

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

**Poll Winner**

**Themes: First time, Rough Sex, Strip Tease**

**Summary: Anakin is taken in by the Naboo as thanks for saving them from the Trade Federation. On his birthday when he becomes an adult one of the Royal Handmaidens he's close to announces she is retiring and wants to thank her hero and show him all Naboo has to offer. Anakin finds out Handmaidens are skilled in a variety of areas... well as best as they can while remaining a maiden. She shows him a side of Nubian fashion he hasn't seen, lingerie!**

**-x-X-x-**

“Well Anakin? What do you think?”

“Labe...”

There were times over the last decade when Anakin had pondered what could have been. Back at a very young age (but too old by their reckoning) he'd very nearly joined the Jedi Order to be trained to one day become a Jedi Knight.

At the time, Anakin had wanted that more than anything in the world... but of course, the Jedi Council had decided he was too old to train. They preferred their initiates to be raised all the way from infant to adult within the Jedi Order, and Anakin hadn't fit within their mold.

Following that up with the only Jedi Master who wanted to train him dying during the Battle of Naboo, and suddenly Anakin had been adrift. There was nobody within the Jedi Order advocating for him anymore and ultimately he'd been left behind after Qui-Gon's funeral and the subsequent celebration of Naboo's victory over the Trade Federation.

Fortunately, he hadn't been entirely abandoned... the Jedi Order might not have wanted anything to do with him, but the people of Naboo had declared him a hero, all because he'd flown a Naboo Starfighter and destroyed the Trade Federation's Droid Command Ship all at the tender age of nine.

He'd had a place in the palace after that, raised to adulthood and given the finest tutors he could possibly imagine. More than that, Queen Amidala had even gone so far as to send a delegation to Tatooine to purchase his mother and free her from slavery, at which point Shmi Skywalker had gotten to come live on Tatooine as well.

All in all, it was a good life, even if it wasn't the life of a mythical Jedi Knight. The only other downside aside from not getting to be trained as a Jedi had been that Anakin hadn't gotten to be as close to the Queen as he might have liked. In spite of their handful of meetings prior to the Battle of Naboo, once everything wasn't quite so frantic, they really didn't see each other that much. She was the Queen after all, and very busy with ruling Naboo. Meanwhile, Anakin was five years younger than her, so they didn't even have much in common.

The same couldn't be said to be true of him and Labe, the youngest of the Queen's Handmaidens. Labe was... well, she was of an age with him, which meant she and Anakin had gotten to grow up in the palace alongside one another. It also meant that she'd often been assigned to him. Out of all of the Queen's Handmaidens, he and Labe had spent the most time together.

Maybe that's why, now that they were both nineteen years old, Labe had retired from active service. Or maybe it was simply because the Queen had passed on her throne to the next Queen and became Naboo's Senator instead. And yet, several of Padme's handmaidens had followed her into her new job, so the fact that Labe hadn't and had chosen to stay beside him instead... well, it said a lot, didn't it?

Now here they were, together alone in private. It was Anakin's nineteenth birthday and Labe had said she had a secret surprise for him... well, he was seeing that secret surprise now. Standing before him having removed her normal dress, Labe has revealed that she's wearing extremely sexy lingerie

underneath. It hugs her curves in all the right ways, winding up and down her beautiful body as she stands there fidgeting and blushing while staring at him.

Realizing he's only given her a single word response and that was just her name, Anakin flushes.

"A-Ah... sorry. You're gorgeous, Labe. Perfection made manifest."

The former handmaiden giggles at that.

"Oh? 'perfect made manifest', huh? Do you really think so?"

Anakin scoffs at that.

"I don't just think so, I know so... you're so beautiful."

Blushing at his earnest praise, Labe fidgets for a moment... before running her hands up and down her body.

"Would you like to see more, Anakin? Would you like me to... s-strip for you?"

Anakin's breath hitches and he slowly nods, eyes wide. There's no point in lying, after all. He definitely, unequivocally, beyond a shadow of a doubt, wants to see more.

Blushing and smiling somewhat shyly, Labe moves her hands up and down her body, swaying her hips to music only she can hear. She works her fingers under the fabric of her lingerie in certain places, giving him tantalizing glimpses at more of her body.

Turning in a slow circle, she shows him her back profile next, which Anakin has to admit is just as perfect as her front. His eyes slide up and down her figure, taking in her beautiful form as his mouth dries. Meanwhile, the strain in the crotch of his pants is getting... difficult to work around, forcing him to shift in his place seated on the edge of Labe's bed.

Finally, still turned away from him, Labe reaches back behind herself for the clasp on her bra. Looking back over her shoulder, she makes eye contact with Anakin even as she unclasps the garment and lets it fall away, revealing her completely smooth, rippling back in its entirety.

Pulling the bra off of one shoulder at a time, she stands there facing away from him as she holds the bra out to the side... and lets it drop to the floor. Anakin's breath hitches as she slowly turns back around, hiding her breasts behind one arm for a moment longer before pulling the arm away to reveal them in full.

Anakin's eyes drink in the sight of Labe's perfectly sculpted tits for a long moment, enjoying the view immensely. Her chest is not too big and not too small... just right for each breast to be about a handful each by his visual estimation. His mouth goes from dry to watering as his fingers twitch, an itch to reach out for her developing.

But the former handmaiden is too far away for him to do so... unless he were to use the Force to pull her over. He could do that, even if he was never trained as a Jedi, Anakin has found himself learning how to touch the Force and use it in the ways he saw Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan use it all those years ago. He's self-taught in that regard, but what he lacks in training he makes up for in power...

However, something else he's learned is when to control himself. And so Anakin remains where he is and lets Labe remain where she is as well, watching as she gives him a smile while reaching down to hook her thumbs into the waistband of her panties.

Slowly, she slides them down her legs, bending over at the waist to do so and leaving her breasts dangling and jiggling under her. Off of one foot and then the other, Labe takes off the undergarments and leaves them on the floor next to her bra. At this point she's only wearing a garter belt connected to some thigh-high stockings as she slowly does another circle. Her remaining garments do nothing to hide her beautiful body from view, whether it be her breasts or her ass or her puffy pussy lips.

Now Anakin finds himself unable to hold back any longer. His previous self-control frays as he reaches out for her... and Labe squeaks while being dragged across the floor and into his arms. She takes the sudden Force Pull with good grace though, giggling as she immediately climbs into his lap and wraps her arms around his neck with a smile.

“Someone is eager~”

Swallowing hard, Anakin roams his hands up and down Labe’s body.

“How can I not be? I’m with the most perfect woman in the world, after all...”

Labe hums, nodding along as if this only makes sense, grinning all the while. Then, she looks down at him and pouts.

“You’re much too over-dressed for being with the most perfect woman in the world though, you know.”

Anakin looks down at himself... and nods in agreement.

“You’re right, I am.”

With that said, he stands up, causing Labe to yelp and cling to him so she doesn’t fall off. Then, he turns around and promptly drops her onto the bed on her back. She lands with an ‘oof!’, her tits jiggling and bouncing all over the place. For a moment Anakin’s eyes just linger on her... she looks utterly ravishing like this.

But then he remembers what he’s here to do and quickly begins stripping down. There’s nothing seductive or sultry about him removing his garments... he just goes as quickly as possible while Labe watches, propped up on her elbows, biting her lower lip in anticipation.

His own heart also pounds in anticipation as he finally moves forward, naked and with his rock hard cock out and bobbing slightly between his legs. He climbs onto the bed to join her and Labe spreads her legs for him in turn.

Nestling between them, Anakin brings his cock to Labe's entrance to find her already nice and wet for him. He still takes a moment to tease her pussy lips however, knowing full well that this will be both their first time. In the same moment, Anakin leans forward and finally captures one of Labe's tits in his mouth, sucking on the soft breastflesh and slurping away at her nipple until it hardens against her tongue.

Labe moans and then cries out, arching her back and pushing her tits further up into the air as he pleasures her. She shudders beneath him, clearly enjoying his ministrations immensely. Using his free hand to grope her other breast, Anakin keeps sucking at the first one... meanwhile, his other hand grips his cock and pushes into her cunt.

He quickly finds Labe's hymen in the way, the proof of her maidenhood... and without hesitation, he pushes through it, robbing them both of their virginity in one fell swoop. A sharp cry leaves Labe's lips, but it's a little bit like ripping off a bandage... if that came with ecstasy and bliss right afterwards.

As expected, the pain from losing her status as a maiden is quickly and utterly diminished by the pleasure of being fucked on his cock. Her wet sex lets him slide right on into her, deeply and fully right off the bat. At the same time, the tightness of her walls clenching and squeezing down on Anakin's dick is like nothing else, making him groan into her breast as he holds back his release.

He doesn't want to cum too quickly, after all. That would be embarrassing as all hell. Fortunately, he has enough self-control to hold himself back from cumming while still fucking Labe soundly into the bed. Eventually, he moves his mouth from her breast to her mouth and begins to kiss her deeply, his tongue pushing past her lips while his hands grope and squeeze both of her tits.

Beneath him, Labe moans into his mouth while clutching at the bedding on either side of her head. She shudders and quivers, arching her back and gyrating her hips for him. Her pussy walls flex and clench and tighten all along his thrusting cock, until eventually she tips over the edge and cums for him.

Anakin very nearly cums with her at that point, but just barely manages to hold it in for a bit longer. Delayed gratification is the name of the game, especially when he's already decided that he wants to make Labe cum at least twice before he finally unloads in her.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sounds of their rough lovemaking fill the bedroom as Labe's squeals and cries are muffled by Anakin's mouth. They makeout as they make love to one another, kissing deeply and passionately, the depths of their connection filling Anakin with a sense of utter fulfillment.

Until finally he gets his wish. Labe's second orgasm comes along... and with it, he can no longer hold back. Groaning into her lips, Anakin cums with a shudder, his seed flowing out of his balls, down his cock, and deep into Labe's cunt and womb. He paints her insides white for what feels like an eternity before his balls are finally emptied and all is said and done.

As they finish up and both come down from their pleasure highs, Anakin pulls out of Labe and collapses onto the bed next to her. In turn, Labe immediately curls into his side, smiling as she rests her head on his chest and runs her hand along his abdomen.

Anakin smiles as well, his own hand coming to brush through her hair, sliding along her silken brunette tresses.

Sure, in another time he might have been a Jedi Knight of the Jedi Order... but Anakin is happier here in this place with Labe. He's right where he belongs.