The Love that Never Was

by obisgirl

Summary

What would have happened if Padmé had fallen in love with Obi-Wan and he with her, leaving a distraught young boy alone.

Notes

Disclaimer: The characters of the Jedi Council, Jedi Master Qui-Gon Jinn, Obi-Wan Kenobi, Queen Amidala/Padmé Naberrie, Sabé, Captain Panaka, and Anakin Skywalker belong to the almighty, George Lucas.

A/N: Instead of the Interlude and TLtNW being two separate stories, like they originally were – here it all comes together as ONE story, with some added scenes. Personally, I love this version b/c there’s more Obi/Padmé sweetness (after the parade @ the end of Phantom Menace).
Chapter Summary

An A/U - what would have happened if Padmé had fallen in love with Obi-Wan and he with her, leaving a distraught young boy alone.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: Star Wars used to belong to George Lucas until he destroyed his own movies and then let Disney buy the rights.

No matter how hard Padmé tried to hide but it didn’t work. Her feelings emanated like a full-blown solar flare. The way he moved - such easiness, balance and precision. It was like a dance. Of course, being a Jedi Padawan, he’d never notice her.

She was a shadow, the Queen’s shadow. If anyone were to be recognized, it would be the Queen- only Padmé was she. She was the Queen of Naboo. Though 14 years old, she was wise beyond her years but still just a girl in fancy clothes.

How would he even notice that? He wouldn’t.

Her disguise as a royal handmaiden made her blend easily among her other handmaidens. She gazed at Sabé, her trusted advisor and friend. Through the entire ordeal, Sabé had maintained her regale and sanity.

“Continue Captain,” she commanded.

The Jedi, Qui-Gon Jinn, Obi-Wan’s Master stepped forward. “Your Highness, we are heading for a remote planet called Tatooine. It is a system far beyond the reach of the Trade Federation. There we will be able to make needed repairs, and then travel on to Coruscant.

“Your Highness, Tatooine is very dangerous. It’s controlled by an alliance of gangs called the Hutts. I do not agree with the Jedi on this.” Panaka warned.

He sighed, “You must trust my judgment, Your Highness.”

Padmé slowly glanced up at her friend. She approved their request and after dismissing the Jedi and her guard, Sabé gestured that the handmaiden Padmé join her.

“These Jedi are reckless.” Padmé said.

“I agree.”

Sabé noticed the tone in her voice and smiled, “So, which one is it you have a crush on, Amidala?”

“What Jedi do all the handmaiden’s have crushes on?”
“True enough.” Sabé paused, “Amidala, please be careful. I’m not just talking about this masquerade. I’m talking about your heart. He’s a Jedi. Don’t deceive him,”

“I know,” the handmaiden bowed, leaving the room to attend to her duties...

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Despite the Queen’s orders to fly to Tatooine, Padmé couldn’t shake the feeling it was wrong. She wanted to go straight to Coruscant, but since they were low on fuel it was impossible. The handmaiden huffed softly, though it was loud enough for a certain young Jedi to poke his head through the door.

“Don’t do that!” Padmé shrieked.

Obi-Wan smiled, kneeling down to her, “I’m sorry.” He paused, “I sensed you were distressed. Is something wrong?”

She looked back at R2, rubbing his lens. She didn’t know what to say, so instead she simply smiled, “This little guy is quite a mess.”

“I’m sure he’ll see a lot more battles in the future.” He hesitated, “Seriously, what’s wrong?”

Padmé looked up into his eyes. They were beautiful eyes. “I’m her highness’ closest attendant. She’s worried. She wanted to travel to Coruscant right away. Our people are dying and we’re taking a side-trip,”

Obi-Wan frowned, sensing a hint of anger in her voice. He reached down, taking the cloth from her hand and began to scrape the droid himself. Padmé continued, smiling gratefully at him. “I know it’s not my place to say anything but I deserve say. I agree we need to act, but by the time we do act - it maybe too late,”

The Jedi looked at her, smiling. Padmé blushed, “What?”

“You. You’re handmaiden and yet you talk like you’re the Queen.”

You wouldn’t be far off, Jedi Kenobi,

Padmé continued, “I can’t help it. I love Naboo. I don’t want to see her punished by some greedy politicians,”

He laughed, “You did it again,” referring to her royal tone.

Stop it, Amidala! You can’t let him know. Act like a handmaiden, not a Queen,

“Thank you, Jedi Kenobi for listening.”

Obi-Wan gazed down at his dirty hand, giving her back the rag, “Jedi help where they can, handmaiden, even in the smallest of places,”

She frowned, placing her arms around her chest, “Are you calling me small, Jedi Kenobi?”

He smirked, “No. You’re just you.” Obi-Wan stood up, “Good night, Padmé.” And vanished down the hallway.

Padmé smiled, I didn’t even tell him my name.
Padmé Naberrie rushed into the room, meeting up with Captain Panaka and her handmaiden, Sabé. Panaka was talking quietly with Sabé as she entered, but quickly quieted. She nodded to them both. “Captain, Sabé - when we arrive at Tatooine, I’m going down with the Jedi.”

Panaka flinched, “Your highness, Tatooine is dangerous. It’s controlled by the Hutts. If you are discovered...”

“If I am discovered Captain, it will make no difference. Our people are counting on us.” She paused, standing next to Sabé. “Naboo needs us, Captain. But I refuse to remain locked up here like a prisoner, while our fate is being decided elsewhere without our eyes.”

Sabé spoke, “Your highness, my job is also to protect you. I can’t do that if you’re out in the open.”

“You don’t need to worry Sabé. I already have protectors - the Jedi. I will request Jedi Kenobi to come with Qui-Gon and I, if the Master Jedi will listen to me,”

“This is dangerous, your highness.” Panaka warned.

“It will be even more dangerous if I sit back and do nothing, Captain.” She turned to Sabé. “I will need you to impersonate me again. Are you willing?”

“I am your highness,” Sabé voiced.

Padmé turned on her heels and left the room.

Padmé rushed down the hall, yet again. They were on Tatooine. The Jedi were ready to leave without her. She tapped her COM, “Captain, where are the Jedi?”

Static filtered through before Panaka answered, “Outside. You can still catch them if you run,” he paused hesitantly.

“Captain?”

“I know it’s not my place to speak against you, your highness, but it is my job to protect you.” He paused, “Forgive me your highness, if I was out of line. It won’t happen again.”

Padmé smiled, stopping a bit, “All is forgiven Captain. Thank you for your concern. I always value your point of view on matters and I have to admit, your point of view keeps me on my toes. Thank you.”

“Ready handmaiden?” a voice asked from behind.

She turned, facing Jedi Kenobi. “Sorry. I had to do some things for the Queen,”

“Let’s just go before my Master blows a fuse,” he extended his arm to her, “Shall we?” Padmé took it without question.

Qui-Gon waited impatiently for his Padawan and the handmaiden. Frankly, he didn’t want to have Padmé along, but the Queen wished it and his Padawan didn’t seem to mind her company. That was another reason he didn’t want to have her along. Whenever Obi-Wan ever got within a meter
of a beautiful girl, his view would detract from the current situation to focusing on a girl. It never failed, but he didn’t blame him. At the Temple, there were many female Padawan’s, knights even that thought he was handsome. He was a walking magnet. He nodded, noticing two figures approach him.

He noted Padmé let go of his hand, placing them both behind her back. “Sorry Master Jedi...”

“Let’s go. The spaceport isn’t going to be pleasant,” he turned, And neither is this mission,

She glanced back at Obi-Wan and he shrugged, walking behind the taller Jedi...

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“Are you an angel? “

Padmé turned, facing the small blonde boy, “What?”

Obi-Wan gazed at the boy and Padmé, but didn’t say anything.

“An angel. I’ve heard the deep space pilots talk about them. They live on the Moons of Iego I think. They are the most beautiful creatures in the universe. They are good and kind, and so pretty they make even the most hardened spice pirate cry.”

Padmé glanced at Obi-Wan, then back at the book, not knowing what to say. “I’ve never heard of angels.”

The boy smiled, “You must be one...maybe you just don’t know it.”

The handmaiden smiled eyeing suspiciously. “You’re a funny little boy. How do you know so much?”

“Since I was very little, three, I think. My Mom and I were sold to Gardulla the Hutt, but she lost us, betting on the Pod races, to Watto, who’s a lot better master than Gardulla, I think.”

Padmé gasped, “You’re...a slave?”

She shrugged looking around, “I’m sorry. I don’t fully understand. This is a strange world to me.”

“You are a strange girl to me.” Anakin studied her intently, as well as a watchful young Jedi Padawan.

Obi-Wan smiled. It’s crazy to be jealous for a 9-year-old kid. He doesn’t have a shot with her, looking back at the two. They were talking and laughing, regardless of having a Jedi Padawan baby-sitter. Padmé glanced at him once, before Qui-Gon reemerged from the back, followed closely by R2 and Watto.

“We’re leaving,” he stated, walking past Obi-Wan.

She smiled back at him, then at Anakin. “I’m glad to have met you Anakin,”

The boy sat up, yelling back, “I’m glad to have met you too!”

The Toydarian watched them leave, “Outlanders! They think because we live so far from the center, we don’t know nothing.”

Anakin looked at him, “They seemed nice to me.”
Watto grunted, “Clean the racks, then you can go home.”

Skywalker leapt from the counter, letting out a “Yippee!”

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Obi-Wan couldn’t help but smirk at Padmé, as she walked beside him. “What? He’s a cute little boy.” She spat.

“Are you an Angel? You didn’t fall for that?”

She stopped, facing him. “He’s a little boy, Obi-Wan. He’s adorable, but someone else already has my heart,”

He was about to say something, but realized where her heart belonged. Qui-Gon rolled his eyes, nodding his head. Obi-Wan smiled, “You’re a smart girl, Padmé. I’m sorry I don’t give you enough credit for that.”

She shrugged, blushing a bit. “It’s okay.” Padmé paused, “He’s still a cute little boy,”

Obi-Wan eyed her, before catching up to his Master. Once again, Qui-Gon rolled his eyes. “Padawan, we here to fix the ship and find a way out of here - not to flirt.”

“Sorry Master,” he paused, glancing back at Padmé. “I can still be nice, can’t I?”

Qui-Gon didn’t reply, except walk faster thinking, Oh, young love,

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After all that had been said and done, the one thing Padmé was unsure about was how Jedi Kenobi was going to pull himself from his downward spiral. Naboo had been saved but at a great cost - the death of the Jedi Master Qui-Gon Jinn. In the beginning, the handmaiden thought him to be reckless and irresponsible but what she didn’t she was the ages of wisdom behind his blue eyes - the same wisdom he managed to pass down to his student and only son, Obi-Wan Kenobi.

It wasn’t fair. Obi-Wan had already pictured what his future was going to be like - right down to a single moment. Qui-Gon was going to be there when he was to be knighted, when he would be named Master and allowed to take his own apprentice. Now that perfect dream, perfect future was shattered and there was nothing Obi-Wan could do to make it whole again.

He hung his head. In his mind and eyes, he failed his Master. True, Qui-Gon’s dream would be carried out but he wouldn’t see how the boy’s future would unfold and his. But instead of looking to the future, the Jedi kept on replaying in his mind how he could’ve saved Qui-Gon.

If he had been faster, trusted his instincts or let his guard down for a second.

Padmé watched his eyes turn to stone as the fire blazed around his Master’s body. She wanted to run over and hug with, telling him everything would be all right and that things would get better, but she couldn’t. It wasn’t her place anymore. They no longer belonged in each other’s worlds and though Obi-Wan failed his master, the journey ahead wasn’t going to be any easier - for her included.

tbc
There has always been an ‘us’

Chapter Summary

Obi-Wan walked forward, tilting her head and kissed her. Padmé broke, kissing him back with equal force. “Now and forever.” She whispered into his ear.

Years have aged Jedi Master Obi-Wan Kenobi. Obi-Wan watched helplessly as a demon with the eyes of the Devil killed his Master. That day was the day he died. All his feeling all his boyhood disappeared and was forced to become a man. The Jedi scratched his beard, noticing a familiar shadow drift on the walk.

Senator Padmé Naberrie.

It wasn’t until after the deception at Naboo, before the Gungans, that the Jedi realized the truth about her – though he suspected she wasn’t who she claimed to be. It was the way she talked, the way she walked and the look of regale in her eyes. Now, after her reign as Queen for 8 years and living life as an individual, she was once again summoned to serve the people as Senator.

She hesitated at first. The idea of returning to politics was messy in her opinion, but after coaxing from Sabé, she relented and won a seat in the Senate. As it was her duty to serve the people as Senator, her new home was Coruscant, putting her in close quarters with Obi-Wan.

Padmé turned her gaze in his direction and smiled. He bowed to her as she walked closer. “It’s good to see you again, Senator....”

“Don’t call me that, Obi-Wan. We’ve been friends so long. No formalities.”

Obi-Wan frowned, staring intently into her brown eyes. “What should I call you, then?”

A smile curled her lips. “Padmé.” She turned, letting the sun warm her face, “It’s so beautiful here. You’re lucky to be able to enjoy such a intoxicating planet.”

The Jedi laughed, causing a glare from her. “I’m serious, Obi-Wan. It’s the sincere truth. Most politicians only see Coruscant as the capital of politics. They never see it for its beauty.”

“I’ve seen beauty.” He whispered, staring at her.

Her eyes narrowed, frowning slightly. “Obi-Wan, don’t.”

“I’ve never regretted falling in love with you, Padmé. Don’t make me start now.” He paused, touching her chin, forcing her to look at him. “I love you, Padmé. That’s never changed.”

She tried not to give in – even though, deep down, she loved him too. “You’ve always been so good to me. How can I let you go?”

“Don’t. My life is yours, my heart is yours. It always has been and always will.” The Jedi paused, pulling her closer. “You are my own sweet Padmé. You’ve been strong, emotionally and physically. I love you for that, but just this once – will you listen to your heart, instead of your mind?”

He frowned. “My love for you is no secret, but if --- if, we give in to each other’s love, the truth must be spoken before it’s too late.”

She pulled away. “That’s what I’m talking about – Anakin. He loves me, always have. And he’s your apprentice and friend. How do you think he’d react to this? Not very well. I know him.”

“He’s a boy. He doesn’t understand real love. What he feels for you is only a childhood crush. It’s not real tangible love.” Obi-Wan huffed. “Padmé, if there is ever to be an ‘us’ Anakin must know the truth before it is told by someone else. Besides, I think it would go over more smoothly, if he heard it from you.”

Padmé turned back, stroking his beard. “There has always been an ‘us’ Obi-Wan Kenobi. All there was between us was just obstacles to get back to ‘us’ and now, all our suffering will be at an end.” She paused, removing her hands from his beard and smiled. “I love you. Always have. And you’re right. We can’t go on with our lives, if Anakin doesn’t accept the way things are. I’ll tell him and we can finally be together, my love – now and forever.”

Obi-Wan walked forward, tilting her head and kissed her. Padmé broke, kissing him back with equal force. “Now and forever.” She whispered into his ear.

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Padmé paced worriedly about her quarters, glancing at the HoloNet. She was supposed to have called Anakin hours ago but she was too nervous. Obi-Wan volunteered to go with her but she said she could take care of it by herself and it was best he hear the news from her only. Padmé realized how much she always loved Obi-Wan and that she wanted her life to be with him.

She punched in her ID and connected to Coruscant’s Directory. She scrolled down until she found a direct link to the Jedi Temple. Calm girl, you can do this. Just tell him and everything will be all right. Finally, Ani answered a smile on his face. He had changed about him. He was taller; his hair was no longer sandy blonde but a dark brown with a hint of blonde, handsome but still had that lost boy innocence about him. “Ani, it’s been a long time...Do you...”

“Remember you? Of course, I do Padmé. Why are you calling? Is something wrong? Is my Master all right?”

“Obi-Wan’s fine. He got here okay but I need to talk to you; it’s important.”

He smiled, staring into her eyes, leaning forward, “I can always make time for you, Padmé.”

Padmé titled her head, slightly nervous but continued anyway, “There’s something I have to tell you...”

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Regretfully, as Obi-Wan waited to hear back from Padmé, her staff summoned him. He sighed, leaving the gardens, plucking a purple flower as he walked down the path. “A lovely flower, for a sweet love.” He mused.

_I won’t let her go; I won’t._

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Anakin smiled stared back at Padmé.

Ten years apart from her was too much, in his opinion ‘cause in that time frame allot could have changed but he didn’t want to think about that. But those ten years didn’t make a difference to him. She was the same, mature in age, yes, but the same sweet handmaiden with a secret. And he knew what that secret was. He knew why she wanted to talk to him. She wanted to tell him how much she loved him and that she couldn’t spend her life with anybody else but him. Of course, that’s what he fantasized about.

Padmé tried to keep a calm face but she couldn’t stop thinking about how she was going to tell Ani that she couldn’t be with him. How would he take it? Would he understand? Would he hate her for refusing him? More importantly, if he found it was because of Obi-Wan, their friendship would be more than strained, it would be damaged beyond repair.

Ani’s smile broadened, his brown eyes staring back at her. “So, what did you want to talk about, Padmé?”

“Ani, I, there’s something I have to tell you...I...I have to borrow your Master for a little while longer, here. We don’t know who’s behind the attempts but I’ feel safer knowing I have him with me.” She replied, shocked by her own words. She was supposed to say, “Ani, I love you, but I can’t be with you because I love Obi-Wan, your Master. You understand, right?”

Ani smiled, “That’s fine with me. I already have a lot of stress to deal with here. Borrow him as long as you need. I don’t mind.”

She shrugged, “Are you sure?”

“Of course. Padmé, if you need him there longer, it’s fine with me. I trust you. You are my sweet Angel.” He said, glancing at the Temple. “Anyway, I better get going. I have to prepare for tests and I need to be focused.”

“I’m just glad I got to see you before you left.”

Padmé smiled back wearily then sighed, “I’m glad too, Ani.”

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Obi-Wan shook his head as he exited the briefing with Captain Typho and Padmé’s staff. Word reached Naboo about Ani’s mother, Shmi Skywalker. She was dead. According to a friend, she was outside returning from work when a group of Mandalorians took siege of the homestead, along with other captives and executed them one by one. Of course, it was just coincidence they picked the Skywalker residence but that didn’t erase the pain inside of him. Force, why? Ani doesn’t need this right now. Obi-Wan cursed as Padmé suddenly met him half way down the hall.

“Obi-Wan, I have to talk to you!”

He peered up and frowned. Padmé. How was he going to tell her? He couldn’t bear to hurt her but if he didn’t tell her, someone else would but first the problem with Anakin, and dealing with their renewed feelings for each other. “What happened? You told Ani?” he asked, confused by her actions.

Padmé hesitated, pacing away from him, biting her lip. “I was going to; that was the plan...” She began as Obi-Wan crossed his arms under his cloak as she continued, “I don’t know; I panicked and before I knew it, words tumbled out of my mouth that I needed you here longer because I felt safer.”
Obi-Wan raised an eyebrow and smiled, “You feel safe with me? Why?”

She shrugged, shaking her head, “I didn’t know what to say to him. So I told him I needed you on Naboo, because I feel safe when you’re around.”

Kenobi frowned, interrupting her. “Padmé, Shmi’s dead.”

Padmé fell down on a nearby chair and raised both her hands to her mouth, choking back her tears. She always considered Shmi a strong-willed woman and very caring; her faith in Anakin was unwavering. Ani? He loved her so much? What would happen if he found out? How would he react?

“Dead? When did you find this out? Did you have a vision?”

He sat beside her, placing a comforting arm around her shoulder, “No, I didn’t. The Council connected me to your staff office after our small meeting in the garden.”

“What did they say?” she asked, staring at her hands.

Obi-Wan couldn’t blame her for not looking at him. Shmi meant so much to her. Even if she knew her for a short time, Padmé admired Shmi for her courage to let Anakin go. “Master Yoda said not to tell, Ani. The Council will be testing him again soon and he needs to be completely focused; no distractions.” Kenobi paused, his eyes dropping to the floor. “It was Mandalorians. They took siege of the homestead and others, executing them one by one.”

Padmé turned away, staring out the window, her tears reflecting in the glass. “Then we need to go to Tatooine and pay our respects.”

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Padmé huffed as she gazed one last time at Theed Palace. She hated leaving in such hurry but the longer she stayed there; the harder it would be to tell Anakin the truth. Anakin’s mother, her feelings for Obi-Wan...Everything seemed to be a spiral. A spiral slowly getting darker and darker. Padmé turned to the Cruiser as it docked, noticing Obi-Wan arrive.

He smiled at her, “Ready to go?”

She only sighed, turning and boarding the ship, carrying her dress in hand. Obi-Wan glanced back at Theed before following her up the ramp.

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Obi-Wan gasped as he entered the galley. Padmé sat at one of the tables, fingering the Jappor snip Anakin gave her years earlier when he was still a boy. He knew the trip wasn’t going to be easy for her but it was the only way she could be free of her conscience. A part of her loved Ani, but another part of her loved Obi-Wan and the two were starting to outweigh the other, setting off an imbalance.

“Padmé?”

She gazed up at him, letting go of the Jappor snip. “Hello, Obi-Wan.”

He sighed again, sitting down across from her. “You know, we don’t have to go to Tatooine if you don’t want to.”

“No, Obi-Wan. I need to. Shmi, she was...a very sweet woman. It’s only proper I say good bye
after all that she done to help us.”

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Tatooine.

Padmé stared at the planet below, remembering her first time on the rock some 10 years ago. Back then Ani was just a boy with so many dreams. She smiled remembering what he said to her in the junk shop. He said one day he’d fly away from the place and become a pilot, then Padmé said he was only a boy, but he smiled mischievously, nodding, “But I’ll grow up.”

And indeed Anakin Skywalker did grow up. A nineteen-year-old, now a Jedi Padawan, still dreaming and still the same lost boy she had met years ago. However, he was reckless, stubborn, unfocused and wild. The Council kept him close, always testing his skills, putting him to the limit whenever possible.

Back then, he knew I was special; knew I would always be in his life - that one day I would be his, only I’m not, Ani. My heart doesn’t belong to you.

She sighed staring out the window, distracted by the planet she didn’t even notice Obi-Wan. He cleared his throat, startling her. He smiled briefly and nodded, “It’s time.” Then added softly, “Are you sure you want to do this?”

“I’m sure. Let’s go.”

tbc
How Wonderful Life Is...

Chapter Summary

“This is serious, Master. Before when girls flocked around, I was always every confidant but around Padmé, I feel like...I feel like I’m a 16 adolescent boy.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Though Obi-Wan was at her side, Padmé felt uneasy as she neared Watto’s Junk shop. The place was abandoned. Of course, since slavery was outlawed 5 years earlier by the Senate, all of Tatooine had to find another source of income. The answer: Trading. Ships came to the dusty planet so often it was always hard to keep track if people were coming in or going out.

In the junk shop, some minor parts were scattered on the counter and the working droids were gone. Padmé turned Obi-Wan and nodded. The Jedi head out back to search for anyone to help them as she searched the shop for any clue to what happened. After a while, Padmé gave up, resting on a lone chair in the corner. She only looked up when Obi-Wan came back. He saw she was exhausted and frowned. “Nothing.”

“I didn’t find anything useful either,” Padmé returned, “Maybe we should head over to the slave quarters.”

“They may still be there but they would be abandoned because slavery is outlawed. I doubt we would find anyone.”

“What do we do then?”

Obi-Wan shrugged, looking amongst the various mechanical parts on the counter. He picked up what looked like a gear from an engine. He examined it for the longest time until a vision struck him.

He saw Watto, nervously negotiating with a dark warrior. No, not one dark warrior. There were others. The leader raised his hand, causing the Toydarian to hurriedly rush over to negotiate further but he was too late. The warrior to the leaders’ right raised his gun and shot the alien in the stomach. Watto fell to the floor, gasping for air as the murderers walked out of the shop. The leader spoke with the other two briefly before they split up, leaving the leader alone. Obi-Wan jerked, the gear falling out of his hand. He glanced at Padmé. She was thankfully oblivious to his actions and nodded, “Padmé, whatever happened here...we can’t stay to find out.”

She faced him again, a confused look on her face as he continued, “I know you wanted to say good bye to Shmi but from the looks of things around here, and the feeling I have right now, I don’t think this place is safe. It’s possible the Mandalorians attacked the shop.”

Padmé stood. “But why? What’s so important they would knock of a small junk shop? No, there has to be more to this.” She paused momentarily, looking around the place, “But you’re right. It’s not safe here. We should go before...well, I don’t even want to think about that.”

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Padmé smiled at Obi-Wan as the officiator led them in their vows. The wedding was so beautiful. It was set on one of the hillsides on Naboo, attended by Sabé, Padmé’s long time friend and a couple of her current bodyguards. Obi-Wan was handsome. His brown beard was trimmed for the occasion, his eyes locked on hers. The weather, thankfully, was cooperating with them. Finally, as the officiator said the last words, Padmé fell forward and kissed Obi-Wan.

“You may now kiss the bride...of course, no one needs to tell you two that.” He added.

Obi-Wan smiled, staring at her. “Now, nothing can ever stop us from being together. ‘Till death do us part is a long time, Padmé.”

She only smiled, kissing him again as a faint applause started in the background. As Padmé hugged him, she noticed out of the corner of her eye, a dark figure standing off in the distance. She let go of Obi-Wan, as the figure walked closer to her. The man let down his hood to reveal a young Jedi in tears. His Padawan braid was cut and his eyes were cold. He nodded in despair.

“How could you do this, Padmé? How could you kill me?” Anakin cried.

Padmé looked down to his stomach. The handle of a lightsaber was jabbed into his abdomen, encircled by blood. She grabbed the lightsaber, pushing it further as Obi-Wan stood back, smiling as Padmé killed Anakin. Anakin fought back a cry as he fell to the ground, Padmé’s jaded Jappor snippet falling out of his hands.

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Obi-Wan awoke from the vision, sweat trailing down his forehead. No, not a vision. A nightmare. He looked around the ship. Padmé wasn’t anywhere. She was probably in her quarters, sleeping peacefully. He fell back onto his bed, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Things were very complicated now; first his feelings for Padmé, Shmi’s death and Anakin. Anakin. No, he didn’t want to hurt his Padawan but he couldn’t hide his feelings for Padmé. He loved her, always loved her. She was the one constant in his life that kept him from losing his sanity.

“Never knew I could feel like this; It’s like I’ve never seen the sky before. Want to vanish inside your kiss. Every day I’m loving you more and more. Listen to my heart can you hear it sing? Come back to me and forget everything. Seasons may change, winter to spring - But I love you till the end of time.” He mused, grabbing a small box from his cloak.

He opened it to reveal a small crafted silver ring. While they looked around on Tatooine, Obi-Wan talked to one of the craftsmen. He told the man what he wanted and crafted it perfectly for him.

“Come what may, come what may, come what may - I will love you until my dying day.” Obi-Wan smiled, shut the box and jumped off the bed, heading for the door.

Now, all he had to do was ask and pray, she’d say ‘Yes’.

~~

“Padmé, are you in here?” Obi-Wan asked, peeking in the room. No one answered but he spotted some dresses laid out and her Jappor snippet Anakin gave her. The Jedi stared at the necklace for a while, realizing for the first time its significance. He was so hypnotized, he didn’t even hear or sense Padmé come in a robe, hair drenched in water.

“Obi-Wan?”

The Jedi looked up and smiled, then frowned slightly. Padmé’s brown hair was dripping wet, her
skin damp from the shower. “Sorry. I’ll come back when you’re dressed.”

Padmé sat down, grabbing a brush and started to work on her hair and sighed, “Don’t worry about it, Obi-Wan. Was there something you wanted?”

He blushed, looking down sheepishly, “Seriously, I can come back later if you need to get dressed.”

She turned to him and smiled, “You keep saying that. Is there something wrong?”

Obi-Wan didn’t even look up at her. As a Jedi, he wasn’t prepared for these types of situations but neither was he prepared to fall in love with the same woman his Padawan loved. He gazed up at her briefly and almost fell back. Padmé stifled back a laugh, helping him to his feet.

“Oh-Obi-Wan, what is wrong with you? You’re stumbling everywhere. I thought Jedi were more coordinated than that.”

Coordinated? At that, he stood up abruptly, saluted her and exited the room. Padmé shrugged, continuing to brush her hair.

~~

I saluted her. I saluted her and she’s not even a military official. I must have seemed like an idiot. Sithspawn, this is going to be harder than I thought. Obi-Wan mused as he walked down the hall to the miniature dining room. He nodded entering and fell onto a chair, slouching, staring at the stars. “Whenever I needed guidance, now is the time, Master.”

Hmm. What do you want to know, Obi-Wan?

Obi-Wan turned, facing the ghost form of his Master. Qui-Gon was sitting on the opposite chair, across from him with a sly grin on his face. “This is serious, Master. Before when girls flocked around, I was always every confidant but around Padmé, I feel like...I feel like I’m a 16 adolescent boy.”

Obi-Wan, that’s not necessarily a bad thing. You’re a man; she’s woman. There’s bound to be some tension.

“Yes, and the name of that tension is Anakin Skywalker, my Padawan. How am I supposed to deal with this?” Obi-Wan retorted, standing up.

Qui-Gon shrugged, Romance has never been my department, Obi-Wan. But you - when you were young and single, you told them you were the only thing you ever thought about, the only thing you dreamed about...

He waved his hand and smiled, “Romance is not your department? You’re spewing out poetry.”

Jinn smiled, standing up alongside his Padawan. All right, here’s my advice, just be yourself. You don’t have to be a Jedi and work some fancy tricks. She loves you for you and you might want to work on that charm and killer smile to win her.

Qui-Gon paused, laying a hand on his Padawan’s shoulder, The rest is up to you. May the Force be with you and vanished.

“Thank you, Qui-Gon.” He laughed, “You really are a romantic at heart.”

~~
“Obi-Wan?” Padmé questioned as she was chauffeured blind folded into the galley, “Where are we going?”

Obi-Wan made her stand still as he went off, lighting the candles around the room. He removed the cover to the chicken slightly, so she would get a small whiff of it. Padmé smelled it and smiled but didn’t say anything. Obi-Wan walked back over and removed the blindfold, standing behind her and kissed her cheek.

Tears clouded her eyes. Everything was so beautiful. A cooked dinner, candlelight and several small candles lined around the room, shaped in a heart. A vase stood in the middle of the table, holding two purple flowers while the rest of the room was lit with purple, well the ceiling anyway. Anakin had never done anything like this for her; he always used the Force to impress her but never anything like this.

He kissed her cheek again and smiled, “Shall we?”

Padmé looked and him, smiling yes. Obi-Wan removed himself from her back, held out his hand to her, leading her to the table. She sat down, smiling brightly at Obi-Wan, tears still in her eyes.

“Obi-Wan, this is really so beautiful. Really beautiful.”

The Jedi smiled, “And that’s not all. I have something else planned for you later but for now, eat and enjoy.”

~~

Padmé moaned happily, as she felt Obi-Wan’s soft hand massage her back. Dinner was wonderful, very delicious. Everything he had done up until that point was exactly what she needed. She had been under so much stress. Anakin, Shmi’s death, finding Watto’s junk shop totally trashed...She knew something was up but no. Now was not the time to worry about such things. Now was a time to relax.

He leaned down, brushing her hair aside and smiled, “Enjoying yourself Padmé?”

“This was really sweet, Obi-Wan. Thank you. I needed this.” She smiled, turning to him, “Of course you knew that. You’re a Jedi.”

Obi-Wan smiled, shrugging, “Telepathy via the Force does have its advantages.”

“Yeah, what am I thinking right now?”

He closed his eyes, placing his fingers on her temples. Padmé started to laugh but stopped because she didn’t want to ruin his focus. “I sense...I sense worry, anxiety, suspicions.” He opened his and eyes and nodded, “And I thought my soft hands would take away those worries.”

She laughed, “You heard that, huh?” Padmé frowned, falling back onto the couch. “I wish I didn’t have to worry, Obi-Wan, but I do. Watto’s shop, Shmi’s death... I know something is going on. It scares me.”

The Jedi frowned but perked up again, massaging her back. “It scares me too, Padmé.” He paused, settling down on a near by chair. “But...well, there’s something I have to tell you; something I have to ask.”

Padmé sat up, grabbing a robe, “What is it, Obi-Wan?”

Obi-Wan gasped, taking her hand and smiled, kneeling down. “Padmé Naberrie, I love you. Throughout the years we’ve known each other, I’ve watched you grow into a beautiful, intelligent
and successful woman. During the Trade Federation crisis, when I acted as your protector, I had no idea I was really protecting your decoy, Sabé, and not you. I think I did suspect it wasn’t you.”

“Now, I look at you and how far we’ve come, and how much we have grown together as individuals, I want us to grow together. I want us to experience falling in love with each other every day until the end of time. Padmé, I always knew you were special when I met you.”

She laughed, raising an eyebrow, “Right, you knew I was special the minute you met me?”

He shrugged, “So I didn’t know then but I knew later on, I knew. When Qui-Gon talked to me about a spoiled, out spoken handmaiden, with a bit of a royal side, I thought it impossible that the person I was guarding wasn’t you. He knew. I suspected something but not until after you revealed your identity to the Gungans.”

“I guess what I’m trying to say is…” Obi-Wan paused, removing a black box from his cloak and smiled, revealing the crafted ring, “Padmé, will you be my wife?”

Padmé stared back at him, tears in her eyes. She kissed his cheek, whispering yes. Obi-Wan smiled, slipping the ring on her finger. Obi-Wan kissed her passionately, both laughing.

~~

Anakin Skywalker held his head high as he entered the Jedi Council Chamber. He hadn’t expected to hear from them, since his Master was gone. He gazed at each one of them. Their expressions, they looked the same as they always did but something was different. He could feel it. Mace leaned forward with a grave expression on his face. Anakin still held his high head.

“Anakin, there’s no easy way to say this to you, but we’ve decided this couldn’t wait until your Master returned....” Mace began.

Skywalker glanced at Yoda, then back at Mace. “What is it, Master?”

Mace sighed, “Your mother is dead.”

Anakin felt the sting of his words as they spilled out of his mouth. His mother dead. It felt unreal. He looked at each Jedi Master; their expression was calm, but sorrowful. Anakin gulped, turning on his heel and left without bowing. Once outside the chamber, he fell onto the floor, burying his head in his lap, crying.

~~

As soon as Padmé and Obi-Wan returned to Naboo, Padmé went to work on the wedding. Since Obi-Wan was a Jedi and she didn’t want the proceedings to be all over the HoloNet, they both opted for a small wedding. Just family, mainly Padmé’s and some of their old friends. Sabé was able to attend, which was a surprise considering she had a busy schedule as the Minister of Defense. Padmé’s mother was able to come, though her health wasn’t very good, along with Padmé’s siblings, nieces and nephews.

Before the wedding took place, each sister questioned Obi-Wan about his background and family. Obi-Wan smiled, telling all he possibly could, even some about his late Master, Qui-Gon Jinn and how he met Padmé. Padmé’s mother didn’t ask very much but Padmé knew she approved.

One night at dinner, Sabé pulled her friend aside and wished her the best. Sabé even told her she and Palpatine had become intimate and were very happy. Sabé glanced at the dining room and sighed, “He’s a good catch, Padmé. Don’t ever lose him.”
Padmé smiled all right, though somewhat worried for her friend.

~~

After that night, Padmé never saw Obi-Wan. He was always busy, and when she did actually see him he made an excuse saying he had a project to work on for the wedding. She tried to pry out of him what it was but he knew better. He was a Jedi after all. She knew Obi-Wan could be secretive sometimes but the anxiety of what he could be possibly working on was killing her.

One night, while eating dinner with her parents, the video COM beeped. Padmé stood up, hoping it was Obi-Wan but was shocked when she saw it was someone else dear to her and hurt. The Padawan held his heads low, fresh tears on his cheek. “Anakin, is something wrong?”

He looked away, unable to face her. “She’s gone, Padmé. They killed her.”

“Who? Who’s gone?”

Finally, he looked up at her. Padmé stared back at Anakin with uncertainty but though she didn’t know what he was talking about, he could feel something about her had changed. The feeling passed and he continued, calming down a bit. “Shmi, my mother...she’s dead.”

Shmi. He knows about her. Sithspawn, the Council wasn’t supposed to tell him. Padmé smiled back reassuringly, “It was an accident, Anakin.”

“How do you know?”

“I went to Tatooine with Obi-Wan. He told me what happened and I said I needed to pay my respects to her and perhaps find out what happened. We didn’t. We didn’t find anything. I’m sorry, Ani.” Padmé admitted.

He shrugged, somewhat aware what she was saying. “Obi-Wan knew and he didn’t tell me? But he told you. Why?”

“Obi-Wan didn’t want to upset you. And you were so busy with finals and training; he wanted you focused. Anakin, he was only looking out for your well-being. He didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“Forget it. I need to go.” He mused, gazing up at her, “I know you’re busy with your family, but is there any way you could return to Coruscant?”

“No, I’m afraid not but I promise, the minute Obi-Wan and I get back, we’ll work this out, Anakin.” She smiled, “Smile, Ani. Smile for me. Please.”

The boy smiled, shutting off the COM and Padmé returned to the table.

~~

Padmé glanced around, smiling hello to her parents and sister. Her smile grew even wider when she saw Sabé. The two women hugged and kissed. “Sabé, you have no idea how happy I am you’re here.”

She rolled her eyes, brushing her curly brown hair. “I think I know. I’m glad I could come, Padmé. With my busy schedule as Minister of Defense, it’s hard for me to get away for more than a few days.” Sabé paused, looking around for Obi-Wan, “You know, I haven’t seen Obi-Wan since you came here. Do you know where he is?”

“No, I don’t. I haven’t seen him all week.” She hesitated, pulling back a bit, “Sabé, what if he’s
changed his mind? What if he doesn’t want me?”

Sabé smiled, “He loves you, Padmé. He always has. Believe me, he wants you. He’s wanted you forever but was unreachable because of Anakin.

“Speaking of Ani, how is he?”

The Senator drew her gaze away from Sabé, sighing. Sabé understood, changing the subject, “I’m going to look for Obi-Wan and make sure he actually shows up for his own wedding.” As she started down the aisle, Sabé turned, smiling, “Don’t worry, Padmé. He’s crazy about you.”

She smiled back, as Sabé turned, searching for the Jedi.

~~

“Obi-Wan, are you in here?” Sabé questioned as she entered the small house. The Jedi came down the stairs, smiling at Sabé, rubbing his shaven beard. She turned to him, smiling. “Don’t you look nice? Come on, Padmé’s waiting.”

“Thank you, Sabé.” He replied, walking past her with a smile.

She fell back on the wall, “You still are a handsome one, Obi-Wan Kenobi.”

He looked back at her, staring, “Sabé, aren’t you coming? You are her maid of honor, are you not?”

Sabé stood straight, brushing up her blue dress. “Yes, I am and as maid of honor, let’s get you married.”

~~

Waiting for Obi-Wan with the officiator, Padmé wore a light silk white gown, purple flowers woven in her hair. She smiled at the old man who was to conduct the ceremony, glancing at her parents and siblings. Her sisters had questioned looks on their faces if Obi-Wan would show but Padmé knew better. She caught a glimpse of her maid of honor, walking down the aisle, standing next to her, followed by Obi-Wan Kenobi, Jedi Master soon to be her husband. She smiled, grabbing hold of her friends’ hand.

As Obi-Wan approached her, he gave her small kiss on the cheek before the officiator began to lead them in their vows. The wedding was so beautiful. It was set on one of the hillsides on Naboo, attended by Sabé, Padmé’s long time friend and her family. Obi-Wan was handsome. His brown beard was trimmed for the occasion, his eyes locked on hers. The weather, thankfully, was cooperating with them. Finally, as the officiator said the last words, Padmé fell forward and kissed Obi-Wan.

Padmé and Obi-Wan didn’t hear what the old man was saying. The Jedi stared at the woman before him to be his wife and life long soul mate. Everything was perfect, right down to the last detail. She was perfect. Silk white dress, curled hair, her small face...He would love her forever. He turned to the officiator as he said the last things, he knew he recognized.

“Husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride...of course, no one needs to tell you two that.” He added. Obi-Wan smiled, staring at her. “Now, nothing can ever stop us from being together. ‘Till death do us part is a long time, Padmé.” Padmé smiled back as Obi-Wan let go of her hands, grabbing a MIC. He smiled at her, “I wanted to do something special for you, for both of us. So I wrote this song for you.”
She laughed, “That one of the lessons Qui-Gon gave you while you were training?”

“No, just something I did during my free time.” Obi-Wan answered with a smile. “My gift is my song, and this one’s for you.” He raised his arm and pointed to her, smiling.

Padmé smiled back, not quite remembering if Anakin ever did anything this special for her. She frowned slightly but brushed the memory away, returning to the present.

He sat down on the stage, holding the MIC in his left hand, “And you can tell everybody, that this is your song. It maybe quite simple but now that it’s done.” Obi-Wan raised his hand and started to snap his fingers rhythmically, “Hope you don’t mind, I hope you don’t mind, that I put down in words - how wonderful life is, now you’re in the world...” His eyes scanned through Padmé’s various relatives until his eyes fell upon Padmé herself. “Sat on the roof, and I kicked off the moss. Though some of these verses well they, they got me quite cross. But the sun’s been kind, while I wrote this song.

“It’s for people like you that, Keep it turned on...”

He stood up from the stage, walked down and knelt in front of Padmé, taking her hand, pulling her up from her seat. Padmé laughed, staring back at Obi- Wan. “So excuse me for getting, but these things I do. You see I’ve forgotten if they are green or they are blue. And well the thing is, well, I really love you. Yours are the sweetest eyes, I’ve ever seen...”

The chorus swayed with the music, singing, “This is your song, this is your song...”

Padmé caught on with the lyrics, singing along with Obi- Wan. “And, you can tell everybody that this is your song; it maybe quite simple, but now that it’s done.” She smiled back at him, her arms reaching around his back, dancing, “Hope you don’t mind, I hope you don’t mind, that I put down in words -- how wonderful life is, now you’re in the world...Hope you don’t mind, I hope you don’t mind, that I put down in words...How wonderful life is, now you’re in the world...”

Obi-Wan smiled, kissing Padmé. “We’re going to be great together, I can tell.”

tbc

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: Star Wars used to belong to George Lucas until he destroyed his own movies and then let Disney buy the rights. The song, ‘Your Song’ is originally by Elton John but I can tell you, I borrowed it from Moulin Rouge.
Darkness is Coming...

Chapter Summary

She flung herself on him, crying frantically. "Oh Gods, Obi-Wan! I thought you were dead. Voices, I heard voices. They were crying out...their pain. They were there and then they were gone."

Chapter Notes

An A/U. Set years after the fall of the old republic. Anakin Skywalker, now Darth Vader (not Amidala's husband) helps the Emperor destroy all the Jedi, except one and his love, Padmé. This is a story about their survival and the beginning of anew.

Spoiler: Padmé & Obi-Wan are married in this one!

Disclaimer: Star Wars used to belong to George Lucas until he destroyed his own movies and then let Disney buy the rights.

Author's Note: All 3 chapters are here! I'm not messing around with this fic anymore.

Padmé Amidala Kenobi tossed back and forth in her bed, sweat tracing her forehead and brow. She saw faces, felt their pain and darkness.... She realized that the Republic was crumbling away, due to Palpatine and his obsessed hunt to kill the only good thing left in the Galaxy, the Jedi Order.

She never suspected him, never realized - but neither did the Jedi. That's what troubled her. How could they not feel he was darkness? It didn't make any sense. Nothing made sense anymore. Everything that was, was gone.

"Noooooo!" Padmé bolted up from her darkened slumber in sweat. All was not gone. She turned to her side. Empty. The former Queen shook her head defiantly as she stood up from the bed, grabbing a silk red kimono robe. She tightened the sash, glancing around at the desolate room.

She searched the room for her love, as the storm pounded on the window. It was very fitting. Of course, it could have been a harsh nightmare. She could have been just sleeping but she needed to be sure. Something told her she needed to be sure. Padmé squinted, noticing a brown robe on a chair. She rushed over, feeling the robe with her hands. Tears were beginning to form. He was gone. Her love, her husband...he was gone.

"Padmé, love?" a voice asked from behind.

Amidala slowly turned facing the Jedi. Her hands dropped the robe as they reached up, trailing his face. Yes, it was he. He was all right. Palpatine didn't get him. She flung herself on him, crying frantically. "Oh Gods, Obi-Wan! I thought you were dead. Voices, I heard voices. They were crying out...their pain. They were there and then they were gone."

He walked her to the bed. She obediently sat down, hands folded her lap but the pain was still in her eyes. "Obi-Wan, I didn't imagine it. They were real. I felt their pain, their terror --- then they
were silent." She looked down, staring at her hands, mumbling under her breath. "He killed
them."

"Ami, what you saw --- a few minutes ago, I felt it. The Jedi Order, Palpatine and Vadar breached
security ----they're dead. All of them."

"Oh Gods! They're dead?! That means you're the only one left. You're the only one." She cried,
"but that can't be? The Jedi, they're invincible, and good. How could they....?"

Obi-Wan didn't respond. He simply dropped his head, taking her hands in his and kissed them.
"They were my life. But now you are. I made that sacrifice. I loved you. I wouldn't trade anything
I said or was done." He paused, as she scooted next to him, resting her hand on his shoulder. Obi-
Wan bent his head, kissing her neck slightly. "You are my whole life. They were. That's true but
it's one thing I've learned, it's that love always wins out - no matter what."

He felt her beginning to drift off to sleep again. Obi-Wan began to remove her from his side, but
she clung her arms around his waist and smiled. "I love you, Obi-Wan, my husband. I've always
loved you."

"I love you too, my sweet handmaiden." He smiled lightly, resting on the bed - his wife resting on
his side, her arms resting on his abdomen. Obi-Wan lightly kissed her head as he allowed himself
to fall asleep next her.

~~

Amidala blinked, waking up the next morning. The storm had passed, but she still heard some
noise. She raised her head, still feeling a bit sleepy. She was about to call her husband but he
briskly entered the room, carrying an extra robe. He smiled, noticing his love was awake. Obi-
Wan sat down on the bed, kissing her lightly before Amidala grabbed hold of the robe, pulling it
away from him.

"What's this?"

"For you." He replied, pushing back her bangs.

She shrugged, dropping the robe to her lap. Amidala laughed once she recognized what the robe
was. "You want me to dress like a Jedi? Like you? Why?"

He shrugged, giving in. His jovial face gave out and a stern one, one of deep concern, replaced it.
"We're leaving. We have to. It's not safe here anymore, my love."

Amidala frowned, lowering her head slightly but Obi-Wan's hand brought it back up and he
continued. "I know. I don't like it either. I don't want to leave her, but it is no longer safe.
Palpatine's spies are everywhere and considering his hold over Anakin, his first command would
be to kill one last link to his old life ---- You."

"But I'm not Anakin's wife. I'm yours." Amidala replied.

"I know that but in Anakin's eyes, you've always been his." He paused, considering his words.
"Amidala, he's very dangerous, they both are. We can't risk the possibility that one of his spies is
here on Naboo, watching us; waiting for the right time to strike. I won't risk your life like that."

She smiled, brushing her left hand on his face. "You were always very sweet." Obi-Wan caught
her hand and kissed her palm. "And I trust your judgment. Though I am sad. Naboo's been my
home since I was a child. I was always safe here and now I have to leave it."
He smiled reassuringly at her. "I promise, one day you'll return here and you'll be safe again. We'll both be safe."

"I wish I could believe that." She replied, glancing at the robe one more time. "Masquerading as a Jedi, huh? It's dangerous. We could be caught."

"Not if we're shielded, using the Force."

Amidala gasped, dropping the robe to her lap. She leaned over, kissing him softly. "You're the wise husband."

Obi-Wan rose from the bed, smiling down at her small form. Despite all the evil around them, she had managed to remain at calm and keep up a happy facade. It made him more proud of her than himself.

tbc
Season of Darkness

Chapter Summary

She rolled her eyes, beginning to get angry. "You don't have to tell me this is bad timing, Obi-Wan. I know it is...but I don't care. I want this child." Obi-Wan sighed as she continued. "At the end, whenever the end is, I might not be around and because of that, I don't want you to be alone. I want some part of me to always be with you, and some part of you to always be with me.... I love you."

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: Star Wars used to belong to George Lucas until he destroyed his own movies and then let Disney buy the rights.

Obi-Wan Kenobi heard the cries of millions as he helplessly stood back and watched the destruction. He couldn't move to help any of them. His legs and arms were paralyzed. He wanted to help them but he couldn't. He stood there, fixated on a single man...his former Apprentice and friend. How things had become from light to darkness only within a few months, he wasn't able to fathom.

He cursed himself for not seeing the change in him sooner and not speaking up when he had the chance. Now, all the Galaxy were made to suffer and it was all because the Jedi Master fell in love with the same woman his former Padawan loved and he married her. The day Obi-Wan married Padmé on Naboo, he hadn't regretted his decision because he loved her deeply and would do anything to protect her and his children.

Children.

During the first couple months of their marriage, Obi-Wan and Padmé decided it would be better not to have children so quickly because it would hurt Anakin. But they did agree if Anakin accepted the truth, they would go ahead and try to have a child. And there was also the issue of dealing with the Council. Obi-Wan really hadn't done that. He went to Naboo to safeguard the Senator from assassins and worrying herself. At that time, Anakin was busy with his studies and constant testing giving by the Council. He couldn't leave but Obi-Wan was granted permission to see to the Queen, a fateful decision that had to two sets of outcomes.

One, after the assassin was thwarted, Obi-Wan remained on Naboo with the Queen in case there was another attempt as also as her friend and advisor. It was then that their feelings for one another surfaced. After Padmé talked with Sabé about her feelings for the Jedi, she went to him directly and proclaimed that she loved him and that wanted to enjoy life, the rest of her life with him and he accepted. Captain Panaka didn't like the idea but went along it because as her protector and trusted friend, he had never gone against his Queens' wishes.

They were married in only a few days and after they were married, and enjoying their short honeymoon, Obi-Wan was called back to Coruscant because Anakin had a premonition that his
mother would die. The Council refuted Anakin's plea to go to Tatooine to see his mother but they relented once Obi-Wan arrived. The two Jedi went to the dessert planet, unsure what to expect...then the tension grew.

Anakin asked why it had taken him so long to take care of the Queen, if the assassin had already be captured and executed. His Master replied that the Naboo Security had to make sure there were no accomplices and that it was safe for her to return to the Senate. He could tell the boy didn't buy it because he focused his attention on the flight and was quiet the rest of the journey.

When they arrived on Tatooine, it was too late. Shmi was already dead, killed by Mandalorians. Anakin stood before the old hovel, staring at it before dropping onto the ground in despair and started to cry. Obi-Wan glanced at the old home, then at his Padawan.

"Ani, I'm sorry. I wish.... I'm sorry."

Anakin stopped crying, and turned around facing his Master. A smile crossed his face but it wasn't the same smile; Obi-Wan felt darkness behind it. "You're sorry?" He stood up, his hand resting on his saber, an action not lost upon his Master. "What exactly are you sorry for, Master?"

"Your Mother, of course. It was a tragedy."

He fingered his saber. "No, that's not what you're sorry about it. It's something else, something more personal."

Obi-Wan shook his head, his eyes not leaving his Padawan's saber. "I don't know what you're talking about, Ani."

"Oh, yes you do. Admit it." He whispered coldly.

"I don't know...."

Anakin's fingers began to tap his saber as he faced the Jedi. "I know, Obi- Wan." He paused, pacing around his Master in a circle. "You think I wouldn't notice, wouldn't feel anything. I felt on the shuttle ride over. You've changed and I know why."

His eyes finally left Anakin's saber and he looked the young Jedi straight in the eye. "And what do you presume is reason for this change?"

Anakin thrust foreword, grabbing Obi-Wan's collar. "You married her. You took her away from me; you've blinded her and you've tried to hide it from me but I can see. My Master taught me that."

~~

Obi-Wan awoke with a jolt, sweat streaming down his sides and chest. For months now, he had been reliving the same nightmare over and over. It was the Force's way to punish him for all he had done to Anakin. Now, others would suffer for his actions and Amidala...He didn't want his wife to suffer for what he did, but he couldn't help that. If Amidala did feel pain, she didn't show it.

She was a strong woman, stronger than he anticipated. A couple months ago, she had suffered through a horrid nightmare. Anakin and Palpatine had exterminated all the Jedi. She felt their pain, their fears and even she wasn't a Jedi. It didn't make sense at first but after meditating on it, it made sense. After all this time, unbeknownst to her, she had been strongly connected to the Force. Her parents must have shielded her from it and the planet's testing because they didn't want to lose their daughter to the Jedi and in a way, they did because she married one.
"Obi-Wan..."

He turned to side, as Padmé stirred from her sleep. Obi-Wan bent down, kissing her forehead. She smiled. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Go back to sleep."

Her eyes finally adjusted to the light. "No, something's wrong. What is it?"

He hung his head low and she frowned. "You had the same nightmare again, didn't you?"

"Yes."

She raised a hand, stroking his head and sighed. "You're not alone, husband. I worry too. I worry because either Ani or Palatine can locate us at any minute..."

"I fear it even more because of you. What if he finds you and hurts you."

"He could never hurt me. He loves me the same way I know you'll love our child."

Obi-Wan froze, turning his head back to her. She smiled, lying hand on her stomach. "I've pregnant my love...with our child. I know it'll be hard, with us on the run all the time, but I know we can do it."

"Ami..."

She rolled her eyes, beginning to get angry. "You don't have to tell me this is bad timing, Obi-Wan. I know it is...but I don't care. I want this child." Obi-Wan sighed as she continued. "At the end, whenever the end is, I might not be around and because of that, I don't want you to be alone. I want some part of me to always be with you, and some part of you to always be with me.... I love you."

Obi-Wan bent over, kissing her shoulder. "I love you, too, Ami. And I understand. This war, this Hell, I'm not even sure I'll survive this. The future is in constant motion..." he paused, laying a hand on her belly, smiling. "And thus far, it doesn't seem that bad."

~~

Some months later...

Bail Organa watched the small craft land, as two more handmaidens joined his highness. One of them, Amidala's former handmaiden and best friend, Sabé, managed to leave Naboo some months before Amidala did, as a decoy, so Palpatine would follow her instead and remove all Imperials from the planet. It worked, but only momentarily until the Emperor realized she was a decoy to allow the Queen and Obi-Wan leave the planet safely.

Sabé heard part of the message she sent earlier, so she knew some details on the situation. The ramp extended, revealing Obi-Wan, helping his wife walk off the platform. Her tummy was beginning to show, which meant it was only a matter of time before Anakin sensed she was with child and he exploited that information to his Master. They had to work fast.

Sabé ran over, helping her friend. "It is good to see you, Padmé." She whispered as they confronted Bail.

Bail gave them a small smile and quickly faced the Jedi Master. "You should have contacted me sooner, Jedi. It isn't safe for her to roam around the galaxy in her condition."
He was about to reply but Amidala held her high and replied for him. "It was my decision, your highness. I could have been safer here on Alderaan, but I couldn't leave my husband to fight Anakin and his Master alone. I wanted to be by his side."

Organa waved his hand, gesturing other handmaidens to help the former Queen.

~~

After being situated, Obi-Wan went to talk to Bail, leaving his wife with Sabé. The two hadn't spoken since Sabé volunteered to act as decoy one last time for her highness. Since day one, Sabé promised to always be there for her friend, no matter what and to this day, she had kept that promise. However, it wasn't Amidala's decision for Sabé to take on a dangerous task. It was Sabé's. Amidala hated the idea, but relented because it was the only solution at the time to ensure their safety off the planet. Over the years, Amidala managed to keep in touch with most of her handmaidens after she retired as Queen, but it was hard. They were constantly on the move and busy, but Sabé, remained in her position as her best friend.

"I'm sorry for leaving you." Sabé whispered, looking down.

"You had no choice. There were no other choices, Sabé. If there had been a choice, it probably would have been just as risky." Amidala gave her friend a smile, taking her hand. "You have always been a true friend, Sabé. Thank you."

The older girl blushes, nodding back. "It has been an honor to serve you, your highness."

~~

Obi-Wan smiled, sensing his wife was at peace with her friend. Bail noticed the smile and smiled himself. "What is it?" he asked.

"Sabé and Amidala. Before Sabé left, Ami hated the idea of her acting as decoy again. I think she may have resented her for it, but now, they're all right. We're all right."

Bail quickly frowned as he sat on his desk chair. The two of them were in a private office, located in the palace. The Emperor had occupied worlds in the inner room, but Alderaan was yet to join those worlds. It was still independent and therefore a haven to anyone. "Still, we need to work out a plan. Your child, when he or she is born, it will be very dangerous."

He frowned as a dark cloud settled on the Jedi's features. He didn't want to lose the child, but if worst came to worse, they would have to think of something and that was exactly why they were there on Alderaan. "Your thoughts?"

"Hide the little one. Maybe here on Alderaan or on some other desolate planet with two handmaidens, while the two of you create new identities."

"New identities? Is that really necessary? What if we want to contact each other and don't know where to look? Some years from now, one of us maybe dead we'll have never known about it." Obi-Wan cried.

"I understand your concern, Obi-Wan. But keep in mind, most Jedi who had survived the Emperor's purge had to change their name in order to remain hidden. We can't make exceptions. It's the only way the three of you will be safe."

Obi-Wan gasped, rubbing his rough chin. In the last few months, he had started to grow a beard, much like his old Master. It was defiant of the Jedi Code, but it didn't really matter since most of
the Order was gone anyway. As far as he knew, he was the only Jedi left in the galaxy, which put him at the top of Palpatine's hit list, along with his wife. If she bore children, she would also be a threat and now she was pregnant with his child, putting her life in danger as well. "All right. As long as it keeps Ami and Mara safe. I agree."

"Mara?"

"Her name. Our daughter's name. It's Mara Jade." He paused, "It's as you said. Our names, they never existed, which means our child's name, shouldn't resemble both our names. It's done."

"No, my friend, it's only the beginning." Bail mused.

~~

Another 2 months later...

Obi-Wan watched two more handmaidens' rush into the chambers as he sat back, waiting with Bail. Amidala had given birth prematurely, but she was all right. The baby was a bit weak, but he was assured she would live. Sabé was inside with her, keeping her friend company while doctors saw to the baby. They arrived two hours ago and they had since not come out, which made Obi-Wan very nervous.

"Don't worry, Obi-Wan. She's probably all right. They're both all right." Bail added, surprising the Jedi. It had been hours since anyone had talked, so it took him a few minutes to realize who it was. The two turned once Sabé left the room, carrying a small baby girl. She smiled, handing her over to Obi-Wan to hold.

"Her name is Mara Jade, as you said. She's a bit weak, but I'm sure, after nourishment, she'll be stronger." Sabé replied, smiling at the tiny one.

Obi-Wan glanced up at Sabé and smiled. "Thank you, Sabé."

She glanced back at the room. Obi-Wan saw her concern and frowned, his eyes focused on Padmé. "Is she all right?"

"She's weak. The labor, it was harsh and painful. She needs time to sleep before you can go in to see her. I know you want too. She's your wife and my sister, but give her time, Obi-Wan."

He sat down with the girl. Sabé stood there watching father and daughter and smiled. She had green eyes and red hair, a terrific advantage because no one would ever suspect who her parents were. She was beautiful, the most beautiful thing Obi-Wan had ever seen in his life. She was the only good thing to happen to him in a long time since he married Amidala. He just hoped Amidala would be strong enough to be able to see how beautiful her daughter was as he saw her.

Obi-Wan looked up at Sabé, whom faintly smiled at him. He hadn't noticed it before but she was pale and looked like she wasn't about to collapse. "Sabé?"

She met his gaze and smiled. "I'm all right, Jedi. Don't worry. I'm just exhausted from taking care of the Queen for the past few days. I'll be all right."

"Have you been sleeping?"

The handmaiden. Obi-Wan handed Mara to Bail, as he looked Sabé straight in the eye. "Then I command you take leave. You need your rest as well, Sabé. Go."

Sabé glanced at Bail, and then head down the hallway.
tbc
Ties that Bind

Chapter Summary

Obi-Wan glanced at his wife and smiled back. "Mara's so beautiful, I don't think I could ever give her up."

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: Star Wars used to belong to George Lucas until he destroyed his own movies and then let Disney buy the rights.

"Don't like it, do you?" the woman mocked. "It's not easy to suddenly lose everything that once made you special, is it?"

Luke eased his legs over the side of the bed and sat up.... The woman watched him, her right hand dropping to her lap to rest on top of her blaster.

"If the purpose of all this activity is to impress me with your remarkable powers of recuperation,” she offered, "You don't need to bother."

Luke looked her hard in the eye, wondering if she would flinch away from his gaze. She didn't even twitch. "Don't tell me; let me guess. You're Mara Jade."

~~

Obi-Wan Kenobi opened his eyes’, shaking off the feeling. There was something about the vision; the other man was that seemed familiar to him.... He glanced at his sleeping wife. Five months ago, his daughter, Mara Jade was born and now, still living in Alderaan's palace, under close supervision of Bail Organa, things were starting to look and feel normal. Amidala and his baby were healthy, despite the harsh delivery months before. Amidala was worn, weak --- when he saw her, she almost looked like a ghost. But with Sabé's help and support, she grew strong again but at times when he'd watch her, he'd still worry.

Mara was strong. Barely even a year old and already she was exhibiting a strong link with the Force. Obi-Wan noticed it immediately after she was born. Caring and loving Mara, brought light back into his life. After Anakin turned, Obi-Wan shunned the idea of loving anybody else. Amidala helped him through and he was grateful to her for that.

Now, despite the darkness around them, he was whole again. He realized it would be a long time until the galaxy would know peace again, but already he was experiencing what peace was like. Mara turned her head, smiling up at her father. Obi-Wan smiled back as Amidala woke up from her rest, smiling at the two.

"You two look beautiful together." She whispered.

Obi-Wan glanced at his wife and smiled back. "Mara's so beautiful, I don't think I could ever give
Amidala raised her elbow, resting her head on it and sighed, staring at her little girl. "But we have too, Obi-Wan. We can't keep her. Vader, he'll be looking for us and since Anakin loved me, and felt a strong connection towards me, he most likely knows about Mara. We can't put her life in danger because of me."

"Because of us, Ami. We're in this together. There is no one person."

She smiled wearily as Mara crawled into her mother's arms and began to play with her brown curls. "I keep forgetting. I'm sorry."

The Jedi looked down, grabbing hold of her free hand and smiled. "We don't have to make a decision right away, you know."

"I know, but we have to...for Mara."

~~

Amidala and Obi-Wan jumped up once they heard a harsh yell from across the hall. Amidala grabbed Mara as Obi-Wan rushed to the door, unleashing his lightsaber. Mara remained quiet in her mother's arms as she walked behind Obi-Wan. He trailed the scream, finally entering Sabé's apartment. The handmaiden was on the bed, shrieking violent spasms.

Padmé handed Mara to her father and went to her friend's side. "Sabé, what's wrong? Sabé?"

~~

Hours later, Bail Organa reached the apartment, flanked by a single handmaiden. Entering the room, he saw Obi-Wan standing off to the side holding Mara while Amidala comforted her friend. She saw Bail and nodded to him, standing up. Sabé sat in bed, staring blankly at the carpet while she saw to Bail.

"What's happened? Was Sabé attacked or something?"

"No, she wasn't attacked. She's pregnant.... 5 months in fact. It turns out, the reason why she volunteered to act as a decoy was to think things over by herself and what the future of her child would be. She was scared as we were and if caught, even willing to die." Amidala paused, glancing at her husband and sighed. "And we thought we had problems."

Bail sighed, glancing at Sabé. She met his gaze and he continued. "Who's the father? Does she know?"

Amidala looked down, as all eyes focused on the former Queen. "Yes, she knows. It's him, Palpatine.... Only he doesn't know. At least she doesn't think he knows."

Organa dropped onto a chair, rubbing his chin with his left hand. "And I thought all our troubles were over. Now, we have to worry about putting Sabé into hiding, as well as you, your highness." His said, referring to Amidala.

"It's what we must do, Bail, for us and the rest of the Galaxy." She replied, gazing at Mara and Obi-Wan.

~~

Obi-Wan stood back, quietly watching his wife say good bye before he, his daughter and Bail
would travel to Ithor with a handmaiden, to care for her, then take young Luke, Sabé's son to Tatooine, whom would also be cared for by a handmaiden. Tatooine. It was the same planet where Qui-Gon, Obi-Wan's former Master find a young Anakin Skywalker. Both women shared tears about losing their only hope, both mourned the idea that they might never see them again someday and maybe see their grand children. If it were another time and place, this display wouldn't have to take place. He huffed, nodding to Bail and the handmaiden, Fia.

Amidala kissed Mara's head before glancing up at her husband, trying to fight back the tears. Fia stood before the Queen, bowing slightly, then held out her arms as she handed Fia the child. "We will always love you, Mara. Don't ever forget that. Never forget who you are and where you came from. Never forget." She whispered to the child, as another handmaiden, Onissa, and Sabé, Luke's mother confronted Amidala. Sabé grasped her hand, smiling bravely, as Onissa held Luke in her arms. The two handmaiden's head on board, carrying both children in their arms followed by Bail Organa and Obi-Wan Kenobi. Obi-Wan stopped briefly before Amidala and hugged her.

"I promise. I'll look after both of them. You have my word."

She sniffed, "I know you will."

Obi-Wan backed away and smiled to Sabé. "May the Force be with you, Jedi Kenobi."

He smiled at them both before walking up the ramp. He stopped by the door, pressing the button that closed the ramp.

~~

Obi-Wan felt the jolt as he reached the cockpit, where Bail was trying to fight off tag-alongs. They were small, but possessed immense firepower. TIE-fighters. Obi-Wan dropped into the co-pilot chair, targeting the fighters. Another jolt. The Jedi tapped his COM, "Handmaiden, are the children all right?"

Fia answered. "Yes. They're just scared."

Bail agreed with her. "So, are we."

"Does this ship have light speed? Weaponry defense?"

"Light speed we have, but weaponry, it doesn't have. We'll have to out run them." Bail stood up, calculating the jump to light speed while Obi-Wan continued to fire on the enemy fighters. He shot down two, but more were coming to intercept, followed by three more. "Oh, great, just what we needed...more company."

"Not for long." Bail answered, sitting back in his chair. The man pulled back as lever, pulling them into Hyperspace as a fighter just missed them and hit only space.

~~

Obi-Wan Kenobi slumped back in his chair as Bail set the coordinates towards Ithor, Mara's new home. Mara. He didn't really want to say good-bye to her. She was his child, his flesh, his blood, and now, after barely knowing her, after loving her for so long, he was going to let her go. He hated the idea, but for the time, it was the only good idea. He glanced at Bail before heading on back to see Mara and Luke.


The two names fit together. They were just children. The possibility that they'd actually find one
another some day and become lovers was impossible. No one ever stays in touch too long, to be that close, much less two babies that would barely remember each other. Mara had a keen sense, strong connection to the Force, as he was sure, Luke had as well, from his father, Palpatine - but linking together wasn't likely or was it?

Obi-Wan smiled at Fia and Onissa as he entered the rec. room. His smile widened when he noticed Mara on the floor, playing with young Luke. They were playing hide and seek. Mara had her eyes closed while Luke hid under the table the two handmaids' were sitting at. Obi-Wan bent down next to his little girl and kissed her. The girl opened her eyes, searching for Luke. She saw her father and quickly kissed his cheek before seeking Luke out. The boy glanced at Mara and she cheered once she noticed him and ran to tag him, causing a scowl on the boys' face.

Mara laughed, putting her foot down to show authority. She raised her chubby arms and placed her hands on her waist. Luke only rolled his eyes before closing them and started to count. When he didn't hear Mara's feet patter to somewhere else, he opened his eyes again to see Obi-Wan talking to his daughter. She sat in his lap, smiling at him. He saw his lips moving but couldn't hear what they were talking about. Mara nodded again, glancing at Fia and Luke. The young girl got up from her father's lap and went to stand next to Fia's chair.

In turn, Fia stood up and talked quietly with the former Jedi Master. Mara stood behind one of the table legs, looking at them both...mainly her father and her caretaker. She realized she'd never see her father again after this trip because things were not good and needed to settle down before she could return to his arms and her mothers'. She loved them both so much and held high hope that one day, she'd feel that love again....

The End

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