

## Nothing But Water

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11281902) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11281902>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Rogue One: A Star Wars Story_(2016)</a> , <a href="#">Star Wars - All Media Types</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Cassian Andor/Jyn Erso</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Jyn Erso</a> , <a href="#">Cassian Andor</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies</a> , <a href="#">Shower Sharing</a> , <a href="#">gratuitous touching</a> , <a href="#">tender kisses</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-06-23 Words: 1,353 Chapters: 1/1

# Nothing But Water

by [Jaded](#)

## Summary

Jyn and Cassian find a moment of quiet together, as well as a working shower with real warm water.

## Notes

Inspired by this amazing [Rebelcaptain manipulation](#) by @runakvaed!

It is just enough, this little place for them to rest their bodies for the night, this lonely cabin on an unoccupied mountainside on Dirahn. There are two bunks in the dimly lit room, a table with a nothing on it but thin film of dust, and a 'fresher with a shower, a good, old-fashioned proper shower.

"Water," Jyn breathes, switching on the light. "Not sonic, but water."

Cassian's light footfalls follow her inside, and his muddy hand comes to rest on the door jamb just near her head, his arm curved around her but far enough away to be accidental or polite. "That's good," he says. It's such a simple, banal thing to say, but his tone is strained, the muscles of his body tight as he draws away.

"Are you worried that the Imps will find us here?" Jyn casts her eyes around, looking for telltale signs of bugs or traps. They'd outrun the last garrison of troopers hours ago, bombing a checkpoint with enough explosives that the Empire would be digging out for weeks. A stolen speeder had taken them halfway up a mountain and to this shelter, which they had found on foot after they had abandoned the vehicle in a thicket of brush.

Cassian shakes his head. "It's not that." He sighs, tired, and he casts his gaze on her, a long, lingering look that he's been giving her more and more often, one that makes her tremble and want things she cannot have. "It's not anything." He runs his hand over his face, pulling at his beard. "Why don't you take it first, Jyn? Clean off and relax while we can."

Cassian looks exhausted--more so than usual. "Why don't you?" she says instead, gesturing to the dried blood on his hands. Jyn's not even sure anymore if it's his or someone else's. She just knows that he'll want it washed off as soon as possible, that he'll feel better to watch the reminder of the dirtier parts of their work disappear down the drain.

"You sure?"

"Of course."

He nods in that calculated, careful way he's cultivated over a lifetime of war and espionage--a true soldier's armor--but a smile slips out for a split second and *there he is*, she thinks: the Cassian that is always there somewhere inside wanting to be let out, only needing permission to do so and a safe place to do it. He slips past her and begins to shuck off layer after layer of clothing, groaning when he rolls his shoulder back. His leather coat falls away first, a heavy plop on the floor, and in the 'fresher mirror she can see him undoing the buttons of his tunic, his eyes glancing up to catch her watching his reflection.

She turns, face hot, and retreats to the bunk to take off her boots, to wriggle out of her socks and her blaster-burnt vest. Her whole body is sore, but this is the best she's felt in weeks. She can rest. They can rest, even if it's just six hours. Even if it's just three. Their mission complete, it's just her and Cassian until Kaytoo brings their ship in before sunrise. No orders or sirens blaring, no enemies banging at the gate. Just them, rest, a bed, and a shower.

There's a small round window just above the beds and Jyn can see the last rays of sun fading away. Barefoot, she climbs into the mattress and pulls herself out to look outside, and there's nothing but the landscape of trees and hills fading into shadow. *Peace*, she thinks, as the sound of the shower turns on, the splatter of water against tile a calm, soothing sound. *Maybe this is what peace will look like if the war ever ends.*

Cassian's left the door to the 'fresher open and the steam of the hot water clouds the mirror, but Jyn can still see his back from where she sits.. She's seen it before unclothed--knotted muscles and white faded scars--but it's always been in pressing situations: to apply Bacta patches to a wound or to pull out the broken end of a vibroblade stuck in his shoulder. But that's not the case now. Jyn waits and waits for the whoosh of the doors to close to put that wall between them but never comes.

Cassian steps out of the light of the 'fresher into the darkened room, only his undertrousers on, and his eyes are the eyes Jyn has seen before in her dreams, his face hovering just above hers, his lips close enough to taste. But this is no dream.

"What is it?" she asks, her heart a fist. But Jyn knows exactly what this is. It's the thing that's been vibrating between them for months and months now while they stepped with each other in parallel, with neither of them making the final step to close the space. Until now.

Wordlessly she makes her way toward him, pulling her tunic over her head, shedding her pants her underwear, and her bra like a breadcrumb trail back to somewhere from which

she'll never want to return. She watches him watch her, tentative but not afraid. If Jyn has any doubts that she's read Cassian wrong, it fades when she sees him swallow hard, when his tongue flicks across his upper lip as though his mouth has gone dry. He holds out his hand, and she takes it.

The shower is a remnant of an older age, blue tile and tempered glass walls. Jyn steps in first, the water pelting her face, and she feels the aches of the day melt away. Cassian takes off what's left of his clothing and steps in behind her. She turns to face him and slips her arms around his neck and says the only thing that either of them will say until they stumble to the beds and push them together, falling into one another as a tangle of limbs: "Is this what you really want?"

He leans down and kisses her, long and fierce, as though he is drawing in a breath and she is air. It is a living thing between them, this creature of tenderness and friendship and love born the day she first saw his face in a war room on Yavin IV. And it's his answer, Jyn realizes, the one that has always been there, waiting for permission; for a safe place; for her.

Water rushes down her back and sprays across her hair, and Cassian kisses her again, opening her mouth with his, his tongue brushing against her teeth. There's hunger there, and she returns it. His hands settle on the wet curve of her back, his fingers pressed near the bones of her spine, and she leans into him at the same time she lifts up on her toes to meet him halfway, her sigh rising up with the stream.

How long they stand there, Jyn doesn't know, but when the air between them gets too hot from water vapor and more, they settle into each other and rest in the spray: Jyn's head making a home on his shoulder and his on hers.

At their feet, Jyn watches the water carry away the dirt of the day and thinks how it'll never carry away their multitude of sins. But who are they without those sins? she wonders. They have both done terrible things in their lives of war, but these are things that they have had to learn to own, to accept as part of their bones, darkness healed into the breaks. Because who was Cassian Andor without those sins? Who was Jyn Erso?

Cassian shifts against her and presses a kiss against her shoulder, and she feels his arms tightened around her waist, and her thoughts flee her mind. They are who they are, she thinks. They are who they are now, but together.

The water pours over them both, steady and warm, and peace, Jyn thinks, as she listens to the water and his heartbeat, this is what peace feels like.

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