

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Poor Mon~

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Mon Mothma didn't know what to do. The Chandrilan Senator is in a daze, baffled by the turn of events. When... when Padme had been named as the Supreme Chancellor's successor in the event of his incapacitation or death, their group had taken it as something of a win. It was a sign, no matter how small, that Chancellor Palpatine was listening to them.

Only... even then things hadn't sat entirely well with Mon. The Supreme Chancellor effectively naming his successor was a flagrant breach of their democratic institutions, after all. In the event that anything happened to the Chancellor, the Vice Chair was meant to step up for a very short time, followed by a vote for a new Supreme Chancellor.

... But the war had changed quite a lot of rules, hadn't it? The Senate had given Palpatine more and more 'war time powers', until ultimately even his declaration of Padme as his successor had been entirely within the bounds of his reach.

No... worse than that, what Padme had done today, reforming the Republic into a Galactic Empire and naming herself Empress... *that* was within the bounds of the powers that the Senate had so foolishly ceded to the Chancellor's Office.

It was ridiculous to imagine. They'd quite literally given the Supreme Chancellor the ability to dissolve the Republic and name themselves a dictator. Palpatine could have done it at any time... and Padme *had* done it in the wake of his death. And everyone in the Senate had *applauded and cheered* for it. Well... those who weren't arrested at the start of Padme's speech at least.

Mon lets out a shuddering breath at that. When the arrests had started, her eyes had momentarily darted back towards the entrance of her own Senate Pod, half-expecting the doors to be forced open and Senate Guards to drag her out too.

When that hadn't happened, she'd swept her gaze across the rest of the Senate, seeking out people like Bail Organa of Alderaan and others who she'd been meeting with in recent weeks to try and find a way to curtail Palpatine's power.

Not a single one of them had been arrested, however. Not a single one of them had been saddled with the accusation of treachery that Padme had leveled at dozens of other Senators.

Instead, those who had been arrested and removed were some of the slimiest, most despicable politicians that Mon had had the displeasure of sharing a title with. Senators who were so obviously and blatantly corrupt that it sometimes made even her doubt the strength of their democracy, that such cretins were allowed to continue to persist.

Padme had not used her newfound authority to shut down the anti-war powers faction she'd been part of, the faction she had to know would try everything in its power to stop her from doing what she was doing. Instead, she'd cleaned out some of the trash.

But did that make it any better? Mon didn't know. What she did know was this... she took it as a sign that Padme could potentially still be reasoned with. And that was exactly why she was where she was now, waiting outside of the Chancellor's Office... though what it would be called going forward, Mon did not know.

Padme was the one who had called for her though. And while part of Mon worried it was some sort of trap, she also knew she had to try... for the sake of their friendship if nothing else. Meanwhile, Bail would be going to the Jedi... he would see what they had to say, especially when Anakin Skywalker's presence and words had had such a large impact on the speech Padme had given.

"Senator? Her Majesty is ready for you."

Mon forces a smile on her face even as her stomach curdles uneasily. She follows the woman, one of Padme's old handmaidens if she's not mistaken, into

the office. There, Padme sits regally behind the desk like she was born to it... while Anakin Skywalker stands at her side, tall and imperious.

She swallows hard at his presence. He was... everything her husband Perrin was not. If Mon had had a choice in who she was to marry, she would have certainly preferred someone like Anakin Skywalker, over the man she'd wound up tied to.

Forcing such thoughts from her mind, Mon makes her way over... and bows. But... she can't quite force the words out of her lips. She can't bring herself to call Padme 'Empress'. Luckily, she doesn't have to.

"Mon. It's good to see you."

Padme's voice is warm and encouraging, but as Mon straightens up and meets the other woman's eyes... she purses her lips.

"I wish I could say the same... but I find myself in a state of turmoil."

Far from feigning confusion or getting angry... Padme smiles sadly, pityingly almost.

"I'm sure you do. It's not every day you see one of your closest colleagues declare a brand new form of governance."

Blunt. Blunt as all hell. Mon grimaces and decides to redirect for a moment, nodding to Anakin instead.

"Master Skywalker. Your presence surprises me."

Smiling slightly, the Jedi shakes his head.

"It shouldn't. The Empress is going to be a target for quite some time, all things considered. They succeeded in killing Chancellor Palpatine... I assure you, those who seek to prolong this war will not succeed at killing Padme."

The Hero With No Fear, the youngest Jedi Master in the Order's history... as a bodyguard. Well, he was probably right that Padme would be safe with him by her side. Before Mon can respond however, Padme suddenly reaches out... and takes one of Anakin's hands in her own.

"Besides, it feels right to have my husband beside me in these trying times."

Mon Mothma's brain short circuits on the spot. What? Husband? Anakin gives Padme a slightly surprised but also fond, if exasperated, smile. However, he does not try to deny it. In fact, he visibly squeezes Padme's hand in his own.

This... this changed nothing, but at the same time, it throws Mon for such a loop that she doesn't even know what to say. Instead, Padme is the one who breaks the ensuing silence, looking back to her with a... knowing look in her eyes.

"You're married as well, aren't you Mon? Only... your marriage was not one of love. It was foisted upon you."

Stiffening up, Mon's jaw clenches. Padme doesn't word it as a question, and yet... she feels compelled to answer all the same.

"I... yes."

Eyes softening with compassion, the self-proclaimed Empress of the Galaxy lets out a sigh.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Arranged marriages are a barbaric institution dressed up in civility and tradition. They pretend at elegance... while disregarding the fact that choices are being made for those who deserve a choice of their own."

Anakin suddenly speaks up, his voice level but an underlying passion in his tone.

"An offshoot of slavery."

Mon is reminded then of what she knows of Anakin's history. Admittedly, it was only as he became a celebrity that his origins truly became common knowledge. Born into slavery on the Outer Rim planet of Tatooine. Rescued at the tender age of nine, just over ten years ago. It was crazy to think he was only twenty now... he felt so much older. So much more... worldly.

"I... I cannot even begin to pretend to share your experiences, Master Skywalker. What you and your mother suffered... my own frustration pales in comparison."

Anakin just smiles.

"It does not have to be a contest, Senator. We were both wronged, both by people... and the institutions that birthed them. Slavery is a repugnant thing, is it not? Free will, on the other hand, is glorious. The ability to choose our own paths..."

He pulls away from Padme's side then. She lets him go, their hands dropping from one another. Anakin stalks around the circumference of the desk, making Mon freeze up in her seat, even as he comes to her side. He rests back against the front of the desk only a foot away from her, crossing his arms over his chest and smiling down at her.

"You've made the most of your lack of choice. Just as I have. But what if we could create a galaxy where those who came after us didn't have to do that? What if we could do away with the disgusting institutions that saw me enslaved at birth and you forced into an unhappy arranged marriage?"

Mon swallows hard, finding herself getting rather lost in Anakin Skywalker's big, blue eyes. Force, was he flirting with her? And yet, Padme seems not at all perturbed by his words... so maybe she was reading too much into things?

Trying to force her guard back up, Mon shakes her head.

"I... I n-never said my marriage was unhappy..."

It was, of course. Her and Perren were not in love, they were... partners at best. In reality, most of the time Perren felt like a weight around her neck that would never go away.

“Mon... you don’t have to lie to us. We’re all friends here.”

Padme’s voice rings out, drawing Mon’s gaze away from the jagged, sculpted lines of Anakin’s body and back to the Empress sat on the other side of the desk.

“You’re twenty-seven years old. You’ve been married to your husband Perren for eleven years. And yet, you still haven’t ever had a child.”

Mon flinches at the blunt truth of Padme’s words. Anakin is quick to follow it up with observations of his own, his blue eyes piercing right through her... perhaps literally.

“It’s not a fault of biology is it? I can tell that you’re perfectly fertile, Senator. You should have no problems getting pregnant.”

That was... grossly inappropriate and should have disgusted her. Coming from anyone else it might have, but coming from someone like Skywalker, it makes Mon blush, her cheeks hot as she tries her best not to squirm in her chair.

“Perhaps Perren is the one lacking in virility? But no... I suspect its something else entirely. I suspect it’s a lack of interest in one another.”

He suspected right. Mon had little to no sexual interest in Perren and he... well, he knew better than to demand sexual favors of her. Even if she’d been forced to marry him, the power dynamic was firmly in her favor as a Senator. He was little more than a house husband.

That said, the pressure from outside forces to birth a child had been mounting more and more in recent years. Indeed, if she didn’t give birth before thirty, things would likely get... difficult for her. Even her position as Senator might come under fire.

“You deserve happiness, Mon. And we want to give that to you. In any way we can.”

W-What? Mon’s eyes widen at Padme’s words, especially when they’re followed by Anakin reaching over and gently tucking a finger under her chin. The handsome Jedi lifts her head up as he looks down at her, smiling.

“You have beautiful eyes, Senator.”

Mon’s blush intensifies further. What... he... she...

Sudden movement draws her away from Anakin’s intense gaze. Padme has risen from her chair and is circling around the desk now as well, coming at Mon from the other side. She sits frozen as this happens, not able to even so much as protest as Padme makes her way over.

She knows what’s going to happen... or at least, she knows where this is going. And yet, she doesn’t try to stop it. Padme reaches her and leans over her, placing a hand on her cheek and caressing it lightly.

“Allow my husband and I to show you what love truly is, Mon. Maybe then you’ll understand just how good we’re going to be for this galaxy.”

Then, Padme kisses her. Funny, Anakin had been the one flirting so hard with her... and yet, of the two it’s Padme who initiates the first kiss. Mon’s eyes flutter as this happens and she finds herself kissing Padme back, more than a little lost.

She can’t say she’s never thought about other women in this way to be fair, but it’s been a long time since she let herself think such things. Her... *interest* in the fairer sex had been rather thoroughly discouraged back when she was younger.

Now though, Padme kisses her... and it’s better than any kiss that she’s ever shared with Perren. Not that there have been many. Most were perfunctory and

public, minor and chaste displays of affection to make them seem like the happy couple they were not.

A strangled whimper escapes Mon's throat, only to be swallowed up in Padme's mouth. Before she knows it, she's being drawn out of her chair... and there are more than one pair of hands on her body.

She... she's pretty sure she'd come here today to discuss d-democracy... to try and talk Padme out of her new Empire. And yet... and yet, it was Padme who had requested this meeting. Had this always been the other woman's plan? How long had she and her Jedi husband desired Mon?

It was... it was flattering. But surely she should stop this? Surely she couldn't just... succumb to the two of them. She had to be strong. She had to... she had to...

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!