

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

A/N: Vader has a plan, from Aayla's POV~

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Aayla had never been more aroused in her life. Seeing Anakin suddenly assume control like he did, especially after the conversation they'd had... it was more than a little thrilling, if she was being honest. His commanding and altogether domineering presence had spoken to something deep within the blue-skinned Twi'lek and watching him mind trick their Dug Guide into taking them where they needed to go was even more... engaging.

It was, all of it, in the service of saving lives too... which made it all the hotter. He wasn't stopping for anything, he wasn't letting the bureaucracy or the red tape get in his way... but at the same time, he wasn't aiming to hurt innocents or abuse his authority.

As they'd made their way to the Council Chambers, Aayla had become more and more certain that bringing Anakin Skywalker to the Dark Side was the right thing to do. Not just for herself, but for the galaxy at large. After all, a Chosen One unfettered by the Light... he would be able to do the things that needed to be done. He would be able to do so much more.

Watching him take the lead against the Dug Ruling Council had been a similar delight. Aayla had been very diligent in not rubbing her thighs together, even as his command of the situation had continued to turn her on. And his ability to pinpoint the exact Dug who was proving to be such a nuisance... well, Aayla suspects she could have figured it out as well, but she's not sure it would have gone nearly as smoothly for her.

In fact, as they're destroying the MagnaGuards together, removing the Separatist-aligned Assassin Droids from the board with sweeps of their lightsabers, Aayla is feeling pretty damn good about herself. Sure, she only manages to dismember one of the droids in the time it takes Anakin to remove

the other three from play... but then again, he wouldn't be down here in the first place if she hadn't decided they both needed to come.

As such, wasn't it smart of her that she'd brought them both to the planet's surface so they could so quickly deal with this plot to usurp control of the Dug? Well, or so Aayla had felt for a moment. Indeed, she'd been riding high on her 'amazing decision making' for all of a minute before the call from orbit had come in.

Receiving the news about the hidden Separatist Fleet sends ice water rushing through Aayla's veins. They'd had orbital superiority... keyword there being 'had'. Now, even their combined fleets were outnumbered by Admiral Trench's gambit. All while Aayla and Anakin were stuck down here on the planet's surface, cut off from their ships.

The Harch had played them masterfully... no, he'd played HER masterfully. It was Aayla's decision, after all. She was the one who had foolishly walked right into the trap by having them both come down here. Someone should have been left behind with the fleets. Likely her.

After all, if she'd sent just Anakin to deal with the Dugs, he would have handled all of this by himself rather easily. But instead of focusing on the mission and the enemy threat facing them, Aayla had allowed herself to be distracted by her own selfish goals. And now they were in a truly unenviable situation. She was-!

"Master Secura."

Torn from her spiraling thoughts, Aayla jolts upon realizing that Anakin is right in front of her. He's smiling down at her and leans in close, whispering so that only she hears his words.

"Now is not the time for panic, Master. We're fine. Everything is going to be fine."

And as his Force Presence washes over her... Aayla believes him. Not just because he's projecting calm through the Force, but because of the certainty in his voice too. He...

“You have a plan?”

She hates how hopeful she sounds. After all, she’s supposed to be in charge here. If anyone is going to come up with a plan, it should have been her. But no... no, instead she’s relying on Anakin Skywalker, the very same man she’s hoping to make Fall. Force she’s truly hopeless.

And yet... he smiles wider still and simply nods.

“Yes. I have a plan.”

Then, he turns to the rest of the Dug Council, who are shouting at one another. The Dug Traitor (and Force was it infuriating to find out that it had only ever been one sapient who had called the Separatists to Malastare) has already been dragged out of the room. However, that’s not stopping anyone from talking over each other, trying to play the blame game.

They continue to do so right up until Anakin claps his hands... and silence falls over the room. Aayla’s eyes widen at the Force Technique. Its something she’s never seen before, but she can’t deny it’s effectiveness. The Dugs all keep talking for a moment longer before realizing that no one is hearing them... that they can’t even hear themselves.

All eyes turn towards her and Anakin as he steps forward.

“Master Secura and I require privacy. Whether it’s this room or another, please make haste. The Separatist Threat to your world can still be vanquished, no matter how they think they have us outnumbered.”

There’s a pause before the leader of the Council, Doge Nakha Urus, leans forward. He speaks... and unlike everyone else, his words come through clearly.

“You are certain of this, Master Jedi?”

Anakin’s lips curl up in a lopsided smirk.

“Upon my honor, Doge Urus.”

There’s a pause... and then the Doge nods and gestures. They’re quickly taken from the Council Chamber and as they leave the room, Aayla hears everyone else’s voices come back... and the shouting resume. It doesn’t matter though, because they’re swiftly brought to another room, this one smaller but also mercifully empty of life.

Anakin doesn’t hesitate to dismiss the Dug escorting them, closing the door behind them and then slashing the door controls to pieces with his lightsaber to lock them inside. Aayla’s eyes widen a little bit at this, but he just smiles.

“Best not to have any interruptions given what I’m about to do. I’ll be trusting you to watch over me, Aayla. You will be my last line of defense.”

Aayla furrows her brow in both confusion and consternation. What was Anakin talking about? He was a much, much better fighter than she was, that short bout against the MagnaGuards had proven as much. So why would he need her to defend him?

“What are you planning to do, Anakin?”

Moving to the center of the room, the Chosen One lifts up his legs, going cross-legged as he starts to float in the air. Aayla’s eyes widen, even as his drift shut.

“I’m going to tip the battle in our favor, Aayla. But it requires total concentration so please protect me while I’m busy.”

Aayla’s breath hitches as she realizes what he’s talking about. Battle Meditation. She... she hadn’t known that Anakin Skywalker was any good at Battle Meditation. Then again, from what she knew of the technique, it made sense that the Chosen One would be skilled at it.

Battle Meditation was a rather rare Force Technique that could be used in the heat of combat to form connections through the Unifying Force with one’s allies,

Force Sensitive... or not. That last part was what made it particularly strong. One could connect to the minds of an entire platoon and so long as the Jedi remained standing, they would be able to fight as one unit, almost akin to one entity.

Everyone that Aayla knew who was capable of Battle Meditation currently sat on the Jedi High Council. Master Gallia, Master Rancisis, Master Windu, and Grand Master Yoda. Those were the only four Jedi in the entire Order that could use the technique, as far as Aayla was aware.

So yeah, it was a pretty rare technique. However, it was also proximity-based from what Aayla understood. It was the kind of thing that could help you change an entire battlefield, but you had to actually BE on that battlefield to make a difference. You had to be in the thick of the fighting, either at a forward command post on the ground, or a capital ship if in space.

... And Anakin was nowhere near the space battle that was about to start. He was stuck down here on the planet's surface because of her bad decision making. So really... there was no possible way he actually expected this to work, was there?

Keeping a close eye on the broken door, making sure she's between it and Anakin's floating form, Aayla nevertheless reaches out through the Force, trying to feel a bit of what he's doing. She stays on the edges, not wanting to alert him to her snooping or distract him from what he's aiming to accomplish... but even then, it's almost like staring into a supernova.

Aayla's breath hitches, even as she's able to ride the edge of Anakin's Force Presence all the way up into orbit. Under normal circumstances, Aayla would barely be able to reach that far with her Force Senses. But piggybacking off of Anakin allows her to split her attention between the present... and the space battle above their heads.

The Twi'lek Jedi Master can only 'watch' as the overwhelming Separatist Forces closes in on their combined fleets. She 'hears' but can't truly make out the sound

of Admiral Yularen giving orders on Anakin's flagship while Marshal Commander Bly gives similar orders on hers.

No... not just similar... near identical. At the same time. In the exact manner that's necessary to ensure no doubt in their subordinates.

Aayla's eyes widen in disbelief as she feels Anakin's touch on both leaders... and then 'sees' the way his Force Presence spiderwebs out from the two men, spreading throughout every person on each ship. But it doesn't just stop there. It bounces from ship to ship, covering the crew of each. It even extends to the starfighters that soon start to launch from ship hangars all over the fleets.

Its... its beautiful, truth be told. Aayla 'watches' and it really does take her breath away. This is Battle Meditation on a scale she's never even heard of before. Not just one, but two fleets, all working in sync with one another... through the power of the Chosen One.

The battle that follows is less a battle and more a slaughter. Admiral Trench might have outnumbered them by a significant margin, but in this case, every man aboard every ship in the Republic Fleets is worth ten of the Separatists Forces. And that's more than enough.

Aayla remains mindful of the present, of course. Anakin seemed to think there was a chance they would be attacked here even after they uncovered the Dug Traitor, so she watches the door and waits to see if anyone tries to break into the room.

However... she can't quite take her Force Sense off of the space battle overhead. It's gotta be the best showing the Republic has had so far in the war. Capital Ships dance amidst turbolasers and missile attacks like they're half their size, taking a lot less damage than they would have otherwise. Starfighters dart here and there, dodging blaster fire and supporting one another with an organic instinctiveness that the machine brains in their opponents simply can't beat.

It's not completely one-sided, but from the moment the engagement starts, the Separatist losses begin to mount... and mount... and mount. In comparison, the

Republic Fleets lose a starfighter here and there, good men one and all... but not a single Capital Ship goes down. Instead, they rotate seamlessly back and forth upon taking enough damage to be in danger.

Aayla can almost feel the frustration, confusion, and anger coming from the scant number of organics on the Separatist Side of the conflict. Imagining Trench unable to comprehend what's happening brings a broad smile to her face.

Though... Force, if the Separatists ever find out Anakin had THIS kind of power, Aayla is certain they'd be doing everything in their power to kill him outright. Was this too suspicious? Trench should know both she and Anakin had come down to the planet, that was probably why he launched the attack when he did. So it should all just seem like everyone on the Republic's side was just having the best day of their lives, right?

Aayla bites her lower lip, even as she feels the moment that the battle ends. It comes with the disappearance of those handful of hostile organics she could sense from piggybacking off of Anakin's Force Presence. Admiral Trench calls a retreat and what little remains of his forces flees the Malastare System with their tails between their legs.

Meanwhile, their combined fleets stand proud and strong still. The damage done from the fighting is minimal at best from what little Aayla can see, with maybe one or two ships needing serious repairs. That was incredible, honestly. Truly spectacular. And it was all thanks to one man.

Anakin lets out a sigh and rolls his neck and shoulders as he pulls himself back to his body. Aayla watches him carefully, even as he unfolds his legs and comes back to his feet.

"You were supposed to be keeping an eye on our immediate surroundings, Master."

Aayla blinks... and then blushes hard as she realizes that despite her best efforts, he'd been able to sense her tagging along and riding the edge of his Force Presence all the same. She should have known better.

And yet... his voice sounds more amused than admonishing. He's even smiling at her. Aayla blushes a bit as she glances to the broken door.

"I was... splitting my focus. It didn't seem like anyone left in the Palace had hostile intentions towards us anyways..."

To her mild surprise, he nods in agreement.

"No, the likelihood of us being attacked was low. It was only if the battle seemed like it was going in the Separatists' favor that we had to worry about the Dug Council deciding to turn on us to save their own skins."

Ah... that would have been bad. Though given what she'd 'seen' through the Force of the battle above, that was never a very likely outcome. Especially not once Anakin took the reins.

Fuck, she was even more turned on than before right now. That display of power, of prowess, of competence... was incredibly arousing. And they WERE all alone in here. She could...

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!