

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

A/N: Vader finally makes things crystal clear.

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Aayla had to admit she was getting dangerously close to reaching her wits' end. Trying to subtly seduce Anakin Skywalker to the Dark Side simply didn't seem to be working. He was far too much of a Paragon of Light to fall for her wiles it appeared.

Of course, going for him in the heat of the moment following that uniquely *impressive* display of Battle Meditation had probably been a bit ill-advised. She'd overplayed her hand and all but exposed her true nature. Luckily, he hadn't seemed to detect the Darkness lurking within her and had even taken the blame for it in the moment.

Since then she'd tried to dial it back a fair bit, keeping her efforts to make him Fall a bit more subtle... and yet, nothing was working. No matter what she did, no matter how she tempted him, Anakin Skywalker barely batted an eye.

Aayla was starting to think the Chosen One was a blasted eunuch with how little her tight, nubile Twi'lek figure seemed to be getting to him! She knew how attractive she was, to be fair. She knew full well that her species was attractive to quite a lot of species in the galaxy, but most of all humans. It was why Twi'leks were preyed upon so often.

And yet... and yet... well, there was no use crying over it now was there? All she could do was continue trying, which is why she's where she is now, stepping foot into a training room on the Resolute for another workout session with the Jedi Knight.

When she'd first suggested they train together to take the edge off of being stuck here protecting Malastare for so long, Anakin had hesitated for only a

moment before agreeing. Ever since, they'd been switching back and forth between their two flagships like clockwork.

Aayla has completely left her Jedi Robes behind this time around, leaving her in nothing but the tight leather top and pants that she usually prefers. Not only does it give her ease of movement, but it also shows off much of her blue body, drawing the eye of any hot-blooded male with a working libido.

As she'd strutted through the Resolute, Aayla had felt a few of the non-clone naval officers 'noticing' her while she'd passed them by. Now if only she could manage the same feat with Skywalker...

Speaking of the Chosen One, he's of course waiting for her when she arrives. However, he seems to be in a different sort of mood today given the way he reaches out with the Force and immediately shuts and locks the door behind her.

Raising an eyebrow, Aayla notes that his lightsaber hilt is already in his hand as he stands there in the center of the room. Are they going straight to sparring, perhaps? A glimmer of excitement rises within the Twi'lek as she takes in the strange feel of Anakin in the Force. This... this might be the first time she ever felt him in turmoil.

Usually, she can't get any sort of read on him. But right now it's clear something's up... something is wrong. And maybe, just maybe, Aayla can use that.

"Defend yourself."

Snap-hiss!

Aayla's eyes widen as Anakin suddenly leaps across the room, his saber coming down in an overhead swing. She activates her own blade and brings it up to block in an instant, gasping at the strength behind his arms. But then she already knew he was strong... she'd fantasized about him using that strength to pin her down more than once since they'd started this assignment together.

Such distractions do not serve her well in this moment though, because Anakin doesn't let up for a single second. Aayla can only gasp and pant as he slashes out at her with extremely fast, extremely powerful strikes.

... She doesn't fully recognize the lightsaber style he's using right now. He's never used it before with her and indeed, it feels like a mixture of multiple styles. Aayla shudders under the weight of each of his blows, having to move from straight blocks to deflections and even dodging as the bones in her forearms begin to rattle and vibrate with each 'successful' block.

But deflecting or dodging doesn't help much either. He's like a force of nature, continually coming at her, chasing her around the room, hunting her down. Until... until Aayla is forced to her knees, a single maneuver divesting her of her own weapon and leaving it in Anakin's hands. Both sabers cross against her neck and she finds her already blue skin bathed in further blue glow as she stares up at him, eyes wide.

Her empty hands twitch at her sides as she feels his Force Presence pressing down on her. Aayla trembles, well aware that he holds her life in his hands. That shouldn't matter... he's a Jedi Knight and she's a Jedi Master... except Aayla is Fallen. And killing her is exactly what the Chosen One should do even if he doesn't know it.

"I could end you right now."

Aayla's eyes bulge at Anakin's words. W-What?! He's... her quivering increases as he brings both blades in a little closer, until she can feel the contained blades of plasma ever so slightly beginning to sear her flesh.

And then, just as suddenly as that starts, it ends and he pulls the blades away from her, leaving her neck intact and her on her knees still before him.

"But I won't... because you have use to me, Aayla Secura. So instead of your death, all I require is your submission."

Aayla's mouth opens and closes uselessly... she doesn't understand and therefore can't find the words to ask what he means. But then... then he *makes* her understand.

His power had already been suffocating her a bit. His presence fills the room and the Force, making her feel like the only place she belongs IS on her knees at his feet. But that was just power. The same sort of overwhelming, unending power that Aayla had felt the day Skywalker used Battle Meditation to destroy Admiral Trench's fleet.

All of the sudden though... the feeling of that power changes. All of the sudden, the veneer is gone... for both of them. Skywalker has torn it away, exposing her Darkness like he had always known it was there. And apparently he had, because in the same breath he exposes his own Darkness as well... and it is so much vaster and deeper and greater than hers.

Aayla chokes on her own spit, staring up at the Chosen One with a slack jawed look. All this time... all her efforts... and he'd already been Fallen?

She doesn't realize she said that out loud until he shakes his head, eyes glittering.

"No. Not Fallen. I, Aayla Secura... am Sith."

She jerks back as if struck, her body reacting like it just took a blaster bolt to the chest. *Sith*. The word rings through her mind... along with the truth of it. She can feel it in the Force... Skywalker is not telling a single lie.

"The Anakin Skywalker you thought you knew and that the Jedi Order believes it knows... is a deception. I am Darth Vader, Lord of the Sith."

Darth Vader. Aayla stares up into the hidden Sith Lord's eyes and knows beyond a shadow of a doubt in that moment that she kneels before someone incredible. Not a Paragon of Light as she'd foolishly thought... but rather, a Paragon of Dark. Her plan to try and turn the Chosen One to the Dark Side had never been

anything but foolishness... because the so-called Chosen One was already OF the Dark.

If the Jedi Order knew, if the High Council learned of this... Aayla shudders at the thought. It would be pandemonium, to be sure. Anakin Skywalker was supposed to be the best of them. He was certainly the strongest. And he hadn't just Fallen like her or Master Vos... he'd been Sith all along?!

"You have a rather simple choice to make now, Aayla. As I said... all I require is your submission."

Almost contemptuously, he shuts off both of their sabers and tosses her deactivated hilt to the ground beside her. Making it clear that if she wants to, she can pick up her lightsaber and take up arms against him still. If she so chooses, she can attack the Sith Lord in front of her as a Jedi should... and die by his hand as any Jedi, including herself, would.

But of course, Aayla hasn't been a proper Jedi for a while now. And she's been conspiring to make the Chosen One Fall for weeks at this point. So really... it's as Lord Vader has said... the choice is simple.

Aayla reaches out for a saber... but not the discarded one at her side. Instead, the blue-skinned Twi'lek's hands come up and grab at the front of Vader's pants. She glances up at him to see how he'll react, but he just stares down at her wordlessly, his eyes speckled with surprisingly few bits of yellow for all the Darkness he's leaking into the Force.

Letting out a shuddering breath, Aayla works open the Sith Lord's pants and pulls out his cock. He doesn't stop her, nor does he praise her. Even if she can't feel his approval though, that isn't going to keep her from doing what she's wanted to do for so long now, however.

Stroking his shaft with her hands, making it harden and throb and twitch in her direction, Aayla licks her lips... and then leans forward and wraps them around his cockhead. This right here, she thinks to herself, is the throbbing cock of a Sith Lord. This... this is the phallus of her new Master.

Her eyes flutter as she submits, both physically and mentally. Even in the Force, Aayla projects her submission loud and clear. At the same time, she leans in further, taking more of Vader's cock in her mouth as she begins to dutifully suck his dick.

Noisy slurping fills the training room, the Twi'lek bobbing up and down with an eagerness to worship the throbbing shaft in her mouth. She gurgles and moans, her entire body feeling like it's on fire, her cunt clenching down between her thighs underneath her leather pants.

This was where she belonged. This was who she was. Aayla Secura... Sith Lord's pet.

Of course, Vader is not one to let her have all the fun. He places his own unlit saber back on his belt, freeing up his hands. Then, he reaches down and grabs hold of Aayla's lekku, making the Twi'lek choke a little on his cock in the process.

It's a common misconception... or rather, a common perversion out in the galaxy that Twi'lek lekku are an erogenous zone. Humans and other species who like to fetishize Twi'leks and similar races like the Togruta who have lekku on top of montrals will make sordid claims such as 'oh yeah, one of those lekku-having bitches will cum in an instant if you give those brain-tails of theirs a good tug!'.

This isn't true, to be fair. Not every Twi'lek or Togruta is just waiting to have their lekku manhandled and tugged and roughed up. It's not the key to making them cum their brains out as their eyes roll back in their head and their tongues loll out of their mouths.

... However, that's under ordinary circumstances. In a normal situation, a Twi'lek's lekku are not erogenous in and of themselves. However, in this sort of situation, and with a Lord of the Sith pushing the Dark Side of the Force into his grip on said lekku... well, that changed things.

Aayla makes some truly embarrassing noises as she gurgles around Vader's cock while he pulls on her lekku and drags her down the rest of his shaft. Beginning to face fuck her, Aayla can only gag while also cumming rather messily from the onslaught of pleasure being pushed upon her.

"Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!"

Her pussy clenches around nothing at all down between her legs. Her tongue lolls out to writhe along the underside of Vader's cock. And her head pulses and throbs as her eyes fully roll back in her skull.

The Twi'lek Jedi Master is reduced to nothing more than a receptacle for the Sith Lord's seed in that moment, helplessly but also happily gurgling as she sucks and chokes and gags and gurgles on his pistoning prick. Vader thrusts in and out of her throat like there's no tomorrow, leaving Aayla to just kneel there with her arms dangling at her sides.

Until finally, with one last grunt, he proceeds to cum down her throat. Aayla tries to swallow as much as she can of course, but her efforts are... somewhat in vain. No small amount of the Sith Lord's seed comes right back up and overflows out of her mouth, cascading down her chin and onto her chest. Her blue skin is left stained white with Vader's cum, and when he pulls back and lets go of her head, Aayla is left kneeling there, swaying from side to side, more than a little dazed.

"You have chosen wisely, Aayla Secura."

Vader suddenly palms her skull with his hand, his fingers splaying across the top of her head... and a burst of power brings her thoughts back to focus. Like a shot of adrenaline coursing through her veins, Aayla gasps as her eyes sharpen and move to stare up at Vader. His own eyes are fully yellow orange now... the mark of a proper Sith Lord, someone fully immersed in the Dark Side.

She wants that. She wants to learn at his feet. She wants to be his... in whatever way he'll have her.

“P-Please... please... claim me, Lord Vader.”

Aayla needs this. She needs the submission.

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