

STAR WARS



EPISODE III
DESTINY'S
EDGE

The Chosen One Rises

STAR WARS

EPISODE III

AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE

War! The Republic is crumbling under attacks by the ruthless Sith Lord, Count Dooku.

In a lightsaber duel, Jedi Knight Anakin Skywalker has slain the Sith apprentice, bringing the war closer to a Republic victory.

On Coruscant, Mace Windu has confronted Chancellor Palpatine, revealed as the Sith mastermind. Anakin rushes to find them...

PROLOGUE — The Eye of the Storm

The rain howled against the shattered windows of the Chancellor's office, each gust rattling the transparisteel like a war drum.

Lightning flared, casting stark shadows across the chaos inside.

Mace Windu's violet blade sizzled at Darth Sidious's throat, pulsing with restrained judgment.

Sidious, the master of all deceptions, crouched like a wounded animal, hate and desperation twisting his aged features.

Anakin Skywalker stood at the threshold, soaked from the storm outside, heart hammering against his chest.

He saw the betrayal.

He saw the lies laid bare.

And, in the stillness between thunderclaps, he chose.

Anakin moved without hesitation.

The blue blade of his lightsaber ignited with a snap-hiss, cutting the darkness.

Sidious turned toward him, reaching out, whispering one final poisoned promise—

—and died screaming as Anakin drove the saber through his chest.

Lightning exploded outward in a deafening blast.

The Sith Lord's body convulsed violently, dark energy lashing against the room before collapsing into stillness.

Silence fell.

The storm outside raged on, but inside, there was only the sound of Anakin's ragged breathing and the gentle hum of the two lightsabers still active.

Mace Windu turned to Anakin, rain dripping from his soaked robes, a mixture of awe and grim understanding etched across his face.

The Sith were not invincible.

The darkness could be fought—and defeated.

Anakin Skywalker, the Chosen One, had made his decision.

Not for power.

Not for revenge.

For the light.

Star Wars: Destiny's Edge — Alternate Timeline Edition

CHAPTER 1 — The Choice

The storm raged outside, battering the high towers of Coruscant with relentless fury. Inside the shattered remains of the Chancellor's office, Anakin Skywalker and Mace Windu stood over the lifeless form of Darth Sidious.

For a long moment, neither spoke.

The weight of what had been done—and what had been prevented—hung heavily between them.

"You did the right thing," Mace finally said, his voice low but resolute. "The galaxy owes you a debt it can never repay."

Anakin stared at the smoldering corpse, memories and fears warring within him. Had it been justice? Or vengeance? Was there even a difference anymore?

"I didn't do it for the Republic," Anakin said, almost a whisper. "I did it for her."

Mace's brow furrowed.
He understood far more than he let on.

"The Council will need to know everything," he said. "The galaxy must know what the Sith have done. But your actions... they have given us hope."

Hope.

The word sounded foreign in Anakin's mind.
He thought of Padmé—alive, safe.
He thought of Obi-Wan, of the Jedi younglings, of a future not ruled by darkness.

Mace deactivated his lightsaber with a sharp hiss. "Come, Skywalker. We have much to do. And little time to do it."

Together, they turned from the broken remnants of Palpatine's throne and stepped into the rain-soaked night, two warriors who had defied destiny itself.

But somewhere deep in the shadows of Coruscant, other eyes were watching.

And fate had not yet finished with them.

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CHAPTER 2 — The Fallout

The Jedi Temple loomed before them, its grand spires piercing the storm-darkened skies of Coruscant. The rain had not relented, nor had the sense of unease that clung to Anakin's soul.

Inside the High Council Chamber, the atmosphere was electric with tension. Masters Yoda, Ki-Adi-Mundi, Plo Koon, and others sat in a solemn ring, their faces grave.

Mace Windu stood at the center of the room, soaked and battered but unbroken. Anakin stood beside him, his tunic still scorched from the final clash with Sidious.

"The Sith Lord is dead," Mace said simply. "Supreme Chancellor Palpatine was Darth Sidious."

The words echoed through the chamber like a blaster shot.

Murmurs erupted among the Masters, disbelief and horror twisting across seasoned faces.

"Proof, you have?" Master Yoda asked, his ancient eyes narrowing.

Anakin stepped forward.

"I was there. I saw him unleash the Force in ways no Jedi ever could. I saw him try to kill Master Windu."

Silence.

Ki-Adi-Mundi stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"We have been blind," he said. "All of us."

"Too long in the shadows has the Sith dwelled," Yoda murmured.

"Now revealed, they are. But costly, this victory will be."

Anakin felt the weight of their judgment upon him—not blame, but responsibility.

Obi-Wan Kenobi, standing just outside the Council ring, caught his gaze and nodded subtly. A sign of belief. Of brotherhood.

"We must inform the Senate," Mace said. "And prepare the Republic for what comes next."

"And what of young Skywalker?" Plo Koon asked. "His actions, though necessary, were against the Council's directives."

Mace turned to Anakin.

For a moment, the storm outside seemed to quiet.

"He acted where we hesitated," Mace said. "He saw the darkness for what it was."

A pause.

"I move that Anakin Skywalker be granted the rank of Jedi Master, not as reward, but as acknowledgment."

Shock rippled through the room.

Even Anakin staggered inwardly.

For so long, he had sought that recognition—and now it was offered not through ambition, but through sacrifice.

Master Yoda closed his eyes, listening to currents of the Force invisible to all others.

Slowly, he nodded.

"Earned, young Skywalker has. A new path, this is."

Anakin bowed his head, humility settling where pride once burned.

The galaxy had shifted.

The Jedi had shifted.

And he stood at the heart of it.

But deep beyond the stars, in places even the Masters dared not look, something else stirred.

The death of a Sith was not the end.

It was only the beginning.

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CHAPTER 3 — Cracks in the Republic

The Grand Convocation Chamber buzzed with furious energy.
Senators shouted across the circular hall, voices rising over the rain hammering against the high dome.

The news had spread like wildfire:
Supreme Chancellor Palpatine — Darth Sidious — slain by the Jedi.

Trust crumbled.
Fear blossomed.

Padmé Amidala sat in her pod, hands clenched tightly in her lap.
Around her, accusations flew: the Jedi had staged a coup, the Senate had been betrayed, the Republic was dying.

Only Bail Organa of Alderaan and Mon Mothma of Chandrila stood firm at her side, loyal to democracy in a sea of rising authoritarianism.

"The Jedi must answer for this!" declared Senator Ask Aak of Malastare, pounding his fist.

"They have saved us!" Padmé countered, standing tall, her voice clear and powerful. "The Sith had infiltrated the highest office of our Republic! Would you have preferred we bow to a hidden Emperor?"

Murmurs spread through the chamber.

Some faltered.
Others grew angrier.

Bail leaned closer to her, voice low.
"The Republic is breaking apart, Padmé. With or without the Sith."

She knew it.

She had seen it in the eyes of her fellow Senators.
Fear was more powerful than truth.

And fear, left unchecked, would birth something even darker than Sidious.

Far above, in the rain-slicked corridors of the Jedi Temple, Anakin Skywalker knelt before the High Council.

His robes were new, but his soul carried scars invisible to the eye.

"You have walked the narrow edge between light and dark," Yoda said, his voice soft as the falling rain.
"But chosen well, you have."

Anakin rose to his feet, his new rank not worn like armor, but carried like a duty.

He was a Master now.
But more than that — he was a symbol.

Hope, in a galaxy crumbling.

In the dark spaces between systems, remnants of the Separatists fled.
General Grievous had vanished into the Outer Rim, his mechanical rage unchecked.

The galaxy was not saved yet.

The true war had only just begun.

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CHAPTER 4 — Shifting Tides

The rain had ceased.

Morning broke across Coruscant with pale, uncertain light, painting the towers in a muted gold. The storm had passed — but it had not left the galaxy untouched.

Inside the Jedi Temple's Hall of Reflection, four figures stood beneath the towering statues of past Masters.

Anakin Skywalker.

Mace Windu.

Padmé Amidala.

Master Yoda.

A gathering no prophecy had ever foretold.

"We have stabilized the Senate, for now," Padmé reported, her voice steady though her eyes betrayed the exhaustion beneath. "Bail and Mon Mothma are working to contain the panic."

"Contain, we must," Yoda said, tapping his gimer stick lightly against the floor. "Fear, a tool of the dark side, it is."

Mace Windu surveyed the gathering.

"There will be demands for a new Chancellor," he said. "Possibly even martial law."

"Then the Jedi must remain impartial," Anakin said firmly. "Guardians of peace, not rulers."

All eyes turned to him.

In that moment, he wasn't the impulsive Knight they had once doubted.

He stood as a Master — the Master the galaxy needed.

Padmé smiled faintly.

This was the Anakin she had believed in. The man who had chosen love and hope over fear and anger.

"We must reform the Republic," Padmé said. "Smaller powers. Localized leadership. True democracy — not central authority ripe for corruption."

Mace nodded slowly.

"We fight not just for survival now. We fight to rebuild what was lost."

Yoda leaned heavily on his cane, eyes distant.

"Always in motion, the future is," he murmured. "But a glimmer of light, I see. Because of you, young Skywalker."

Anakin bowed his head, humbled.

He did not seek to dominate.

He did not crave the Senate's applause.

He sought only peace — for Padmé, for his unborn children, for all those who had been betrayed by the darkness.

Beyond the brightening horizon, however, unseen by any Council or Senate chamber, warships bearing the marks of the Confederacy retreated into the Outer Rim.

Broken but not defeated.

Grievous plotted in silence.

Schemes whispered through the vacuum of space.

The Sith Lord was dead.

But the galaxy's war was far from over.

And in the long shadow of shattered empires, something colder — and older — began to stir.

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CHAPTER 5 — Rise of Hope

The Jedi Temple's Great Hall had never seen such a gathering.

Masters, Knights, Padawans — survivors all — filled the vast chamber, their faces a mixture of uncertainty and cautious optimism.

At the center stood Anakin Skywalker, newly appointed Jedi Master, clad in simple, unadorned robes. There were no grand declarations, no parades, no lavish ceremonies.

Only truth.

"The Jedi Order failed because we allowed fear to dictate tradition," Anakin said, his voice carrying across the Hall without the Force, without shouting.

"Fear of attachment. Fear of change. Fear of emotion."

Murmurs rippled through the ranks.

"We are not meant to sever ourselves from compassion," Anakin continued. "We are meant to embrace it — to protect, to nurture, to feel."

Mace Windu stood silently at his side. He, too, had changed.

There was a grim acceptance in his posture — and a fierce determination to build something stronger from the ashes.

Master Yoda, seated at the forefront, tapped his cane once, a sound of approval.

"Much to learn, still we have," the ancient Master said. "But a new beginning, this is."

In the Senate, Padmé Amidala worked tirelessly to shape the New Republic.

Emergency powers were dissolved.
The Supreme Chancellor's office was formally retired.

Power returned to the systems, the sectors, the people.

The vision of democracy — true democracy — flickered once more into life.

And at her side, always in the shadows, stood Bail Organa and Mon Mothma — the silent architects of the future.

In the quiet of the Temple gardens, Anakin found Padmé.

She sat beneath the silverleaf trees, one hand resting on the gentle swell of her abdomen.

Two lives growing within her.

Their future.

"Our children," Anakin said softly, kneeling beside her.

Padmé smiled, radiant even in exhaustion.

"They'll grow up free," she said. "Because you made the right choice."

Anakin took her hand in his, the warmth grounding him more firmly than the Force ever could.

"No," he said. "Because we all did."

The sun broke fully over Coruscant, bathing the battered city in light.

For the first time in what felt like a lifetime, the galaxy exhaled.

And hope — fragile, defiant hope — rose with the morning.

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CHAPTER 6 — Children of Destiny

The medical chamber hummed softly, the air thick with antiseptic and hope.

Padmé Amidala lay beneath the sterile lights, her hair fanned across the white sheets like a halo. Anakin sat at her side, his hand never leaving hers, a quiet anchor in the storm of new life.

"She's strong," the midwife droid said warmly. "Both of them are."

The first cries echoed in the room — small, fierce, alive.

A boy.

And moments later, a girl.

Padmé's eyes shone with tears as she reached weakly toward them.

"Luke," she whispered, cradling the boy against her chest.

"And Leia," Anakin added, voice thick with emotion, lifting his daughter gently.

Twin lights born into a galaxy still trembling from the darkness.

Outside the birthing chamber, Obi-Wan Kenobi paced restlessly, arms crossed, his usual calm strained thin.

Mace Windu stood silently nearby, gaze distant.

"Do you think he's ready for this?" Obi-Wan asked at last.

Mace was slow to answer.

"None of us were ready for the wars," he said. "None of us were ready for Sidious. Yet here we stand."

He looked toward the closed door.

"If anyone can forge a new path," he said, "it's Skywalker."

In the days that followed, celebrations echoed across a thousand systems.

Statues of Palpatine were torn down.

Local governments reasserted their independence.

The clone armies were dissolved, many soldiers choosing to remain and help rebuild rather than continue to fight.

Padmé, still weak but strong-willed, worked alongside Bail and Mon Mothma to draft the New Galactic

Charter — a document not of empire, but of hope.

And within the Jedi Temple, the first seeds of a new Order took root.

An Order of guardians who loved.
Who protected.
Who felt.

Led not by fear.
But by faith.

Above Coruscant, a single starfighter slipped quietly into hyperspace, bound for the Outer Rim.

Its pilot, General Grievous, burned with vengeance.

The war was not over.

It had only changed.

And far beyond even his reach, in the cold unknown, darker forces began to stir.

Watching.
Waiting.

The children of destiny had been born.

But the galaxy's true tests had yet to come.

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CHAPTER 7 — Shadows Beyond

The Outer Rim territories were silent.

Too silent.

In the ashes of the defeated Separatist Council, fragments of armies scattered like embers before the storm.

Worlds that had once burned with rebellion now drifted, lawless and forgotten.

But not all who vanished had been defeated.

Beneath the cold, forgotten stars, in regions beyond even the maps of the Jedi Archives, new powers gathered.

Grievous, wounded and vengeful, carved a bloody path through the wild systems, rallying the remnants of the droid armies under his broken banner.

Pirate clans, warlords, rogue generals — all found purpose in his hatred.

And above them all, unseen and unknown, something else stirred.

Something older than the Sith.

Something that had waited, patient, beyond the edges of known space.

It watched as the Republic rebuilt itself.

It listened as the Jedi remade their Order.

It smiled — if such things could be said to smile — at the birth of new hope.

Hope was dangerous.

Hope inspired resistance.

And so, in the dark places beyond the light, the future of the galaxy was shaped not by councils or senates or chosen ones — but by silent shadows that plotted their return.

In the Temple, Anakin stood before a gathering of younglings.

Their eyes wide, their minds open.

No fear.

No chains.

He knelt before them, the Master who had once walked the razor's edge between destruction and destiny.

"Understand your emotions," he told them. "But do not be ruled by them."

The children listened, not as soldiers obeying a general, but as students seeking wisdom.

A new Jedi Order was being born.

Not perfect.

Not invincible.

But alive.

And in the farthest reaches of the galaxy, in the cold between stars, a voice whispered into the void:

"The light has returned."

"We must answer."

"Soon."

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EPILOGUE — Next Dawn

Ten years later.

The twin suns of Naboo rose over the glittering fields, painting the world in hues of gold and rose.

Children laughed in the distance.

Birds soared overhead.

Peace — real peace — had taken root.

In a quiet meadow, Anakin Skywalker stood watching two figures spar with wooden practice sabers.

Luke Skywalker, quick and reckless, grinned as he launched himself at his opponent.

Leia Organa, calm and cunning, sidestepped easily and tapped her brother on the shoulder with a practiced flick.

Anakin chuckled softly.

Obi-Wan Kenobi, seated nearby under the shade of a tree, sipped a cup of tea and shook his head.

"Your son has your spirit," he said.

"And my recklessness," Anakin admitted, folding his arms.

Padmé Amidala approached, her long gown brushing the grass.

Her face was serene, touched by time but no less radiant.

"They both have something greater," she said, slipping her hand into Anakin's. "Hope."

Across the galaxy, the New Republic flourished.

Systems once isolated by fear now thrived through cooperation and trust.

The Jedi Order, rebuilt under a new philosophy of balance and compassion, served as guardians — not generals.

Anakin and Obi-Wan shared the burden of training the next generation.

Yoda, retired to the peaceful swamps of Dagobah, occasionally offered cryptic advice through long-distance meditation.

The darkness, for now, had retreated.

But Anakin knew — as did Obi-Wan, and Padmé, and the Council — that peace was not a destination.

It was a constant choice.

One that must be made, again and again, every single day.

And somewhere, far beyond the stars visible to mortal eyes, an ancient power shifted restlessly.

Not Sith.

Not Jedi.

Something else.

Watching.

Waiting.

For the next dawn.

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