It’s not possible.

The words were on her lips, ready to smother the spark of hope in Anakin’s eye. She knew something like this would happen; she should have better kept her distance. Instead, these past few days they had only grown closer, she found herself opening up to him more than she ever had with anybody else. What he was suggesting was madness; something like this could only end in disaster. Inhaling deeply, she lifted her eyes from the floor to his face.

“Anakin…” She trailed off. Her breath caught in her throat at the way he looked bathed in...
firelight. Why couldn’t she have this one thing for herself? She had sacrificed so much for her career; she just wanted to be selfish for once.

His expression was guarded, preparing for rejection.

“Yeah?” He breathed.

Making up her mind she leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his unsuspecting mouth. The kiss wasn’t prefect, their heads collided painfully, and their teeth clacked together, but Padmé felt as if a weight had lifted.

Anakin jerked back in surprise. “Padmé…?”

She shushed him. Cradling his face in her hands she moved in slowly and with their gazes locked, kissed him again. He kissed her back immediately, his hands placed chastely on her waist. His eyes slipped shut, but she kept hers open, watching the way his eyes flickered beneath his lids.

Pulling away, she licked her lips, and placed a hand over heart; as if to calm her thundering pulse. Pushing his Padawan braid behind his ear, Anakin shyly gazed at her from under his lashes, the darkness of the room not able to fully conceal the redness of his cheeks. She couldn’t stop the smile that stretched across her face.

“So, do you…? I mean-It’s just-.” She watched Anakin struggle for the right words and the blush on his face burn even brighter.

Putting him out of his misery she confessed. “I’m not sure.” And it was the truth. She was attracted to him, and her feelings for him were more than just friendship, but love? It was too soon; too quick, Padmé always prided herself on her rational mind, and falling in love after a few days was ridiculous. It only happened in Holodramas, not real life.

She watched him deflate; he seemed to shrink into himself. He moved his gaze to stare at a point over her shoulder.

“Then what was the point of that?” Anakin asked, frustrated.

She smoothed down the lines in her dress, and took a moment to collect her thoughts. “I like you, a lot more than I should, if we’re being honest with each other. But I’m not going to tell you I love you because it’s what you want to hear.” She fidgeted with her hair for a second, before feeling stupid and forcing her hands to stay still. “I don’t want to lie to you because you’re too smart for that, and I care about you too much.” She rushed the last part out in one breath. She hated the feeling of exposure that came with being honest.

The crackle of firewood broke the silence of the room. The tension was unbearable, Padmé wished she could take it all back and lie. Tell him what she meant to say before she kissed him.

She opened her mouth, but Anakin broke the silence first. “Okay, I can work with that.” He said under his breath.

“What?” She asked. Not following his train of thought.

He moved in closer, their thighs pressed flush together. He took her hand and laced their fingers together. “I can make you love me.”

Padmé sighed, exasperated. “Anakin-.”

He cut her off by pressing a finger to her lips, and shushing her. Their roles were reversed now; he
held her face in his hands and despite the set line of his jaw, his hands still trembled. Making sure they didn’t bump heads again, he tilted her head and kissed her. It started off sweet and slow; like the kiss he stole by the lake. Soon though, he pulled her lower lip between his teeth and bit down, not hard enough to draw blood, but hard enough for it to sting. She traced her tongue over his. He tasted sweet; like the fruit from dinner.

He pulled her onto his lap, and she could feel his arousal underneath her. Rocking herself against his erection, she let out a delighted giggle when he groaned. She reached up to unclasp the black choker from her neck and sighed when Anakin dragged his lips down her throat, sucking at the skin behind her ear.

Feeling him grow harder beneath her, she asked breathlessly. “Do you want to…”

She let the question linger in the air. She didn’t want to rush him if he was unsure.

Anakin’s nodded his head in wordless consent. His hands slid up her waist to cup her breasts through the leather bodice before sliding around to finger the delicate clasps of her dress. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and urges him with her kiss to unhook her dress. The tiny hooks prove a slight challenge for his large fingers, and she whispered into his mouth. “Just rip it.”

The back of her dress came apart with tiny popping sounds, and Padmé took a deep breath when she was able to breathe fully without the bodice to hinder her. Moving her hands from the back of his neck she worked at removing his clothes. Careful not to fling his clothes into the fire, she ran her palms down his chest, appreciating his lean frame. Padmé deftly unbuttoned his trousers and slipped her hand down the front of his pants, stroking his length. She smirked as she watched Anakin close his eyes and exhale sharply through his nose.

Anakin whined when she let go, but she flashed him a small grin and a quick peck on the lips. Standing up as gracefully as she could, Padmé stood between Anakin’s legs and let her dress slide to the floor and pool at her feet. She could feel the heat of the fire on her bare back, but it was nothing compared to the heat of Anakin’s gaze. His eyes raked his eyes over her body and she resisted the urge to cover herself from his intense stare.

Hoping to break the tension of the room, she pointed to his pants, and teased. “Do you need help taking those off?”

Anakin blinked. “N-No.” He stuttered. Their eyes met and she nodded her head in encouragement.

He hastily kicked off his boots, followed soon by his pants, and it was Padmé’s turn to rake appraising eyes over his form. He still had that lankiness most teenage boys have, but she could see the wall of muscle forming under his skin. He had a scar on his left thigh; it had faded with age, but Padmé could tell it was deep. It looked like the mark left behind by an electrowhip; she didn’t let her gaze linger.

Stepping closer, she perched one knee up on the sofa, and looked down at him. His cheeks were red, and Padmé thought it was adorable. She leaned down to place a chaste kiss on his cheek. “Are you sure about this?” She asked.

“Yes.”

She brought her other knee up and straddled him. Padmé hovered over him; second thoughts forming in her mind. “You can’t come inside.” She finally said.

“Of course, Milady” He nodded in faux seriousness, and flashed a quick smile.
She returned the grin, and ignoring the whispers of doubt, sank down onto him.

He stared at her unblinkingly, his mouth slack, the expression almost made her want to laugh. She waited for him to get comfortable with the feeling before she started to move. She placed her hands on the back of the couch and kept a slow steady pace. Her eyes slipped shut as she began to enjoy the pleasurable sensation. Anakin’s hands gripped her hips painfully as he silently urged her to move faster.

She rolled her hips against his, and gasped when he leaned up and pulled her nipple into his mouth. Speeding up, she buried her fingers in his hair and tugged his ponytail, forcing his mouth against hers. Anakin’s moans were much louder than her breathless whimpers, and she grew more aroused when he started repeating her name under his breath.

She tried not to wince as his blunt nails dug into the soft skin of her waist. “I’m, oh Force-Padmé-I’m…”

Taking that has her cue; she reluctantly lifted herself off of him and collapsed onto the couch next to him. The dull ache between her legs throbbed almost painfully. Ignoring the need to touch herself, she turned her head to watch Anakin come apart beside her.

After he was done, Anakin rolled his head to the side to gaze at her with heavy lidded eyes. The smile creeping across his face faded when he noticed her stern expression. His eyes darted to her center and then back to her face. “You didn’t…?” He trailed off awkwardly, a flush rising to his face at the question.

“No.” She said, harshly. The ache in her center growing unbearable. Tired of waiting for him she snaked her hand down her stomach to finish the job herself.

“Wait, I’ll do it.” Anakin said, as he grabbed her wrist, halting it from its destination.

He got off the sofa and dropped down to his knees in front of her spread legs. He grabbed her thighs and pulled her towards the edge of the couch, and then slung her legs over his shoulders. He stared at her center for a moment before leaning in and running his tongue hotly up her slit.

Her toes curled at the small bit of relief the action caused. He repeated the action a few more times before she ran the pad of her finger over her clit and whispered. “Here.”

Anakin didn’t need to be told twice. He quickly focused all of his attention to the small bundle of nerves. His grip on the back of her thighs tightened and he pulled her closer to his mouth. Padmé rocked against his face as her fingers frantically grasping at the fabric of the sofa cushions.

As the last of the aftershocks ran through her body she felt Anakin place a quick kiss on the inside of her thigh before removing her legs from his shoulders and placing them back on the floor. He stood easily and looked around the room, avoiding making eye contact with her. She thought his sudden shyness was cute, so she took no offense when he quickly pulled on his pants and sat on the sofa opposite her.

She didn’t know what this would eventually lead to; her career didn’t leave her with much time
for a personal life, and since he was a Jedi it would force any relationship they had to be a secret one. Padmé was so tired of secrets; she was tired of lying, of only divulging half-truths. She had lived most of her life deceiving others. Did she really want the added stress?

But it wasn’t stress Padmé felt right now. Even with the tension of the room, and the threat of assassination, as well as the military creation act hovering over her head she was more relaxed than she had been in days.

Her eyes roved over Anakin thoughtfully as he sat across from her; maybe he was worth the trouble.

“Would you like to go to bed with me tonight?”

Anakin nodded, and then answered. “Yeah.”

“Just to sleep.” She clarified.

“Okay.”

She rose from the couch and offered Anakin her hand, getting a thrill when his rough fingers laced with hers. “Let’s go then.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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