

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

**A/N: Padme has been a busy little bee~**

**-x-X-x-**

As she steps into her apartment, Padme rolls her shoulders and stretches her neck, letting herself loosen up ever so slightly from the act she puts on out in public. The Senate is already cutthroat enough, but there's also her Sith Master to consider... if Sidious catches even a whiff of Padme not adhering to his will and instructions, it could go badly.

Of course, with her husband's help, her true thoughts have been shrouded from the Sith Lord. They've met once or twice since then and each time there's been no sign that Palpatine realizes Padme's loyalties have changed. Oh, he probably still knows that she hates him deep down inside, but he has no clue that she's found another Sith to serve... another Sith to love, even.

The thought of her lover and husband, of Darth Vader in all of his glorious dark power, brings a smile to Padme's face. She's done everything possible to serve his needs here on Coruscant while he's been away due to the war. Bringing the likes of Riyo Chuchi under her wing and showing the darling Pantoran the joys of submission was just one part of the actions Padme had been taking.

She'd also been making inroads with Mon Mothma and Bail Organa, along with dozens of other Senators. It was what Sidious expected of her anyways. Her twin missions from the hidden Sith Lord were to insert herself into the growing faction of Senators expressing dissent over his accumulation of power, while also trying to find the Fallen Jedi Master hidden within the Jedi Temple.

Needless to say, Padme hadn't made much progress with that second one, but Palpatine was... understanding on that front. Without Obi-Wan Kenobi or Anakin Skywalker on planet, Padme's connections to the Jedi Order were few and far inbetween, after all.

But on the first one... she was able to disguise her true motivations behind following the Sith Master's orders. In reality, she wasn't just reporting on the dissenting faction's movements to Sidious... she was aiming to subvert as many among their members as she possibly could so that when the time came, they saw her as the better option. The only option, in fact.

Sidious' days were numbered, that much was for sure. But once he was gone, Padme knew that her husband wouldn't settle for a mere return to conventional democracy, nor would he be happy merely existing among the shadows. The Banite Sith's plan to form an Empire out of the remains of the rotted and decrepit Republic was a good one... so they would steal it and make it their own.

She would-

Padme pauses mid-thought as she finally notices something... its much too quiet. Normally by now, her walking into her apartment would have triggered the reaction of one C-3PO, the protocol droid that her husband had built when he was just a child. The droid was always eager to interact with sentient lifeforms, and that included her returning from the Senate each day. He tended to go a little stir crazy when she left him behind.

And yet... despite today being a day where Padme had left the protocol droid alone in her apartment, he's nowhere to be found, his voice not filling the air with salutations and excitement over her return.

Padme's eyes narrow and her shoulders tense, hackles raising as one of her hands slides down to a small blade hidden near her waist. Something is definitely wrong but she-

A hand suddenly closes around her wrist while another grabs her neck. Padme immediately moves to respond, only to find herself frozen in place by the Force, unable to move. And then... a familiar voice in her ear.

"Padme..."

Hearing her husband breathe her name in that breathless manner that shows how much he's missed her goes a long way to making Padme relax into his hold. She all but melts back into Vader's powerfully built chest, letting out a soft, slightly disappointed sigh.

"Welcome home, beloved."

He makes a rumbling noise in the back of his throat, even as he continues to hold her by the neck, albeit not too roughly. In fact, his thumb is outright caressing the hollow of her throat, making her stifle a moan.

"You sound... disappointed."

Padme sighs again, feeling a surge of self-recrimination over not even being able to hide her reaction properly. Still... she confesses the truth to him, even as she leans further into her husband's domineering embrace.

"I took a truly unacceptable amount of time to realize I had an intruder in my apartments. You should never have been able to sneak up on me... I'm going soft."

The Sith Lord she's married to hums at that for a moment, before pulling her over to the couch. Padme offers no resistance as he drags her down with him, resulting in her sitting in his lap, his hands caressing her body. She arches her spine at his touch, moaning softly while submitting utterly to his power.

Rather than escalating from there though, he waits a moment before speaking.

"It's quite the opposite, actually. You should commend yourself for being able to sense something was wrong. I had completely cloaked myself in the Dark Side in order to surprise you with my arrival. Nobody, not even Sidious himself, could sense me when I'm like that. And yet, you still detected my presence somehow."

Padme blinks, soaking that in and hearing the question in his voice. Knowing just how undetectable he truly was does make her feel a little better. She's not

Force Sensitive after all, so if even his rival Sith Lord couldn't detect him, what hope would she have had? That said...

"C-3PO. Or rather, his absence. He would have greeted me by now if everything was fine, but his silence... well, it spoke volumes."

Vader makes a considering noise in the back of his throat at that, even as he begins to undress her. Padme is all too happy to help him remove the layered dress she'd worn to the Senate today, piece after piece coming off under both his hands and the Force.

"I see. That makes sense... admittedly, I have less patience for my creation these days. C-3PO is... well, he's quite talkative isn't he? I decided it was better to have him power down while I waited for your return."

That would explain it. As well, Padme already understood why she hadn't known exactly when Vader would arrive back on Coruscant. Technically he wasn't supposed to be here after all. Technically, he was supposed to be in the Malastare System with the 501<sup>st</sup>... and Jedi Master Aayla Secura.

Padme had known, of course, that he intended to sneak away eventually and return to her for a visit, she just couldn't know when because if anyone else found out, that could cause problems. That said, even as Vader's hands, one flesh and the other metal, caress her now naked body, Padme can't help but ask for an update.

"A-Ah~ How... mm, how go things over in the Malastare System?"

Vader's fingers find her nipples and pinch them firmly, tugging them slightly from her body. Padme whimpers, her small breasts pulled out from her lithe form by the action. She's always had a slender, lithe figure... one trained for all sorts of clandestine activities. Vader though, seems to delight in focusing on the femininity of her form above all else.

"They go... well. Extremely well, in fact. It turned out that Aayla Secura was a Fallen Jedi as well."

Padme blinks at that, ceasing her squirming in his lap for a moment as disbelief ripples through her.

“T-Truly?”

The amount of Fallen Jedi that her husband was stumbling over every time he turned around was starting to beggar belief, wasn't it? Not that she's doubting his word of course. It's just... hard to wrap her head around.

“Indeed. I have taken her as my third Sith Apprentice... Darth Accensa. She has submitted to me completely and utterly and even now covers my temporary absence from the Malastare System. As far as anyone is concerned outside of her and Rex, I'm still there, still on assignment.”

That made... sense. Just as it made sense that Vader would have to rely on Clone Captain Rex too and not just Aayla. It would be one thing for Aayla to keep his absence secret from anyone outside of the Malastare System, but Rex and the rest of the 501<sup>st</sup> would start asking questions if Rex himself wasn't brought onboard.

One of Vader's hands glides down her body and Padme's breath hitches as his mechanical fingers reach her slit, pushing into her entrance. She moans as he dips two of his prosthetics digits into her down there, causing her to shudder from the sensation.

“I also dealt with Trench... permanently. So either way, the Malastare Assignment is likely to come to an end quite soon.”

Blinking, trying to focus through the pleasure her dastardly husband is inflicting upon her, Padme licks her lips.

“O-Oh? He's dead then?”

“Dead and gone... and rather ignobly at that. Killed by a seeming bout of mania on his part followed by a malfunctioning battle droid gunning him down on his

own bridge. The remnants of his fleet will make their way back to Separatist Space with his remains in the coming week or two... and once it comes out what happened to him, I doubt they'll keep such a strong presence at Malastare going forward. The Republic's victory there was quite... decisive, after all."

Padme's eyes flutter for a moment as she slowly humps her husband's mechanical hand. After a beat, she finds her voice once more.

"I've been... doing my best to prepare the Senate for what the future holds, dear husband. I know Sidious cannot die until we've got everything set up, otherwise the ascension of your new Empire will be... messy."

Vader continues to circle his fingers inside of her, even as he nods behind her head at that.

"You are correct. In my vision, it was easy for most of the galaxy to accept Palpatine as their Emperor. After all, as Supreme Chancellor he already had much of the power to rule the galaxy as he saw fit anyways. Power they'd given him. However... such a transition, from Republic to Empire, will not go so smoothly if we do not have someone in that position ahead of time."

Yes, Padme thought much the same. However, Vader's next words still surprise her.

"Perhaps it is not me who we will make Emperor, at least not right away. Rather... we must aim to elevate you to the position of Empress and build our new Empire around you, my beloved."

Padme's breath hitches. Yes, she'd been the Queen of Naboo once upon a time... but she was never really anything but a figurehead. A puppet for Palpatine. Even now, or at least before she'd fallen in love with Anakin Skywalker, who had turned out to be Darth Vader, she'd been nothing but a puppet.

So yes, even though she immediately sees the logic in what her husband is saying, Padme had never considered the possibility of her taking over for

Palpatine and becoming Supreme Chancellor, only to become Empress. And yet...

"It would not be without risk. You would have to convince Palpatine to name you his successor if anything untoward were to befall him. Thanks to the military powers that the Senate has given him, he CAN do so... it's just a matter of convincing him to make you his second in line instead of Mas Amedda or Sly Moore."

He says it like that would be easy. Sidious might consider Padme an asset, but he knew she wasn't truly loyal to him in the same way Mas Amedda and Sly Moore were. He didn't know her true thoughts, but he would have known she hated him long before Vader shrouded her real mind from the other Sith Lord.

Then again...

"I might be able to convince him."

"Oh?"

Padme bites her lower lip... but eventually nods.

"He has had me infiltrate the growing opposition to his Chancellorship in the Senate, as you know. Even now, my colleagues and I make petitions and hold meetings and put out messages decrying the concentration of power in the Chancellor's Office. As Sidious put it, I am a lightning rod for his enemies, a way for him to concentrate them all in one place so he can deal with them in one swoop."

Vader makes a noise in the back of his throat to make it clear he's hearing her. Padme breathes in for a moment before continuing.

"Sidious can't fathom dying anyways... as far as he's concerned, he intends to live forever. I should be able to convince him to throw his opposition a bone, a way of making me look better in their eyes, like I'm really trying to make our voices heard... and he can do so by naming me as his heir and successor, just

in case anything happens to him. In the event of incapacitation or death, I would be elevated to the position of Supreme Chancellor.”

Silence falls as her husband considers her expansion on his original idea for a long moment.

“... He might suspect that you have ulterior motives. He might think you intend to try and kill him once he’s agreed to make you his official heir. However... I know Sidious. He wouldn’t let something like that stop him. If anything, he would go along with it just long enough to string you out before stopping your plans and laughing in your face.”

Yes. Her husband was right about that. That was exactly something the Sith Master would do.

Letting out a shuddering breath, Padme turns her head and finally looks Vader in the eyes.

“Then is that what you want me to do?”

There’s a pause for a moment... and then Vader gives his answer.

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