

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

**A/N: Aayla joins the fold properly.**

**-x-X-x-**

The Dark Side swirls with anticipation... though that could just be Aayla herself, admittedly. Still, her words hang in the air, her eyes fixed on the Sith Lord looming over her. His hand is still atop her head, his fingers splayed out over her skull, the tips pressing down on her lekku.

“... Very well. If that is your desire... present yourself to me.”

Aayla flushes, trembling and quivering with excitement as Vader removes his hand and takes a step back. The demand is clear and she wastes no time in rising to her feet from there. Present herself to him... she puts on a show. How can she not? She wants nothing more to impress him with everything she has to offer, and her body is her greatest asset... as it is the asset of any female Twi'lek.

She might have been raised at the Jedi Temple, but Aayla had had enough experiences with her people to know what sort of lives many of her fellow Twi'lek women lived. And in fact, she'd had personal brushes herself as well. This though... this was different. This time around, she's choosing to submit. Choosing... to see herself as nothing but a pleasure slave for Lord Vader.

Running blue hands along her body, Aayla lets out a soft, almost silent moan as she touches herself. Then... she begins to work off the tight leather garments covering her assets. Her cum-soaked top goes first, sliding away and revealing perky blue breasts capped with bright pink nipples. After that is her pants, which she hooks her thumbs into and slides down her long legs, off of her taut, athletic derriere.

She can't quite dance like a proper pleasure slave; she was never trained to do so. But as a Jedi, she'd certainly been trained in how to move, how to twist and

turn, how to be as flexible as possible. She uses that training now to show off her body, to 'present' herself to Lord Vader in every way. Her lekku sway back and forth and her breasts bounce as she hops out of her pants, the soft parts of her jiggling while the muscled parts ripple.

Finally completely naked, Aayla Secura hesitates for just a moment... before sinking back down to her knees and pulling a move that has her swinging around so she's facing away from Lord Vader.

There, she spreads her knees as far apart as she can and proceeds to... swoosh forward for lack of a better word, stretching out her arms as far as she can in front of her while at the same time arching her back. The end result is her perky blue tits smashed into the floor, her taut blue ass as high in the air as she can get it... and her puffy pink pussy lips on full display as Aayla wiggles her hips back and forth in offering.

She has... presented herself.

Of course, in the end it's only the Sith Lord standing behind her who can decide if she's done a good job or not. Aayla waits with bated breath to see if he'll find her performance acceptable... and positively moans when both of his hands, flesh and blood as well as mechanical, come down on her hips. He drops to his knees behind her silently and wordlessly, grabbing ahold of her naked body with a firm, almost crushing grip that has Aayla letting out a shaky breath.

Then, she feels his cock, the cock she'd worshipped with her mouth and that had coated her chin and chest just a bit ago. She feels it against her slit and lets out a gasp as the magnitude of his size truly hits her. It had been one thing when it was stuffed in her mouth and down her throat. But this... this felt like something else entirely.

And then he's inside of her and it doesn't quite matter what it is except that it's good. Aayla moans, a throaty and wanton thing that fills the room as Vader slides deep into her tight, clenching Twi'lek pussy. The Fallen Jedi Master shudders beneath the Sith Lord, whimpering and mewling away rather pathetically.

She doesn't mind being pathetic in this moment though. After all, everything finally makes sense. The universe finally makes sense. She'd Fallen to the Dark Side and so had her Master, but neither of them had quite known what to do with themselves. They'd fooled themselves into thinking they still believed in the Jedi Way... but of course, that was just because they didn't know anything else.

For a long time, Aayla really had been adrift in a sea of uncertainty. Was she supposed to report herself to the Order that had raised her? To let them do whatever they wished with her? Was she supposed to leave, to disappear and vanish? And most importantly of all... why was she not found out? How had her and her Master truly managed to hide their true nature for so long?

... All of it makes sense now. Because the answer to all of those questions and more is simple as can be. Darth Vader. He is the answer. If even the so-called Chosen One is not of the Light, if even Anakin Skywalker is secretly of the Dark, then of course Aayla and Master Vos never stood a chance. And of course they would be able to hide their true nature from the rest of the Order... for they sheltered in HIS shadow without knowing it.

As for what she was supposed to do, her purpose... well, that became crystal clear as well, didn't it? She was supposed to be right here, on her knees, face down and ass up... submitting to her Lord and Master.

The Dark Side swirls with approval and glee around her as Aayla is pounded into the floor by Lord Vader's cock. He thrusts in and out of her with greater and greater force, until she's unsure whether he'll break her or not. She does what she can to use the Force to fortify herself against the ensuing onslaught though, trying to keep her wits about her.

However, it quickly turns from her holding on... to her simply drowning in pleasure. The more his cock pistons in and out of her pussy, the more he fucks her soundly and deeply, the less Aayla is aware of her surroundings. Everything becomes centralized on his dick buried deep in her hungering, gushing wet twat.

Finally, Aayla tips over the edge. Her first orgasm comes hard and fast, explosively driving her wild as she cries out and quakes under Vader's unrelenting onslaught. He doesn't stop or even slow down as she cums for him, her climax barely more than a bump in the road as he fucks her even faster, powering through and plowing her pussy silly.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

The next orgasms come even sooner, even quicker. Over and over again, he makes her cum. And each time he does, each time Aayla comes undone upon his cock, she feels like she's being refined... or possibly reforged. She may have been a Jedi Master before, but that was meaningless when it came to the Dark Side.

In the Dark, Aayla Secura was akin to little more than unrefined ore. She'd Fallen, but aside from acknowledging that she had been consumed by the Dark Side, she had made no real effort to grow her understanding of that half of the Force. She had not truly tried to become Sith.

She's glad for that now because it means she can become whatever her new Sith Master requires her to be. She feels as he presses down on her, not just physically, but also in the Force. She feels as he refines her, as he turns her into a proper ingot, making her what he requires. She feels... whole in his metaphysical hands.

Finally, with one last grunt and one last thrust on his part, Vader finishes inside of her. Aayla cries out, orgasming explosively one last time as well as she feels him fill her up. She shudders in ecstatic bliss for a moment, before gasping as Vader reaches down and grabs hold of her lekku, dragging her upper body up from where it was flush with the floor.

Aayla groans at the tugging of her lekku and then moans when he pulls out of her and swings her around to present her with his cock once more. Without hesitation, the Twi'lek leans forward and opens wide, taking her Master's messy dick in between her lips and sucking it clean.

As she does so, she stares up into those yellow orange Sith Eyes while Vader in turn looks back at her.

“You are quite... malleable. Your ability to adapt to this change in circumstances pleases me.”

Aayla flushes at that and sucks even harder, exulting in the praise. Of course, she can't help but jolt at his next words.

“You, I believe, are worthy of my personal attention... I will take you on as a Sith Apprentice, rather than a mere servant... if you feel you are up for the challenge.”

Aayla's heart pounds in her chest as her creampied pussy clenches around nothing at the thought. Being Vader's Apprentice... would be everything. It would especially be amusing, given that she had fully been trying to make him Fall when she still thought of him as Anakin Skywalker... and if she'd succeeded, Aayla would have probably tried to take him under her wing or something.

Funny how fully immersing herself in the Dark had given her clearer vision than she'd had in quite some time...

As she finishes cleaning his cock, Aayla pulls back, his member leaving her lips with a quiet pop and a gasp as she sits back on her haunches and gazes up at him.

“... It would be my honor to be your Apprentice, Master.”

Smiling, Vader moves a hand under her chin.

“Then rise, Darth Accensa. Allow your passion to kindle further within you, and one day you will truly be strong.”

She descended to her knees a Jedi Master, fitting given her Fallen status. She rises to her feet this final time as a Sith Apprentice, ready and eager to shed her old life and old loyalties... except for one, that is.

“Master... I must confess... my old Jedi Master, Quinlan Vos, is also Fallen. He and I have been hiding in plain sight so to speak, keeping our true nature secret from the Jedi Order while continuing to assist them as best we could. We knew no other way... until now. While I will not ask you to take him as an apprentice as well... I only ask that you consider him an ally rather than an enemy.”

Vader’s eyes narrow as he gazes at her consideringly for several long moments.

“You are attached to him... and he is attached to you.”

Smiling wanly, the newly named Darth Accensa inclines her head in acknowledgment.

“Yes Master. Back before all of this... back when we still thought you were the Light Side’s Chosen One, he even advised me to find a way to get you killed in order to keep myself safe.”

On the one hand, telling your new Sith Master that your old Jedi Master advocated for his death might not seem like the best idea under normal circumstances. On the other hand, these are not normal circumstances... and she has a feeling that Vader can appreciate Quinlan’s ruthlessness.

Much to her excitement, he does indeed look impressed by the idea, chuckling in amusement rather than roaring in wrath.

“How... ruthless of him. Very well, I will leave his recruitment in your hands. It will be your first test. Bring him into the fold safely and you will have earned more of my favor. However, if he betrays me... it will be as if you yourself have betrayed me.”

The very thought threatens to take her breath away. She would never... but Quinlan might. He was a loose cannon at the best of times. And yet, she discards the thought of not trying to bring him onboard in an instant. Forget that he had been her Jedi Master... more importantly, he was like a father to her. She would not abandon him if she did not have to.

Still, with that out of the way, the Twi'lek tilts her head to the side.

“Beyond that, what are our next moves, Master? Are we ready yet to act against the Jedi?”

Vader shakes his head.

“No, not yet. And the Jedi are not our greatest enemy, my apprentice. No, our greatest enemy... are our fellow Sith. The Order of Darth Bane, operating under the Rule of Two. One of them is Count Dooku. He is the Sith Apprentice to the man who has orchestrated this entire war. The Banite Order will be extinguished... and then we will decide what to do with the Jedi.”

Her eyes are wide as she processes that. They were Sith, so the Jedi Order not being their greatest enemy was certainly something to wrap one's head around. And yet... Lord Vader was her Master. So she would obey.

“For now, you will remain here in the Malastare System and keep an eye on things while covering for me. I will depart to continue furthering our plans in other parts of the galaxy. As far as everyone else outside of a select few are to know, I am still here, still the good little Jedi Knight obeying orders.”

That brings a smile to her face, one that causes him to raise a brow at her.

“What is it?”

Chuckling, the newly minted Darth Accensa simply shrugs.

“Even as the Chosen One, even as Anakin Skywalker... nobody thinks of you as a good little Jedi Knight obeying orders, Master. Even if your departure is found out, it will be easy enough to chalk it up to the maverick actions of Knight Skywalker. Though I am more than happy to sacrifice myself by saying you had my permission to depart.”

Her explanation draws a chuckle from Vader as well.

“Well, it may not come to that. I won’t be gone long... just long enough to take care of some things.”

She bows her head submissively in response.

“As you say, Master.”

With that, they part ways. Lord Vader leaves to do whatever it is he needs to do... and Aayla Secura, now secretly Darth Accensa, begins to plot out exactly how she’s going to get Quinlan onboard with all of this. First things first will be to get him literally onboard, she thinks. If she asks him to come visit her... he’ll definitely come. And then they can have a private chat about the future of the galaxy and their places in it.

**-x-X-x-**

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