Negotiations in the Healer's Wing
by teacup_of_doom

Summary

Anakin's protective streak rears its head. Again. Providing Mace Windu with a little entertainment, and something else to add to his list of questions.

Notes

Happens sometime in the first few years of Anakin's early Padwanship with Obi-Wan.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Anakin was glaring at her with a look Obi-Wan had come to know all too well from the Clone Wars, a look which seemed highly out of place on a twelve year old's countenance. She sighed. "You were ill, Padawan."

She had been sitting in the chair next to Anakin’s bed for most of his illness, sleeping next to it when his fever had refused to break. (Even a previous lifetime of worry couldn't stop her worrying.) Admittedly, her back and neck were killing her, and she’d perhaps forgotten to eat from time to time, but she was fine otherwise. She was! Anakin’s well-being was far more important than a bit of discomfort. Unfortunately, he did not see it that way.

"And you're not supposed to wear yourself thin, Master." Anakin chided - and it was one she’d heard so often - though not in this lifetime - and she could recite it in her sleep.

"A bad habit gleaned from Qui-Gon, or so Yoda tells me." Ben deflected, waving a hand. The glare did not abate. "I am not getting in that bed with you, Anakin. The Healers would disapprove."

"Yes you are." Anakin insisted. "I can keep you safe, and you can rest."

Her Padawan seemed to think that she was in danger every minute every day. "Anakin, it's a bit too early for you to have to protect me from all and sundry." It wasn’t time for that. Yet. In the future perhaps...

"Or it’s far too late," Anakin replied. She knew he was referring to her previously untimely death, every time she’d been captured during the Clone Wars. It wasn't fair of him to be so philosophical. It really wasn’t.

"My point stands, Anakin." Obi-Wan replied, but there was less bite in it than before. Perhaps she should put a monitor in him. There was a good idea.

"So does mine." Her padawan said lightly. "Master," he glowered. "I will resort to the vitals monitor again, I swear I will."

Obi-Wan groaned and rubbed her face, giving in. “Will actually go to sleep if I do this?”

“Yes.” Anakin said immediately.

“Right then, shove over you tyrant.” Obi-wan said, unable to be entirely serious with her Padawan at that moment, considering every time she'd done this with Qui-Gon the Healers had been furious.

Mace watched, further amused when the twelve year old Padawan beamed like he’d won a prize, and hastily shuffled over to the side of the side farthest from Obi-Wan. Obi-Wan took a few moments to take off her boots, and her outer robe - draping it over the bed like an added blanket - before lifting the covers and sliding into the bed next to Anakin. Anakin, as he had more than once been observed doing, practically moulded himself to Obi-Wan’s side once she got comfortable, with his head on Obi-Wan’s shoulder, listening to the comforting sound of his Master’s slow, even breathing. He fell asleep fast, suggesting to Mace that Obi-Wan had helped put her Padawan under, before she looked at him and raised an eyebrow, red hair fanning around her head like a halo on the pillows.
“It can wait until tomorrow, Knight Kenobi.” Mace said, with a twitch of his lips.

“Thank you Master windu.” Obi-Wan whispered in return, sounding just as exhausted as she’d probably really been, and then closed her eyes.

Mace dimmed the lights before he left, but made sure the Healers were aware of the change in sleeping arrangements before he left the Wing entirely.

He had a copy of the room’s security footage to review, and a conversation to puzzle over further.
Ben gets into a minor accident and has to go to the Halls of Healing, where something is revealed. Ben blames Anakin. Anakin is not sorry in the least.

Set sometime in Obi-Wan's twenties, when Anakin is taking senior Padawan lessons, and she has more solo missions.

"Obi-Wan, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting." Murun said, bustling into the exam room in the Healer's wing, with a diagnostic readout and a supply tray.

"It's alright." Ben said, trying not to shrug habitually, and move her shoulder. She was fairly certain that she had not broken any bones, but she wanted to take no chances, as the pain was excruciating each time she moved. She'd lost her outer robe some time during the chase with the smugglers she and another Knight had been following, and couldn't wait for a shower to soothe her aching muscles - let alone the cuts and bruises.

"Thank goodness you've got that vitals monitor in your bicep, or we'd have never pieced together exactly what happened." Murun said.

"I could have easily told you, if it wasn't obvious. Speeder accident, and then a very convenient wall cushioned my flight.” Ben said sarcastically, and then started when the Healer's words hit her.

"What vitals monitor, Murun?" She demanded and then shook her head. There was only one reason she would have a vitals monitor on her person. "Never mind. One moment please." She closed her eyes, and through their bond, yelled for her apprentice.

Anakin's only response was a smug. ' I said I would resort to one Master. You keep not taking care of yourself, and getting hurt.'

When did you have time to put it in?! Ben demanded. The opportunity , even?

Sorry Master, I have class right now. Anakin hedged, and mentally raised his shields.

“Obi-Wan?”


Mrun only raised an eyebrow, and reached for a diagnostic tool.
End Notes

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