

Sweat, Engine Oil and Sex

a Rogue One fanfic

by Rodo

JYN ERSO WAS fuming. That in itself wasn't news. She was often angry. Her circumstances were, however. It was a necessary mission, she told herself. It was a necessary mission and they needed to blend in, no matter how much she wanted to kill every single sentient in this kriffing room, including Cassian.

*

Several hours earlier

“Why do we have to make a detour again?”

Cassian glanced up from the fake manifest they needed to present to the inspectors. It was a bit of a rush job, Jyn had to admit, but she was good. It should hold up.

“The Red Banthas – a local gang of thieves and cheats – stole one of our agents' shipments that unfortunately also included some Alliance intel. If the information gets back to the Empire, we're going to lose our network in the entire sector,” he answered.

“And it has to be us? *Why?*”

Cassian sighed. “I already have a cover. Fane Barristok is a smuggler who used to deal with them before, when I was working on recruiting here.”

“And they're just going to accept that you show up out of the blue?”

Cassian shrugged and checked his datapad again. He tapped the screen a few times, then put it down. “I sent my contact with them a message, telling them I'll be by. They're a rowdy crowd that likes to party, so they're generally happy to see anybody who shows up with a bottle of Corellian brandy.”

“Do we have one?”

“Bodhi does.”

“And he's willing to give that up?”

“For the mission, yes,” Cassian said with a nod. “Don’t worry too much. I’ll go in, and once they’re all wasted, I’ll search what passes for their boss’s office. I’ll be out before they notice anything is missing.”

But Jyn remained skeptical. Missions rarely went that smoothly.

And neither did this one. About an hour later, Cassian checked his datapad again and Jyn heard him curse. When he looked up, he looked rather contrite.

“I take it there’s no invitation?”

Cassian made a face. “There is one. It’s just that I’m not supposed to bring a bottle, I’m supposed to bring a girl. For entertainment.”

For a couple of seconds, they just stared at one another. Cassian didn’t ask. He didn’t plead. He just looked at her as if he wanted to remind her of her duty and how much the rebellion meant to both of them.

“No,” Jyn said, but she already knew she’d cave. They’d been through thick and thin together. There was no way she was going to let him go in there with an actual prostitute instead of back-up. A few hours later, she was wearing the skimpiest dress they could find on short notice (Cassian and Bodhi had laughed when they saw her, despite her glares), and both she and Cassian had taken their drug inhibitors. Everyone was good to go and Jyn hated it. She hated the dress, the way she would have to act, the Alliance for not sending someone else and Cassian for going along with it. And herself for getting so attached to him.

*

The hideout was an unremarkable adobe building on the outside, and inside it looked like every other gang hideout Jyn had seen over the years. There were tables and chairs that all looked like they had been acquired from a dozen different dump sites. At the back, there was a bar that was equally run-down, but at least very well stocked, and a glittering ball hung in the middle of the room for reasons that were beyond her. In one corner, she spotted a long dead potted plant.

“Ah, Fane Barristok, welcome!” one of the gangsters said.

“It’s good to be here,” Cassian said. “I haven’t had the chance to have some fun in quite a while.”

“And your lovely companion!”

Jyn smiled thinly, then yelped when Cassian slapped her butt. It was going to be a long night, she realized. And eventually, she would make him pay. But first, they had a mission

to get through. Cassian took a seat on one of the lounge chairs and chatted amiably with one of the smugglers, who had his own girl at his side, while Jyn perched on the arm of the chair. She was going to kill him, she thought, if he ever joked about this. Then the drugs and the booze were distributed. Jyn tossed a pill and nipped on a fizzy drink, while Cassian drank his whiskey neat.

There was one downside to the drug inhibitors, she thought after a while as the music began pulsing around them and two women started dancing suggestively on one of the center tables: they didn't work perfectly. They took care of most of the intoxication, but after an hour or so of drinking, Jyn started to feel pleasantly buzzed. Not close enough to stop her from working well, but she felt it. It was easier to act a little out of it if she channeled that feeling, but it was unwelcome on a mission anyway.

At some point, the dancing became more than suggestive. It turned outright sexual, and with growing horror Jyn realized that it wasn't just drugs they were passing around – everything they took was laced with aphrodisiacs. She shot a glance at Cassian, but if he had come to the same realization as she had it didn't show on his face. His pleasant spy face was firmly in place as he chatted with his acquaintance, while the man started fondling his girl. She saw his eyes roam around the room and Cassian almost absentmindedly began to caress her thigh.

Jyn shivered and wished she could bolt.

“You feeling it yet?” their companion asked Cassian.

Cassian hummed noncommittally.

The man grinned. “Don't worry, it's the good stuff. We've barely started.”

It was true. She was handed another drink and was tempted to toss it in one go to get through the night. Only the fact that it wouldn't help much kept her from doing it, so instead she bit her tongue and tried not to look at the couples (and threesomes) that started to have sex right where they stood. The groans and moans mixed with the music and the pumping beat and the grinding bodies became one. Jyn was acutely aware of Cassian's hand on her leg. She really wished she could kill someone.

Jyn had been so distracted that she hadn't even noticed the conversation at their table had died down. Fentik was now busy making out with his girl. He only stopped to ask Cassian why he was hardly touching her.

Cassian hesitated to answer a fraction of a second longer than Jyn thought he normally would. “I like to take my time,” he finally drawled.

“Don't take too long, or your balls are going to burst!” Fentik laughed, then he shoved his girl's face into his lap. She didn't waste any time undoing his pants and Jyn turned her

eyes away. She didn't need to see that. Unfortunately, everywhere else she looked, people were doing the same thing. Only she and Cassian were not. A chill ran down her spine.

Suddenly she felt him tug at her arm, and with a jerky movement, she landed on his lap. He was hard, she noticed, and felt the heat pool in her cheeks and between her legs. Maybe the aphrodisiacs weren't affected by the drug inhibitor, she thought.

Cassian lost no time and wrapped his arms around her waist, drawing her even closer, deeper into his lap. One of his hands moved upwards to cup her breast, making her squirm a little while he pressed his lips to her neck in an unexpectedly gentle motion. She instinctively leaned her head back to give him more access. His kisses moved upwards as his hands kept caressing her and Jyn couldn't suppress a sigh when he carefully nipped at that spot right behind her ear.

"I'm really sorry about this," he whispered into her ear between kisses, his voice low and husky in a way that made Jyn shiver.

She couldn't reply like this, she thought, with him holding her from behind, no matter how close they were. Fentik might hear, and a quick glance to the side told Jyn that he was watching while his girl did her work. With a determined motion she wriggled out of Cassian's arms, stood up and turned around. His pupils were dilated and he was breathing heavier than usual. His disguise was slipping a little as well. He hadn't looked this much like himself in hours, the way he was looking up at her, waiting for her to make the next move. Beside her, she heard Fentik groan.

"Hot as this is," he commented. "You really should get on with it already."

Jyn didn't bother looking at him, but she knew there was no choice. They had to maintain cover, not only to achieve their objective, but to make it off this planet in one piece. She was just glad that the Alliance didn't skimp when it came to their agents' contraceptive and anti-STD shots. Still, she was going to tear Cassian a new one once they were out of this kriffing mess. This was not how she had pictured this would go.

Their eyes were locked onto each other when Jyn lowered herself into his lap again. She pressed her hand to his chest, feeling up the hard muscles underneath, while Cassian gripped her ass maybe a little too tight. She felt his fingers digging into her flesh, and in revenge, she ground down onto his erection. The resulting moan felt very satisfying.

It was Jyn's turn to lean over and she did, licking his throat a little before moving her lips to his ear.

"Can we get away with faking it?" she asked breathlessly.

Cassian buried a hand in her hair. "No. Not with Fentik watching," he moaned as Jyn ran her hands down his side.

“I really hate you right now,” she countered, sinking her teeth into his neck. He tasted of sweat and a trace of engine oil, she thought.

“I know,” he whispered into her hair. “And I’m sorry.”

With those words said, he hiked up her flimsy skirt of her dress until it was bunched up around her waist, running his hands over her bare ass, searching for underwear that she wasn’t wearing. She didn’t own anything that would have worked with this kind of outfit, and so she had gone without. Jyn hadn’t expected any of this, so it hadn’t mattered. Fentik whistled in appreciation, while Cassian’s eyes widened almost imperceptibly and his hands twitched against her bare skin.

That was the moment when Jyn decided to get this over with as soon as possible. Ripping off a bacta patch was always better than peeling it off slowly. She tangled her hands in the hem of his shirt and untucked it, then fumbled with his belt and lifted herself on her knees a little to allow him to help her. She felt his eyes on her as he lifted his hips and helped her slide his pants and underwear off them until his erection sprang free.

All of a sudden, it all seemed so terrifyingly frantic and real, but there was no way to back out now, and they both knew it. Jyn kept her eyes on Cassian’s when she grabbed his cock and lowered herself onto it. She went slowly at first, but then the sensation made her knees go weak and she slipped down the rest of the way. She saw Cassian throw his head back and groan, felt her throat vibrate with one as well. He felt big and hot and it had been so long since she last had sex and why the kriff had she waited so long?

Their movements started slow and clumsy. They tried to find their rhythm in between the music and the moans that drifted their way, and yet it still felt so good, even though it shouldn’t. She had been dripping wet before, but it only got worse as Cassian pushed into her and she rocked against him, off-beat as they were. His right hand traveled up her back, and Jyn arched into it, even as the other gripped her thigh hard enough to bruise. She paid him back by running her hands over his stomach and under his shirt, scratching him with every other thrust.

And then Cassian lunged up. The hand on her back held her in place, dragged her towards him as he pressed a kiss to her lips. Suddenly, everything fit. They finally settled on a pace and rocked into each other while they kissed. It was more intimate, and Jyn knew she would dream of the feeling of his lips on her mouth for months, but she could finally forget about everything else – their mission, the gang, and even karking Fentik who was probably still staring at her. Everything but the feeling of his lips on hers, his hands on her body and the feeling of his muscles shifting under her arms as she wrapped them around his back. And above all, the feeling of his cock sliding in and out of her as they

moved together. They had always been able to move well together on a battlefield, she thought. It was no wonder that they fit together just as well like this.

When they finally needed to breathe, Jyn thought they might lose their rhythm, but instead it only intensified as Cassian slipped one hand between them and began to rub his thumb against Jyn's clit. The sudden sensation caused her to throw her head back, which Cassian apparently took as an invitation to lick her throat and tear the straps of her dress off her shoulders with his teeth. Jyn whimpered. It was embarrassing, but she couldn't help it. Cassian was kissing a trail down her collarbone now, towards her breast, and their pace kept increasing, working towards the inevitable conclusion.

It didn't take long and Jyn felt her climax approaching. She closed her eyes and relaxed into Cassian's touch, felt his thrusts become irregular and desperate as well. One thrust, and Jyn was undone. She moaned as her climax coursed through her and she clenched around him, letting it wash over her. Distantly she heard Cassian's choked off groan and after another two stuttering thrusts she felt him stiffen as his cock pulsed inside her. His muscles first tensed, then relaxed under her grip as they both came down from their high. He still had his face pressed against her chest and Jyn's skin prickled where his breath touched her.

Finally, Cassian let himself fall back into the lounge chair bonelessly, drawing Jyn with him. She slid off him and he hiked up his pants before drawing her skirt back down to cover her. They were still breathing heavily, awkwardly lying next to each other in the chair. Jyn buried her face in Cassian's neck and curled up, trying to ignore the wetness that was still coating her legs. Around them, the sounds of the orgy – this really no longer deserved to be called a party – died down.

Soon, everyone would be asleep, tired from the sex and the drugs. She and Cassian would sneak upstairs, remove the information and lay a false trail that would lead the gang to conclude that there was a break-in. Afterwards, they would go back down and try to rest until morning. And once they made their excuses and got out of this kriffing dump, Jyn would give Cassian a black eye like he'd never had before. And maybe, just maybe, she thought with a yawn, after that she'd corner him in the privacy of his cabin and have her way with him.

But for now, she closed her eyes and enjoyed the way he smelled, of sweat, a hint of engine oil and sex.