If Only ...

by EmilaWanKenobi

Summary

An answer to the opening line challenge: "My Padawan talks dirty to me."

My Padawan talks dirty to me.
Oh, it's always accompanied with that cheeky grin that tells me it's just a big joke. After all, a Padawan's supposed to have an unrequited crush on his master, right? He talks dirty to me, and I pretend to be offended, or shocked, or surprised, or flattered. All the time we know it's not serious, it's not real, just a parody of the sexual tension we don't really feel toward each other. We play this game, we dance this dance, we flirt and touch and wink and smile.

It's killing me.

Oh, Padawan, if only you knew ... Sometimes to enliven a boring negotiation you'll lean forward, place a warm hand on my arm or thigh, brush your lips tantalizingly close to my ear, tickle the hairs on my neck with your breath, and whisper something outrageous ... and it's all I can do to quell my reaction, maintain my focus, and pretend to be amused all at the same time. Who would have thought that something so simple as a crude double entendre spoken in that cultured voice of yours could be the undoing of a Jedi Master?

And all the while you tease me with your words, your body seeks its pleasures with others. You're never wanting for offers, and I have yet to understand what draws you to some of them. Such a variety. It's as if you're trying to experience a taste of everything.

I can imagine your reaction if I told you that. You would lean close, invading my space, perhaps touching me or licking your lips or running your gaze over me. You would say, "I've not tasted you yet, Master," in a seductive voice. Then you would grin to show it's a joke, turn away, switch topics as a butterfly switches direction, flitting from this to that, never settling. My restless, beautiful Padawan.

Oh, how I want you. I want to close my mouth over yours and kiss you until you have no breath left to tease me anymore. I want to take you in my hands and touch you in passion everywhere you've ever touched me in jest until you gasp with pleasure. Do you see the crow's feet, the silver hair, and think me far past my prime? Or do you think of me as a sexual being at all? You have no idea, you with your many young lovers, what lessons I could teach you in this, as in everything else. I long to show you. I long to taste you and touch you and cherish you and pleasure you so deeply that you weep with the joy of it.

Last night you sat next to me at a state dinner, deferential yet friendly, everything a proper Jedi Padawan should be. The governor's wife sat at my other side, shamelessly flattering me and batting her lashes. You reached across me, quite unnecessarily brushing your chest against my arm, your other hand pressing hard on my upper thigh as if for balance, and whispered in passing, "I wonder if she's heard how big your lightsaber is, Master. Or how well you can thrust." Then you were gone again, chatting with the Minister of Engineering, the usual cheeky grin a mere bubble of delight across our bond, quickly fading.

My sudden and almost painful arousal was not so easily damped. I drew in a breath and felt a flush creep up my face despite a desperate attempt to center myself, and the woman smiled brilliantly. She actually seemed to think my discomfiture was due to her charms! The Governor, despite a level of social obliviousness not often found in politicians, sent me a quizzical look. I decided to make excuses and retreat before causing a diplomatic incident, and you rose to follow me dutifully.

Yet as soon as we were in our rooms you dropped the facade and began to laugh. "Ah, Master. If only you could attract the unmarried ones!"

I sighed. If only ...

END
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