawans who were in Anakin’s class were waiting, gifting him with a simple, but very nice-looking cake, politely wishing him ‘Happy Birthday’.

Anakin knew they weren’t really that fond of him, but he accepted the well-wishes, knowing that this was just how they’d been raised.

“So…” Qui-Gon began as they made their way back to the rooms, having parted ways with Obi-Wan and Chirrut halfway there, “… I hope you had a good day?”

Nodding eagerly, Anakin beamed up at him, “The best… but- “he stopped, eyes growing wide as he turned away.

“But?”

“… But, I don’t think I’ve seen the others have Life-Days like this?”

Qui-Gon was silent for a moment, before sighing wearily. “The Jedi Order would prefer all children to be like Master, to act like adults long before their time. A Life-Day is a joyous occasion for all other children outside of the Order, and I am determined to make it so for all of my padawans.”

“…. Will Obi-Wan still get a special Life-Day.”

“I would like to see him try and stop me.”
He wasn’t used to anyone knocking on the apartment door this early in the morning.

Obi-Wan frowned at the automated voice, that was telling him someone was at the door. They hadn’t gotten around to allowing entrance to certain members of the Order, but due to the particular date that it was, it was easy to guess who it was.

“Master?”

Glancing over at his padawan, Obi-Wan couldn’t help but smile at the curious look on Chirrut’s face.

“Aren’t you going to answer it?”

Sighing wearily, Obi-Wan pushed himself to his feet and walked over to the door, gently ruffling Chirrut’s hair as he passed him.

As the door slid open, he winced at the sight of the boxes… and then the man who peeked around them and beamed at him.

“Happy Life-Day Obi-Wan!” Qui-Gon greeted eagerly, making his way into the apartment, closely followed by Anakin, “Good Morning Padawan Imwe.”

“Good morning Master Jinn.” Chirrut looked so amused by the stunned look on his Master’s face,
the expression not changing even as Obi-Wan sent him a quick glare, “Are those for Master Obi-Wan?”

Qui-Gon nodded, a beaming grin on his face as he gently placed the boxes on the table. “Remember this when you’re a Jedi Knight Padawan Imwe, you’re never too old to have Life Day presents.”

“Yes, I am Master!” Obi-Wan protested, sending another glare at his padawan as the young boy giggled, “Surely I am far too old for all of this?”

“Nobody is too old for a Life Day celebration!” Qui-Gon took a seat next to Chirrut, sending significant glances towards the kitchen, prompting Obi-Wan to sigh.

“Chirrut… please can you go and make some cups of tea for us and our guests?”

“Yes Master.” Slowly, Chirrut got to his feet and grabbed his staff, cautiously making his way over to the kitchen.

Silently, Anakin and Qui-Gon watched him go.

“Is there nothing that the healers can do for him?” Qui-Gon asked sadly, his expression falling further as Obi-Wan shook his head.

“He’ll be blind before he turns eighteen.” Before either Anakin or Qui-Gon could say anything, Obi-Wan continued, “But if Tahl managed it, then Chirrut can.”

The sheer determination in Obi-Wan’s voice silenced the other two immediately, keeping them that way until Chirrut slowly made his way back into the room, placing the tray of tea onto the table.

“Okay…” Qui-Gon clapped his hands together in order to break the uncomfortable silence, “… I think it’s time for someone to open their presents.”

“Master please, I- “Obi-Wan stopped in his tracks as a present was shoved into his arms, Qui-Gon looking at him eagerly.
He surrendered at that point, accepting that he’d lost this particular battle…. But he would not lose the war.

Opening the first box, he smiled at what he saw.

“As far as I recall Master, your plants never particularly liked me.” He chuckled, lifting the plant and its pot out of the box, watching as a thin tendril slowly uncurled and reached out towards him, “This one doesn’t try and eat people does it?”

“… I never had a plant like that.”

“That one from Endor tried a few times.”

Qui-Gon chuckled, “Ah yes… it did have a certain fondness for you.”

As the plant continued to unfurl on the table, stretching out its tendrils towards the windows of the apartment, Obi-Wan watched it, a soft smile on his face… especially when Chirrut leaned in to examine it closely.

He always sensed his padawan was more attuned to the Living Force than he was.

“It’ll help bring a little more colour to this place…” Qui-Gon beamed, watching as Anakin handed over the second present, “… You’ve been here a while now, don’t you have any plans of livening this place up?”

“I have bigger concerns at the moment Master… like the reports I really should be working on right now.”

Qui-Gon waved his hand in dismissal, “There’s plenty of time for paperwork some other time. Now, tell me what you think of Anakin’s present. He spent a lot of time on it.”

“Oh?” Gently, Obi-Wan opened up the box, smiling at the sight of the holo-picture device inside.
When he pulled it out and pressed the activation button, the smile widened at the sight of the pictures of him and Qui-Gon, him and Dooku, and even a recent picture of him and Chirrut, “Wow…” he whispered, “… this must have taken you quite some time to put together.”

“A little bit…. But you got me a holo-pic of my Mum, so… it was worth it.”

Having received some new cups from Chirrut earlier that morning, Obi-Wan expected that Qui-Gon would only stay to finish his tea.

“Alright, now I actually had to book a table at Dex’s, apparently he has a family reunion booked in today, so- “

“- Master, may I speak to you in the kitchen?” Obi-Wan quickly interrupted, knowing that he had to put a stop to all of this now, if he ever wanted to get to his work today.

Once inside the kitchen, Obi-Wan sighed wearily. “I know you mean well Master… but I have work to do today, I can’t spend all day out like we did with Anakin’s Life day. I’m a Jedi Knight now, I’m too old for all this!”

Qui-Gon was silent, a slight frown on his face as he stared at his old padawan. “So…” he began, “… you believe you are too old for me as well? You believe that you are too old to spend time with your ex-Master?”

“Master- “

Holding up a hand to stop Obi-Wan in his tracks, Qui-Gon continued. “I know you’re a Jedi Master now Little One, and I know that things have to change between us… but for Life Days, I don’t think it needs to be that way.” He took a deep breath, “We didn’t have the best starts, and… I think I need to make up for that. And if that means spoiling you with presents and a nice meal for one day every year, then I’ll do that until I pass on into the Force.”

Obi-Wan was silent, his eyes wide in shock as his ex-Master placed a gentle hand on his shoulder.

“Now… can we go and have a nice meal together, in order to celebrate your Life Day?”
The words were true… and now that he knew that his Master was trying to make up for it, Obi-Wan couldn’t bring himself to refuse.

“That sounds… perfect Master.”
Night Time Wanders

Chapter Summary

Prompt from Han. S (Guest): I'd love to see more toddler/little Obi Wan. Can you do that please?

Obi-Wan pressed himself against the wall as he inched his way past the oblivious Masters’ who were making their way down the corridors.

None of them noticed the toddler away from the creche… the toddler who was a little bit scared.

Part of Obi-Wan’s mind scolded him for being a baby… they were Masters’, they wouldn’t hurt him… but they might shout at him, and in the three-year-old’s mind, that was way worse.

But he was hungry… and he knew the cafeteria was somewhere around here… possibly.

Obi-Wan took a few more steps, sliding his small body along the wall.

“Hey, what are you doing?!”

Startled by the sudden, raised voice, Obi-Wan tore down the corridor with a cry, until he was far away from any tall Masters’ with loud voices.

However, as there were no sounds coming from people walking through the corridors, the silence was over-whelming… it was almost… scary. The shadows seemed to reach out for him.

Closing his eyes, Obi-Wan ran, arms outstretched until he reached another wall and bounced off it. Pushing himself to his feet, he kept his eyes on the figures that seemed to line the walls… and then he spotted the door.

“P’ease be food… p’ease be food.” He chanted softly under his breath, pushing the doors open.
When it turned out to be a classroom, Obi-Wan’s lower lip started to tremble. He considered trying to make his way back to the creche, but the thought of going through all those corridors again caused him to tremble.

“Master Kim!” he cried out for the creche master.

The only answer was his own voice as it echoed off the walls. He balled up his fists, looking for a place where he could just sit down and stay. His little legs hurt, and the exhaustion had taken over the hunger.

Curling up into a small ball, he settled in the corner of the classroom and tried not to cry.

“Looks like you were right Master Yoda.”

Obi-Wan startled awake at the deep voice, bright blue eyes staring up at the pair standing above him.

“A child can wander this far into the Temple and get lost.”

He recognised them instantly.

“Master Yoda? Master Jinn?”

“Glad we are, to have found you.” Master Yoda smiled gently at the toddler, “Reason you have, for being out late?”

At that moment, Obi-Wan’s tummy started to rumble and he flushed in embarrassment.

“Ah, understand now. I do.” Master Yoda winked at the toddler, pulling a cookie out of nowhere, “Let it slide this once, we will.”
Slowly making his way over, Obi-Wan guiltily glanced over at Master Jinn as he took the cookie, unwrapping it and nibbling on it nervously.

“Sowy Masters.” He whispered, tears starting to build in his eyes again.

There was a brief moment of silence, before Master Jinn knelt down in front of him and gave him a reassuring smile, “It is not a problem little one.”

Obi-Wan couldn’t help but return the small smile, crumbs dotted around his mouth as he finished the cookie. Once done, Master Yoda spoke up again. “Back to bed, you should go…” he gently ordered the small toddler, “… lead the way, we will. Stories about Master Jinn, I will tell you.”

Master Jinn audibly groaned at this, as Obi-Wan giggled.

He wasn’t scared of the shadows anymore.
Prompt from Wortri: Anyways, you know Obi Wan's allergy to hoi-broth? Yeah it's not pretty. So maybe Obi Wan's allergic reaction occurs during a diplomatic event so he tries his best to hide it but he just can't breathe and it's too much so he just quietly blacks out. Qui flips out and makes a complete mess of the diplomacy but who even cares Obi Wan is dying. Because Obi Wan chose to prolong exposure, he loses his voice for a few days and gets scolded without being able to snark back and Qui starts out resolute but ends in tears asking him to please be careful and to never leave him and hugs and comfort.

“Remember how important this dinner is Little One.” Qui-Gon lectured, as he neatened up Obi-Wan’s uniform, “One wrong move, and trade deals all over this quadrant will cease to exist!”

“I know Master.” Obi-Wan chuckled, batting the older man’s hands away, “Perfect manners, smart clothing, and don’t turn your nose up at the weird food that they’ll serve… you did- “

“- Mention your extreme allergy to hoi-broth? Of course I did!” Qui-Gon frowned, “What kind of Master do you take me for?”

“… A good one who’s going to let us leave early, instead of standing around talking about politics for seven hours?”

“Nice try Padawan, nice try.” As Qui-Gon headed to the door, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned back to Obi-Wan, “Do you have everything?”

Going through his bag, Obi-Wan nodded. “Card for the room, communicator, data-pad- “He then stopped, realizing that he’d left his EpiPen.

“I have one Padawan.” Qui-Gon smiled, ruffling Obi-Wan’s hair as the teen bit his lip sheepishly, “A good thing we checked isn’t it.”

The tone was slightly scolding, prompting Obi-Wan to duck his head and nod weakly. Honestly, some days he felt like his Master paid more attention to his allergy than he did.
“Come on Little One, we have a long night ahead of us.”

……………………………………………………………………………………………………………..

“Master Jinn. Padawan Kenobi.” The Senator bowed low, “We are delighted that you could make it.”

“Your invitation was an honour to receive.” Qui-Gon replied, returning the bow as they moved further into the large ornate room, taking their seats at the table.

“Ah!” cried out another Senator, from another political party, dressed in all his finery with rings on every finger, “The Jedi’s are here! Maybe you can settle a debate for us?”

As his Master listened politely to the Senator, Obi-Wan smiled at the server, accepting a glass of juice as his Master refused the wine.

“Not partaking this evening Master Jinn?”

Qui-Gon shook his head, accepting a glass of the same juice that Obi-Wan was having. “I believe in keeping my mind clear and free of distractions.”

It was then that the first course was served.

“So, Padawan Kenobi…” the finely dressed Senator turned his attention to the young teen, “We’ve spent so long discussing the future of our planets, we’ve never really asked about you. Any plans for the future… aside from being a fine Jedi Master of course.”

After taking another bite of his starters, Obi-Wan shrugged. “I… I was hoping to be a negotiator. Take a few classes in diplomacy.”

“How… thrilling. Most kids your age have no idea what to do with their lives.”
“We’re raised a little differently.” Obi-Wan chuckled, his voice fading slightly on the last word… he was also starting to wheeze slightly, but thought nothing of it.

“Do Jedi children do anything for fun? From what I’ve heard it’s work, train, sleep and then more work!”

Before Obi-Wan could answer, the first Senator spoke up, “Padawan Kenobi, what’s on your hand there?”

He looked down, only to see a large red splotch forming on the back of his hand. When he opened his mouth to reply with a “I don’t know”, he realised he was only capable of wheezing.

But… this only happened when he had hoi-broth… this wasn’t hoi-broth.

“There’s a patch on his cheek now!” cried out another guest, “Is it poison?!?”

Obi-Wan’s eyes got wide as he tried to tell them it was probably just an allergy…. Accusations of poison could destroy the trade talks.

“M-M-Master!” he managed to wheeze, feeling his throat tighten as he tried to get Qui-Gon’s attention. His vision was starting to get hazy, and he knew he was seconds away from passing out.

Dark spots started to appear in his vision as his throat tightened even further, allowing almost no air to pass through. Vaguely he could hear Qui-Gon shouting at a nearby waiter, who was frantically trying to explain something.

“M-Master?”

“Stay still Little One.” Qui-Gon ordered quietly, as a small pain popped up in Obi-Wan’s leg, a clear sign that his Master had used the EpiPen.

He could feel his throat relax almost immediately, but continued to stay still as Qui-Gon slowly counted to three, before removing the EpiPen, gently massaging the area where he’d stuck the needle in.
“It’s okay Little One…” Qui-Gon lifted Obi-Wan’s head up gently and placed it on his lap, running his fingers through the reddish/blonde hair as the Padawan started to calm down, “… I’m sorry I didn’t notice sooner… I was so concerned with these… these talks!”

He sighed again, “Apparently, they cooked the starter in hoi-broth, didn’t think it would affect you…. I’ve been quick to inform them how wrong they were.”

Obi-Wan cleared his throat to speak, only for his Master to shush him.

Don’t try and talk yet, Obi-Wan.” He gently commanded, “Has someone called a medic yet?!”

Obi-Wan was sure that wasn’t the way to speak to important Senators… but none of them seemed particularly offended. In fact, they were probably all relieved that it wasn’t a case of poisoning by the opposing side.

But he couldn’t think about that…. Not when he was so exhausted.

“You can sleep Little One… I’m here. Don’t worry, I’m here.”

Needless to say, the diplomatic talks were put on hold… and tensions started to rise again.

Due to the stress of the allergic reaction and how long he went without being exposed to the EpiPen, Obi-Wan was instructed not to speak for at least five days, in order to give his throat a chance to heal.

Qui-Gon hadn’t left his side since, and usually Obi-Wan wouldn’t complain, happy for the extra attention…. But they had work to do, and if the Senators decided peace was no longer an option, or that the attempt to kill the Jedi Padawan was deliberate, then everything could go horribly wrong in a matter of days.
When Obi-Wan tried to signal that his Master should go and take care of it, Qui-Gon started to scold him, clearly having reached a breaking point.

It started out like any other lecture, “the Force will show me where I’m meant to go”, “the diplomats and I have been in regular contact”, “worrying so much won’t help your throat”, “a Padawan should not instruct his Master as to where he should go.”

And then the tone changed.

“I should have been more specific, stricter with the cooks…” Qui-Gon whispered, “… they almost got you killed, all because I wasn’t specific enough about your allergy… I almost got you killed.”

Leaning over, Obi-Wan gently patted his Master’s hand, silently asking him to look him in the eye…. Telling him it wasn’t his fault was a little harder, so he opted to shake his head until his Master got the point.

“Alright, alright…” Qui-Gon eventually chuckled, placing his hand on Obi-Wan’s head to stop him from shaking it, “… I get it. You don’t think it’s my fault.”

Nod.

“We’ll agree to disagree then.”

Violent shaking.

“Okay, okay…. It wasn’t my fault.”

Nod.

“But it was the cooks.”

Decisive nod.
Obi-Wan loved days like this.

Back at the Temple for a few days, before having to rush off to the next planet, to prevent the Separatists from taking over another innocent planet.

No meetings with the council.

No padawan to train.

A few days of peace and quiet.

As he knocked on Anakin’s door, he smiled warmly at his old padawan when he opened the door. “Thank you for your invitation for dinner…” he made his way inside, “… can I ask why you decided to do so? You were never one for social events.”

“Ashoka wanted to cook.”

Obi-Wan sniffed a couple of times, nodding in appreciation at the delicious smell coming from the kitchen. “Who taught her… I know it wasn’t you.”

“Apparently Plo Koon loves to cook.”

“Hmm, he is the best on the council, that is true.”
Slowly, he made his way into the kitchen, resting against the doorway as Ashoka stirred something in a large pot. “That smells excellent…” he stated, chuckling as the padawan jumped slightly, “…what are you cooking?”

The next words out of Ashoka’s mouth were in her own language, but she seemed to be thrilled to cook it, so Obi-Wan let it go as Ashoka continued in Common.

“I managed to find the right spices in the market on our last mission!” she exclaimed in glee, “You’ll love it Master Kenobi, it’s one of my favourite meals!”

“I look forward to it Ashoka, I think Anakin’s contribution to the kitchen and cooking, was simply to eat the food as quickly as possible.”

Ashoka cackled, as she usually did when Obi-Wan told her stories about Anakin’s time as a padawan, taking the pot off the hot stove and on the counter. “Alright, we need to let it rest…” she clapped her hands together, “…I’ll set the table!”

And then she was gone, leaving Obi-Wan in the kitchen. Slowly, he made his way over to the pot, taking in the scent appreciatively.

Surely a little taste wouldn’t hurt, right?

Taking a little spoon out of the drawer, he dipped it into the mixture, blowing on it carefully to cool it down, before sipping it down.

Ashoka was right. This was delicious.

However, as soon as he swallowed, his tongue started to feel swollen and his throat dried up. He couldn’t breathe properly, and his legs went weak. Slowly lowering himself to the floor, his hand on his neck.

“A-A-Anakin…” he stuttered, his voice not quite loud enough to reach the living room, his breathing getting even more uneven every second.
“A-A-ANAKIN!”

Thankfully, that seemed to be loud enough, as his old padawan came rushing into the room, almost crashing into the wall in his haste, eyes growing wide at the sight of his Master on the floor.

“Call for a Healer!” he ordered Ashoka, who had gone pale at the sight, “NOW!”

As Ashoka did as she told, Anakin desperately knelt next to Obi-Wan, hands running over the older man’s uniform in an effort to find the epi-pen.

“Did you seriously not bring one?!” he growled, rolling his eyes as Obi-Wan smiled sheepishly up at him… even though it was very weak.

“I’ve called for a healer!” Ashoka reported from the living room, having used the telecom system, “How is he?”

Obi-Wan tried to reassure her that everything was okay, but he couldn’t find the breath to speak.

“Not good…” Anakin muttered, a frown on his face as he glanced between the pot on the counter, the spoon on the floor… and then Ashoka, “… is there any Hoi-broth in that?”

“I-I used the leftovers from last night… I-it adds some spice to it! Why?”

“He’s allergic, very very allergic!” Anakin shook his head in despair, before moving to scoop his old Master into his arms, taking advantage of the older man’s smaller frame, “We need to get him to the Healers Wing, now! We can’t wait for a Healer!”

Obi-Wan groaned when he woke up to white ceilings and the familiar ‘clean’ smell of the Healers Wing.

He tried to ask what happened, but could only grunt, wearily opening his eyes to see Anakin,
Ashoka and Cody standing over him.

“Master! How are you feeling?!”

“How do ya in….” he weakly managed to slurr, which roughly translated to “How do you think?”

Anakin visibly relaxed, seemingly understanding that his old Master was okay.

Ashoka however, was less relaxed. “I’m so sorry…” she whispered, “… I didn’t mean to- “

Waving his hand in dismissal, stopping her in her tracks, Obi-Wan gave her a reassuring smile, even as Cody ducked down and kissed him on the forehead.

“Please don’t scare me like that…” he whispered in the Jedi Master’s ear, smiling as Obi-Wan weakly whispered an apology back.

Knowing that Obi-Wan was going to be fine and that the danger had passed, Anakin clapped his hands together. “Alright… well I don’t want to let Ashoka’s cooking go to waste… Cody, you’re not allergic to anything are you?”

Cody shook his head, “No… but I think I’ll pass. We clones have a very strict diet.”

That… and he wouldn’t be able to kiss Obi-Wan after eating anything with hoi-broth.

Priorities and all that.
Prompt from Arianna Silvia: A new idea if you like: perhaps a oneshot where nobody died and Palpatine lost. Anakin is happy with Padme and the twins and Obi-Wan has a new Padawan (Luke or somebody different). Perhaps Ahsoka is still in the Order and has an own student.

Based off of the fantastic art found here (rennydraws.tumblr.com)
https://www.pinterest.co.uk/pin/840062136719933764/

And this post here http://thethornlessrose.tumblr.com/post/158708473888/okay-but-i-just-feel-like-this-just-screams-of

“Okay…” Obi-Wan fiddled with the camera, frowning at confusion at the device (they never used to be that complicated), “… I think I have it now.”

Anakin couldn’t help but glance over at Qi’ra, an Imroosian ten-year-old who was Ashoka’s new padawan… she looked just as exasperated as he did with his old Master’s fumbling.

“Come on Obi-Wan…” he eventually sighed, a soft smile on his face, “… I don’t think Leia’s going to tolerate this for much longer.”

Now he loved both of his twins. Luke looked a lot like him, but with Padme’s soft nature…. Leia however, whilst looking like her gentle mother, managed to inherit the Skywalker attitude.

Right now, she was starting to get fussy, tugging at her Father’s tunic and glaring up at him, whining in an attempt to force him to put her down.

“Please don’t look at me like that…” he whispered to her, glancing over at his wife and son, who were giggling to one another, Padme occasionally pointing at Obi-Wan as Luke beamed at him, “… It’s just one picture, okay? One picture.”

She didn’t look impressed.

“Alright!” Ashoka finally announced, having taken over from Obi-Wan, “On the count of three,
“Come on Luke…” Padme cooed, “… look at the camera!"

There was no point in asking Leia to do the same.

“Three… Two… One! Smile!”

****Later****

“I can’t believe both you and Leia aren’t looking at the camera!” Padme scolded, as their twins played on the mat, “It was meant to be a lovely photo.”

“It still is a lovely photo…. Even when Leia’s glaring at me, she’s beautiful!”

“Anakin!”

Put them to bed Anakin…”

The twins had been screaming for a couple of hours now, and Padme’s face was buried into a sofa cushion, her voice barely being heard over the sound of their displeasure.

“… Please Anakin… Please just- “she waved her hand, in a silent plea for him to take care of them.

With Anakin at the Senate all day, dealing with the chaos left behind after Senator Palpatine was revealed to be a Sith Lord (killed by Anakin himself after the man failed to manipulate him into doing his building), she was left with the twins… and she was exhausted.

But the twins were screaming, and Anakin was panicking.
“Ummm… darling? Sweetie? Padme?”

The gentle snoring indicated that she was already fast asleep. Silently, he glanced at the two screaming children… and felt like crying himself. Slowly, he headed over to the communicator, desperately hoping that Obi-Wan was still awake.

He chose not to take on another padawan, so it was unlikely that he had to stay at the Temple to look after a young child.

Dialling in the familiar code, Anakin was seconds away from begging Obi-Wan to answer. When the older man did pick up, Anakin could have cried in relief.

“Anakin, what-“

“- You need to come over. Now!”

“What’s wrong? Why are the twins-“

“- just hurry!”

“I’ll be there soon.”

With a click, the call was ended, and Anakin could only wait.

*****Less than half an hour later******

“Anakin! Anakin!”

Obi-Wan practically crashed through the door, eyes wide in alarm and lightsaber already in his hand, only to frown when there was no sign of an attack anywhere.
Instead, all he saw was Anakin seated on the floor, exhaustion evident on his face as he clutched at the screaming twins.

It was clear why he’d been called.

“Really Anakin?” he chuckled fondly, sheathing his lightsaber when it was clear that there was no threat (which was a possibility after all the chaos), “You can’t deal with a couple of babies? He who has defeated the Sith Lord, Darth Sidious?”

“They’re teaming up against me!”

Obi-Wan rolled his eyes, bending down and taking Luke into his arms, rocking him from side to side. “I knew I didn’t send you to work in the creche often enough.”

……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………

“Padme! Have you seen my lightsaber?!”

“No! Where did you last see it?”

“If I knew that, I wouldn’t ask…. Anakin groaned under his breath, not quite suicidal enough to shout that back to his wife, “…. Obi-Wan is going to kill me.”

Wandering into the living room, Anakin opened his mouth to ask his twins whether or not they’d seen it…. Only to stop in his tracks and go pale as his breath left his body in one fell-swoop.

Leia was closely examining the device, eyes narrowed in concentration as Luke peered into the hole where the blade would come out of.

With any other children, he might not have panicked so much…. But his children were Force Sensitive, and one wrong move would send a blue blade straight through his son’s face.
“Leia…” he kept his voice soft, trying not to startle her as he felt to his knees and shuffled forwards, “… Leia, give me that please.”

Leia, in her usual stubborn manner (curse his genetics sometimes!), ignored him and continued to examine the weapon.

“Leia… darling…. Sweetie…. Light of my life, please!”

“Anakin? What’s- “Padme also stopped in her tracks at what she saw, washing falling to the ground and her hand flying to her heart in shock, “Get it away from her…. Now Anakin!”

“I’m trying!”

When he reached out to try and take it, his five-year-old daughter scowled at him and shuffled away, causing him to groan in despair.

Five years of peace, and his children are killed by playing with a lightsaber.

“Leia and Luke Skywalker!” Padme suddenly snapped, her voice tense and short as her two children flinched, with Leia dropping the lightsaber to the ground, “You know not to play with your Dad’s lightsaber!”

As Anakin quickly summoned the lightsaber to his side, the twins each began to protest, both of them blaming the other for messing about with the deadly weapon.

Obi-Wan could never know about this.

………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………

“Keep your left arm up Luke!”

Obi-Wan smiled proudly as eighteen-year-old Luke instantly corrected his position, concentration evident in his face as he deflected several laser blasts away from him swiftly, moving into the next
kata as the laser blasts were deflected straight back at the bots.

“Excellent work Luke!” Obi-Wan clapped his hands, spinning around when he heard someone else clapping behind him. A fond smile appeared on his face when he spotted Padme.

“I’m sorry Obi-Wan…” she apologised, “…. But I was just wondering if I could borrow Luke for the rest of the day?”

“Of course, of course…. How is Leia by the way? Enjoying her studies?”

Padme chuckled, “Politics is definitely for her… several teachers have already complained of her argumentative nature.”

“Did you explain she gets it from her Father?”

“I tried, I tried.” Pulling Luke into a hug (ignoring the slight sheen of sweat on his skin), Padme ran her fingers through his hair, trying to neaten it up, “Now….” She looked her son in the eye, “… this is the last year I’ll be able to get a nice picture of my children. And I mean a nice one, am I understood?”

“Yes Mama.”

“Good boy.”

Well, Obi-Wan wasn’t going to miss this for the world.

**********Later**********

“Luke…. Knock it off!”

As Obi-Wan chuckled behind her, Padme resisted the urge to roll her eyes in exasperation, especially as Threepio started to scold her Padawan son.
One photo…. She just wanted one nice photo.

“Luke!” She gave him a warning glare, “Enough. Now, one last go at this, okay?”

Leia, who was dressed in a simple white dress, nodded in thanks to her Mother as Luke straightened up behind her.

For a second, it all looked like it was going to be perfect…. Until Luke’s hand darted up and messed up Leia’s hair just as the holo-camera flashed.

Within seconds, the padawan was on the floor, trying to fight his sister off as she swore and tried to hit him, occasionally managing to yank at his padawan braid.

Obi-Wan was no help…. He was too busy chuckling.

Threepio was crying out about the violence.

“Fine…” Padme threw her hands into the air in exasperation, “… I give up! I give up!”

Whether they were babies, or adults, she was never going to get a nice picture of her children.

It was all Anakin’s fault… those kriff-damned Skywalker genes!
Chapter Summary

Prompt from Disco_Potato: How about everyone in the council chamber meeting in TPM (including Anakin) is taken to the clone wars, captured by Maul, and they’re saved by Obi-wan and Anakin. And they watch how Obi-wan just sasses maul while battling away from the holding area while Anakin frees them. P.S could you have Maul be droning on and on about revenge and none of them have any idea why. Lol just a thought also a very sassy obi means happiness!

The council meeting wasn’t going according to plan.

As soon as he presented them with the evidence of Anakin being the Chosen One, Qui-Gon expected the Council to agree to his training.

Obi-Wan was ready… no matter what the little voice in his head said.

But the Council had refused, a bright blue light had blinded them and now they were here…. Wherever here was.

“Stay close…” He gently ordered Anakin, already expecting Obi-Wan to be near him, “… Master Yoda, what- “

“-Unsure, I am.” Yoda interrupted, tension evident in his voice, which the rest of the Council were quick to pick up on, “Danger, I sense.”

Everyone fell silent as a chuckling sound echoed throughout the room.

“Well, well, well…” a sinister voice came from the shadows, along with a Force Signature that was very familiar to Qui-Gon, “…what have we here?”

His uneasy feeling was confirmed as a light appeared above them, and the Sith from Tatooine stepped forwards into it.
But he didn’t remember the Sith having legs like that.

When the creatures’ eyes landed on Qui-Gon, a confused look flashed across his face and his eyes narrowed at him. “… Haven’t I- “

And then he spotted Obi-Wan… and a cruel, wicked grin spread across his face.

“Oh…” he whispered, “… this is just perfect. After years of going after you and having you evade me at every turn, you practically land on my doorstep. Just as my nightmares remember you as.”

Before Qui-Gon could say anything, the creature’s hand darted out and grabbed Obi-Wan by the arm, pulling him close as a red lightsaber appeared near the padawan’s vulnerable neck.

“MASTER!” “OBI-WAN!”

Qui-Gon moved forwards, hand already flying to his own lightsaber as the Sith readjusted Obi-Wan, pulling the younger boy’s back to his chest, red blade still hovering centimetres from his neck.

“Ah, ah, ah…” the Sith Lord tutted, tightening his grip on Obi-Wan, “… let’s not be hasty now. If I see one lightsaber, or feel like anyone is planning to use the Force on me, then I’ll remove his pretty head from his body. Understood?”

At first, Qui-Gon was ready to disagree, willing to take the risk if it’d mean his padawan was safe and out of harm’s way.

It was only Mace’s hand that stopped him.

“We understand…” the dark-skinned Jedi Master stated calmly, “… We apologise if we’ve trespassed, but it wasn’t our intention. We- “

“- enough!” The Sith Lord clearly didn’t want any apologies, “Move over to the corner…. Drop your lightsabers on the ground.”
With one of their own so close to danger, the rest of the Jedi nodded in acceptance, removing their weapons from their belt and placing them on the ground, before moving over in the direction that the creature indicated to.

Once they were in the corner, laser bars surrounded them…. Qui-Gon felt his heart sink to his stomach. If the Sith Lord did try anything against Obi-Wan, there was nothing he could do.

All he could do was watch and listen.

“I have dreamed of this day for years…” the Sith muttered, moving away from Obi-Wan, keeping the red blade close to the young man’s neck, “… I remember the pain, I remember the anger… I remember the fear!”

Obi-Wan was silent, his face twisted slightly in confusion as the rant continued.

“Revenge shall finely be mine…. The perfect revenge!” The Sith chuckled, “And I thought killing your older self would have been the highlight of my life, but you…. Oh you are even better.”

Whilst Qui-Gon couldn’t take his eyes away from his poor padawan, the rest of the Council were glancing at each other in confusion.

‘Older self?’ Did they hear that correctly?

“Tell me Kenobi…” the creature hissed, “… do you fear me?”

“…. No.” Obi-Wan straightened up, “Fear can lead to the Dark Side… I sense you must have been a very scared child once upon a time.”

Silence.

//Padawan… \ Qui-Gon growled over the fragile bond, //… remember what I said about your mouth getting you into trouble one day? Why do you feel to make a situation worse? \
I think Master Yoda referred to it as a… ‘defense mechanism’. \\

Very reassuring. \\

Their mental chat was broken as Obi-Wan suddenly yelped in pain, his arm having been slashed lightly by the Sith Lord.

“I see you were always like this…” the creature hissed in anger, a vicious smirk on his face, “… we didn’t really get a chance to talk when you were like this… before you sliced my legs off!”

Another fact that sent shockwaves rippling through the room.

Every Jedi grew up knowing that using the lightsaber in such a way was practically forbidden…. That it was seen as a dark manoeuvre.

Obi-Wan was the last person they expected to use it.

However, before the Sith could give them any more information, a side door opened and another figure, very similar looking to the red Sith, entered the room.

“They’re here…” he muttered, automatically moving closer to the corner where the other Jedi were being held, “… General Skywalker and General Kenobi.”

The Force seemed to surge around the room, as the Council all glanced at each other, with many turning their attention to Anakin below them, who was still clinging onto Qui-Gon’s legs General Skywalker.

Suddenly, the door slammed to the ground and two figures leapt into the room, their lightsabers already ignited as they moved into defensive positions…. Only for their eyes to widen in shock at the sight of Obi-Wan standing there, the red blade near his throat.

“Is that…. Who I think it is?” the younger of the two men asked in disbelief, eyes darting over to the
bearded man beside him, “Or am I seeing things.”

“No… your eyes are working fine.” The bearded mans eyes darted over to the Jedi who were trapped behind the lasers… and then a familiar smirk appeared on his face.

With a jolt, almost like a bolt of lightning hit him, Qui-Gon realised exactly who this man was.

He’d seen the same smirk on a much younger face as pirates tried to hold them hostage… or when they were in mortal danger.

“Oh please don’t….” he whispered under his breath, shaking his head and hoping that the man spotted it… that the older version of his padawan spotted, “… don’t do it.”

Master Kenobi didn’t listen.

“Bravo Maul….” He mock-congratulated him, “… I’m not sure if this little plan of yours is genius or pathetic.”

Even Maul looked a bit stunned by the comment, the red blade lowering slightly in shock.

“I mean, really…” Master Kenobi continued, “… getting revenge on a younger, more unskilled version of myself in order to make yourself feel stronger is very clever…. And yet, very disappointing as well.”

Maul snarled in fury, launching into a rant about ‘his right to revenge’, or how he’d ‘dreamed of this moment for years’, with Master Kenobi occasionally injecting with a comment of his own.

Only Qui-Gon noticed General Skywalker… Anakin sneaking towards them.

Even the second Sith seemed fascinated with the argument.

“That is so weird….” General Skywalker muttered as he tinkered with the locking device of the cage, occasionally glancing over at little Anakin, “… maybe this is all just a dream. All just a dream.”
Keeping his own eyes on the older man, little Anakin tugged on Qui-Gon’s robes. “Is that really me?” he whispered in shock, “I thought I wasn’t going to be a Jedi?”

Qui-Gon didn’t answer…. He was far too concerned with the fact that his padawan was inches away from death… and the little discussion with the young man’s older self didn’t seem to be calming the situation down.

“Note to self…” he muttered to himself, “… add in another few hours of meditation and stress the importance of learning to keep your mouth shut during difficult situations.”

//Master… \ his padawan’s voice nervously came over the bond, //…. Is that really me? \  

//Every word is causing me undue stress Padawan… yes, I think it’s you. \  

//Oh…. Sorry. \  

“- The pleasure of seeing you fade into nothingness, as I slice through this pretty- SAVAGE, STOP HIM!”

Seconds after Maul realised exactly what was going on near the cage, the laser bars disappeared, and they were free.

Qui-Gon’s gaze instantly fell on his padawan, lightsaber flying to his hand as he went on the defensive, Master Kenobi and General Skywalker falling into place beside him.


Maul knew he was outnumbered as he slowly backed away, keeping his grip firm on Obi-Wan’s arm… for a minute, it looked like he was going to surrender… and then a wicked smirk spread across his face.

“I will have my revenge!” he hissed, causing everyone to tense.
In one swift movement, Maul pulled Obi-Wan back, causing him to stumble slightly as the Sith spun his lightsaber around, clearly aiming for the young man’s abdomen.

“NO!” Both General Skywalker and Qui-Gon cried out, both seeing exactly what was about to occur…. That wound could be fatal.

Obi-Wan’s eyes were wide in fear, mixed with a little bit of acceptance.

However, seconds before the blade could make the fatal wound, Maul was flung to the side, impacting heavily with the wall.

“Never again.”

Everyone turned to Master Kenobi, who had his hand outstretched…. A frown on his face, and a look of grief in his eyes.

“You’ll never do that to anyone ever again.”

Filled with a sense of relief, Qui-Gon charged towards his padawan, wrapping him up in a hug, before turning his attention to Master Kenobi.

“I- Thank you.” He whispered, his voice heavy in relief.

Master Kenobi accepted the thanks with a simple nod, his eyes slightly glazed over with an unseen grief. “Well…” he chuckled lightly, “… I can’t argue it wasn’t in my best interests as well.”

Before Qui-Gon could answer, a blue light suddenly appeared above their heads… it seemed as though their time was up.

“Don’t worry…”
Everyone’s attention turned to Master Kenobi, who was looking at his younger self, a warm, understanding smile on his face.

“… hope is not lost. Things will get better.”

And then they were gone.
Broken by Revenge Tie-in

Chapter Summary

Prompt from SpencerBrown: So, I was rereading Chapter 37, Rushing into Danger. It’s one of my favorites. I’m sure you know by now what a sucker I am for hurt-Obi and concerned-Cody. I also just read Broken by Revenge by Pandora151. That got me wondering what would have happened after the end of Revenge if your caring Cody had been the one to pick up Obi after his escape, or maybe even your Qui. So, the actual prompt is a piece showing Obi getting picked up and patched up after Revenge, but by your wonderful characters. Obviously inspired by https://archiveofourown.org/works/16092431

He heard the news from Kix first.

The medi-clone had been unable to stop himself from gossiping about General Kenobi’s state after returning from Raydonia.

Six broken ribs, leading to a collapsed lung, a concussion which was probably related to a cracked skull in multiple places, and a shattered right foot.

Needless to say, Cody made his way over to the Temple as quickly as he could, rushing through the corridors until he arrived at the Healing Wing, where Ashoka was just leaving.

“Cody!” she exclaimed, sending a nervous glance back at the room, “Thank the Force you’re here!”

“How is he?”

Ashoka winced, “He’s… a little raw. Have you heard anything about what happened?”

“Just that Ob- General Kenobi was hurt…. Why?”

“… Maul’s come back.”
Cody stood there in stunned silence for a few moments, before frowning in recognition at the name. “As in… the Sith that the General killed? The one that… killed his Master?”

He’d heard the stories of Master Jinn over a late-night watch that he and Obi-Wan had shared early on in the war. Obi-Wan’s tone had been solemn, and though no tears were shed, it had been hard not to notice that the Jedi’s eyes were slightly damp, the memory clearly still bothering him.

“But… wasn’t he- “

“- Chopped in half, yeah.” Ashoka shrugged, “Apparently he survived.”

It was unbelievable… but after everything that Cody had seen in this war, anything was possible.

“You might be the best thing for him…” Ashoka sighed, placing a small, but gentle hand on Cody’s shoulder, “… I know that you’re probably still not happy about the Rako Hardeen mission, but- just… don’t take anything he says too personally, alright? He’s still a bit tense.”

Cody could imagine why… to know that the person who killed his ‘father’ figure was still out there wasn’t an easy thing to just shrug off.

If Rex was killed and the person who killed him suddenly came back, Cody knew he wouldn’t nearly be as calm.

“Noed.” He muttered, sending Ashoka a reassuring smile, before pushing the Healing Wing door open and striding inside.

It wasn’t a pretty sight… well, General Kenobi could never be considered ugly, but the dark bruises under his eyes and the bandages weren’t exactly appealing to him.

It reminded him that even Jedi could get hurt.

“Cody!” Obi-Wan looked stunned to see him, a confused smile on his face, “I wasn’t expecting to see you today. I would have freshened up otherwise.”
Cody remained silent, taking in all the wounds that lined his General’s body. He could read the man like a book.

“It wasn’t your fault you know.”

The smile disappeared from Obi-Wan’s face as he shifted from side to side nervously. “I’m quite sure I don’t know what- “

“- Maul.”

Obi-Wan instantly flushed at the name, a flash of anger flitting across his face, before it disappeared, replaced by the usual neutral expression. “Ah…” he acted as though it was nothing to be worried about, “… You heard about that then. Let me guess… Ashoka?”

Remaining silent, Cody just raised an eyebrow at him, waiting until Obi-Wan cracked.

It always worked with his younger brothers.

Eventually, Obi-Wan sighed. “The only reason I was knighted, was because I defeated Maul. When my Master tried to have me knighted a couple of days before, the Council stated that I wasn’t ready…. I defeat a Sith Lord and suddenly, everything changed.” He then shrugged, “I can’t help but feel like all this, my position on the Council was completely undeserved now that we know Maul is alive.”

There was a brief moment of silence, before Cody shook his head, “Ridiculous…. You have done so much since then. You have fought Sith Lord after Sith Lord, beating them every time. You are known as The Negotiator, helping make peace treaties all over the city…. You’ve earned your knighthood a hundred times over.”

“Cody, I- “

“- I won’t have you just sitting there believing you’re not good enough.” Cody shook his head, “It’s wrong and it’s ridiculous.”
“Cody, please I-“

“- Enough.” Cody shuffled a little closer, moving to sit by Obi-Wan’s side, one arm pulling the Jedi Master into a hug, “Please just… can’t we celebrate the fact that you’re alive again?”

Obi-Wan was still tense.

“… If your Master was here…” Cody cautiously began, “… what would he say to you?”

There was a brief moment of silence, before Obi-Wan sighed wearily, “He’d tell me that I was being ridiculous… that what happened back then, doesn’t erase what I’ve done since then.” He chuckled softly to himself, “If I had my padawan braid still, he’d pull on it… he always used to do that when I was being silly.”

“… You miss him, don’t you?”

“More than anything.” Obi-Wan shook his head, “He would be so disappointed in me.”

Before Cody could say anything, the Jedi held up a hand to stop him. “Not because I didn’t kill Maul the first time… but because I truly believed that I was a worse Jedi because of it.”

“So… everything’s okay now?”

Slowly, Obi-Wan turned to him, a soft smile on his face, “No, not really… but it will be.”
Chapter Summary

Prompt from Child_of_Eru: I suddenly have this mental image of canon Dooku finding out about a romance between Obi-Wan and Cody and deciding to do a shovel talk. The potential hilarity there...

Cody had only really heard rumours of Count Dooku, a brief mention in a conversation here and there, a shadow across someone’s face.

So, waking up to see the Count’s face looming above him was a bit of a shock.

Regal, amber eyes swept over him, a small smirk on his face… he could clearly see the sweat beading on Cody’s forehead.

“So…” the Count hissed, “… you and Obi-Wan?”

Oh crap.

“You know?!” he blurted out, straining against his bonds before willing his muscles into submission… mustn’t show that the Count is getting to him.

Count Dooku shook his head almost fondly…. Although the slight zap Cody received for his interruption negated that.

“I have my ways… and you two aren’t exactly subtle.” The smirk seemed to get even wider, “We’re practically family you know.”

Cody tried not to look disgusted at the thought…. He didn’t think he was successful.

He knew he looked shocked however, when Count Dooku took a seat opposite him, picking up a cup of tea and taking a sip.
“I’d offer you a cup, but I understand you’re a bit tied up at the moment.”

Actually, he was parched, but he wasn’t going to admit that to the Sith Lord.

“You’re very lucky Qui-Gon is no longer around…” Dooku mused, “… He always used to believe no-one was every good enough for his padawan. He wouldn’t even let the young boy interact with me.”

Again, Cody wisely chose not to say anything.

“Obi-Wan seems to be very happy with you.” Dooku paused, looking up at the trapped clone commander, “Make sure it stays that way.”

“Of course I wi- “

A red lightsaber embedding itself into the wood beside his head stopped him in his tracks, his eyes growing wide as Dooku leaned in close.

The older man didn’t say anything.

Whatever he saw in Cody’s face, he found it funny, backing away slowly and de-activating the weapon.

“You’re looking a little pale there Commander…” he chuckled, “… maybe you should have a biscuit. I promise they’re not poisoned.”

Before Cody could say anything, there was a commotion outside the doors, prompting Dooku to snarl slightly in annoyance. “Knight Kenobi to the rescue of his damsel it appears…” he muttered, before waving a quick goodbye at Cody, and disappearing through another door, just as Obi-Wan burst through the door.

“Cody!” the Jedi exclaimed, “Are you alright?!”
“... I think I just got the ‘if you hurt him’ talk.”

“That’s- “

“- terrifying Obi-Wan. It was terrifying.”
Sequel to Chapter 62

Chapter Summary

Prompt from fireicewriter42: oh my word, please tell me you're doing a sequel, it's too painfully amazing (referring to chapter 62)

When the light faded away, the group all found themselves back in the Council room…. Nobody said a word.

Nobody could believe what had just happened.

Before anyone could say anything, Obi-Wan suddenly crumpled in on himself, falling to his knees like his strings had been cut.

“Obi-Wan!”

Almost instantly, Qui-Gon fell to his own knees, gently encouraging his padawan to look him in the eye. “Obi-Wan, are you okay?”

Silently, Obi-Wan shook his head, his breaths coming in quick and shallow.

“Calm your thoughts, you should Obi-Wan.” Yoda gently reprimanded, “Safe, you are.”

The words only had a minimal effect.

“Obi-Wan…” Qui-Gon whispered, pulling his padawan a little but closer, “… Obi-Wan, what did the Sith Lord say to you? Did he tell you anything?”

Whilst they’d all heard the ranting and raving of the creature who had held them captive for a little over an hour, they knew they didn’t hear everything. They’d all seen the Sith Lord lean in close to his hostage, hissing something in his ear occasionally.
“Obi-Wan?”

Obi-Wan’s face was still pale, but he’d finally managed to gather up his composure… only to shake his head. “Nothing… he was just… telling me how he was going to kill me.”

An obvious lie.

“Obi-Wan.” This time, the tone was a little tenser, almost as though Qui-Gon was warning his padawan not to tell another lie.

“Please…” Obi-Wan begged, “… please don’t make me say anything more.”

Whilst he was unwilling to let the matter drop so easily, Qui-Gon could see the concern of the other council members, with Master Yoda even going so far as to shake his head, in a silent indication for Qui-Gon to let the matter drop.

“Alright little one…” he whispered, slowly pushing himself to his feet as he helped Obi-Wan do the same, “… I think we need a good cup of tea and a meditation session.”

Silence.

As they went to leave the room, Qui-Gon felt a gentle tugging on the back of his robes and with a guilty wince, he remembered his other responsibility.

“Anakin, I need to make sure Obi-Wan is okay…” he tried to explain to the child gently, not wanting to make him feel rejected, but needing him to understand that Obi-Wan did take precedence, “… One of the Masters’ will take you to the initiate rooms.”

“But- “Anakin stopped, frowning at the sight of Obi-Wan’s pale face. Yes, what they’d just been through was terrifying for him, but Obi-Wan had been held hostage. He almost died, “Okay…” he nodded and took a step back, “… I hope you feel better soon Obi-Wan.”
Obi-Wan gave him a small, but thankful smile as he was led away.

When the doors slid shut behind them, Anakin turned to Master Yoda and frowned, “Is he going to be alright?”

Silence.

“Master Yoda?”

Eventually, the Jedi master sighed wearily and turned to the child, “Know not, I do young one. Help, Qui-Gon will.”

Having finally convinced Obi-Wan to take a soothing shower, Qui-Gon made a quick call to Dex, practically begging for the Besalisk to bring some of his famous soup to the Temple, hoping that that would bring Obi-Wan back to his senses.

“I’m on it.” Dex said seriously. He was just as fond of Obi-Wan as Qui-Gon was, “You need any deserts? I just made a killer chocolate cake.”

He always knew what Obi-Wan would need.

“Thank you Dex…” Qui-Gon thanked him wearily, “… I do appreciate this, you know.”

“I know, I know!”

The communication was cut off and the rooms fell silent once again. However, when Qui-Gon listened in, he could hear another sound over the fresher.

He recognised it from the early days of his and Obi-Wan’s padawan/master relationship.
Obi-Wan trying to muffle his crying.

It was just as heart-breaking as it had been all those years ago.

“Oh Obi-Wan…” Qui-Gon muttered, “… I just want you to talk to me.”

In the fresher, Obi-Wan huddled against the wall, both hands covering his mouth as his reddish/brown hair hung limply on his head.

The Sith Lord’s voice still rang in his ears.

‘I still remember your screams when I killed your precious Master.’

‘I still remember your screams when I killed your precious Master.’

‘I still remember your screams when I killed your precious Master.’

It didn’t bear worth thinking about… the fact that that creature, would someday soon, kill his Master.

He wasn’t going to let that happen.

Never.

With a new-found determination in his bones, Obi-Wan pushed himself to his feet.

He had hope.
Prompt from Star Wars and Skillet: So, I was wondering if you could do a chapter where Obi-Wan was singing and Anakin, Ahsoka, and Cody (maybe even Qui-Gon) heard him but none of them knew he could sing. And then Obi realizes they’re there and is a little embarrassed and they all talk about why Obi-Wan doesn’t sing or something. And then they all start singing together.

This is kind of a one-by-one, everyone finds out thing.

Very few people knew that Obi-Wan could sing.

Admittedly, he didn’t exactly run around telling everyone, but with the war, and everyone living in each others’ pockets, it could be considered a miracle that no one had found out yet.

Qui-Gon knew, of course.

They spent a little over a decade together…. It would have been very hard to hide it from the older man.

After incident on Naboo and Qui-Gon’s death, Obi-Wan didn’t sing for the longest time, unable to muster up the energy to even smile somedays. In the first few months of having Anakin living in his rooms with him, they both danced around each other.

Anakin knew that Obi-Wan hadn’t been fond of him, and Obi-Wan was unwilling to look the child in the eyes, not unless he wanted to hear his Master’s final words ringing in his ears.

By the time Anakin found out, he was already well-integrated into the rooms and the Jedi way… his clothes were strewn all over the room, a second toothbrush was in the bathroom, and his padawan learning supplies were all over the table.

Obi-Wan quickly realised this, and the thought made him smile. When he switched on the radio as he made breakfast, he didn’t even think about singing… he just did.
He was still singing when Anakin finally stirred, his short hair a mess on his head, eyes still heavy with sleep.

“Good morning Anakin.” Obi-Wan greeted, “Go and sit at the table, breakfast is almost done.”

Anakin just nodded sleepily.

He didn’t mention the singing until later, when they were both settling down for meditation.

“I didn’t know you could sing?” the boy asked nervously, not knowing if this was a forbidden subject.

“Most people don’t know,” he admitted, “Only… only Qui-Gon knew. It keeps my head occupied.”

Anakin was silent for a moment, before a small smile appeared on his face, “I liked it.”

Surprisingly, Anakin never revealed this little secret, not even as a teasing point when the Clone Wars broke out.

Obi-Wan never intended for Ashoka to find out.

Ashoka returned to the ship at around ten at night. It had been a long day, trying to save all the Force-Sensitive children that the Sith Lord was trying to steal and raise as mini Sith Lords. The clones and the Jedi on this mission were all taking in turns to watch over the children.

Tonight, it was Master Kenobi’s turn.

Not wanting to call out for the Jedi Master, just in case the babies were asleep, Ashoka snuck through the corridors, heading past the nursery in order to get to her room.
It was then that she heard the singing.

“Softly while you were asleep... the moon and I were talking. I asked that she'd always keep you protected. She promised you her light that you so gracefully carry…”

The babies were all fast asleep, but Ashoka couldn’t help but listen to the Jedi Master, mesmerized.

When he turned to leave, his eyes widened in shock and he winced. Glancing around, making sure that all the babies were asleep, Obi-Wan quickly left the room and closed the door behind him.

“That was... amazing.” Ashoka said softly, “I-I never knew you could sing like that.”

“... It’s an old lullaby from my creche days.” Obi-Wan sighed, after realising there was no way to talk himself out of this, “I often had trouble sleeping and the creche master would sing me to sleep.”

“Well.... It was beautiful.” Ashoka winked, “Don’t worry, I won’t tell Skyguy.”

“Reassuring as that is, he already knows.”

“And he never told me?! Traitor!”

Cody quickly learnt that his General could sing... even long before their relationship ever started.

General Kenobi often worked up into the early hours of the morning, meaning that he would shower later than everyone else, usually humming or singing softly to himself.

Of course, he never realised that Cody was the same when it came to work, and would go to shower at the same time, remaining out of sight until his General was finished.
Sometimes, General Kenobi sung a little louder than usual, only to cut himself off and mutter to himself angrily.

Cody fell in love with the man a little bit every time he heard him sing.

At first, he didn’t tell the General that he’d heard him sing, too afraid that the Jedi Master would stop or even have him transferred for insubordination…. And then Obi-Wan started singing one of softer drinking songs that the other clones.

That evening, he vowed to say something.

When Obi-Wan came out of the fresher, towel wrapped around his lower half, Cody moved forwards, continuing on the song from where Obi-Wan left off.

Silence.

Turning around, Cody winced at the sight of Obi-Wan staring at him, cheeks flushing red.

It was probably best that he not go any further.

Less than a week later, Cody heard the song again, this time, merely in the General’s rooms causing him to stop in his tracks just outside.

Slowly, he entered the room, nervously clearing his throat and waiting for Obi-Wan to acknowledge his assistance.

“General?”

Obi-Wan spun around and smiled warmly at him. “Ah, Cody, just who I wanted to see!” The General then held out his hand, “I believe there’s some sort of dance to go with this song?”
“… What?”

Much like Obi-Wan’s own cheeks earlier, Cody knew he was flushing, especially when Obi-Wan grabbed his arm and tried to lead him in a dance, spinning around.

It was like the war had disappeared.

He couldn’t remember ever being this happy.

He knew it couldn’t last, but even knowing that there was a war right outside their door, with the threat of the Senate hanging over them, Obi-Wan didn’t hide his singing anymore, with Cody, Anakin and Ashoka often joining in… and Cody had never heard anything sweeter.
Prompt from Jedi_Bant: I wonder if you could do one where one of the council take Obi-wan on as their Padawan when Qui-Gon rejects Obi for Ani in front of the council. Watching Obi with another master makes Qui realise what he’s lost because the idea of someone else finishing his Padawan’s training is very different to Obi being knighted a bit too early. Jealous! Qui hurt/comfort type thing please.

“I take Anakin as my padawan learner.”

Almost instantly, the atmosphere of the entire room changed as the council straightened up, eyes practically sharpening into flints as they glared at Qui-Gon… who started to shuffle from side to side nervously.

Yes, he’d often been on the wrong end of the council’s scrutiny, but never to this extent.

“You already have a padawan learner.” Mace almost growled, “Unless you received a severe hit to the head on Tatooine?”

“I-I believe that Obi-Wan is ready to take the Knighting Trials…. He is one of the best in his age group, and beyond!”

“Deny that, we do not.” Master Yoda piped up, a stern look still on his face, “Physically ready, he is. Emotionally ready, he is not.”

Before Obi-Wan could protest, Master Yoda held up a hand, “His fault, it is not. A rough start as a padawan, he had.”

“Oh…” Qui-Gon frowned, “… So it’s my fault.”

“Yes.”
At the blunt admission made by Mace, Qui-Gon found himself stunned, unconsciously taking a step back in shock.

“We had hoped that over ten years of working together, over ten years of bonding on missions, would strengthen your bond…” Mace sighed, “… evidently, this is not the case.”

The Council all glanced at each other, almost seeming to silently communicate with one another, before they all turned their attention back to Qui-Gon and the others.

“Discuss this, we will.” Master Yoda sighed, “Difficult, this decision is.”

Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan bowed lowly, before heading out of the room, the door shutting behind them.

For a moment, there was a tense silence, until Qui-Gon clapped his hands together. “I'm sure they'll see sense…” he stated, turning to Obi-Wan, “… You've been ready for the trials for quite some time now.”

“I-if you’re sure, but-“

“- The Council knows this. They've been asking to have you put through the trials for years now!”

Obi-Wan didn’t need the bond to know that his Master was lying. “But… it was only a few days ago that you were saying that I wasn’t ready!” He protested, “And now- “

“- now circumstances have changed.” Qui-Gon gave his padawan a disappointed look, “I was hoping that you would understand that. Anakin needs to be trained.”

“I know, but there’s loads of Masters’ who would be willing to train him!”

“It has to be me.”

“Why?!”
Before Qui-Gon could answer, the Council room doors swung open again, silently ordering them to enter again. As they all walked inside, with Qui-Gon, Obi-Wan and Anakin moving to the centre of the room, Obi-Wan couldn’t help but tense up slightly at the looks on some of the Council-members faces.

“Come to a decision, we have.” Master Yoda began, “Train the Chosen One, you believe you should?”

Knowing that the question was aimed at him, Qui-Gon nodded, clearly believing that he was going to get his way.

“Then train him, you will.”

Obi-Wan felt like his heart was going to sink to his stomach. The familiar sensation of nausea started to rise up to his throat and he knew his face was pale… but he couldn’t let his Master see that.

He had to be strong.

“Then, Obi-Wan will be knighted?” Qui-Gon glanced over at his soon to be ex-padawan with a smile on his face, clearly expecting the young man to be excited by the prospect, “That’s wonder- “

“- No.” Mace suddenly interrupted, sending an apologetic look over to Obi-Wan briefly before turning his attention back to Qui-Gon, “Padawan Kenobi… Obi-Wan won’t be going through the trials. Not yet.”

“What are you- “

“- A new Master, Obi-Wan will choose.” Speaking over Qui-Gon’s sputtering, Master Yoda turned to Obi-Wan, “Unfortunate circumstances, these are. Unfair to you, it has been,”

“Unfair, what are you- “
“- Cruel Master Jinn, has been.” Master Yoda continued, ignoring the outburst, “Yours, the choice is.”

Obi-Wan shook his head frantically, “Master Jinn only chose me under pressure! No offense Masters’, but who would- “

“- We’ve all discussed it Padawan Kenobi.” Mace quickly interrupted, “It is up to you, who will become your Master. No matter who you pick, they will take over your apprenticeship.” He shrugged, “If it hadn’t been for Dooku’s estrangement from the Order, we would have given him a call.”

“You can’t do this!” Qui-Gon protested, “You can’t give him a new Master!”

“You’ve made the decision to train Skywalker.” Mace frowned, “We, as a Council, have decided that Obi-Wan is not quite ready to take the trials. Yes, he is one of our top students, but emotionally, he is not quite ready. Unless you are willing to let one of us train Skywalker, and continue training Padawan Kenobi?”

The silence was all the answer that they needed, as all eyes turned to Obi-Wan… including Qui-Gon’s, who almost looked pleading.

//Please Padawan… \ he begged over their bond, //… please don’t do this.\\

And for a moment, Obi-Wan hesitated.

//Don’t fail me Obi-Wan \\ 

…. Fail him?

With that, Obi-Wan knew what he had to do. Turning his attention back to the council, he took a deep breath. “Master Windu… would you do me the honour of taking over my apprenticeship?”

There was a gasp from over near Qui-Gon, but Obi-Wan chose not to look over, focusing on the small smile that had spread across Mace’s face.
“It would be my honour Obi-Wan.”

……………………………………………………………………………………………………………

“Don’t worry about getting your belongings from your rooms…” Mace stated in reassurance, as he gently led Obi-Wan out of the room, wanting to distract the young man away from Qui-Gon’s loud protests, “… I’ll have droids sent over to pick up your things whilst Qui-Gon is distracted.”

“… Master Windu?”

When he glanced down, Mace frowned at the look on Obi-Wan’s face.

“Are you… sure about this?”

“What do you mean?”

Obi-Wan shrugged, “It’s just… I don’t want you to feel pressured into this.”

“I said yes didn’t I? No pressure involved.”

The younger man still didn’t look too sure, prompting Mace to stop in the middle of the corridor and meet Obi-Wan in the eyes, “Obi-Wan… I am honoured to be your Master. I know that it might not be for long, but it is an honour, nonetheless.”

“Besides…” he continued, straightening up, “… this will also be a good lesson for Qui-Gon I think. A lesson in humility.”

……………………………………………………………………………………………………..

“Qui-Gon? You’re not even looking!”
Anakin’s whine just sounded like a buzzing in his ears as he focused on the other pair training at the other end of the room.

He hadn’t been allowed to attend Obi-Wan’s ceremony that transferred his apprenticeship to Windu. Their bond had been broken by medical professionals and that was the last Qui-Gon heard of him.

He’d barely even seen his ex-padawan, up until now.

Obi-Wan looked so happy, happier than Qui-Gon had ever seen him, as he and Windu sparred…. Mace had started to teach him Form 7 by the looks of it.

Personally, Qui-Gon believed that that wasn’t the right form for Obi-Wan, but he had been informed (multiple times) that he had no opinion on that.

“Master Jinn!”

With his attention broken, Qui-Gon finally turned to Anakin, who was pouting up at him.

“I finally perfected that split move!”

It was time for him to forget about Obi-Wan, he vowed to himself, forget about the fact that his ex-padawan’s grades were higher now, the fact that he smiled more, the fact that his best friend treated him so coldly nowadays… the fact that all the council treated him coldly.

It was time for him to move on.
The knighting ceremony was a rushed celebration.

With the introduction of the clone army and the threat of war now hanging over their heads, they needed all the Knights and Master they could get.

After the events on Geonosis, it had been decided that Obi-Wan was ready. With a heavy heart, Qui-Gon watched as his ex-padawan’s braid was cut by Mace, the pair of them smiling at each as they recited the vows necessary to complete the process.

“Rise, Knight Kenobi!” Windu finished the ceremony, before pulling his old padawan into a hug, chuckling warmly as the young man eagerly returned the hug.

A slight tugging on his sleeve, prompted Qui-Gon to glance down, a teenage Anakin staring back up at him. “When do I get to go through this?”

“… Not too long. You’re already top of your classes after all.”

It would be an honour to be the Master of the youngest Knight in the Order.

Now that the ceremony was over, the others present all crowded around Obi-Wan, all offering up their own congratulations and well-wishes. Obi-Wan’s classmates teased him about the embarrassed flush on his face.

Qui-Gon knew he should go over and say something… but what could he really say.
Silently, he placed a hand on Anakin’s shoulders, and together, they left the hall, both missing the disappointed look aimed at their backs.

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It would be another week before Qui-Gon saw Obi-Wan again, this time without the presence of Anakin.

The young padawan was in his lessons when Qui-Gon got a command to head over to the clone barracks in order to meet his new squadron.

It was a fairly dull experience and he was glad when he was allowed to leave. On the way out, he frowned as he spotted a familiar figure in the distance, walking away from him.

Before he could even think about calling out for Obi-Wan, the new Knight was joined by a clone, one with a large scar on his face. Darting into the shadows, Qui-Gon couldn’t help but watch the interaction in amazement.

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CC-2224 didn’t share his brother’s beliefs about how they should have unique names, one that make them identifiable… set apart from all other clones.

Or at least… he never used to mind.

After hearing it from Knight Kenobi’s voice, there came an irrational hatred of it… how it made him feel like just part of a crowd.

He didn’t feel special in Knight Kenobi’s eyes, and for some reason, that bothered him immensely.

He didn’t push the matter however and took what he could get. Which was why, when he spotted Knight Kenobi at the Clone Base, he couldn’t help but make his way over. When Kenobi spotted him, his entire face seemed to light up, and he beamed at the clone.
“Commander!” he greeted, “Congratulations on the promotion!”

CC-2224 bowed his head in acknowledgement, staying silent even as Kenobi gestured for him to take a seat on a nearby stone bench.

“So, what can I do for you Commander?”

CC-2224 just shrugged, throat closing up.

“There is something I’ve been meaning to ask you actually Commander…” Kenobi didn’t seem to notice the empty silence, “I know that Captain Rex appears to have shed his clone name, and prefers to be called Rex… did you have a different name in mind?”

CC-2224 tensed, keeping head bowed.

“I see…” Kenobi broke the awkward silence, “… well, how about I give you one?”

“I-I- “

“CC…. how about Cody?”

CC-2224… Cody, hesitated “Cody…” he whispered, “… I-I like that.”

“Good!” Kenobi beamed at him, “Maybe we should talk some more… over dinner?”

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Qui-Gon couldn’t believe what he was seeing. To any other observer, it might have seemed perfectly innocent. Just a new Knight wanting to speak to a clone, probably to discuss battle tactics or other such things.
But he knew his ex-padawan… better than the council ever thought he did. He’d seen these behaviours so often during those early missions.

Obi-Wan liked this clone… liked liked.

Ignoring how the sentence sounded childish in his head, Qui-Gon watched as Obi-Wan led the Commander away, before stepping back into the main corridor.

Well now, that was interesting.

The next time Qui-Gon saw Obi-Wan, the younger man was looking happier than his old master had ever really seen him before, striding down the corridor with confidence as he greeted young padawans and initiates.

It was clear that Obi-Wan was a top pick for one lucky initiate someday, and the younglings all knew it.

As Obi-Wan passed the classroom that Qui-Gon was waiting in, he gasped as his old master suddenly grabbed his arm and pulled him inside.

“Master Jinn, what are you- “

“- I saw you and that clone.”

Alright… maybe he could have put that a different way. Especially as Obi-Wan’s face paled and his eyes widened in alarm.

“No, no, no, no!” Qui-Gon quickly spoke up, “I didn’t mean anything bad by it, I was just- “ He stopped and took a deep breath, “- Mace usually frowns on personal relationships. What were you- “
“- Master Windu wasn’t my first master.”

Qui-Gon found himself stunned in silence, as Obi-Wan shuffled nervously from side to side, before continuing, “I know we had our ups and downs… but you taught me that personal attachments, emotions like love aren’t to be feared. So long as you don’t let them control you.”

At the tense tone, Qui-Gon opened his mouth to protest, believing that Obi-Wan was criticising him for his attachment almost fall from the light after Tahl’s death, only for Obi-Wan to hold up his hand.

“Stop…. We both made mistakes when it came to attachment, but I’ve seen the good in it. So long as I remain in control and don’t let it consume me, then everything will be alright.”

“And if Mace finds out?”

Obi-Wan shrugged, “I will cross that bridge when I come to it.”

The blasé attitude and the little shrug reminded Qui-Gon so much of himself, stunning him into silence once again.

“Master…” Obi-Wan reached out and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder, “…I know that it didn’t exactly end well for us, but I never wanted to exclude you from my life.”

“I’ve just been- “he cut himself off… he’d been busy with Anakin, but that probably wasn’t the best thing to say. Judging by the look on Obi-Wan’s face, he knew what his old master was going to say.

“Maybe we should have a meal together sometime?” Obi-Wan sighed, “Just the two of us?”

“That would be… fine.” He took a deep breath, “In fact, that would be perfect.”
Prompt from MagykKnight: I would adore a version of TPM counsel chamber time travel scene where the first reaction is to deck Qui-gon. Anakin or Cody maybe?

“...Correct you were, Qui-Gon.” Master Yoda sighed wearily as Master Windu nodded in agreement;

“His cells contain a high concentration of midi-chlorians.”

Master Ki-Adi also agreed, “The Force is strong with him.”

Obi-Wan watched as his Master seemed to brighten up at this, trying not to let his own dismay show.

“No…” Master Windu eventually spoke up, “… He will not be trained.”

Anakin was clearly crestfallen at this, tears beginning to form in his eyes.

Qui-Gon frowned, “No??!!”

It was horrible, but Obi-Wan couldn’t help but smile slightly.

“He is too old. There is already too much anger in him.” Explained Master Windu

“He is the chosen one...you must see it!”
Master Yoda shook his head, “Clouded, this boy's future is. Masked by his youth.”

“I will train him, then. I take Anakin as my Padawan learner!”

Obi-Wan felt his heart drop to his stomach, knowing that his face must have reflected the shock on his face, even as Anakin watched on with interest.

The Council were also shocked, with Master Yoda giving Qui-Gon a disappointed look, “An apprentice, you have, Qui-Gon. Impossible, to take on a second.”

Master Windu nodded in agreement, “We forbid it.”

“Obi-Wan is ready...” Qui-Gon protested, turning to his padawan and silently asking for a show of support.

He wasn’t happy with his Masters’ decision… but he knew that if he didn’t say something, there would be problems. Obi-Wan stepped forwards to face the Council.

“I am ready to face the tri-“

Obi-Wan stopped in his tracks when there was a flash of blue above him, glancing up and taking a step back at the swirling portal above his head.

Two figures fell through. One was dressed in the traditional Jedi Master uniform and the other wore some sort of armour.

“Why does this always happen to us?” the man in the armour muttered, “Why does trouble always find you?”

“Cody, I assure you, this has nothing to do with me.” The Jedi sighed, pushing himself to his feet, before glancing around. “Let us hope that we just travelled to a different location and didn’t- “ He cut himself off when he turned to face the rest of the room, face falling instantly.
All Qui-Gon had to do was look in those blue eyes, and he knew exactly who was standing in front of him.

“Obi-Wan?”

Cody knew there was something wrong when he saw his General seemed to deflate, clearly recognising where and when they had landed. Maybe no-one else would be able to tell, but Obi-Wan was upset.

It didn’t take long for Cody to figure out what the matter was.

Qui-Gon Jinn.

He’d never believed the hero-worship stories that General Skywalker. Someone like that would never cause Obi-Wan so much pain.

He’d asked others of course, and they all told the same story.

Qui-Gon had pushed Obi-Wan to one side, in order to take Anakin as his padawan, only to be killed before he could ever go through with it.

It was just cruel, and Cody found himself clenching his fist at the sight of the older man.

He moved around Obi-Wan, interrupting the miniature interrogation that was going on.

“How dare you.” Cody growled, surprising himself, “How dare you treat Obi-Wan like he doesn’t matter. He put so much effort into being the perfect Jedi for you and you throw it back in his face?!”

Behind the helmet, he glanced at a shocked, younger version of his General, the blue eyes shining slightly in the light.
“Excuse me, but what business is it of- URGH!”

Cody had raised his hand, curled it into a fist and slammed it forward onto Qui-Gon’s nose. His uniform had protected his hand from serious damage, stopped it from aching. He watched as the Jedi Master reeled back, almost spinning around and hitting the floor, a pained yell escaping the man.

Even as the Council all drew their sabers at the clear sign of violence against one of their own, nothing gave Cody more satisfaction than seeing Qui-Gon Jinn holding his bloody, red nose. A silence had fallen over the room, other than Qui-Gon pained hisses and curses.

Had this been any other situation, Cody would have cared about what the Council thought of him. He always made a point of making the best impression possible and look like he was full of authority, but now?

He couldn’t care less about his image.

“Why did you do that?”

Cody turned to the younger version of his General. The young man looked angry by the attack on his Master, but hidden behind that mask, there was definitely a twinge of satisfaction in those gorgeous eyes.

“You know why.” Cody eventually answered, just as a blue light appeared again.

“I think we had better go.” General Kenobi sighed, almost glaring at the blue light.

It was like it sent them back in time, just for Cody to punch Qui-Gon in the face, like it was its goal.

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When they got back to their original time, Obi-Wan broke away from Cody, hiding his face.
He was clearly upset by what Cody had done, and Cody couldn’t help but feel a little bit guilty at his own actions.

As they both took a seat on a nearby stone bench, Cody wrapped an arm around the Jedi Master and drew him closer to his side. He let Obi-Wan rest his head on his shoulders, not saying anything. He was going to let Obi-Wan talk first, when he was ready.

And he would wait as long as Obi-Wan needed.
Prompt from SpencerBrown: Other stories and videos always seem to remind me of your versions of the characters. I recently watched a short YouTube vid called Defending Point Rain, which was a cut-down of the Point Rain episode to just Kenobi and Cody's scenes, along with their troops, and cutting out most of the bits where Anakin and the rest are elsewhere doing their own thing. It's a really touching arc where Cody sends help out to retrieve an injured Obi. We also see Obi willing to fight to the death with his men, even when he can barely stand. You know he's in rough shape when he doesn't bat an eye at a medic shooting him full of drugs (though when Cody asks he claims he's fine). There are a few little details that are really nice, like Cody crowding close to protect his general in what he thinks are his last moments, and Obi's struggle to stand up and protect his men to the very end. Given all that, I thought any or all of this sequence could make for some great Codywan inspiration.

Cody resisted the urge to glance out of the viewing windows as the transport ship zipped through the sky, above the burning sand and rolling dunes.

"Cody, come in!" Rex cried out over the communicator, "Get the tanks down!"

"Copy that. Pilot, begin the landing sequence!"

"Understood. Have fun down there!"

Cody smirked under his mask. It was moments like this, when he remembered why he was even here. He loved the adrenaline rush.

However, when they touched down and the doors opened up, revealing the chaos outside, Cody got a sick feeling in his stomach.

"Move it! Move it!" he yelled, tensing as an explosion came too close to his men.

"MAN DOWN! MAN DOWN!"

At the desperate tone, Cody thought about the oncoming ships… such as the one that contained his
General. Quickly, he brought his communicator up to his face, “General Kenobi! Don’t land, the zone is hot! I repeat! Do not land!”

“But there’s no-where else to go!”

“Go back! Go back!”

“Cody, I- “ Before Obi-Wan could finish, there was the sound of a blaster shock hitting the ship, and Obi-Wan grunting in alarm, “We’re hit! We’re hit! Everyone brace yourselves!”

Cody felt like his stomach was in his throat as he watched the General’s ship career towards the ground, impacting with the burning sand heavily and skidding to a halt outside of the protective ring they’d created with their own ships, right in the middle of the battleground.

“Not good.” Reported one of his soldiers, “The bugs are splitting up.”

Cody resisted the urge to let out a nasty curse as two more officers appeared behind him.

“Boil, reporting for duty!”

“Waxer, reporting for duty!”

The newbies… great.

“We have a downed gunship sixty feet away, we believe it contains General Kenobi.” He knew it was Obi-Wan’s, but he couldn’t let that worry show in his voice, “You need to go out there and check for survivors!”

“Sir yes Sir!”

Watching as the pair raced out of the safety of the circle, rushing towards the ship, Cody found himself sending up a quick prayer to whoever was listening.
“Why do we always get sent on the fun missions?”

“Ha! Getting back to the circle is going to the fun point.”

Together, they managed to pull open the dented doors of the gunship open, the suns shining in on several unconscious, possibly dead clones and a bruised, hurt General Kenobi, deep cuts on his face.

“Waxer, Boil.” The General sighed in relief, “Am I glad to see you. Trapper and I are the only ones still alive.”

The news was sobering, especially considering how many clones were on that ship with the General. Good men who hadn’t even been given a chance.

“it’s good to see you Sir.” One went to help the General and the other to help Trapper, “General Cody will be glad to see you. He’s established a square not too far from here. The bugs are on the move and trying to surround us as we speak.”

Cody resisted the urge to pace nervously as he waited for news.

It was a bad crash.

Obi-Wan had survived a lot over the last few years together, but this could have been too much.

Beside him, one of his officers suddenly piped up eagerly. “They’ve got the General! They’ve got the General!”

Instantly, Cody snapped to attention. “HT636, we need cover fire at point 35!”
Obi-Wan winced in pain as he was practically dragged back to the safety of the square, blaster fire shooting past his ears.

“Bring it down!” he could hear one of the clones yelling, “Bring it down!”

When they reached the square, Cody was there in an instant, moving to support Obi-Wan himself. “Are you hurt?” he asked, concern in his voice, “Obi-Wan, are you hurt?”

“Nothing too serious.”

He hated making Cody worry. Jedi General’s tended to wear less armour than the clones, in order to keep their movements flowing for the lightsabre katas, and whilst they were slightly protected by the Force, there was always a serious risk.

“What’s the situation here?” he asked, trying to turn Cody’s attention away from himself.

Cody sighed wearily, clearly knowing what he was trying to do. “We’ve got no air-cover, two generals on the ground beyond our position and a mass of bugs surrounding us. The enemy was more than prepared for our attack. They knew our every move.”

It was when Obi-Wan didn’t react to the medic sticking a needle into his neck, that Cody knew something was seriously wrong.

Obi-Wan hated needles.

However, before he could speak up and say anything, Obi-Wan interrupted. “Well, I’m sure General Skywalker and General Mundi will make it to our position. We just have to make sure that we’re still here when they arrive.”

The following smirk was full of pain, and lacking the usual sparkle that Cody loved so much… but it
was better than nothing.

Glancing around, making sure that they were alone, Cody knelt in front of the Jedi Master, raising his helmet slightly to kiss the man on the cheek. “Stay with me at all times.” He gently ordered, “No heroics today.”

Obi-Wan’s silence was suspicious, and Cody should have paid attention to it.

The situation didn’t improve at all, in fact, it got worse.

Clones were dropping like flies, and many gunships were forced to retreat to avoid them being blown up and completely destroyed. There were only a few of them left, slowly backing up to the last remaining gunship.

At all times, Cody made sure Obi-Wan was behind him. The fact that Obi-Wan wasn’t shouting commands or leaping into action, told Cody that the Jedi was probably more injured than he was letting on.

“Get behind me!”

Maybe he spoke too soon.

“General, sit down!” He ordered, hearing the lightsabre ignite behind him, “Obi-Wan, sit down!”

“I can help! I’m not going to let you-“

“REINFORCEMENTS!” Another clone suddenly called out, “REINFORCEMENTS HAVE ARRIVED!”

Everyone whooped and cheered as the much faster ships zoomed over them, firing at the enemy ships. Cody’s attention however, was pulled to Obi-Wan, who Shakily deactivated his lightsabre and
seemed ready to collapse.

“General!” Cody wrapped an arm around the Jedi’s shoulders, helping him down to the ground, “Are you alright?”

“Just a little… tired.”

“Master Kenobi!”

Padawan Tano rushed over, closely followed by General Skywalker, who glanced over at Cody. “So…” Anakin smirked, “… What happened to you.”

“I could ask the same of you!” When Obi-Wan moved to get up, Cody gently pushed him back down, “What have you guys been doing?”

Before Anakin could answer, it all seemed to finally get to Obi-Wan, and he slumped over with a groan.

“Obi-Wan!”

“Medic!”

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“He’ll be fine.” The Medic sighed, “He needs rest and some bacta to heal the more serious wounds. Give him some time, and he’ll be back to his usual self.”

“Force help us.”

“Hey!”
Prompt from callisto_arau: I’ve had an idea, I suppose for a qui gon lives gray dooku au- qui gon walks in on obi wan and cody kissing and qui gon only has a moment to get all outraged and protective before cody, not having met qui gon outside of a professional capacity, freaks the hell out and says that obi wan shouldn't get in trouble, that obi wan didn't do anything wrong, it was just him, qui gon can send him back to kamino for all he cares, as long as obi wan doesn't get in trouble, and qui gon is confused for a second before realizing that cody is terrified for obi wan and loves him.

‘Obi-Wan was beautiful like this’, Cody thought to himself in the part of the brain that was still functional. Reddish brown hair was mussed, pristine Jedi uniform wrinkled and lips red and swollen from kissing.

The Jedi was pressed against the end of the sofa, Cody’s body holding him there as they sweetly kissed. He knew that Obi-Wan was enjoying this as much as he was, but never to the point where he wouldn’t hear the Force telling him that they were no longer alone.

When the sound of Qui-Gon’s throat clearing, loudly, filled the room, Obi-Wan froze and Cody immediately backed up and put a good six inches of space between them.

‘What. Are. You. Doing?’ Qui-Gon’s face was red in anger, ‘No, forget that. I saw what you were doing. What were you thinking?!” He voice rose as neither responded, ‘Don’t you know what could happen!’

Finally, Cody found his voice. ‘Master Jinn, please don’t blame Obi-Wan! It was my idea, it’s my fault! You can send me back to Kamino if you want, but don’t blame Obi-Wan!”

Qui-Gon stared at them for a few moments, before sighing loudly. ‘How long has this been going on?’

“A month?” “Three and a half weeks.” Both Obi-Wan and Cody answered at the same time.

“So, you’ve been sneaking around together that long without telling me?”
Cody opened his mouth, clearly ready to protest again, only to stop when Qui-Gon held up his hand, looking at Obi-Wan, expecting him to answer.

Obi-Wan was silent for a few moments, before sighing, “I knew you’d be like this… I’m not a child anymore Master, I can make my own decisions.” He grew a little bolder, “Is it because it’s Cody? Would you have preferred it to be Siri?”

“I-I-I-“

Cody spoke up again, “Sir, please! I’ll leave now, I promise I won’t fight it, but please don’t punish Obi-Wan for this!”

For a moment, everything was silent, as the pair watched and waited to see if Qui-Gon was going to start yelling or throw Cody out.

“You really care for him, don’t you?” Qui-Gon stated.

“Well… yes.”

Obi-Wan was stunned, a little bit shocked by the admission. Cody had never told him this before…. And clearly Qui-Gon wasn’t expecting to hear it either. Seeing that his Master was still just standing there, staring at the two of them, looking less angry and more surprised, Obi-Wan reached over and took Cody’s hand.

“I care about him too Master.” He spoke up, feeling Cody squeeze his hand, “I’m an adult now… an adult and a grey Jedi. There are no rules stopping us from doing this.”

After a moment or two, Qui-Gin sighed. “All right… “ he whispered, “… I overreacted. I just, thought we were past the point of keeping secrets from one another. I know I can’t forbid you from seeing him, because even if I did send him back to Kamino, you would probably just follow him, but I need you to be honest with me Obi-Wan. And do me a favour.”

“Oh?”
“…. Don’t ever let me walk in one something like this again.”

The pair nodded enthusiastically, with Cody adding, “Thank you Master Jinn, thank you, thank you, thank you!”

“Be good to him Commander… don’t forget that I know all the soft points in your armour.” And then Qui-Gon just walked out.

All in all, it could have gone a lot worse.
Mace wished he could say that it was a surprise, that Qui-Gon’s actions would have consequences like this. Time after time, the man had pushed Obi-Wan away, broken him down and rejected him. There were even times where Obi-Wan would make his way over to another Council members’ rooms, needing a place to stay for the night.

He deserved that punch.

The Council sat there in silence for a few moments, listening as Qui-Gon cursed and swore under his breath, pushing Obi-Wan away when he tried to help. It was clear that he would bruise spectacularly, purple and blue marks meshing together on his right cheek, just below his eye, over his cheekbone and along the bridge of his nose.

When he spotted Master Yoda straightening up, Mace smirked behind his hand.

This was going to be good.

“Back to bite you, your past is.” Yoda sighed, his voice barely a whisper, quieter than even Mace had ever heard him before, “Warned you, we did.”

“He… hit me.” Qui-Gon stated quietly, as though scared to raise his voice any higher, “He actually hit me.”

“Padawan Kenobi.” Mace spoke up, making the young man jump, “Why don’t you go back to your quarters. Someone will escort Skywalker to the creche. We need to have a little word with Master Jinn.”

Master Jinn winced.
“I can’t believe you hit him!” Obi-Wan hissed.

“I didn’t plan too!” Cody’s voice echoed throughout the room, laying down on Obi-Wan’s bed, “I just… remember all the times you were so ill, you were pleading with your Master to take you back, to not reject you and I just… lost it. It wasn’t right for him to treat you like that.”

“… He never hit me though.” Obi-Wan tried to protest, “And I got better as I got older.”

Obi-Wan had such open vulnerability, something which made Cody angry to see. No-one should be allowed to cause the General this much pain. Leaning in closer, Cody captured Obi-Wan’s lips in a kiss.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

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