Lack of Answers (Original)

by LaceFedora

Summary

Injured sometime after the rise of the empire; Obi-Wan encounters someone he never expected to see again at Lothal Temple.

Notes

Born out of seeing these pictures of Liam Neeson (http://lacefedora.tumblr.com/post/133617220186/negotiationofmeaning-hollowtowers-the-young) and deciding that this fandom needed more young! Qui-Gon Jinn.

Many Many liberties are taken with Lothal temple in this fic. It was just the most likely place I could think of where weird Force shit might go down besides Mortis.

UPDATE: THERE'S A PODFIC NOW CAN YOU BELIEVE. Thank you so much the_dragongirl (http://archiveofourown.org/works/5686450)

Obi-Wan groans as consciousness slowly returns to him. He reaches back, touching the wound on his back and side, hissing a bit at the motion. A few of his ribs were cracked, and in his effort to stem any internal bleeds with the force, he had neglected a puncture from a large piece of
shrapnel. He'd passed out from blood loss and pain before he could pull himself into a healing trance. His energy reserves are almost completely depleted anyway. The Lothal temple takes a great deal of energy to open. He sighs and falls back on the bed, eyes closing again. He can't die here. He has to get back to Tatooine. He has to see that Luke makes it to adulthood. He's already had to leave him unprotected for far too long, but he hadn't been able to resist this chance to help. Just this once more. It has to be the last time. He can't afford it.

There's a quiet clatter distantly in the temple and Obi-Wan's eyes snap open. He layers as much of the force as he can muster over the wound to keep it closed, he can't reach it to patch it up properly, and slides out of the bed. No one should be here. This temple had been completely abandoned. Hell, it had barely been occupied before the Empire, very few Jedi could even enter the Lothal temple by themselves. It took two force users to open it, or one very determined Master. Obi-Wan pushes pain aside and searches for the source of the noise.

Finally, he reaches the Salle and finds the most unexpected thing there. It is a Jedi. Training. And Training well, moving his way through the Fourth form, Ataru. His master's preferred form. The familiarity of it makes Obi-Wan's breath catch, unfortunately that pulls at his wound. He hisses in pain. The man turns around toward him immediately at the sound, saber at the ready. He deactivates the green blade after he sees him though and then an all too familiar voice rings out across the area.

“I apologize, I didn't realize there was anyone else in the temple.” The man says and Obi-Wan just stares at him, speechless. He is young, perhaps thirty at the oldest. His hair is shorter and darker than Obi-Wan has ever seen it, curling lightly at the ends; where Obi-Wan could only remember it shoulder length, straight and bronze, then graying. No matter the changes though, it is undeniably Qui-Gon Jinn. Beautiful and whole and breathing, standing not ten feet from him.

“Master?” Obi-Wan gasps and his legs choose that moment to give out underneath him. He's not sure if it's the mental or physical shock that causes it. The last thing he feels, before his consciousness slips away again, are strong arms lifting him off the cold floor with impossible gentleness.

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Obi-Wan comes to when he feels his tunic being peeled back off of his wound. One hand flies to his lightsaber and the other latches onto the wrist of the hand on him.

“Shh... it's all right. You're safe. I promise.” Qui-Gon says and Obi-Wan relaxes in spite of himself. His instincts taking over through years of training as Qui-Gon's padawan, telling him to obey that gentle voice without question. He lets go of the man's wrist and allows him to cut away his bloodied tunic, his hand sliding to the med bed.
“I take it you've lost quite a bit of blood.” Qui-Gon says as he rests one broad hand on Obi-Wan's chest. He doesn't apply any pressure, which Obi-wan's sore ribs are grateful for. It's just there for balance while he takes a closer look at the wound. The heat he can feel coming from him makes Obi-Wan realize just how cold he is. “I am Knight Qui-Gon Jinn by the way. Not a Master at all. Not yet anyway.” The man says with Qui-Gon's small smile. A smile Obi-Wan has been missing for so very long.

“I'm...” Obi-wan struggles a moment. This Qui-Gon is too young. He hasn't met young Obi-Wan yet. He would bet he hasn't even taken on Feemor as an apprentice, if he is even real to begin with. “Master Ben … Lars.” He says and laughs faintly, at using the hodge-podged name. “I don't... I don't make it to the Coruscant temple much any more.” he manages, hissing as gentle fingers, clean away his blood with a cloth. Obi-wan really has no idea why he is sitting here hallucinating about his dead master, decades younger than he is in Obi-wan's memory. But Qui-Gon's hands are warm and comforting, in a way Obi-Wan had been certain nothing would ever be again. The man is gently pushing force healing into him and Obi-Wan is so afraid that the moment will break and he'll be alone again bleeding in an empty temple that echoes with death and memory.

“A pleasure to meet you Master Lars.” Qui-Gon says and looks down at him for their eyes to meet. “I'll have to stitch this up.” He says.

Obi-Wan nods a bit. “All right.... after you do there are two patches on my belt. Bacta patches, put them over the stitches. I couldn't reach it myself.” Qui-Gon nods. In deference, Obi-wan realizes slowly. From Qui-Gon's perspective Obi-Wan is the older master. He swallows and looks up at the ceiling. His mind reeling a little at that. “And please call me Ben, we should be on a first name basis, I think, after you scraped me off the floor and took my clothes off.” He says, trying to lighten the mood. It is an old game, trying to get Qui-Gon to smile. Though Padawan Kenobi would never have been so bold as to imply he was in a sexual situation with his master. Not to say he's never thought about it. In fact, he'd thought about it far more after his master's death; thought about how much Qui-Gon had meant to him. How much he'd loved him.

He's rewarded with more than a smile, but also a laugh. “Well, Ben. It's not so bad. I think you will live. My force Healing isn't it's best, but the two of us together should have you on your feet undressing for whomever you like soon.” He says and then actually smirks at Ben. Obi-Wan flushes under his beard at that, though thankfully he's lost enough on blood that it probably doesn't show much. He sighs in bliss when Qui-Gon uses his momentary distraction to apply a local anesthetic to numb his wounds before he starts the stitches.

“Oh thank you.” He breathes, eyes slipping closed. He honestly hadn't even thought of numbing the area, he's stitched himself up so many times during the war. What he has isn't the worst wound he's ever received but that didn't mean it didn't hurt like a bitch. The debris he'd been hit with had punctured right through the muscle. It had probably very narrowly missed anything vital. His ribs are mostly healed from his earlier work and he seems to have used up the last of his energy patching the internal bleeds. He soon feels one of Qui-Gon's hand on his stomach, holding him steady while he efficiently stitches it closed on one side. He finds the Bacta patches on Obi-Wan's
belt and puts one on the front. Obi-Wan's eyes open when he feels Qui-Gon's hand slide over his bare side.

“You need to turn over so I can stitch up the back.” Qui-Gon says. Ben nods and turns, pushes himself over onto his stomach, trying not to shiver when Qui-Gon steadies him with his hands. He must really be out of it if he's lacking this much control over himself. Touch has never felt quite so good. He isn't used to this much of Qui-Gon's soothing touch. Often times during their missions it had been the other way around, Qui-Gon was always needing patching up, always ready to take the hit for his padawan, or any other life form they'd picked up along the way. He lets the touch sooth him though and between one breath and the next he falls asleep.

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Qui-Gon can't help feeling a bit grateful when Ben passes out again. The man is clearly used to pain; but it is a relief that he is resting. Qui-Gon would need to shore up his energy a few hours then try to help Ben finish closing the wound. This man must live with pain everyday, the living force around him seems wounded as well as his body. Quite unconsciously Qui-Gon reaches out and smoothes his hand over Ben's hair, trying to provide some comfort, wanting to help. His hair is a faint auburn color, bleached blond by long periods in harsh sunlight and beginning to go white at the temples. He seems a bit young for that, but life as a Jedi is stressful one and that often takes it's toll. The way Ben had spoken to him; Qui-Gon had found himself echoing the easy familiarity of it. It felt like talking to an old friend.

He glances down at the scars littering the man. He'd certainly seen War, though what war this Jedi could have been involved on to such an extent Qui-Gon wasn't sure. He makes himself draw his hands away and shakes his head. He should leave the man to rest. He injects him with a painkiller before he pulls further back. Perhaps he can find them some food.

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He returns a few hours later with a plate of food for them and Ben is sitting up in bed. He's not quite prepared for the immense relief that pours off the man as soon as he sees him. Qui-Gon pauses, blinking at him. He feels relief shift to embarrassment and perhaps a bit of sadness and longing. He doesn't get to read much more before Ben starts shielding again.

“For a few moments; I had thought I dreamed you up.” Ben confesses to him with a wry smile when he sees that Qui-Gon has caught his feelings. Qui-Gon feels his own expression soften as he comes over to him, setting the tray at the end of the bed. “Thank you for patching me up. I'm sorry I keep fainting on you.” Qui-gon smiles back at the man.

“That's all right. I get the feeling you need the rest. I assure you that I am real. Though, we seem to be the only ones here at Lothal Temple.” Qui-Gon says lightly. “I brought food if you think you can stomach it.” Ben immediately moves to uncover the tray.
“Lovely.” He sighs and looks back at Qui-Gon. Qui finds himself moving to touch the man again, placing a hand on his shoulder. He can’t seem to stop himself, something keeps drawing him toward him. Ben picks something off the tray. “Thank you Qui-Gon.” Ben says and turns a bright smile on him that seems to nearly light up the force around him. The man really was gorgeous. Qui-Gon blinks at himself a bit, swallowing.

“You're very Welcome, Ben. So we really are on first name terms then?” He asks him smiling back at him and leaning in to snag something for himself off the plate.

“I think so, unless you'd rather I call you 'Knight Jinn'; After all, there's no one here to call us out on proper decorum. And you have a very nice name. I like to say it.” Ben says with a different smile, this one warm with affection. Then he lifts a hand to his head and frowns, seeming surprised that the last bit had come out of his mouth. “You gave me something for the pain?” He asks him and Qui-Gon nods.

“I'm afraid so Ben.” He says and smirks a bit. “You might be a little loopy, but you're not in agony any more. I will forgive you if you are a bit more honest than you normally would be. It won't be too long before it wears off, but I was planning another Force healing boost. That with your Bacta patches should have you feeling better.” Qui-Gon assures him and squeezes his shoulder gently. He's a bit delighted to see the master blushing from his small slip of the tongue.

“Yes well... I hope I'm not too honest.” He says and clears his throat. Qui-Gon draws his hand back, still smiling.

“Why not? I though you were in favor of letting go of proper decorum.” Qui-Gon smiles at him as the man’s flush darkens. Flusterling the man is becoming intoxicating. It made the Living force flowing around him ease as the man forgets his troubles. It was rare for Qui-Gon to feel so much about a person he doesn't know. It takes a long time for him to trust himself with people, a habit he'd learned from his master. But there was an immediate connection with Ben. It was a feeling like he had with Tahl, a comfortable connection that they'd built since they were friends as children. He's never felt it with a stranger.

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Somehow, Obi-Wan had never realized that his master might have been a flirt in his younger years. Though he's never much considered that his master flirted much at all. It's strange, as many times as he's wished he'd realized his feelings early enough to confess them to Qui-Gon while he was alive; He'd never considered how it might have been if Qui-Gon had returned any of those feelings. He's never thought his Master might flirt with him. Though, this wasn't his Master flirting with him. This was a young knight flirting with an injured older master. Qui-Gon always had been a rebel. Obi-Wan's smile turns wistful and he looks Qui-Gon over. With his head a bit foggy from the painkiller, this scenario was seeming more and more unreal. Has his mind conjured this up? Or
is it something more? Qui-Gon's touch has been real and tangible; His hands, just as warm and callused as Obi-Wan remembers. Though he often forgot the lesson, Obi-wan had been taught not to question it too much when the Force gave you a gift.

“May I ask how old you are Ma- Qui-Gon?” Obi-Wan asks him, shaking himself a bit, trying to get his head to clear it. He'd almost called him master.

“I'm twenty five standard.” Qui-Gon tells him and laughs a bit when Obi-Wan stares at him.

“Twenty Five?” Obi-Wan repeats and blinks at him. This was the year Qui-Gon met Xanatos as a boy on Telos VI. “I was still a Padawan at twenty-five.” He says to cover his being lost in calculations. “You haven't been a knight all that long then.”

“A few years now... I became a Padawan when I was ten.” Qui-gon tells him. “But fair is fair. How old are you Master Lars?”

Obi-Wan he looks him over and smiles a bit. “Forty, I'm afraid.” He tells him.

“Forty.” the other man says and gives Obi-Wan a look that he can't quite read, but still makes his heart rate pick up.

Qui-Gon comes closer to him when they both finish eating and Obi-wan tries to keep his breath from catching when the man touches him again, laying his hands above and below the wound through Obi-Wan's back and side. Obi-wan feels the shift in the Force when Qui-Gon begins to gently push force healing into him. Obi-wan can't actually feel the force accelerating his healing with the pain killer in effect, But he does feel himself strengthening. Qui-Gon had always denied he had much gift for force healing but Obi-Wan had always felt that had more to do with his master trying to avoid being recruited by the Healers at the temple. His master had patched himself up so many times on missions.

He isn't completely healed but he'd be able to manage the rest on his own. Qui-Gon smiles and starts to draw back. Obi-wan suddenly finds himself loathe to lose the contact. He puts his hand on Qui-Gon's arm before he can move further away.

“Thank you again Qui-Gon.” He says to him. “I expended far too much energy just getting the door to the temple open. Whoever built the Lothal temple didn't make it very user friendly.” He laughs then blinks when Qui-Gon frowns thoughtfully.
“The doors opened for me as I approached.” He says and tilts his head. “I was curious if I would even be able to get inside. I had heard you needed two force users.” Qui-Gon smiles at him. “The Force must have let me in to help you. It seems we were meant to cross paths.” Qui-Gon’s hand slides over Obi-Wan’s arm until their palms settle together.

“It seems that we were.” Obi-Wan says softly. Qui-Gon is giving him that look again, his heart races accordingly. He makes a quiet, broken noise when Qui-Gon leans in and kisses him once. It’s brief and entirely chaste but it still makes Obi-Wan catch at the blankets. “You barely even know me.” Obi-wan says, his voice strangled as Qui-Gon pulls back.

“And yet you seem to know me quite well... The way you look at me. You look at me like you know me. I get the feeling that you do.” Qui-Gon shakes his head. Obi-Wan gives another pained noise and brings his hands up, burying them in thick hair and tugging Qui-Gon into another kiss. This one is far less innocent as they both open up their mouths to taste each other. His breath catches and he tries to get closer. Qui-Gon accommodates him by moving up onto the bed with him. Obi-Wan pulls back, breathless. He touches Qui-Gon’s face reverently, looking him over.

“See? That look.” Qui-Gon says and reaches out, touching Obi-Wan’s sides, careful not to stray near the wound. “No one has ever looked at me that way before. Like you’ve been missing me.”

“I have been.” Obi-wan says quietly and surges forward, pressing Qui-Gon back against the medical bed and leaning over him for another kiss. He misses but just continues, letting Qui-Gon take his weight as he drags his mouth along the stubble on Qui-Gon's jaw, not quite the beard he remembers yet. Qui-Gon smells just the same though and the sense memory has Obi-Wan burying his face against his neck, sighing. He feels Qui-Gon's hand slide through his hair and down his bare back. He feels a tendril of the force push gently at his shields, asking permission. It's been so many years since he last let someone in. Not since Anakin.

For a moment he can't breathe at the thought of touching Qui-Gon's mind again. It's a moment too long; he feels Qui-Gon draw back, face apologetic. Obi-wan shakes his head and moves up, kissing him again and begins lowering his shields enough that they'll be able to sense each other. Qui-Gon isn't quite the same. He was strength and comfort and affection. This Qui-Gon is all passion and pleasure and an underlying want to protect. It's wonderful in its own measure and it makes Obi-wan shudder against him.

He feels a bit wicked as he starts to feel that Qui-Gon very much likes this position, With Obi-Wan's smaller frame draped over Qui-Gon's broad one. Qui seems to also very much like the rasp of his beard as he kisses his way down the long column of his throat, nipping at his adam's apple along the way. The bite has the younger man arching against him, lifting them both up off the
medical bed. Obi-Wan swallows. He is very strong. He pretends his hands aren't trembling just a bit as he slips one hand inside the V of Qui-Gon's tunic, feeling warm, dry skin and chest hair beneath.

Qui-Gon sighs and moves his hands down to undo his belt, helping Obi-Wan open up his robes. Obi-wan spreads his palms out over that broad chest, chasing his hands with his mouth, trailing kisses and fire along his skin. “Qui.” He breathes against his skin, humming when the man grabs onto his hair just a little too tightly. The pull of it grounds Obi-Wan and he takes a moment to breathe out against him.

“Is this too much?” Qui-Gon asks him, cradling Obi-Wan's skull him his hand and tilting his face toward him. Qui-Gon's face is open and concerned for him.

Obi-Wan gives him a smile. “Absolutely.” He tells him, “But I need this, if you do as well.” He says and idly slides his hands over Qui-Gon's skin. It has been a very long time since he touched anyone, even longer since he's let someone touch him. Qui-Gon reaches up, gently pressing two fingers to the mole on Obi-Wan's left cheek. The gesture so like his master that Obi-Wan finds himself suddenly fighting tears. Qui-Gon smiles at him and nods, bending down to kiss him again.

“I need this too.” The man assures him. Obi-Wan is fairly sure that's not entirely the truth but he finds he doesn't have the strength of will to argue. He swallows the lump in his throat. He can feel Qui-Gon's want anyway and that is the important thing here. This wasn't quite the man he had loved, but it was a piece of him. A gift to treasure when he returns to his self-imposed solitude.

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Qui-Gon can barely concentrate on anything else now that Ben has lowered part of his shields. He's had lovers in the past now and again. Attachment is forbidden, but sex and affection certainly aren't. He's had many partners, usually friends and fellow Jedi.

This wasn't like those encounters.

Ben loves him. Inexplicably, impossibly; Ben loves him. There really isn't any hiding it. Actually Qui-Gon isn't sure Ben even noticed how much it showed in every kiss and gesture. Qui-Gon has no idea why, but there is no denying it, it's pouring off the man in waves that threaten to drown. It is intoxicating in a way he has never known.

His whole body goes taut as Ben bites down gently on his nipple. The sharp pain of it combines with the surprisingly soft feeling of Ben's beard on his chest, melting together into pleasure. He feels himself scrambling and gripping Ben's hair again. Ben just hums and presses flush against
him, rocking his hips a bit. There isn't a whole lot of room for two people on one medical bed, but somehow the Jedi master on top of him is making it work. Qui-Gon groans as Ben's mouth makes it's way across his chest, then down the flat plane of his stomach. Qui-Gon looks down at him, gasping when he sees pale blue-green eyes look up to meet his. Ben places a very deliberate kiss below his navel and reaches to pull down Qui-Gon's leggings. Qui-Gon nods his assent, unable to tear his eyes away. He can feels Ben's pleasure at that then feels the man nuzzle at the dark trail of hair that disappears into his underwear. His cock twitches hard at the sensation and he's far too pleased to hear Ben chuckling against his skin. Qui-gon lets his head fall back and he grins at the ceiling.

“You are... so beautiful.” Ben sighs then nuzzles his cock through his underwear. He hums and licks the fabric. Qui-gon can barely stop his hips from bucking and throwing Ben off the bed on accident. Ben just seems to take this as encouragement. He drags Qui-Gon's leggings and underwear the rest of the way down his hips then groans as he licks away pre-come and takes him into his mouth. Hot slickness and the slight rasp of beard on the underside of his cock makes him jolt. He makes a noise he doesn't quite recognize and feels Ben hum in pleasure.

“Sith-Fuck!” Qui-Gon chokes out, arching up off the bed when Ben seals his lips around him and sucks. “Please.” He says, having no idea what he's asking for. He's not at all ashamed that he whimpers when Ben pulls off him. The man is amazingly good with his tongue.

“I'd like you to fuck me actually.” Ben tells him, his refined voice saying 'fuck', faintly roughed from what he'd just been doing, makes Qui-Gon shudder. He focuses on the older man, whose sitting up on his knees now and smiling down at him with warmth and affection. That feeling of love nearly overwhelms him again. “I'd love to ride you but I don't think my stitches will allow.” He continues and Qui-Gon groans, throwing his arm over his eyes.

“If you keep saying things like that I won't make it far.” He tells him, lifting his arm to give a mock-glare. Ben smirks and grabs his cock firmly, making Qui-Gon cry out and curl up toward him.

“You're still a young man. I'm sure I could convince you to rise to the occasion a second time.” He says and Qui-Gon groans both at the idea and at the pun. He surges forward and pulls him into a hard kiss. He curls his arms around Ben's waist and switches their positions, laying him back against the bed. He presses kisses across his shoulder and the various scars he finds there.

“I have no doubt you could.” Qui-Gon assures him. “You're not like any lover I've ever had.” He presses a kiss to the man's sternum, right beside a long scar. “But why don't we try it this way first.” He makes himself move away, quickly locating some medical grade lube. When he turns back to looks at Ben the man has removed the rest of this clothing and is sitting on the end of the bed. Qui-Gon stares at him and swallows. He is the one that is beautiful, honestly.
“Come on.” Ben says and smiles at him, that heart-stopping, rather boyish, smile. He reaches out his hand for Qui-Gon. When Qui-Gon steps forward to take it, Ben pulls him close to stand between his spread legs. He takes both Qui-Gon's hands in his and brings them down to his thighs. Qui-Gon presses his thumb over a circular scar there then leans down, kissing him again, licking his way into his mouth. He opens up the lube, coating his fingers. Ben must decide he's taking too long when he grasps Qui-Gon's wrist and pulls it down to where he wants it. He laughs against Ben's mouth and presses his fingers into him. Two at first. He winces when Ben's breath hitches.

“Sorry.” He says and kisses across his face, urging him to lean back gently.

“No, no, it didn't hurt... I just... gods your fingers are long.” Ben pants and squirms, rocking back against Qui's fingers. Qui-Gon finds himself flushing at that and leans over him to kiss his throat.

“I'm so glad you approve.” He chuckles softly. He scissors his fingers opening the man up and seeking out that certain bundle of nerves, eager to see more of Ben's reactions. He wants to take his time but he finds he's far too eager to be inside him, to feel him. He adds another finger and Ben moans, moving and trying to impale himself further onto those fingers. Qui-Gon licks his lips. “I thought you wanted to spare your stitches.” He says smiling and reaching out with the force to pin him in place. Ben gasps and those pale ever-changing eyes snap to his own.

“I don't think the council would approve of that use of the Force.” He says and smiles back at him, Qui-Gon feels a bit like he's in on a joke from the look on his face. “Now that's enough prep.” He says firmly and breaks the force hold grabbing Qui-Gon's hair, pulling him in close. “Fuck me please.” He says against his mouth and kisses him. Qui-Gon groans into his mouth and slicks himself with the excess lube on his fingers. He lines himself up and starts to press into against his entrance. He moans when Ben pulls at his hair, gasping. The feels of it spurs Qui-Gon on and he thrusts the rest of the way in, far faster than he'd intended to. Ben lets out a little broken noise that has Qui-Gon biting the inside of his cheek and trying to remember his Creche lessons in order to keep control of himself and not come. He does his best to hold still until he feels Ben's legs wrap around his waist and his hand touch his cheek.

“I'm fine. Deep breaths, Qui-Gon.” Ben says, his voice teasing with the underlying rasp of lust. He arches up against him and Qui-Gon hastily moves his hands to his hips trying to still him and steady him. “Oh but please move.” Ben demands, writhing under his hands. Qui-Gon gives him a stern look and stills him again with the force. Ben pays him back by returning the sensation, making Qui-Gon feel invisible hands all over him.

“F-fuck” He stutters and pulls back and thrusts in again, starting a pace that's eager and fast, unable to hold back any longer. He feels Ben's satisfaction at having broken his control and the force projected hands retreat. He holds onto him tightly while Qui-Gon changes his angle, trying not to get lost in his own wants. It's a bit difficult when Ben seems to delight in his every response.
He knows when he's found the right angle because Ben lets out a curse in some harsh language that Qui-Gon isn't familiar with. It figures, he seems like a man who would have a gift for languages. Not that Qui-gon had any wish to focus on that now with Ben squeezing him inside and out. Qui-gon fumbles for the force and uses it to curl pressure around Ben's cock as he presses harder against prostate with each thrust. That earns him another curse and a messy desperate kiss. Qui-Gon can feel the telltale sighs of his own orgasm approaching all too quickly. He tries to warn Ben by sharing the sensation very deliberately with him. Ben gasps and pulls his hair, sent right over the edge by the shared sensation. Qui feels hot liquid splash between them and Ben tightening around him, dragging him right over the edge with him. He moans loudly then muffles himself with Ben's shoulder, leaving a bite mark in his wake.

He just barely catches himself from slumping forward onto the man under him, catching himself on his arms. Ben looks up at him and smiles muzzily, before scooting to one side and patting the med bed beside him. Qui-Gon can't move for a moment though because the man looks almost incandescent in the afterglow, the living force around him thrumming with his pleasure. He bends and kisses him again before settling beside him. He's far too broad to lay beside him on the narrow bed and he grunts faintly before turning on his side. Ben laughs at him as he wiggles then leans forward and rests his head on Qui-Gon's outstretched arm.

Ben rests his hand on Qui-Gon's chest and the two of them sit in silence for a long moment.

“Thank you.” Ben says, then Qui-Gon is shocked to feel the layer of force suggestion pulling him under to sleep; With his shields still lowered from their joining it takes hold immediately.

By the time he wakes up, Ben Lars and all traces of him are absent from Lothal temple. If it weren't for the aches in, and marks on, his body Qui-Gon would be concerned it had all be some sort of elaborate force vision, too real to be a dream.

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When Obi-Wan reaches Tatooine once again he spends hours just sitting on the ridge above the Lars homestead, watching Beru and Owen go about their day, with occasional glimpses of Luke's blond hair when the baby gets too close to a doorway. All during the day his fingers press to the fading, but very real, bite mark Qui-Gon had left on his shoulder.

The next day in meditation he hears his master's voice clearly for the first time since arriving in this barren wasteland and his training begins again.

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Epilogue:

When Qui-Gon returns to Coruscant Temple he searches every database he can think of to find mention of a Ben Lars in the Jedi order. His results turn up nothing, save for the information that many strange things have been reported happening at Lothal temple.

When he first sees Obi-Wan Kenobi the boy is twelve and a fierce and angry fighter. He denies the connection between them again and again.

After Obi-Wan becomes his Padawan he does notice something oddly familiar about the boys smile.

It isn’t until Obi-Wan is twenty one and they’ve been on a particularly long mission, that he finally makes the connection. It had put them on the run for almost two weeks and there was hardly time to stop to do things like shave. Once they’re safe once more in their quarters on the planet Obi-Wan comes out of the fresher, clean but not yet clean-shaven. Qui-Gon freezes and, much to his horror, he finds himself blushing at a thirty-one year old memory.

“Master?” Obi-Wan asks, blinking and drying off his padawan braid, confused as to what has caused Qui-Gon’s sudden distress. Qui-Gon blinks back to himself then shakes his head.

“It’s nothing Padawan.” He tells him and comes over, briefly touching the mole on Obi-Wan’s face. “But you should find your shaving kit, you’re starting to look like me.” He tells him and Obi-Wan laughs, flashing him his boyish grin.

“Yes Master.” He says and Qui-Gon walks past him to take his own turn in the fresher.

He leans against the door and tries to comprehend what he’s just realized. Apparently Ben Lars really had known him well enough to love him. That led him to wonder about his Padawan’s own feelings. Qui-Gon shakes himself, resolving not to dwell on it. After all... it has been thirty-one years. And it would still be another nineteen for Obi-Wan. He fights another blush and steps into the fresher. By the time he gets out Obi-Wan has shaved and that makes it easier to forget.

END
Works inspired by this one: Lack of Answers [Podfic] by the_dragongirl, Lack of Answers (Redux) by LaceFedora

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