

Living with Droids

a Rogue One fanfic

by **Rodo**

IT HADN'T BEEN planned. Cassian hadn't seen it coming. One minute, he and Jyn had shouted at each other, and the next she was half reclining on the table in the common area of the ship and he was kissing the life out of her. It had something to do with the mission, he dimly remembered. It had nearly gone sideways and Jyn hadn't followed his orders, probably. He just didn't care. She put her hand on his neck and drew him down to her for another kiss and their hips were rocking against each other. The only coherent thought left in his brain was that there were too many clothes involved. Jyn seemed to agree, since she tried to fumble his shirt out of his pants while he was busy pressing her closer and sucking at the nape of her neck. She'd have a mark there for the next few days and would have to wear her scarf to hide it. The thought made Cassian groan. Then Jyn slid a hand into his pants and kriff, it was really going to happen, wasn't it? He looked at her. She was breathing hard, her pupils were dilated and he was about to put his lips on her body again, when—

“Cassian, could you please come up and check the coordinates for our next jump?” The voice came from the ship's speakers. It sounded slightly put out, but then, Kay sounded like that most of the time.

Cassian closed his eyes and counted to ten. “Can't it wait?”

“Not if we need to recalculate.”

He took a deep breath and looked at Jyn. She was lying back on the table, her hair disheveled and the hickey already forming. “I'll be up in a moment!”

He really didn't want to. He wanted to lose himself in Jyn's arms and make her forget her own name. He wanted to know what she would look like naked, under him, with her legs wrapped around him ... on second thought, the common area probably wasn't the best place for this. Jyn gave him a wry grin as he stuffed his shirt back into his pants and tried to think away his erection. There were some things Kay didn't need to see.

“Maybe later,” she told him. “Once you're done with your calibrations.”

On his workbench in droid repair was not where he had thought this was going to happen, but here they were. And he had put a lot of thought into it since the first time they had made out on that table, and then that time in the supply closet after a debrief... if only Kay hadn't needed something both times. They'd probably have gotten around to it sooner, but there was little space on Hoth, and the rebel soldiers lived in each other's pockets more often than not. And they hadn't talked about it, not really. There was always someone around.

Now, of course, the only person around was Jyn. It was late in the evening and Cassian had wanted to work on something to fix the joint in Kay's left arm, since it was only working at 82% efficiency. It needed to be done before they shipped out again, or Kay's combat effectiveness would be reduced by 17%. He was trying very hard not to forget why he'd come in the first place, but it was getting harder and harder. Jyn was on top of him, knees on either side of his hips on the bench, and she was kissing him like there was nothing else in the world. The only thing that distracted him was that one of his tools was digging into his ass.

"Could you hold up a second," he whispered breathlessly against her lips.

"No," she answered in between kisses, punctuated by a rolling of her hips that made him really wish he could forget all about it, but—

"Only, I'm sitting on a Q-wench, and it's getting kind of painful."

Jyn huffed a laugh and lifted herself up a little to allow him to do the same. Cassian sighed with relief and was about to grab her ass—

"Cassian?"

Jyn jumped off him the moment she heard Kay's voice, and not a second too soon. Kay came around the corner and stared at them both. Jyn didn't look too bad, he thought, but they were both breathing a bit harder than normal. The droid eyed them suspiciously for a few moments, before turning to Cassian.

"I wanted to ask if you had made any progress with my joint, but I see Jyn Erso distracted you."

Well, that *was* true. "I'll get it to you soon, I promise."

"I was hoping you could fix the issue today," Kay all but whined.

"As soon as I can, Kay," Cassian replied a little tersely.

And it had been shaping up to be such a good evening.

Kay simply nodded and then shuffled off, his left arm hanging limply at his side.

Hopefully they hadn't ruined the module when they scrambled onto the table. Jyn shot him a regretful glance when Kay was gone and maintained her distance.

"I need to fix this," he explained to her, but couldn't keep his eyes off her lips. They looked so good after kissing.

"I know," she sighed. "We should talk about this some time."

"We should."

"But not now. You have a droid to fix."

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He hadn't been badly hurt. Not really. But Jyn had insisted he should go to medbay after their return, and the doctor had agreed with her assessment. He had hurt his knee a little when he'd jumped for cover, and a blaster bolt had grazed his side, but it wouldn't even leave a scar. The doctor had put bacta on both wounds and ordered him on bed rest so the knee could heal properly. It was a slow day, and so he was the only patient in this ward of the medbay. Usually he hated that – at least with another patient, misery would have company. Usually, that is. Right now, he wasn't alone, and Jyn was looking at him with hunger in her eyes.

"The doctor said you needed to rest at least until tomorrow," she said slowly. Cassian was a little distracted by the way she interlaced her fingers with his. It looked indecent, somehow. "And she said she wouldn't come back until after the evening meal." Then she pressed a kiss to the inside of his wrist. "There's nobody to disturb us for hours."

"I'm supposed to be on bed rest," he reminded her, even though he really didn't want to. "I'm not supposed to move too much."

"Who said anything about you moving?" Jyn grinned at him and released his hand. Then she carefully climbed onto the bed to straddle his hips, making sure she didn't touch his knee. "I think we can manage just fine like this, don't you?"

Cassian nodded and leaned up a little to capture her lips in a kiss. She hiked up his shirt a little and let her fingers run over his stomach. Jyn was a vision, sitting on top of him, and Cassian had to fight the urge to rock upwards and move his knee. Still, he let his hands roam over her body. She let him and moaned when he caressed one of her breasts through the fabric of her shirt and bra.

“Enough foreplay,” she growled in a tone that went straight to his groin. She removed her shirt in a fluid motion, then moved to help Cassian with his, when they both heard heavy metal steps on the corridor. Cassian felt the almost overwhelming urge to cry when Jyn got off the bed (and him) to hide behind the folded privacy screens in the corner. Her shirt still lay next to the bed, out of sight from the door, luckily.

“Cassian, General Draven sends me. He wants you to submit your report as soon as possible,” Kay drawled. Then he gave Cassian a datapad and stalked away.

Jyn didn’t leave her hiding place until they could no longer hear Kay’s steps. “I swear, he’s doing it on purpose,” she grumbled, picking up her shirt.

“Kay? I don’t think so.”

“This is the sixth time, Cassian?”

“Really?”

Jyn nodded. “The table on the ship, the supply closet, droid repair, your bunk four missions ago, mine two missions ago, and now this. I’m starting to see a pattern...”

“He had good reasons all those times,” Cassian protested. “It’s just a coincidence.”

“Well, if these coincidences don’t stop and I don’t get laid soon, I’m going to dismantle your droid,” Jyn said curtly. She pressed a last bittersweet kiss to his mouth, then left. Cassian stared at the datapad for a good ten minutes before he could start with his report.

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The Alliance had two new star cruisers, and for once, everybody was in a good mood. Solo had acquired several crates of booze on his latest supply run and everyone on base who wasn’t on duty was in the unofficial cantina celebrating.

Well, almost everyone. Cassian had Jyn pressed to the wall of the corridor that led to his room. Captain’s perk. Everyone with a rank below captain needed to share. Well, if everything went according to plan, this captain would share his bunk today as well.

They were both more than a little drunk and she tasted like Corellian ale. Cassian had no idea if they would even make it to his bed at this stage. He was hard and Jyn was pressed against his body and they had both been waiting for this for so long now, he was ready to take her right then and there.

But then he heard a familiar heavy tread. With an equally heavy heart he stepped back and Jyn looked at him with murder in her eyes.

“Oh,” Kay said when she saw them. “I found something interesting in the code package we brought back from our last mission. Can we go over it?”

Cassian sighed. He really, *really* didn't want to. “I'm a little drunk, Kay. I doubt I'd be much good. I just thought I'd lie down and sleep.”

“And Jyn Erso?”

“I was just saying goodnight,” Jyn said. If looks could kill, her glare would atomize even a droid. “Good night, Cassian.”

Cassian and Kay watched as she walked towards her own quarters. This was the seventh time, Cassian thought. He wouldn't be able to stand it for much longer.

“I hope you'll recover from your intoxication without trouble,” Kay said, and then he walked away as well, probably to recharge with the other droids. Cassian sighed and let himself slide down the wall until he sat on the floor. He buried his head in his hands and wished he could stay in this place for the rest of the night.

“Is everything alright, Captain?”

Cassian looked up to see Senator Mothma at the end of the corridor in her immaculate white robes. There was a worried frown on her face.

“Yes,” he sighed, because it was, technically.

“Why aren't you with the others, celebrating?”

“I was.”

“If you don't mind me saying, maybe you should go back,” Mothma recommended. “You look frustrated, Captain. An evening of relaxing will do you a world of good.”

Cassian doubted that very much. “Maybe,” he said.

Mothma left it at that, and it soon became too cold for him to continue sitting on the floor, so he went to his bed and thought of Jyn while he jerked off.

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“And you're sure Kay won't interrupt us this time?” Jyn breathed against his neck, before gently nipping at the skin.

“He's back on the ship, we're in the wash room of a cantina,” Cassian reminded her, then slid her pants down her hips. “He's only supposed to contact us if there's an emergency.”

Jyn only hummed and pressed a kiss to his shoulder. His naked shoulder. They'd never gotten this far before and Cassian couldn't quite believe it was finally happening. They were finally doing it. He didn't even care that they were in a tiny, run-down space and his shirt was lying on a floor so dirty he'd probably have to throw it away afterwards. Jyn was fiddling with his belt as best as she could while he was kissing her like it was his last chance, like she was water and he was dying of thirst.

"Captain, please respond," his comlink chirped. Cassian groaned, and not from pleasure.

Jyn cursed instead. It was surprisingly colorful, even for Huttese profanity.

Cassian took two seconds to catch his breath. "Yes, Kay?" It was an emergency, he thought. Please let it be an emergency. He needed to kill something right now.

"A group of stormtroopers is patrolling in port. It would be best if you were here to answer any questions they have, should they decide to inspect our ship."

Cassian couldn't help himself; he punched the wall. The pain was enough to chase away the last of his arousal, but it was nowhere near enough to quell his anger at Kay. He loved that droid, he reminded himself. He was his best friend. They had been together for years. Still—

"I'm going to murder that droid," Jyn hissed. "I'm going to murder him. Slowly. I'll make him feel pain even though he doesn't have any kriffing pain receptors."

She was buttoning up her pants and Cassian bent down to inspect his shirt. It would do, for now, even if it smelled slightly of piss. Jyn stayed behind while Cassian walked out into the main room of the cantina, where the rest of their team was drinking and observing the people at the next table playing dejarik.

"Everything alright?" Chirrut asked with an enigmatic smile on his face. "We hadn't expected you back quite so early."

He knew, Cassian realized. They all did, even if Bodhi and Baze did their best to act as if they didn't. Cassian wasn't a spy for nothing.

"Kay needs my assistance on the ship," he told them.

"Really?" Chirrut said, and his smile widened into a grin. When Cassian was almost out of the door, he heard him address the others. "Pay up."

He was tempted to let Jyn have her wish, he really was.

After the cantina on Mantooine, Cassian and Jyn changed their approach. Clearly, spontaneity was not the key to them getting laid. What was needed was a plan, a meticulous, well executed plan. Cassian had convinced Princess Leia to loan him her protocol droid for the operation and Jyn had recruited Bodhi. They were supposed to keep an eye on Kay, and most importantly, keep him busy, while Jyn and Cassian locked themselves in his room – literally. They hadn't bothered to hurry too much, even though they had waited so long, but now they were finally getting there. Jyn was naked and stretched out on her back like something out of a novel, all sensual and seductive and Cassian was equally naked and ready to finally—

“Cassian, I wanted to talk about the plans for the next mission.”

Cassian buried his head in the pillow beside Jyn's head and screamed.

“Get rid of him or I will,” she threatened, casting her eyes about for her blaster.

“That can wait until tomorrow morning, Kay!” he called. “We won't leave for another two days and I need some rest!”

“It would increase the mission's chance of success by 5.3% if we planned it thoroughly.”

“And we will. Tomorrow! Now go away!” Cassian was fuming. He couldn't believe this was happening yet again. Where were Bodhi and the kriffing droid? Maybe they should have tried for a quickie after all.

“I really think – Oh.” Kay had opened the door, of course he had. What were passcodes to a droid? And they couldn't have gotten dressed in time even if they tried. Which they hadn't. Cassian shielded Jyn from Kay's optics and felt her tremble with anger beneath him. If she wasn't naked, she'd have shot him full of holes already, and Cassian wouldn't even have been angry with her.

“This is unfortunate,” Kay said.

“You think?!” Jyn cried, trying to wrap the blanket around herself.

“Kay, close the karking door!” The droid obeyed, but first he stepped inside the room, where he was very much not wanted. Cassian's glare didn't seem to impress him.

“I feel that it is my duty to inform you that according to my analysis of human interactions, entering into a physical relationship will distract from other matters in your life and have a potentially detrimental effect on them,” Kay told them. “And that is not even factoring in the possibility of procreation.”

“We're not going to have a baby!” Jyn told him. “We haven't even had sex yet, you stupid metal brain!”

“I’m not going to neglect my work, Kay,” Cassian argued, trying to seem as calm and rational as possible. He even finally turned around fully and sat up in bed, acutely aware of the fact that he was still stark naked and covered in scratches from Jyn’s nails. “If anything, the fact that you’ve kept us from having a ‘physical relationship’ has been a distraction.”

Kay’s optics focused on Cassian. “It is highly likely that once you have ‘had sex’, the desire to do so again will only increase, becoming a distraction.”

“You’ve been doing this on purpose?!” Cassian exclaimed, and Kay just stared at him.

Beside him, Jyn seemed to have finally lost it; she was giggling into the pillow, clutching the blanket to her chest. “He’s jealous!” she whispered between giggles. “Your droid is kriffing jealous!”

“I am not jealous.” Kay announced in the same moment Cassian said “He’s not jealous!”

“Yes, he is. If he wasn’t, he would let us have our own private lives and leave. Right. Now.”

Kay stared at Jyn now, and she stared back with a challenge in her eyes.

“Kay,” Cassian said. “I don’t care if you’re jealous or worried or not. This is going to happen. You can do nothing about it. Deal with it.”

For a long moment, they stared at one another, and Cassian was reminded that he did love Kay, even when he was at his most annoying. Finally, Kay turned around and left the room without another word. The door fell shut and Cassian let himself fall backwards. Beside him, Jyn looked at him. Kay’s interruption had ruined the mood, but just looking at her and that mischievous little smile was enough to bring back some of the heat.

Afterwards, they lay in bed together. Jyn was in his arms, with her head buried in his shoulder. Her cheeks were flushed, her hair was sticking up and Cassian doubted he looked much better. And he couldn’t stop grinning. It was like being sixteen again and rolling in the dirt behind the barracks with a girl whose name he barely remembered. Only he doubted he would ever forget Jyn.

“Worth the wait?” he asked.

“I could have done without the wait as well,” she joked, and Cassian chuckled. “By the way, if you ever to get around to ‘procreating’, I think you’ll be a good father.” She grinned when she saw how terrified he must look at the thought of having children and of her bringing that up in this very moment. “You’re good with the one you already have.”

Fin