

## I Ask No More Than This

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# **I Ask No More Than This**

by [Jaded](#)

## Summary

A number of different ways Cassian and Jyn kiss and hug one another.

# Hands

## Chapter Summary

*Give me a kiss to build a dream on  
And my imagination will thrive upon that kiss  
Sweetheart, I ask no more than this  
A kiss to build a dream on*

Jyn's intention is chaste—a kiss on the hand—her lips to his palm. She means it to be an inversion of the hyperpatriarchal expectations of Brentaal IV. She means it to shock the statesmen in the ballroom because she hates playing at luxury in the time of war, even if they're undercover and it's all for the cause, but instead, she shocks herself.

It's her fault, really.

Because she lets her mouth linger too long against his skin. And that makes Cassian smile, surprised and shy like she's never seen him, and it makes her blood run hot. The rush in her ears makes her lose her senses. So maybe it is actually *his* fault.

But then, no, she's the one who decides to run her lips along the side of his hand, to take his thumb into her mouth and taste the salt on his fingers on the middle of the dance floor.

So yeah, definitely her fault. She'll take all the blame, though she'll share with him the pleasure. And she'd do it again in a heartbeat.

# Lah'mu

## Chapter Summary

A kiss on a beach.

## Chapter Notes

for @spacepandar from a prompt

This time the sand is black and not white, and they are at peace, not at war.

“I grew up playing on these beaches,” Jyn tells him, slipping her gloved hand into his. “I had braids.” She smiles to herself. “And these teeth.” She bares them at him and laughs, and Cassian feels the swell of his heart match the rushing force of the tide.

The fine volcanic sand grows coarser as they move further from the waves and toward the salt marsh grasses, and as they walk, Jyn tells him of her life on Lah'mu. “It was the last peaceful time I had before you,” she adds, uncharacteristically shy. She doesn't talk about her mother's death or the cave where Saw found her.

“I bet you were trouble then, too,” he says.

She slaps him playfully on the chest with her free hand, and he takes the opportunity to pull her to him.

“I was a good girl,” she protests, but her smirk says otherwise.

Cassian wraps both arms around her and she relents, sinking into his chest. “I like you better this way,” he tells her, and Jyn hums, tuneless but content.

It is early spring where they are near her old homestead. The basalt mountains are pale green with young moss, and the bushes are still only buds and branches in different shades of ocher and umber. They lay out a blanket near a dune and rest. Jyn sprawls out and leans her head against his shoulder. “I feel like I could sleep forever,” she says.

Cassian touches his fingers to her lips, and she kisses the tips. “Take a nap,” he says. “I’ll stay awake.”

She relaxes into him, taking the offer of his lap as cushioning. He watches the rise and fall of her chest as her breathing slows until it comes steady with sleep.

He loves her. Perhaps most of all in moments like these.

The sea air blows into the shore and ruffles her hair. He steadies the tendrils, smooths them down with his hands until his fingers tangle into the strands. Her hair is soft and fine. He thinks he would be happy to forever live in this moment.

The days are long on Lah’mu, but eventually the sun does set. The sky is set on fire in pinks and oranges, and Cassian’s eyes feel heavy, his hands even more so. He strokes Jyn’s hair again, fighting sleep, and he hears her murmur, “Stay awake with me to see the aurora.”

“How long have you been up?” he asks thickly.

“Just a little while,” she says, opening her eyes. “It felt so nice, you touching me.” There’s tenderness in her face—a new look for them both—and he thinks it suits her. “Will you stay awake?” she asks.

“Yes, of course,” he says, touching his lips to hers this time, and he feels her smile against his own. He thinks how wonderful it is to have time—this time with her.

# Spin the Bottle

## Chapter Summary

A game of spin the bottle goes pretty much as you might expect for Cassian and Jyn. Modern AU.

## Chapter Notes

For @strong-bottle-of-jyn

The empty green bottle went flying across the room, and Bodhi's nervous voice followed the clatter of it hitting the ground. "That—that's not meant to be used as a weapon, Jyn!"

Jyn smirked. "Whoops. It slipped out of my hand."

Cassian pressed his lips together and sighed. He excused himself from the nice conversation he was having with a perfectly nice, pretty redhead and made a beeline for his sometimes friend—and his regular aggravation.

He reached Jyn and touched her arm. She jerked away, but then seeing it was him, relaxed. "What's up?" she said casually, as though she hadn't just tried to instigate a fight.

"Leia was very nice in inviting us, and I'm sure she'd appreciate if we didn't have her party end with the cops coming over."

"Melshi was hitting on me. I just had to let him know what I thought about it."

"You could've just told him you weren't interested."

“I’ve done that, Cassian. Repeatedly. That kind of guy needs to be hit with a shovel to get the hint. I didn’t have one, so I used a bottle instead. I think I made myself clear.”

Cassian ran his hands through his hair, then pinched his nose. “Just promise me you won’t stir up anymore trouble, okay?”

“Sure, sure, Captain,” she said, grinning.

“Please don’t call me that. I know you mean it in the most insulting way possible.”

“Alright then, *Cassian*.”

“Are we done here then, Jyn?”

“Sure, sure. I guess you gotta get back to your flirting, huh.”

He made a face. She shooed him away with her hands.

“Stay out of trouble!” he said again, pointing at her, wondering why he’d even let her know about this party in the first place, wondering where Chirrut and Baze were since they usually had a better time corralling her.

But Jyn, being Jyn, found other ways to be trouble. And with that damn green bottle, too.

Ten minutes after he’d left her side, she was at his, tugging on his arm. “You can bring your girlfriend, too, Cassian. C’mon.”



“She’s not—Jyn, spin the bottle, really? We’re in our twenties.”

“It’s fun to be nostalgic.”

“You’re just going to punch anyone who tries to kiss you.”

She pinched him, impish and a little tipsy. “Not if I kiss them first. C’mon, just be a sport. I think I saw Han making eyes at you earlier.”

Why did he let her drag him into these things? She made him feel so insane sometimes. But there was a way about Jyn that drew him in like a moth to a flame, and with Jyn, there was a literal chance that someone would end the night on fire—probably him.

As it was, the game wasn’t terrible. Most everyone participating was drunk enough to be game, even Cassian. The redhead—Jolene—landed him on her second spin, and she leaned over and gave him a kiss and a wink that definitely had interesting implications. Jyn, ever aggressive, took more turns than she should have been allowed, and gave kisses to Luke, Bodhi, Kes, and Shara. The game began to break up little by little, though, with Shara wandering off, and Han and Leia disappearing to the kitchen after a kiss and an argument.

“One more turn,” Jyn insisted.

“Not yours, though!” Melshi said, grabbing the bottle away. She made to swipe at him, but when Melshi handed Cassian the bottle, she grew quiet.

“Last turn then?” Cassian said. He spun. The bottle stop and pointed decidedly at Jyn. He put down his beer and crawled over across the carpet to her. She stared at him, big eyes, lips parted in expectation. He felt his throat tighten, then reminded himself, this was just Jyn. He didn’t have to make this weird.

Leaning forward, he gave her a quick peck on the lips and withdrew. She stared at him, then suddenly jumped to her feet, kicking the bottle.

“Okay, well that’s boring so game over.”

Cassian watched her retreat and saw her disappear onto the balcony. The kiss hadn’t been weird. But she was. He sighed again, carded his fingers through his hair, and once again excused himself from Jolene, who seemed intent on getting his number and more. He was Jyn’s ride, and if she disappeared, he’d have to spend all night hunting her down. Best to do it now.

She was alone on the balcony, leaning over and staring at the pool below. The underwater lights danced against the surface, and the reflection played on her face. “Hey,” he said.

“Hey,” she said, not looking at him.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Something clearly is, Jyn.”

She’d undone her bun, and her hair spilled out onto her shoulders. She swayed slightly, and he caught her arm. A bitter little laugh trickled out of her.

“What?” he said, sensing that her irritation stemmed from him somehow.

“That was a pretty pathetic kiss.”

“That’s what you’re mad about.”

She jut her chin out at him, looked him in the eye. “I”m not *mad*. I”m just ... disappointed. That was weak, Andor.”

“Why are you being weird?”

“You”re the one being weird,” she returned. “Everyone else kissed like normal adults with healthy sex drives, but you kissed like a church lady.”

He put his beer down on the floor and considered this small, angry little ball of insanity before him. She made him so crazy sometimes. “What do you want then?”

“A do over.”

He spluttered. “A what?”

“Nevermind.” She pushed him away, and shifting away to lean over the balcony. “I”m drunk.”

“Jyn.” Cassian licked his lips. She was drunk, but he was too. “Okay.”

“Okay? Okay what?” But she knew, especially the way her voice hitched and the way the color rose in her pale cheeks.

“Do over,” he said, and he was insane because she made him insane. He wanted this, he realized. How long had he wanted it? Wanted her? By the feral look in her eye, it was possible the answer was *just as long as she had wanted him*.

Her hand came down on his arm, her fingers wrapping around his wrist. “Okay then, Captain,” she said, her voice breathy as she stepped into the circle of his arms. “Show me your best.”



# Bruised Kisses

## Chapter Summary

A kiss against bruised skin. For @headinfantasy

Exhaustion weighs heavy on them both, their eyes anchored shut by too many hours awake and too many handfuls of stims finally wearing off. There's still blood under her fingernails and tar smeared on his face, but they're too tired to bother with it until later.

Draven orders them for immediate 72 hour leave to get their heads back on straight. They sag into bed and sleep away the first 24 and then drift in and out of dreams and each other's arms until hour 36. When they wake, they drag themselves to the 'fresher and feel the sonic shower wash away the soreness in their bodies, but the mental exhaustion remains.

Kaytoo brings them a tray of rations without a side of commentary and closes the door without verbally noting how they are tangled together on the bed, limbs and skin touching and meeting in the dark.

In the faint light that creeps into their quarters from beneath the door, Jyn can see well enough to trace his face with her eyes, and the tiredness she's felt clouding her brain begins to recede. She leans down into him, burying her head on his bare shoulder, and breathes.

"Awake?" he murmurs, and she hums the affirmative. He rises and spills her body onto the bed. She is malleable as water; she is clay in his hands.

There's a bruise on her hip, still new and purple, it's center a pale pink, and she feels Cassian slide his body down to touch her there, his lips soft, dry as they run along her skin. He kisses her there again, his warm hands following, and she gasps, and the sound is soft like a little laugh. She reaches down, hands tangling in his hair, and says, "Thirty-six hours left. How do you want to spend it?" But it's a leading question. They both already know the answer.

For a long time, Jyn has known acutely how pain makes her human—the stretch of tendons, the ache of muscles, the crack of bone, and the bruising of skin—but now she knows that love does that, too. And that sometimes, with Cassian, it’s a little bit of both.

# You're the Only One

## Chapter Summary

From the prompt, "You're the only one." For @carr-crashh-heartss

“You’re the only one.”

Cassian says this to her as he takes a sip of Alderaanean wine, a pleasant, practiced smile on his face as the Imperial commander and her husband look upon them both patiently.

There’s a hum in Jyn’s ears, and maybe it’s the wine, but she manages her line despite it. “The only one?” she echoes, playing dumb.

The ballroom is bright with lights, excessive in its pomp, and it’s everything in the galaxy that Jyn hates. But she plays her role. She can pretend to be a doting Imperial wife. She’s learning to be a good little spy. It helps that her teacher is the best the rebellion has to offer.

Cassian puts a hand on her chin and tips up her face to look at him. “For me.”

The commander and her husband tilt their heads back and laugh in delight, the sound like the bubbles in their sparkling wine from a dead planet. Jyn stills the rage inside of her and swoons a little into Cassian’s hand.

“You make me blush,” she says, swatting at him playfully, but then she does blush when she looks into his eyes, so intent, so focused in on her. He’s a brilliant spy, she reminds herself, a master actor, and they take their leave of the commander, Cassian’s arm wrapped around her waist, her ballgown swishing behind her as they play at finding somewhere private to be together when their target is actually the heavily guarded room with important intel on weapons runners.

At the opening to the corridor out of the ballroom and toward their destination, she stops Cassian dead. They'll sell this last moment, she thinks, and then they'll disappear and be back on base before anyone can remember the names of the two newly married Imperials they were supposed to be.

"What?" he says, and she places her hands on his face and feels the surprise spread there. She's good at pretending, she thinks, pulling him in for a kiss. He follows her lead, sliding his lips against hers, his mouth opening her mouth. She's good at pretending that she's pretending, she thinks, and maybe he is, too.



# Lifted

## Chapter Summary

From a Tumblr prompt for a "lift hug."

It was a foreign concept, *dating; coupling*, especially in the middle of a war, but more than one rebel had assured Jyn (without her asking about it, by the way) that it was perfectly normal, and that it was, in fact, necessary. *What were you fighting for in war if not for love?* one private had said. ("Freedom?" Jyn had responded sarcastically, but here she was anyway, waiting for Lieutenant Radnar at the base cantina.)

Chirrut had fussed over her, telling her to brush her hair, to clean the dirt out off of her face at the very least, but as much as she trusted the former guardian of the Whills, there was also something about Chirrut that she never quite fully trusted when it come to interpersonal relationships because he'd smile at her like he knew something she didn't, but he wasn't going to tell her until she figured it out herself. He did that earlier when she was in the 'fresher, scrubbing the dried blood out from under her fingernails. "What?" she had finally snapped, and he had just given her a grin full of teeth.

There were familiar faces at the cantina that night. Bodhi was surrounded by his gaggle of admirers—many of them young X-wing pilots, and Jyn also saw some of her bunkmates who had encouraged her to just say yes to Radnar's overtures to get a drink. Jaxor. She had to remember that Radnar had a first name, too, and that it might due to call him by it.

And then the most familiar face of all: Cassian. She hadn't expected to see him here, especially not leaning over the bar. She hadn't told him about tonight and had to assume he was here on his own. But that seemed odd to her, too, but they'd only known each other a few months, albeit an incredibly intense few months. He was an endless array of mysteries still left unsolved. But the image also puzzled her because he didn't seem the type to ... partake, to carouse. Kay was his best friend, which said a lot about him, and the compulsion to go over to him and ask him why he was there began to rumble inside of her until she felt her feet taking her toward him.

But then the answer came, clear as her kyber crystal. A woman in a flight suit appeared from behind Cassian, her hand sliding onto his hip and lingering there. Cassian turned to her and

smiled, and Jyn felt acid pour into her stomach. Her hands curled into fists, but her legs kept her moving toward him.

“Jyn?” Jaxor Radnar stepped in her way and gave her a bright smile. “There you are!” He leaned in and dared a kiss on her cheek, and disarmed as she was, she let him. “I’m parched! How about yourself?”

Radnar led her to the bar, his hand on the small of her back. They walked past Cassian and the woman in the flight suit, and Jyn wanted so badly the burn of whiskey down her throat.

They settled at the bar, Jyn on a stool and Radnar leaning just beside her. He told her more about himself, and she tried to listen.

“I defected after I finished at the Imperial Academy at Carida,” he told her, his voice low and smoky. He touched her hand with the familiarity of a friend but the intentions of a lover. She’d met men like him before, young men who’d practiced at being smooth, who learned the mannerisms of being a heartbreaker without ever risking their own heart. “The closer we got to graduation, the more and more I couldn’t stomach what I was training for. I was actually recruited by your friend, Captain Andor, you know.”

“Is that so?” Jyn said, raising an eyebrow and turning to look at Cassian. She meant to play it cool, to take a sip of her drink and look at him with indifference before turning back toward her date, but the whiskey caught in her throat and slid down her windpipe when she looked at Cassian that he was looking back at her. Their eyes locked, and Jyn’s heart caught in her throat.

If he hadn’t known that she was going to be here, he knew now. She certainly hadn’t any foreknowledge of his plans, and it made her resentful that he dared to look at her, judge her if he was doing the same.

“Why don’t we go over and say hello then?” she offered to Radnar, jutting her thumb in Cassian’s direction. Radnar blinked at her, confused, before allowing her to lead him across the room by the hand.

“Captain Andor,” she said, smirking at him as he approached. Cassian put down his drink and cocked an eyebrow. Then she saw his mouth move; the way he sucked in his cheeks—and Jyn knew, just knew, that he knew her game, and he had just made the conscious decision to play too if that’s what she wanted. She grit her teeth together and gave him another smile. They’d see who was the better player.

He waited a long moment before saying, “Sergeant” in that calm, conversational way he had about him when he first interrogated her then Jyn caught the way his eyes flicked up and down, appraising her from head to toe, and she suddenly self-conscious. Her tunic was clean. They were soldiers after all, and this was her personal time: What exactly was Cassian critiquing in his head with his obvious once over? What regulation did he imagine she had missed? The crispness of her creases?

“Jaxon here was just telling me how you recruited him to join the Rebellion,” she said while waving at the bartender for another shot.

“Yes, I know the lieutenant,” he said nodding faintly to Radnar.

“Did you kidnap him like you did us, or did he come willingly?” She gave him a sly smile, and he returned it.

“Most come willingly, Jyn. You were special. We usually don’t have to break our recruits out of Wobani first.” Cassian took a small sip of his drink.

“The prison?” Radnar said in surprise, and she guessed that was part of the tale of the heroes of Scarif that hadn’t yet made the rounds among the rank and file.

The woman in the flightsuit appeared behind Cassian then, brushing her strawberry blonde hair out of her eyes. “Oh, hello,” she said, offering her hand to Jyn. “Celestina k’Vara.” She gave no other explanation who she was or why she was there, nor did Cassian.

Jyn bit back a snide comment and gave her name instead. “Jyn Erso.” Her whiskey appeared then at the counter, and Jyn gripped it, brought it to her lips, and threw it back. “And this is

Jaxon Radnar. Nice to meet you.” And maybe it would have been nice to meet Celestina, in another time, but Jyn was a good enough liar to sound convincing even to her own ears.

Celestina grinned back at her. “Of course, Jyn Erso! I know all about you.”

In retrospect, this was the moment when she should have walked away, gone back to her date with Radnar, been an adult and played at being normal, but what the hell was normal? She certainly wasn’t.

Radnar somehow stuck it out with her for another two hours at her side, his hands reaching for her, trying to grab her attention physically since all his sweet words fell on deaf ears, but he grew tired, and his patience with Jyn ran out.

She’d was facing Cassian when Radnar pulled her arm off the bar and jerked her back toward him. Stumbling off the stool, she caught her hand against his chest and stopped herself from falling. “I don’t know why you agreed to come out with me tonight,” he said, the anger and disappointment pooling in his blue eyes. “I should have known better.” His eyes darted over to Cassian just past her shoulder, and he made a point to make sure she saw it. “I’ve heard the rumors. I just thought, well, I just thought when you said yes that it was just that: rumors.”

Jyn pushed back against Radnar, shoving him into a stool. “If you’re going to make accusations you should be man enough to spell it out. I won’t wilt.”

“I’m too nice to stoop so low,” he said.

But she was not. And maybe it was the whiskey, but it was mostly her, and she launched herself at him, spoiling for a fight. But she only managed one step when she felt arms loop around her waist and lift her into the air from behind as though she were weightless.

“Let me go, Cassian!” she yelled, kicking at him, but he would not let her go.

“I’m going to take her back to her quarters—”

“Don’t you dare!” she snapped, and he still would not let her go.

“My apologies on her behalf.”

Cassian carried her out of the cantina, taking the punishment until they were out in the jungle air, and only then did he drop her to the ground.

“What was that about?” she yelled.

“What was that about?” he echoed? “You’re saying that to me?”

“I can handle myself, Cassian.”

He frowned, deep even for him. “Clearly you could not tonight. You should go back to your quarters and sleep it off.”

Jyn snorted, her nostrils flaring. Her face was hot, she was drunk, and she didn’t care. “You go back to your quarters, Cassian!”

But she let him guide her back to her quarters anyway, his hand on her back. Jyn’s bunk was shared quarters, three other rebels in bunks with one ‘fresher between them all. She spent little time there except her sleep. She’d made little effort so far, too, to get to know her compatriots.

“Now your turn,” she said, tapping him on the chest at the entrance.

“Jyn,” he said and he did nothing to hide the tiredness in his tone, but he let her walk him back to his private officer’s quarters where she leaned past him and punched in his access code. She looked up at him, stayed stretched across his body.

“Now back to your quarters,” he said, unphased, but this time, Jyn did not budge from her spot, did not give him back any of his personal space.

“So this is how you spend your downtime?” she asked, still not moving. “Drinking in cantinas with beautiful women?” Her tongue was loose, and she was spilling secrets, and she felt ready to make a fool of herself because of the way he looked at her, the way she looked at him, and how they kept looking and never said a damn word.

“Instead of what? Spending time with you, Jyn?”

“I’m not beautiful?” She’d meant to be wry, to be playful and ironic, but then there was the way she looked at him that she could not hide.

“You know you are,” he said, and then there it was: the way he looked at her. But it was the simplicity of his delivery that ultimately broke her, and she reached for the back of his head and pulled his mouth to hers. He came willingly with her, eager as she felt, and without breaking the kiss, Jyn felt herself lifted off her feet and carried into his quarters, and she thought, as he pressed her into his mattress and her hands found the buttons to his shirt, that she could get used to the concept of dating; of coupling.

## A hoarse whisper

She'd been screaming for Cassian, Jyn realized, in absolute terror for a full five minutes before she felt arms wrap around her and pull her back to earth.

"It's alright," Cassian soothed, smothering her face against his chest, but his eyes were dark and frightened even while the rest of his demeanor stayed calm and cool. She sunk into him, felt the thin mattress creak beneath her. Daylight was already streaming into their room and they were fine. He was fine. She was mostly fine. It hadn't even been a nightmare about losing him. It was a nightmare that he was already lost. She'd found herself alone, clinging to the walls of the data vault in Scarif, and this time she had let go, plunging alone to the bottom of the citadel tower where his body should have lain. But when she hit the floor he wasn't there, and she'd be left screaming, staring at the light above her, confused and alone, thinking she was at once trapped in her cave again but this time waiting to be incinerated into stardust by her father's weapon.

"Where were you?" she asked, her voice rough, and though he said, "I was in the other room reading," it wasn't the question she was asking, though how could he know?

"I'm here," he murmured, smoothing her hair. "Wherever you are, I am here with you."

She shut her eyes, angry at herself for being scared, for being vulnerable, but if she could not be this way with Cassian, then where could she be this version of herself? She exhaled, a long breath, and felt her racing heart slow.

"Cassian?" she said at last, her voice a hoarse whisper.

"Yes?"

"Will you kiss me?"

He blinked, surprised but also pleased. “Always,” he said, cradling her face in his hands and kissing her gently on the lips. “Always.”



# Afloat

## Chapter Summary

A distracting kiss.

“Jyn,” he gritted out, screw between his teeth. “Please stop.”

Cassian’s hands fumbled against the ship’s heavy artificial gravity generator, the hydrospanner floating away from his fingers when he felt Jyn’s lips brush against his ear, her breath hot against his skin. On their return from Adumar they had lost gravity on the U-wing, and for the past hour he had been trying to fix it, unsuccessfully. Jyn had tried to assist at first but stopped being a help after about fifteen minutes and was now more of a distraction than anything.

“Stop what?” she asked innocently, pushing herself gently off his shoulder and drifting away. Cassian turned away from the generator for a moment, flustered, and watch her swim away in the zero G. She bumped into the wall and pushed out with her arms, somersaulting back toward him. She came straight into his arms like a ship docking in the cargo bay, as was her intent, and without gravity in their ship her momentum pushed them both back into the other wall of the ship. His back hit against the wall and he heard her gasp and laugh when he felt her body push up against his.

“Jyn,” he warned, but he could hardly keep his voice serious when she looked at him the way she did, eyes sharp and focused, desire swimming in her dark pupils. He loved her when she smiled; loved her even when she didn’t. They had spent so many years serious and engaged in battle—what harm was there in finding a small moment of peace where they could get it?

Jyn wet her lips with a swipe of her tongue and leaned into him, kissing him with more urgency than the situation called for, but it made his skin spark, made the blood rush to his head. Her mouth was hot, and her desire for him made his own for her swell in his chest. Cassian’s hands slid beneath her shirt, and she shivered when he touched her. She responded by sliding a hand against the flat of his chest, fingers walking up to his throat, fingers smoothing over his jaw, palms cupping his face, thumbs caressing the arch of his cheekbones with a tenderness she never revealed to anyone else. Then against him, he felt her draw up her legs, pinning him between her thighs, and then he heard the sound of her boots against

the metal of the wall and he braced himself against her as she pushed off, sending them floating off gently in the zero G.

“I’ve never done this before,” she murmured, pressing a kiss into his neck.

Cassian laughed. “Me, either.”

Jyn bit her lip, mischief in her eyes. “You know what else I’ve never done in zero G?”

“Hmm?” he said, distracted now by the tendrils of hair around her face. Impulsively, he reached back and undid her bun and watched as her hair floated around her.

“I’ll give you three guesses.”

He closed his eyes for a moment, feeling weightless and free, then blinked them open and placed one soft kiss on the corner of her mouth. “I think I’ll just need one.”

# Hungry kisses

## Chapter Summary

Hungry kisses on every bit of newly visible skin as clothing is slowly peeled away.

“Are you okay?” she breathes, pulling Cassian into the darkened room, her boot pushing the door shut as they lean against one another and wait for the rumble of Stormtroopers to pass in the hallway outside. There’s a cut under his eye and his shoulder feels bruised, but he feels fine and tells Jyn as much, but she hardly seems convinced.

They are hardly dressed for battle in a ballgown and a formal suit, but it seems their fate that the fight always finds them. But undercover missions came with the inevitable risk of discovery, and they’d slipped through enough times that, as Kaytoo would say, the odds were finally against them.

“I’m fine, Jyn,” he says, but the words choke off at the end when he feels her gloved hand stroke his cheek. It’s not her usual fingerless gloves made of synthskin and smelling of oil and earth but a white satin glove perfumed and soft, made with all the finery and excess the Empire can still spare in the midst of war.

“Are you bleeding? Are you bruised?” She pulls off her glove and begins to undo his jacket and the collar tight around his neck. The warmth of her skin against him makes him gasp but she mistakens it for pain and draws back. She searches him with her green eyes, and he sees the worry that’s been etched into her since he fell from the Citadel tower. It moves something inside of him, and the reservoir of everything he has felt for her and feels for her now floods his senses. *He’s alive because of her. And he feels alive because of her.*

Her formal chignon is falling apart, tendrils loose around her ears and falling into her eyes, and Cassian reaches out and brushes her dark hair out of her face, letting impulse move him when so much of his life has been guided by careful planning and probabilities. But it still turns out that it’s Jyn who kisses him first, Jyn who can be reckless with everything save for her heart, who has seems to have been waiting for him to give her the right opening, to tell her yes, not just that he’ll stay but that he’ll come with her to the end of the universe.

She pushes him against the wall and floors creak beneath their feet, but the sound is faint next to the roaring in his ears, and Cassian grows near deaf and blind to everything else save for the touch of her, her smell, and the taste of her mouth, like berries and wine and smoke and salt against his lips. *It's the wrong place for this*, he thinks in the back of his mind, but there will never be a right place while they're at war.

He pulls away for a moment and moves to push the strap of her gown off her shoulder, hungry for her, trailing kisses against her pale skin, tasting the hollow of her throat and where her breasts curve out soft and supple. She gasps, her breathing excited, and he both hears and feels it vibrate against his own body. And then Jyn gives him as good as he gives her, her hands tearing at his shirt, popping off the buttons of his formal tunic and listening to the onyx beads ping off the metal wall around them. She spreads her fingers against his bare chest then kisses him on the spot where it feels as though his heart beats only for her.

"This is the wrong place for this," he says aloud now but not stopping because he can't, not when all he wants is her, when it feels like all he's ever wanted was her.

"It's not wrong," she says, sighing into his ear as her head falls back as his tongue and lips and teeth explore the column of her throat. "Right is you and me, Cassian." Jyn pulls her head up and takes hold of his face in her hands, pressing a desperate kiss to his mouth. "Wherever you and I are together is right," she breathes. "You and me. We're right."

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