

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

**A/N: Ahsoka has been BUSY~**

**-x-X-x-**

“Nnngh~”

“That’s it Barriss... feel that? I’m so deep inside of you right now...”

“A-Ahsoka... ah... I can’t... I shouldn’t...”

“Shhh. We’ve talked about this. I’ll tell you what you should and shouldn’t be doing. You don’t need to worry about that sort of thing. I’m not going to let you keep hurting yourself.”

A very naked Barriss Offee whimpers and whines piteously as she squirms atop an equally naked Ahsoka Tano. The Togruta has a wicked smile on her face as she holds Barriss steady, one hand on the Mirialan’s green chest and the other buried between her legs. With her feet hooked on the inside of Barriss’ ankles, she’s not letting her fellow Padawan go anywhere.

Not that Barriss really wants to go anywhere in truth. If she didn’t want this, they both knew she could fight her way free... or rather, that she believed as such. Barriss still wasn’t aware of Ahsoka’s true nature as Darth Varice, or that the Togruta had a Sith Master she truly answered to.

She was aware, however, of how good Ahsoka’s hands felt at this point. As the weeks had gone by, turning into months, and they’d continued to find themselves on battlefield after battlefield, Barriss had turned to Ahsoka more and more for comfort.

It was easy enough to condition the other woman into doing so in the end, to be fair. There was just so much pain and suffering in the Force at this point. Given that their fleet consisted of the combined forces of two Jedi Masters, one of

which was a member of the High Council, they were often sent to the worst of the fighting. Especially because they kept seeing success wherever they went, claiming victory after victory with what High Command saw as 'acceptable' and 'replaceable' losses.

But High Command didn't have to experience those losses personally. They weren't on the frontlines feeling every death, clone or otherwise, through the Force. They didn't understand the agony that they were putting their Jedi Commanders and Generals through.

Poor Barriss was ill-equipped for such things. Luckily, Ahsoka was there to help her. After all... she was Sith. On a rational level, the sheer scale of death was disturbing. But on an emotional level... it was nourishing. The negative emotions in the Force fueled Ahsoka rather than damaging her, and she could act as a heat sink of sorts for Barriss' own suffering.

And so as time had gone on, Ahsoka had been able to deepen their relationship bit by bit until mere hugs and kisses had become... this. Pinching one of the Mirialan's forest green nipples between her fingers, Ahsoka nibbles at Barriss' ear and curls her orange digits up inside of Barriss' cunt, all in the same moment.

With a shocked yet pleased squeal, Barriss' hips buck and her cunt walls clench as she tips over the edge, climaxing all over Ahsoka's digits. It's not the first time she's cum that night for her either, or this one seems to have been the final straw from what Ahsoka can feel.

Barriss' conscious mind dims as she whines piteously.

"Ahsoka... gotta... go to the... medbay..."

But Ahsoka just nuzzles Barriss' neck as she shakes her head.

"They'll be fine until morning, Barriss. Rest. Heal yourself before you spend all you are on healing others."

Barris whimpers in disagreement... but its too late. A careful application of the Force makes sure that the Mirialan Padawan does in fact fall asleep a moment later, covered in sweat and her own fluids.

Once she slips out from under Barriss, Ahsoka takes on the task of tenderly, almost gently cleaning her fellow Padawan up. And then she tucks Barriss into bed, letting her sleep restfully. At the same time that she puts a physical blanket over her however, Ahsoka is also placing down a blanket of darkness in the Force.

This is a necessity, to be fair. If she doesn't supply her own form of darkness, then Barriss' unconscious mind will reach out to the Greater Force... and she will have nightmares. By placing herself between the Mirialan and her connection to the Force, Ahsoka can keep things quiet. It does mean Barriss' sleep will be dreamless, but better dreamless and rested over nightmares and exhaustion.

Admittedly, Ahsoka had to figure that technique out through trial and error. She hasn't been able to have a proper conversation with her Master since Coruscant, unfortunately. But that's alright. Last she heard, Anakin had been sent all the way to Malastare of all places, practically the other side of the galaxy.

They would come together soon enough though, Ahsoka was sure of that. And when they did, she would make sure to have gifts for her Master. More than one, in fact.

A smile spreads across Ahsoka's face as she gets dressed, though she makes sure to wipe it from her features by the time she leaves Barriss' Quarters. She does this for a very good reason... because she knows Luminara Unduli will be waiting for her in the hallway outside.

Indeed, as soon as she steps out in nothing but her tight tube top and short skirt, the Togruta is met with the Mirialan Jedi Master. Luminara stops in her tracks and turns to Ahsoka, biting her lower lip.

“Is Barriss... well?”

“Not here.”

The Jedi Master flinches at Ahsoka’s domineering tone and Ahsoka in turn tries not to be too pleased by that, even as she turns and leads Luminara through her own flagship. If you had told Ahsoka that she would develop this sort of relationship with Barriss’ Master even a few weeks ago, she would have scoffed at you. And yet... here they were.

Finding privacy in a small storage closet, Ahsoka pushes Luminara up against the wall the moment the door slides shut.

“Do you really think you have the right to ask how she is?”

Under the weight of her judgment, Master Unduli whimpers and averts her gaze, shaking her head.

“N-No... I just... I’m sorry. I worry for her. I appreciate everything you’re doing for her.”

To see a Jedi Master acting so pathetic... Ahsoka honestly hadn’t known what to do about it at first. The older woman was still a force to be reckoned with on the battlefield, after all. In fact, the darker the Force got around them, the more feral of a fighter Luminara Unduli seemed to become.

However, once she got off of the battlefield and back on her ship, she turned into a mere shadow of herself. A whimpering, simpering woman who seemed to be incapable of doing anything but beating herself up over the state of her Padawan.

Barriss had confided in Ahsoka that Luminara had all but stopped training her... which was the first thing to tip Ahsoka off that something was wrong with the Jedi Master. A bit more snooping... and she’d discovered the truth.

Luminara Unduli... had already Fallen to the Dark Side.

It seemed insane... and yet, Ahsoka was confident in her discovery. Just as she was equally confident that she couldn't let the Jedi Master know the truth about herself even now. For some reason, despite being Fallen, Luminara had somehow convinced herself that Ahsoka was a paragon of the Light Side still.

That was why she'd gone out of her way to make sure Ahsoka stayed with Barriss as much as possible, even leaning on Master Kenobi to make sure Ahsoka could spend the majority of their time in transit from one battle to the next on Luminara's flagship instead of Obi-Wan's. So far, the man who was supposed to be Ahsoka's Jedi Master had been all too willing to let that happen.

Obi-Wan Kenobi, Jedi Master and member of the High Council, had no idea that in doing so he was allowing a hidden Sith Apprentice to slowly but surely corrupt the Mirialan Jedi on the other ship.

Luminara though...

"A Dark Creature like you would make up any sort of lie you could with that mouth of yours. There's only one thing I trust from you and you know what it is."

Shuddering, Luminara slowly nods... before descending down the wall of the storage closet, all the way to her knees. Ahsoka just smiles as she takes a step forward, until her crotch is right in the Jedi Master's face. Reaching out and grabbing hold of Luminara's black head wrappings with one hand, she pulls up her skirt with the other, revealing her own wet, unattended slip.

Luminara... leans forward and begins to lick and eat Ahsoka out right then and there.

This was the deal they'd made in the end, when Ahsoka had finally confronted the Jedi Master about her darkness. It was admittedly a little risky doing so, because if Luminara figured out Ahsoka was also Fallen, she might have done something inadvisable. After all, despite being drenched in the Dark Side, the Jedi Master was still convinced she could keep Barriss out of all of this and save her from that same darkness.

The other issue was if Luminara decided to silence Ahsoka for calling her out. Fortunately, Ahsoka had a couple of things working in her favor on that front. Number One, Barriss would probably shatter into a million pieces if Ahsoka vanished or died and that was something Luminara wanted to avoid at all costs.

Number Two, and by far the riskiest part of all of this... well, when Ahsoka had finally confronted Luminara, she had pretty much started by saying she wasn't going to expose the Fallen Jedi Master. As she'd explained it to Luminara, she didn't want Barriss to be hurt by Luminara's 'betrayal', and they needed all the help they could get fighting the Separatists and bringing an end to the Clone Wars.

Essentially, Ahsoka had offered Luminara a 'stay of execution'... something that the Mirialan Jedi had jumped at quite happily. This part though, the part where a Jedi Master, Fallen or otherwise, gets down on her knees and eats Ahsoka out as 'thanks' for 'protecting' her poor, innocent Padawan... this part was a bit more difficult to arrange.

The way Ahsoka had ultimately sold it to Luminara was simple though. Spending all this time on the *Tranquility*, forced to exist in the darkness seemingly created by the Mirialan Jedi Master's Fall... it was corrupting and corrosive. So Ahsoka's sessions with Barriss were all about 'extracting' that corruption from her fellow Padawan... and her sessions with Luminara were all about 'foisting' said corruption back onto the 'cause' of the darkness.

Luminara is all too eager to accept what she believes she deserves for her Fall to the Dark Side, completely unaware that Ahsoka is just as Fallen as she is... and her beloved Padawan has been gently swaddled into a Fall of her own at this point. As the Jedi Master's tongue drags along Ahsoka's slit and clit, the Togruta groans in enjoyment, hiding her wicked smile behind a tossed back head while humping Luminara's face.

Reaching out in the Force, Ahsoka seeks her connection to her true master... her Sith Master. She may not be able to talk to Anakin about everything that's been happening, but she tries to make sure he knows she's doing well all the

same, pushing her joy and happiness in the direction of their bond while hiding it from her comparatively anemic bond with Master Kenobi.

When they finally met again... Darth Varice just knew that her Master would be proud of her~

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Vader tilts his head to the side, getting a sense that Ahsoka, or rather Varice, is doing quite well for herself elsewhere in the galaxy. Given that she's having to hide her true nature under the gaze of Obi-Wan of all people, he's pleased to feel her pleasure. It seems like she's doing quite well in spite of such difficulties... and from what he gets through their Master-Apprentice bond, it seems like the Togruta is preparing 'gifts' for him.

Well, she'll have to do quite a lot to impress him after Ventress' performance on Lotho Minor. To be fair, Vader had been confident that Asajj COULD defeat and kill Maul. However, there was always a chance she might fail to live up to his expectations... or wind up losing something in the process.

From the conversation he'd had with her and Sev'rance Tann however, things had apparently gone quite well... and indeed, Tann's eagerness to serve was something Vader could feel in the Force even over the holocall.

On his end, meanwhile, he was still stuck in the Malastare System with one Aayla Secura. There had been no more Separatist Attacks so far, but Malastarian Fuel was too important to the war effort to leave the system undefended just in case something did happen.

Aayla, meanwhile, had taken to trying to... subtly draw him to the Dark Side in half a dozen little ways. Most of the time the Twi'lek Jedi Master was still making overtures or trying to nudge Vader into the path of Darkness. She was subtle enough that if he himself hadn't already been Sith, he doesn't know if he fully would have noticed... but he can also tell she's starting to get frustrated.

He might need to bring her to heel sometime soon, if only so she doesn't do anything too inadvisable in her self-imposed quest to make the Chosen One Fall to the Dark Side. In the meantime however, Vader receives a new call from his personal comms unit... one that brings a smile to his face.

Reaching out, he answers the call and is greeted by the face of his beloved wife and greatest servant on a two dimensional screen rather than in three dimensional hologram. Padme stares back at him with a lidded gaze, seated at her desk in her Senate Office. Vader takes one look at her and immediately smirks.

"Busy with someone, darling? A certain former handmaiden, perhaps?"

Padme's lips curl upwards into a wide grin and she slowly shakes her head, causing Vader to raise a brow in confusion. He would have bet anything that she had someone under her desk taking care of her needs while he was away and the most likely culprit seemed like it would probably be Sabe, right?

"Not Sabe, dear husband. Someone even better~"

Oh?

Padme pulls the camera down from its place and pushes out from her desk, angling things so Vader can see just who she's enjoying at the moment. His brow raises as he finds himself looking at a familiar feminine face, her mouth currently completely occupied with his wife's cunt as Padme holds her in place.

Riyo Chuchi's eyes, however, stare up at the camera blankly, a blush coloring the Pantoran Senator's blue cheeks as she whimpers into Padme's pussy mound.

"Senator Chuchi and I have been... engaging in discussion and exchanging pointers for some time now. She was floundering a bit, but I've taken her under my wing and she's... so very grateful for that fact. I've told her about my darling husband of course, and she'll be ready to meet you properly when you return to

Coruscant. In the meantime though... what should I do with her for you, sweetheart?"

Well now...

**-x-X-x-**

**A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!**