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# A Piece of You

by WritingWhileIWander

**Summary**

Even though Padme loved Anakin, there was just something about Jedi Knight Obi-Wan Kenobi.

**Notes**

Disclaimers: None of the characters (or anything recognizable in the SW universe) are mine. Just the annoying little neighbor girl who likes playing in the sandbox. Not beta-ed, all SPaG errors are mine.

A/N: I don't actively ship Padme/Obi-Wan. This came about when my friends and I were having a SW marathon and one of them pointed out how creepy Hayden Christensen makes Anakin. He then went on to point out that it was more likely that Palpatine or Obi-Wan was the father of the twins (or even just Luke from Superfecundation).

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A Piece of You

*Love is when [they give] you a piece of [your] soul that you never knew was missing.* ~ Torquato Tasso
The first time they met, there was no attraction. They were simply two people trying to do their jobs – a queen trying to protect her people, a Padawan obeying what he knew to be right. The second time they met, their roles were still the same. She protecting those who needed her, he obeying by standing to make sure she could finish what she started. The third time, however…

Both of them loved Anakin Skywalker. There had never been any doubt about it, though the love was different. She loved him as his wife, he as the mentor and father-figure. Neither ever wanted to hurt him. Yet they did, unknown to him.

The third time they met was at a political function. He had been ordered to attend, she had surprisingly tried to avoid but couldn’t. They had bumped (almost literally) into each other at the bar where they both had retreated. He began to gently tease her about her surprising ability to drink proficiently; she in turn teased him about running from his duty. Unlike Ani, the auburn-haired Jedi took her poking in stride and even gave it back.

Padmé and Obi-Wan talked about their jobs as much as they could. Both of them knew that the enemy could be hiding in plain sight and were very cautious about what they said. Contrary to ‘the Hero With No Fear,’ they knew that discretion was necessary. As they talked, each of them began to realize that they enjoyed the company of the other.

The night ended too quickly for the couple. Going their separate ways, each secretly began to relive the night in more than innocent enjoyment.

Even though Obi-Wan knew of Anakin’s attraction of the Senator (and the Senator’s attraction to the young Jedi Knight), the older man couldn’t help himself when he would be with her. She was a breath of fresh air in a stifling, mechanical world.

Over a year span, they would be at different functions, surprising each other. Anakin had finally been Knighted and sent to the Outer Rim while Obi-Wan remained on Coruscant. Each time they saw each other, their attraction grew.

They both knew it would never work. They had too much respect for each other, for themselves, and for Anakin. Yet they did it anyway.

Obi-Wan was much different than Anakin. Anakin was young, rash, and literal. Obi-Wan was steadier, wiser, and had a wonderful sense of humor. Padmé loved Anakin, she really did, but there was just something about the older Jedi Knight.

Padmé wasn’t a replacement for Siri to Obi-Wan. The women both were feisty and direct, but each had their own special spark, and Padmé was a woman who knew her mind. And that was the way he preferred it.

It was on a long week-end that the two of them came to the point of no return. They wish that they could blame it on the champagne, but neither of them were heavy drinkers. They wish that they could blame it on the adrenaline left from an assassination plot on the Chancellor that left Padmé in the middle. But they couldn’t; they only had themselves to blame.

That night everything changed. They knew that it would only end in disaster, only end in heartbreak for everyone involved. But they continued on for almost a year.

Sneaking out to lower level hotels on weekends, talking over the comlinks when they knew no one was around. They told themselves that it wouldn’t last long, so they should enjoy it. Anakin was out in the Outer Rim, so no one would be the wiser.

For Padmé, she knew with him that he would always come when she needed him. For Obi-Wan,
it was the comfort of having someone who cared. He loved Anakin, but it just wasn’t the same.

Most of the time they were together, they would just talk. Talk about the world, the Jedi and politics, or whatever came to mind. Padmé appreciated his thoughtful, rational manor (something that Anakin had yet to learn). Obi-Wan enjoyed both the sex and the discussions, but he also appreciated her ability to listen to what he had to say.

It was an unspoken agreement that this was never an exclusive relationship. Each knew that if the other wanted out, or wanted to be with another person at any time during this span, they could. Obi-Wan suspected that Padmé was also with Anakin some of the time. He didn’t mind – any part of her heart he could get was perfectly acceptable to him. Their times together were what gave him hope in for the world many times.

As they knew it would, it ended quickly. Padmé was the one who called it off. Anakin had been injured – not fatally, but enough to warrant being sent back to Coruscant. He had been home for three weeks in the Jedi Temple Halls of Healing and was allowed to leave the Temple for day trips.

Obi-Wan, though disappointed, understood. It was time for the dishonesty and secrecy to end. He had been called to the Temple earlier, and through the Force he could tell that something was very wrong. More than likely Anakin would be called too, and she would want time with the younger man.

It wasn’t a complete goodbye – they would possibly see each other around Corsucant, whether with or without Anakin present would be anyone’s guess.

But as they walk out in different directions, they were filled with an odd sadness. All the time that they were together they had been expecting this day. Yet nothing could have prepared them for how much it actually hurt.

They never were together much after that. The only times of significance were when he was asking about the man who truly owned her heart. And the one who broke her heart.

“Anakin is the father, isn’t he?” Obi-Wan asked, knowing the answer before he finished the question.

“I’m so sorry.”

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