

## A Helping Hand

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## Summary

When Cassian's sleep problem begins to effect mission performance, K-2SO decides he's the best option to take the matter in hand.

Woken from his sleep by a strange sound, Cassian immediately reaches for his gun, tensing when he finds it's not in its customary place beneath his pillow.

Opening his eyes, Cassian nearly yelps upon finding K2 close. The sound he makes is still far from dignified. "K2, what the hell?"

"You have been getting less than optimal sleep. My calculations show that your efficiency has dropped by 8.279% during our last mission and will only continue to worsen if this is not rectified."

"What are you a mother hen now? And your great idea was to wake me up in the middle of the night, instead of, I don't know, just letting me sleep," Cassian grouses, sliding a hand across his face, making a note to shave later.

"Experience has shown that you sleep best after sex."

"Seems to be a little problem with your plan, K2. You see there's only you and me here. And I'm not feeling particularly interested in getting friendly with my hand right now. Now if you would kindly—" Cassian breaks off with what is definitely a yelp this time as K-2SO shreds through his clothes like they're tissues paper.

"What are you—" A wad of fabric is shoved into Cassian's mouth, cutting him off once more.

"Relax. I have done extensive research on the matter as I am the logical solution to help you with this."

*Help me with what?* Cassian wants to shout as he finds himself manhandled as though he weighs nothing. The magnetic cuffs strong enough to hold K-2SO make an appearance, and Cassian finds his wrists securely fastened to the wall above his bunk. He struggles and tries to curse through the gag, kicking out, but K-2SO catches his flailing legs easily before also securing them to either side of the bunk, his legs spread open.

K-2SO's touches are firm and sure, the duralsteel clearly freshly oiled as it slides down Cassian's chest.

Cassian wills himself not to react, but his nipples harden as K-2SO circles each one before dropping lower.

K-2SO doesn't touch Cassian's penis but instead slowly pushes an oiled finger against Cassian's exposed asshole. It's not nearly enough lubricant as K-2SO's fingers are far from small, and Cassian is far from relaxed. However, it's not expected when Cassian's muscle loses the fight, and K-2SO's thick digit sinks into him.

"Relax, Cassian. You'll thank me in the morning."

Cassian wants to snort. Not likely. The burn draws a hiss from Cassian. K-2SO curls his finger, searching— Cassian jerks when K-2SO brushes against his prostate.

Clearly finding what he was after, K-2SO immediately presses up against that spot and starts vibrating.

Cassian shouts through his gag, back arching, limbs jerking against his binding. His toes curl as his cock goes from limp to fully hard in seconds. His muscles strain, balls contracting nearly painfully as he's pushed into what is certainly the quickest orgasm of his life. Even as Cassian's teeth threaten to rattle out of his head with the strength of the vibrations, K-2SO doesn't stop.

The orgasm seems to stretch forever, and when it finally ends there is another rising on its heels. K-2SO sinks another finger in then, this one dripping with oil enough that Cassian will be pissed when he has to clean the sheets later, and it's enough to push Cassian over the edge again. It's too much. Far too much, but Cassian is helpless to do anything but take whatever K-2SO wants to give him, regardless of how Cassian feels about the matter.

By the time K-2SO tucks in his thumb and sinks his entire hand into Cassian's ass, Cassian is a sobbing mess, body shivering from over stimulation, cock an angry red as it jerks through dry orgasm after dry orgasm. When Cassian finally passes out it's to the sight of K-2SO's fist bulging through the flesh of his stomach.

When Cassian awakes, it's from the best night's sleep he's had in ages. First he desperately needs a shower, then he's going to murder K-2SO.

"Don't say a word," Cassian mutters to K-2SO as he limps towards the refresher, wishing for a real shower with water instead of just sonics, but gross as he is right now, he'll take what he can get. "You could have at least cleaned me up afterwards."

"You're quite welcome, Cassian. I'm so glad to see you so well rested. Please don't hesitate to ask if you need a hand again," K-2SO snarks from his place in the pilot's seat

"I hate you," Cassian deadpans as the door slides shut between them.

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