

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

**A/N: Alas, Mon joins the Dark Side~**

**-x-X-x-**

She can't. In the end, she succumbs. Before Mon knows it, she's been stripped naked, manhandled out of her stately senate attire and her undergarments alike. The two pairs of hands are all over her, one set rough but strong and the other delicate yet sharp.

Mon faces Padme and the new Empress takes complete advantage of this fact, roaming her fingers over the Chandrilan's front, sliding them along her breasts and across her hardening nipples. Finally, one of Padme's hands slides between Mon's legs, up into the crux there where she can slip her fingers directly into Mon's folds.

A gasp leaves her lips, followed by a moan as Padme fingers her, right then and there in the Chancellor's Office. This shouldn't be happening. Mon shouldn't be letting it happen. And yet, she doesn't try to stop it. She doesn't try to fight it. She offers... no resistance whatsoever.

Her body shudders and quivers between the two of them. At her back stands Anakin Skywalker, his broad chest pressed against her, his own hands on her shoulders at first, anchoring her in place. She couldn't escape even if she wanted to... but the deep, dark truth is, Mon Mothma doesn't want to.

Even as her pussy wets and her legs tremble, her thighs quivering, Mon finds herself whimpering... and sending a silent apology.

*I'm sorry Bail. I can't fight this...*

It's the last time she thinks of her fellow Senator as her mind dissolves into pleasure, her moans overtaking any remaining whimpers. When Padme grabs her by the hair and pulls her down to meet her lips, Mon lets it happen, kissing

the Empress right back. When Anakin's hands take up residence on her chest, groping and squeezing her breasts from behind, she arches her back, pushing them further into his palms.

Her rock hard nipples, sensitive as can be, rub against his calloused hands as Mon moans into Padme's mouth. And down between her legs... Padme's fingers work her over in ways Mon has never been worked before. She's had sex before, of course. She's masturbated plenty.

But none of the Chandrilan Senator's sexual experiences could have possibly prepared her for the onslaught that she's being subjected to now. Between Padme and Anakin, Mon finds herself completely and utterly... captured.

So lost in her own pleasure, drowning in her arousal, she almost doesn't notice it at first... Anakin's cock. It slides between her legs out of nowhere, gliding into place betwixt her thighs as the topside grinds against her currently occupied slit.

For a long moment, it just feels right... she doesn't even register it for what it is, only that it belongs where it is. Indeed, it's only when Padme draws her fingers back to make more room for Anakin's cock that Mon begins to realize. Pulling back from their lip lock, Padme makes a show of sucking her own fingers clean of Mon's juices... even as Anakin's cock slides back and forth between her thighs, protruding out the front as he thrusts from behind.

She only really realizes she's standing on her tip toes to accommodate him when she no longer has to content with Padme's domineering mouth on her own and the other woman's fingers inside of her. Blinking rapidly, Mon looks down and flushes an even deeper shade of scarlet at the sight of Anakin Skywalker's throbbing, pulsing, bulbous cockhead pushing out between her thighs, the top of his shaft slipping and sliding between her incredibly wet slit in preparation.

"He's going to fuck you now, Mon. He's going to treat you right... like you *deserve* to be treated."

He's so much bigger than her husband. But then, that's not that surprising. More surprising is the fact that he wants her... that either of them even desire her.

Mon whimpers as she squirms in between them for a moment... but she doesn't try to say 'no'. She doesn't even bother trying to tell them to stop.

Because she doesn't want it to stop. She doesn't want this to end. She wants... she wants what Padme is saying to her to happen.

And so it does. Anakin pulls back, lines up... and is inside of her a moment later. A strangled gurgling cry leaves Mon's throat as she's penetrated in a position she's never been taken before him. On her tip toes to accommodate Anakin's greater height, from behind standing up.

It's strange and different... and altogether very pleasurable. He holds her to his chest by her chest, his hands still on her breasts. He squeezes them roughly, gripping them with her nipples protruding through his fingers. Mon feels controlled by his grasp... but that's not a bad thing, having him in charge. With his cock buried inside of her, it's probably for the best.

Anakin starts to thrust and all the Chandrilan can do is moan as she tries not to squeal too much. Both sounds coming from her lips right now are embarrassing, but squealing feels more embarrassing than moaning, for sure. It's hard though. Especially when Padme refuses to be idle.

Grinning at the sight of Mon being fucked from behind by her Jedi Husband, the new self-proclaimed Empress reaches out again, running her hands across Mon's front. One hand slides along a cheek, her thumb brushing over Mon's kiss-swollen lips until she parts them and Padme can stick the digit inside.

As she sucks on Padme's thumb, the woman slides her other hand down Mon's body, across her abdomen, fingers splaying along that expanse of flesh and sending goosebumps across Mon's body.

"I can feel it, Mon. My husband's cock, buried deep inside of you. I can feel how big he is for you. You love it, don't you? You love being fucked by my husband."

"Nnngh..."

Mon mewls around Padme's digit, shuddering at her words. She knew what she was doing to her. They both did. They were driving her crazy, drawing her deeper into the dark, leaving her feeling like she was going insane. And yet... if this was insanity, then Mon wasn't sure she wanted to be sane anymore. She was betraying her marriage vows to Perrin, sure... but hadn't those very vows been made under duress?

Mon Mothma had never wanted to marry Perrin. She was pretty sure he hadn't necessarily wanted to marry her either. He simply wanted to live an easy life... and wedding her granted him that because she was both high status and driven enough for the two of them combined.

But why? Why did she have to suffer in a loveless marriage just for his sake? Just for the sake of *tradition*? Why did she have to shackle herself to a man she didn't care for and shared no bed with?

Padme's hand splays across Mon's abdomen, fingers spreading in every direction. She presses her palm down on Mon's flesh and makes the Chandrilan gasp in response.

"They expect you to have a child, don't they? The 'Powers That Be'. They put so much pressure on you... and if you don't comply soon, they'll replace you."

Mon shivers and for the first time not from the pleasure. Padme isn't wrong. Chandrila has made allowances because she does a good job, but she's been shirking her marital responsibilities.

People have already started to talk and she's already been considering ways to force herself to stomach Perrin long enough to get pregnant. If she doesn't, they'll recall her from the Senate and replace her with someone who meets their old-fashioned standards regardless of how fit for the job they might be.

"I can't afford to lose you, Mon. You're too important to me. You and Bail and all the others... I know many of you don't understand why I've done the things I've done. You don't fully see yet while I needed to create my Empire. But you will..."

you'll all see. And once we've freed the galaxy from the tyranny of the oppressors and the corrupt, you'll understand."

She doesn't fully understand what Padme is talking about... but truthfully, she's in too deep to debate the other woman at this point. Plus, she still has Padme's thumb in her mouth and is sucking on it diligently while the Empress' husband fucks her from behind.

"But that will take time, won't it? In the interim... we'll secure your place in the Senate right here and right now. My husband will fill you with his seed and you will have his child to satisfy those old geezers back on Chandrila."

Mon's eyes widen at Padme's declaration, even as her cunt walls clench down hard around Anakin's cock at the very idea. Her body reacts by letting out a fresh gush of vaginal fluids, her nipples growing even harder at the anticipation of being... bred.

She shouldn't be so aroused by the idea. Of being seeded and knocked up like some... some prize animal. And yet, suddenly it's all she wants in this world.

"That is... if you want it. Say the word and we won't go that far. If you think it would be better to do otherwise, we can stop short of such drastic measures. I just think it would help, really."

Padme's words are like a cold splash of water, right to the face. Mon blinks rapidly as she's given the choice, her mind managing to surface from the ocean of pleasure she's drowning in, if only for the moment. They aren't just going to do it to her... they're making sure she's okay with it.

She almost wishes that Padme hadn't qualified things. She almost wishes they'd gone all the way and... and conquered her. Of course, even as they wait for her response, it's not like they're making it easier for her. Anakin continues to wordlessly squeeze her tits and fuck her from behind on her tiptoes. And Padme... Padme's hand on her abdomen trails down as the self-proclaimed Empress speaks, and her deft fingers find Mon's clit.

In the end, there was never any real choice. With a whimpering moan as the pleasure threatens to overwhelm her from every direction, Mon nods, bucking her hips back into Anakin's cock and forward into Padme's touch. She quivers as she surrenders herself entirely. Her body, her mind, her soul... her womb.

Padme grins at her, dark hooded eyes watching her like a predator with their prey.

"That's good, Mon. I knew you'd see things our way."

What follows... is exactly what was promised her. Sandwiched between two of the most powerful beings in the galaxy, Mon Mothma completely and utterly succumbs, moaning as she orgasms all over Anakin's cock, eyes half-rolling back in her head. And Anakin... Anakin fills her up.

His seed flows into her womb and even though she knows it's much too early to tell such things, Mon knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that his seed will take. Fertility was never the problem, after all... and she doesn't question Anakin Skywalker's virility for even a second.

He fills and fills her as she all but collapses back against his chest. If not for his hands and cock holding her up, she definitely would have fallen bonelessly to the floor. Moaning and whimpering as Padme continues to work her over throughout the release as well, Mon trembles with so much raw emotion she doesn't know what to do.

... There's no fighting them. In the end, she's not sure she even wants to fight them. Because deep down, even if it's the death of democracy... Mon Mothma wants to see the world Padme is promising her. A world where her child, be it a son or daughter, does not have to accept the shackles presented to them as she did. A world without arranged marriages. A world without slavery in any form.

Was that not a world worth fighting for?

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Vader had to admit, if this were his original timeline he highly doubts taking this tack with that Mon Mothma would have worked quite so well. But then to be fair, the Padme from his original timeline had not been nearly as... ruthless and mercenary as this Padme was either.

In the end, the strangeness of the universe had allowed him and Padme to bring the future leader of the rebellion over to their side with simple seduction. It was the same strangeness that caused the entire Jedi Order to Fall and allowed him to stand in the middle of the Council Chambers and declare himself Sith without a single Master drawing their lightsaber, Vader supposed.

Of course, as simple as turning Mon Mothma into their plaything and one of their supporters was, not everything to do with consolidating power in their new Empire would be quite as easy. Which brought them to their next meeting... one where the clothes would most definitely be staying on.

“Admiral Tarkin. Thank you for meeting with us on such short notice.”

Wilhuff Tarkin stops in front of the desk with his hands clasped behind his back and said back ramrod straight. He gives a perfunctory bow in response.

“Of course, Your Majesty. I believe we have many things to discuss.”

The man was a dangerous one, Vader knew. He was quite the ambitious sort and in another life, another universe, had taken his belief in the ‘Rule of Fear’ all the way to the greatest extreme it could be taken. He had used the Death Star to destroy the peaceful world of Alderaan, an entire planet of billions of innocent people.

But that was Grand Moff Tarkin. This was still Admiral Tarkin, recently promoted to the Strategic Advisory Cell by Sidious, but otherwise not quite as powerful as he’d been in that other timeline.

Padme arches her brow at Tarkin’s presumptuous words.

“Oh? Do we now?”

The Admiral's gaze flicks to Vader for a moment before moving back to Padme.

"Yes. It is my hope that you recognize this war against the Separatists cannot continue as it has been. Things need to change. Our strategy needs to change."

The question became... did they want to risk Tarkin becoming the dangerous man they knew he could become? Or did they nip things in the bud right here and now? Did they treat Tarkin as a resource through which to shore up the backbone of their new Empire? Or did Vader kill him where he stood so they could move on without worrying about a dagger placed at their backs?

Tarkin had no way of knowing it, but his life currently stood on a knife's edge. This entire meeting was Padme's way of getting him alone in a room with her husband... so that if Vader deemed it necessary, he could kill the other man on the spot.

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