Hope to those who have not (9/?)

by Adalisa

Summary

Amidala starts digging a little more in Palpatine's

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Notes

I'd like to thank again to my Betas, since Gaby pointed
This has gone too far.

It was bad enough when it was clear that someone in the Republic was paying to get a Jedi Knight enslaved; it is worse now that we know that the orders came from Coruscant...

All of the good things I believed about the Republic have been crushed in the lapse of the past three weeks, when the courage of two Jedi Knights and a little child saved my planet. Now I am convinced that someone within the Republic... within the Senate, masterminded all this.

I wish I knew for what propose.

Who would benefit if the Trade Federation ruled Naboo?

Who would benefit if the Republic censored the Trade Federation?
Master Mace Windu arrived two days ago. The only pleasant surprise that I've had since all this started. I must admit, I do not know what to think of the Jedi order anymore. Master Jinn and Padawan Kenobi were, at first sight, just as what I had imagined. Knights with shinning swords, fighting in the name of justice. Filled with some invisible strength that made them different from everyone. Unattainable, unmoved. Calm and reserved.

But in the brief moments we shared in the trip to Tatooine, I came to see another side of Obi-Wan... I saw him relax around Master Jinn, joke when they thought they were alone. I saw the mask discarded and forgotten. When Obi-Wan left us, selflessly sacrificing himself for a young boy that he barely knew, I saw Master Jinn collapse from the grief of having the other half of his soul parted from him. I learned that after all, Jedi are only human on the inside.

Then... then I meet the Council. I still have some choice words for them as a collective entity that are not appropriate for a Queen to mutter. Patience and Serenity be damned; I wanted to scream with frustration after hearing them decide that they would wait before taking any action regarding Obi-Wan's fate... Jedi suddenly seemed worse that the bureaucratic system of the Senate in my eyes.

But Master Windu is not at all like that. He isn't as impetuous and headstrong as Master Jinn, but he isn't the narrow-minded, self-centered man I thought he was. As soon as he arrived we started discussing the possibilities surrounding Obi-Wan's kidnapping, and I'd like to think we had made some advances when we received the bad news from Panaka and Master Jinn.

They had been very close to rescue Obi-Wan... but the young man had already been in his buyer's ship... I am sure that there was more to the story than what Master Jinn told us, but after seeing the seriousness in Master Windu's face, I decided not to press the issue. It was clear to me that there was some history between the two Masters and whatever that was eating Master Jinn now would be best treated by Master Windu.

The only good thing was that they managed to get hold of C-3PO, Ani's droid. The one who send us the distress signal that told us where Obi-Wan was, and who now held within his memory circuits the final destiny of the brave Jedi. As I saw 3PO fidgeting in front of Ani and Master Jinn I smiled remembering the first time I had seen that droid, back when everything was simple for me. Of course, my smile vanished when I discovered exactly where the slaver's ship was headed. Coruscant.

The heart of the Republic.

I could feel my face burn with rage, until Master Windu placed his hand upon my shoulder. I don't know what is it about Jedi,
but their mere presence can be highly pacifying.

Then something that C-3PO said struck out in my mind. "Did you say that you saw the man who hired this mercenary to capture Obi-Wan Kenobi?"

"Heard him would be more accurate, your majesty..." The protocol droid explained "Unfortunately the man talking to Master Fett was wearing a big black cape so I couldn't see any distinguishable features. I am very sorry that I cannot be of any help. However, I am certain that all the operation was carefully planed... He said very clearly 'We want him alive, not unharmed'."

I gasp as I hear the droid's words, a very startling impression of what Obi-Wan's captor's voice must sound like. It sounds familiar, but between the connection, the fact that it is just an imitation and that I am sure that the vicious man who planned all this must have used something to disguise his voice, I cannot identify it.

Still, I thought there was another possibility. I know that Master Windu must have thought of something similar, as his eyes lit. "If we provided you with different audio samples, would you be able to identify Obi-Wan's abductor?"

"Oh, certainly so, your majesty!" I couldn't help the light chuckle that came to me as the droid almost beamed with pride. There is something in him that reminds me of my old teachers.

"Very well, then." Master Windu interrupted. "We have rounded down the possible suspects to those who knew that Master Jinn and his padawan were in Naboo. The audio samples will be sent to you immediately. May the Force be with you."

The communication was closed, and I let out a relief sigh. True, my beliefs had been shaken to the core, but there is still a little hope that things will be put right.

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Darkness' Interlude 1

"I'll arrive shortly, Master"

My Master nods, pleased, and cuts our communication. This leaves me alone with his precious charge. I've been preparing for this for longer than I care to remember, almost since I began walking at my Master's side.

Preparing to witness the absolute fall of the Jedi Order.

At first I did not understood why my Master was so obsessed with this one and his Jedi master, not until I was defeated by the old Jedi, not until I saw this one naked in front of me.

The bounty hunter that my Master hired kept the young Jedi in a
cage, chained like an animal in an exhibition... and I almost failed to contain my lust when I saw his body answer to my touch.

Indeed, this Jedi is very interesting. I do see my Master's point.

He is sitting on the floor of my quarters, even when there is a bed at his side. Not very comfortable, but better than the floor. Apparently, the Bounty Hunter did break the Jedi's body. It's my turn to break his spirit.

I have a lot of information that my Master gathered on this one and the great master Jinn. I know all his secret weakness, all the places to push.

"Jedi do not care much for their own, do they?" I ask, and his blue vacant eyes turn to me, confused. "They were not coming to rescue you. They were trying to kill me." He bites his lips, obviously wanting to answer. I'm usually not a talkative person. I rather let my actions talk for me... but on this occasion, my Master's teaching in politics comes in handy. Without taking my eyes away from him, I smile. "What? Do you think Jedi do not kill?" I took off my tunic, letting him see the scar that his master's lightsaber made in my skin, a notorious ripp in the tattoo that covers my full body. He lowers his gaze, shamed. "You know the one who did this to me... the same who you thought would rescue you. But it is wise to send such an aged man with a child apprentice?" I kneel close to him and touch his cheek, feeling his body tremble, forcing him to look into my eyes. I can see doubt there - fear mixed with self-loathing. My Master will be pleased. "He seemed too young to be wielding a lightsaber..."

Now there was a glimpse of hate in his eyes. But directed at whom? At me? At the boy?... Or at his master? There is something about these two that can be used against each other. Wasn't it during our battle on Naboo that the old man was almost defeated by the thought of this one turning to the Dark? I am glad to know that there are weakness and contradictions in the Jedi Code.

"You know now... they do not care about you..." I finish, close enough to feel his anger and doubt in my breath. This time, he opens his mouth to reply.

And I capture it, with the same violence and strength that I use in battle. It is, after all, a fight to conquer his mind and soul.

I'll admit, I am very surprised to feel him answering to my kiss.

I never thought it would be so easy.
To be continued...

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