Te buyacir, te lightning bal te orar

by Floris_Oren

Summary

Title translates to - The Storm, The Lightning and the Thunder.

Obi-Wan gets laid up in the med deck under Kix's care; but things turn for the odd when he's almost murdered. Add to that his feelings on Qui-Gon and attachment, Obi-Wan embarks on a mission to become a better man, not just a Jedi, by putting things right. First with Anakin. Then, possibly the Council. how can he tell them about Palpatine without getting a "you're crazy" from his fellow Council members?

Unbeknownst to him. Anakin has his own suspicions about ye ol' Palpatine. With the help of Reeft, and his wife, Padme. He is working on getting a splinter group of Jedi away from the Temple, along with the younglings before the future he sees comes to fruition.
I've decided to get back into SW a little, and this is a little writing experiment to see if I can do it. :) so far it's a oneshot, but I might expand it in the future. Basically, I want to write more Clone fic and I figured Kix would be safe enough. And I love Obi-Wan hurt and people taking care of him. :) and forcing him to rest. lol.

EDIT - THIS HAS JUST GROWN TENTACLES. LOL.
I have changed the title because the last one didn't REALLY work. Not when I have expanded it. I thought Mando’a was proper. and it will become obvious in the future why I came up with this title.
Med deck

The Battle is not dying down. The alarm wails a panic song all over the ship. The med deck is in organized chaos with Kix directing his staff to care for the patients. He hadn’t expected to see anyone but Clones. However, when Fives rolls in General Kenobi - blood dripping from a head wound - Kix already knows that this battle is about to go downhill fast.

That, however, is not his worry. He waves the hover-cart over to a corner. They stabilize it. All the beds have been used so far and more are getting brought up from storage. If that part of the ship hasn’t been taken out. Kix pulls out his scanner. He would have done a longer one, but the short scan already brings up a concussion, two broken ribs and a wrist.

He has no time for cursing as he sets about taking care of their injured General. It’s only when the alarm gets shut off that he looks up at the viewport. Stars are sliding by at a fast pace. Hyperspace then. They’re retreating from the battle. Good.

He sighs. His patients still need seeing too. Kix, however, gives General Kenobi a hypo-spray of a sedative. Because that man needs rest. He doesn’t need to be seeing to the aftermath. Skywalker can do that.

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Waking up was a chore in and of itself. Obi-Wan’s head felt as if it were a cracked egg and was getting fried for breakfast. His brain beat in time with his heart. A weird staccato drum beat. He blinked his eyes open next. Felt a dry mouth, and frowned.

“Ah, there you are, General.” Kix frowned down at him. Obi-Wan heard quiet mutterings around him, but only had the vision for Kix.

“What happened?”

“Cody said you took a direct hit. I’m surprised you came out with only a concussion, broken ribs and a wrist.” Kix said dryly. Not at all impressed. Obi-Wan wasn’t either.

“That all?” he asked. Not trying for a joking tone at all.
“Yes. Lucky Jedi.” Kix shook his head.

“And the others?”

“From what Skywalker said, at least three hundred, but the official count hasn’t come in yet. I have forty injured. They have advanced healing though so should be out of here by mid-day. You on the other hand are staying the week.”


“You have a high tolerance for sedatives, you shouldn’t even be awake.”

“I have to give a report…”

“Skywalker is doing that.” Kix said, “and I have an order from the High Grand General Yoda. He says for you to stay here, unless otherwise ordered.”

Obi-Wan looked askance at that. Kix queued the message up on his data-pad. For all intents and purposes it detailed what would happen if Obi-Wan so much as put a toe over line and Kix had to forcibly sedate him again.

Obi-Wan finally nodded; “I guess I’ll just be here then.”

“Indeed you will be, sir.” Kix shut the pad down. “Now. I am going to give you a full check up. No complaints. If you’re a good boy you will get a treat at the end.” Kix sounded as if Obi-Wan were five. He scrunched up his nose but nodded.

The next half hour was Kix performing various tests, taking blood samples and redressing wounds. The bruises were in full coloration now. From sickly pea green, to blue, purple and black. It ranged from Obi-Wan’s left shoulder and down his side. Small scratches were purified and bandaged and then Kix rechecked the broken ribs.

“That’s as good as it’s going to get.” Kix said, he had a cup of water for Obi-Wan who drank the
entire thing without being told. He lied back when he was done. Kix took back the cup.

“Go back to sleep.” Kix said. “I am not shy about administering anything to you right now.” he wasn’t joking. Even if Obi-Wan chuckled a bit around a yawn.

“Okay, I don’t feel like getting up anyway.” Kix pat Obi-Wan on the head, as if he were a young Padawan again.

“Good.” then he left Obi-Wan to drift off into dreamland.

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“What do you mean I can’t see him?” Anakin asked. “Is he dying?”

“No.” Kix stood in front of a private room just off the main. “He’s sleeping, he needs rest and he does not need to know exactly how many clones died, or how many were wounded, how many we lost. They’re sending out rescue teams yes?”

“Well, yeah but…”

“No butt’s. General Kenobi will be no use to anyone if he doesn’t get better.” Kix said.

“Now, you can march your own butt right off this med deck. And you can keep Ahsoka off as well. General Kenobi will see you when I let him leave.”

Anakin sighed, shrugged and said; “Fine.”

Kix watched him leave; then turned to go into the room. Obi-Wan was awake. He had probably heard everything he and Skywalker had said. Great.

“General…”
“I’m tired, of everything.” Obi-Wan replied. His head listed a bit to the side. The sedative was wearing thin. Kix almost decided to give him more but Obi-Wan needed to sleep naturally, without help of meds.

“I know. I think we all are.”

“I keep seeing the futures….”

“Futures?” Kix asked.

“I drove Qui-Gon nutts. You know. He was more into the Natural Force. Nature and Life and such. I got visions of the future. Sometimes of the past. But, I wasn’t at all good at staying in the moment.” he sighed.

“And?” Kix encouraged.

“I keep seeing Clones dead……and the end of the Galaxy, the Republic.”

“I see. Is it the same every time?” Kix sat on the edge of the stationary bed. Obi-Wan’s blankets were rumpled, as if he’d been tossing and turning. Kix straightened it up. Tucked the General in.

“Sometimes. I can’t figure out who’s actually behind the Fall though.”

“But you know?” Kix asked.

“I have a guess, but that isn’t proof.” Obi-Wan replied.

“What about the you-know-what?” Kix proded.

Obi-Wan blinked, then nodded. He had kept that bit of information to himself. Gotten his and Anakin’s men’s chips deactivated but there were too many Clones, and too many ways for the enemy to find out. If his theory was true, whoever was directing the Republic was also directing the Seppies. It was a long stretch to say the least. Half the reason he hadn’t even said a word to
Anakin about any of it.

“I will look into it again, later.” Obi-Wan promised.

“Good. Now, are you hungry?”

Obi-Wan frowned; “a little but not….”

“We’ll start with something bland. Soup?”

“Sure.” he agreed.

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Hours later, Kix looked in on his number one patient. Obi-Wan had his soup and more water. He had showered with Scalpel’s help, gotten new sleep clothes, new bed clothes and as soon as Scalpel tucked him back in, had fallen asleep.

Kix watched Obi-Wan for a while counting each breath the Jedi took.

He felt something within his chest unwinding. Their General was safe. Or as safe as he’s ever going to be. And for now, that was all he really needed.
Chapter Summary

A sudden allergy attack leads to something more and Obi-Wan may be the target of an assassin.

Green eyes pop open; the small room is dark, only the blue night light from the hallway let Obi-Wan see the outline of the wash basin and toilet. He took a sharp breath. Held it. Let it out. Did that again a few more times until he calmed down. It was that vision again.

He had thought he’d suppressed that part of his Force Talents when he was a Padawan; he hated to think anything ill of Qui-Gon. His old Master went through a lot over the years as he was teaching him. Obi-Wan never should have become a Jedi in the first place. He had technically been sent away, until he had saved Qui-Gon’s life and basically helped him end a mission was he able to gain a place in the Order.

Eventually he learnt that Qui-Gon did not want to be bothered with any of his Force Visions. So, it came to pass that he eventually ignored it, and shut that part of him down. But, every so often the Force would push through. Make him see. He wasn’t at all practiced at the living Force. Repeating what Qui-Gon had always told him was not the way to teach Anakin. That boy couldn’t learn how to be patient to save anyone’s life.

It was a problem when he was a Padawan and it’s a problem now that he is a Knight and has his own Padawan to teach. Obi-Wan tried to teach them both the meaning of patience. The meaning to waiting. He felt as if he was always waiting. Waiting to get a Jedi Master to take him as a Padawan. Waiting for his Padawan to learn the lessons Obi-Wan taught over and over and over and over….

He felt as if his power cell battery was on low and no matter how much he did, it just would not charge. It was a problem. He felt tired all the time. He felt fed up with all of this bullshit. The war didn’t help. Losing Clones didn’t help. Being a Jedi did not help. Everything was going to hell in a handbasket and he couldn’t stop it.

Obi-Wan sighed and sat up. He lent against the bulked head. The light blue blanket lied in a heap around him. Looking as he felt. His ribs hurt, despite the pain meds Kix had given him. He felt hungry despite the food he had and he just knew he wouldn’t be able to eat a tiny morsel of anything.
He closed his eyes, started to breath in and out again. Trying to settle his spirit. If he could get into some type of meditation he’d feel better. His mind reeled as all sorts of thoughts floated in his head. He took each one, folded it up, and put it into the garbage disposal. He folded up his worries and doubts and also deposited them into the garbage disposal. His most secret feelings about Qui-Gon and the Order went next. As soon as that was done, he opened himself to the Force.

It gushed in like water into a sinking ship; it brought him down into a warm hug. The light pushed into his spirit. The Renewal. It emboldened him. The Force understood why he denied certain aspects of it. But it wasn’t happy that it did so. Yet, The Force folded itself around him like a blanket.

To anyone watching outside. They would merely see a tired Jedi Master. They might have passed by the room on some errand. And they would have missed the streams of tears coming from General Kenobi’s closed eyes.

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The Jedi Healer stood talking with Kix; Obi-Wan was now ensconced in the Healers wing of the Jedi Temple. Clones and Jedi mingled around them. Cody and Kix aren’t the only one’s with a damaged Jedi General.

“He’ll be fine. A light Force Healing meditation should do the job.” the Healer said. She’s a tall alien much like the Kaminoans. Except her skin is a dark green with skales. She has sharp teeth. The head of a Giraffe and talon’s on her hands.

“Of course, we’re not worried about that, we’re worried about his habits that led to this mess.” Kix said. He had crossed his arms. Cody stood next to him listening intently. He had picked up a thing or two from his General, mostly, listening to a conversation before butting in.

“The Order values hardworking Jedi.” the Healer said. They had both forgotten her name.

“Yes, we know.” Cody said. Seeing Kix was getting visibly upset. He put a hand on his brother’s shoulder to calm him down. “But we were made for the Jedi, we like to take care of them.”

“You have nothing to worry about, and don’t become so attached.” the healer sniffed, then turned and left them.
Cody and Kix glared after her.

“Who the hell does she thinks he is?” Kix asked no one in particular.

“We must be blessed by the more caring Jedi, because that female…..” Cody shook his head.

“I’m taking him back.” Kix said.

“Now, now….Kix…”

“Cody, I respect you and your position, but I am head Med Officer of this legion.” Kix growled. “And I REFUSE to leave OUR General in that Healer’s hands!”

“Upset, you are…”

Cody felt a sudden surge of relief as Grand High General Yoda interrupted them.

“Master Kenobi, trouble always he is.” Yoda chuckled.

Kix took a deep breath; “I mean no disrespect High General, however, that Healer isn’t doing her job if she thinks a healing Force Trance is going to solve any of General Kenobi’s habits of getting himself injured.” Kix said.

“Yes, yes….eager he always was….to be more.” Yoda waved them down the hallway and the three found an unused room where they could speak in private. Not that it wouldn’t make its rounds eventually. The Clones tended to share information if it would help them keep their Jedi General’s better.

“Is this why he’s always willing to go off and get himself killed? Because he believes we don’t think he’s enough for us?” Kix asked.

Yoda shook his head; “Enough, been always he has. Believe it. He does not.”
Cody frowned; “I can’t see why he’d think that though. He’s always been good to us and no one has ever complained about him except when he’s… going after bounty hunters.”

“Faking his death, jumping off tall cliffs or buildings.” Kix added.

“Getting captured every other cycle.” Cody sighed. Frowning at the most recent capture/escape Obi-Wan had been on before the battle that got him into Kix’s med deck.

“Easy it is, delude oneself.” Yoda hummed. “Obi-Wan knows this, yet, acknowledge it, does he?”

“No.” Kix shook his head. “I am still not leaving him hear. Whoever that Healer is can suck it.”

Yoda frowned at the disrespectful tone but didn’t admonish Kix; “Very well.”

“What?”

“Do, care for Kenobi well. Yes?”

“Thank you, High General.” Kix saluted then he was out. Cody gave his own salute and followed his med officer out. He found Kix in Kenobi’s room. He was out cold.

“What did they give him?” Kix was yelling at a droid.

“I believe it was hezmazipan.” the droid replied.

“Are you stupid!? General Kenobi is allergic to that sedative, go get me….”

Cody left before he could hear what Kix was saying.

“Rex!” he tapped his com. “Where is General Skywalker…?” he returned to find Yoda who was
hobbling down the hallway.

“Sir, I’m sorry….but someone has tried to kill General Kenobi.” Cody reported.

“General Skywalker is with me, we’re on our way.” Rex said over the com.

Yoda’s ears twitched. “Good, this not is.” is all he said. He climbed up Cody who brought him to Kenobi’s room. There Kix was doing everything he could to resuscitate the General.

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The Giraffe looking woman is in binders, being led away by the Temple’s own Guards. She is hissing at them in her own language that Cody doesn’t understand.

“I don’t get it.” Rex said. “Was she a plant?”

“To a point.” Mace Windu is overlooking the arrest. “Vinduu’ua was trained at the Temple, she wasn’t picked as a Padawan. She went into the Healer Corps. Someone got to her and offered her a dream of becoming a Jedi Knight if she killed Obi-Wan.” mace explained.

“That’s worrying.” Cody muttered.

Skywalker is pacing next to them, a bit off from everyone. He hadn’t seen Kenobi since he’d been carried off from the battle. The door to the room was locked, yet that didn’t stop anyone from gathering near it for news.

“I didn’t know General Kenobi was allergic to that sedative.” Cody muttered.

“Remember when he went through the operation on a sore tooth two cycles ago?” Rex asked.

“Yes.” Cody nodded.
“All Kix had was hezmazipan. General Kenobi went through it without anything to numb the pain.” Rex said. “I was next and waiting in line. It took longer than normal but General Kenobi didn’t seem to mind. That’s when Kix noted to get different sedatives.” Rex explained.

“Vinduu’ua must have seen that note. Hence why she used it.” Mace said.

“Troubling, this is.” Yoda, who sat on Shocker’s shoulder. The Clone was in charge of Yoda’s decoy squad that protected the Temple’s loading bay.

“Any Jedi coming in who hasn’t been to the temple in the last ten cycles get’s inspected.” Shocker said, his lips in a grim frown.

“I hate to agree,” Mace sighed, “but we must be able to trust our own.”

Yoda nodded. “Sergeant. See to it, you will” he said to Shocker.

Just then, The door to Kenobi’s room opened and Kix stepped out. Looking tired.

“He’s alive. I got him stable with the droid’s help.”

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“Obi-Wan?” Anakin’s voice is soft. The room is dark and Obi-Wan stares out of the window at the Coruscant Skyline.

“I’m alright, Padawan-mine.” Obi-Wan moved to that he could sit up. Anakin settled at his hip and pushed him down gently to lie against the pillows.

“Don’t get up, Master.” Anakin said, worried.

“I know….Padawan….I know.” Obi-Wan continued with that word to calm Anakin. He frowned and looked away. Kix had told him that Obi-Wan died twice, technically.
“You shouldn’t be calming me down, I should be comforting you.” Anakin said. Knowing that he’d like someone to comfort him if he’d been dosed with something he was allergic too and died twice while Kix resuscitated him.

Obi-Wan chuckled weakly up at him; “I seem to remember a small boy who panicked when I accidentally twisted my ankle when sparring against Bant one day.”

Anakin colored; “Master…” he whined.

“Oh, there is the Padawan I know and love.”

There’s a beat of silence. “You love me?” Anakin asked.

“I raised you, why wouldn’t I love you?” Obi-Wan asked. “I am, however, sorry about your mother.”

“I didn’t tell you what happened.”

Obi-Wan took a deep breath, to prepare for the storm that was yet to come. “Padme told me.” he said quietly.

Anakin felt relief flood him, then a bit of anger. He pushed it away as best he could. Knowing he’d get chastised if Obi-Wan felt it. His shields felt off as it was, he didn’t need Anakin’s own feelings muddling thing sup.

“I’m glad.” Anakin said, not knowing if that was the truth or not.

“I know you’re not. Don’t lie.” Obi-Wan reached a hand up to run them through, curly, dirty-blond hair. “I’m glad, for you…” he trailed off.

“Jedi aren’t supposed to have attachments.” Anakin muttered.

“Jedi aren’t supposed to do a lot of things.” Obi-Wan said tiredly.
“Are you angry with me?”

“No. I can’t be angry with you.” Obi-Wan shook his head.

Anakin turned to Obi-Wan; “we should wait, talk about this later. You died twice. Kix said you should sleep, but I was allowed in because I wasn’t able to see you before. Don’t worry about anything. Cody and Kix are going to stay with you, and I’ll take command of both of our Squadron’s.” Anakin said.

“Be careful.” Obi-Wan patted Anakin’s head as if he were nine again.

“I will.” Anakin promised softly.

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There is only so much a bed bath could do; Obi-Wan sighed as Cody and Kix helped him into the bathtub full of hot, sudsy water. It smelt like cucumber and lavender. A bit of pepper, maybe. Obi-Wan wasn’t certain. The steam rose into the air and all of a sudden his whole world just seemed better. It was odd. He settled in against the back of the tub. Closing his eyes as he basked in this feeling. He hadn’t felt it in the longest time. He couldn’t even remember the last time he was permitted to take a bath of any sort - that wasn’t in a river, or a natural hot spring on some mission.

Indulgences isn’t a Jedi thing. He reminded himself.

“No frowning.” Kix splashed some water at him. “I forbid it, I’m your medic, this is medicinal.” his tone is a playful type of firm.

“Alright, alright…..sorry.” Obi-Wan opened his eyes.

Kix is shaking his head while Cody snickers in the background.

“You drive me nuts, completely nuts.” Kix despairs.
“It’s just….” Obi-Wan shrugged. “Master didn’t like the tub to be used.” he admitted.

“Oh? Water waste or something?” Cody asked.

“Or something.” Obi-Wan sighed, “I don’t like saying anything against Qui-Gon.”

“No one is immune to criticism.” Kix said. “People seem to do it to you a lot.”

Obi-Wan knew Kix was talking about Anakin. Maybe the younger Knight had induced a panic attack or two due to the anxiety Obi-Wan wasn’t entirely able to deal with. The Healers were trying to deal with such things, they were training in mind healing just as much as body. It was taking a while for the older generations to get used to this new thing where you went and talked to someone who might be able to help. Chemically, or with the Force, different meditations. Obi-Wan didn’t know much.

He did know that it was a fight to get the Council to see how it could possibly help the Younger Generation who were coming up in the War. They didn’t have the luxury of growing up in their Force skills the way Obi-Wan had. With the full time attention of a Master. He just never sought anything himself.

“Master Qui-Gon was easy going with some things and then quite heavy handed with others.” Obi-Wan finally settled on. “Showers were okay as long as they were short, but filling the bath tub like this…” Obi-Wan frowned down at the water.

“But you’re in charge now, these are your rooms.” Kix said. “You needn’t feel badly about taking a bath every once in awhile. And besides, you’re also injured, and I said so.” He knelt down by the tub and gathered a cloth and the soap bar. Obi-Wan didn’t move as Kix started to wash him. He was meticulous without a hidden agenda.

“I don’t even know why I told either of you that.” Obi-Wan shook his head.

Kix looked up. He held Obi-Wan’s thigh out of the water and was gently rubbing the cloth along the man’s hairless leg. It must be a hereditary thing, Kix distantly noted.

“Don’t worry about it, I’m glad you did.” Kix said.
“Huh?”

“I think you had to deal with your Master in any way you could. And you just kind of continued as if he were here. You didn’t bother changing any rules, or doing things he wouldn’t have approved of, anything as simple as a bath.” Kix hummed. “Yes, I think you did what you had to do and didn’t stop.”

Obi-Wan lent back, looking at the ceiling. “I trained Anakin.”

“And what rules did you change? Did you do anything you wish your Master had done?”

Obi-Wan shook his head, “I dismissed him just like I was.” he could see it now. All the times Qui-Gon had dismissed his Force Visions and all the times he had done so to Anakin. They did have things to discuss. Maybe they could become closer. Obi-Wan had felt he’d lost Anakin when all of this started. The War. Padme. Anakin was always on the move. He didn’t want to wait. He needed to always be moving.

Obi-Wan was different. He wanted to be still. To be quiet. He liked staying in his quarters. He needn’t always be with someone. Qui-Gon had found it somewhat annoying and Obi-Wan knew when he needed to go seek his quiet somewhere else. There was usually some meditation room that wasn’t in use, or the Room of a Thousand Fountains was always a good place to find a place to hide and read the most newest issue of Bounty Hunter Goklak. One of Obi-Wan’s guilty pleasures as a kid.

“I only mention it to help you.” Kix said. “I do not want to be called to another episode because of your anxiety.”

“I don’t want to walk in on a tail end of a fight and be the one to call Kix.” Cody put in. So far having left the two to their own devices.

“I understand, and thank you.” Obi-Wan pulled his knees up and wraps his arms around his legs.

“You know we’re here for you, you just need to tell us.”
“I will.” Obi-Wan nodded.

“As it stands, we’re not leaving you alone. You were almost murdered this afternoon.” Kix turned to Cody who had finally joined them.

“We moved you to your rooms so that we can control who and what can come in.” Cody explained. “We might have the person who stuck you with the needle, but, we need to know who was behind it.”

“And she isn’t talking.” Obi-Wan made a wild guess.

“And you are right.” Cody nodded. He couldn’t help but reach up and trail his fingers through semi-damp, red hair. Obi-Wan leaned into his touch.

“You’re going to stay with me?” Obi-Wan asked.

“We will.” Kix said. “Scalpel is a good second Medic so he’ll take care of stuff on ship, and Rex along with General Skywalker will take care of the 212th and 501st.” Kix said. “We’re going to stick to you like glue.”

“Oh great.” Obi-Wan yawned. Kix gestured to Cody who grabbed the towel from the wrack by the tub. They helped their General up. They dress him in soft, off sand colored sleep leggings and tunic.

“Bed with you, General.” Kix said. Directing him to the bed that Obi-Wan hadn’t seen in months. “We’ll join you soon.”

Obi-Wan permitted himself to be tucked in. “I seem to be letting you do this a bit too often.” he grumped playfully. He relaxed bonelessly into the mattress. Kix turned the light out. The two Clones left their General alone, the door opened a sliver just in case he may need them.

The Clones went about making caf as quietly as they could.
“Do you think General Kenobi is in any danger?” Kix asked as he added real sugar to his caf.

“Maybe, or not. I don’t know.” Cody sipped his black. “But if the Jedi are smart they’ll have what’s her face under observation, if anyone tries to contact her who isn’t on their visiting list, or whatever, then maybe we’ll have a lead.”

“We need to protect him at all costs.” Kix held his mug with both hands. Cody nodded, he pat the blaster at his side.

“I agree.” is all he said before they lapsed into silence.
Of attachments and splinters

Chapter Summary

Anakin has his hands in more pies than before. Obi-Wan has some hard feelings to deal with. And the Clones aren't to be taken lightly.

Chapter Notes

I am so happy with myself for updating again for the third day in a row. :) I don't know if this will keep up but I will try. I have the time. (side eyes work) anyway. I am going to be dealing with a lot of Jedi stuff and political stuff in this but hopefully it won't take away from the main theme.

I just want to thank everyone who has commented, and please know that I am open to all suggestions and ideas. And I am trying so hard to make the Kix/Cody/Obi ship happen gradually. It needs to be organic in this story. I think. But don't think that they won't go through on their threat. lol. Listen, I need more Obi getting spanked okay?????

Also, this story needs a new title. So if anyone has a good one, please let me know. Any inspiration will help. Thanks for reading. and please enjoy.

There is almost too much to say, to apologize for, mistakes to own up too. Now that they’re sitting face to face on the Meditation Mats, Obi-Wan isn’t certain where to start or even if he should start. Anakin blinks at him, also in the same conundrum.

“I….” Obi-Wan cleared his throat. Soothing Purple Rose tea sits between them. In small bowls that serve as cups on Stewjon. The Tea set being a Knighting gift from Bant. The tea was also grown locally on Stewjon, Obi-Wan had ordered it after a small, solo mission, took him back to his home world. Not that he knew anyone. Or anyone him.

“So…” Anakin said. Sipping the purple water. “I guess I should apologize for breaking the Code.”

Obi-Wan hid a small frown with his bowl/cup. “Why?”

“I’m married. If that has escaped your notice?” Anakin scoffed.
“No, no. I noticed.” Obi-Wan rolled his eyes. “I think most of the Senate knows.”

“Probably.” Anakin admitted. “We’re not very secretive about it, are we?”

“When I beg off going to the Senate, there’s a reason for that.” Obi-Wan teased.

“Alright, I get your point Master…”

“As for that, I think I should also apologize to you.”

“What for?”

“I wasn’t the best Master to you.” Obi-Wan frowned. “To be frank with you, Anakin, I think I allowed the older Council members too much of my time, they suggested various way to teach you and I didn’t take your feelings into account, or even if that would work for you. Usually other Master’s leave Knights alone to teach as they would. It’s a respected tradition. But, I think the Council got scared…”

“They should be scared.” Anakin agreed. Obi-Wan ignored his words.

“I didn’t do right by you, Anakin.” he finished.

Anakin squinted his eyes at Obi-Wan; “There may have been times I wished you had understood what I was thinking better.”

“I failed you. Anakin.” Obi-Wan replied, looking pointblank into Anakin’s eyes.

“You haven’t…not really…”

“I thank you for that sentiment, Anakin, but you and I both know the truth.”
“The truth is ever changing. From your point of view it looks like it, but from my point of view how would you even know better?”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s like this, Master.” Anakin sipped his tea a bit, slurping at it as he thought. “You have told me before you are better at the Unifying Force instead of the Living Force. That you did have trouble meditating as a child. I think I have talent in both. And you taught me how to be one with the Living Force. When he co-meditate, you kind of have to use my connection to the Living Force to meditate properly. You’re Force talents lie entirely in the Unifying Force. But, from what I understand Qui-Gon’s Force talent was also in the Living Force. He and I probably would have gotten on better because of this. But I think, from the difficulty you and I have with co-meditating……that maybe you should start honing your skills in the Unifying Force.” Anakin looks away after he’s come to the end of his speech.

“While this is not about me,” Obi-Wan proffered. “Do you think I’ve denied a part of myself?”

“Yes.” Anakin frown is deeper now. “I also think the Code doesn’t help. Or people telling you that you have to be the perfect Jedi example so that I won’t stray to the darkside.” Anakin said. “I heard what Plo Koon, Adi Mundi and Master Yoda said to you when I first became your Padawan.”

“Please, don’t be too upset with them.” Obi-Wan implored. “They were…..”

“Only looking out for the Order, I know.” Anakin huffed. “Don’t try and protect them. I’ve known this entire time what their fear is. For Jedi they never were any good at hiding it.” he said angrily.

Obi-Wan watched silently then made up his mind; “I agree.”

“What?” Anakin almost spilt his tea. That would have stained everything from Obi-Wan’s sleep attire to the mats.

“I didn’t want to always be cross with you Anakin. I wanted you to have an easier Padawanship than I had. I didn’t want you to always have to fight for my compliments or approval. I had to be careful on what to encourage and what to discourage. You were always so open with your
feelings. A lot of our Brethren think that’s a weakness. But I have always seen it as a strength. If we could both go back in time. I’d change everything. I’d teach you differently. I would have encouraged you more and been more open with my own feelings than I was.”

Anakin didn’t know what to say to that. He set their cups aside then launched himself into Obi-Wan’s arms. Obi-Wan embraced Anakin with everything he had. Body and Force.

They clung to each other tightly, neither wanting to let go; “Thank you, Obi-Wan.”

“It’s a bit late for that.” Obi-Wan replied. Not entirely certain how to take that.

“It’s never too late.” Anakin, said. “I was afraid that you didn’t want me anymore.”

“I know the feeling, Padawan-Mine. I will always want you.” Obi-Wan assured the younger man.

“Good. because I will always want you too.”

~*~

Reeft found Anakin in his own quarters at the Jedi Temple; he rang the bell. And was admitted by a freshly showered Anakin. He wore tight leggings and a flowing shirt that was not Jedi issued. Reeft didn’t comment.

“How is the new Temple going?” Anakin asked. It had been tricky to get one of Obi-Wan’s friends on this scheme of his without Obi-Wan catching wind of it. As far as Anakin knew, the whole Council was blind to this.

“Yavin 4 is perfect. The Ancient Temple is being retrofitted as we speak.” Reeft said. “I just need you to give Obi a reason to let us take the younglings somewhere without the Council knowing the location.”

“Of course, the sooner we get them out the better. Palpatine’s order 66 is a risk we take every day.” Anakin sighed.

“Have you found a way to stop it yet?” Reeft asked.
“No, and before you ask, Obi-Wan amended his report to omit it completely. But he has a record and as far as I know he’s going to see if it leads him anywhere.” Anakin offers Reef a chair.

“Has he spoken to you on what he plans to do?” Reef asks.

“No. And it’s going to stay that way, he can’t know about any of this. If the Council finds out they will blame Obi-Wan right off. They won’t even ask questions. He’ll be dispelled from the Order. You know better than I how hard he fought to become a Knight of the Order.” Anakin explained.

“Yes, he’d been expelled as an initiate. I hated to see him go. He tried to be so brave. But I knew better. I always know when it comes to that ass.” Reef rolled his eyes. Only Obi-Wan’s friends got away with such talk.

“We both care for him; he’ll understand why we didn’t tell him.”

“Once the younglings are safe, we need to do something about the Senate.” Reef said.

“My Wife is on it.” Anakin replied. “She’s moving to stop this war on two fronts. One is that we negotiate with the Separatist planets so that they have their succession from the Republic, we’ll establish trade routes and safe passage and so on. And, she is moving to remove the Jedi from power.”

“It’s a horrible thing, in the end.” Reef said. “You never knew the glory days.”

“I know. But the Jedi need to be out servicing the Galaxy, not be stuck in our ivory tower acting as if we are better than everyone else.” Anakin snorted. “Imagine if we took down the Hutt’s? The slave trade? How many sentients are being exploited as we speak? Do you think anyone cares?” Anakin asked.

“I know for a fact the Council doesn’t do shit unless it makes the media.” Reef rolled his eyes. Just last cycle he’d been reprimanded for freeing some slaves on a mission. Master Yoda had called it a distraction.

“I know this is hard.” Anakin took a deep breath. “We’re dismantling everything we know.”
“Yes.” Reeft nodded.

~*~

Kix glared Obi-Wan into sitting down at the table. “I won’t hear another word about how not hungry you are, General, you’re eating and that’s final. Unless you’re allergic to anything on this table?”

Obi-Wan meekly looked at the food. “I’m not allergic.” he said.

“Did that conversation with General Skywalker kick up any anxiety?” Cody asked. He and Kix weren’t leaving Obi-Wan alone. They had stepped out long enough for Anakin and Obi-Wan to speak, but then were right there with him. Obi-Wan didn’t know if he liked it or not.

“Kind of, but nothing I can’t deal with.” Obi-Wan said. He took up a spoon and dipped it into the nee’rak soup Kix had made. It was a local meat on Coruscant. The easiest to procure. The two Clones never had it and so had decided to order some from the Temple kitchens. Kix had cooked it himself in Obi-Wan’s small kitchenette. For those times when he didn’t feel like showing his face.

The meat was tender and juicy. The vegetable were bright colors. Kix had added some spice, so it made Obi-Wan’s mouth tingle as he ate it. They each had glasses of cold water. Kix put a hypo-spray near him.

“What is that for?”

“Do you think you are having trouble sleeping?” Kix asked.

“Not really.” Obi-Wan shook his head. “I’ve been dead on my feet for so long the last couple of days were good, except for that near murder.” he tried to joke.

“Vinduu’ua isn’t speaking.” Cody said. “She’s going to be judged by the Council and then probably sent to some prison colony.”
Obi-Wan frowned. He couldn’t help but feel somewhat saddened by her decision.

“It’s not your fault.” Kix said. “She made her decision. She could have just walked away, but she decided to try and kill you instead.”

That didn’t actually help. Kix was trying so Obi-Wan allowed a small nod of agreement. But, his talk with Anakin and some Force suspicions lead his thoughts on a different path. What if she felt his death would serve a purpose? Oh, he wasn’t suicidal. Not at all. That would be a disservice to everyone he knew, to anyone attached to him. His faked death showed that much. He wouldn’t do that for real.

No, if he truly joined the Force, it would be in battle. Nothing else would suffice.

“General, are you alright?” Cody asked.

“You can call me Obi-Wan.” the Jedi looked up. “These are my quarters and you’re sleeping in my bed. It’s a little weird to be calling me by that title, isn’t it?”

Cody and Kix considered each other before shrugging; “If you insist.” Kix agreed.

“Very well, Obi-Wan.”

“Thank you.”

“But that doesn’t get you out of eating.” Kix grumbled. Starting in on his own food.

Obi-Wan sighed; “Yes Mom.”

“If I am Mom, that makes Cody your Daddy and you know what Daddy’s do to disobedient children? Right?” Kix threatened.

Obi-Wan had heard rumors. Cody looked proud of himself but didn’t confirm nor deny anything. Obi-Wan gave him a side eye look, then started eating a bit more enthusiastically. But only to
throw them both off his trail. If he finished the bowl, the side of toast and the salad along with two cups of water. Well, that was neither here nor there. And the threat of a spanking or time out or whatever, was a loaded threat above his head the three ignored.

Later - in bed - surrounded by arms and legs. Obi-Wan wondered what it’d be like for Cody to tip him over his lap and actually spank him. Qui-Gon had done it a time or two, but Obi-Wan had learnt fast and hadn’t gotten a spanking after the second time.

And if he itched a little bit to push his Commander and Med Officer, well, he put that at the back of his mind as well. He was an adult after all. He didn’t need to be spanked.

Or anything else. Just this.

Obi-Wan didn’t sleep for the rest of the night cycle.

~*~

Vinduu’ua sat in her cell, glaring at the far grey wall. Yet, she was not entirely defeated. As soon as the last check was made, and the lights went out. She pulled a small string on the sleeve of her gown. The light blue thread came to life and slithered across her arm and down her body to the floor. It writhed there for a few moments, attempting to get its bearings. Then, it found a grate and slithered out. Intent on its target.
promises come due

Chapter Summary

Anakin's little scheme isn't as secret as he thinks it is, Mace, Obi and Bent have a meeting and someone gets punished.

Chapter Notes

I'm actually kinda nervous about the ending scene, I dunno, I think I did a bad job but for now it will service. Please enjoy and yes, we'll get back to plot.

Obi-Wan watched Cody sleep. He was facing the Clone and the doorway to his room. Cody had a blaster under his pillow. Pointing away from his bed companions, of course. He didn’t want anything to sneak up on him. Kix was nestled behind Obi-Wan, his arms were wrapped around Obi-Wan, holding him in a gentle, yet steel, grip.

He needed to get up, he needed to pee. Yet. He could not make himself move. Cody and Kix were warm. Their Force signatures strong. Peaceful. Obi-Wan hadn’t actually watched anyone sleep for years. Of course he hadn’t a reason to go down to the Clone’s Barracks. It’d be weird.

But here, two of them are. In his bed. Protecting him.

Odd.

He should be the one protecting them.

“I can hear you think, Obi-Wan….” Kix yawned behind him.

“Sorry to wake you.” Obi-Wan said as quietly as he could.

“We’ve been awake for a while.” Cody turned and stretched.
“How long?” Obi-Wan asked. Now completely bamboozled. How had he missed that?

“It’s a Natural Protection Clones have, Jedi can’t tell when we’re asleep or not.” Kix sat up. “Just in case.”


Cody laughed; “Go then, ner buyacir”

Obi-Wan scrunched his nose up at him; “really? Pet names already?”

“Why not?” Cody shrugged. The covers slipped off his legs a bit as Obi-Wan moved to climb over him. Cody’s black underwear left nothing to the imagination. Obi-Wan averted his eyes before anything else became complicated. On his part. He was putting his natural desires onto Cody and that just wasn’t fair at all.

“Oh, that’s a good one.” Kix chuckled. “I’m using it and you can’t stop me.”

Obi-Wan rolled his eyes playfully, of course he wouldn’t ask them to stop. He finally made it to the floor; he pulled his robe, which had been lain at the foot of the bed around his sleep cloths. Not that the other two didn’t miss his erection. They were probably far too polite to say anything on it.

“Fine.” Obi-Wan sighed dramatically. “I don’t see how it fits.”

Kix laughed, “oh it fits alright.”

“It does.” Cody agreed. “i’ve been thinking about that for hours, you didn’t go to sleep.”

Obi-Wan fidgeted. “I’m sorry to have kept you up.”
“It’s fine. But you’re getting a nap in today. Even if I have to sedate you.” Kix joked.

Obi-Wan looked at the two of them; “Really?”

“Yes, we’re here to make sure you are taken care of. The rest of the 212th want to see their General healthy.” Cody deadpanned.

Obi-Wan cocked his head at the two of them, then blinked. “You won’t be there all the time.”

“We’re going to try, and if not, there are plenty of other Vod’s willing to do it.” Cody shrugged. “You Jedi are so strange, you already take care of the Galaxy, let someone return the favor.” Kix crawled out of bed.

“Let me see those ribs of yours.” he muttered. Poking Obi-Wan a bit. The pain was better. A bit more muted, yet the ribs wouldn’t be fully healed even with the boneknitter nanotech Kix had dosed him with on the Resolute.

Kix lent down under the bed to get his protable scanner. Obi-Wan hadn’t notice him bring anything, but he had been out of it. He let his robe drop off his shoulders and tucked up his sleeping tunic. The bruises weren’t quite at the moment where they were fading. It looked just as fresh as the last time Kix had bandaged Obi-Wan’s ribs. The white cloth came away and Kix held his scanner up. Getting a good view of the bone structure underneath.

“It’s almost done.” Kix said. “Another shot of the nanotech and your ribs should be fully healed.” he pressed a couple buttons on the scanner which spoke directly to the smaller than a cell nano’s. “Yes, another day, another dose. The bruising will fade on its own.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Obi-Wan said, his breath didn’t hitch as badly as before and he could move easier. As soon as Kix and Cody were happy with his health, he’d kick them both out.

“Go clean up. We’ll get breakfast ready.” Cody said. He stretched to find his clothing. Obi-Wan made his way to the fresher. He knew this morning was going to be trying.

~*~
“Ah, here you are.” Mace said as he entered the Council antichambers. The room has at least three fountains, a reflecting pool and various chairs and floor pillows to lie around on for either meditation, serious talks, or just what Obi-Wan was doing.

Hiding.

“I am not hiding.” Obi-Wan frowned.

“I see.” Mace didn’t try to budge that thought. He found a seat across from Obi-Wan. The younger man and Mace were then served tea by the service droid.

“So, how’d you get away from your guards?” Mace asked.

“I put in an SOS to Bant who soundly distracted them long enough for me to get away.” Obi-Wan smirked, “she should be by soon. In fact.”

“Well, I’m glad I found you. I’ve been hearing some rumors….” Mace started.

“The splinter group?” Obi-Wan asked. “Anakin fancies that I haven’t heard about it. But, we’re not communicating well at the moment. We talked about more personal matters.”

“I am certain he means well.” Mace frowned.

“He doesn’t want to put me in the position where I have to protect them or leave the Order.” Obi-Wan sipped at his tea. “Reeft has joined him, from what I can gather…”

“Who is feeding you this information?” Mace asked.

Obi-Wan sighs; “I’d rather not say.”

“I think I know who…” Mace said, Bant had just entered.
“Oh, I’m sorry Master Windu, I know that no one but Council members are allowed but Obi-Wan invited me…”

“It’s fine, come in.” Mace waved her over.

“Now, mind telling me why you’re feeding Master Kenobi information on your friend Reeft?” Mace asked.

“I…” Bant took a seat, and a breath. The Service droid came by with tea for her as well, and left a plate of cookies between the three. Obi-Wan eyed the cookies suspiciously.

“I love Reeft, he and Garren and Obi and I have been through a lot, we grew up together and were Padawan’s together. But, Reeft recently has…..been up to something and I think Anakin is in it as well. Sorry.” she said softly to Obi-Wan.

“I know that there is a wave in the Senate to…..regulate the Order.” Mace frowned.

“To be quite honest, I can’t see a reason to stop them.” Bant said. “I just told Obi because Reeft thinks Obi-Wan doesn’t care and has gotten too…”

“He thinks I’ve turned on the true nature of the Order.” Obi-Wan nodded. “He told me the night I became a Council Member that it was a mistake. That I had betrayed him, and you.”

“Has Garren spoken to you since?” Bant asked.

“No, nor Reeft.” Obi-Wan shook his head.

Mace watched the younger Jedi closely. His lips pursed in displeasure. “Are you telling me that you have lost your childhood friends over a seat on the Council?” he asked coldly.

“Not Bant, she and I get together every week. Eh, until the War started. She was the most understanding about Anakin.” Obi-Wan smiled gently at her.
Mace frowned at the two of them; “I cannot believe how childish that is.”

“Huh?” Bant cocked her huge head at him. “What?”

“I won’t lie and say that we didn’t have an ulterior motive to asking Obi-Wan to join the Council.” Mace started. “We did so that we could better keep track of Skywalker. Despite the many troubles his Padawan-ship had, you handled them better than most of us would have. You were also very responsible and we wanted you on the Council because you held up the Code even in the most trying of times, before the War.”

Obi-Wan blinked; “I had suspected but I didn’t feel it was proper to just come out and ask.”

“Well, I do apologize for that. Master Yoda wanted you for your skills, not because the Chosen One was your Padawan.” Mace said. “Eat a cookie. Your Clones are waiting outside, by the way.”

“Oh dear.” Obi-Wan rolled his eyes but took a cookie anyway.

“I’m sorry, they kinda followed me.” Bant looked anywhere but at Obi-Wan.

“I told them I had asked you here. Let’s get back to business.” Mace said.

“The Council agrees to a point with the splinter group, and Anakin has come to me to ask that I take the subject of evicting the younglings from the Jedi Temple, due to the chip issue.”

“I agree that it’ll be good to get them out just in case I can’t stop Order 66 from going out if Palpatine figures out we’re onto him.” Obi-Wan said. “And, I think we should let the Splinter group make a go of it.”

“How is that going to help the Order?” Bant asked.

Obi-Wan shook his head; “I think it will Force us to change.”
“Change is not the best in this War.” Mace said.

“People think we don’t care. We haven’t done humanitarian missions for the longest time, not even when I was a Padawan. When was the last time we helped sick people on a planet? We have the resources to make any medicine.”

“Hmmm…” Mace contemplated.

“What about the Clone’s after we settle this War?” Bant asked.

“Some would like to settle down and start families, but fighting is all they know. Possibly we could ask people to volunteer for a humanitarian fleet.”

“And what about this Splinter Group?”

“Let them follow the Force as the Force directs them.” Obi-Wan said.

“I can’t see them being very successful.” Bant muttered.

“I know. But, this is what they want, and who are we to tell them not to do it?”

“True.” Mace nodded.

“I think we’ve clung to the Code too much.” Obi-Wan started, gaining more courage and he spoke. “We’ve become attached, if we are to truly follow the Code, than shouldn’t we become non-attached to said Code?”

“Those are words I haven’t heard for years.” Mace frowned.

“Master Qui-Gon might have been a renegade but he wouldn’t divorce himself from the Code. I think…” Obi-Wan shrugged. “I don’t know. I am still trying to figure it out but for months I have felt dissatisfied.”
“We all have that feeling,” Mace sighed. Then shook his head; “Fine, I will take it before the council to allow this splinter group to take the younglings and go to their holdings in peace.”

“Thank you.” Bant bowed to him respectfully.

“Thank you.” Obi-Wan followed her example.

“Now, go talk to those Clones of yours before they stomp in here.” Mace growled, he abandoned his tea and got to his feet. Bant followed. Their meeting over, she didn’t see a reason to be in a room she technically wasn’t allowed in.

~*~

“General.” Cody growled as soon as the three had gotten back to Obi-Wan’s quarters.

“What was that?” Kix asked. Not at all happy that he’d been distracted so thoroughly.

“What? You think we didn’t find ways to distract our Masters?” Obi-Wan gave them both a mischievous look. Right now the two were glaring daggers at him, it reminded him a bit of Qui-Gon when he’d interpreted the older man’s words a bit too broadly.

“Someone tried to kill you.” Cody reminded him.

“Who has been arrested, I am even barred from the judgment chambers until a sentence has been passed.” Obi-Wan reminded them.

“I have half a mind to put you over my knee for that.” Kix threatened.

Obi-Wan didn’t scoff, or say something insensible as he would have. He nodded his head. “Fine, I was feeling rather claustrophobic.” he admitted.
“We just want to keep you safe.” Cody said.

“Please, don’t think that I don’t appreciate it, or that I am dismissing your feelings. I know I have to work on that. I have been thinking about how you and Kix feel.” Obi-Wan paced the living quarters as he thought. “At the same time, I needed some time alone.”

“We were hovering too much.” Kix nodded. “I should have guessed it this morning.”

“I wasn’t entirely certain how to tell you.” Obi-Wan turned away from them. The big viewing windows looked out at the Coruscant mid-day traffic. “I should have said something instead of sneaking away.”

“We would appreciate that instead.” Cody agreed.

Obi-Wan didn’t turn around.

“If it’ll make you feel better, we could still spank you.” Kix joked.

“Would you, truly?” Obi-Wan asked. Flooding the two Clones behind him.

Cody glanced at Kix, who simply shrugged but nodded back at him; “Commander Cody gives the worst spankings, the younger Vod’s run in fear.” he smiled at Cody who just nodded in agreement. He did in fact give the worst spankings, no one wanted to be over his lap.

“Is that why they’d rather I dole out punishments instead of send them to you?” Obi-Wan turned, genuinely curious.

“Probably.” Cody strode forwards, he grabbed Obi-Wan’s upper arm and pulled him into the bedroom. “But I’m not all that mean. I give my Vod’s three chances. This is your first warning. Pants off mister.”

“I’m confused.” Obi-Wan didn’t fight Cody. He undid his outer tunics until enough clothing was off that he could get to removing his pants. Cody tugged him over his knees then, he’d settled on the made up bed.

“Don’t get the wrong idea, I spank you still, but the next time will be worse and the time after that.” Cody said.
“I believe you.” Obi-Wan is staring at the floor, and wondering why he’s letting them do this. He could order them both out now. Something inside him told him to let it happen. To satisfy his curiosity. Just the one time. It wouldn’t hurt anyone. Would it?

The first slap jerked Obi-Wan out of his thoughts. It wasn’t a warm up strike either, it stung. He took a deep breath, not allowing a sound out. Above him Cody took that as a challenge.

The strikes of Cody’s hand ranged all over his buttocks; none were predictable and sometimes they overlapped. Obi-Wan knew how thorough his Commander was, how he left nothing undone. This also is true in his punishments. Obi-Wan breathed his way through the spanking as best he could. Eventually Cody had started to speed up, giving him more slaps. Kix didn’t say anything, he simply watched.

“Alright, I think that’s red enough. Don’t you?” Cody asked Kix who stepped forwards then to look over the damage.

“I don’t think this will bruise.” Kix said.

“That’s not until the third time, this was just with my hand.” Cody helped to sit Obi-Wan up. He tucked the smaller body to him.

“I’m fine.” Obi-Wan said, trying to wiggle away.

“No, after a spanking you get cuddled, end of story.” Cody held onto his wiggling General.

Obi-Wan bit his bottom lip. He felt like he was seven years old after his first spanking from the Creche Master, for something he hadn’t even done. He settled after that. He leant his head, and upper body against Cody’s.

“Settle, settle, ner jetiise.” Cody admonished.

“Sorry.” Obi-Wan turned his face into Cody’s neck. “Thank you. I think I may have needed that.”
“Anytime, even when you haven’t done anything wrong.” Cody laughed. It was soft, so as not to disturb Obi-Wan. Who was fast on his way to dream land.

“Clothes off, Obi-Wan. Time for a nap.” Kix said. Together the two got Obi-Wan declothed and into the soft blankets. Obi-Wan hummed but wasn’t much help. He was dead to the word as soon as his head hit the pillow.

“Huh, if that gets him to sleep every time I’m doing it in the field.” Cody said.

“I’ll prescribe it when he’s over tired. If this result is consistent.” Kix agreed.
**Dathomirian death worms**

Chapter Summary

The Fall of the Jedi happen differently. Obi-wan can't catch a break either.

Chapter Notes

I'm having computer problems so I am updating this from my cell. At least it works. Lol. Anyway. Please enjoy.

~*~
(The Night Obi-Wan accepted the Council Seat)
~*~
Bant dabbed the healing cream onto Obi-Wan’s eye; “He hit you?”

“I don’t know why, we haven’t been fighting for a while. I thought I’d get a hug or something. But…” Obi-Wan stared at the floor. “I don’t know why he’d punch me for accepting the Council Seat.”

“He’s not jealous, Obi, it’s not that.” Bant sighed, there’d been a lot of things she’d been sheltering Obi-Wan from. Out of their creche mates he was the one who had taken to the Code like it was his lifeline. It had helped him get through a lot of hard spots in his life. Unlike their friends, she understood Obi-Wan’s steel resoluteness to following it.

“There’s an effort in the younger generation to split off from the Order, to form their own, with a different code.” Bant explained.

“Is that why they’ve been avoiding me?” Obi-Wan asked.

“Yes. That and Anakin.”

“What’s wrong with Anakin?”

“He’s the Chosen One. He’ll blab.” Bant shrugged.

“Are you…..?”

“What? No, Obi.” Bant put the healing gel to the side. “I will always be your friend, and if they don’t like, tough.”

Obi-Wan finally looked up at her. “Thank you.” he said softly.
Reeft clenched his fist. So many years later and he still remembered that night. He hadn’t spoken to Kenobi since. In fact, he’d been surprised when Skywalker had sought him out behind his Master’s back. But Reeft wouldn’t say he regretted it.

Obi-Wan would reap his decision to join the Council. Everything will Crumble around him while Reeft would be teaching the younglings on a nice, green planet. Far away from the corruption of Coruscant.

Reeft could swear that he felt the phantom pain from that night, from his fist connecting with Obi-Wan’s face. His plans would have gone faster with Obi-Wan on his side. As it stood, it’s been twelve years in the making. Twelve years of putting up with the code and acting like the Jedi he didn’t feel he was. It is annoying.

“Hey.” Garren joined him. Behind them the whole of the Creche were being packed up and shipped off. The younglings were told it was a special trip for training. That they’d get their Masters. Yavin 4 awaited them.

“Hey is for Gundarks.” Reeft replied.

“Things are going smoothly now.” Garren said.

“Wouldn’t have thought all those years ago that we’d have the Chosen One on our side, should have tried to recruit him earlier.” Reeft smiled.

“Well, soon this place will be a ghost town.” Garren said. “Ready to leave for the last time?”

Together they turned towards the ship; “Yes, let’s go to our real home.” Reeft agreed. Garren put his arm around his friend’s shoulders and together they entered the ship right after the last Creche youngling group.

From the shadows, Anakin watched, just to make certain no one stopped them from leaving. He wasn’t blind. Growing up he had noticed Obi-Wan sticking to their quarters, not going out as much when he got his Council Seat. He wanted so badly for Anakin to be the perfect Jedi. Anakin felt his Master was just stressing himself more than he aught.

It was Yoda’s fault, to be sure. The old troll was sweet but there were times. Anakin had listened in on their meetings all the time. When he was small enough to fit through a small air shaft. He’d hide his presence in the Force, and crawl through it.

Yoda didn’t usually have harsh words for Obi-Wan, but a few times, Yoda expressed being disappointed. Whenever Anakin went off and did something stupid that his Master had to clean up after. It was usually Obi-Wan’s fault that he’d done something.

Illegal pod racing on the lower levels, getting lost and putting his nose where it doesn’t belong. He freed slaves, thank you. Why would either of them get into trouble for that.

Every time Obi-Wan came back, he looked sick. He was quiet and drawn into himself for a week after. Anakin didn’t blame him. He tried to be good during that time. Making tea, he was bad at it, cleaning, he was bad at that too. But Obi-Wan never corrected him. He just went with it until he felt better.
Losing his friends probably hadn’t helped either. Anakin turned away. It was time to leave the Temple, to go see someone else.

~*~

Padme put a plate of boiled noodles with a red gundark sauce in front of him. It smelled spicy. Anakin waited until she had sat down and together they started eating. He swirled the noodles onto his spoon and ate. The taste wasn’t bad. He didn’t know why Padme had decided to cook instead of ordering out like usual - and he had helped. She let him watch the water boil. Apparently it was an important step in the process.

“Anakin, the swell to de-power the Jedi is going well.” Padme said.

“I have all the votes I need to introduce it tomorrow.”

“Good.”

“And the talks for the United Systems are going well. We’ll have this war ended by the end of the year.” she smiled.

“That soon?” Anakin looked up from his plate. “Are you sure?”

“Well, the rebuilding is going to be the more challenging part. But once we get rid of Palpatine, things will be better. I’m planning on putting Bail forward for Chancellor.”

“Obi-Wan would like that.” Anakin smiled.

“If he talks to me again.” Padme frowned.

“Or even myself.” Anakin reached across the table to take his wife’s hand. “Don’t worry, he and I have talked about other things, we’ll be fine. I think.”

Padme smiled, “If you say so.” she didn’t sound as if she believed him.

“How about after this war, we go take a honeymoon?” Anakin quickly changed subjects. This one made Padme grin ear from ear.

“I would love to see my family again, have a proper ceremony.”

“We’ll do that. Pull out all the bells and whistles.” Anakin promised.

“You don’t mind? My parents may be a bit upset when I tell them.”

“It’ll be fine.” Anakin said.

“I hope so.”

~*~

Ahsoka sighed; she didn’t know, or understand, why she had to go to Yavin 4 with the younglings. She was needed on Coruscant. She had to be by her Master’s side. But he’d done some sweet talking so she got on the auspicious pleasure cruiser that are now transporting herself and the younglings to Yavin 4.

The Creche Master’s are celebrating, along with two Master’s that used to be Master Obi-Wan’s friends. They’re passing around some Cherry Cordial. The Younglings get juice but it bubbles up
when it’s poured out. The service droids seem happy as well.

“It’s good to be done with that place.” the Dresselian Master, Reeft, was saying. He was talking to a male human. Who seemed just as chipper.

Ahsoka didn’t like their talk. What was wrong with the Temple? Of course she had ears, she had heard rumors from the other Padawan’s that some jedi had decided to take off to form a different Order. They thought that the Council wasn’t doing their job and it’d be better to ditch than see this out. At the same time, with the War going on, it’d be seen as a fraction within the Order. And while they may not like it, they didn’t want the Order to be seen as weak.

Ahsoka didn’t particularly prescribe to that way of thinking. She took a middle road. Where her Master spoke about the Code; Anakin more often than not didn’t live by it. He was more of the “do what I say and not as I do” Master. Master Obi-Wan however, was different. He had lived the code perfectly his whole life.

And suffered because of it.

It seemed that anyone leaving was concerned about what he would do or say. If he’d sink their efforts or go with them. Some thought they should at least try to talk to him, get him to see it their way, others thought they could possibly threaten him into supporting them. Still, some figured that it’d be fine to just go to some remote place and pay no more heed to the whole shebang at all, War included.

“Ah, you there!” Master Muln waved at Ahsoka. “You’re Anakin’s Padawan, right?”

“Yes.” she said, as respectfully as she could while she sussed the two out.

“I’m glad you made it.” Muln said. A wide smile on his face.

“What are you talking about?” Ahsoka asked.

“Nothing, nothing…” he waved his hand, then went on some ramble that Ahsoka could hardly follow. The Force poked her, rather hard. Something wasn’t right.

And she couldn’t do anything about it.

~*~

When Cody went to check on his General, he hadn’t counted on finding his General bleeding from all facial orifices and shuddering as if he were being electrocuted. A quick hover ride to the Healing Wing of the Temple at least diagnosed the problem.

“Dathomirian Death Worm.” Kix sighed. A Healer stood close by. Teila Hohon is a Duros. She’d worked the Healer Wing all her career. And yet she couldn’t help. Any touch by a Force Sensitive to someone possessed by the Death Worm would make the condition worse.

“Good news is that the Nano tech is rebuilding that part of the brain the worm is eating.” kix said. He was readying another dose.

“I hope that if we put more nano tech in his system that it will keep the worm busy while we stun and pull it out.”

“Is that wise?” Teila asked. “Death Worms are known to hang on.”

Obviously this was not the first death worm that’d gotten up a Jedi’s nose and into their brain.
How the Death Worm had gotten into the place, Neither Clone knew. But it had to connected to Nuu’ua.

Rex was investigating that now.

Skywalker couldn’t be reached by comm.

“It’s the only solution.” Kix said. He hadn’t answered for a few seconds. Because there wasn’t anything else to do but wait for the worm to nestle in Obi-Wan’s brain, lay its eggs, and that’d kill him.

“What do you need me to do?” Cody asked.

“I’ll need your blaster.”

~*~

Dathomirian Death Worms are the bane of Jedi; not that they let anyone know this. It’s a well guarded secret. Even from their own. Master Yoda had the opportunity to get out out of Mace Windu’s brain some forty years ago.

Actually, it was a misnomer for the creature. Death Worm was quite right, but it hadn’t originated on Dathomir. Instead it had originated on Endor. A forested planet far from the inner rim solar systems.

A Dathomirian Assassin had taken a liking to the little bugs and had used them in several Senate Assassinations. Yoda had gone personally to see to it the murders stopped. Once the Dathomirian assassin was caught, well the name stuck.

But not before he had tried to kill Mace.

That’d been an adventure Yoda was happy to put behind him. Now, he and Mace watch outside of the operating theater. Cody and Kix had just stunned Obi-Wan’s still body. The young man - compared to them - didn’t seem to register it.

“Captain Rex says that Nuu’ua had smuggled the worm in. It was her last hope to kill Obi-Wan.” Mace explained.

Yoda’s year’s flipped back, much like an annoyed cat is wont to do when over petted.

“Bode well this does not, the Creche empty, Skywalker gone.” Yoda mutters.

Mace hummed understandingly.

“Lost, the Order is.”

“The Senate is moving to stop the War.” Mace said.

“Vote tomorrow, they will.” Yoda said.

“We’ll see more government control after this.”

Yoda shook his head; “Close the Temple.”

“What?”
“Close the Temple. In and out, no one goes.”

Mace blinked, then nodded. He sent the order out over his com link.
Disclosures

Chapter Summary

Obi-wan takes the plunge. Ahsoka does a thing. There are no secrets in the senate.

Chapter Notes

Started this last night and finished it this morning. Some saltine in here but nothing much. Thank you to all who have read and commented.

Mando’á translations -

Good morning my Thunder - Jate vaar’tur ner orar
Good morning my Star - Jate Vaar’tur ner Star

~*~

There was humming. A song that he’d heard long ago, the words forgotten but the impression was there. Obi-Wan opened his eyes. Everything was hazy. Not at all clear. Something appeared above him. He blinked and eventually he saw another person.

She had his eyes, his hair. But redder. Like blood.

She smiled. Wide and happy. Then she reached down and picked him up. Obi-Wan doesn’t remember being this little ever. Of course he’s always been small. Natives of Stewjon tended to be on the short side.

“You’re chosen, my Obi.” the Woman said. “I can’t keep this from you.” she kissed his peach-fuzz head. Stroked an eyebrow.

“You won’t remember me, my dear one. We’ll never see each other again….I….will miss you desperately.” She kissed him one last time. Then he was handed over to someone who’s face was covered by a brown hood.

Then, all is black.

He blinks his eyes open. The room is dark. In chairs by his bed Cody and Kix slumped down. They both snore lightly. Obi-Wan doesn’t understand what happened. Not until a Duros Healer came in.

“Do you remember me?” she asked, softly.

Obi-Wan crunched up his face, searching for something. A name. But he hadn’t seen her before. Healers tended to come and go but there was something about this woman, as if he ought to at least “know” of her.
“Telia…?”

“You were attacked by a Dathomirian Death Worm. It ate a third of your brain over and over again. The nano tech rebuilt it. Cody and Rex got the thing out. They simply stunned you, and it, and then pulled it out once it’s mouth unclamped.” Telia explained. Her Red eyes seemed to glow in the dark.

“Oh.”

“As it stands we want to keep you for observation.” Telia said. Her voice hushed so as not to wake the Clones. She glanced over at them.

“They are attached to you.”

Obi-Wan bit his bottom lip. Of course it was easy to get attached to Jedi. But it made leaving sentients behind hard. Obi-Wan always felt as if he were betraying someone’s trust in him.

“It’s not a bad thing, Attachment.” Telia said. Ah, she was a Splinter supporter. Made sense. He didn’t say anything.

“I think I’m alright, but I had the weirdest dream right now.” Obi-Wan said.

“Oh?”

“A woman, who looked like me, she was saying goodbye.”

Telia sat on the edge of his bed; “Dathomirian Death Worms have other properties. I’ve made a study of them. I couldn’t help. Force and all. It would have killed you faster if I had tried. But, sometimes, sentients can regain memories they never knew they had.”

“She didn’t cry.”

“That’s good.” Telia said.

“I want attachments.” Obi-Wan paused. He glanced over at the sleeping Clones. “I want them, I want to go to Stewjon. I want so much. But, I can’t have any of it.”

“Why not?”

“Do you think….” Obi-Wan whispers into the dark. Glowing Red Eyes the only thing he can see. “Do you think that we’re too attached to the Code?”

Telia is silent for a few seconds; “Yes.”

“I can’t ever show it, though.”

“Because why?”

“Because I am a roll model. I have to be perfect.”

“Who told you that?” Telia asked.

“Everyone.”

“Everyone?”
“In some way or another, I had to be perfect. It was the bane of my Master’s life you know. He always dashed the Code when it suited him and he never understood why I was so adherently dedicated to it.”

“I think, in some way, it is your safety net.”

“Safety net?”

“I have read your whole file, I saw the notes about you being sent away when you aged out of the initiates.” Telia clucked her tongue at him. “That’s a wicked thing to do to a child.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It is not your fault. You did everything you could. No one saw how special you are. I say that as I too almost didn’t find my purpose within the Order.” Telia said.

“I bet your Master didn’t recommend you for your trials just so he could teach the Chosen One.” Obi-Wan sighed; yet, chuckled at the memory. He hadn’t been ready. He’d been far from ready.

“True. We all thought that was something when we heard.” Telia smoothed some wrinkles out on the blanket, just for them to pop back up again. They sat there for a few moments, the darkness enveloping them.

“I shouldn’t complain, I love Anakin.”

“I know, I love my Padawan too.”

“Are you….”

“Yes, I think the Code needs work.” Telia stood.

“Now, I have a hypo-spray of a sedative with your name on it, if you want.” Telia offered.

Obi-Wan, knowing he’d never get back to sleep properly, agreed. “Please.”

He’s out like a light after she dosed him. Of course, not with the kind he is allergic too. They put that under lock and key. It’ll take three healers to get any of that to a patient.

Quietly, she leaves.

Outside in the hallway she sighs, no one ever had faith in that man. Reeft and Garen had both told her not to speak with him. But, she wasn’t at all certain that their small group of Jedi knew what they were doing either.

At least, if she worked from within, she might be able to do something that needed to be done for thousands of years or more. Leaving wouldn’t fix it. It’d just grow animosity towards each other. But, sometimes, sentients had to learn these things the hard way.

~*~

Ahsoka marched up to Reeft and shoved a data-pad into his face; “What in the Force’s name did you do?” she asked. She didn’t care if she was a Padawan and she didn’t care that Reeft was technically her superior. She cared for only one thing.

The headline red - JEDI CLOSE TEMPLE.

The rest of the article was a bunch of nonsense, of course. No one actually knew anything but
they had to surmise and presume to know stuff that they were not privy too. They knew that a ship had left the Temple before it got shut down. No one in or out, Master Yoda’s orders. There were more Clone guards on the outside, a few stuck on the inside.

“We didn’t do this.” Reeft snorted at her.

She felt her head leku twitch in annoyance. What a lie.

“Oh really? So the second attempt on Master Obi-Wan’s life had nothing at all to do with you?”

“A second?” Garen came up the. “When.” he felt truthful in the Force. Ahsoka still wasn’t going to trust them as far as she could Force thrust them into a wall though. Hard. Several times.

“Indeed?” she asked. “I got a message from Master Plo Koon. He said that Master Obi-Wan was attacked by a Dathomirian Death Worm.” she only told them to get their reactions, for all they knew she could have been lying.

“W-what?” Garen had gone white as a sheet.

“What do you care, we haven’t talked to him in years.” Reeft glared.

“He would have forgiven us, idiot.” Garen snarled back.

Ahsoka watched them fight. It was something about Obi-Wan taking a council seat and them getting upset because that put their plans to split from the Order on hold until now.

Some friends they were. She frowned.

“I am going back.” she annoyed.

“Annakin entrusted you to us...” Reeft began.

“No one asked my opinion, and I was ordered to come on some mission.” she turned on them.

“I’m going back.”

~*~

Yoda contemplated the Death Worm which crawled along a glass jar, the lid twirled down tight, there were some air holes. Of course, finding one alive took guts and a lot of intuition. Now, they could study it and be better prepared for the next time it was used against them.

Telia had reported that Obi-Wan had awoken during the night, he had regained some far off memory but didn’t seem worse for wear when it came to language or motor skills - as far as she could tell. They still needed to keep him for observation. There might be side affects they don’t know about. An extra injection of nano tech along with a sedative after their talk would put his brain more to rights.

The worm, a sickly yellow/red mix, is the third species they had ever found. They knew of the first two from some Biologist who had built a hut on Dagobah and spent years studying the life there.

The flora and fauna of a Swamp; the life and times of Dagobah - Sat on Yoda’s shelf in his quarters. He had read that book many times. It was odd that the biologist would insist upon archaic printing. But, he had the money, the interest. It was a gift from Mace to Yoda on his naming day. Nearly eighty thousand years old now.
These particular nasty’s liked to crawl into ears or noses. Kix had dragged it out of Obi-Wan’s nose. The nanotech that had kept rebuilding the part of the brain that the worm ate was the Will of the Force. Otherwise, his great grand Padawan would have died.

Yoda flicked his ears back in irritation, then worry. If Qui-Gon were hear he’d be ranting to Yoda to no end about Temple security. For all his faults Qui-Gon had really cared for Obi-Wan. Even if he got caught up in some old Quest and Prophecy about the “Chosen One”.

It seemed to Yoda that no one actually chose Obi-Wan. He was directed by his dying Master to train Skywalker - and really, to be fair, what Padawan wouldn’t have promised anything to their dying Master? Begging them not to go. Attachments. The Jedi tried to ignore it, but it happened. Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan made those quite easily.

Yoda never begrudged them that. He tried to council Obi-Wan about it. In the end, Yoda hadn’t chosen him either. It was unfair to the younger human. The Jedi hadn’t treated him, or many others, fairly at all.

Yoda tapped the glass the worm was stuck in; “Bad, we are.” he said into the silence of the scientific lab the worm is stuck in. “Better, we should be.”

But what good are words to silence?

In the end, only a forest can hear if one of it’s own crashes.

~*~

Cody had a muscle cramp in just the wrong place. Turning his head is going to be a chore. He could barely hear the swooshing of speeders outside the Healing Room’s large, picture view port. The sun was shining and it looked as if the weather controllers decided it was going to be sunny all day. The weather was being projected onto the window by an automatic Temple program.

Cody looked over to Kix who was still sleeping. But he’d gone to sleep far after Cody. Then he glanced at Obi-Wan who’s glazed over eyes were staring right at him.

“Jate vaar’tur ner star.” Cody said. Obi-Wan is fluent in Mando’a but he’d been asleep when they’d gotten the worm out and they hadn’t spoken to him since.

“Jate Vaar’tur ner orar.” Obi-Wan sighed out tiredly. The words came without effort.

Cody smiled. “Thank you.” he went back to basic. “Looks like you have all of your faculties.”

“Yes. I bet everyone was worried.” Obi-Wan joked.

Cody smiled, then leans over to get closer. Obi-Wan needed a bath. He needed clean clothing, a clean bed. Cody felt that need rise inside him. The one that told all of the Clones to protect the Jedi.

“I’m alright, please don’t worry.”

“How can we not?” Kix asked from beside them. Neither had known he had awakened until now. He stretches and yawns. “When some banned creature can crawl its way up your nose and eat your brains?”

“What was it?” Obi-Wan asked.

“Oh.” Obi-Wan nodded. Then, with Cody’s help he sat up.

“Breakfast?” Kix asked.

“Something light, and green tea. Red tea will just upset me right now.” Obi-Wan replied.

Kix nodded. “I toast it is then. I’ll be back. Cody, would you mind helping him bath?”

“Of course I’ll help.” Cody nodded. He and Kix were in this together.

“Wait!” Obi-Wan held his hand out, Cody had an arm around his shoulder, Kix walked over to take Obi-Wan’s hand.

“This may sound weird but, I want to have attachments with you.” he cocked his head. “If that’s something the two of you want, that is, of course don’t feel as if you have too. I….have been doing a lot of thinking lately…”

Kix put a finger to Obi-Wan’s lips, hushing him a nonverbal grunting sound. The type Mando’a parents gave their children. It was supposed to be a comforting gesture. Kix could see, from how fast Obi-Wan was speaking that his anxiety was rising with every other word.

“I would like that.” Kix said. “I would like to have attachments with you and Cody as well.”

Obi-Wan looked over at Cody, who smiled and kissed his cheek, then dragged Kix in for the same treatment; “I too would like to have both of you in my bed.”

“Alpha,” Kix snorted.

“Thank you.” Obi-Wan sighed then leant back against Cody for support. “I’m sorry…”

“It’s okay, we didn’t want to push anything onto you, honestly, we were waiting for you to make the first move. As always, General.” Kix winked. “Alright, enough talk. Bath then eat and we shall see about the rest of the day.” he turned and walked out.

“Bossy.” Obi-Wan muttered. Cody picked him up bridal style. There’s a fresher just off the main room. For his privacy.

“Get used to it, you may be our General but we are Clones. We’re going to take care of you now.” Cody smiled as if the war had ended and Clones had just gotten their civil rights.

Obi-Wan blinked up at him, then snuggled his face into Cody’s neck. Cody’s neck twinged a bit from the odd way he had slept. But he didn’t ask Obi-Wan to move.

~*~

Another day, Another Senate Hearing.

Padme stood on her podium making her speech. She could see that several other Senator’s were discussing things with their own Council. Of course the War is far too expensive to keep going. The Neutral systems are willing to help negotiate between the Independent Systems and the Republic. Satine was leading that Front.

“I nominate Bail Organa of Alderaan as the New Chancellor.” Padme spoke. Her efforts to get Palpatine impeached had worked. A cheer went up as did hands. A droid took the count. It came out in favor of Bail. Who made no reaction until it was final.
“Well, I do hope the Senate does not come to regret its decision.” Palpatine said from his platform. Well, Alderaan’s. Now. He stood and gave them all the fiercest glare he could.

“Former Chancellor of the Republic.” A voice boomed out. Mace Windu with Temple Guards flanking him, lightsaber at the ready stood behind Palpatine.

“You are under arrest, Sith.”

A gasp went up through the Senate. Here they all thought they were just voting. Padme turned to Anakin. “What?”

“I left some evidence weeks ago, about time they got around to this. Excuse me.” he jumped from her platform to Palpatine’s. His lightsaber at the man’s neck.

“One move and I’ll dispatch you right now.” Annakin threatened. Face void of any feeling.

The Temple Guards brought out anti-Force binders, and without any resistance, arrested Palpatine. The Senate watched, the whole of Coruscant watched on the holo-channel that streamed all Senate Hearings. He was lead out. In shame.

~*~

Satine, Bail and Padme sat in the cafe of the Senate building. It was safe enough, but better to do this in public instead of behind doors where the Media would just blather on incessantly and make matters worse.

“The Independent Systems are glad to be done with this war, building the droid army was putting a lot onto them. Dooku was kind enough to meet me.” Satine said. They all had cooling Orange tea. The properties boasted of an anti-stressor. A tea from Sullust, it had gained in popularity amongst the higher classes of Coruscant and Mandalor. Of course anyone could buy, it was sold relatively cheap and was organic.

“Good.” Padme said. “He seems to have a better head on his shoulders.”

“I think he’s just as tired of this as we are.” Satine said.

“I’m going to put forth another Bill for Clones Rights.” Bail said. “I think there’s enough support now that the War is going to be negotiated to its close. Though, I do wish I could ask Obi-Wan to do it. But the Jedi are circled the spaceships around him right now.”

“I too wish he could give me Council.” Satine agreed. She missed him. She almost wished she had asked him to leave. But duty came first. It was admirable of him. Which made her love him more.

“But, you’ll be successful Satine.” Padme put in.

“Thank you, I appreciate your support.”

“You will always have Naboo’s Support.” Padme smiled back.

“Speaking of, are you going to take Skywalker’s name?” Satine asked.

Padme looked away a cleared her throat; “We haven’t talked about it, on Naboo the men usually take the woman’s name.”

“That’s interesting.” Satine said. “Mandalore doesn’t do either.”
“Anakin Amidala has a certain ring to it.” Bail teased.
Padme laughed; “Okay, spill. How long have you known?”

“The Senate has ears, my dear. We knew from the moment you had your secret ceremony.” Bail grinned.

“Oh boy.” Padme shook her head, then drank some of her tea.

“I have ears on Mandalore, of course I knew.” Satine laughed.

“Well, I suppose now Anakin will get shoved out of the Order.”

“Who is getting shoved where?” Anakin asked, suddenly appearing.

“Oh, apparently everyone knows about our marriage.” Padme play-frowned up at him.

“Oh good, that means I can do this.” He swept her up into his arms and kissed her for all to see.
At the end, when she had taken her seat, the whole café clapped. Anakin bowed then stole a chair from an unused table. Padme poured fresh tea into her cup and then put it in front of Anakin.

“How is Obi-Wan?” Satine asked. “We were just speaking of him.”

“Eh? He’s fine. Now.” Anakin sipped his tea awkwardly.

“Anakin, what happened?” Bail encouraged.

“He was almost murdered…”

“What?” Satine gasped, worriedly.

“Twice.” Anakin finished.

“I beg your pardon?” Bail glowered.

Obi-Wan may not have many Jedi friends, but these two definitely were on his side. Anakin rather found it adorable.

“Kix and Cody are with him, he’s alright. I can’t get into the Temple though. But Master Koon was kind enough to tell me what had happened.” Anakin shrugged.

“The Jedi are going to have to be close for a time. Their public reputation is in tatters.” Bail said.

“Yeah, it’s partly our fault.” He looked at Padme.

“We may not have to undermine the Order now that Palpatine has been arrested.” Padme said.

“That was the worst case scenario.” Satine said.

Anakin nodded; “I thought as much.”

“If the Jedi work hard with humanitarian efforts, things may change.” Padme said.

“I think our splinter group will have a better chance at that.” Anakin said.

“What are they calling themselves?” Satine asked.

“I don’t know yet, they’ve left it up to me.” Anakin finished his tea.
Padme regained her cup.
“It’s going to be a lot different from the Order, I can tell you that much.” Anakin explained.

“Of course.”

“Master!”

Ahsoka ran up to their table, throwing herself in Anakin’s arms. Then she stomped on his foot.
“How stupid do you think I am?”

“Ahsoka…”

“No, you tricked me onto that transport.”

“How’d you get back.”

“Escape pod, then I hoofed it.” She drew out her Order credit chip. “These still work.”

“Oh, right...well, you see…”

“I don’t see.” Ahsoka let go of him then crossed her arms. “I would have rather you told me the truth, that you were sending me away to join them.”

Anakin sighed, he’d rather not do this in public. Bail, Satine and Padme quietly watched them.
“Alright, you’re right.”

“Thank you.” Ahsoka relaxed. “Just tell me next time, okay?”

“Okay.”

“And I’ll think about joining them but why is the Temple closed up?”

“Politics.” Satine out in. “It’s all politics.”

Ahsoka made a face. “Eeeewwww….”
Politics, Sith Objects and Clones Rights

Chapter Summary

Padme, Anakin and Ahsoka - for once - attend a Senatorial gala without things going to shit.

Chapter Notes

I know i haven't updated for a couple of days but I didn't know what this chapter was going to be. I am struggling to see if I can get my threesome into bed without their clothing on and just sleeping. And there are other things that I kind of want to explore. So, I am sorry if it seems as if this story is losing focus. It might be. It might not be. We shall see.

Bail frowned at Mace through the Holo-connection. “I don’t think the public will go for a Jedi Tribunal.”

“Of course,” Mace said. He knew exactly why Bail was calling him. As the New Chancellor of the Republic he had to not only find a way to end the Clone Wars - as the Media was calling it - but he also had to put Palpatine on trial.

“We’re going through any and all records he has. There are some Sith Objects I think you’ll want to take ownership of; but we may have to destroy some of that. For the public good and all.” Bail said.

“It will be a long time until the Public trusts us again, we knew the risk when we went into this War.” Mace said. It was odd. He thought. Odd that the Jedi even cared about Public opinion. He had never thought of it. Nor had Obi-Wan or the rest of the Council. Of course they knew their PR was bad. They hadn’t managed it. It was a non-issue.

“I am pretty certain that we’ll have to strengthen the rules of what Jedi can do and where they can go and such. I hate to do it. You operating under a the Senate will possibly have to be altered to another entity.”

“Of course we understand that oversight is needed. That is the Order put themselves under the Senate’s jurisdiction after the Sith Wars.” Mace said.
Bail looked taken aback; “Oh?”

“Hmmm. Yes. Let’s just say that History repeated itself.”

“Well, I don’t blame you. Palpatine being Sith and all. As far as I am told the Local Investigators believe he has been planning this for a long time.” Bail said.

“The Dark Side has certain powers, there are majick’s involved that can prolong someone’s life if done the right way. Jedi don’t prescribe to that type of knowledge.” Mace said.

“Maybe someone should know, just so that another Sith can’t pop up and try to take control again. He was an inch away from being Emperor.” Bail shook his head. “I say, even if it is dangerous, that someone ought to know at least a bit of what a Sith can do.”

Mace nodded; “Maybe, but even studying their lore is risky.”

“Do many Jedi go over?” Bail asked.

“Not many, but it has been known to happen.”

“Well. I hate to ban knowledge but we may have too. Some of the Senate is already worried about your splinter group, this Sith knowledge is going to make them even more paranoid.”

“The Sith have always been the Enemy of the Jedi.” Mace said. “The Senate should not look at the Jedi as they view the Sith.”

“That’ll be hard to do.” Bail frowned. “As far as public opinion is the Jedi are out of control. Especially with your mind bending powers.”

“Not everyone can do that. Not everyone is susceptible. There are some sentients who cannot have their minds altered at all.” Mace explained.
“Huh. Interesting. Well. I can’t promise anything but you need to get above this before the media does.”

“We will take the Sith objects and destroy them. The sooner the Sith relics and History are destroyed the better. We can’t let an ounce of their teachings get out. Someone might take personal interest. And that will lead to disaster as well.”

“Right. I suppose we will have to ban the Sith Knowledge.”

“Yes.”

“Than I will order all objects to be put under Jedi Jurisdiction, the Council’s specifically, but there will be backlash to that.”

“The Public will have to, in their terms, get over it.” Mace replied.

Bail snorted. “Indeed.” he agreed.

~*~

“Ugh, why do I have to wear this stuffy ol’ thing?” Ahsoka complained, referring the dress that covered her from neck to feet. Long sleeves which weren’t conducive for fighting, it was one of Padme’s handmaiden dresses. A dark blue with fine golden embroidery along the hem of the dress and sleeves.

“It’s Bail’s coronation as Chancellor.” Anakin said. He wasn’t wear his normal Jedi-General garb, Instead he wore the dress of Naboo’s Senatorial Royalty. A deep red pant and tunic resplendent with a wide gold belt and an outer robe with deep red embroidery.

Padme was also dressed for the occasion in a red dress. It was simple with a gold belt, less ornate than Anakin’s. But her hair was up in loops upon loops with a red and gold hair pin. She wore Rubies set in a gold chain that her Mother had given her upon her appointment as a Senator.

“You look splendid, Ahsoka.” Padme smiled at her. “You can change after the ceremony.” she
promised.

“Thanks, you look pretty nice too.” Ahsoka replied with a wink.

Anakin snorted in mock-derision; “Pretty nice? I’d say beautiful.” he took Padme’s hand and kissed the top. She giggled before smacking him lightly on the shoulder.

“Oh you.”

“Eewww, if we don’t leave now you two are going to be making babies. Now come on!” Ahsoka trotted behind the two gushy, lovers, and started to push them towards the door.

“The sooner I get out of this dress the better.”

Anakin and Padme laughed; “You’ll understand when you find a sentient that gets to you.” Padme said.

“Uhhhh…” Ahsoka gave them both a disgusted look; “Right. Attachments.”

“The Jedi Splinter group believes attachments are a fine, good thing to have.” Anakin informed her. “So, if you want you go have one. I won’t complain.” he winked.

Ahsoka shook her head; “I’ll make sure to tell you after I get secret married.”

“That’s my girl.” Anakin held out his arm, Padme put her hand on the inside of his elbow. Together the three walked out of the apartment and to the air speeder catch a few floors down. They didn’t want to be late.

~*~

Yoda had still not opened the Jedi Temple. Obi-Wan sat in bed with a comlink, he opened a channel to Bail’s private number. Cody and Kix were making lunch in the other room. They had banned him from moving from the bed and threatened binders.
Obi-Wan could get into that. Though he hadn’t said so.

“Ben!” Bail’s voice lit up. “I am so glad you called.”

“I am sorry, my friend, I would love to see you get sworn into office but the Temple is closed.”

“I understand.” Bail said, not sounding at all let down by one of his closest confidantes.

“I just got off with Mace, actually, we were talking about Palpy’s Sith objects.”

“They should be destroyed.” Obi-Wan said.

“Yes, it’s going to be hard to get the public to roll with it, but I think I can talk everyone into letting the Jedi handle the Sith. Seeing as how historically that’s what you have always done.”

“Indeed.” Obi-Wan nodded even though Bail couldn’t see him. “If any of those things falls into the wrong hands we’ll have some idiot on the prowl with injurious notions.”

“You could say that again.” Bail agreed.

“As it stands, I am very happy for you. Bail.”

“Thank you, Alderaan is going all out. I think our home Senate is making today a Feast Day.” Bail laughed.

“Bail Organa Day, I will have to celebrate with you properly next year.” Obi-Wan Joked.

“Ah, you should visit Breha. She is dying to see you again.”
“I miss her as well.”

“As soon as the Temple is open again and you are able to take up your normal activities, come and see me. My office is always open to you, as is my home.”

“Thank you, my friend.” Obi-Wan returned, genuinely touched.

“I hear that there is talk of change within the order, something about Attachments.”

“Yes, some have split off and are making a new Temple far from Coruscant. I talked the Council into letting them take the Younglings. I was afraid that order 66 would go out before we could arrest Palpatine. I thought it’d be the safest thing.”

“Ah, that makes sense. And what of the rest?”

“I think Anakin will head that group, it’s the been solution. He does have quite the reputation within the galaxy.”

“And you?”

“I have put in my support. We cannot be seen as weak due to this break off. More like, we will support a Sister Order.” Obi-Wan said.

“They will have to follow the same rules as the Main Order does now.” Bail said. “We can’t be having two different rules for two different orders.”

“Of course, I shall send the documents with Anakin…”

“I will see him today, I will give them to him.” Bail replied.

“Ah good.”
“I must go now, it was good speaking to you.” Bail said. Sound fonder.

“I am attached to you Bail, May the Force be with you.”

“And with you.” Bail cut the line.

Obi-Wan put the comlink down on the shelf above his head. The room is glowing with the natural light of Coruscant’s sun. The speeders are a never ending stream outside his windows.

“Here we are.” Cody said. Bringing a tray in. “We put together some tradition Stewjon food. Some Bright Coattail Fish Soup and bread.” there was also a calming cup of purple tea.

“Thank you.” Obi-Wan sipped his tea first. Then tried the soup, Coattail Fish, as he knew from his lessons as a Padawan is a fish with two or more fins that make it look as if it is wearing a coat. It is also a rainbow of colors. The soup is green and red in places, blue and yellow in others. Vegetables floated amongst the fish meat and it was hot with a bit of pepper to set off the taste well.

“I’ve never been to my home world. Did you know?” Obi-Wan asked after a few bites, now tearing the bread apart to dip in the broth.

“Oh.” Cody said, sitting on the bed watching to make sure Obi-Wan ate all of it.

“Maybe when everything calms down I should go.”

Cody left it at that. Afraid that too much deep talk would distract Obi-Wan from eating. But, maybe a vacation away from the center of the universe would be good for his Jedi.

He smiled as he watched his Lover Eat. He felt full filled.

~*~
Padme, Anakin and Ahsoka joined the other Senator’s in the Swearing In Ceremony for Bail. Everyone had dressed even better for the occasion. After this would be a party in one of the ballrooms. Security was tight but Anakin still looked for old faces within the Crowd.

Mainly Cad Bane.

He just hoped that for once the underground of the Republic would just let Senator’s do their thing and get on with life. No bombings, or kidnappings, or poisonings. Nothing. Just a nice, boring as Sith Hell, swearing in.

Ahsoka stood next to him, trying not to yawn. She would have been happy to be on the holo-net back at Padme’s apartment. With the Temple Closed she’d taken up residence with them. Many of the Jedi had found themselves on their flag ships due to Yoda closing the place down until further notice.

No one seemed to know why.

And he had yet to speak to Obi-Wan.

The Force told him that it all had to do with his Master.

Of course it did.

It always did.

~*~

Thankfully the Senate did not drag out all the bells and whistles. The one day would be enough. It wouldn’t be like what they did when Palpatine took over. A week long celebration.

Bail had specifically asked for a single day, that he didn’t want to waste any more taxpayer money. They had a war to settle after all. Count Dooku was being more than generous with Bail. He thanked the Force daily that Palpatine kept no records of who he was in league with. As far as anyone was Concerned, Dooku had simply decided the Republic had gotten too big for its
britches and put together a new system of government.

Satine was helping along with other Neutral world’s in calming the situation between Dooku’s Confederacy and the Republic. Things still were heated, but their official meeting to negotiate trade deals and the like was scheduled for next week on Mandalore.

Dooku however, had come as an offer of Peace. He and Bail stood in a corner with their wine talking. Ahsoka spied them from across the room. It was odd not having to fight Dooku. Of course they had traded barbs and slashes over the course of the war. But now, now it was different.

They won’t be enemies any longer.

“Now, all we have to do is pass the Clone Rights laws.” Padme was saying to Satine. She and a few other female Senator’s all gathered next to the buffet table. Ahsoka grabbed something with a claw and stuffed it in her mouth.

“Clones Kamino Property…” the most recently made Kamino Senator said.

“Stop that thinking right there.” Padme gave the tall Sentient a look that spelled “Danger, danger.” Ahsoka had seen it time and time again. This Kaminoan was in for it.

“The Republic does not condone slavery. We’ll be taking that issue on better now with Bail in charge, but we have to pass this Clones Rights bill first, and do you want to know why?” Padme asked.

“I am sure you will tell me.” the Kaminoan frowned.

“Because you paid someone for their DNA, but the Sentients’ who came from that DNA were never given a choice to fight or not. You brainwashed them. You trained them up as soldiers. They haven’t ever the choices that you or I have.”

“Kamino expects all the Clone’s to be returned for processing upon completion of the War.”

“You mean to murder them.” Ahsoka said. A sudden realization from the Force pushed the words
from her mouth.

Everyone around them goes quiet. But she doesn’t back down. “Well, that’s shady.”

“I will not stand for senseless murder.” The Corellian Senator said. Give the Kaminoan a glare. Yolemi Starway was new, the Corellian systems just having their world wide election.

“It is not up to you…” Tinway, said. Her large bulbous eyes glaring down at the human.

“I agree,” Bail had joined them, “senseless murder after they have fought so diligently? The only reason we are bringing this to a close is because it cannot be sustained by the taxpayer.”

“I expect your full cooperation on finding a place for the Clone’s to settle if they wish to build together, and your blessings if they wish to settle in other places. Or stay in the Republic forces.” Padme said. Her tone barking no argument.

“Of course I shall have to see what my superiors say.” Tinway said. “But, I shall endeavour to make them see it your way.” she simplered.

Yeah. Padme didn’t trust Tinway as far as she could throw her, with her own two hands.
Chapter Summary

Temple Bound, Obi-Wan gets a check up which turns into de-chipping his clone lovers.
Elderly Jedi Master mostly have NOTHING important to do. But that doesn't stop
Upper Healer Finch from doing a thing or two.

Chapter Notes

Finch - a human from Calandria. He is a skilled swordsman but has more of an aptitude towards academia. Especially diseases and natural forms of cures. Such as herbal medications. He doesn't throw out technology if it's the only way, but he see's no reason to dismiss one ancient way of cures for more modern ones. He has trained Twenty Padawan's into Knight hood and only lost three to the Darkside.

Persys/Persy - From the system of Persian - aka Earth but don't tell anyone - he grew up with Obi-Wan and Bant in the same Creche group. When he became a Knight he also changed Genders in the Healing Halls of the Jedi Temple. A woman, she did her stint as a Field Jedi. However, her talents lay towards Healing. She is more of a hands on Healer. But she also will prescribe more natural forms of medicine over pills and nano-tech.

NOTE -
I will be working all day tomorrow. So there may not be an update unless I am not lazy. I suspect I will be lazy. So here is a good amount of chapter and I will try to write chapter 9 and get back to the plot. I don't know exactly what is going to happen but we'll see about the badges next time.

Mandoa’ Translations -

tracyn bal pirun - Fire and Water
(In Clone culture, Water is a constant, and it puts out the fire which destroys and saves a person. Both of these elements are seen as “holy” and so the Clone’s give it as much respect as possible)

~*~

Sheev Palpatine rotted in a cell within the Jedi Temple Complex. The Guards stood watch 24/7. They changed shifts three times a day, but did not leave a gap open for anything. Not that it
mattered. Sheev wore a Force Suppressing collar.

He glowered at the stone wall; his plans had been going perfectly until…..

Until………

Something.

He couldn’t quite suss out what but he was a strange feeling that it had everything to do with Skywalker and Kenobi.

The galling thing about this was that he is unable to do anything about it. His remote for triggering Order 66 is on his belt. But everything had been taken when he was processed. Now he is awaiting trial and then to be sent off to some secret jail.

The Jedi having a prison that no one had heard of, genius.

Except, he’d be going to it.

Sheev gritted his teeth in anger.

He had lost.

And not even the cold hands of death embraced him. This is a loss the Jedi will see he lived through.

~*~

Cody entered the main living area to find Kix flipping through the old Stewjon cookbook he’d scrounged up from somewhere. Cody deposited the tray into the sink and started to rinse and wash the dishes. There were so little it hardly took any time at all. No need for the small dish washer that sat on the counter.
“Find anything interesting?” Cody asked.

“Hmmm…..a nice side dish of yellow squash with onion and brown sugar. I think Obi may like it.” Kix replied.

“Did you sneak some sleeping drug into his food, he’s out like a light, again.” Cody accused playfully.

“Maaaaaabbeeeeyyyyyy…..” Kix couldn’t hold back a snort. “That man is going to drive me up the wall gundark insane.” he muttered.

“You and me both.” Cody turned from putting away a dish, he threw the towel onto the counter and moved over to Kix. The Medic sat at the table with the book in hand. He leaned over, and crossed his arms around Kix’s chest.

“So…..attachments…” Cody kissed the shell of Kix’s ear.

“Hmmmmmm…..Jedi code word for Love.” Kix replied. Closing his eyes. He loved having his ear sucked on and bit. It sent tingling sensations through his body. Cody knew this. Of course, all of them had different erogenous zones, but the ear thing seemed to be common amongst his batch. Cody gently sucked it into his mouth. Kix shuddered visibly.

“Cody…” he moaned. “We have a couple of hours, as long as we’re quiet.” Cody said.

“Guest room?”

“Fresher?”

The Jedi freshers had a huge tub. It’d save some time. Kix stood. He turned within Cody’s grip until they face each other, then he lightly pecked Cody’s lips. “Let’s go.”
Not all Clone bodies are the same. As much as the Kaminoans liked to preach it, it just wasn’t true. While certain things remained the same from the Donor, Cody and Kix had figured out early on in their sexual relationship that they were both different. Which led to question Rex and Wolfe when Cody saw him. Cody found that his nipples were far more sensitive than the other Clones. Kix was into it as well but it didn’t do things for him as much as it did for Cody.

Kix takes advantage of this knowledge; he’s sucking one into his mouth. Cody is moaning below him. The water swishes around them a little. They’re doing their best to be quiet. Obi-Wan should sleep through anything. Even a world-wide Earthquake.

Cody gripped Kix’s cock in his hand. Slowly bringing Kix to the edge. Before stopping. Just to tease the Medic. Kix made his opinion on that known by biting on Cody’s nipple. Not in a nice way either.

Cody clipped off a groan before it could work its way out of his throat. He gulped hard as a hand went around his own, neglected dick.

“Let’s cum together…” Kix said. Kissing up Cody’s chest to his neck. They worked each other until they shuddered and their release joined the hot water.

Cody and Kix relaxed for a few moments after; “that was good.” Kix muttered.

“It was.” Cody replied.

They drained the tub, cleaned with some multi-cleaner and a rag. Then showered quickly. Dressed only in their underwear, they joined Obi-Wan in bed. With the Jedi between them, and their hands entwined with each others, Kix and Cody fell asleep.

Obi-Wan shited in his sleep towards Kix, they’re chest to chest. Obi-Wan’s face buried in Kix’s neck. Cody slides closer to Obi-Wan’s back. Hours pass with the three in this position. Calm, love and contentedness fills the Force.

~*~

Healer Perssys looks over her data-pad. Commander Cody and Medic Kix had brought Obi-Wan
for a check up. So far his memory was intact, as was his Force Use. Something may develop in
the future but the upper Healer’s weren’t too concerned. So, Perssys didn’t figure she should be
either. She ran a hand through her shortly cropped blonde hair and then glanced at the Clones.

“Alright, your turn.” She smiled. Obi-Wan carefully moved from the examination table to a chair
nearby. Wrapping his cloak around him.

“Excuse me, Healer, but what are you talking about?” Kix asked. He had enjoyed speaking with
her over medical thing and he had explained the situation well to her since this was her first look at
their General.

“Ah, Master Kenobi made an appointment for your chips to be deactivated or removed.” Perssys
replied. Slightly confuddled.

“Order 66,” Obi-Wan said from his chair. Yawning. He was still tired from Kix’s sleep powder in
his food. “Palpatine may have a backup trigger for it. I don’t know where it is, so we’re quietly
trying to deactivate as many chips as possible.”

“Will we be missing something in our memories or behavior?” Cody asked. He had known of the
Chips since Five’s discovery. Poor Fives. He had a furlough for a few months so the Jedi could
examine the Chip and find a way to deactivate it without killing the Clone involved.

“So far you’ll just gain more of a will to do what you want, but we’re not worried about that.”
Perssys said.

“What?”

“All Sentients have a free will, and we’re trying to restore it to you.” Perssys smiled. “Please,
don’t tell the higher ups. It’s an odd form of thought at the moment.”

“Are you part of the Schism?” Obi-Wan asked.

“No, no. They can do what they want, mind. I am a Jedi Healer and Warrior. I am not going to
leave. But I will not impose my Will upon others. Unless they are sick and refuse to do the best
thing for their health.” Her smile becomes sharply pointed at the three males. “So, Commander,
you first, yes?”
Cody shrugged. “Alright.” he took a seat.

~*~

“This headache is gonna be the death of me. tracyn bal pirun.” Cody swore. Perssys was scanning Kix at the moment.

“We’re frying the mechanism inside the chip so that it can’t be activated. Of course, we can open your head to take the whole thing out. Master Kenobi, however, is in no shape to be left alone. So I thought it’d be best to just fry it.” Perssys grinned at them. Happy to let them know her reasoning. Both Clones rather liked her. She was so easy to talk too, so free with her feelings. Not aloft like most Jedi they had come across at the Temple.

“Makes sense.” Obi-Wan muttered from his chair. He’d been nodding on and off through the procedure. Perssys had sent several concerned looks his way.

“Are you certain it’s not the sleeping draught you gave him?” she addressed Kix. “I’m worried.” Kix had confessed to drugging Obi-Wan the day/night before their meeting in the Healing Wing.

“I shouldn’t think so.” Kix said. Perssys chose that time to zap his chip. Several times. Looking at her screen the entire time.

“Hmmmmm………….” she held back whatever medical opinion she would have given as she kept zapping Kix’s chip.

“You’ll be fine, as far as I can tell.” she finally said.

“Thank you.”

“Now, don’t let Master Kenobi walk, he’ll fall head over heels and not in a good way.” Perssys stood back. Kix nodded.

“Persy, don’t give them more ideas.” Obi-Wan whined. Perssys giggled.
“Do shut up, old man.” she replied. Dismissing all manner of comportment. “You need rest, Dathomirian Death Worm’s aren’t a small manner at all.”

“Persy?” Cody blinked.

“Yes? That’s my nickname.” she winked. “I was male at one time.” she announce casually.

“Oh.” Cody nodded.

“But only a few people can use my nickname. I found it works very fine with the longer form Perssys.” she explained.

“Persian system yes?” Kix asked.

“The one and only.” she smiled. “It’s far outside of Republic space, and technically Jedi can only ask for children to be given to the Order from Republic planets, but the one who found me had crash landed and found me without anyone around. So figured he’d do me a favor and brought me here.”

“Perssys and I grew up in the same Creche-ling group.” Obi-Wan stood. He yawned and drew his robe about him more.

“Are you cold?” Perssys asked.

“I don’t know why, I don’t feel sick.” Obi-Wan muttered.

“Back on the table with you.” Perssys grabbed his elbow and manhandled him to the table, Kix moved quickly and helped her lay the Jedi Master down.

Quickly, she scanned him; “Huh, the thing comes up clean. Maybe it’s a leftover of the Dathomirian Death Worm.”
“What should we do?” Cody asked.

“I’m going to get an upper Healer in here. I don’t know what’s happening, maybe a Force Healing Scan will help but I’ll need someone else to add their power to mine.” Perssys said, she turned. Her blue skirt robes swished about her feet as she hurriedly left the room.

Obi-Wan sighed, frustrated; “Good Force.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sure you’re tired of ending up in bed all the time.” Cody stood next to Obi-Wan, carting his fingers through copper red hair.

“After this, I am going to the Room of a Thousand Fountains and no one is going to stop me.” Obi-Wan said as dedicatedly as he could.

“Very well.” Kix agreed. It may do Obi-Wan some good to do as he pleased.

Cody didn’t say anything, picking up on his Lover’s thoughts on the matter simply by the slight worried frown on Kix’s face.

~*~

Finch is an elderly Healer that sometimes is called in for the worst cases; he had made his career more in academia. Writing about diseases and more natural forms of healing.

He hated being called away from his work, but this held promise. At least his old, old, old Padawan - Perssys had promised. She led him through the Halls. His hoverchair followed. He was getting on in years and as soon as his book: The Complete Guide to Disease & Cures was finished, he would retire from the Order to his family's land on Calandria.

Perssys brought him to the examination room. He would know Obi-Wan Kenobi no matter if he wanted to or not.

“Dathomirian Death Worm, heh? And what did those morons tell you?” he grumblbed. His long hair white as snow, held back in plenty of braids. Much like that of a Padawan’s, each with a
different colored bead. He had twenty braids in his hair. In the old day, or so his research had said, Jedi Master’s would add a braid to their hair for every Padawan they raised to Knighthood. He had done Twenty. And he was very proud of that.

“They said there shouldn’t be any after effects.” Obi-Wan said. “But, I will admit that I am just showing some type of effect, maybe.”

“They’re stupid, the lot of them. Well, The Death Worm is out, right?” Finch asked.

Perssys nodded; “Yes, and the nano tech rebuild the part of the brain it ate, in fact, that’s what stopped it. It kept re-eating the same area as the nano’s rebuilt it.” she explained, but had to glance at Obi-Wan’s file for the full details.

“You need to drink a tea made of Adries, dim weed and screaming mulberry. I know an apothecary on seventh level that will give it to you.” Finch said. “If you drink that for a week the cold chills should go away.”

“Thank you.” Obi-Wan nodded. “But the temple is closed, no one in and out.”

“Bah, Yoda will see sense, mark my words.” Finch made a face, screwing up his nose in distaste.

“Adries is from Bantooine, isn’t it?” Kix asked.

“Yes, it has warming properties, it’s used to warm the body up if one if afflicted with Hypothermia, and also if one got Dendrick’s disease.” Finch explained. “It’s a new one on the books, but so far it’s having some effect, but it can’t be obtained anywhere but on Dantooine. It’s an expensive herb but a good one to have on hand.”

“I’ll go personally, if you’ll give me the exact amounts I need.” Kix said. “I think maybe this herbal medicine is something to look into.”

“Oh, you come with me, young man. I’ll show you what you need and I have some books you’ll probably find interesting. Mind you they aren’t Holo’s. These are copies of some old books I got back in my year as a Field Jedi….” together Finch and Kix left the room, Finch chattering on and on about “back in my day we Jedi’s didn’t comport ourselves with such ill manner as the younger's do now…” talk.
Obi-Wan chuckled from the bed; “I never thought I’d see him again.”

“Oh?” Perssys shrugged the Medic and her Master off. The door closed shut to give the three privacy.

“He helped that one time with Qui-Gon? Remember when we came back from Norvice with that skin wasting disease?”

“That world is still quarantined.” Cody said.

“Yes, it’s because anyone who lands there gets infected straight away, only the locals have a natural aversion to the disease. And a cure has not been found yet. I think the Republican Scientists are still working on suites to be worn on that planet so that research can actually begin.”

“How did you survive it?” Cody asked. Jumping to the Logical conclusions that somehow Obi-Wan had gotten infected just as his Master.

“Funnily enough, Stewjon’s also have a natural aversion to it. I think some clan from Norvice hopped over to Stewjon. They settled and that’s where I come from.” Obi-Wan shrugged. “Room of a thousand fountains now, Cody. If you will.” and stood. Done telling any more backstory. For the moment.

“Of course, sir.” Cody picked him up.

Obi-Wan glared while Perssys adopted a vapid look on her face.
Complications everywhere but in Obi-Wan's quarter's

Chapter Summary

Complications arise, and are slightly handled.

Chapter Notes

And ya'll thought it'd take twenty chapters to get these three to kiss. Lol.

Shaak Ti read the missive for the twentieth time that day; the Force was not at all happy around her. The Clone’s of the facility had no idea what was going to happen to them if she didn’t make her move. The Force flowed through all life, Life was holy. The Force bound all Sentients, plant life, animal life, together.

The Force did not have room for senseless murder.

Or War for that matter.

She wondered how much the Jedi had wronged their Force with this one. But, that would never be answered. For the Force was with them. It never forsook them.

She stood from her meditative pad in the middle of a pool of water. The pad slowly floated to the side of the pool; she stepped off and went in search of Ginway, Sister to Tinway. Shaak Ti and the Bounty Hunters who trained the Clones were not stupid. They hadn’t been born yesterday.

But she had wondered why she had been ordered back to Coruscant. Something she delayed due to the Temple being Closed by Master Yoda. The Bounty Hunters had been paid and had already left. Which only left the Clones.

The last batch, however, were about to be murdered.

Shaak Ti would not see that happen. The Force had spoken.
Forget the Code.

Sometimes, a Jedi had to do what a Jedi has to do.

~*~

“Huurr’y.” Ginway hissed to another Kaminoan who was opening the tubes which the fetus clones were growing in. They would survive outside of the tubes, if taken care of. The droids were hurrying about, trying to take all the clones to infant beds.

Not that it mattered.

The door behind her opened. She stood to her true height and turned to find Jedi Master Shaak Ti standing there.

“Ah, hello….Master Ti.” Ginway said with a bow.

“Those babies better be taken care of.” Shaak Ti said.

Ginway shook her head; “That is not an option. All Clones at this facility are to be processed.”

“Murdered.” Shaak Ti hissed. Letting her anger overtake her for a moment before releasing it into the Force. It grabbed at it, gobbled it up. Then, pushed her. The Light Side was frantic about what was going to happen, the dark side, gleeful.

Shaak Ti didn’t let Ginway speak. Her lightsaber flew threw the air and took of the Kaminoans head. The droids paid her no heed as they went about their business.

Shaak Ti walked over to a computer. She overrode the commands and put in a new order. She used the code to erase order 66 and used it to put the facility, all Cloning facilities under the direct command of the Jedi.
No more negotiating.

“Cancel processing. Clones will not be harmed.” she typed.

A few seconds later, the new order showed up in the computer command system.

“Well, that’s done….” she muttered.

~*~

“What do you mean?” Anakin asked. Shaak Ti was looking for Obi-Wan but he wasn’t answering his com so she called Anakin. Padme and Bail listened in. They were gathered in the Chancellor’s office. It had been redecorated on the fly. Now in the colors of Alderaan. White, gold and blue.

Anakin had done a Force cleansing ritual and the dark side had left the office. The Sith objects sent under guard to the Jedi temple. The only thing Yoda allowed to happen since he closed it.

“They were going to be murdered.” Shaak’s calm voice replied. She wasn’t known to show feeling. But Anakin knew she cared. “I have taken care of it, and all the clones are being de-chipped as we speak. The last batch didn’t get the chip’s.”

“Well, that’s good. At least.” Anakin sighed.

“But, I would look into Tinway, she has to be behind this. She must have codes to the computer system. Or a remote to activate the orders.”

“Obi-Wan is still paranoid about order 66.” Anakin said.

“As he should be, not all of the Clones have been de-chipped. We need to get that underway as fast as possible.”

“Of course, I’ll put the word out to all General’s.” Anakin said.
“And the sooner the Clones get their rights the better.” Shaak Ti said, then she cut the transmission.

“This is bad.” Anakin sighed. “Her facility isn’t the only one, there are twenty others.”

“Oh dear.” Padme patted his arm.

“I’ll put the senate to a moral vote. There are plenty of planets who never liked the Clones being enslaved for War.” Bail said.

“How much of a vote do you need?” Padme asked.

“If Kamino doesn’t renounce their hold on the Clones and declare them free citizens; The Senate will have too. I am look at maybe two hundred votes for their freedom and full rights as Sentients of the Republic.” Bail replied.

“That shouldn’t be too hard if we call Tinway out on these orders.” Anakin said. “Shaak Ti just sent me the records, it was sent from Coruscant and it was sent by Tinway’s personal com.”

“She could claim someone had it, that it was never in her possession at the time.” Padme said. “I think we shouldn’t tell it to her face.”

“Yes, we need more evidence that she sent it herself.” Bail agreed. “We can’t afford any weakness in the case if it goes to trial.”

“True.” Anakin didn’t like it, he’d rather go and arrest Tinway right then and there. But, Padme and Bail knew a different game. One he didn’t. So, he needed to play by their rules.

“What should we do?” Anakin asked.

“Investigate other matters.” Padme said. “Tax evasion, or something less criminal.”
“Who here pays taxes anyway?” Anakin asked. Of course the Jedi Temple always paid taxes. The Jedi weren’t paid a lot, most of the funds were mission funds and so that fell into a different type of tax rules. But sometimes they got paid a little pocket money, that they did have to account for.

“Well, everyone should.” Padme said.

“We could do an audit, but we’ll have to add other senator’s to the list so that Tinway doesn’t get suspicious.” Bail said.

“And I can’t lead it.” Padme muttered. “That’ll tip them off straight away.”

“Have the banking clan do it? They’re all about getting their money paid back.” Anakin muttered.

Padme and Bail glanced from each other to Anakin, there was pregnant pause between the three.

“Good idea,” Padme grinned. She threw her hands around Anakin’s shoulders.

“Errr, thank you?”

“We’ll make a Politician out of you yet, Anakin.”

“I think Obi-Wan will have a thing or two to say to that.” Anakin joked. Pulling his wife into his lap entirely. Forget decorum.

~*~

The New Chairman of the Intergalactic Banking Clan hadn’t thought he’d be brought in to audit any Senator. Every time they had suggested it, they were shot down. Bail Organa, however, had just commed him and asked if he wouldn’t mind conducting one.

Bertran Aliker wasn’t a dunderhead; he hadn’t gotten to the head of the Clan for nothing. The computer automatically came up with a list of who was to be audited. Naboo and Kamino were
top of the list.

Well, Bail Organa would have to handle both Harpy’s. Bertran wasn’t going to entertain anyone complaining about this. Especially since the Chancellor himself asked for it. On a side note, Alderaan was also on the list.

How interesting.

~*~

Many Jedi’s had gotten locked out of the Temple and so they took residence where they could. Anakin found one in the lobby of the Senate building. A Jedi Knight who was part of the undercover Corps. He didn’t know her name, or where she had come from and of course they had never talked. But it wasn’t hard to get confirmation from Mace for their plan to go forwards once he had explained what was going on.

Anakin walked by a sitting area, managed to drop the info-stick. He didn’t know if their spy got it, or how she’d work this. He can only hope that their plan worked. Now, there was nothing to do but wait.

~*~

“Hey, Commander!” Fives yelled from the table he, Hardcase and Echo sat at. Cody had found himself at a loss of what to do since Obi-Wan had asked to be left alone in the Fountain room. Well, Cody sent some Creche-lings along to bother him. After all, it’d been awhile since Obi-Wan had been able to play.

“Hello, there, men.” Cody brought his tray over. There were five rooms to eat in at the Temple. One near the classes for the Padawan’s, one near the Salles, and the other three scattered vicariously through the temple.

He and the other Clones took over number 5 since it was the closest to the landing platform.

“How’s the General, sir?” Echo asked.

“Fine, fine.” Cody replied. “Recovering nicely.”
“We heard about that second attempt but didn’t want to bother you.” Fives said.

“Dathomirian Death Worm.”

The men whistled in various stages of proud, shocked and impressed. “That’s our General.” Hardcase said.

“Yeah, impenetrable.” Echo agreed.

“Where is he, anyway?” Fives asked. “I thought you and Kix were on him like fleas on a bantha.”

“He’s in that Fountain room.” Cody replied. “I sicked some baby Jedi on him. So he should be having fun.” he grinned.

“Good idea.” Fives nodded.

If there was one thing about their General that they all liked, admired even, was how he just loved Children. On leave he’d always be put in the Creche. The children loved him dearly too. And always asked when he was going to take on a Padawan.

“Do you think…?” Cody put out. The others picked up on that thought. Some scientists thought Clones had ESP and could somehow read each other’s minds.

“You’ll spoil any Padawan the General picks up.” Echo laughed.

“So will you.” Fives accused with a mild snort. Playfully though.

“Another Snips to look after.” Hardcase pointed out.

“I hear Koon is picking up another one.” Echo said. “Heard Wolf talking about it.”
“I thought the baby Jedi were sent off with that splinter group, where’d you find a bunch of them?” Fives asked, the sudden realization confounded all but Cody at the table.

“They aged out, but they don’t have any Master’s. I think their Creche Master’s are keeping them just because it’ll be empty otherwise. If anyone here picks up a Padawan it’ll be from that group.” Cody explained.

“How do you even know that?”

“I read the General’s messages.” Cody shrugged.

“Sneaky” Hardcase laughed.

“Yes, but it needs to be done since he’s been injured. His ribs are fine, they don’t bother him, but now he’s tired from the Death Worm. Kix went to go get some herbal remedies.”

“At least he’s alright, I don’t care what crap you have to force feed him as long as it helps.” Echo sipped his green and blue colored drink.

“Me too.” Fives agreed.

“If you need backup, let us know. We’ll sit on him.”

“He can Force lift you, I doubt that will work.” Cody shook his head.

Eventually the subject went from their General to their utter hanging around without anything to do; the guns were cleaned until shining, as was their armor. Some new designs had shown up on their gun ships and basically they were all itching to do something.

“I know.” Cody said, “How about a sparring match, best legion wins something decidedly lame.”
“Good idea!” Echo and Fives took to that idea like a duck to water. Hardcase just rolled his eyes but let himself get roped into planning it. And if those three wanted to do all the hard work, who was Cody to insist on organizing it himself.

~*~

“I cannot believe you did that to me.” Obi-Wan groused.

Cody had him bundled up in his arms, smiling from ear to ear and generally being annoying to the Jedi within his grip. Princess carrying Obi-Wan through the temple was fun. The Padawan’s snickered as they passed and some of the Jedi Master’s gave them a thumbs up on their way by.

That made Obi-Wan blush. Cody smirked.

“I’m not sorry, they needed you anyway.” Cody replied.

“Yeah, needed to bother me about when I’ll take a Padawan again.” Obi-Wan sighed. Lying his head on Cody’s shoulder. Without the armour, it was far more comfortable.

“Did any of them feel right to you?” Cody asked. Snuggling Obi-Wan up to him. For warmth. Obviously.

“No, but they understood. I’d rather the Force direct it, and not have the Council assign one to me.” Obi-Wan said. They reached the door, Obi-Wan raised two fingers and used the Force to open it. The doors slid away easily and Cody brought him through.

“Does using the Force make you tired?” Cody asked, concerned.

“I don’t know. That was an experiment.” Obi-Wan shrugged. Cody set him down on the couch in the lounge. Fluffed up some pillow and propped Obi-Wan up.

“Holo-news?” he asked.
“That’d be great thank you.” Obi-Wan smiled. “Oh, has Anakin contacted you? I haven’t talked to him since he left the Temple.”

“How’d you know he left?” Cody asked, he went into the bedroom to collect Obi-Wan’s comlink.

“He hasn’t been by, he’s usually clingy when I am sick or injured.” Obi-Wan said, then clicked through his contacts until Anakin’s came up.

“OBI-WAN!!!” Anakin’s voice did not greet him.

“Ahsoka?”

“Yeah, hi!”

“Hello, Padawan.” Obi-Wan greeted her.

“How are you doing?” Ahsoka asked. “We can’t get back into the Temple so Padme is letting us stay with her.”

“Ah. Yes. Master Yoda hasn’t opened it quite yet. I think he’s waiting for the Chip’s to be dealt with.” Obi-Wan replied.

“That’s what Rex said.” Ahsoka replied, less excitedly.

“How are things out there? Did you see Bail?”

“Eh, Anakin and Padme are letting me stay at her place while they do stuff at the Senate. I’m glad for the break, but can you believe he sent me to Yavin 4? Well, tried, I jumped ship as soon as I could.”

“Oh?”
“Yes. And I know this is kinda mean but how in the world were you ever friends with Reeft and Muln? They were so mean about you.”

“Well, that’s not your concern. They’ll be fine.” Obi-Wan reassured her.

“Uh-huh.” Ahsoka didn’t believe a word he had said. He didn’t blame her. Much.

“Anyway, Anakin left his com-link, so maybe call up Padme if you really want to talk to him. You know those two are always making out when they think no one is paying attention.”

“I’ll call later, let them play kissy-face for a while.” he chuckled at the thougt.

“He’s heading the new Jedi Group, ya know. That’s why he isn’t even hiding it.”

“I know, and it’s fine.” Obi-Wan said.

“How about you, are you playing kissy-face with Cody and Kiiixx…?????”

“Oh, dear. Ahsoka??? Can you hear me….???”

“Sure, sure, by!” she laughed then shut down the call.

Cody snorted in amusement from Obi-Wan’s elbow. “Kissy-Face?”

Obi-Wan sent him an incredulous glare; “They’re young enough it fits.”

“Sure, sure, meanwhile I’m younger than the two of you put together.” Cody said, meaning Obi-Wan and Anakin.

Obi-Wan blinked; “I forget.”
“Well, that’s nice to know.” Cody smiled. He snuck down the couch so that Obi-Wan leant into his side, the couch cushions were complete traitors.

“You were trained well.” Obi-Wan says, lamely. Not knowing what else to say. He clears his throat and looks away. The sound on the Holo-News is on low, he can barely hear the commentators. Cody’s arm winds its way around his shoulders.

Obi-Wan then gives up; he didn’t mean to forget that he had told Cody and Kix that he wanted attachments with them. He snorts at himself.

“What’s wrong?” Cody asked.

“Forgive me, Captain.” Obi-Wan shook his head.

“Sir?”

“I told you just yesterday that I wanted a relationship with you and Kix, and here I am being standoffish.” Obi-Wan frowned at his own behavior. “You don’t deserve that. I am sorry. I will do my best to watch that from now on.” he rested his head on Cody’s shoulder. Put a hand on the other man’s thigh.

Cody blinked at Obi-Wan, before smiling. As if he’d just won the Coruscanti Power-Planet Ticket. “Thank you.” Cody said gently.

Then, the doors opened again to admit Kix. “I’m sorry I took so long. Te store was very interesting bal pirusti stocked ti bid birov plants, bal finch was bid interesting at talk too…”

Obi-Wan laughed; “I take it you had fun?”

“Indeed. I have at least three books to read while we’re on leave. Interesting though, Master Yoda did not mind giving me permission for this little excursion.” he flopped down on the other side of Obi-Wan. Noting the position his Lover’s were in upon his arrival.

“Finch will probably Head the Order when Yoda retires. If he ever does.” Obi-Wan said.
“I don’t envy him that job.” Cody brought his hand up so he could card his fingers through soft, copper hair. Kix pulled Obi-Wan’s leg’s from the floor and got him to put said legs over Kix’s lap.

“What are you two doing?” Obi-Wan asked.

“I want to look at my beloved’s, is that so wrong?” Kix asked. “I am so glad that you two are safe. Rex is taking care of the fleet and I hear everything is fine at the Senate. Besides the usual Political games.”

“Are you sure you want to just look at us?” Cody asked, jokingly. He wagged his eyebrows at Kix above Obi-Wan’s head.

“Hey now…”

“Oh. I want to do so much more than just look.” Kix smirked. “I want to tie our dear General down to the bed…..kiss every inch of his skin…..”

“Hmm.” Cody agreed.

Obi-Wan went red in the face. He cleared his throat and looked away. Kix let him. “I want to work you up to an orgasm, then….I want to stop and let you ride the want out, and work you up to it again.”

“Read my mind.” Cody nodded. The images Kix is creating was starting to get to him. He was jostled a bit as Obi-Wan jumped. Kix had put his hand on Obi-Wan’s crotch, gently working him through the Jedi issued trousers.

“What do you think, would you like that?” Kix asked, his voice sultry and low, growling the words out at Obi-Wan who had his eyes closed and was trying so hard not to move into the touch.

“I…..” Obi-Wan gulped. Opened his eyes to give the question the consideration he felt it deserved.

“If it wouldn’t be too much trouble for you…..”
Kix sighed, but he didn’t let up on his touch; Obi-Wan didn’t know the last time anyone had brought him off. Or the last time he had done it himself. Despite all the flirting he did on the battlefield it’s not like he had shacked up with anyone.

He was on the precipice in no time flat. The pleasure soaring through his veins. He Force pulsed around him. He tried not to be too loud. Grunting as fingers pinched the head of his penis through his clothing.

“Cum, my lover.” Kix said. In that commanding way he could at times when insisting upon a treatment.

Obi-Wan shuddered, but did as he was told. The whole time Cody holding him. Slightly pulling on red hair. Just watching the two. Watching Obi-Wan come undone from such a simple touch.

He was breathing hard after. The front of his pants soiled from his exertions. Kix was smiling. “Good, that felt good right?”

Obi-Wan nodded; “Yes.”

“I hope to do more, but right now you need that tea and you need to get cleaned up. Into the bath with you. I’ll make the tea while Cody helps you in the bathroom. Alright?” He gave Cody a look.

“As long as we get to join him in the water.” Cody said.

“Oh, I like the way you think.” Kix laughed.

Obi-Wan couldn’t help but giggle a little as Cody lifted him into his arms. He felt bone tired. So he didn’t mind much that Cody princess carried him into the fresher.

He got undressed while Cody ran the water and added the sweet smelling bathing oils. Cody got Obi-Wan settled. Before stripping himself.
Obi-Wan moved so that Cody could climb in behind him. He settled against his Captain’s chest, then, turned his head just enough so that he could kiss the other man on the mouth.
The Guiding Path

Chapter Summary

The Force has many Will's. Many Futures pass through it's grasp. Each better or worse - than another.
A new Player arrives. Not too late, and not at all early. Making plans for a man who is half way across the galaxy. Breaking the Code.
A man who will make or break the Guiding Path.

Chapter Notes

okay, so this development may be out of the left field. however, if you've read anything in the EU you will know this is not at all the weirdest thing to happen in sw. So I think I am keeping the tradition alive. Also, I know someone who's reading wanted to know more about the Jedi break away group. Basically, I have made all this shit up on the spot. And it's not finished. LIKE AT ALL. I have decided to make this a series. Not certain where it will genet but it will take place on two fronts. and no, Anakin has no idea what's going on. He hasn't met or heard of this *new* player. (I won't reveal much more). Anyway, thank you for reading. I super appreciate all who took their time to comment and I do hope you'll come by for the middle part of this linger story.

Mando’a translations -

very pirusti, jetiise, cuun mercy comes ti borarir - Very well, Jedi. Our Mercy comes with work.

Mayen, Ni Kelir vaabir mayen - Anything, I will do Anything.

ibac cuyir a buruk promise - That is a dangerous promise.

~*~

Cody brought a hand up, to gently cup a furred cheek. He moved so that Obi-Wan could kiss him
at a more comfortable angle. He opened his mouth slightly so that Obi-Wan tongue could gently quest inside. Cody replied back, just as tenderly. Not wanting to scare the Jedi off.

Obi-Wan broke contact, stormy eyes looked up at Cody. A cough got their attention; “Tea, then we can make out.” Kix said. He stepped forwards and handed it down to Obi-Wan who took it and sipped at it.

“It smells weird.” Obi-Wan said. It smelt like earth, freshly dug up and roses.

“Well, I did it as I was told so I don’t think I ruined it.” Kix was stripping. He did so fast then stepped into the hot water. The tub is big enough for four people. Kix sits in front of Obi-Wan and Cody. Their legs on either side of his hips. It’s not crowded. There is plenty of room to stretch out.

Obi-Wan sips at his tea while Kix takes up a foot and starts to massage it in the water. Obi-Wan feels shivers go up his leg and to his spine. His eyes closed of their own accord. He moaned into the cup.

“Feeling better?” Cody teased.

“I…..I don’t know…..”

“The tea has the added benefit of making you more perceptive to touch.” Kix explained. “The tiredness from the death worm should wear off but you have to drink this twice a day for a week.”

Obi-Wan nodded. It was sweet but with a tang. And his Body felt different from before, even his touch to the Force was different. “Where does this come from, by the way?” Cody asked.

“Some ancient planet that’s been recolonized, no one knows the name exactly. But, this tea is ancient, this is just one form. Add another herb and you’ll lose your mind in pleasure. Or something.” Kix shrugged nonchalantly.

“I feel something all right.” Obi-Wan hissed as Kix’s thumb worked one part of his foot.

“Make sure to drink it all, then we’re going to pleasure you.” Kix grinned.
Cody, being a sneak, brought his hands up from the water to gently slide against Obi-Wan’s ribs. That got Obi-Wan undulating between them.

“Oh Force!” Obi-Wan cried out, almost losing the cup. Cody caught it quick.

“Here, let me help.” Cody offered.

Obi-Wan swallowed the rest of the tea as quickly as he could. He usually savored tea, but this tea was doing thing to him. His veins felt wiggly, and his stomach felt waggly. Cody put the cup to the side on the floor next to the bathtub.

“Now,” Kix raised Obi-Wan’s foot to his mouth, giving the heel a little kiss. “What to do with our desperate General…” he teased.

“Ooooh…” Obi-Wan’s breath hitched by the soft kiss. He visibly shook in the water. Making it swell up around them and splash over the sides.

“Torment sounds just about right.” Cody said. Stroking Obi-Wan’s sides once more. He jerked this way and that. Mouth open, unable to let out anything more than a desperate keen.

“B -b-bastards….” Obi-Wan choked out. His hands grabbed the edge of the tub on either side, white-knuckling it. The cool porcelain felt good against the waves of heat the overtook him.

“What exactly does that tea do?” Cody asked.

“Well, the death worm’s excretion is causing the tiredness.” Kix explained, “at least that is what Master Finch was telling me. It needs to be expelled from the body. However, to do that you have to eat or drink a certain herb which raises the temperature of the body a little. All sensation is expanded tenfold, and the best way to deal with that is through sex.” Kix grinned as he explained it.

“Only in the wrong hands. But, I made this cup stronger. The next one’s won't be as much. But the first dose has to be at least double.”

Obi-Wan - this entire time lovers were speaking - is wiggling in his spot. Kix hasn’t stopped caressing his foot, he’ll switch feet every so often, run a hand up his leg. Cody’s fingers gently tickle his sides, questing to a nipple every once in awhile. To add the icing to the cake, Obi-Wan is hard. His dick weeps pre-cum into the hot water. His balls feel fuller than usual whenever he gets excited. The urge is building with each touch Cody and Kix gift him with; Obi-Wan would move a mountain if only they’d continue.

“Are you alright? We can stop. But it won’t be an easy night if we do.” Kix said.

“You….” Obi-Wan groans, a hand has slipped closer to his need and gently gripped him, slowly pumping him. He can’t even identify who it is that has captured his cock. “Better finish…..what….you have….started….,” he gritted his teeth but the moan escaped his throat anyway.

“very pirusti, jetiise, cuun mercy comes ti borarir.” Cody whispered, in their native tongue.

Obi-Wan answered them. Gathering himself so as not to stumble on the words; “Mayen, Ni Kelir vaabir mayen….” he begged. He felt tears fall from his eyes, the hand is yet working him. He’s waiting for an order. He knows he won’t cum until they deem him satisfactorily ready.

And he loves it.

“ibac cuyir a buruk promise..” Kix is smirking playfully. Then, pulls his hand away. Obi-Wan only now realizes because Cody’s fingers are busy pulling on nipple. Makings them pucker and stand at attention.

Obi-Wan’s eyes closed of their own accord as pleasure coursed through his veins. The Force around them seemed to shimmer when he was able to see again. A soft golden light surrounded them. Obi-Wan gasped upon laying his gaze on it.

“Whoa…” Cody muttered forgetting what he had been doing.

“I don’t know…”
“It’s me.” Obi-Wan sighed. The pleasure and peace of the Force intertwined into something more. Something all Jedi sought but had never found. Obi-Wan groaned and leant back against Cody.

“Are you alright?”

“I….I want you inside me, Kix…” Obi-Wan said. “The Force won’t hurt you. I don’t know what’s giving it such power to be seen like this, but I…..we, are safe.” Obi-Wan explained as best he could.

“If you are sure. Our love.” Kix said.

“I am.” Obi-Wan nodded.

~*~

Zeaffi did her best not to fidget as she waited for the Jedi Transport to land in the Temple’s main hall. The walls and roof had been destroyed by some ancient battle. The rubble and remaining structure hold court to creeping vines of thorny, dooryard briar. The bright white flowers giving off a tantalizing smell. All the better to feed off insects seduced to crawl within it’s petals. All are warned to stay away from it, the younger children watched carefully when within range of the deadly flowers.

She heard a shift of air and then the engine of the transport. She had never met the Jedi before. She had only heard of Master Reeft. A tall male of a species she had never heard the name of; Mistress Ullia had much respect for him.

All of her Acolytes knew the story; how the Jedi Council had sent him to kill her. How she had taken the Force from him, how she had enlightened him. The Enlightened Path are only for those who follow the Mistress of the Custodians. Who had at one time been part of the Jedi Order. Who had fallen into darkness for a thousand years and now, are going to be lead out.

By a Jedi Master.

Zeaffi felt a pang of covetousness in her heart; she had worked so hard to be accepted as a Neophyte. She was older than the others in her learner class. And while Mistress knew when her followers were ready to take a New Step of the Path - she always said not to rush - it was hard for some to not judge others for where their stage of the path held them. Some sentients never got past
She didn’t want to be regulated to an initiate all of her life. She would much rather throw herself from a cliff than live with that shame held over her head by those who moved further to please their Mistress and their ancient teachings.

By now, the Jedi transport had landed. She saw Master Reeft, and a human male, depart first. She rushed to meet them. Her long, obsidian braid of hair flopped about her back.

“Master’s.” she bowed. “Welcome, Mistress Ullia is waiting.”

“Please lead the way Initiate.” Master Reeft said. Not bothering with her given name. She was several steps Below him on the Path. He was not expected to use it. She straightened and turned leading them deeper into Exar Kun’s ancient Temple.

~*~

Mistress Ullia’s wings glisten in the golden sunlight. She was out on one of the balcony gardens. Taking in the later afternoon winds. Her long snout sniffed the air, she hummed as she went over every smell that came her way.

“Rain.” she said, her throat made her words growl though she was not angry. That is just how her lizard species spoke. Her scales are blaster proof, and in the sunlight they glisten from green to red to blue to black. Her long tail is curled about her large taloned feet. And he wings flutter with each gust of wind.

“Mistress,” the initiate bowed. Ullia nodded as her guests were shown to some floor pillows.

“Please bring some refreshment, initiate.” Ullia said gently. The girl bowed and like a shadow moved back into the temple.

“I am so glad you arrived on time.” Ullia turned to her guests, Reeft nodded a greeting to her, Garren copied the movement though this was his first time meeting her.

“Thank you for having us.” Garren returned.
“Where is the other Master?” Ullia asked.

“The Creche Masters should be shown where their new quarters are along with the youngling clans.” Reeft replied.

“I mean, Kenobi. The Guiding Light.” Ullia replied. Her sharp teeth glinted at them. Garren deadpanned at her then turned to his friend.

“Have you neglected to tell me something important?”

“Kenobi is under house arrest at the moment, he wouldn’t have come even if he wanted too. The Council would not have allowed it. In fact, the Temple is now closed. No one in or out unless Master Yoda says otherwise.” Reeft explained in a terse tone.

Ullia contemplated his words within the Force; folding her hands she replied; “What you say is true, and yet the vision from the Force is also true. Fire and terror I see in the future for the Jedi Temple.”

“What are we supposed to do?” Garren asked.

“Is the Sith dead?” Ullia asked.

“You know he isn’t.” Reeft snorted.

“Until Sidious is killed, the Republic is still at risk, as is the Guiding Path.”

“Is that what you’re calling it?” Garren asked.

“Can you think of a better name?” Ullia laughed. “Ah, but…..I need you to go and get him. The Oracle.”

“Who?”
“Kenobi.” she replied. A long, snake like tongue uncurled from her mouth, budging at dark black gums. Saliva dripped from her fangs that suddenly grew longer.

The two former Jedi watched closely. She did not give off any vibes and wanting to hurt them. “Excuse me, this is the aftermath of a Force Vision.” she said. The rattling of fine corellian china interrupted them as the initiate came back with the ordered tea.

Once served and left alone, the three continued to discuss their plans. It was early evening before Ullia allowed her Neophytes to leave for their own beds.

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Garren paced his room. It is simple. But so was everything in the Jedi Order. A simple cot, blankets, and no window. Deep in the bowels of the Temple where the darkness lurked. Yet those who walked the Path were not afraid. They welcomed it, yet controlled it. Something that Jedi had never done, were forbidden to do.

A knock on his door, then Zeaffi pushed the door open.

“Yes, Initiate?” Garren asked.

“I was given a message from the Mistress, she has had a vision. She want us to leave right away for the Temple. She has given me instructions on how to retrieve the Path’s Oracle.”

Garren deadpanned. Yet, accustomed to orders as he was, where he was told to go and what he was told to do. He did.

“And you’re coming because why?” he asked.

“It is a test, to see if I too may become a Neophyte.”

Garren took a deep breath. Opened himself to the Force, to let the stress go. Then he nodded. “Let us go.”
Ullia held a vial full of her venom. The once clear substance had turned bright pink once combined with the essence of dooryard briar. Ancient teachings told of many ways to use this elixir of sight. Yet, the Oracle had to be strong in the Force. Strong in the unifying Force.

Not everyone was gifted in such; most had dabblings, if the Force willed it. Most were attuned to the living Force. Those who were of the unifying Force had a hard time connecting with the Living side of it. They were cast away, the Guiding Path had broken off from such foolishness. Her Master, and his Mistress had seen how dangerous it was to make those talented in one side suppress it.

Their talents will make itself known, the Force does not like to be pushed into a box. Into a mold.

That is what the Jedi sought to do. Foolish is their Grand master Yoda. Who has seen a lot over his years, who stopped at a single place on his path and never moved forwards. He didn’t learn more after he had gained his title of Master of the Order.

And the rest, the Council…..they were his puppets. Doing whatever he wished. Oh she had seen it. She has seen more than Yoda. The Force has given her strong visions. And she has learnt to control them. She see’s the exact future.

And now, she must train the Oracle. Without him. The Path will wither and die. She will lose all who follow her. Even the New Jedi who had yet to taste the Force through her teachings.

The Jedi were powerful, but they allowed themselves to get pulled into galactic affairs. To police the galaxy. They will fall. One way or another. But, saving as many as she could. That was her mission. That is the Force’s Will.