

Every Moment Lost Is Found Again

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Every Moment Lost Is Found Again

by [Jaded](#)

Summary

A series of assorted Luke Skywalker/Mara Jade vignettes and missing moments.

Embrace

Chapter Summary

Their first kiss was in Vision of the Future, but when was their first hug? And how awkward was it?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It happens at, of all places, in front of 70,000 people.

Somehow both Mara and Luke are in Coruscant at the same time for two weeks and like the farmboy he is, he insists on meeting up with her and going to a smashball tournament. It's not even a championship game—it's a regional tournament—but his favorite team is playing and he wants to see them in person instead of just on the holo.

“Awfully violent game for a Jedi Master, isn't it?” she asks, surreptitiously suggesting to the security guard at the gates that she doesn't need to be patted down, thank you very much, and that the only hands touching her ankle blaster will be hers.

Han and Leia are in tow and Leia hears the question and laughs. “You should see him run through his Force calming techniques when the Mynocks are losing.”

“It's ugly,” Han quips.

“Hey!” he says, “I'm standing right here. I can hear you.” He turns on Leia, “And let's not pretend you aren't the same when the Corellian Dreadnaughts are having an off season.”

Leia shrugs as though to say, I am who I am, and says, “I'm going to get some refreshments. Han?”

Han grabs his wife's hand and says, "Meet you two up at our seats," and Mara is left alone with Skywalker—with Luke—and it dawns on her that this looks suspiciously like a double date and a hot flush creeps up her neck. Moved by the impulse to clarify this to him, he taps him on the shoulder, only to be pushed away from him by a crowd surging to their seats as the buzzer goes off to indicate the start of the game.

He catches up with her, and grinning says, "I was able to keep track of you..."

"Through the Force?" she snaps, feeling peeved, bracing for another lecture about her Jedi training, but he lets her mood just roll past him, his smile crooked.

"No, by the sound of your cursing."

"Ah," she says, embarrassed, wondering how he is able to do that to her.

"Uh huh."

The game is a mess for the Mynocks, and Luke is a wreck. By halftime he is nearly rending his garments, the top button of his tunic undone, a expanse of tanned collarbone exposed that she finds herself staring at when he turns to her with another complaint about the referees. She thinks about the warm sun shining down on Yavin, about him sparring with one of his students, and makes a note that maybe she should stop by again for a refresher course before she remembers herself and shakes away the thought.

"Are you going to be naked by the time this game ends?" she say when he storms to the back of the room after a dreadful series and whips his jacket onto the floor.

"Maybe," he says petulantly, and she laughs, finding herself having a good time despite how one-sided the game has been.

"Face it, Luke," Leia says, "this game is over. There's only fifteen minutes left and with the way the Mynocks are playing, it would take a miracle for them to win."

But a miracle does happen. The Skull Crackers fumble the ball into their own end zone and the Mynocks get easy points to bring them within five. Suddenly energized, the Mynocks come within 3, and with seconds left, a floater from Tifera Valent seals the win.

And like that Mara finds herself off her feet, Luke's arms tight around her shoulders. Her arms are ramrod straight, flush to her sides, and it occurs to her that she doesn't remember the last time anyone embraced her with affection. The thought makes her lose her breath for a moment. She understands how stiff she must feel to him, and shifts her body to try to indicate to him that that's enough, farmboy, let me go. But he holds on, caught up in the rapture of his delight, and she finds her body loosening up, her muscles giving in to being held. It's not altogether unpleasant and reminds her of when she used to dance, when her partner would lift her up and she would feel lighter than air and freer in that moment than in any other time in her life under the Empire.

When he puts her back down, he doesn't yet let go. Instead he leans in and hugs her tighter, shouting, "I can't believe it!"

He's warm, she thinks, and smells like soap and sweat, and a hint of something she can't identify, the name of some spice lost on the tip of her tongue. His head is on her shoulder, and his hair is soft and ticklish against her cheek, and she suddenly becomes aware of another roar in the stadium and pushes him away, stumbling back, searching for empty air between him and her.

"Mara..." he says, looking at her mouth, his next words lost to him. He looks at her, a question on his face, his half-lidded blue eyes foggy.

A moment passes, and she struggles to find something to say, something that will take her mind off the way her body is humming as it holds on to the feel of his arms, the weight of his body pressed against hers.

"Last time someone tried to hold me like that, I had a blaster at their side."

"Guess I lost my head for a second," he says, running a hand through his sandy blonde hair.

She holds her fingers up, indicates an inch of space. “Just a bit.”

“I...Mara...”

“What a game,” she deflects, “right?”

“Yeah,” he says, “It was...amazing.”

Han leans toward them with an armful of Leia and says, “One for the records books!” and the spell breaks.

Mara parts ways with them at the stadium gates, declining their offers to get some caf or some whisky before heading back to her apartment, and she wonders if Luke will try to embrace her again. She half expects it, but he just waves, his hand lingering in the night air, and she exhales, half in relief, half in disappointment.

“I’ll see you when I see you?” she asks, and he nods wordlessly as she turns to go.

She touches her cheek as she walks away, stops, then turns to see him depart. Sighing into the Coruscanti evening, she wraps her arms around her chest to stave off the chill, heading home, missing the moment a split second later when he, too, turns to find her in the crowd, watching her walk away until he can see her no more.

Chapter End Notes

Not included in the piece but in my head, the stadium cameras pan in on their skybox during the celebration, a la Kiss Cam, and everyone in the stadium and on the holos sees it, and the gossip hounds go nuts, and a bunch of RP shippers are born.

Engaged

Chapter Summary

Luke and Mara share the news of their engagement with Han and Leia. Post-VOTF.

When they shared their news of their engagement, Han had smirked knowingly while Leia had paused, confused. She then smiled as the information sunk in, and letting her curiosity get the best of her, had asked, “You’ve known one another for so many years. I mean, when was it then that you realized that you were in love with one another?”

And Luke had started to speak, working first through where he would start telling the tale of their trek through the caves of Nirauan, but Mara had cut through the space between the question and the words on his lips and had replied, quite plainly, “Seven or eight years ago. But it took a few more years before we got on the same page.” She had then laced her fingers through his, and he had stared at her profile, dumbfounded.

“These two,” Han had laughed, shaking his head and looking at Luke and then Leia, “Always a little slow getting there, but they’re worth it in the end.”

Fight

Chapter Summary

From a prompt given to me by marajadeskywalkerx on Tumblr:

"They have an actual lightsaber battle (when Mara is struggling with the urge to kill him), and Luke is trying to diffuse the situation, not wanting to fight her, as Mara tries to beat him (she eventually gives up), and it's full of UST!"

"Get back here!" she bellowed, slashing at him with her lightsaber. Her green eyes were almost completely black with a supernatural rage.

Luke rolled to the ground and away from the swing of the blade. His shoulder smashed against the hard metal floor and pain ripped into him. "Mara! This isn't you! Please, stop!"

And it wasn't truly her, that he understood. It did not take the Force for him to know that, either. Angry eyes did not dilate like that; they became small and beady. This was something else, something like possession. The Emperor's last command, he realized. *You will kill Luke Skywalker.*

He didn't know how she had gotten a lightsaber in the first place, but there it was, in her hand, an erratic red blade, crackling and fizzing uncontrollably as she cut down everything in her path to get to him.

Luke stretched out his hand and called to his lightsaber, which had fallen from his belt in the surprise attack. It flew to his fingers and with a pop, fizz, burst to life. He parried her attack and leapt away onto the catwalk above them, thanking the stars that there were no ysalamir around to suppress his Force powers.

"I'm not going to fight you, Mara," he called as she launched herself at him, her red-gold hair, which had sprung free from her braid, came flying wild around her face. He would not attack her; only defend. She was an ally—and something almost like a friend. He could not hurt her. Would not. He turned his lightsaber off.

The tackle stunned him, driving him up against the wall so that his head slammed hard against a control panel. His vision filled with stars. Shoving her away with the help of the Force, he staggered away from her, mind buzzing, desperate for a solution to stop her. Luke climbed to higher ground as she gathered herself again, stalking him now like a vornskr after its prey.

He could sense that her mind wasn't all hers now—that something had made it so that the strength of Palpatine's suggestion had overridden her agency. Because for all her talk about killing him, she had only done the opposite, and saved him. He had to do the same for her.

Disarming her would be the first step. He'd be no use in helping her if he was dead. He closed his eyes for the briefest moment, touching the Force, trying to understand exactly why she was like this now when she had been able to fight the impulse. Then he felt it, the distinctive touch of the Dark Side, its call of despair screaming inside the hall. If he could draw her out, draw her away from here...

"Come and get me if you want to kill me!" he yelled, hoping this gambit would pay off. A cat-like smile spread on her face, and she tipped her head and dashed directly at him, lightsaber crackling.

He followed the sound of the Dark Side scream, weaving through the hallway to get away from the sound. She followed in pursuit, shouting, "Why did you do this to me? Why did you destroy my life?" a cry locked inside of her escaping. But it sounded like her, like her inner thoughts, her own fears and hurt, and not an automaton driven by a singular command that had been programmed into her.

The Dark Side scream began to fade as he continued toward an abandoned storage bay, and Luke knew he would do everything in his power to split his concentration and get this right.

Mara reached him, standing at the entrance, her chest rising and falling in gasps, her hair wet with perspiration. "You've got nowhere to run to now, Skywalker." Her eyes were still dark, only the slimmest glimmer of green apparent.

Luke ignited his lightsaber. “Come at me then,” he said, motioning to her with his fingers. He took a breath, focused. He had one shot.

Mara barreled toward him at full speed, her dancer’s legs carrying her as though she were walking on air. Luke slammed his blade against her, red meeting green, and as he pressed the weight of his body toward her, he pushed her now with his left hand, opening up enough space that he was able to kick her in the arm. Her lightsaber went flying, sending sparks through the air. Mara stumbled and fell backward, and Luke found himself unable to cushion her fall.

Her head slammed to the ground, and for a frightening moment he watched her body go limp. He disengaged his blade and slid to her side. “Mara! Mara!” Luke gathered her into his arms so that her head was in his lap. Her hair spilled over his legs. He pulled off the glove to his good hand and touched her temple. Her skin was cold, her eyes still closed. Focusing, he directed the Force toward her, touching her mind, trying to draw her back. *Come back to me*, he called to her. *Come back, Mara*. He listened; waited.

Then he saw her eyes flutter open, saw the brilliant green of her eyes, the dark pupils smaller, more human again. Her lips parted and a groan escaped. “We’ve got to stop meeting like this, Skywalker,” she said at last.

He absently stroked her hair, laughing, full of relief. “Don’t worry about that. I’m not going to argue with you there.”

Cozy

Chapter Summary

A "What if Mara didn't have to sacrifice the *Jade's Fire* in *Vision of the Future*, and Luke and Mara had to fly back to her ship in Luke's X-wing, as originally planned?

Chapter Notes

"We came down to the planet by X-wing, yes," Luke said. "But we came into the system in the *Jade's Fire*. I guess I forgot to mention that."

"I guess you did," Mara said shortly, a flush of anger making Luke wince as it flowed through her emotions. "Who in blazes gave you permission--? Never mind. It was Karrde, wasn't it?"

"He pointed out that your Defender doesn't have a hyperdrive," Luke said, hearing the defensiveness in his voice. "Two people in an X-wing cockpit gets pretty cozy."

--Chapter 10, *Vision of the Future*

"You weren't kidding about 'cozy,'" Mara said as she stepped gingerly into the cockpit of Luke's X-wing, placing her feet on either side of his legs. The leather squeaked underneath the soles of her boots and she paused, gazing down at him. He had been buckling in when she had climbed up, but the sound of snaps and clicks had stopped and he was still now, staring back at her, his face awash in unabashed affection. She felt herself flush and could not help but look away, suddenly self-conscious. They were engaged, but this was all so ... new, and unexpected. And she had had more than one dream about him over the past decade that had started just like this, and if he could read her mind now through that Force bond...

"How the kriff are we supposed to both fit in here?" she asked, rocking as the cushion of the seat shifted beneath her feet. Luke placed his hands on legs to steady her.

“You realize you will have to sit down at some point to start, right, Mara?” He grinned at her, that infuriating, endearing grin.

“Shut it, Farmboy,” she said, with mock indignation. “I’m thinking.”

Lowering herself down to his lap so that she faced him, she bent her knees first, then lowered herself down into his lap, kicking out both legs so that they hung loosely around his waist. “I don’t think there’s room for me to face out the same direction as you,” she started, shifting around against him to get comfortable.

His eyes shut and he groaned. “You’re killing me right now,” he said. “Are you doing this on purpose?” His eyes fluttered open, his blue eyes searching her face.

“Been a while?” she said, absently straightening the collar of his tunic.

He wrapped his arms around her, his fingers tracing an absent pattern on her back. She sighed into him, pressing her forehead against his.

“Yes, incidentally. You don’t have to rub it in.”

“Oh, but I do.”

“And for you?” he asked, tentatively, a cautiousness touching his mind.

She thought about making him actually ask the question. Ten years of him seeming to not care about her and now a sudden engagement, maybe she wanted some of the trappings that came in between in most normal relationships. But most normal relationships didn’t start with one of the parties trying to kill the other.

“Not that long,” she said, softly, shrugging, her hands falling to his chest. Mara opened her hands and splayed her fingers across the muscular expanse of his chest. “When there was an

itch to scratch, I scratched.”

Luke nodded, processing the information, his imagination bouncing around in his head before he clamped it down. “You know, I appreciate you telling me, Mara,” he started, suddenly shy. “Not that it’s important or anything! It is your business, and none of mine...I really was just kind of joking. Sort of.” He rubbed the back of his head, embarrassment crossing his face.

Mara felt a rare smile take over her face, feeling happy to be alive, happy to be here with him in this moment after spending so much of their lives somehow apart, and she thought, *There’s my farmboy*. No wonder he drove her so crazy. Letting her impulse move her, she leaned in to him and kissed him, letting all the years of pent-up frustration and desire spill out. He was warm and solid and they were alive and it was *wonderful*. She felt his arms wrap around her again, felt his sigh against her mouth as they came up for a breath at last.

All those itches and all those scratches, she thought faintly. None of them could even begin to compare to him.

Gifts

Chapter Summary

Luke gave Mara the *Jade's Sabre* as a pre-wedding gift. But what did Mara get Luke?

Mara blinked back tears, running her hand along the smooth durasteel body of the ship. It was the closest she had come to crying in a decade, and they were, as a first, tears of joy. She hadn't expected such a thing: not just a wedding gift from a future husband to wife, but a gift without strings. As she had known it, presents were for currying favor, for manipulating, for bribery. They weren't given out of love like this, not until now.

"Do you like it?" he had asked, wearing his farmboy earnestness on his sleeve, and Mara had to squash the impulse to press him against the wall and kiss him breathless.

She gave a playful shrug. "It'll do," she said, reaching out to take his hand, gripping it tightly in her own until she felt him pull her toward him, until they were nose to nose. "How'd you get the credits for something like this?" She pulled back as he tried to kiss her; suspicion tinting her voice. "You didn't go and do some cheesey holo ad for hot chocolate or something, did you?"

"I have my tricks."

"Oh, do you, Master?"

He blushed.

"Thank you," she breathed, curling into the warmth of his arms and taking that moment to give him the kiss he had wanted; that she wanted, too, that she had wanted for almost as long as she had known him.

She had been working on his gift for weeks. Never one for the ostentatious, her gift to Luke could be held in her the palm of her hand, wrapped in paper, and hidden away on a shelf within plain sight without a second glance. Luke lived a spartan life, and clutter wasn't something he needed. It had taken her a few days to come up with an idea, but once it struck her, she had to slam up her barriers so that she could at least surprise him a little bit.

"For you," she said simply as they stood on the balcony of his apartment, handing him the flat package wrapped in brown paper.

"You didn't have to," he said.

"I wanted to."

He unwrapped it. "Is this the latest version of the Corex datapad?"

"Customized, of course."

He kissed her. "This is perfect. Thank you, Mara."

"Why don't you play with it and check out the features? I'll make us some caf."

"Or hot chocolate?"

"You and your hot chocolate!"

Mara banged around the kitchen, making more noise than necessary, but she felt suddenly nervous as she watched his face as he examined the datapad. She managed to get her act together, though, and had finished up the hot chocolate for him while the caf brewed when she heard him call for her.

“Mara? Come here. Please.”

Wiping her hands on her trousers, she strode casually into the living room.

“Yeah, Luke?”

He looked up, his blue eyes bright. She had heard the phrase, a twinkle in his eye before, but until now, she had never seen it in person. But there it was—his eyes, full of stars, twinkling with dew.

“Is this ... a holo of my Aunt Beru?”

Mara peered over his shoulder, though she knew the answer. “You’d know better than I would.”

His finger pressed against the datapad again and Owen Lars appeared, still young, still alive. She heard him swallow hard and moved to sit down next to him. Mara rested a hand on his thigh, watching his face out of the corner of her eye as the faces of Obi Wan Kenobi, Yoda, Leia, Han, and the Solo children made appearances. His hand came to rest on hers when he made the next swipe.

“Your mother,” she explained. “Leia told me that she found out her name, and as a senator and former queen, the Couruscant archives had plenty of holos of her. She’s quite the fashion plate. I guess you must take after your father in that regard.”

“My father,” he echoed, nodding.

Mara reached over, swiped the screen with her index finger. “Your father.” A young Anakin Skywalker’s face appeared, blonde curls, devilish smile.

“This is amazing, Mara. This gift ...” he bowed his head, lost in thought.

“I know how important family is to you,” she said quietly, brushing the hair out of his eyes. She would have to remind him to cut it before their wedding. “And I know how much you’ve lost ... if I could give some of it back, I thought. Well,” she paused. “Ghent owed me a few favors, so it wasn’t that hard to do.”

“There’s something missing though,” he said at last.

Mara was puzzled. “What?” she asked, teasing. “You don’t have another long-lost sibling, do you?”

Luke shook his head. “You.”

“Me?”

“You’re what’s missing from here. There’s no holo of you. You’re my family, too, Mara. And I’m yours.”

Her face grew hot, and she flushed with feeling. How he could always disarm her like that? She’d never know. “Shavit, farmboy, you’re going to make me cry.”

“It’s a good kind of crying, though, isn’t it?” he asked, kissing the tears on her cheek.

“Yeah,” she said. “It is.”

Shy Kisses

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Luke and Mara, shy kiss.

Mara was going to kill him. (*What's new, she thinks.*)

“Just a little favor,” she hissed in his ear, repeating his earnest little promise. “Just an hour of your time.”

Luke was dragging her long until he could no longer hold in his exasperation. “You didn’t have to agree to this, you know,” he said, stopping short of the entrance to the hall. “I could have asked Tionne or Winter. You could have said no.”

“I’m already here now,” she muttered.

“And clearly having a great time.”

“I’d happily shield you from blaster fire, Skywalker, but from the advances of fawning socialites?”

“That was,” he started, “that was unexpected.”

“Oh, is that so? The galaxy’s most eligible bachelor doesn’t expect fawning admirers.” Mara made a strangled noise in her throat, half a scoff, half disbelief. “I don’t appreciate being used like this.”

He looked down then, his brow furrowed, his blue eyes darkening. "I'll call to get you a ride home then. Is that better?" He was being serious, and she suddenly felt like a heel.

"I know this is not your thing," he continued, "not anymore and if I misled you, I apologize." Luke leveled her with his gaze, his expression soft and lost like he was really still just a farm boy from Tatooine and not a war hero and Jedi Master. She felt her hand twitch, her own feelings betraying her as she was overcome by the desire to touch his cheek, to chase away the sadness that she knew was always there, that he tried to hide from everyone, even himself.

"It's okay," she found herself saying. "I complain because I just do. But I'll stay. It's fine." Mara ran her hand down the base of her throat, finding it suddenly hard to speak.

He smiled faintly, then leaned toward her, tentative. "Thank you, Mara." She felt her eyes flutter shut, then felt the gentle, shy kiss he placed just at the corner of her mouth at the dimple that rested between her lips and cheek. "Thank you."

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