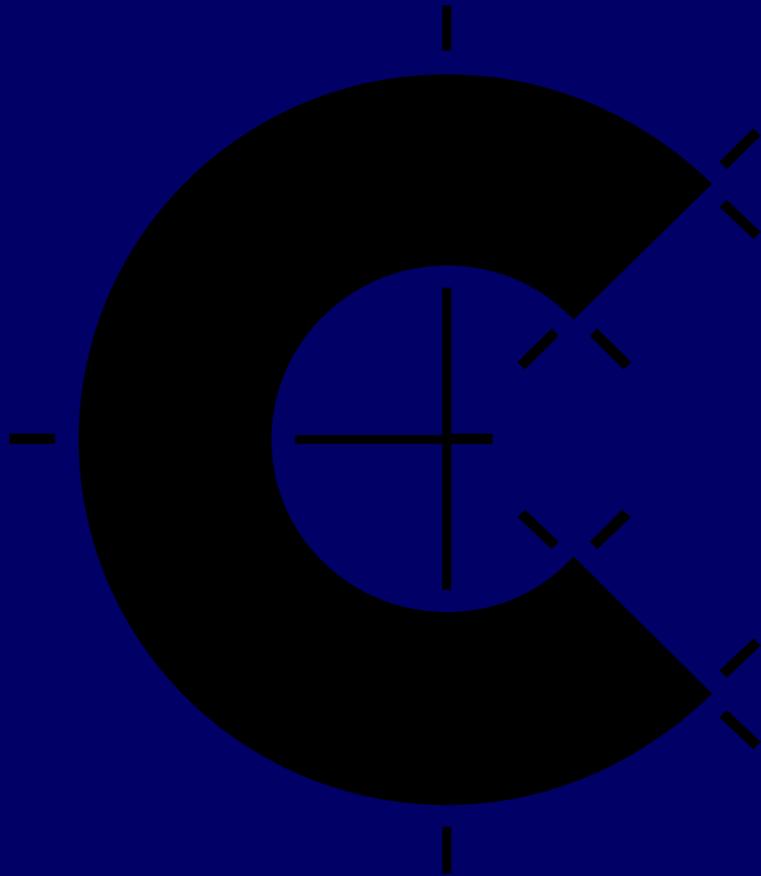


Pæan to Priapus VII a multi-media slash anthology



ircumference
by M. Fae Glasgow

AURORA

One of the subgenres in *The Phantom Menace* (and other fandoms!) is forcing Our Two Guys to engage in sex to atone for something, or save something/someone/themselves, or maintain their cover, or fulfill local religious requirements—the list of excuses is endless, and the descriptions of Our Two Guys doing the deed are luscious. But...what's it like from the other side? What's it like to be part of the group that's requiring these two guys to perform the ritual or prove the goodness of their intentions? What's it like to be—like slash fans—the ones watching Our Two Guys actually doing it?



IF THEY STOOD

Contents

Introduction

Aurora (Q/O)

Identikit (F/K)

Padawan Talks (Q/O)

Status Quo (Sk/M)

The Lie (Q/O)

Coming Clean (F/V)

I Was Just... (Q/O)

Seems Like Old Times (F/K)

Honor Bound (Q/O)

Outage (F/K)

any chance at all of getting out of this mess with their skins intact and their necks unbroken, then they had to do this.

If they stood the slightest chance of getting a warning back to the Council about what was really going on behind the honeyed words of diplomatic emissaries and requests for more time to discuss 'trade options,' then they had to do this.

If they wanted to learn and reveal the truth about this rogue band of Force Sensitives masquerading as 'simple' merchants and traders forming a 'Trade Union' to give honest merchants an alternative to the Trade Federation, then they had to do this.

If they wanted to save the Jedi Order itself, they had to do this.

And if they wanted to know each other, just once, without penalty, then they had to do this.

There were brothels where less sex was going on.

In the main hall, our communal dinner had long since degenerated into the nights' usual activity, one person's lust all it ever took to start the chain-reaction, when we were of a mind to

Story Beginning

indulge and when indulgences wouldn't distract us from our ultimate goal or short-term safety. Tonight, it'd begun right there at the head table, Sofica snarling as she grabbed one of the officers standing behind her. Right there on the table, she started on him, not even bothering to strip him all the way before spreading his legs and shoving her fingers into him.

You could tell from the reactions to that exactly who was new around here and who wasn't. The only completely new ones, two applicants (none of us could consider calling either of these arrogant men 'suplicants'), those new, unsponsored ones, they gaped. Gaped, actually, judging by the look S' eve gave the fair-haired one. Or maybe S' eve was just looking, as so many of us were. The curiosity rippled through the room, and S' eve answered: gasping, and looking, both.

It's not often we get a new face, after all, and two new faces, attached to bodies such as those...well, who could blame us for wanting them?

Especially with the Force so strong in both of them. No aphrodisiac better than the tang and tingle of the Force, for us. To feel that against our skin, licking along the pleasure centers of body

Story Beginning

and brain—what could be better than that? We wonder, often, why mundanes even bother with coupling for anything other than the chore of procreation, when all they can feel is the body. Someone shuddered at that—and we all shared the image of what it must be like to couple like mundanes, without the touch of mind or spirit or Force: it would be like coupling with the dead.

Cold, and clammy, and the feel of that shivering through the room of us made us turn, chilled, to the burning flares up at the top table, where Sofica was taking her pleasure and filtering it through to us, and the two unsponsored ones were staring.

Of course, it was the strength of the Force in them that had roused our first suspicions—and the way it was tamed.

Only Jedi were fools enough to tame the Force, to take the fire of it and turn it into nothing more than a banked glow.

So the wonderings had begun within seconds of the two of them appearing in our midst. How had they got in, how had they bypassed both guards and security—the Force, obviously, and a powerful amount of it and even more training, for we hadn't even felt them coming. But the *why* was even more suspect. If they

Story Beginning

were what they claimed to be, why not just knock on the front door the way other rogue Sensitives and unlicensed telepaths did? And why were they without sponsors, without contacts, without a history?

Oh, we had much cause for suspicion, no two ways about that. But most of all, though, it was the two of them themselves.

They smelled of Jedi.

They stank of enforced serenity and repression, of natural desires buried alive until they suffocated, of pretentious self-righteousness.

Enough, in here, with us, to get them killed, usually.

But...

But with these two, there was more.

They carried the carrion stench of the Jedi, yes, but they also reeked of fear. Not of us, no, they all but sneered at an upstart band of rogue Sensitives in our unconvincing finery and tell-tale poor manners, communal dinner slipping rapidly into circle mind-fuck. They couldn't know what we were planning for the Jedi and the Trade Federation both— and even if they knew, what

Story Beginning

would two Jedi think they had to fear from untrained Sensitives? Our few telepaths knew how to shield—how else had they survived until they found and joined and became Us?—but shielded against being read, they couldn't read much in return: they couldn't do much more than garner impressions and vague feelings from our unsponsored...guests. But even without telepathy to read our friends or foes, we could read enough to be interested.

For there they stood, perfect pictures of serenity, but to Sensitives, obscured by a cloud of fear as thick as fog.

Why? The question buzzed through us, our telepaths quivering as they used our web of links to allow the question to leap from one of us to the next, a rising need—jittering fear, old and new memories of persecution, of boots echoing in the night: willowy waves of soothing, soothing, calming, belonging—to find the answer to what could make Jedi fear.

It was Jitar who noticed it, something that was enough to postpone their deaths at least. Nothing much, just a detail, but Jitar always had a fetish for hair, and Jitar, his Gift strong enough to bind us all, let us all see how there, amongst the softened ends of hair in need of a trim, there were two raw patches, bristly and

Story Beginning

sharp-edged, surely newly cut, we all agreed with him. One, at the back of the head, could be anything, but combined with the other, that tiny patch only Jitar would've noticed, behind the right ear...

Oh, yes, they smelled of Jedi repression. And one had been but recently, a padawan.

The other carried himself like a master.

And they smelled of fear, the fear of wanting.

We talked amongst ourselves then, of course, not that the applicants would be able to hear us: untrained though most of us were when we came here, Sofica made sure we learned shielding, and learned it well, telepaths and Sensitives alike.

Our new applicants were either spies, or that rarest of creatures, rogue Jedi. We're not fools; we don't believe in rogue Jedi masters, though we have every reason to believe in rogue Jedi padawans. But if they were master and padawan, then it would make sense for them to run.

For we could all taste it, the hunger, the want, the *need* between them.

And we could see it.

Story Beginning

Impossible, even for us, to tell which of them wanted more—and which of them feared more.

There is no passion, there is serenity, the poor bastards're taught from the crèche on up. There is no emotion, there is the Force.

And our two maybe-Jedi were ripping up their Code every time they looked at each other.

If that's what was going on between them, then their stupid damned Order would have a hissy fit—there were tales everyone had heard, horror tales of expulsion, of separation and being shunned. Ourselves, we would torture mundanes for information or punishment, but for one of our own, the worst we could do was shun them.

Can the mundanes even begin to imagine what it is to be Gifted, and be made utterly alone? And to *feel* it—in your soul, in your aching bones—as people turn from you?

We all feel at the ripple spread through the room as the mere thought of it passes through us; the moments of stillness, of touching stopping, and after the touch of cold fear, feel the way we drive the chill away. No better way to fight off a chill than with hugging a bit of fire, right?

Story Beginning

But we look, now, at our two applicants, sitting still as statues at the High Table, not looking at each other.

As if we can't feel the hunger between them.

Some of us can see it, and Gift the rest of us with the image: the Force so controlled and harnessed inside them, right there beside the need. Entangled in it, maybe, which must be hell for Jedi. The Force telling them to do one thing—and the pathetic idiots all but worship their midichlorian parasites—and their Code, Council, peers, inhibitions and Dark Times-traditions recoiling in horror and telling them not to do it on pain of falling to the Dark.

It's almost enough to make us feel sorry for them.

Yes—look, there, Jitar is approaching, and who'd ever have expected Jitar to be so subtle?

Not that it's working: the younger applicant just pulled away. Or maybe it did work: pulling away from Jitar bumped him into the near-Wookiee at his side.

Oh, we all felt that jolt of desire!

Even with things already well into the usual fun, we all felt that, a hot thrill like a blaster bolt just missing.

Story Beginning

Tonight, it had been Sofica who had made the first move to sex-play, but it had been the hunger of those two men that had truly started it.

But they haven't joined us. Not yet.

Even though we can all taste their hunger on our tongues and in our bellies, they're still sitting there.

Sofica's looking at them, and we can hear her doubts; she's going to test them again, and then we'll have our answer.

She's naked now, and we can hear her call S'eve to her. She'll take the big one with his jade murmur of Living Force, S'eve will take the cool violet. As one, our leader and second-in-command turn to the maybe-Jedi and touch them.

Wordless reeling rejection hurt. NOOOOOOOO.

Stop.

Everyone's stopped now, no matter what they were doing; who could lose themselves in the pleasure after a blow to our minds like that?

Jedi.

They are still, painfully obviously, Jedi.

And they have just rejected Us.

Story Beginning

They were tested, and failed. Jedi. They are still Jedi, and we have no cause to love the Jedi. Fear them, loathe them, hate them for stealing our children or our childhoods, but love them? No. Not that. Never again.

There will be no more sharing of pleasure and union tonight; there will be death instead. Lovely dark death, rich as blood on our tongues and in our minds.

We can feel it.

We can feel the sunlit desire shrivel and hide as the midnight lust rises instead.

Death.

We will feel them die. We'll feel every moment, we'll know it all.

We'll know Death, but we will survive. Tonight, we'll defeat Death again. And we'll feed on fear, and misery, and loss.

Look at Sofica; we can feel her regret. She's right, too: as well-trained as these are, they would've been tremendous assets to us. More than just operatives, we can feel her plans for them: a school of our own, to teach the Sensitives we find and the Sensitives that are already here, to heal the ones damaged

Story Beginning

beyond our care. We reject the stupid Jedi notions of repression, suppression, and control, but we want everything they could possibly teach us about being Jedi warriors.

Warriors. These two are surely warriors. They are both so strong, so honed, with such fine musculature. We look at them closely; the smaller one is far from small—S'eve is surprised to see us watching him stand side by side by the smaller, and to be no taller—and the taller one is...the sort of build destined to be a warrior.

We could've had lightsabers, if these two were truly rogue. If they'd been truly rogue, we could even have dared rescue some of the youngsters—some of us remembering being young and Sensitive and alone—from the bitter chill of Jedi life.

Oh, feel the warm buzz of anger rise! We wrap ourselves in it, feeding it to each other, feeding niblets of rage the way we had fed each other morsels at the dinner table. Foreplay, and prelude, to a different sort of pleasure.

But—

Overwhelming. Their hunger, and their fear of it, overwhelming us.

Story Beginning

They looked at each other, and we could feel it.
It stops the anticipation of defeating death, and we look at them. We can feel it; we can very nearly hear it.

The creaking groan as their barriers begin to fall.

Oh, feel it!

Washing out from them like heat from a sun, but we have no ships to shield us from this. Who would want to be shielded from such heat anyway? Only Jedi.

And these two were once Jedi, but perhaps they are no more.

And if they are still Jedi, they are ready to be no longer Jedi. Even if they seek to deceive us to save their lives, once they rut with each other, once they break their Code and shatter the rules that bind them, how can they be Jedi? With their honor gone and their vows broken, how can they ever be Jedi again?

They will be ours.

And we will bask in and feed on this glorious heat between them.

Look at them.

Just look at them.

Look at the way they turn to each other.

Story Beginning

As if they've never touched before.

Shiver as we all feel that; newness, discovery, the shock and thrill and fear of it.

They are not us, they are not like us at all: truly, they've never done this before.

A surge through the room, passion, and more.

Do any of us even remember this? Did any of us ever even experience it, like this? Such newness, but such oldness, too: they have been together forever, and loved forever. But this is the first touch. The first time.

And we are watching.

None of us are doing anything any more; the body is on hold as the mind soaks this up, desert drinking rain. And we watch, and we feel, the nimbus of their emotions and lust soaking through us, a radiation of passion.

But there is a filament of anger threaded through us too, coming from them, coming from us; theirs is anger at something unnamed, unenvisioned, so we can't tell. Although we know what our anger grows from: that two such as these should feel fear over something so deeply pleasurable, over something so harmless.

Story Beginning

Jedi.

Fools.

'There is no passion.'

Whichever Jedi moron said that had never seen two such as these.

The fear is holding them back, but we can feel what's behind that trepidant tentativeness.

We can feel it.

Feed on it.

Feel it, feel it go through us, a sigh—

And there, with their eyes on each other, the two once-Jedi kiss.

A groan, from us, for it is a chaste kiss, and while the lack of honest lust is disturbing, the tenderness is devastating.

Did they even know, these two so-newly un-Jedi, that they harbored this for each other? Did either one even know he hid this inside himself?

We can feel their fear, we can feel their shock, we can feel their—

Too fleeting, hidden almost immediately, no matter that we are all gnawing at their shields.

Story Beginning

Hidden then, not from us, but from themselves.

No matter: we will uncover that, too, soon enough. For now, oh, for now we have those kisses. So tender, so demure, the violet one leaning into the nearly-living greenness of the other, the older man passive, leaving it all to the younger.

Another crumbling of their shields, and they are revealed, just another little bit more.

Master, and padawan, we know for sure, now, and the knowing thrills us. Illicit, utterly forbidden, more taboo to Jedi than incest, for the master and padawan are closer than mere father and son.

There is another area of them shielded, and we let it pass; there will be time for that, later, and we don't want to disturb this moment. State secrets we can wrest from them afterwards; for now, we want to feed on other dark secrets, these ones being exposed to the light at last. At long last.

The kisses aren't inexperienced, and we feel the shock of the master at the skill with which his padawan is kissing him; forbidden, to lust after a padawan, so this man in the master's arms has been too long a child to him. So this, the sweetness of the shock tingles through us, and we watch the shock on the

Story Beginning

bearded face; we watch the shock transmute into closed-eyed surrender.

Look at them.

Look at the way the former padawan worships his master's mouth. Small kisses, testing, asking permission, seeking more, and more, and we can feel the growing joy in him at being allowed, welcomed. Wanted.

A balm flooding us, healing all of our unspoken pains and festering wounds, this sudden devouring sense of being *wanted*. And for more than sex. Far more than sex.

This is what we want.

What lies behind the sex.

What lies beyond the lust.

What truly frightens them.

There is no serenity, we surround them with that truth, and another layer of their shields dissolves before us.

There is no serenity, we feel them agree, feel them settle into our truth.

There is only passion.

Look at them now.

Story Beginning

Chairs abandoned, the master sitting on the edge of the table, his padawan-lover between his legs, hands that aren't ours spreading those strong thighs wide, the stocky one standing right up against the master now.

At last, the serene violet, that dead, controlled, Jedi shade, is deepening to blue, the color of sky, water, natural things, unchained. Free.

We can feel that freedom, heady, addictive, and Sofica takes it and feeds it to us, and we feed it to them.

Freedom.

To touch, to feel, to be.

The master groans aloud, and clutches the broad shoulders—we feel the strength, power, so much power—of his no-longer padawan.

And we feel that too: we feel the moment when the padawan bond, that ugly manacle of slavery, should shatter and break.

But it doesn't.

Instead, we feel it and we see, as it is tempered in the fire, hammered stronger and brighter by this passion burning between them.

Story Beginning

By this love.

Oh! Feel that! Bask in it, wallow in it, drown in it.

How could they have dammed this up so long, so deep, without becoming damned?

Because they are Jedi.

Were Jedi.

Now, they are ours.

We watch the master lift his padawan—green tendrils, living Force as it should be, amongst the new blue, plants moving in fast-flowing water—and sit him on the table.

We watch, as the master does the forbidden, and kneels—suppliant, he is only now a suppliant, and not to us, we are but nothing to them—before his padawan.

We feel that surrender.

We feel the chains creak and groan, as master kneels to padawan.

We feel the power whipcrack back and forth between them, in a way no Jedi should ever allow.

Equal. They are equal to each other now, and we watch, and see, as the padawan closes his eyes and drops his head back, exposing his neck.

Story Beginning

And we hunger.

We hunger as the master does, as the padawan does, and we feel it. We feel them, or ourselves, or they feel us, it matters not at all, not now.

For they are touching.

Forbidden, taboo, utterly against all their precepts. This is sin, for them, and we are watching it become blessing.

We are making it benediction, for them.

We watch the master on his knees, and we see his hands tremble as he parts his padawan's clothing, and touches naked flesh.

We can smell them.

We can smell their desire, and their hunger, and their fear.

We drink it all in, and become drunk, reeling, on their potency.

Taste him.

Do we urge that thought at the master, or is it simply our desire? Or his? Or is the padawan mastering the master, commanding the master to do what we sigh over, as we watch?

The master, on bent knee, taking his padawan into his mouth.

And we see them flare.

Story Beginning

Blue, bright, bright, blue, burning so hot, and verdant green, slower burning, but alive. Truly, deeply, alive, the color of growing things on most planets where humans can live.

Blue and green, the colors we carry within our souls, from wherever we began.

This is their beginning, and their ending.

Nothing will ever be the same, not now, for the master has tasted the forbidden, and the padawan has known freedom.

We watch, as the padawan's erection slides wetly from the master's mouth, and we listen, as the master and the padawan sigh.

Jitar moves in closer for us, and the former Jedi either do not know or do not care; they are, we think, oblivious to us. We are mere staging to them, props to allow them to do this to each other—to themselves. For themselves.

That fortified area of secrets pulses, and we should look at it, batter at it until the secrets are revealed, but we are consumed, as the padawan is, by the pleasure of the master's tongue doing wonderful things.

Jitar kneels beside the master, and we can see now; we can see

Story Beginning

and we watch, as the master slides his tongue under the padawan's foreskin and then sucks him in. How that must feel! Some of us who know flow the feeling to those of us who do not, and we all know, we all feel—we are one in this, with the padawan, with his master's tongue dipping between our skin and our flesh, knowing us, tasting us, sucking us in in in in.

Oh.

We want this.

We have wanted this for so long.

Each other. Each of us, has wanted, and now...we have.

We are.

We are touching, at last. We are bound and unbound, at last.

We are—

shock shiver fear hunger us us us us

We reel from that. We thought we had them, but they nearly had us. Powerful, we knew the Jedi to be, but this...these two are more than we've ever encountered.

Perhaps this is why Jedi forbid masters and padawans from being like this: perhaps the Jedi know about this power, untapped, created by the master/padawan bond, leashed only by

Story Beginning

that same bond. This is why this is forbidden: it is to leash the power.

And now we have unleashed it.

The Force crackles and shimmers, an aurora borealis tamed by men, contained in this one room, in these two people. We can see the shimmering curtains of blue, and green, and more now. Now we know why the blue had shaded to violet: the red of passion and darker desires, suppressed so far and so low it had nowhere else to go but into the slow burn of control, but now it is dancing free. Yellow, bursting forth like happiness, so dangerous to Jedi, for happiness is addictive when you wade daily through human and alien misery. Orange, simply alive and wanting more, passion and happiness mixed.

So many colors, a coruscating shimmer around and in them, and we bathe in their light.

And there at last—there, what they fear most. Black. What the Jedi—those hidebound fools—call the Dark. What they fear.

But it is only all the colors mixed together. All the colors made one. Black. The color of Self.

And they fear that.

Story Beginning

For look at them, now that Self is unloosed.

The master is devouring the padawan—

We have their names now, and we know the truth about them.

Jedi. They are still Jedi.

Dangerous, skilled Jedi.

Impossible to trust Master Jinn and Padawan Kenobi, under normal circumstances.

Unless with these completely abnormal circumstances, we can believe that they've burned the last of their bridges and have left themselves nowhere to go but here, with us.

Unless they can convince us that they've turned their backs on the sterile, lifeless Jedi cult.

Unless they can convince us that they are Jedi because they were born to it, because obeying the Force and protecting others is their nature, not merely nurture.

They have stopped.

The master kneels, the padawan rests a hand upon the master's bowed head.

We wait, and we watch, and we warn them, the pressure of our minds, our suspicions, heavy as gravity upon them.

Story Beginning

Oh.

Feel that. Feel the lowering of another barrier, and feel that blistering heat.

Searing. Burning along our nerves, tripping synapses until we nearly swoon from it.

But it feels too good to miss, so we steady ourselves, and channel the power of this emotion in them, and feed on their lust.

The flood of energy sings through us, and we funnel it back to the two men.

Names.

They want to hear their names. Rather, each wants to hear the other's name, and we oblige, a susurrations of thought washing over them, sea upon the shore, whispering, whispering, whispering: Qui-Gon, Obi-Wan.

Master Jinn, we add. Apprentice, we add.

And there, almost too hidden for us to hear, they think it:

Master. Padawan.

Formal words, born in their holy rituals, names that are chains and reminders and enforcers of their Code.

And they are using those names now, to caress. To lay themselves bare.

Story Beginning

And we can hear them.

Shiver, with that. Power, and pleasure, from knowledge. Delicious.

Almost as delicious as Obi-Wan's reaction to his master calling him padawan while they break the Code, and kiss.

Fierce, commanding, devouring, tongue thrusting deeply into the other man's mouth. A moment, and then Obi-Wan pulls back a little, and we feel his steady gaze burning into his master's eyes, and we watch as he leans forward, just far enough, to brush the tip of his tongue along Qui-Gon's lips.

Another moment, and their mouths are pressed together, open, wide, and through Jitar's eyes, we see a flicker of movement visible in Qui-Gon's cheek as Obi-Wan pushes his tongue into his master again. And again.

We know Obi-Wan will be tasting himself in his master's mouth, and we groan with their illicit pleasure, another taboo broken.

Another moment, so bright, so clear; Obi-Wan pulling back, fiery stare, intense enough to intimidate, his hands reaching up, fingers carding through beard, and then one hand, muscles and

Story Beginning

tendons cording, pulling Qui-Gon's mouth open, his master standing there, like that, for him, in front of everyone—supplicant! surrender! we cry, and lean in, as one, to watch, to see—as Obi-Wan comes closer, his tongue, so wet, so dark, so limber, licking the smoothness of Qui-Gon's teeth and then going farther, disappearing slowly into his master's mouth.

And in front of us all, his master is standing there, allowing this.

More than allowing this; it is the master's Force that was holding Obi-Wan up, just those last few measures, so that they were completely level with each other.

We can see the colors blending and mixing, oil and water forming beauty, and it is his master's Force that is tingling over every pore of Obi-Wan's skin; it is his master's Force that was surging power and heat around him.

And now it is the padawan's power that is covering the master, and we taste it, feel it, want it to wash over us as it washes over Qui-Gon Jinn.

We watch Obi-Wan pull back again, to stare at his master once more. We are consumed, we are addicted, and we watch, starving, as Obi-Wan, with a deliberation intent enough to draw attention

Story Beginning

even in the middle of this room of debauchery, as Obi-Wan pours himself into kissing his master, the wetness of his tongue glistening briefly in the soft globelight.

We want to lick that wetness, but instead, we stare, for then the moistness of lips glistens briefly too, as Obi-Wan nips Qui-Gon's lower lip, top lip, pushing forward again into a deeply devouring kiss.

And that moment, that precise moment, is when we feel it change.

If we listen hard enough, will we hear Qui-Gon's restraints finally rend?

We feel it: far more than a shudder, a monumental ripple in the Force around them, buffeting us with elemental Force, and Obi-Wan—like us—is pulled like the sea by the moon, ebbing under the unleashed power turned loose upon him. He is borne backwards, and then he is lifted by the Force, and by hands big enough to cradle his ass, Force strong enough to push clothing up, off, or to simply part fabric like air, naked skin exposed to the warmth of the large room.

Naked skin exposed to the warmth of our gazes turning their

Story Beginning

way, and we are the supplicants now, begging Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan to let us share this, let us feel this as they are feeling it.

Big hands, huge hands really, large even on a man of Qui-Gon's height, so tanned and dark against the pale smoothness of Obi-Wan's bare skin and we can see, but not feel. Such big hands, to be pressing so hard against firm muscle and tight hole, such a column of power holding Obi-Wan up as if he weighs no more than a hologram, and we want more. We want to feed on that, we want to feed it, be consumed by it even as it devours us.

The Force.

These two—these Jedi, these former Jedi Knights—they are one with the Force, and perhaps we can see the one thing that made them deny this love and passion; perhaps we finally see the lure of the Jedi. To be one with not just other beings, transient, brief little sparkles of light that we are, but to be part of Forever, to belong to All, to be Everything... The Force shimmers around them, teal haze, softest glow, and with it, a subaudible thrum of power.

We want this.

We want this connection they have with the Force.

Story Beginning

Instead, they give us their bodies, tongue thrusting into mouth again, and it is Qui-Gon pushing forward, devouring Obi-Wan, and we groan, together, for they have given up any pretense of equality.

They are unequal, and they know it, and they feed us that knowledge. They feed us their joy in having one able to take care of the other, and their deep satisfaction in needing, and being needed, and of giving the other power, until they will, one day, be equal.

We can taste their kisses, and feel their skin, for they are opening to us, inviting us in, and we sink into them as if into a warm bath on a cold night.

It is daylight inside them, so bright it burns and hurts us, but we are coddled, by their love for each other, by the care they wrap each other in.

They are One, in a way we can never be, and the pain of that rips through us, tearing us, and we cry, we cry, we scream and rend our skin in this bright burning agony of not being as they are, of being—

They reach to us, balm to our soul.

Story Beginning

We are them, and they are us, and we can feel their hearts beating, pulsing the blood through our veins.

The Force joins them, and now we are enjoined. The Force— Oh, we thought we knew the Force, we thought we tapped the Force, but these two are showing us the Force as they know it.

Only...

We have changed them, as they are changing us.

We feel their wonder, as they see the Force through us.

No banked flames, no glowing, dying embers turning to ash. No Dark, no Light, only the Force, as it flows through every living thing in the universe.

We feel them, as their bodies touch, and we run to that, lemmings to a cliff, for the Force is...

Too much, for them, for us.

We feel their bodies. We feel the roughness of beard and the softness of leg hair. We feel the smoothness of skin and the sharp edges of teeth. We feel the drag of moustache and beard along our cock, we feel the cool air along the dampness left by hot mouth, and we feel that heat slide up us again, prefaced by the tingling caress of facial hair.

Story Beginning

We feel the press of Force against our skin, and the thrill of power greater than our own. We feel the strength of our master's arms around us, safest haven, greatest risk, purest perfection. We feel the joy of being welcomed into yielding body, and the giddy excitement of being unleashed, and yet held safe, profoundly safe, within the heat of our beloved's body.

We are complete.

They are one.

And we feel that.

They are giving us this, and we take it. We surrender, yielding, yielding, so pliable, bending as Obi-Wan does, opening as Obi-Wan does, giving up everything, as Obi-Wan does.

We hide nothing from this invading pleasure. We have nothing to hide, for this is love, this is home, this is being seen and known and loved because of all that is revealed, not in spite of hidden shames and dark secrets. We feel Qui-Gon inside us, big and hard, thrusting and owning us, as he owns Obi-Wan.

And we are Obi-Wan, who is inside Qui-Gon, thrusting hot and hard and big, too, into flesh that yields just as sweetly, that

Story Beginning

clings just as tight. We cleave him, and he us, and we cannot see, we cannot watch to see who is entering whom, for all we can do is feel.

We are spiraling upwards, propelled and pushed by the Force and their pleasure. We can feel them, inside us, as we are inside them, and they are inside each other. We are all alive with this pleasure, with the taste of skin and cock and love, with the feel of hardness and softness and heat, with being taken and taking, with the hard, aching thrust into us, and the hard aching thrusts into Qui-Gon, and into Obi-Wan.

We cannot tell, where they begin and we end.

We know only the incandescent joy of physical pleasure transcended into this shimmering, pulsing power of the Force, this manifestation of love.

More, they give us, and more we want. We take, snatching greedily, and they give us more—the touch of fingers to where flesh is stretched around hard cock, the caress of mouth to erect nipple, the lick of tongue against sweat-damped skin, the sting of hand perfect against quivering flesh, the loving press of lips to hungering need.

Story Beginning

We fly with them, soaring on the heat of their passion, breathless with the tightening pleasure of touch and taste and feel and smell. We want—

They want—

Almost—

Almost—

There!

There, we are there, with them, and they with us—

Exploding, dissolving, shattering, made whole, completion, perfection, together, together, together...

Known

We know them, and they know us.

They were Jedi.

They feared what lay, unspoken, between them.

We have set them free.

They smile, and laugh, embarrassed as we watch them uncouple, as they part, sticky and wet, from each other, and we part from our other selves. We smile at them, and each other, and yawn, satiated and tired from the intensity of the sex, and the lingering licks of the Force still dancing through the room.

Story Beginning

We know who they are, these former Jedi, and we know why they came to us: where else could a master and padawan be free to love each other as these two do? We can still feel the bond within them, for they've given up nothing of the old bond, simply added to it, intertwining strands, forged in the fiery crucible of their love and lust.

We have set them free, so they may bind themselves all the more closely to each other.

They are us, now. Sofica is welcoming them with not a kiss—we can feel their recoiling from that, even now, discrete as they are from us once again—but with the touch of her hand to long tangled hair, and to a spiky, sharp spot where a braid hung so recently.

They will be the greatest asset we have ever known, and we welcome them for that. We send them little pulses of gratitude, for them, for their Gifts, for their power. For showing us the Force they control, and for letting us show them the truth of the lies the Jedi have fed them about the Force.

We will have a school at last, for all the children the Jedi don't get. We will have lightsabers, and power over the Force, for now we have two former Jedi to teach us as they were taught to harness

Story Beginning

and use the Force. With their help, we will overturn the oppressors, and we will, at last, set ourselves free.

Oh, yes, we know now: the old Jedi masters were right to forbid unions such as this one between Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. For with the power of such love, with the power of such bonded warriors behind us, we will be unstoppable.

And we will be free.

If they wanted to save the Galaxy from bloodshed, they had to do this.

If they wanted to get this information back to the authorities who could save lives, they had to do this.

They had to betray these people who thought themselves befriended, and betray the secrets given to them as gifts, even as they had shielded every last one of their own secrets.

Every last one of the secrets they had, officially.

Their own secrets...

Lay naked and bleeding between them.

If they wanted to go back to the Temple as Jedi, they had to forget this.

Story Beginning

If they wanted to be master and padawan, they had to pretend this had never happened.

If they wanted to survive this new truth between them, they would have to lie and lie and lie.

