Touch

by Rindemption

Summary

After a stressful mission nearly gone awry, Obi-Wan needs a little help relaxing. Qui-Gon takes matters into his own hands.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

The sound of the door clicking shut brings Qui-Gon out of his meditation, his eyes cracking open to see Obi-Wan joining him on the patio. The padawan is given a cursory look, internally grimacing at the knowing expression on his Master's face. “You seem tense, Padawan.”

“Prolonged exposure to dignitaries seems to have adverse side effects, Master,” Obi-Wan replies with a curt nod in greeting. He abandoned his boots somewhere near the door when they had returned, but otherwise had yet to bother removing anything else, robe included; Qui-Gon appearing to be much in the same state.

Qui-gon smiles, motioning for Obi-Wan to sit in front of him. He obeys without hesitation, tucking his feet beneath his thighs as he crosses his legs, resting his elbows on his knees. He takes a breath, about to relax and sink into meditation. It's second nature for him to reach out to the Unifying Force, the teaching that's most comfortable to him; knowing that there is a reason for everyone and everything. But before he can reach out for that well-known tendril of the Force, there's a light tug at the training bond. Qui-gon, it seems, has other plans.
His hands are stretched out before him, waiting for his padawan to understand his silent request. It doesn't take long. They had learned early on that physical contact, coupled with their stronger than usual training bond, allowed Obi-wan to seek out and connect to the Living Force much faster. He was usually left to his own devices during their practice, but this time Qui-gon wanted to help him relax, not cause more stress and frustration.

Obi-Wan takes his Master's hands, trying not to seem eager for the contact. He relishes these moments, for as much as Qui-Gon seems willing to touch others, Obi-Wan rarely acts on his impulses to initiate contact in return. Some part of him knows Qui-Gon is aware, his Master sometimes seeming to go out of his way to find excuses for physical contact. Obi-Wan tries not to show it, but they both know he enjoys it.

“What's bothering you, Padawan?” Qui-Gon asks in a hushed voice, eyes closing again as they both settle into the feel of each other.

“That entire mission was a mess,” Obi-Wan replies, a sharp edge creeping into his voice. Qui-Gon gives Obi-Wan's hand a gentle squeeze, meant to be both reassuring and grounding. “I think everything turned out all right.”

“Master. We nearly started a civil war. Again,” Obi-Wan rebukes, returning the gentle squeeze. Qui-Gon merely smiles, and Obi-Wan holds back an exasperated sigh before closing his own eyes. No matter how much time passes, there are still some things that will never change.

He reaches out his mind, feeling the Force around him, in him, humming with the quiet energy that has been a comfort to him since he had first learned to listen for it. He lets his mind follow the path of the training bond he shares with Qui-Gon, letting his Master help guide him in his search for the Living Force hiding in plain sight.

It should have been easy enough; he had been meditating since he was old enough to sit still for longer than a few minutes. But memories of the mission – the utter failure it had nearly turned into – keep creeping into his thoughts. It's almost embarrassing how badly he's concentrating. He reaches out with his mind again, grasping for the small hint of the Living Force he does manage to glimpse.

“Obi-Wan,” Qui-Gon chides.

Obi-Wan pauses a breath, trying to decide what he had just done wrong. Now he was getting embarrassed. He had been a Padawan for nearly ten years, and meditating in the Force for twice that time. And yet he couldn't figure out what he was being rebuked for.

“Yes, Master?” One of Qui-Gon's hands leaves his own, and a moment later there's a soft, warm pressure against his forehead, rubbing away previously unnoticed tension between his brows.

“Relax,” Qui-Gon instructs quietly, continuing to gently massage Obi-Wan's furrowed brow until he lets out a sigh, tension leaving his face and shoulders with the breath. “Much better.” The warmth moves from his brow, Qui-Gon taking Obi-Wan's hand again as he breathes out the last of his physical tension.

“The Living Force isn't something to be grasped for, it's something you immerse yourself in.” Qui-Gon pauses for a moment, thumbs gently rubbing the back of Obi-Wan's hands as he gathers his thoughts.

“Just as you use the Unifying Force to look toward the future, the Living Force is used to pay attention to the now. Look and feel. Allow yourself to be aware of it, and open yourself up to it. The
Unifying Force may allow you to reach out for it when you demand, but the Living Force must come naturally.”

Obi-Wan nearly scrunches up his face again, contemplating and processing his Master's words. He lets go of his hold on the Force, as much good as it's doing him in his current state of mind anyway. He draws back, expanding his senses as he lets himself simply see and feel and be. He can feel the Force in its entirety flowing around him, coursing through him, in all of its gentle glory.

The Unifying Force, so comfortable and familiar, whispers in his ear, caressing his mind with secrets of what is yet to come. Obi-Wan has to keep himself from latching onto those soft voices, instead focusing on the soft point of light in front of him. His Master, Qui-Gon's presence in the Living Force, lightly pulsing in time with his heart, a small tendril of light connecting to Obi-Wan's own presence in the Force. He gazes at that iridescent string in wonder, knowing deep inside himself that their training bond – as strong as it is compared to most others – is nothing more than a hint of what it could be, what it's meant to be.

The warmth in Obi-Wan's hands leaves again; Qui-Gon slowly, gently moving his hands up Obi-Wan's legs, until they come to rest on his hips. It takes only a light, encouraging tug before Obi-Wan is moving, climbing onto Qui-Gon's lap and straddling his thighs. It's much more intimate of a position than either of them are used to, but something about it in that moment seems right.

Strong, gentle hands make their way past Obi-Wan's robes, pushing under his tunics, skirting just above the hem of his trousers until Qui-Gon's fingers come to rest on the bare skin of Obi-Wan's hips. The touch is shocking, making Qui-Gon's presence in the Living Force even stronger in Obi-Wan's mind. It's mere moments before he feels the familiar rush of the Living Force, seeing the ebb and flow of life around him.

Qui-Gon's thumbs work gentle circles into his skin, fingers tucked snugly against him by the obi wrapped around his waist. Obi-Wan rests his hands on Qui-Gon's chest, reveling in the feel of muscles beneath soft fabric and the warm, almost earthy musk of his Master. It's a scent that's as familiar to him as the feel of the Force. He takes a deep breath, sinking himself deeper into the calmness and clarity brought about by their proximity.

The Living Force flowing around him, through him, warm and comforting. He can almost feel the stress being carried away, the energies of life mending his tired soul. Through their bond, Obi-Wan can feel Qui-Gon being drawn to him like a moth to a flame. The man so entrenched in the Living Force himself seemingly enthralled to see his Padawan so fully immersed.

A moment later and there's warmth on Obi-Wan's brow again, foreheads resting together. He feels a gentle tug on their training bond and with barely any hesitation he opens his mind. It isn't long before their presence and thoughts are wrapping around each other, sharing the warmth and healing of the Force.

It could have been seconds or hours they stay that way, comfortable in the simple intimacy of their touches and shared meditation. Qui-Gon continues rubbing gentle circles with his thumbs, his hands eventually moving downward. His fingers follow the line of Obi-Wan's pelvic bone, thumbs brushing over soft flesh.

A soft tug loosens the obi, giving Qui-Gon's hands more range along his waist and lower back. A grin crosses Obi-Wan's lips, tilting his head up just enough to touch his nose to Qui-Gon's. “That's cheating. And frivolous,” he murmurs, trying to keep the amusement from his voice. The mirth he feels in the bonds tells him he wasn't successful.

“But it's useful. And why not use the Force I've been so gifted with?” There is a gentle caress against
Obi-Wan's cheek, Qui-Gon's hands still never leaving his hips. The Touch lingers on his jaw, slowly making its way down his neck, sliding his robe and tunics off his shoulders to pool at his elbows. He shivers, a blush warming his cheeks as the Touch grazes down his chest. “Point taken.”

Obi-Wan's breath hitches, the unexpected feel of soft lips and rough beard suddenly on his shoulder. His eyes remain closed, fingers clutching at Qui-Gon's arms and chest. With a deep breath, he submerges himself deeper into the Force, heightening his senses and bringing himself to a new level of awareness. He can feel, can see, his bond with Qui-Gon; bright and pulsing in time with their hearts. He lets his feelings of joy and love and pleasure flow through that bond. There's a soft sigh against his shoulder, and a smile plays across his lips at the feelings returned to him.

Qui-Gon places another lingering kiss along Obi-Wan's jaw, nosing at his neck as a sigh escapes Obi-Wan's lips. His hands move again, hovering just above the buttons of Obi-Wan's trousers. “Yes,” Obi-Wan breathes to Qui-Gon's unvoiced question. “Please.”

The buttons are quickly undone, hands pushing under the fabric and resting on his hips. Obi-Wan cups Qui-Gon's head in his hands, fingers tangling in hair as he presses their lips together. He pushes himself up, deepening the kiss and allowing Qui-Gon to push his trousers further down.

One hand pushes Obi-Wan back onto Qui-Gon's lap, the other coming up to grasp Obi-Wan's chin. He gently maneuvers the eager padawan, turning the kiss soft and slow. Obi-Wan relaxes again, the kiss filling with unspoken love and adoration. Qui-Gon's large, warm, calloused hand wraps around him, strong in contrast to the gentle kiss. He gives a firm tug, and Obi-Wan moans against his lips, body melting against his will.

The Living Force is charged around them, bright and erratic in his mind, their bond pulsing stronger and brighter than ever before. It's more than Obi-Wan has ever experienced with another, and it sets his body aflame. He presses himself closer to Qui-Gon, hands trailing down his shoulders and chest.

Before he can begin to undo Qui-Gon's own trousers, his wrist is caught and one of his hand moved away, Qui-Gon returning his attention to Obi-Wan's neck. “Not this time,” he says between kisses. Obi-Wan relents, moving his hands back to Qui-Gon's hair.

“This time?” Qui-Gon responds with a gentle squeeze, thumb brushing against weeping head. Obi-Wan groans, hands tugging at the long strands of hair. “Less talking; got it.” He uses his hold to bring Qui-Gon back up, a smirk on the older man's lips as their kissing resumes.

Heat begins to pool low in Obi-Wan's belly, his breath heavy and eyes half-lidded. But it isn't quite enough. The moment that thought crosses his mind, he feels a gentle pressure against his prostate, pleasure shooting up his spine as he gasps into the crook of Qui-Gon's neck.

“Now that is cheating,” he pants, moaning as the pleasure continues to build, slowly but surely sending him past his tipping point. He tenses, grasping Qui-Gon's hair and shoulder as he gasps Qui-Gon's name and shudders into orgasm. Qui-Gon holds him through it, groaning as Obi-Wan's own pleasure resonates through their bond. They shift, Qui-Gon cupping Obi-Wan's cheek and kissing him thoroughly as he comes down.

Obi-Wan goes slack against Qui-Gon's chest as his head begins to clear, relaxing into the feeling of fingers carding through his hair. They sit together, unconcerned with the passage of time as they each
enjoy the other's presence.

“So,” Obi-Wan eventually begins, sitting up to give Qui-Gon a chaste kiss. “Was that supposed to be a lesson on the quickest way to connect to the living Force? Or something else?” Qui-Gon chuckles into another kiss, hands busying themselves with putting Obi-Wan's clothes back on properly.

“No. Connecting so well was simply a bonus. That, my dear Padawan, was worship,” Qui-Gon replies as he readjusts Obi-Wan's tunics, using the fabric to pull him in for a kiss again. If he hadn't just been spent, Obi-Wan knew that statement alone would have been enough to have him hard. He grasps Qui-Gon's shoulders, pushing him away to get a god look at the happy man before him.

“You know? I think I like worship. We should do it more often,” he comments. He smiles at the twinkle in Qui-Gon's eye, pulling him back for another quick kiss. “Especially with how much it helped me connect to the Living Force. I know how much you want me to practice that.” Qui-Gon can't hide his amusement, letting out a soft chuckle.

“That sounds like an excellent idea.” Qui-Gon shifts Obi-Wan off his lap, picking them both off the floor before scooping the younger man up bridal-style. He takes them both back into their suite, Obi-Wan all the while trailing gentle kisses along Qui-Gon's shoulder and neck, taking his turn to worship the man before him.

End Notes

Well, there it is. My first attempt at smut. Thanks for reading!
If you have any con crit, I would be more than happy to hear it.

This work was largely inspired by this lovely piece.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!