Butterfly Effect

by Mareeswan

Summary

Jyn and Cassian live a somewhat normal life on Hosnian Prime. How did they come to this lifestyle and will they be able to cope with being 'normal people'?

Where Galen's message was saved and what came before, after and much later.

Notes

ABY = After Battle of Yavin
BBY = Before Battle of Yavin
4ABY
Three months after the Battle of Endor
Planet: Corellia

It was dark as the dim streetlights failed to give adequate lighting for the path ahead. Jyn kept her walk brisk, her hand constantly brushing against the blaster at her hip. She wasn’t expecting danger, but one could never be too careful. The fallout of the Empire had left its mark all over the galaxy, and Corellia, once being a hive for imperial presence, had felt its downfall hard. The last time Jyn was on this planet it was bustling with imperial officers and stormtroopers. Now, the streets lay mostly deserted, citizens too afraid to venture out after dark as guerrilla stakeouts made their presence more and more public. Jyn would not stay long on this planet. She wasn’t even supposed to be here, and if Cassian discovered she had ventured away from their new home on Hosnian Prime he would probably end up posting a guard at their front door. Jyn sighed; she couldn’t blame Cassian for his protectiveness given that she was currently seven months pregnant. Still, she needed her freedom as much as she needed air, and this unofficial trip was something she needed to do. It was closure. In any case, she wasn’t alone. Han Solo was with her.

Jyn glanced over at the tall man keeping pace beside her, casually taking in their surroundings. “It isn’t much further, I think.”

Han glanced down at her, “You said they knew we were coming.”

“The message I received was brief, but yes, they know we are coming.” Jyn allowed herself to frown, contemplating on the welcome they might receive. They would not be harmed, but still, one could never be too careful with a band of resistance fighters that were not officially part of the alliance rebellion. The Corellian resistant fighters had been a constant thorn in the Imperials side during the long years of the late Emperor’s reign, and now with the planet liberated, some of those rebels had become cocky and downright thuggish. Fortunately Jyn and Han were meeting with those who had previously fought for the alliance resistance before joining the Corellian resistance; therefore she believed they had clearer heads on their shoulders.

Movement ahead caused Jyn and Han to slow their pace, Jyn’s fingers began to twitch on her blaster’s halt. She would shoot anyone on site who dared harm her in her condition. An empty bottle rolled along the sidewalk up ahead, followed by a man who gave the bottle another kick sending it flying across the street.

“Nice night for it,” the man spoke, placing his hands into the pockets of his Corellian-cut jacket. He jerked his head at Han,”Husband?”

“No,” Jyn replied, “Friend.”

The man hummed, taking a step back to assess the two of them. “You’re expecting!”

“Looks that way,” Jyn replied wryly.

“Interesting,” he continued, “I had a friend who knew a young lady who was expecting.”

“I doubt my friend here is the only woman in the galaxy who is expecting,” Han added. Jyn had asked Han to accompany her as Corellia was his home planet, that and she knew Han would keep this little trip from Cassian without lecturing her.
“What’s your name, girl,” the man asked finally. His hands were no longer in his pockets but out, visible for Jyn and Han to notice he was not armed. Well, not holding a blaster at least.

“Kenna.”

Jyn saw his eyes narrow at that name. “Kenna, you say. The friend I mentioned, her name was Kenna.”

“A common name,” Han added, causing the man to nod.

“She was an incredible woman,” the man continued. He held out his hand for Jyn to shake, “The name’s Joraah. I’ve been expecting you. Follow me.”

Jyn glanced up at Han who gave her a half crooked smile, gesturing for her to walk ahead of him.

The underground facility was old, poorly kept and the main light kept flickering at odd intervals. A few rebels lingered to the side, speaking among themselves in hushed tones while throwing side way glances at Jyn and Han. As seedy as their environment was, for a brief moment, Jyn felt home again. This was the kind of environment she was raised in for most of her childhood. Jyn placed her hand over her bump as if protecting her unborn child from such a place. While she had conceived during the reign of the empire, Jyn and Cassian had vowed their child would not be born nor raised in the same background they had been.

“Take a seat,” Joraah said, gesturing to a round table surrounded by several chairs, “I’ll get her belongings.”

Jyn sat down, silently relieved to be off her feet. Her back was starting to ache at a constant these past few weeks, and the last thing she wanted was to look weak and vulnerable. Han sat down besides her, kicking the empty chair to his other side around to place his feet up. “Been here before?”

Jyn shook her head. “They kept on the move on Corellia, especially in the capital. The last time I was here their base was further west towards the outskirts of the outlying neighbourhoods. After the bombing I was caught in they abandoned it and moved elsewhere.” Jyn closed her eyes, remembering the emotional pain she felt that day. Rage had consumed her after what Kenna had done. Even though the two childhood friends had reconciled in the years that followed, Jyn never truly forgave Kenna.

Joraah returned moments later carrying a large, red box made out of thin metal. He placed it down with a large thud in front of Jyn and handed the key to the box’s lock. “Most of Kenna’s belongings were rationed out to her fellow resistant fighters, but she left explicit orders for us to give you the contents of this box should she die.”

Jyn turned to Han, silently asking him for privacy. He took the hint, stood up and asked Joraah if he was up for a game of cards. Having been left on alone, Jyn opened the lock and lifted the box’s lid. She truly did not know what to expect. Kenna was never sentimental; never merciful. Inside pieces of loose papers mostly took up Jyn’s view. She noticed a few old holoimages in the mix along with what appeared to be a data package. Where to begin with all this? Part of Jyn’s mind said to close this box and take it back to Hosnian Prime with her. It would mean she would end up home sooner, and a much greater chance of Cassian still being off planet. Then again, Cassian had hated Kenna, and the feeling was mutual. She felt guilty for lying to Cassian about her trip; then again he was already off planet when she received the message for her to come here so it wasn’t like she outwardly lied to him. No matter how she tried to justify her actions, she had promised Cassian no more lies; no more secrets.
The baby kicked causing Jyn to smile down at her belly. “You don’t approve either.” Sighing, Jyn picked up the first piece of paper and noticed it was a list of important personal within the empire her former friend had personally killed. “Seriously Kenna,” she muttered, “this is what you chose to leave me?”

Jyn frowned, noticing a few names the alliance believed to still be alive. Interesting, Jyn thought, setting the paper aside. Kenna was, if anything, extremely resourceful, something she had in common with Cassian. Had Kenna joined the alliance, she would have been an incredible asset. The problem was however, that she was too much like Saw. Had she lived longer, she may have ended up as equally paranoid as he became. Her paranoia had already begun to show in these scraps of papers. Kenna had preferred paper to a datapad as it was likely to be stolen.

A hololimage towards the back of the pile, partly peeking out caught Jyn’s attention. She retrieved it and felt warmth flood through her. It was an image of her, Kenna and three other girls who had once been Jyn’s friends. The five of them had only worked together once, but it was the most successful and longest assignment Jyn had ever worked. It had been Kenna’s master plan, and she had devised it for Saw. Jyn had only been 16 at the time this picture had been taken, a mere two months before Saw would end up abandoning her. Jyn ran her fingers over the image, remembering all their faces. Out of the five of them only two remained alive – Jyn and Luella. The war had taken the other three, Kenna being the last. Jyn had not seeing Luella in eight years and wondered what her life was like. Last she heard Luella had settled and married on the outskirts of Lothal. Kenna had accused her of being weak and a coward for choosing that way of life. They had not parted on good terms, and while Jyn held no personal grudge against Luella, she followed Kenna nonetheless to Kessel where her life as a petty criminal began.

Jyn probably should have thanked Kenna for her bad influence all those years. If it was not for Kenna, Jyn would never have survived as long as she did. Her unborn child would never have been conceived, and she may never have met Cassian, or if she had, she may never have gotten the chance to know him as she now did.

All of this happened because of Kenna. She had said that to Cassian not long ago, who scoffed and said ‘don’t give that girl so much credit.’ Placing the hololimages back in with its fellow contents, Jyn shut and locked the box, deciding it was best to return to Hosnian Prime. The act of standing up caused Jyn to sway, latching onto the chair as she began to see lights flicker in her eyes. This wasn’t an easy pregnancy; her body had decided that from the get go. Feeling her blood pressure returning to normal, Jyn took a deep breath and went in search of Han.

By the time they made it back to the Millennium Falcon, Chewie had the engine running. Jyn was relieved to hear its hum, enjoying the comfort of a softer seat as Han placed her box of Kenna’s belongings on the chair beside her. He had insisted on carrying it for her, something she was immensely grateful for.

“Homeward bound.” Han said cheerfully as he made his way to the cockpit. “Get some sleep, you look like hell, and I for one do not want to be in Cassian’s firing line should you wind up in a med clinic due to you over exerting yourself.

Jyn smiled tiredly, rubbing her bump. “I’m fine. Its normal to feel this tired when you’re pregnant.”

“Somehow I think Cassian won’t be comforted by that.”

“Leave my husband to me.”
“Oh I intend to.”

With that the Millennium Falcon took flight. Turning to the red box, Jyn wondered if she should continue to shift through all of Kenna’s belongings. Maybe later, for now she needed sleep. She sensed an argument ahead.

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13BBY: Planet Yanibar  
17 Years Earlier

Jyn was standing in front of Saw Gerrera as one of his agents conversed with him quietly. Jyn shuffled her feet, watching her fingers entwine with another. It had been less than a week since Saw had rescued her from Lah’mu and every night Jyn wondered when her papa was coming to get her. She remembered Saw from their first meeting four years ago when he had taken her and her parents to Lah’mu for the first time. It was a pleasant memory, but now these days she felt something in him was different. He was just as kind to her as he had been those years ago. Maybe he just looked older?

“Come here, child,” Saw said, reaching his hand out for her to grab. His agent had left, leaving man and child alone in the quiet solace of the room. Jyn stepped forward and onto his lap, waiting for him to speak. “We will not be staying here for long,” he continued, “My men have short work to do before we depart, which is what I need to talk to you about.”

Jyn waited, believing finally that he was going to say her papa was on his way here. Maybe he planned on arriving before Saw left?

“It’s about your name,” Saw said sadly.

Jyn frowned, looking up at him, “My name?”

“Jyn Erso is no longer a name that is safe for a little girl.”

“But how else will papa know where to find me?” she asked.

Saw sighed, setting Jyn off his lap and placed both his hands gently on Jyn’s shoulders. “Child, we have discussed this; you father is not coming to get you. He has gone far away to keep you safe from harm.”

Jyn lowered her head. How could her papa keep her safe if he wasn’t here? Whatever I do, I do it to protect you, say you understand? She remembered her father’s last words to her.

“My name is Jyn.”

Saw gave her a steady gaze, one that showed her that this was a topic she could not win. “You must choose a new name for the time being. One day you can change it again.”

“My whole name or just my last name?”

“Your whole name.”

Jyn thought, staring off to the side wondering what name she would like to be called. She turned to look at Saw and became more aware of the man in front of her much clearly. He had rescued her from those troopers and had allowed her to embrace him on the ship as it departed Lah’mu. He had held her hand four years ago as they both departed the cockpit to tell her parents of the planet they
had found together. She even remembered asking her parents if Saw could live with them on Lah’mu.

“Can I have your name?” she asked hopefully.

Saw smiled, “Saw Gerrera is not a safe name either.”

“No,” Jyn began to explain, “I mean your last name. I’ve seen the way those who follow you say it. They like Gerrera. Can I be a Gerrera too?”

Jyn hadn’t realised the emotional impact her words had on Saw. He had no family living anymore, no child of his own. He had come to feel protective of Jyn even in these few days. “Child, I am not su-“

“My name is Jyn Gerrera,” she said proudly, “and it’s spelled G-I-N-N, Ginn.”

Saw laughed. “Ginn sounds the same as Jyn.”

“I know,” Jyn said smiling. “It’s different and you said I had to change it. So I have. You never said it had to sound different.”

“Clever girl.” Saw sighed, glancing at the time on his armband. “We will discuss this later. For now I need you to get some rest before we leave. I fear the shuttle will be quite noisy.” Saw stood up allowing Jyn to take his hand. “I have someone for you to meet. A companion if you wish it.”

That piqued Jyn’s interest. “Who?”

“We found her on the outskirts of the city. My scouts retrieved her after she attacked a few troopers with a stolen blaster.” Saw led her down a narrow corridor. “From what I have been able to assess, she is the same age as you are.” Saw stopped outside a door and knelt down to Jyn’s level. “Do you think you could do a job for me?”

Jyn nodded, feeling excited to be given such a task.

“I want you to talk to this girl. She will not speak to us, but she may speak to another close to her age. Find out her name, her family if she has one and anything else that may have to do with the city close by. I would also like to how she got her hands on a blaster. Perhaps there is a group of smugglers we are not aware of. Can you do this for me?”

“I can,” Jyn replied. Saw opened the door slowly, ushering Jyn into the small room. A single mattress strewn with blankets and a limp pillow lay to one side of the wall and a basin with a single plastic cup lay to the other side of the room. The lighting was dim, but Jyn could easily make out the girl sitting on the hard floor at the foot of the mattress. Jyn turned at the sound of the door closing, feeling a little nervous. The girl had her knees tucked up to her chin, allowing her messy, brown hair to fall loosely around her frame.

“Hi,” Jyn said in a small voice.

The girl lifted her head and met Jyn’s gaze. Her eyes were a soft brown that matched her skin tone. She stretched out her legs and cocked her head to the side. “Did they get you too?”

“What do you mean?” Jyn asked.

“They grabbed me,” she clarified. “I was only doing what I wanted. I wasn’t shooting at them.”
“Have you really fired a blaster?” Jyn asked.

The girl smirked, finally standing up. “I take it you haven’t?” She crossed her arms and glared. “Are you a princess or something? My mama told me that only princesses and rich girls don’t use blasters.”

Jyn frowned, making a fist with her hand. “I am not a princess or rich and my mother is dead.”

“So is mine,” the girl replied. “My papa killed her; did yours kill your mama?”

Jyn felt tears forming but refused to let them spill. She lifted her chin defiantly. “My mother was killed by a trooper and then they took my papa away. He would never hurt my mother.”

The girls remained silent for a moment, finally uncrossing her arms. “Troopers are scum and they all deserve to die.” After another long moment the girl decided to continue. “So why are you with those people out there?”

Jyn took a deep breath to steady her voice. “Saw – the man who bought me here – he saved my life from the troopers that killed my mother.”

The girl nodded. “They kill troopers?”

Jyn mimicked the girl’s nod. “They don’t like the empire.”

“I don’t like the empire either.” She smiled. “What’s your name?”

Suddenly, Jyn remembered why Saw had wanted her to come here in the first place. She had a job to do. “My name is Jyn.”

The girl smiled and held out her hand. “Kenna.”
Forming Friendships

Chapter Notes

I'm not going to write down every scene from the movie. We all know how it went. I am only going into great detail that which I will change. Most of this story is set after Scarif anyway.

Also some of these scenes are inspired from 'Star Wars Catalyst' - The novel written about Galen and Lyra before their move to Lah'mu. Great read if you want to see a peak at baby/child Jyn!

4ABY: Planet Hosnian Prime

Andor Residence was a rather well-endowed establishment given to Jyn and Cassian for their years of service to the alliance rebellion. Situated in the heart of the capital, near the reformed New Republic Military Academy, it was the ground apartment of a large complex that housed mostly military families with the occasional senator. It was the ideal location given that eventually Jyn would start her new career training recruits at the academy. Cassian had been promoted to General in the New Republic Intelligence sector, given his own team of officers to train and list for operations. This had been what he wanted as he felt his new duty lied with his small family. He no longer desired to travel the galaxy, constantly being in the thick of danger; he had new priorities. Right now his work was solely focused on recruitment which had required him to travel off planet to locate suitable candidates, some of which would only speak with him directly. He had planned to have all this done by the time their child was due.

Jyn sat comfortably in the living area, going over her datapad, perusing all the messages she had received while away on Corellia. Although she was not on active duty, many in intelligence still sought her advice on certain activities going on in the galaxy. Most had to do with rumours pertaining to imperial strongholds or possible imperial sympathisers. To be honest Jyn didn’t particularly care. The war had been won and now all that was left was to clean up the scraps of the empire. Surely they could do this without her opinion while she took personal leave. The reputation she had received after her daring infiltration of Scarif had troubled her at the beginning. She was not used to people looking at her, or singing her praise, or even smiling in her direction. It had all been overwhelming and more than once had she considered leaving the rebellion behind just so she could go somewhere people didn’t recognise her. It had taken time but eventually she found routine and stability and Cassian had helped her keep a level head.

Jyn noticed a package on the kitchen counter – the kitchen being located right near the front entrance. She stood up and walked over to it, tugging the note off the wrapping.

For the newest member of the New Republic – Mothma

Jyn smiled, remembering seeing a message from Mon Mothma on her datapad about stopping by a few days prior while she visited the senate during her brief stay. Jyn untied the silk threads, removing the wrapping. A white blanket with gold edging revealed itself. It was the softest blanket Jyn had ever felt. She placed it to her cheek, closing her eyes. She couldn’t believe her child was going to be born on Hosnian Prime – of all places - into a stable house with a strong support group. Now above all that this simple blanket gifted by a senator was proof that her child was indeed
going to be given all the opportunities she and Cassian never had; school, friends, playgrounds and swimming lessons - simple, every day activities that most would deem the norm, but not to Jyn and not to Cassian. Originally they had planned on settling on the newly formed colony on Yavin IV as neighbours to Kes and Shara Dameron. But of course duty called them to Hosnian Prime and while at first Jyn had been reserved to the whole idea of living in a megatropolis she knew she had made the right decision for her child’s future.

Evening came and Jyn started to feel lonely without her husband being home. Maybe it was because she was pregnant; she had felt her emotions change over the several months where simple matters would reduce her to either a mess of tears or angry outbursts at poor alliance officers. Sure she felt guilty for making that one x-wing pilot cry, but he shouldn’t have thrown his helmet to the side, narrowly missing a five month pregnant Jyn. She didn’t see it as overreacting as at the time she was thinking solely of her unborn child. At least Luke had laughed at the situation until he saw Jyn turn her steady gaze in his direction.

Jyn wished she could contact Cassian if only to hear his voice. She didn’t exactly know where in the galaxy he was. He had shown her a list of potential new recruits to his sector before he left. Most were located in the midrim with a few on Coruscant. She was surprised to see one name of a former imperial officer whose posting had been on Coruscant.

“He was never a large supporter of the empire,” Cassian had said, sliding on his jacket. “I crossed paths with him on a few occasions on Coruscant, and while he suspected who I worked for he never arrested me.”

“That doesn’t make recruiting him the right choice,” Jyn had protested. She had been sitting on the edge of their new bed, her face masked in concern.

Cassian lent down to kiss her. “I looked up his file years ago and he only joined the imperial army to pay for his mother’s healthcare. Besides, you are not one to talk.”

“My father’s situation was entirely different,” she had protested.

“As soon as the empire fell he left his posting and contacted the alliance to offer any intel he could offer.” Cassian picked up his bag. “I must go, take care while I’m gone.”

“I’ll be fine,” Jyn had insisted. “Stop acting like I don’t know my limitations.” She stood up and embraced him. “Don’t be long gone; not now.”

Cassian nuzzled her neck, memorising the soft scent of her hair. “It will take no longer than a few weeks and when I return it’ll be on a more permanent stay.”

It was one thing that always made her wonder in the beginning of their knowing each other – his calming effect on her. She could be riled up ready to take down an entire imperial base on her own and all Cassian would do was take her hand, draw her close to him and say “Leave it.” Those two words were first spoken on Scarif, and he continued to use them in the years that followed during missions where Jyn would flare up, mind focused on one thing alone. They were good together; not just as a couple but as a team. At first she couldn’t stand him, believing he must have thought him above her for being part of a cause while she did nothing else but survive. He didn’t know then what he knew now.

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Four Years Earlier

Jyn had suspected it was the rebels who had sprung her from Wobani, but that didn’t stop her from jumping them and smacking that poor guy across the face with a shovel. She had every reason to hate them, to hate Saw and Kenna and every single one of them who thought themselves esteemed for fighting the cause. She had fought the cause too only to have it stab her in the back multiple times. She was cuffed once again and being escorted through the hangar on Yavin IV while X-wings were being maintenance around her. Jyn had been surprised at how well organised it was. Saw’s insurgency was nothing like this and neither was the Corellian resistance or any other resistance Kenna had dragged her to. This level of professionalism did not leave a promising note in Jyn’s mind; look at the Empire and how organised and well groomed they were. Organisation did not make you any less evil.

The first time Jyn saw Cassian was while she was sitting in front of a former senator and a rebel general who made it overly clear that he desired her back in her cell. He had stalked out of the shadows to her left, arms crossed with an easy expression on his face. For a brief moment she felt comfortable in his presence by the way he spoke so easily to her, but then she remembered who he worked for and that without a doubt his casual demeanour was nothing but an act to get information out of her. Then just like that she was assigned to work with him on a mission so personal to her that she felt weak at the knees; the prospect of seeing her father after fifteen years of silence. She had told them she liked to think of her father as dead, making things easier for her. It was the truth, probably the most truthful words she had spoken in months. Imagining Galen Erso as dead and Saw as her actual father had made growing up from the age of eight more bearable. ‘Erso’ had not been uttered in her presence in over a decade and it felt unreal to hear it after all that time.

Jyn had been handed a bag by the requisition officer as Cassian worked around her gathering equipment and supplies for their mission. Jyn grabbed what little she could, but to her dismay there were no weapons in sight. She thought of asking for one but the requisition officer avoided eye contact with her and Cassian seemed more than pleased to keep his back to her. So this was her welcome to the alliance rebellion – a cold reception.

Jyn sat in one of the isolated side chairs of the U-Wing, facing the cockpit. She had told Cassian “trust goes both ways,” and she had meant it, but still one could never be too cautious, and if this galaxy had taught her anything it was to never let your guard down. She felt the weight of the kyber crystal as it gently rocked against her chest as the U-Wing took flight. She touched it gently through her shirt, smiling at the one familiarity that kept her grounded. Out of all the possessions she went through these past two decades, her mother’s kyber crystal had remained a constant presence. Force knows what she would ever do would she end up losing it. Kyber crystals were common words spoken during her childhood. It was so common she always thought they were in abundance.

The first time she even saw a kyber crystal she was only a few years old, waiting with her parents in a large, beautiful room on the planet Kanzi. The man she remembered as “the man in white” who Jyn would later come to know as Krennic had greeted her parents and led them into a smaller, yet equally beautiful room. It was in that room Krennic had opened a case of crystals that instantly caught Jyn’s attention. Her father had picked one up and Jyn had declared vocally “I want one!”

“Maybe someday,” her mother had replied, carefully moving Jyn’s hands away from the case. Jyn remembered frowning at her mother, not understanding.

Caught back to the present, Jyn smirked at the memory, knowing full well that day was the beginning of what led her to this very moment in this very U-Wing with a reprogrammed imperial droid and a rebel captain who thought it plausible for her to go into a warzone without a blaster. At
least it felt good to finally be out of her prison cell. Her cellmate had declared her intention on
killing Jyn the next time they were let out for work and that day had come where she was ready to
die, hopefully putting up a good fight before going out only to be rescued. Was that another reason
why she fought back? She had been gearing up for a fight, even looking forward to it only to have
the whole prospect shattered once the rebellion blasted the doors down. She had been on edge to
begin with and they just happened to get the brunt of it.

After waking from a vivid dream, Jyn looked out the window to see a rusty-coloured moon.
“That’s Jedha,” Cassian said, making his way over to her, “or what’s left of it. We find Saw, we
find your father.”

Saw and Galen – to men she came to call father and yet both had abandoned her. Did she really
want to find either of them? It was becoming evidently clear that her personal feelings were not to
be considered.

“You never asked me why I am no longer with Saw,” Jyn said as she and Cassian began their trek
to the city. “I doubt the reason would have come up in the file you have of me.”

Cassian was walking slightly behind her which made her wonder if his pace was to keep an eye on
her. “No it did not come up,” he replied. “Any reason does not pertain to this mission.”

Jyn rolled her eyes. “And you are not even curious?” She turned to glance his way. “Maybe he
doesn’t want to see me.”

Cassian studied her. “Is that true?”

“Maybe... maybe not; I couldn’t tell you.” They walked in companionable silence. Jyn looked up to
the cloudless sky and smiled. It had been a long time since she had seen such a view and the fresh
air – despite its chilliness – was refreshing. “It’s a beautiful day.” She looked over her shoulder and
smiled. “Well if one takes out the destroyer then it would definitely be a beautiful day.”

Cassian returned the smile. “You were in prison for a while, no?”

“Long enough. My sentence was twenty years but I knew I wouldn’t last five years. Besides, my
cellmate told me she was going to kill me the day your rebel friends rescued me.”

“Really?”

“It’s probably half the reason I lashed out – I was preparing for a fight to begin with.”

“Wouldn’t that have added extra years to your sentence?”

Jyn stopped walking to turn to face him. “I never said I was planning a fight to win. I was prepared
to die.”

They stared at each other in silence. She had expected Cassian to reply but he didn’t. His
expression remained neutral but she hinted at something in his eyes – a sense of understanding
perhaps? “We should keep moving,” was all he eventually said.

Every step Jyn took in Jedha city made her uneasy. This city was haunted by the rebels under
Saw’s command and Jyn half expected to see her foster father lurking in the shadows, watching her
as he used to when he would take her out in the field so she could practice her shooting and aiming
– scrutinizing. Cassian kept close to her, occasionally grabbing her upper arm or brushing his hand
against her lower back to keep her pace up. It had been a long time since she had any physical
contact that wasn’t by the hands of troopers. Their grips were rough and unkind, where Cassian’s
was gently but firm in a way that showed protectiveness. At first she didn’t like the way he guided her through the city, a constant presence; his face near hers. It must have been after she spoke with that blind Guardian of the Whills. She had been left alone for a moment but the sight of Cassian made her feel easy again.

Then everything erupted around them. Saw’s rebels had laid an ambush which Jyn and Cassian were caught in the middle. It felt good to fight again; to shoot a blaster. It had been some time and she had forgotten the empowered sensation it gave her. All too soon it had ended. Cassian had shot one of Saw’s rebels to protect her earlier and unknown to them both it had been witnessed by one of his men. They were bagged and taken. It took a day and a half to reach their destination and all the while Jyn came up with scenarios that could happen once Jyn came face to face with Saw. It would not be a warm welcome; she would make sure of that. She had words for him that she had spent years imagining. Kenna had told her to let it go, that ‘these things happen’ and there was no point dwelling on it. It was easy for Kenna to say that as her former friend never developed any form of emotional attachment. She would call Jyn her friend or ‘like a sister’ many times, and Jyn believed her at first. Kenna was just as bad as Saw if not worse.

11BBY: Planet Dasoor

Ten year old Jyn fired her blaster while she gripped it in both hands. She hit her practice target with ease, though missing a critical hit each time.

“You suck,” Kenna said, walking over with a blaster of her own. It had been a little over a year since they met and Jyn soon learned that Kenna was a year older than her and had a much larger vocabulary.

“I’m practising,” Jyn replied in protest. “Practise makes perfect.”

Kenna rolled her eyes. “You need to hold the blaster with one hand, not two. You should strap a dagger to your left hip so you can grab it while you shoot with your right hand. Good to have all options available.”

Jyn reloaded her blaster. “Saw gave me a dagger the other day. He said it came from Onderon, his home world.”

Kenna rolled her eyes. “Nobody cares where it came from.”

“Saw does.” Jyn aimed with one hand and shot her second round.

“See, much better,” Kenna said triumphantly. “Didn’t Saw tell you to stop squinting when you aim.”

“I’m trying.”

“Don’t think too much, that’s your problem. Just shoot and you’ll get better. Mama always told me that you have to become one with your weapon, otherwise you will never have control over it.”

Dasoor was a midrim planet overrun with thieves and slavers. They had been living there for almost five months now as Saw had established good grounds with several smuggling rings. He had also been recruiting fiercely. He rarely allowed Jyn outside their safe house without his presence, but on days like this where Jyn needed an open space for practising while he was off dealing with the worst of the lawless, he left her in the care of two of his trusted men. He had decided to keep Kenna around as a companion for Jyn and a teacher. As the weeks went by Saw...
noticed just how skilled and street smart she was. Despite her sharp and often cruel tongue, both girls seemed to get along well enough.

“You should change your hair,” Kenna said kicking a rock around.

“I like it this way.” Jyn had kept her hair in the style of two braids as it had been the way her mother chose to do it. It was really the only hair style Jyn knew.

“You look like a child,” Kenna accused. “We aren’t children anymore.” She walked over and tugged at one of the braids. “We could put it into one long braid?” Kenna gave Jyn one of her rare smiles. “It’ll keep your hair out of your face, and then you’ll shoot better.”

Kenna’s hair style had changed drastically over the time Jyn had known her. It started off as long, messy and unclean. Once Saw had taken her in and ordered she be bathed, Kenna had taken a knife and hacked her hair shoulder length. Nowadays she had let it grow out again keeping it tied back in a loose plait.

“Like you hair?” Jyn finally said, tucking a loose strand behind Kenna’s ear.

“Exactly,” Kenna continued to smile. “We could be sisters then!”

Jyn smiled. “I’ve always wanted a sister.”

“Me too, though your hair is longer than mine, so we will have to braid it. It’ll still look the same as mine.”

Jyn didn’t mind at all. Any kind of braid reminded her of her mother and those nights when she would comb Jyn’s hair and braid it in two. “Come on.” She grabbed Kenna’s hand and led her back into the building. “If we do it now then I can surprise Saw when he comes back.”

Jyn didn’t see Kenna roll her eyes.
It was another month on Dasoor when Jyn found she was becoming more and more skilled with a blaster. Saw had her training daily on aiming, assembly and proper blaster maintenance. In her first year he had been adamant that she only ever use a blaster if necessary, preferring she begin her training in hand-to-hand combat and basic survival skills. Jyn loved the few occasions Saw had taken her and a select few out into the wild on whichever planet they were currently on to go camping with minimal resources, teaching Jyn the lay of the land and what to do should she ever find herself alone. Nowadays she was learning more serious combat with Saw gifting her dagger from his home planet of Onderon and a blaster strap small enough so she could wear it around her petite frame. Her first blaster was a Glie-44 pistol. It was small and lightweight; Jyn was told to carry it wherever she went and to treat it like an extra limb. Kenna’s current blaster was an L-23 pistol which she had acquired in the first few days after their arrival. Jyn noticed Kenna always changed styles, saying she preferred to find the ‘perfect one’.

“I like Dasoor,” Kenna said, late one afternoon. The two girls had been given permission into the small city Saw’s base of operations was located in. They were being shadowed by guards, giving the girls enough freedom to appear on their own. Kenna and Jyn had their fingers entwined as they walked along a line of market stalls, not particularly observing anything. “One day, I am going to come back here.”

A group of aliens bustled past them, a barabel eyeing them keenly as they passed by. Jyn turned to look back at the group noticing the same creature staring at them. “I think he wants something.”

Kenna turned to follow Jyn’s gaze and shrugged. “He’ll regret it if he does.” She glanced down at Jyn’s side, “Got your dagger?”

Jyn brushed her fingers over its hilt. “I never leave without it anymore.”

Kenna nodded. “You’re learning.”

The girls continued on their path, weaving around into some of the back alleyways, passing shady creatures and the occasional hawker trying to sell them their merchandise. “Is he still following us?”

Jyn turned around and to her relief found nobody trailing them. “No.”

Kenna hummed and led Jyn over to a water fountain coming out of the side of a low wall. “Have you ever killed anyone?”

No,” Jyn replied, sitting on the edge of the fountain. “Saw doesn’t let me go with him on missions.”
“No, silly.” Kenna had sat down on the fountain’s edge, slipping off her boots and placing her bare feet into the cool of the water. “You can kill anybody anytime.”

“You shouldn’t do that.”

Kenna scratched at her leg, picking off dirt. “What? Killing whenever or putting my feet in the fountain?”

Jyn smirked. “Probably both.”

“I killed my first person when I was seven,” Kenna continued. She splashed some water at Jyn’s legs.

“Why?”

“Because my mother told me to.” Kenna cupped her hands and drank some of the water. “It’s not hard – killing someone.”

Jyn placed the tips of her fingers into the water. “Saw does it a lot. Sometimes he comes back with blood on his armor.” The last time that had happened it was his own blood and he had tried to usher Jyn away, but she stood firmly in her insistence on remaining. He showed her how to clean the gash to the palm of his hand and how to provide proper medical aide. She enjoyed making Saw feel better, just like he would make her feel better when she became scared or had a bad dream about her mother dying.

“Your mother doesn’t sound very nice,” Jyn remarked.

Kenna scoffed, “And what? Your mother was? She abandoned you.”

“No she didn’t,” Jyn insisted. “She went back for papa.”

“You said the plan was for her to go with you to hide, but did she? No, she went back, knowing full well what would happen. If my mother had done that I would hate her.”

Jyn refused to look at Kenna. It was times like these when she wished her companion would just disappear. Saw had made some of his men disappear on occasion; maybe she should ask him on lessons on how to do that.

Later that night as Jyn tucked herself into the warmth of her blanket and makeshift bed she couldn’t help but think over Kenna’s words. In Jyn’s eyes her mother tried to save her papa, or maybe she went back to see where he was. The more she thought of those scenarios and the more she saw the true reflection of the galaxy around her, maybe there was some truth in Kenna’s words. She didn’t hate her mother, but Jyn started to feel something niggling away deep in her heart. Later Jyn would come to recognise this as resentment.

The next day Jyn and Kenna walked hand in hand through the top level corridor of their Dasoor base. Saw had summoned them both which was most unusual as he tended to keep Kenna at a distance. Jyn was never sure why he did this and Kenna showed no emotion to the fact. Sometimes, Jyn wondered if Kenna even liked Saw.

Saw was sitting on an old chair, a datapad on his lap. He was in deep thought as the girls waited several moments as they stood in front of him waiting for his voice to finally sound. Their hands never left each other’s grasp.

“Girls,” he said, a faint smile on his lips. “Something has come up and we need to leave Dasoor
Kenna groaned. Saw ignored her.

“What’s happened?” Jyn asked.

“A crucial piece of information I have been seeking has sprung up elsewhere and I will need to travel fast and light if I am to meet with my informant.” Saw stood up and knelt before them. “I will be travelling on a different ship. I need to travel with few personnel.”

Jyn hid her emotions well for this would be the first time she and Saw would be separated. Whatever it was he intended on seeking it must have been important. “How long will you be gone?”

Saw turned his gaze directly to her and smiled warmly. “Not long, my child. You will be taken to a safe house on Tatooine under the command of Karmack. You will remain there until I find a more suitable base of operations for us to stay.”

“Why can’t we stay here?” Kenna demanded. She snatched her hand from Jyn’s and folded her arms. “I like it here.”

Saw turned to her, his smile fading. “Our location has been leaked to imperial forces in a nearby system. A local gang has decided credits are more worthy than the cause. It is no longer safe.”

Kenna huffed and mumbled, “For the cause.”

Saw nodded, “For the cause.”

“How long will you be gone?” Jyn asked.

“Not long hopefully, and no – before you ask – I cannot tell you where I am going. It is safer that way.” Saw did something he had never done before. He gently grabbed one of their hands and clasped them back together.

“I want you both to promise me something in my absence.” His voice had turned more serious, a frown etching on his brow. “While you are on Tatooine you must protect each other from any matter of harm. Neither of you are to venture out of the safe house without Karmack personally. You will be isolated from most of the civilized life forms that reside on that planet, so it will be easy to get lost in the sandy dunes.” Saw placed his large, rough hand over theirs. “You must be each other’s guardians; for now you are all that each other have. Do not forsake that bond for petty quarrels. Love each other like sisters. Say you will promise me this.”

“I promise,” Jyn said, nodding.

“I promise too,” Kenna added.

Saw stood up, satisfied in what he hoped had gotten through to the girls. “And keep up your training. I will inform Karmack to teach you higher forms of survival training, and we can get you both started on learning how to use blaster rifles.”

Jyn grinned at Kenna’s sudden burst at enthusiasm. While she felt morose at the thought of being away from Saw for a period of time, she had to admit she was beginning to like the sound of their new adventure.

The three weeks Jyn ended up staying on Tatooine, a day did not go by that she did not think of
Saw and where he was.

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0BBY: Planet Jedha

The hood was lifted off Jyn once they reached the monastery. Many of the soldiers who worked around her as she was escorted she recognised. Not just in appearance but in the way of their proud stance and compact manner they maintained. While she fell easily back into the similar stance those around had taken, she could feel their hatred. They had lost comrades, some of which blamed Jyn for. She understood their anger and pain, but it would do any of them little good if she attempted to sympathise or find common ground. Jyn had wondered briefly where Cassian had been taken, but she could feel the static force that emitted from Saw; he was close by. While Jyn had fantasised about this very moment, now that it was in hand, she began to wonder if she was truly ready for this confrontation. So much had happened in the years since he abandoned her.

Jyn conversed briefly with a woman who thought she recognised, but Jyn could not put her face to any name she remembered. She asked after other comrades and found that those she asked after were long gone - dead. She foolishly asked after Maia, even though Jyn had been present at her death. Poor Maia, Jyn thought, tying down her emotions. If Jyn was asked who she thought was the kindest and most innocent person she had ever met, Jyn would have answered with Maia. Of course it made sense that the most merciless and cold person Jyn had ever met was responsible for Maia’s death. Kenna.

“He’ll see you now,” the Tognath said, returning to cut the bounds around her wrists. So the time for distractions were over, and Jyn held her head high as she made her way into the room that was occupied by the man who had raised her far longer than her real father.

“Jyn, is it really you?” an old, weary voice asked.

Jyn turned to look at Saw, preparing her whole body for anything he may throw her way. To her great surprise, the man who stood before her was not the man she remembered. He appeared older beyond his years, hair whitish grey and unkempt with his body held together by blue armour. This state of being she witness made her body relax and for a moment she wanted to cry.

“I cannot believe it,” he whispered. “After all this time.”

“Must be quite a surprise,” she replied coldly as he strode towards her leaving a metallic rhythm echo.

“Are we not still friends?” he asked with a quizzical look on his face.

“The last time I saw you; you gave me a knife and a loaded blaster and told me to wait in a bunker until daylight.”

“I knew you would be safe,” he said sounding wounded.

“Safe?” Jyn almost laughed if her fury hadn’t become so high. “You left me behind!”

“You were already the best soldier in my cadre!”

“I was sixteen,” Jyn shouted taking a step towards him.

“I was protecting you. You were the daughter of an imperial science officer! People were starting to figure that out! People who wanted to use you as a hostage.” Saw’s voice became gentler. “Not a
day goes by I don’t think of you.”

Jyn was momentarily silent, going over his words. “Protecting me,” she repeated, meeting his gaze. While his eyes showed sadness and a longing for a reconnection to his foster daughter, Jyn was livid.

“Protecting me,” she said louder. “Did it ever occur to you where I would go after you left me behind? Who I would go to?”

Jyn waited for Saw to figure it out. “Did it ever occur to you that I would go looking for her?”

Saw tightened his grip on his walking stick. “That day I left you, I knew there was only one other place you could go - to her; to find her and continue the cause.”

Jyn curled her fists into balls. “Your abandonment made me want nothing to do with the cause. I felt betrayed by it!”

“And yet you continued to fight,” he retorted sadly. “You continued.”

“No,” Jyn said. She unclenched her fists. “I went to Kenna because - despite everything she was and had done - she was still my friend at the time.” Jyn laughed bitterly. “You knew her. She only fought for the cause because she liked violence. Your cause allowed her to be enveloped by violence, but once you kicked her out, she no longer continued your campaign.” Jyn noticed her revelation had struck Saw. “I traced her to Kessel where she was dealing in illegal trade dealings with gangs. There was nothing noble about it. She was a thug and a thief; I became all that too because you left me no other choice!”

The pair remained in an unsteady silence, Jyn breathing heavily while Saw looked on. Jyn took a deep breath to steady her voice into a calmer manner. “I fought for you and the cause because growing up I witnessed how much it meant to you and the inspiration you gave your soldiers. I wanted to be part of that, and I supported your decision to let Kenna go. If you wanted me to be safe and continue the fight in your name you should have dumped me with the rebel alliance of some other band of resistant fighters. Not let me end up back with her.”

“Is that why you have come,” Saw finally said, taking another step forward. His gaze was unblinking. He gasped at the oxygen mask built into his armour, pulling it from his face before resuming. “Have you come here to kill me?” There was no humour in his voice. “There isn’t much left of me.”

Jyn shook her head slowly. He was still Saw Gerrera; the man who had raised and loved her like a daughter. She could not forgive him so easily. “No. If my time with Kenna has taught me anything, it was to appreciate those you care about – or used to care about – who are still alive. I’m not like her. I refuse to be like her.”

“You were never like her, Jyn,” Saw said. “Though I see destructiveness in your eyes. Never has it been this wild before.”

Jyn lowered her head, gazing at the small distance between her and Saw. She felt exhausted – emotionally drained.

“So why did you come here then, Jyn? Why come to Jedha in the name of the rebel alliance.”

The grasp back to her true purpose of being here made Jyn look up again. He knew it appeared.

“Apparently you have a defected imperial pilot here who was sent by my... by my father. They
found me and more or less demanded I come here as a friend in the hopes you may actually help them.”

“Who sent you?” he asked trying to catch her out. “Was it Draven?”

General Draven, Mon Mothma, the whole damn council,” Jyn snapped. “I don’t know any of them. Like I said it was a demand not an ask.”

Jyn noticed his hand trembling as he leaned heavily against his walking stick. “So what is it that you want, Jyn?”

“They wanted an introduction, they’ve got it. I’m out now.” Jyn remembered Cassian. “One of your prisoners would be better suited to where this discussion is going. They rest of you can do what you want.”

Saw’s eyes closed briefly, the walking stick wobbling in his grasp. “So the cause truly means nothing to you anymore?”

“The cause,” she repeated. “We’ve been over this, Saw.”

“You can stand to see the imperial flag reign across the galaxy?”

Jyn merely shrugged. Once she couldn’t stand it, but her soul felt beaten up, her belief in something that inspired her to become so good a fighter had shrivelled. “It’s not a problem if you don’t look up.” She knew those words would hurt him and had seen him spill blood over worse offences. She knew exactly how to twist the dagger deeper. “Kenna said those words to me when I found her.”

Saw took another drag from his oxygen mask, closing his eyes once again. When he looked at her, he seemed to have found a new clarity. “I have something to show you.”

For moment Jyn wondered if Saw had mocked her. Those were Kenna’s words too. “Wait!”

Saw stopped at his console and cast a curious glance towards her. Jyn hadn’t meant to speak aloud, but the ringing of Kenna speaking those words made her remember what it was Kenna had shown her. “Don’t show me what you did.”

“What, Jyn?”

“Whatever it is you did to the pilot,” Jyn replied. Too close to Kenna. It scared Jyn sometimes how similar Saw and Kenna were.

“The pilot,” he said. “I gave him to the Bor Gullet. He resides in a cell now, too weak and helpless for the alliance to use.”

Jyn let out a breath she hadn’t realised she was holding. She noticed a holochip in the palm of Saw’s hand. “What is that?” She jerked her chin at it.

“This is the message from the pilot,” he said. He went to insert it into the console but Jyn moved fiercely, placing her hand over his to stop him.

“Message,” she breathed. “From... him?”

“Your father? Yes.”

Jyn’s throat felt tight and stepped backward, letting go of him. She didn’t want to see this. “I can’t.”
“What are you afraid of, Jyn?”

Where to begin? What could she say that would justify her hesitation?

“I spent years resenting my mother and pretending you were my real father. You want me to go unravel all that? To undo all the barriers I placed up to protect myself from the sleepless nights and constant berating from Kenna when she accused me of being weak for holding onto the past.” Jyn swallowed hard. “You kept her around so I could have a companion close to my age, but you never really saw her for what she was. What she did to me – what she expected of me after you threw me out. You were both family to me and you equally betrayed me; left me. For a time when I was truly on my own all I could think of to keep myself going was to move forward and forget you all – my father included. He made his choice fifteen years ago. You, my father and Kenna – you all left me behind. Can you blame me for not wanting anything to do with any of you?”

“Kenna left you,” Saw breathed. “When?”

Jyn shrugged, “Does it really matter? It happened.”

Jyn pointed at the holochip. “Give it to the alliance. Whatever my father has to say, it’ll be better suited to them. Give it to their captain you have no doubt imprisoned and let me go. I am done.”

Darkness came into Jyn’s vision as Saw turned to look out the circular window behind him. She followed his train of vision and viewed a black mass covering the sun.

“What is that?” she asked. She couldn’t take her eyes of it – a perfect eclipse.

“The rivalry for your father’s attention,” Saw replied.

Jyn tore her gaze away and faced Saw. “What are you talking about?”

There was a flash of green and everything around them shook. It caught her off guard as her balance caused her to grip onto the window’s ledge. She had fallen to her knees losing sight of the window when the sound of a roar filled her ears. Jyn pulled herself up as the roar grew louder, simultaneously causing the stone around them to tremble in fear. She heard Saw shout as a great swell of dust billowed through the window and for a moment Jyn lost sight of her surroundings. Her eyes watered from the dust and she coughed violently. It was in that moment when Jyn realised something terrible was happening on Jedha.

_The rivalry for your father’s attention_

What had that even meant?

Another great rumble caused Jyn to lose her footing, covering her head protectively as pieces of rubble tore away from the roof. She felt Saw’s firm hand grip her shoulder.

“Jyn!”

Jyn grabbed Saw’s hand that he had grasped on her shoulder and with her other hand tried to find something to help her stand up. She thought she could still hear her name being called in the distance, but she wasn’t sure. Everything around her was deafening.

“Help her!” Jyn heard Saw yell. She looked around her to see someone running towards her. Cassian. “If you can save her, take her!”

Cassian grabbed Jyn’s outreached hand and pulled her up. Saw held her other hand and felt a cool
item being placed in it. Jyn stared at Saw, knowing it was the holochip – her father’s message.

“Jyn,” Cassian yelled, but she would not look at the captain. He was desperate, knowing K-2 would be arriving momentarily. Jyn tightened her jaw, continuing to meet Saw’s gaze.

“I know where your father is!”

Jyn blinked at Cassian’s words and turned to him.

“Go, Jyn,” Saw shouted, giving her a nudge. “You must go!”

Cassian was tugging her towards door causing her to stumble. Jyn turned back to Saw. She felt the urge to pull back towards her foster father. “Come with us!”

“There’s no time,” Cassian snapped, continuing to pull her away.

“The message!” Saw shouted as the distance between them grew. “Your father’s message. Save the Rebellion! Save the dream!”

Later as Jyn sat in the U-Wing contemplating everything that had just transpired she realised that Cassian had come back for her. He had been thinking of her.

Chapter End Notes

Now as I tried to work around, Jyn’s rant about Kenna caused the delay on her seeing the message, hence why Saw gave it to her to take.
4ABY: Planet Hosnian Prime

Jyn was sitting on the large bed she and Cassian shared. Kenna’s red box was next to her as she went through each of her former friend’s documents. Cassian had returned earlier in the evening and it did not take long for an argument to erupt. He was currently showering in their private refresher much longer than he usually took. Jyn knew he was intentionally avoiding her. The baby kicked – it had been an unsettling evening for the three of them. Cassian had looked at her the same way he had done when she compared him to a storm trooper all those years ago. She was torn between feeling she deserved his anger but also not deserving for he should have known by now that she would never have left the safety of Hosnian Prime in her condition if she felt it would jeopardize her or their baby.

Jyn was fiddling with the recorder Kenna had left her. She had not listened to it; part of her fearing its contents. What could Kenna possible say from her grave that could justify her actions or give Jyn peace? She tried to imagine what Kenna would do if their situation had been reversed. Would Kenna listen to Jyn’s recording? Of course she would. Kenna always had to sate her curiosity.

Jyn clicked the play button hearing static from the practically antique piece of equipment.

“I’ll skip the pleasantries,” Kenna’s voice started. “Part of me always expected you to track me down and blow up whatever shanty town I was living in at the time. I know you hated me for the things I did – the way I sometimes treated you.”

Jyn clicked the pause button. She hated Kenna for a lot of reasons – making Maia leave her medic training to join a fatal ambush, or that time she made Jyn believe Cassian had left her to prove a point. The latter was supposed to teach Jyn tough love. That particular event had lead to the last fist fight she and Kenna ever had. Thankfully, Jyn had been able to leave with her dignity and only minor bruises.

Jyn glanced over at the closed door to the refresher. The water had stopped running and she could almost picture Cassian leaning over the sink trying to regain his calm manner. Jyn clicked the play button.

“But despite all that, you were the only person I considered a friend. Everyone else – Saw, Maia and Luella and those other idiots – they were just tools. I guess part of me was jealous of the attention you gave to others. That alliance major who was with you when we last met – the second I saw the two of you I knew you were going to fall into that cowardly abyss Luella had fallen into. I didn’t want that for you, nor did I want to share you.”

Jyn clicked the pause button, glaring at the adjacent wall. Kenna had no right to even claim she was jealous of other’s gaining Jyn’s attention. Share her? Kenna had left rather happily from Saw’s insurrection without blinking an eye in Jyn’s direction. She never came back for her on Corellia after the imperial bombing. Worst of all, she had tried to take Jyn away from her newly balanced home in the alliance with Cassian and Bodhi – Han and Leia.

The door to the refresher opened and Cassian stalked into the bedroom in his night clothes. He glanced at the red box, his face darkening. Jyn met his firm gaze defiantly. She would not have a repeat of their argument.

“It’s late,” was all Cassian said as he pulled down the blankets.
Jyn got up, moving the red box to her side of the bed. After she was standing, she picked it up heading for the door.

“Where are you going?” she heard Cassian ask.

Jyn opened the door, stepping out. She didn’t respond to him; didn’t want to. Jyn simply shut the door and walked down the hallway into the living room. The lights were dimmed low provided a calm environment around her. Jyn placed the red box onto the dining table and slid open the glass door that led out into the small, private grass enclosure. She sat down in one of the few chairs that resided outside and pressed the play button.

“I also wasn’t impressed when I saw you had joined the Rebel Alliance. Seriously, Jyn? I wanted to slap you across the face then and there. You spent your childhood idolising Saw Gerrera and doing whatever he wished of you. Did you somehow forget what he told you about them? If the Rebel Alliance ever found out who you truly were, they would use you to their advantage.”

Jyn hit the pause button. Those where Saw’s words once and they had rung true in the end. But by the time Kenna and Jyn had met again, the Rebel Alliance had already used Jyn for what they wanted and if she was completely honest, Jyn was relieved for it. Short-lived as it ended up, Jyn was glad to see her father again one last time and to hear his voice. The mission to Eadu, Scarif and the destruction of the Death Star had given Jyn a sense of closure to her lost childhood on Lah’mu. It gave her a sense of purpose once more.

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0BBY: On Route to Eadu

The ride out of Jedha had been tense and a close call. Jyn had sat in the U-Wing watching the Holy City and its surroundings being decimated at Cassian jumped them into hyperspace. Jyn’s left hand had remained clenched the entire ordeal, keeping the holochip safe. She wanted to unclench her hand but found she couldn’t. This tiny holochip held the voice of a man she once adored and often dreamed about in the early months of her life with Saw. She hated herself for the weakness she currently felt and avoided the faces of her companions. The Guardians had been rescued by Cassian along with another young man Jyn didn’t recognise.

“Baze, tell me,” Jyn heard Chirrut say softly. “All of it? The whole city?”

Jyn slowly let her eyes drift across to the blind man’s companion. She had never heard his name spoken before. She looked for a sign on his face that may show similarity to Saw’s soldiers as they had gazed upon her with contempt – blaming her. She detected no such feeling.

“Tell me,” Chirrut insisted.

“All of it,” Baze finally answered.

Jyn swallowed hard, turning her gaze back to her clenched hand. The Holy City of Jedha was gone; destroyed by a weapon that eclipsed the sun.

_The rivalry for your father’s attention_

Those were the words Saw had used to describe it. Did this mean her father had built this weapon of mass destruction? When she heard Cassian speak of its possible existence back on Yavin IV, Jyn hadn’t believed it. She closed her eyes and thought of all those who had died – Saw and his soldiers along with that little girl she had dived into the fire fight to save.
“Understood. Set course for Eadu.” Cassian’s words made Jyn open her eyes.

“Eadu?” she asked. “Is that where my father is?”

Another father-daughter reunion played in her mind. Her fantasy with Saw had been designed with anger and hurt, but with Galen – her real father – she couldn’t fantasise anything. She went through her years accepting he was dead, believing it with an intensity that made her fight harder. She needed that; she couldn’t go backwards anymore.

“I think so,” Cassian said, turning to her. Jyn stood up and walked over to him.

“You’re Galen’s daughter?” Jyn stopped midstride to turn to the stranger she noticed earlier. She took in his appearance and realised he was wearing an imperial flight suit that had been kept in poor state. The pilot! Saw had mentioned he had given the defector to the Bor Gullet. How was it that he could talk so clearly?

“You know him?” she asked.

“Yes.”

A flood of question poured into Jyn’s mind – questions she never thought she would ever get the chance to ask.

“He said... he said I could get right by myself. He said I could make it right, if I was brave enough and listened to what was in my heart. Do something about it.” Jyn’s gaze studied him intensely as he spoke, looking for anything to connect her to her long lost father. “Guess it was too late.”

Jyn flicked her eyes down to her clenched hand which she had lifted up to her chest. Slowly she opened her palm to gaze at the holochip. She looked back to Bodhi. “You sent the message.”

Bodhi nodded, refusing to look at Jyn.

“Did you see it?” she asked with anticipation. “Do you know what he said?”

The defector shook his head. “No.”

Jyn turned to Cassian who had stood by the communicator the whole time, just behind Jyn. His gaze met hers but she could not read his face. Ever the spy.

“My father’s message,” she all but whispered. She saw Cassian look down at the holochip. He instantly pushed away from the communicator and for a second reached out to grab the holochip. He refrained, unsure what Jyn would do.

“Have you seen it?” he asked, his eyes focused solely on her.

Jyn shook her head. “I... Saw, he was going to show me it, but we had... well everything went dark and started shaking and I fell...” She reached her hand out to Cassian allowing him to take the holochip. “Maybe it’s time I did see it.”

The entire presence in the U-Wing was quiet – deathly quiet. K-2 was co-piloting; the occasional beeping sound coming from his direction was all that broke the silence. Chirrut was unmoved, looking directly ahead, but Jyn could see the grip on his staff become much tighter. Baze was staring at the holochip, a look in his eyes that made Jyn wonder if he was going to bolt out of his seat in their direction. Bodhi had finally lifted his head, also staring at the holochip that now resided in Cassian’s hand.
“Play it,” Jyn said to Cassian. “We all saw what happened on Jedha. If there is something – anything on that holochip that could tell us what it was that destroyed the Holy City then we need to know now.”

Cassian was moved by Jyn’s sudden burst of passion. He had seen a kindling in her eyes as they fought through Jedha, but now that kindling had lit and was burning brightly. Nodding, he placed the holochip into the panel of the comlink holoprojector and a small, blue image of her father appeared.

“Saw, if you are watching this then perhaps there is a chance to save the Alliance.”

Jyn was motionless, facing the holoimage of her father as he spoke at attention. She had told Cassian to play it, but that didn’t make her any ready to hear his voice or see his face. It had been so long.

“Perhaps there’s a chance to explain myself and, though I don’t dare hope for too much, a chance for Jyn, if she’s alive, if you can possibly find her. A chance to let her know that my love for her has never faded and how desperately I’ve missed her.”

Jyn didn’t notice Cassian’s eyes flicker over to her. She couldn’t take her eyes away from her father’s image. She felt angry and betrayed by his words. How could he claim to love her when he had let her mother die and allowed himself to be taken?

“Jyn, my stardust, I can’t imagine what you think of me. When I was taken, I faced some bitter truths. I was told that, soon enough, Krennic would have you. Part of me longed for those mentions. I realize now it was a kind of torture.”

Torture, Jyn thought with bitterness.

“As time went by, I knew that you were either dead or so well hidden that he would never find you. But I knew if I refused to work, if I took my own life, it would only be a matter of time before Krennic realised he no longer needed me to complete the project. So I did the one thing that nobody expected: I lied. Or I learned to lie. I played the part of a beaten man resigned to the sanctuary of his work. I made myself indispensible, and all the while I laid the groundwork of my revenge. We call it the Death Star. There is no better name.”

The image on an eclipsed sun came into Jyn’s mind – the one she had seen on Jedha. In a twisted sense Jyn felt the name of her father’s work fit perfectly to that image. A bright star shining light and giving life to all on Jedha had been swiftly eclipsed by another star intent on bringing darkness and dealing death.

“My colleagues, many of them have fooled themselves into thinking they are creating something so terrible and powerful it will never be used. But they’re wrong. No weapon has ever been left on the shelf, and the day is coming soon when it will be unleashed.”

A message too late received.

“I’ve placed a flaw deep within the system. A scar so small and powerful, they’ll never find it.”

Jyn felt a sudden weakness sweep over her. The desire to sit made her grip Cassian’s wrist. She felt his gaze turn to her briefly but she kept her view forward and focused. Jyn could feel how much her father’s words mattered to him as if it comforted him late at night when he feared sleep.

“Jyn, if you’re listening... my beloved, so much of my life has been wasted. I try to think of you only in the moments when I’m strong, because the pain of not having you with me... your mother -
our family. The pain of that loss is so overwhelming I risk failing even now. It’s just so hard not to think of you. Think of where you are.”

Jyn felt her composure crumble as if all the walls she had placed up to protect her from this man were finally falling. Her grip tightened on Cassian’s wrist, not realising who it actually was she was holding onto. Tears began to form in her eyes but she refused to let them fall.

“Saw, the reactor system, that’s the key. That’s the place I’ve laid my trap. It’s unstable, so one blast to any part of it will destroy the entire station. You’ll need the plans, the structural plans. I know there’s at least one complete engineering archive in the data vault at the Citadel Tower on Scarif. Any pressurised explosion to the reactor module will set off a chain reaction that will destroy the entire weapon. I know what I am asking for is nigh impossible, but it’s all I could do in my situation. If anything, I have given the Rebel Alliance hope.”

With that last word the holoprojector went off. Jyn blinked, feeling her knees sway beneath her. Cassian grabbed hold of her, keeping her level with him. “Jyn.”

She frowned, torn from wanting to see her father again and the words he had just spoken.

“Jyn,” Cassian said again.

Finally, Jyn turned her gaze away and to Cassian. His face was masked with concern, a change from his constant innocent and blank reflection. She let go of his wrist and stepped back. “I... I’m fine. I just need a moment.”

Jyn walked over to the cockpit, leaning on the back of the pilot’s seat watching the view of hyperspace from the front window. She felt like she had run miles and needed to catch her breath. K-2 turned to look at her. “If you are worried about the chances of the alliance believing your father, it’s high.”

Jyn turned back to look at her companions. They were all staring back at her except for Chirrut. She could tell — no sense — how deep in thought he was. What she would give to hear his opinion.

“We have to send a message to the alliance,” Jyn finally spoke.

“I’ve done that,” Cassian replied.

Jyn pushed off from the back of the seat. “They need to know there is a way of destroying this thing. We need to send them my father’s message now!”

“I can’t risk sending that,” Cassian said, moving towards her. “We are in the heart of imperial territory.”

“You still want to go to Eadu?” she asked. “Even after what you just heard my father say?”

Cassian was silent, watching her carefully. He had his orders, and while he had his scruples regarding them from the start, having heard Galen Erso’s message; a message that gave hope to the rebellion, Cassian felt torn. He had his orders.

“Yes.”

“Then we’ll find him, and with his message he can give more intel to the council.”

Cassian nodded, but Jyn could not read his emotions — he wore his spy face.
“Your father,” Jyn heard Chirrut say, “is a very brave man to do what he did under the scrutiny of the empire. He must have known the consequences of his actions had they found out.”

Jyn wanted to smile but found she could not.

“The consequences of his actions were felt today on Jedha,” Baze said gruffly. Jyn noticed Baze tighten the grip on his weapon.

“We can still beat the people who did this,” Jyn insisted. She looked at Cassian. “Like my father said – he knew they would do this without him, so he helped the cause from behind enemy lines. How many of your agents have done the same thing?”

Briefly – ever so quickly, Jyn saw understanding in Cassian’s eyes as if he himself had worked behind enemy lines. Jyn straightened her back. “To Eadu, then.”

Cassian nodded. “To Eadu.”

4ABY: Planet Hosnian Prime

Jyn hit the play button.

“If you are expecting an apology from me...” Kenna chuckled, “well you’re not getting one. I have never regretted any of my decisions in life. I know you have, and I suppose that makes you the better person. If I’m honest, I’m not entirely sure why I am recording this. I guess in a way I miss you. We were together for so many years – inseparable. Then when I left Saw’s insurgency and you didn’t follow, I felt like I had made a mistake leaving. Then you found me again, and again we lost each other. And one final time together where I learned you had essentially replaced me with that... that man. You could say I overreacted, but I don’t think so. For a while I thought he was using you as any rebel agent would use a pretty face to get what he wanted. Tough love, Jyn.”

Jyn hit the pause button. She heard the sliding door open behind her. Cassian came to stand behind her, placing his head gently on her shoulder.

“Jyn, it’s cold out here. Come to bed.” His voice was the softest it had been all evening.

“I’m listening to this.” Jyn showed Cassian the recorder. “Kenna’s final words to me.”

Cassian sighed, kneeling down to her level. “Why – just tell me why you feel you owe her this much.”

Jyn placed the recorder on her lap and placed both hands on Cassian’s cheeks. “Because she was once my only friend.” Jyn smiled sadly. “She was my K-2.”

She kissed him softly, allowing her husband to nuzzle his face into her neck, inhaling deeply.

“Please don’t fight me on this anymore,” she whispered. “I am so tired of fighting; so tired in general.”

Cassian leaned back to look at her, smiling. “Then come to bed.”

“Only if you promise.”

Cassian picked up the recorder and placed it into Jyn’s hand. “I promise. Listen to the rest in the morning.”
Her husband helped her stand up, keeping his arm around her shoulder. Jyn felt the baby move. “Our child doesn’t seem to want sleep tonight.” She placed his other hand over her stomach. “I have my last scan in a few days. I think we should finally let them tell us if it’s a boy or girl. Han has a betting pool on the gender and I think it’s only fair we find out and not tell them. You know, rig the bet in our favour.”

Cassian kissed her forehead. “Will you ever stop being so devious.”

Jyn laughed. “We’ll be able to start thinking of names.”

“So long as ‘Kenna’ is not an option,” Cassian said, keeping his tone light.

Jyn slid into bed. “I could say the same about ‘Kay’.”

With one last kiss goodnight, Cassian said, “Deal.”
Betrayal

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

0BBY: Planet Eadu

“Does he look like a killer?” Chirrut asked Baze.

Jyn, who had been watching Cassian and Bodhi descend out of sight from the crashed U-Wing,
turned to face the guardians.

“No,” Baze replied. “He has the face of a friend.”

“Who are you talking about?” In the back of her mind, Jyn already knew the answer.

Baze looked over at her. “Captain Andor.”

“Why do you ask that?” She was looking at Chirrut now. “What do you mean, ‘does he look like a
killer?’”

“The Force moves darkly near a creature that’s about to kill,” Chirrut answered matter-of-factly.

“His weapon was in the sniper configuration,” K-2 answered from the cockpit.

Jyn clenched her jaw, not wanting to believe the possibility. Cassian had listened to her father’s
message, just as they all had done. Why would he kill Galen Erso – her father? She remembered
seeing Cassian assembling his weapon before he exited with Bodhi. Jyn felt her heart quickening as
she turned to place on a raincoat. After, she sped down the boarding ramp and into the cold, wet
night. Deep in her mind, Jyn still wasn’t convinced the captain was out to kill her estranged father.

Mon Mothma had made it clear he was to be extracted and bought to the senate for hearing. Then
came the message Bodhi had delivered to Saw, who in turn delivered it to Jyn who had allowed it
to be played for all in the U-Wing to hear. She had seen the understanding in Cassian’s eyes as
they spoke of her father’s rebellious work behind enemy lines. Worse, Jyn was starting to trust
him, even like his manner. Perhaps her time away from Kenna and the cold solitude of prison had
made her soft. No, she thought, determined. Maybe whatever Chirrut sensed around Cassian was
his intent of killing troopers to protect her father. Maybe he intended on sending Bodhi down
while he picked off enemy targets one by one. There had to be an obvious explanation. There had
to be.

“You said we came up here just to have a look,” Bodhi said.

Cassian had been looking through his quadnocs. “I’m here; I’m looking. Go!”

Bodhi ran off to – hopefully – find them a ride off this desolate and wet planet.

Cassian had his orders.

This is what Cassian kept telling himself as he switched over to his newly configured sniper rifle.
Rain trickled down his features causing his fringe to stick to his face. He wiped his eyes attempting
to gain a better view. He had his target, and it had just stepped into view of his scope. He placed
his finger on the trigger only to be delayed by a trooper taking position next to Galen Erso,
blocking Cassian’s view.
He had his orders.

Cassian had been on many missions; so many he had lost track many, many years ago. He had been tortured, interrogated, shot, punched and once he was even drugged. He had worked undercover, as an assassin, a saboteur, a spy and a soldier. In some ways you could say that Cassian had seen and done it all. But this was a first for him, leaning on him stomach as he waited for that one stormtrooper to get out of the damn way. This was the first time Cassian truly believed his orders were wrong. He had not been keen on the assassination to begin with - that wasn’t a new feeling to him – he had never relished in the sensation that resulted in exercising a clean kill. It was all for the rebellion, and right now the rebellion wanted Galen Erso dead. Well, General Dravin wanted him dead. Mon Mothma had been adamant on extraction, and even though intelligence worked outside of the senate for most assignments, Cassian felt himself siding with Mon Mothma. If it were up to him, he would be down there with Jyn at his side planning an extraction.

He had his orders.

Cassian knew he would need a story fabricated to tell Jyn, and he knew that no matter what tale he could come up with, she would not believe him. This assassination would break Jyn, especially after viewing that message. *That message!* If his mind could record things he would play that message over and over again, stripping it down to its very core. Cassian had expected a simple, to-the-point message that would confirm the existence of the planet killer. What he heard instead was a man – a father speaking to his daughter, using all his might to suppress what emotions remained. A man who admitted he had sacrificed himself for the rebellion, admitting he played a hand in the planet killer’s existence and that through revenge and malice for the empire he had created a fatal flaw in order for its destruction. Cassian would never admit it aloud, but he was impressed by Galen Erso. Cassian knew firsthand what is was like to work behind enemy lines – it was tough, emotionally draining and always leaving one on edge of being caught. He had been caught out once and the torment that followed had left him waking in cold sweats for months.

Cassian saw Galen step forward, allowing Cassian his vital shot. He was breathing hard; a slight hand tremor caused his scope to shake. He tightened his grip feeling the intensity of the strained muscles. Cassian was tired of committing crimes he never answered for - crimes that were justified by Dravin and fellow intelligence officers. He looked at Galen – truly looked at him for the first time and saw a resemblance. He saw Jyn in Galen. Cassian let his finger drop from the trigger, dropping his head in defeat.

He had his orders.

He couldn’t do it.

The Captain switched to his quadnocs to get a better reading of the scene playing out on the imperial landing pad. This would have been so much easier had he not seen that message. His orders would have been simpler, more understanding, and he never mistrusted Draven for giving the order. To the rebellion, Galen Erso was an imperial scientist who willingly worked for the imperial war machine. Cassian had believed it too, never truly vocalising his feelings in front of Jyn, given the delicate and emotional manner she attempted to hide from him. He was too good a spy not to pick up on it. Now he doubted himself and doubted the rebellion’s belief on Galen. Everything had changed and it made Cassian wonder on how many other imperial officers he had assassinated without a clear understanding of their position. No, this situation was different to all the others and Cassian scolded himself for allowing his past memories to be dragged up.

Cassian could not work like this anymore.

So he sat among the rocks, rain still falling as he chose to watch, betraying his orders and oaths to
swore to Dravin and the intelligence branch of the rebellion. He had witnessed the slaughter of the imperial engineers – a scene which seemed to corroborate Galen’s message further. Still, the deaths of the engineers did not cause him an emotional downfall. He focused solely on Galen. Jyn’s father was on his knees in front of his fallen comrades while the man in white – Cassian had identified as Krennic – loomed over him. Had Krennic arrived after discovering Galen had sent a message to the rebellion? Was this whole scene punishment? Cassian didn’t need to guess what was about to happen next, so he searched through his quadnocs for anything in the vicinity that might disrupt it. Instead, to his great shock, he saw Jyn hoisting herself up and over the edge of the platform, taking down a trooper in the process.

“Cassian, can you hear me?” K-2’s urgent voice carried through the comlink.

“I’m here,” he replied, keeping his eyes focused on Jyn through his quadnocs. “You got the comms working?”

“Affirmative, but we have a problem! There’s an Alliance squadron approaching. Clear the area.”

Cassian’s eyes widened. “No, no, no!” He was shouting into the comm. “Tell them to hold up! Jyn’s on that platform!”

He heard the x-wings before he saw them approaching. He briefly glanced up before focusing back on Jyn. He felt panic – panic for Jyn’s wellbeing. He couldn’t comprehend why he felt like this, but he knew that if he had just been honest with her... well it was too late for that now. With a large explosion the landing platform burned and Cassian could see nothing besides smoke and flames.

“Jyn, no!”

He slung his rifle over his shoulder and began his trek down the ridge. He made for the research facility, not sure what he would find when he got there. All he knew was that he needed to get to Jyn. He had to save her.

Jyn felt like her lungs were on fire and the smell of burned remains filled her nostrils. She coughed and rolled over, climbing to her knees. She was alive and she needed her father. Where was he? She saw him, lying on his back not too far away. Jyn lifted herself up and ran over, ignoring the heavy rain beating against her face. The imperial shuttle roared to life, its engine backwash throwing Jyn over towards the platforms edge. She grabbed at the rubble, forcing herself up. She was not going to give up now, not when she was so close. As she hauled herself back up onto the flat level on the platform, she felt betrayal. Those were alliance fighters that had struck them. Why would they do this? They promised to bring him in for hearing. Jyn sprinted over to her father who hadn’t moved an inch. Thoughts of betrayal were pushed back, but they were still there, lingering.

...  

1BBY: Planet Corellia

11 months earlier

Ringing was all Jyn could hear as she attempted to blink away her blurred vision. Was that screaming she could also hear in the distance? Or was that the sound of another TIE raid coming round for another strike? Jyn coughed, tasting blood on her lips. Crawling onto her hands and knees, she coughed up a ragged piece of shrapnel that had made its way into her mouth, cutting her tongue. Leaning back on to her knees she inhaled deeply and tilted her head back, scanning the sky for incoming danger, but all she could see was the thick, black smoke that rose from a targeted building above her. She scanned the horizon and then the ground; bodies strewn everywhere –
blood, debris, scattered fires. It was a living nightmare, and she knew that her current situation would have made Saw disappointed in her. She had grown lax in the years following his abandonment. *That wasn’t her fault though was it*, she thought bitterly, swallowing the pain in her throat every time a pleasant memory of her surrogate father attempted to rear its ugly head.

It was the sounds of wheezing that brought Jyn back to reality, and the source of it; a small body, pale, golden-haired now splattered in blood.

Maia!

Jyn jolted up to her feet, only to stumble back down to one knee as her head still swam from the obvious concussion the empire had the pleasure of gifting. She staggered over to Maia, sweet Maia who should never have been part of the fight, let alone Saw’s militia. Her friend was lying prone, against a broken cement wall, a piece of debris sticking out from under her ribcage.

“Maia,” Jyn breathed, wiping away her own blood with the back of her hand. Maia squinted her eyes open and attempted to speak, but nothing other than hot air came out. “Don’t speak; just take deep, slow breaths.”

Jyn inspected the metal rod sticking out of her friend. It was angled in a way that had definitely punctured a lung. “Out,” Maia breathed. “Get it out”

“You’ll bleed out if I do that,” Jyn retorted, removing her jacket and placing it around the rod. Maia coughed up blood, splattering Jyn’s face.

“Sorry,” Maia breathed, coughing again. Jyn only smiled, feeling tears welling up.

“Always with your politeness,” Jyn said sadly. “I always told you that politeness would only get you so far in this galaxy.”

Maia smiled sadly, her own tears welling. Jyn saw the thought cross Maia’s mind; the same thought she herself had once she saw how badly injured Maia was. Her time had run out.

“I’m scared, Jyn,” Maia said, breathing more shallowly. Jyn grabbed her hand and squeezed it, briefly closing her eyes to hide the grief that was now welling up inside her. She could not wait until that grief turned to burning hatred for those who did this.

“Remember our mission on the Spire?” Jyn finally said, opening her eyes. She wiped away the blood that had started to trickle from Maia’s mouth. “Remember that day we all played in the pool, while we attempted to compose a new song for the mission?”

Maia attempted to smile, but it came out as a loud sob. Jyn wipe away Maia’s tears. “Remember that party we entertained at that lasted all night, and at dawn we raced down to the viewing room to watch the sun rise over Anthan Prime?” It was one of Jyn’s favourite memories. Briefly, very briefly she had imagined herself in a time where they was no war; no empire and no rebellion. It had all been so peaceful watching that sunrise.

Maia closed her eyes, frowning in pain. “I... I can’t feel...” Her face relaxed as she slipped away. Jyn’s face contorted with grief, but she quickly swallowed it down. Hastily, she removed the rod protruding from her now deceased friend, and covered her body with her jacket. Maia had deserved better than this. She had deserved better than to die in a street, gasping for her last breath, tasting blood as it left her body. Out of all the people Jyn had crossed paths with, Maia had always been the kindest and most innocent. Fate had been cruel to her.

It was not even an hour later when Jyn was carrying Maia’s body down the street in her arms that
she came to realise that there was nobody. She had expected to come across some resistant fighters along the way, helping their injured or at least scouring the area. She made it to a crashed speeder, where she gently placed Maia down and searched the bodies of dead resistance fighters for a comlink.

“Is anyone out there?” Jyn spoke into one. “This is Tanith of the resistance, can anyone hear me?” She was met with radio silence. The sound of static echoed around her. “Is anyone out there?” She began shouting, cursing into the comlink. “Kenna,” Jyn finally screamed into the small device. “Kenna, where are you?”

Eventually, Jyn threw the comlink, smashing it against the building opposite her. She kicked some rubble, placing her hands on top of her head. She was breathing dangerously hard, biting her lower lip. They were gone. All of them, gone. She turned back to the sight of Maia, causing the final tipping point for Jyn. She screamed in rage at the sky, before collapsing, hugging herself. She was crying, not caring anymore that she had let her emotions win over. She didn’t care. She had been left behind by Kenna and those damned resistant fighters. Jyn mentally kicked herself for expecting something more, something worthwhile.

Evening had set in as Jyn laid Maia properly into the speeder. It wasn’t an elegant funeral, but as pyres went, it was better than leaving her body to rot on the streets, or to be picked up by scavenger and thrown into an incinerator. Jyn watched as the speeder burst into flames, consuming Maia and all physical memory of her. Another to the list of people this galaxy had taken from her. Why couldn’t it have been her that the rod had impaled? As past records went, Jyn deserved it more than Maia. It was Jyn who had done acts and crimes more violent than Maia could ever have done, and Maia’s plans to become a medic on Corellia were more noble thoughts and deeds Jyn ever would have thought or done. In any event, what’s done is done and Jyn knew the longer she stayed on this warzone, the higher chance she had of being captured. Maybe that’s why she had stayed so long?

Eadu – Present

Jyn was numb; her emotions hollow from the shock of what had just transpired. Her father had died in her arms and Cassian had arrived to drag her away, just as he had done on Jedha with Saw. That was twice now. Her two father figures had died, and Cassian had been there each time to take her away – away to safety. Her clothes were drenched as she stood in the dim light of their stolen imperial freighter. She heard Bodhi and K-2 conversing in the distance while Cassian moved in her peripheral vision, stripping off his wet gear. She felt Chirrut grasp her hand – for emotional support or to stop her from going over to Cassia, she wasn’t sure. But he did not prevent her as she stepped forward; Cassian had his back to her.

“You lied to me,” she started, her face hard as stone. She noticed him flinch slightly as if he had expected this very moment to happen.

Cassian glanced at her. “You’re in shock.”

Yes, she was in shock and equally betrayed. “You went up there to kill my father.”

Cassian replied instantly. “You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Jyn wanted to laugh bitterly. Liar. “Deny it – you went up there to kill my father.”

“You’re in shock,” Cassian repeated, “and looking for someplace to put it. I’ve seen it before.”
“I bet you have.” She pointed to the others. “They know! You lied about why we came here and you lied about why you went up there alone.”

“I had every chance to pull the trigger,” he replied, “but did I?” Cassian looked over to the other. “Did I?”

Nobody replied to his confession except Jyn. “You might as well have. Those were alliance bombs that killed him!”

“I had orders! Orders that I disobeyed,” Cassian replied walking over to her. He no longer wore the mask of a spy. He was raw. “But you wouldn’t understand.”

“Orders? When you know they were wrong, even after hearing my father’s message?” Jyn searched for a spike to drive straight through Cassian’s heart and found it. “You might as well be a stormtrooper.”

To his credit, Cassian did not flinch, instead, moved even closer to her, staring down with raw fury. “What do you know? We don’t all have the luxury of deciding when and where we want to care about something. Suddenly the rebellion is real for you? Some of us live it. I’ve been in this fight since I was six years old. You’re not the only one who lost everything. Some of us just decided to do something about it.”

Jyn refrained herself from grasping the front of his shirt and slamming him against the wall. “You saw my father’s message! How could you do this?” She didn’t care she was shouting, probably loud enough for the entire system to hear.

“I had orders,” Cassian repeated, his voice starting to level Jyn’s.

“You’re orders were to bring him back,” Jyn accused. “And even if they weren’t, you saw the message! You saw my father wasn’t the monster everyone believed him to be. How could you do this?” Jyn felt her emotions bubbling in her chest. Both captain and former rebel were so close now, not breaking eye contact. “I thought...” Jyn laughed bitterly. “I thought you understood. I trusted you!”

If Cassian was moved by her words, Jyn could not see it. His face remained hard and cold. Jyn had to turn away before she lost her dignity. Cassian stalked off towards the cockpit.

Why did betrayal happen so often in her life?

Chapter End Notes

And then everything will change.
0BBY: Planet Yavin IV

The presence of starships making their landing around the ziggurat made up most of the noise Jyn heard as the landing bay doors opened. “They’re bringing in everyone for an alliance council meeting,” Cassian had said, keeping his gaze towards her as limited at possible.

“You told them about my father’s message?” Jyn had asked.

Cassian shook his head.

Jyn briskly moved past him, allowing her shoulder to push against his. She snapped her head around to find Bodhi who was hovering towards the back of the crowd. “Bodhi!”

The defector had been watching a starship land in complete awe. “That’s a Firefeather star cutter! You can tell by the whistling sound. They’re really rare – someone important must be aboard.”

Jyn grabbed him by the shirtsleeve, tugging him forward. “You don’t get on the council without money, guns, or influence. Speaking of the council, I’m going to need you by my side.”

Bodhi laughed nervously, his eyes darting to the official-clad men and women around them. “I’m sorry about Galen.”

Jyn was surprised by his sudden words and found herself at a loss for words. “Thanks.”

Bodhi merely shrugged. “I liked him a lot. Not that I knew him very well, but I did like him.”

Jyn grimaced. “You probably knew him better than me.” She glanced at his imperial flight suit. “Bet you’ll be glad to get out of that. Got to be a change of clothes somewhere here.”

“What? No. No, I... I think I’ll keep it. As a reminder.”

“A reminder of what?”

Bodhi edged closer to Jyn, still uncertain of his surroundings. “That I volunteered for all this. You know?”

A yell caught on the air and Jyn turned to a group of intelligence officers that had gathered around Cassian. Her eyes narrowed at the sight of him and she could tell her steady, glaring gaze made him uncomfortable. Nevertheless, Cassian signalled for Jyn to follow him into the ziggurat. Jyn grabbed Bodhi by the shirtsleeve again and dragged him along. There was no way in hell anyone was leaving that ziggurat until they had all agreed with her plan. She stole a glance at Bodhi and felt somewhat guilty for he was an active part of her plan and she hadn’t even told him. While Cassian, Bodhi and K-2 were up on the flight deck for the landing on Yavin IV, Jyn had conversed...
quietly with the guardians about what she had in mind. They had agreed to help her, even if the
alliance came to the decision not to.

In the briefing room Jyn had first walked into as a rescued prisoner with ‘strings attached’,
Admirals and Generals in their uniforms along with senators, nobles and civilian bureaucrats all
stood shoulder-to-shoulder murmuring amongst themselves. Jyn had lost sight of Cassian not long
after she entered the extremely cramped room, not that she particularly cared at this moment where
the captain’s presence was. Cassian currently held possession of the holochip her father’s message
was on, and for a brief moment, Jyn wondered if he was going to hand it over or not. *Don’t be
stupid, Jyn,* she thought to herself.

Mon Mothma stepped up to the holoprojector in the centre of the room. Everyone’s attention was
drawn to her presence.

“I want to thank you all for coming on short notice,” Mothma began. “Many of you undertook
dangers I cannot begin to appreciate. You risk exposure, crossing imperial lines because you
believe in our Alliance. Because you believed what you were told when we informed you of an
unprecedented crisis. I wish I could say you came all this way for nothing, but the evidence we will
present is not speculative. It is secretive, yes – and by showing it here, we must reveal certain
sources and methods used by alliance intelligence; sources and method we cannot take to the
public or the senate. You will hear testimony from both trusted rebel operatives and newfound
allies. If you doubt their word, remember that all of them are marked for death by the empire. I
would ask all of you to refrain from speculation until the end of the briefing. At that time, we may
discuss what we have all seen and determine the future of our organisation and our galaxy
together.”

Jyn viewed General Dravin making his way toward the centre, but still as Mothma continued to
speak. “What we face is the natural culmination of all the Emperor’s evils.” The former senator
gazed around the gathered crowd. “Where is Jyn Erso?”

Murmuring of the name ‘Erso’ rang all around Jyn as she shouldered her way to the front. There
she saw Cassian to her right, a datapad in his hand. Mothma was directly in front of her with
Draven not far behind.

“This is Jyn Erso, daughter of Galen Erso the imperial scientist,” Mothma said, gesturing her hand
in Jyn’s direction. Again, the murmuring surrounded Jyn.

Mothma continued. “Jyn has been raised these past fifteen years by rebel operative.” Jyn wasn’t
too surprised to hear Mothma refraining from speaking Saw’s name. Bringing up her foster father
would not do any of them well in their case. “Jyn accompanied rebel intelligence officer, Captain
Cassian Andor to Jedha after word reached us of an imperial pilot defected with a message from
Galen Erso to us - the alliance. There, they met with former rebellion leader Saw Gerrera who had
received Galen Erso’s message from the defector.” Mothma looked Jyn’s way, giving the younger
woman a reassuring smile. “Now, that message has made its way here, and you will all hear its
contents.”

Draven stepped forward and Jyn saw he was holding the holochip her father had sent. She felt her
heart lighten, relieved that what she had hoped and dreamed of the entire return trip to Yavin IV
was finally happening. Jyn turned to look at Cassian, who met her gaze and nodded. Dravin clicked
the holochip into the holoprojector and her father’s ghost appeared before her once more. The
difference this time was that he was much larger and his voice echoed through the room.

“...then perhaps there is a chance to save the Alliance.” Jyn inhaled ad exhaled deeply. Her father’s
image was facing Mothma so she could only see him from behind. His voice was as fresh as it had
been when she last heard it on Eadu.

“...a chance to explain myself and, though I don’t dare hope for too much, a chance for Jyn, if she’s alive, if you can possible find her.” Jyn leaned on the table, feeling her palms becoming sweaty beneath her gloves. She looked over at Cassian who had been watching her. His face was stone except for his eyes – they told her he was sorry she had to hear this all over again. In return, Jyn gave him a weak smile.

“...if I refused to work, if I took my own life, it would only be a matter of time before Krennic realised he no longer needed me to complete the project.” Jyn could feel the heavy weight of her father’s words way those around her. Not a single gaze was elsewhere, except on the holoimage of Galen Erso.

“...one thing nobody expected; I lied. Or I learned to lie. I played the part of a beaten man resigned to the sanctuary of this work. I made myself indispensible, and all the while I laid the groundwork of my revenge.” Everything around Jyn started to feel tight – claustrophobia. She felt her breaths becoming shallow; she griped the edge of the table to keep herself standing.

“...we call it the Death Star. There is no better name.” A slight murmur spread through the room; people hushed their colleagues.

“...the day is coming soon when it will be unleashed. I’ve placed a flaw deep within the system. A scar so small and powerful, they’ll never find it. Jyn, if you’re listening...” Her father’s words to his daughter caused many to look in her direction. She kept her eyes straight forward at the back of her father’s head. She would not allow those around her to see a fragment of weakness. She had to be strong for her father; for her plan to work.

“...the reactor system, that’s the key. That’s the place I’ve laid my trap. It’s unstable, so one blast to any part of it will destroy the entire station. You’ll need the plans, the structural plans. I know there’s at least one complete engineering archive in the data vault at the Citadel Tower on Scarif. Any pressurised explosion to the reactor module will set off a chain reaction that will destroy the entire weapon. I know what I am asking for is nigh impossible, but it’s all I could do in my situation. If anything, I have given the Rebel Alliance hope.”

The moment the holoimage of her father vanished, the entire room roared to life with words. Everyone had questions and ideas.

“Please!” Mothma shouted, raising her hand for silence.

Once the room had been retaken into stillness, Draven ordered Bodhi in for terse questioning about Galen Erso and the construction he’d personally witnessed. Next came Cassian, professional and to the point. He recounted hearing the message for the first time in the U-Wing and the series of events of Eadu he witnessed where Galen Erso had been struck down by Krennic after seeing his engineering team being executed. Part of her was surprised by his honesty. He had lied outright to her after they made their escape from Eadu. She had expected the captain to continue his tale of lies to the council.

Jyn almost jumped when Mothma crept up behind her, placing a hand on her shoulder. “Am I up next?”

Mothma kept her gaze on Cassian while she spoke to Jyn. “I wanted to say... I won’t forget what we did it you.”

Jyn just stared at the older woman. The room started to sound softer, but she was quickly bought
back to reality as Draven called her name. She squared her shoulders and readied herself for all the questions. This was it; this was the start of her battle.

So much about Jyn’s life was brought up for question; some if it was recent while other events had happened years ago. Admiral Raddus had asked her of Saw Gerrera and her feelings towards him. Jyn maintained her foster father abandoned her and added a quick small lie that it was due to her inability to commit the same violent acts as he did. Her white lie seemed to please those around her.

Eventually Senator Pamlo stepped forward. “This Death Star is an existential threat not only to our Alliance but to all life as we know it. We cannot in good conscience risk entire worlds for our cause. Until we know that the Empire will not use it on a populated planet, we must scatter the fleet and disband our military units.”

Arguments and murmuring erupted around Jyn and she closed her eyes, steadying her breathing. Her words came out far louder than she intended. “Are you serious? Are you all really considering disbanding something that we’ve worked so hard to create?”

“We can’t just give in,” Admiral Raddus declared, siding with Jyn.

“We joined an Alliance, not a suicide pact!” replied a senator.

“We’ve only now managed to gather our forces,” Raddus continued. “If we coordinate at last...”

Minister Jebel interrupted. “General Draven’s already blown up an imperial base! I thought the alliance was disavowing Gerrera’s tactics...”

“A decision needed to be made,” Draven retorted from across the room.

“If its war you want, you’ll fight alone!” Pamlo added.

“Councillor’s please!” Mothma attempted to regain some control over the room. “We are all troubled by our situation, but I beg you to open yourselves to solutions...”

“I have a solution.” Jyn hadn’t realised straight away what she had shouted into the room. She noticed Cassian turning to look at her, his eyes wider than usual. Jyn had their attention. Finally.

“Hope – that was the last word of my father’s message,” Jyn began. “You all heard it. He gave us hope so we wouldn’t need to cower in fear over the Death Star. He sacrificed himself and his life for the Alliance in order to create a flaw that would ultimately destroy the empire’s greatest threat to us.” Jyn stood tall, looking around the room continuously. “The galaxy is divided badly enough as it is, but think of how many star system will flock to the Alliance if they heard word that the rebellion managed to take down a planet-killer!” Jyn took a breath. “You speak of surrendering before they openly attack, but do you honestly think that the empire would leave such a weapon immobile?” Jyn looked to Draven. “Play the message again.”

Draven straightened and turned to Mothma.

“You heard me,” Jyn continued. “It’s clear that not everyone fully understood my father’s warning. Play the message again! Now!”

Mothma hesitated before nodding at Draven. The general started up the holoprojector again and the blue light emitting from the centre of the room drew everyone’s attention back.

“...day is coming soon when it will be unleashed. I’ve placed a flaw deep within the system. A scar
so small and powerful, they’ll never find it.”

After the message had ended a second time, the room remained oddly silent. Jyn seized at the opportunity.

“We need to go to Scarif to get those plans.” Jyn crossed her arms. “I don’t expect anyone in this room, save for Bodhi, to follow me there. I am going to retrieve those plans and if need be, I’ll personally hand them over to you all. Hope is what I will be handing over.” Jyn was sure every pair of eyes was on her, and it made her feel bolder and more in control. “Bodhi can get me past the shield-gate, but there lies the problem.”

Jyn looked over to Admiral Raddus. “I’ll need to alliance fleet.”

While another bout of uproar began, Jyn noticed Cassian turn and leave the briefing room. She frowned, not sure whether to feel relieved at his absence, or slightly hurt.

“Listen!” she shouted. “Listen to me! We have to do this. This shouldn’t even be up for debate. Do you all want your children and future generations to live in a galaxy constantly in fear? Or do you want to do something about it right now and be remembered as the heroes you all are supposed to be? Surrendering and disbanding the fleet will only show the galaxy the empire has won and you were all nothing more than cowards. You will be giving the empire what they want.” Jyn remembered how she had searched for the spike to dig into Cassian back on the U-Wing – may as well be a stormtrooper. Jyn almost wanted to laugh at what she was about to say.

“You do that; you all may as well be imperial.”

Jyn could feel Draven glaring into her as if his very eyes could pierce her soul. A handful of senators were openly gawking at her. Admiral Raddus laughed.

“I like this girl,” he said, turning to Mothma. “She is right about you all. And she is right about this not being a debate. We must fight!”

Mothma had placed her hands on the tablet, staring over at Jyn. She met the older woman’s stare equally. “You know this is the right thing to do.” Jyn looked around at everyone. “Look into your hearts! Look into the eyes of those about you! Do not miss this opportunity to make a real difference!”

“I say we fight!” Admiral Raddus repeated.

General Merrick, commander of blue squadron, nodded in agreement. “I second that!”

Jyn noticed a tense stare between Dravin and Merrick. Mothma was beginning to smile.

“As do I,” General Dodonna added. “The time to strike is now and we have cause more than ever. Should we succeed at this then perhaps conflicts in the future will result in less civilian casualties.”

“What say you Draven?” Merrick asked, folding his arms.

Draven glared at Merrick then traced it along the tablet to Jyn. They held gazes. “I believe the empire is more than capable of unleashing the Death Star. We have squandered one too many opportunities to strike the empire. If we act now, this strike will be right to the heart.”

Mothma regained her composure, standing straight once more. “Senators?”

Bail Organa was the first to speak. “Galen Erso’s message was sincere and I heard truth in his
voice. I believe he himself was terrified of what he had a hand in building. We cannot allow such a creation to remain.” Organa nodded softly. “General Dravin is correct – the destruction of the Death Star would be a crippling, public blow to the empire. We cannot waist this opportunity.”

Senator Vaspar stepped forward. “While I am not opposed to conflict, any hostility the Alliance displays should be done so carefully. However, open warfare would cripple the rebellion financially…”

“On the contrary,” Jyn interrupted. “It would benefit financially. Think of the systems that would flock to our cause, offering support.”

Vaspar sighed, his shoulders slumped. “It is unthinkable.” He looked at Jyn earnestly. “If it were not for your father’s words moving me, I would not support this. Your father spoke of honesty and love for a daughter taken from him.” Vaspar turned to the rest of the council. “I support this notion.” He turned back to Jyn. “Do not let our decision be in vain.”

“You put risk to my home world coming to conflict with the Death Star,” Pamlo stated, looking at Jyn. “I wish first to consult with my people, but I can see there is no time for that. Senator Vaspar is correct – there is truth to your father’s words. You say he has given us hope, and you are correct, but he also sent hope in a different way – you. Do not let our trust in you or your father cause the death of billions.” Pamlo turned to Mothma. “I say, yes.”

Senator Jebel was last to speak. He kept his head down for most of the time his comrades spoke. “I am for peace,” he finally said, lifting his head. “That is why I chose the life of senator. I have trust in the senate – I always will. While I have my misgivings towards all manner of violence, I, on my conscience cannot condone any path that leads to bloodshed.” Finally, Jebel turned to Jyn, unsmiling. He then turned to Mothma. “As I said, I trust the senate. If you all believe this the best course of action, then so be it.” With that, Jebel turned and began his way, shouldering towards the exit.

A heavy silence fell over the room once more. “Right,” Raddus said, turning to Jyn. “What’s your plan?”

Jyn felt herself smile, teeth and all. She glanced at everything, nodding a silent thank you. “My plan is to infiltrate the base at Scarif and steal the Death Star plans.”

Jyn turned to Bodhi who had remained deathly quiet. She motioned for him to come forward. “Bodhi has made trips to Scarif before; he knows the protocols and procedures there. We go in with the stolen imperial freighter.”

Jyn looked at Bodhi, giving a reassuring nod.

Bodhi gulped, edging closer to the table. “I can do it. I can get us past the shield-gate.”

“Then,” Jyn continued, “I will need a distraction to lure as many troopers out of the citadel so I can easily access my way in.”

“Once they know where are on Scarif they will close the shield-gate,” Bodhi added. “It’ll prevent us from leaving.”

Jyn turned to Admiral Raddus. “That’s where I’ll need the fleet. I’ll need your ships to take down the shield-gate so we can get off-planet with the plans.”

“Leave it to me,” Raddus declared.
“Once the shield-gate is down you’ll have air support,” Merrick said.

“Going to Scarif alone will be risky,” Dodonna added. “Do you truly believe you can do this?”

Jyn nodded. “I won’t be alone. The guardians from Jedha have already volunteered to accompany me down there. They can lure the troopers out of the citadel by causing a distraction. I can then steal an imperial uniform from a trooper or an officer, disguise myself and make my way through the base. Bodhi will remain in the stolen ship with the engines running. If I find I can’t make it back to the rendezvous point, he will be able to fly over and retrieve me.”

Jyn turned to Merrick. “Speaking of which, is there a way of marking our stolen ship so it won’t be targeted by your x-wings?”

“I’ll sort it out,” Merrick replied.

“Once we have the plans, we can leave the system,” Jyn said to them all. “If we time this perfectly, we shouldn’t even need to be there very long.”

“You will have ground support,” Dodonna declared. “Once the shield-gate is down we will send troops to fight on the base, give you plenty of time and distraction needed for you to retrieve the plans.”

“Make sure they know when to retreat,” Jyn replied.

“They will.”

Jyn walked out of the briefing room two hours later after going over a schematic of Scarif Base, and coming up with a rendezvous point for the fleet to assemble at. It was long and arduous with many disagreements, but they finally had a solid plan.

As she walked out into the hanger, Jyn stretched her arms before her. She noticed Baze and Chirrut walking over to them.

“They fight,” she said, grinning. “They said they’ll fight with us.”

Baze matched her grin.

“The Force is strong,” Chirrut claimed, leaning on his staff as he sat.

“How many are coming down with us?” Baze asked.

“Just us,” Jyn replied. “They’ll send down support once the shield-gate is destroyed.”

Baze looked past Jyn and smirked. “We may need to make room for more.”

Jyn frowned and Baze pointed to something behind her. She saw Cassian walking towards her slowly in front of a group of soldiers. “I didn’t think they were going to believe you,” he said. “I believed you, and I always did. Your father too.” He turned to look at the group assembled behind him. “We want to volunteer for the initial ground assault.”


Cassian smiled sadly. “Many of us – most of us, we’ve done terrible things. We’re spies, saboteurs; assassins. Everything I did, I did it for the rebellion. And every time I walked away from something I wanted to forget I told myself it was for a cause that I believed in. A cause that was worth fighting for. Everything we’ve done would have been for nothing, I couldn’t face myself if I
gave up now. None of us could.”

Jyn was left speechless. She let her gaze wander over those behind Cassian. “Where did you find them?”

“It’s been a busy day,” he replied. “If I must be honest, I didn’t think the council would agree with you. I was sure they would vote against your plan.” Cassian looked at his men, before turning back to Jyn. “I knew you would go anyway, and I didn’t want you to go alone. We want to go with you.”

Jyn felt a smile creeping up. “I... I don’t know what to say.”

Cassian returned her smile. “I am amazed you got them to rally. Perhaps I should have stayed and listened.”

“No,” Jyn said, still smiling. “I could use all of your help. Really.”

“It’ll be cramped,” Bodhi said from behind Jyn, indicating with his hands. “But we would all fit.”

Jyn couldn’t stop smiling.

“All right,” Cassian said, turning to his men. “Grab anything that isn’t tied down. Move!”

Jyn beamed over at the guardians.

“Jyn.” K-2 had moved over to her. “I’ll be there for you. Cassian said I have to.”

She stopped a laugh bubbling in her chest and looked over at Cassian. They walked towards each other, circling.

“I’m not used to people sticking around when things go bad,” she claimed, refusing to break eye contact.

Cassian leaned in slightly. “Welcome home.”

Chapter End Notes

Btw, if anyone was wondering if I have tumblr - I do. It's maree-swan. I don't post much star wars, but I do love seeing all the rebelcaptain fics popping up in my feed.
Jyn declared. It was early morning and Jyn lay with her head resting on Cassian’s shoulder as she stared up at the ceiling watching the morning light drift across. Cassian was awake, but kept his eyes closed, enjoying the quiet.

“My dreams of Scarif have become fewer,” Cassian replied.

Jyn smoothed a hand over her belly absentmindedly. “I can no longer remember all their faces.”

Cassian sighed, finally opening his eyes. He glanced in her direction. “You cannot be expected to remember them all. We were a team, yes. But so much has happened in four years.”

Jyn hummed. “The annual anniversary of the Battle on Scarif will be happening soon. Are they going to have it here?”

“No,” Cassian replied. “Now that the empire is scattered, Senator Mothma and Organa have decided to hold the service over Scarif onboard Home One.”

“What?” she whispered. “They are going back?”

“I believe the plan has been in motion for a while now. They do not expect you to come, though.”

Jyn sat up slowly, keeping one hand over her belly. She looked down at her husband. “Are you going?”

“Of course,” he replied softly. “Everyone who survived was sent an invitation. Mothma wants me to give a speech along with Organa.”

Jyn frowned. “I never got an invite.” This hurt her.

Cassian sighed again. “You did, but I kept it from you.”

“How could you?” she accused, hurt pouring from her eyes. “How could you do that?”

Cassian sat up to reach his wife’s eye level. He placed his hand over Jyn’s – the one that lay on her belly. “Because you have not been well. After Endor you were explicitly told not to undertake any long durations of travel.” At the memory of Jyn’s recent trip to Corellia, Cassian facial expression darkened.

Jyn rolled her eyes. “I am fine, Cassian. I want to go! I have to go. Especially if they are going back to Scarif. I need to be there, Cassian. Please.”

Cassian lowered his eyes, watching his fingers entwined with hers. Right now all he wanted to do
was ensure Jyn’s health was at its best. She had already ended up in hospital three times before. He feared for her and the baby.

“Cassian,” she said. “I need to do this. Going back there all these years later might finally give me – all of us closure.”

Those eyes, Cassian thought, staring at his wife. How could he ever deny those beautiful eyes anything? Jyn was reckless, that may very well be an understatement, but she knew her limits these days.

“Very well,” he relented, pleased to see a grin in return. “But we are not going down to the planet; we will be staying onboard. Once the memorial is over we will return home at once.”

Jyn nodded, wondering exactly how Cassian’s mind must be faring right now. He had always worried for her during the war, and now towards the end of her pregnancy, he had essentially become a mother hen.

“Fine,” she replied, rewarding her husband with a deep kiss. “I promise to follow your lead, husband.”

Cassian grasped the back of Jyn’s head, pulling her closer. He moved his lips lower along her collarbone and groaned softly. “I cannot wait for this child to be born.”

Jyn chuckled. “Speak for yourself.” She pulled him back up for another kiss. “When do we leave?”

Cassian leaned his forehead against her, breathing deeply. “Six days.”

Jyn smiled. “Good. Gives me time to come up with a speech.”

Cassian pulled away. “You don’t have to do that. I can speak for both of us.”

“I know,” she replied, understanding completely. “But I want to. I owe it to... I owe to them.”

Cassian nodded. “I’ll be by your side the entire time.”

With one last kiss before getting up, Jyn replied, “Thank you.”

0BBY: Scarif

Six Days before Battle of Yavin

Everything was happening too fast for Jyn that at times she had trouble keeping up. Admiral Raddus had taken off from Yavin IV immediately to assembly the rebel fleet as best he could. Rendezvous coordinates had been set and Jyn with the newly formed team ‘Rogue One’ had set off from Yavin IV not long after. Blue squadron, under the command of General Merrick, were the last to leave Yavin IV, loading up all remaining supplies in preparation for their ground assault on Scarif. Red, Green and Gold squadron had left with the fleet.

“Why did you say ‘rogue one’? Jyn asked Bodhi as she stood behind the pilot’s seat watching the blue streams of hyperspace.

Bodhi gave a half shrug. “I didn’t know what to say – they put me on the spot. I guess I was thinking of me in a sense. I went rogue from the empire.” Bodhi turned to look her at. “In a way – their way – we all went rogue from them, the empire.”
Jyn smiled. “Let me know when we are getting close.” She walked over to the tech station where Cassian was sitting. He was reassembling his weapon, cleaning it as he went along. He stole a glance her way as she approached but continued with his work. Jyn leaned against the wall to his side, fiddling with her gloves. She wasn’t good at deep conversations.

“I wanted to thank you again for...” she spread her hands around her, “all of this. All of you.”

Cassian briefly smiled but didn’t look her way. “I wasn’t going to let you go to Scarif on your own. Not after everything we’ve been through, especially after what we saw the Death Star do on Jedha.”

Jyn folded her arms. “An image I will never forget. I think my father had hoped his message would have been received and acted upon before the Death Star was tested.”

“I think we were all a little too late to stop it,” Cassian replied. Finally he looked up at her. Jyn had begun to see his spy persona edge away as they prepared for their mission on Yavin IV. He was becoming more readable; clearer to see. It was as if a shadow had been covering him for a long time and it only now was beginning to lift.

“About my father,” Jyn began. Despite their new found camaraderie, Eadu was a topic they had yet to discuss. A very sore spot between them. “I want to apologise for... well for referring you to a stormtrooper. That was unjust of me.”

Cassian drifted his eyes to the floor, seemingly in thought for a moment. “And I am sorry for not being completely honest with you about my intentions. Dravin had informed me before we left for Jedha that I was to ignore the council’s intentions...”

“Hang on,” Jyn interrupted. “Was that when Dravin called you away from the U-Wing?”

Cassian looked sheepish. “Yes.”

Jyn felt her anger boiling, reliving the memory. Had she known what that conversation had really been about she would have marched over and thrown them to the ground. She honestly thought Dravin was warning Cassian about her temperament. Well, she supposed she did have a temper.

Jyn unfolded her arms and leaned down to touch her knees, stretching. “A hell of a few days.” She straightened. “I forgive you.”

Cassian stared blankly at her. He blinked, trying to comprehend her sudden words. “You forgive me?”

“Yes,” she replied. “I forgive you for lying to me. The manner in which my father died though, that will take time for me to get over. I get it, but... it was wrong.”

“I know,” he replied gently. “I knew all along it was immoral, but like I said back then – I had orders.”

“Don’t you get tired of taking orders you know are wrong?”

Cassian placed his weapon on the ground beside him and stood up. “All the time.”

“Do you think what we are doing now is wrong?” Jyn began to fiddle with her gloves again. A nervous trait she had begun to pick up.

“No,” Cassian replied, stepping towards her. “I believe in this mission – I believe you. I believe in
you. This is our best chance to put an end to the Death Star.”

“Just as my father wanted.”

Cassian nodded. “Just as your father wanted.”

Jyn looked over at Bodhi and K-2 down in the cockpit. “Has K-2 made a calculation on our odds yet?”

Cassian smirked. “If he has, he is yet to voice them, which he probably will do once we land.”

Jyn didn’t want to admit she was nervous, scared even. This was her first mission that would be a direct assault against the empire. She had never done this before, and worse, she was being accompanied by a group of soldiers she knew next to nothing about. For a brief second Jyn wished Kenna was here. Kenna wouldn’t be scared – she’d be excited. How different they were.

“What do you think?” she asked Cassian.

“With the fleet ready to take down the shield-gate at our word, I think we have a decent chance of making it out. I am more worried about infiltrating the Citadel. We do not know the layout, or how many troopers will actually leave to come out and fight. That puts us at a disadvantage.”

Jyn grimaced. “We will take it one step at a time. So long as we are quiet and invisible in our disguises, we will have a chance.”

... 

The imperial inspection of the cargo went as well and Jyn and Cassian could have hoped. Now all they needed to do was to get everyone in position. They had devised a plan of attack back on Yavin IV with General Dravin, Dodonna and Merrick. She left Cassian to give the orders.

“Bodhi,” he began as he straightened his stolen imperial uniform. “Keep the shuttle running. Corporal Tonc and Lieutenant Sefla will stay with you.” Cassian turned to Tonc. “When the fighting starts, keep to the comm. And try to provide false intel to imperial defenders. Bodhi, help him if necessary.”

Cassian walked over to where Jyn stood with her helmet tucked under her arm before he continued. “Corporal Mefran, work with Sergeant Melshi to make a clear path through the trees. Corporal Rostok, you and Private Basteren take up position in the high ground and keep a lookout on any incoming troopers heading this way. We must keep this shuttle defended without raising suspicion.”

Rostok was a qualified sharpshooter – a sniper. “No one will get past me.”

Cassian nodded. “Take down as many as you can from a distance, but stay camouflaged. Remember, you will be Bodhi and Tonc’s eyes. The rest of you will exit the shuttle via the floor hatch and make your way out. Place the detonators, find cover and wait for our signal.”

They had their orders; Jyn surveyed them and gave Lieutenant Sefla a brief nod. Earlier on the journey to Scarif, Sefla had given her the official rank of sergeant, making her an official rebel soldier. At first it felt strange to have a title before her name. She never had one in Saw’s militia.

Jyn, Cassian and K-2 were ready to advance. The warm air of Scarif tasted of salt as an ocean breeze rustled through the trees. A beautiful planet Scarif was, one could almost say it was a paradise.
Cassian had taken the disguise of Lieutenant Colin Hakelia, while Jyn walked behind him under the disguise of the technician Kent Deezling. K-2 stayed close to Jyn, his moving gears the only sound that came from their small group. As they reached the terminal, a guard came to attention. "Sir." He opened the doors to the car, and the trio stepped in.

“I have a bad feeling about...” K-2 began

“Kay!” Cassian hissed.

“Quiet!” Jyn added.


The cart doors slid shut and they lost sight of their rogue team.

Jyn shifted restlessly putting her weight from one foot to the next, nervous.

“What is it?” Cassian asked in a low voice.

Jyn didn’t want to speak of her feelings, not now. She was only just holding it together. “It’s nothing.”

“What is it?” he asked more sternly.

Jyn sighed, turning to peer out the slit of the window at the looming Citadel. “Just, what I told them all back there. About what Saw Gerrera said.”

“What about it?”

Jyn was fiddling with her glove. “We never fought like this with him. I never did. With Saw, missions were usually about hitting the empire hard – hitting back for revenge, slowly bleeding them to death.”

“And what we’re doing now is different,” Cassian replied, careful not to show any of his thoughts.

“Yes. If we don’t win this, people out there... they don’t just ignore it. We have to get those plans. I’m not sure I know how to fight to accomplish something.”

This was all truth to Jyn.

“You’re going to do fine,” Cassian said, trying to speak with gentleness and compassion Jyn had barely seen echoes of. It wasn’t the answer she needed to hear. Determination would get her to those plans. She trusted Cassian and all the others who had joined them on Scarif. She even had faith in Admiral Raddus to pull through with his side of the mission. But part of her kept wondering if the mission went wrong, what then? She had fought all her life, and with Saw and Kenna she had fought more than anything for vengeance and for her own survival. What would happen if she started to fall back into her old instincts? She could risk herself for something but if she found herself alone again, she didn’t know if she could risk herself for the cause.

“We’re slowing down,” Cassian said, making Jyn focus again.

As they stepped out of the cart, Cassian took in their surroundings. “We need a map.”

K-2 swivelled his head. “I’m sure there’s one just lying around.”

“You know what you have to do,” Cassian answered. Jyn frowned at their conversation, not
understanding what Cassian had meant. They walked into the Citadel, where corridors branched off from the rail station and officers, guards and the occasional stormtrooper moved at an unhurried pace. All was calm, and so far no one had noticed the trio’s intent. As they walked along, Jyn knew Cassian was right. Without a map, they would get lost and end up wandering around different levels for hours.

A security droid identical for K-2 waked past them and Cassian nodded toward K-2. They slowly retraced their steps and began a leisurely pursuit. Eventually, Jyn found herself watching in bizarre awe as K-2 reached out to the identical droid and ejected a retractable data spike from his wrist joint, plunging it into its metal head.

“Do it fast,” Cassian urged as he and Jyn took point on either side of the door.

K-2 extracted his data spike after a minute, his eyes flickering. “Our optimal route to the data vault places only eighty-nine stormtroopers in our path. We will make it one-third of the way before we are killed.”

Jyn and Cassian exchanged looks. “How long until the fleet arrives?”

Cassian grabbed his comm. “Bodhi – ETA for fleet arrival?”

“Seven minutes,” came Bodhi’s reply. Cassian kept his gaze on Jyn, waiting for her to say what their next move was.

Jyn looked at K-2. “How long will it take for us to get a third of the way?”

“Four minutes.”

“Then let’s go.”

Cassian nodded, taking the lead. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest and was sure Jyn could hear it. He had infiltrated before, but nothing like this. With each step he kept telling himself was a victory. Jyn’s heavy footfalls from the boots she was wearing helped keep his calm demeanour. He was glad she was with him. As much as he trusted K-2, having another person with him made him feel hopefully at the odds of their success. They took the elevator up several floors, heading down another identical corridor. This one was fewer populated, only some stormtroopers standing guard as several imperial officers walked by.

As they passed another guarded door, K-2 spoke as quietly as he could. “We are coming up on four minutes.”

Cassian led them into a small alcove tucked behind a wall. It was not well covered, but it would serve. He grabbed his comm as Jyn nodded.

“Bodhi, ETA?”

“Just under three minutes,” Bodhi replied.

“It’s time,” Jyn said.

“Sergeant Melshi, status?” Cassian waited a moment.

“Ready, ready. Standing by.”

Cassian lifted his comm closer to his mouth. “Light it up.”
Bodhi watched as half a dozen landing pads went up in flames. He watched imperial figures race around in attempt to extinguish the flames as black smoke rose up.

“Troopers!” Tonc declared from outside the ship. “Troopers to the left!” Tonc scrambled up the ladder taking position next to Bodhi. “How are we doing up here?”

Bodhi looked out the shuttle window. “Looks like they’ve grounded noncombat vessels, but overall they’re ignoring the shuttles. I can’t really tell what’s going on...” He gestured at the thick, black smoke.

The comlink on the control panels beeped. “Who’s that?” Tonc asked.

Bodhi ignored him. “This is Rogue One,” he spoke into the comm.

“Rogue One, this is Admiral Raddus,” came the reply. “We have arrived above Scarif. Engaging imperial ships.”

“What about the shield-gate,” Bodhi asked, feeling desperation. “They are closing it!”

“Leave it to me,” Raddus replied. “We have a portion of the fleet working on it.”

“Affirmative,” Bodhi replied. He sat back in his chair, breathing heavily. Cassian, Jyn and K-2 were inside the Citadel by now. If everything went well, even if it went perfectly well, he began to realise not everyone would make it back.

The trio had to slow down in a subcorridor as thirty stormtroopers rushed passed them in formation.

“Guess our distraction is working,” Cassian murmured.

Jyn looked at him with approval. “It was a good plan.”

“Cassian, Jyn, can you hear me?” Bodhi’s voice echoed through the now – thankfully – empty corridor.

“Bodhi, what is it?” Cassian answered, making eye contact with Jyn.

“The rebel fleet has arrived and are engaging imperial ships over Scarif.” Cassian shared a grin with Jyn. “The shield-gate is closed, but they are working on bringing it down.”

“Keep us updated,” Cassian replied, placing his comm back in his shirt pocket. “Come on. We don’t have much time.”

“This is the way to the data vault,” K-2 said, pointing down corridor.

The trio moved as quickly as they could without drawing attention. The further they went, the less people they saw. Officers were running to their stations, and troopers made their way down to the lower levels. Finally, they reached a large, heavy blast door.

“Inside,” K-2 said, opening the door without code access.

They entered the antechamber to the vault and met with a lieutenant at the control station. “Can I
help you?"

K-2 continued to walk over to the imperial officer. “That won’t be necessary.” K-2 bought a metal fist down on the man’s head, knocking him out, shoving him aside and plugging into the dataport.

Jyn stood at the vault door. “How does it open?”


“What for?” Cassian asked as he and Jyn re-positioned the unconscious man.

“No date tape can be removed from the vault without authorization and assistance from this console. In this way, any single would-be thief is denied access. In the event of a security breach, the screening tunnel can be energized to wipe all data storage. I prefer to keep my memory intact.”

Cassian slapped the man’s hand over the scanner at the vault door. Nothing happened. The scan buzzed, rejecting the scan. “It’s not working!”

“Right hand,” K-2 called.

“You’re a terrible spy,” Jyn hissed, surprised by her own intensity and frustration.

Cassian ignored her, slapping the man’s right hand on the sensor. The vault door chimed with the sounds of metal locks disengaging. The vault door began to open slowly.

Inside the vault, Jyn kept close to Cassian, smelling the cleaning chemicals on his imperial uniform. She gazed up at the tall, broad beam of the data vault. In the centre stood multiple towers of stacked data banks, each with a dim red light indicating the storage stats. There had to be tens of thousands of them. Cassian had suppressed his awe faster than Jyn and was already at the main console.

“Schematics banks,” K-2 said through the console. “Data tower two.”

“How do I find that?” Cassian retorted.

“Searching... I can locate the tape, but you’ll need the handles for extraction.”

Jyn and Cassian looked at the set of mechanical manipulators. Cassian grabbed them gingerly. “What are we supposed to with these?” Cassian quickly removed his officer’s cap, running a hand through his hair. He tugged off his gloves and began fumbling with the handles.

Behind them, the sound of a metal creaking as the vault door roared shut. Cassian and Jyn glanced at each other, unsure on what to do next. Cassian let go on the handles and reached for his comm. “Kay? What’s going on out there?”

The comm returned nothing but static and Jyn saw fear flash across Cassian’s face. He was afraid for K-2. Jyn touched his arm to bring him back. “We have to keep going. You fly, I’ll navigate.”

Cassian returned to the handles, his grip tense as he heard blaster shots coming from outside.

“Hyperspace tracking,” Jyn read through the list on the screen. “Navigational systems, Deep Core Cartography...”

“Two screens down,” they heard K-2 finally say. “Structural Engineering – open that!”

“Kay!” Cassian snapped. “Tell me what’s happening!”
“The situation is well in hand.”

Jyn spoke, causing Cassian to tear his thoughts back to her. “Project code names: Stellarsphere, Mark Omega, Pax Aurora, War-Mantle, Cluster-Prism, Black-Saber…”

Jyn paused, staring at the screen.

“What?” Cassian asked, looking down at the point of interest.

“Stardust. It’s that one.”

They eyes met and Jyn smiled as Cassian’s face washed over with realisation. “Your father called you that.”

Jyn kept smiling. “Yes. It’s me.”

Cassian shared her smile before turning his attention to the console. “Kay, we need the file for stardust!”

The comm fed back a mixture of noises – blaster shots and metal banging.

“Stardust,” K-2 said.

A green light flickered above them in the vault, and Cassian manoeuvred the handles up to reach it. The lights in the control room went out, leaving a red glow around them. The comm gave a static shriek filling the room.

“Kay!” Jyn had never heard Cassian scream like that.

“Climb,” K-2 strained to say. “Climb the tower! You can still send the plans up to the fleet via the communication tower. Exiting the vault this way is no longer an option.”

“Kay!” Cassian moved towards the vault door exit and Jyn grabbed hold of his upper arm, trying to keep him steady.

“Locking vault door. Goodbye.”

Cassian hands were trembling as he lowered the comlink. Jyn was breathing hard, the realisation of casualties because of her plan becoming more aware.

“Give me the comm,” she said. Cassian handed it over without thought or hesitation. He was still staring at the vault door.

“Bodhi, are you there?”

“I’m here,” Bodhi replied. “Where are you guys?”

“In the vault. We are stuck though,” Jyn answered, stealing a glance in Cassian’s direction. “We have to climb the vault to the communication tower up the top.”

“Are you guys okay?” Bodhi asked.

Jyn paused, looking at the vault door. “We’re fine. Listen, I need to you to come get us from the top of the tower. Bring the shuttle up on my signal.”

“Yes,” Bodhi answered. “I can do that.”
“Is the shield-gate still up?”

“Admiral Raddus is about to bring it down, I think,” Bodhi said. “He mentioned something about a hammerhead attack.”

Jyn looked at Cassian for clarification, but he gave none.

“I’ll contact you again when we’re ready to be picked up.” Jyn handed the comlink back to Cassian and pulled out her blaster. She turned to the glass window. “Step back.”

The glass shattered, a gush of cool air rushed in. Jyn stripped away her imperial disguise and Cassian removed his imperial jacket. Jyn scrambled onto the console, keeping herself steady as she looked ahead at the gap before her.

“Come on,” she said and then leapt over to the data tower. She looked down to see Cassian leap out of the control room, catching hold beneath her. She turned back and started her ascend to the data cartridge that was glowing green. As she reached her location, she reached her hand up and tugged the cartridge out of its casing. “I’ve got it!” She felt herself slip and she forced herself to regain her hold.

“Careful!” Cassian shouted from below her. “You okay?”

“Fine,” she replied, clipping the plans to her belt and beginning her climb to the top. A sudden flash of crimson caused Jyn to drop her hand and twist away from the blaster shot.

“Jyn!” Cassian shouted, grabbing for his pistol.

Jyn turned her gaze to see three figures, one in white – Krennic. She wanted to scream and lunge towards him. She wanted to tackle him to the ground and beat him. She made herself tear away from the sight of him and continued her climb. More blast shots tore around her as the death troopers attempted to prevent their climb. She could hear Cassian firing back, causing him to lag behind her. She shifted her position and rotated around the data tower out of view. This caused the troopers to shoot only at Cassian now.

“Cassian!” she shouted, wanting to signal him to follow her round the side.

Cassian shot two blasts. “Keep going! Keep going!”

She saw one of Cassian’s shots penetrate a trooper. The black figure fell into the data vault below them. Another shot, and the second trooper fell. She didn’t see Krennic aim his weapon at Cassian, she didn’t even know if he had been hit or not. But she did see Cassian lose his grip, hitting a beam, then another before falling onto a metal platform below, unmoving.

“Cassian!” she shouted, staring down at him. She wanted to let go, follow him down. Hours ago she would have felt a sense of satisfaction of seeing him get hurt, but not anymore. The spy continued to lay deathly still and Jyn knew she could only do one thing – climb.

Reaching the top with the Death Star’s schematics still attached to her waist, Jyn prevented herself from stopping and taking a breath. There was no time. She looked up at the sky and saw debris falling along with flames. The shield-gate had been destroyed. X-wing fights flew around the Citadel engaging imperial forces. Everything looked like a nightmare.

“Bodhi,” she said into her comlink that she had kept hidden under her imperial disguise.

“Jyn!” came his reply. “I was beginning to worry. The shield is down!”
“I see it,” she replied, looking back up at the sky. “I’m at the top of the Citadel tower; I’m going to transmit the plans to the fleet. Tell Admiral Raddus.”

There was a brief pause before Bodhi spoke again. “He said he is awaiting your transmission.”

Jyn breathed heavily as she made her way over to the control panel under the antenna dish. “Bodhi, sound the evacuation and come get me!”

“Done. We’re coming to get you.”

Jyn found the slot for the data cartridge and placed it in firmly. The screen before her flashed. “Reset antenna alignment.”

Jyn turned around and saw a second control panel at the end of the catwalk. She grabbed her blaster and made her way along the catwalk where she found a dial. After turning it the voice announce: “Dish aligning.”

She watched the massive antenna dish adjust itself until it was pointing straight overhead. “Dish aligned. Ready to transmit.”

Jyn smiled with relief and started her way back. A TIE shrieked into her view, descending toward her on the narrow footbridge. She began to run, hoping she could make it at least off the catwalk. The TIE blasted its green shots at her, hitting the catwalk causing it to crumble and fall away. She suppressed a scream as she felt shrapnel hit her body. She held on tightly to the remnants of the guardrail and hauled herself up with great difficulty. Her body screamed in agony as if every muscle in her body was on fire. She scrambled on.

Jyn stopped short as a man in white stood before her, blaster raised in her direction. Krennic.

“Who are you?” he shouted at her.

Jyn smirked as the wind blew through her hair. “You know who I am. I’m, Jyn Erso. Daughter of Galen and Lyra.”

“The child.” He sounded surprised.

“You’ve lost,” Jyn declared, attempting to keep her body straight. She was in so much pain.

“Oh, I have, have I?” he replied.

“My father’s revenge. He built a flaw in the Death Star. He put a fuse in the middle of your machine and I’ve just told the entire galaxy how to light it.”

Krennic scowled. “The shield is up...”

“Look around you,” Jyn interrupted. “The rebel fleet destroyed the shield-gate. Can’t you see its remains falling?”

Krennic had been deep within the Citadel when the shield-gate had gone down. He had been away from the command centre and no one had been bothered to tell him. He deepened his scowl and was beginning to see the damage this girl had caused him.

“I’ve lost nothing but time. You, on the other hand, will die with the rebellion.”

Jyn ducked as a blast came from her left. Krennic fell forward as a black scorch mark sizzled from his shoulder. Jyn saw Cassian leaning against the pillar, his blaster raised. He looked terrible,
exhausted and clearly in pain from his fall. She also noticed he hadn’t been shot earlier. How he had managed to make the climb, Jyn could not understand. She shared a smile with him before running over to the control panel, ignoring the pain. She pulled the broadcast lever.

“Transmitting.”

Jyn turned to Cassian, grinning. He kept his blaster raised at Krennic. Jyn turned to the man who had taken her family; her youthful innocence. She went to lunge at him but Cassian grabbed her.

“Leave it, leave it,” he said, pulling her close to his chest. “That’s it. Let’s go.”

A large whirl of air blew over them as the roar of an engine sounded. Jyn and Cassian turned to see Bodhi flying the shuttle, hovering it above the broken catwalk. The ramp had been lowered to show Corporal Tonc, Lieutenant Sefla, Corporal Rostok and Private Basteren waving their hands for them to jump. Jyn slung Cassian’s arm around her shoulder and huddled over to them. To her left she felt a shadow appear. She stopped, staring at a large sphere on the horizon.

The Death Star had come to Scarif.

“Come on!” Sefla shouted.

Jyn un-slung Cassian’s arm, pushing him forward. “Go!”

Sefla and Tonc caught Cassian by the arms as he lunged over to the ramp. He cried out in pain, causing Jyn to wince. She followed, her knees giving way as she hit the ramp. Rostok grabbed her roughly be the upper arm, dragging her deeper into the shuttle.

“Let’s go!” Tone shouted at Bodhi. “Go, go, go!”

Jyn tried to focus as Rostok sat her down. Cassian was in front of her on the other side of the shuttle bay being tended to by Tonc and Sefla.

“Everyone else?” she breathed, coughing.

“Don’t know,” Rostok replied, grabbing the med kit Basteren held. “They may have evacuated on another shuttle. Maybe not. All I know is that the fleet it being engaged by a larger imperial fleet and most have already left for the rendezvous.”

“We can’t go there,” Jyn said. “We have to go straight to Yavin IV.” She nodded towards Cassian. “He fell pretty badly.”

Rostok glanced behind him at the captain who was slumped over, his arm gripping his ribs. “Basteren, go tell Bodhi to make for Yavin IV and tell him to make sure a med team is on standby for our arrival.”

“On it.”

“Did you do it?” Rostok asked, ripping part of Jyn’s pants to get at a piece of shrapnel.

“Yes,” Jyn breathed. “I transmitted the plans to the fleet.”

“Then it was all worth it,” he replied. “Rest easy.”

“Cassian,” Jyn said, trying to get up.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Rostok said, keeping her down. “We’ll keep the captain alive. He is made of hard
stuff. Just take it easy. We’ll be back on Yavin IV in no time.”

Jyn leaned her head back against the wall. She sighed heavily allowing her body to finally relax. Rostok was attempting to be gentle in cleaning her wounds, but a hiss escaped her every now and then.

“Jyn.” She opened her eyes to see Cassian was watching her.

“Hey.” She smiled.

“You’re father would have been proud of you, Jyn.”

Jyn felt tears coming to her eyes and for the first instance in a long time she allowed them to spill freely. These were tears of happiness.

...  

4ABY: Home One, Scarif Orbit

Jyn stood at the podium with a data pad displaying the speech she had written. Cassian stood behind her to her right and Leia stood to her left. Both had said their speeches, and now it was her turn. She glanced at the audience and smiled at Bodhi, Tonc, Rostok and all the others who had survived. Some of them she had ended up going on more missions with, while others parted ways not long after Yavin IV was evacuated. It was good to see everyone in the same room after all these years.

“Today is the anniversary of a defining moment for the former Rebel Alliance.” She paused, looking over the audience once more. “This day, four years ago we committed an act against the Empire that would result in a crippling blow to their regime. Had I known just how far our actions would have taken us, four years ago, I would not have believed it.”

As Jyn spoke she began to realise how much she had changed over the years. Sure, she was an adult back then, but now she truly felt like one. She felt more mature, stronger and at ease with the galaxy. Life was good. Her time with the alliance – with Cassian – had brought her out of her cave. She had finally become the woman she was meant to be. If her parents could see her now, they would be proud.

“On Scarif we lost many comrades; brothers and sisters. At the time it was hard to comprehend their sacrifice as anything other than casualties of war. But today we can truly see that their deaths were and always will be symbolic. Casualties of war eventually lose their names and memories in the years that follow, but those who gave their lives for the cause on Scarif; they will be remembered for time without end. It has given me great satisfaction to know that our actions did not leave them in vain in this life and the next.” Jyn took a deep breath.

“Scarif has become a symbol to all those who once worried to defy the Empire. Now it is a place of remembrance and reflection. May we never forget why we fought.” Jyn looked at Bodhi, a small smile forming. “May the Force with You all.”

Chapter End Notes

I - personally - do not believe Cassian was shot on Scarif. It was not mentioned in the
book and in the movie, you could not see a blaster wound on him anywhere. I believe the shot hit near him, causing him to lose his grip and fall.
Jyn’s eyes fluttered open to see a bright light shining brightly above her. She winced as the glow pierced her eyes. Groaning, Jyn tried to remember what had happened. They had arrived on Yavin IV to be met by a large group of personnel. Cassian had been whisked away by the medics before she had a chance to speak. Another team of medics had approached her with a stretcher. After a quick, sharp prick to her arm, that was all she remembered.

Jyn turned her head to the left seeing a shelf of assorted medical equipment not far away. It appeared she had been placed in a private room. Turning to the right there was an empty chair by her bed with the door not far behind it. She tried to sit up but her muscles felt weak. Falling back onto the pillow, Jyn observed the cannula in the back of her left hand; she flexed her fingers.

The door to her room whooshed open and a medical droid whirled in carrying a tray of supplies.

“Sergeant Erso,” its mechanical voice said, placing the tray on the bench at the end of her bed. “We have stopped sedation and have been expecting you to wake up.”

Jyn tried to sit up again; the droid whirled over to her left side and pushed a button. The front of the bed started to lift up. “Resist moving as much as possible. You have been asleep for fourteen hours.”

“What happened?” Jyn croaked. Her throat was dry. “Where is everyone? Cassian...”

“I am unable to provide information on your mission. I have alerted Mon Mothma and General Dravin that you are awake. You sustained a laceration to your right hand, below your thumb. We have it bandaged with bacta to improve healing. You have a second bacta seal on your left femur from shrapnel.”

Jyn lifted her right hand which was bandaged heavily. She wriggled her fingers, but found her hand was mostly numb from the healing agent.

The medical droid continued. “Your injuries were minimal. Bed rest for a further seventy-two hours is required to allow your body to heal on its own.” The droid handed Jyn a cup of cool water. “Please sip the water.”

Jyn obliged, relishing in the cool liquid trickling down her throat. “Cassian, Bodhi and the others?”

“Captain Andor is currently submerged in a bacta tank. His injuries were far more severe. Bodhi Rook is in excellent physical health...”

“What happened to Cassian?”

The droid injected a colourless fluid into Jyn’s cannula line. “Captain Andor was admitted with four broken ribs, two fractured ribs, bruising on his spinal cord and a fractured right ankle. Full recovery expected after a further eighteen hours in the bactatank and a further ninety-six hours of bed rest with further bacta treatment.”

Jyn held the cup in both of her shaky hands as she processed the list of injuries. “He’s going to be
“Full recovery is expected.” The droid whirled away towards the door as it opened to reveal Mothma and Draven. Jyn tensed, seeing them. Mothma offered a warm smile while Draven merely grimaced.

“Jyn,” Mothma began, stepping up to the end of the bed. “I congratulate you and your time on a successful extraction of the plans.”

“You received them?” Jyn asked, feeling her muscles begin to relax.

Mothma and Draven exchanged looks of unease.

“Admiral Raddus received your transmission,” Mothma began, “and had the plans sent to Princess Leia Organa. Unfortunately, her transport ship was boarded by Darth Vader. We are unsure of what has happened to the Death Star plans.”

Jyn felt everything around her become quiet as ringing began to fill her ears. Surely this could not be happening. How could they lose the plans after everything she and Rogue One had sacrificed?

“Why did you not take the plans when you evacuated?” Draven walked up to her bedside and stood by the chair.

Jyn blinked. “I... we had a setback and couldn’t leave the data vault. Cassian... Cassian and I had to climb the tower to transmit the plans.”

“And you chose not to take the hardcopy with you?” Draven had crossed his arms.

Jyn looked at Mothma. “I... it all happened so fast. Krennic found me, and then I saw the Death Star... when Bodhi arrived I just had to get Cassian... all of us to safety. I sent the plans via transmission of the antenna dish.”

Jyn could feel a lump beginning to shape in her throat as she suppressed tears from forming. She wasn’t sure if they were tears of anger, despair or if she was just too tired.

“No one is blaming you for the loss of the plans,” Mothma assured her. “We just need an understanding on what went on in the Citadel. As Captain Andor is medically unavailable, we must ask you these questions.”

Jyn swallowed hard. “I did the mission. And it was you people who lost the plans. Not me.”

“In all honesty,” Draven began, unfolding his arms. “We do not know if the plans have fallen back into the hands of the empire.”

“Princess Leia Organa has been known for her resourcefulness in the past,” Mothma added. “I no doubt believe she would have taken measures to secure the plans into safekeeping. Unfortunately, the princess has been taken as a political prisoner. If she had managed to place the plans in safety, we do not know where.”

Everything was rushing through Jyn’s mind. She found it hard to grasp at one thought. “What happens now?”

“An agent of mine on Tatooine has reported of trooper presence on the planet,” Draven said. “As Tatooine is a neighbouring planet to Scarif, and the closest planetoid body to Organa’s ship before it was boarded, we can presume the plans may have been sent there.”
“Tatooine,” Jyn said, remembering her time on the planet. It had been a long time ago, and she had only been to the spaceport briefly.

“General Draven’s agent will keep us informed of any updates,” Mothma said. “But for now, you need to rest and recuperate.”

Jyn nodded. She wanted to fly out of the bed and commandeer a shuttle to Tatooine to fix this mess the alliance had caused. She should have known that getting the plans would not be as easy as that. Not that it was easy to begin with.

“How many others made it off Scarif?” It was a question that had been burning in the back of her mind since she woke up.

Draven answered. “Aside from you and Captain Andor, a third of rogue one survived, including those who evacuated in the shuttle you arrived on.”

“What about Chirrut and Baze?”

“I am sorry,” Mothma replied. “They were not on any of the shuttles that made it back.”

Jyn’s heart dropped and she felt tears forming again. How many had died for her plan? “What about Bodhi? Where is he?”

“Bodhi Rook is in the hanger helping with repairs,” Draven replied. “His work getting you past the shield-gate on Scarif has impressed many – myself included. We have offered him a formal position within the rebellion with the rank of lieutenant.”

Jyn raised her eyebrows. “He accepted?”

“He did,” Draven said. “He has also proven valuable with information regarding imperial cargo routes.”

Mothma caught Draven’s eye, prompting him to continue. Draven hesitated. “We would also like to offer you the position of lieutenant in the rebellion.” Again, Draven hesitated. “We would like you to join alliance intelligence.”

Jyn didn’t think it was possible for her eyebrows to be raised any higher. “Alliance intelligence?”

“Your infiltration skills on Scarif and ability to get the job done are what we look for in intelligence officers,” Draven said. “If you don’t wish to join intelligence we can place you with the pathfinders. The choice is yours.”

Jyn was speechless. Welcome Home. That is what Cassian had said to her before they left Yavin IV. His words had meant more to her than he probably realised. But was she prepared to take this offer and ground herself?

“I... I need to think,” she stammered.

“Alliance intelligence?” Mothma replied gently. “We have given you a great deal to think about just now. We shall leave you to rest. Let us know of your decision in the coming days.”

Draven gave Jyn a quick nod before following Mothma out of the room. Jyn flopped her head back against the pillow. Had they really said all that? Losing the plans, offering her a formal rank and a home in the rebellion? Mothma had promised her that after she served her purpose to the alliance that they would let her go. At the time she could not wait for that moment to arise. Deep down part
of her still wanted it. To just be free from everything. She thought of Bodhi, Cassian, the Guardians and all those who had accompanied her to Scarif. She couldn’t let them down, not now.

The medical droid returned with a tray of food for Jyn. She hadn’t realised how hungry she was until the tray was placed across her. She ate eagerly, not caring how she looked. The droid didn’t seem to care anyway.

4ABY: Planet Hosnian Prime

Jyn had returned home from her latest medical scan. Cassian was supposed to have gone with her, but he had left early that morning after receiving a call to come in. She took it as an assumption that he had completely forgotten about her appointment. Not that she particularly cared. She was kind of glad to be going alone. Cassian was so fussy around her nowadays that it felt nice to go talk to a medical professional without his constant questioning.

Jyn had gone shopping after the scan, having discovered the gender of the baby. She was excited at the revelation and decided it was long due time to start buying clothing and toys. She was never fond of shopping to begin with, especially in a megatropolis such as Hosnian Prime. She stuck to the few stores she found, purchasing a handful of items before calling it quits. She wished she had company, having become lost on her way out of the shopping district. The heavy weight of her growing belly caused her back to ache. Her mood was turning foul at citizens who passed her by, staring. Next time she would ask Leia to accompany her.

Folding away the baby clothes into the cupboard of the nursery, Jyn was starting to feel good. Her appointment assured her that her blood pressure was finally backed into the normal readings, and her baby’s heart rate fine. In six weeks time her child would make an appearance, and then her life would be starting over again. How many times had that happened already? Starting over. On Lah’mu with her parents; with Saw Gerrera, with Kenna, and then with the rebellion. It had taken time, but then she was starting over with Cassian. Now it was happening all over again - starting over on Hosnian Prime – imperial free, safe and a baby. She hoped this would be the last time.

Jyn placed the blanket gifted by Mothma into the crib along with the stuffed toy wookie Han had bought over a few days ago. She never realised how much stuff babies needed. A house droid was due to become an addition to the household to act as a nanny. She remembered the one her parents had on Coruscant – McVee. Jyn had loved that droid. The baby stirred, kicking. Jyn winced, sitting in the only chair present in the nursery. Every week that went by had her child become more and more active. At first it had been an unusual and surreal sensation she enjoyed feeling, but now it was starting to annoy her. It was getting to the point where she wanted her body back to herself.

Later in the evening Jyn was sitting at her desk writing up a new recruit-training regime. She wanted it all done and approved before she went back to work. When Cassian returned home Jyn could see the exhaust in his eyes. She smiled up at him as he leant down to kiss her. Was this what domestic life felt like?

“You forgot,” she stated, standing up to hug him.

It took Cassian a moment to realise what she had meant. His eyes widened. “Jyn, why didn’t you contact me? I would have made arrangements to come!”

Jyn shook her head. “It’s fine, honestly. Everything went well. I am healthy and so is the baby.”

Cassian embraced her again. “Good. That’s good.”
Jyn smiled as she rested her head on his shoulder. “I am hoping you will be pleased to know we are having a girl.”

She felt Cassian tense momentarily before relaxing, pulling away to face her. “A girl?” He was grinning.

Jyn matched his smile. “Yes. It’s a girl.”

Cassian placed his hand over her belly. “A girl. Jyn, that’s wonderful!”

Jyn placed her hand over his. “I secretly wanted a girl.”

Cassian chuckled. “Me too.”

Jyn sighed contently. “I suppose we have to think of name now.”

Cassian hummed, leading her over to the sofa. “Do you have any in mind?”

Jyn shook her head. “No.”

“Your mother?”

Jyn sighed. “Lyra is a sad story. I don’t know if I want to name our daughter after anyone. We could think of a new name for her.”

Cassian smiled. He pulled her in for a kiss. “I like the sound of that.”

“Well we still have six weeks to decide on a name. So we are in no hurry.”

“Six weeks will go by fast.”

Jyn nestled into his side. “Please, I hope so.”

...  

0BBY: Planet Yavin IV

1.5 Days before Battle of Yavin

Bodhi was present as Jyn was finally allowed to get out of bed. He hovered close by in case she needed someone to lean on. The bacta bandage around her leg had been removed, leaving a thin line of healing skin. Her right hand had also been cleared of bacta; instead she had a thin cotton bandage. Her hand had stung in the cool air and continued to do so whenever she flexed it.

The first thing Jyn did was stretch all her muscles. It felt good to finally be standing. A requisition officer entered holding a bundle of clothes. Her original clothing had been discarded; her pants being cut up to access her shrapnel wounds.

“We found some clothing in your size as well as boots.” The young woman placed them at the end of the bed. “If you have any problems or require anything else come find me or another requisition officer. We are located in the back of the hanger passed storage room 2AB.”

“I’ll be fine,” Jyn said to Bodhi. “I’ll get dressed and meet you outside.”

Bodhi nodded before exiting.
The clothing was not a uniform; blue-grey pants, a long sleeved dusty-brown shirt that came with elbow long black leather gloves. The boots were also black leather and appeared to be standard issue for the rebellion. Lastly, she had been given a dark scarf similar to the one she had worn on Jedha. Simple clothing, just what she liked.

After dressing, she found Bodhi pacing outside. He was still wearing his old imperial flight suit. “Aren’t they going to make you change?”

Bodhi shrugged. “Nobody has said anything yet.” He assessed her up and down. “You look much better.”

Jyn smiled, smoothing her shirt. “Thanks. Feels good to finally be out of that room.”

Bodhi jerked his thumb down the corridor. “Cassian is out of the bactatank, though still sedated. Want to go see him?”

Jyn nodded, already making her way down the poorly lit passageway. “Which room?”

“Err... 107 I think.”

Cassian’s room turned out to be only four doors down from hers. She entered without hesitation to see two medical droids hovering around Cassian’s bed. He was dressed in medical garb as she had been.

“Sergeant Erso,” one droid spoke. “Captain Andor will be awakening in seven hours.”

Jyn slowly walked over to the bed, sitting on the edge. Bodhi took the seat. She tilted her head as she examined the man lying unconscious. He looked so peaceful with the steady rise and fall of his chest. His hair was thick and matte – probably from the bacta – and the hard lines on his spy-master face had smoothed away. Carefully, Jyn held his hand which was by her knee.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “Thank you for coming back for me.” She was referring the Citadel tower where Krennic had her cornered. She was sure her end had come before she could transmit the plans. Then there he was – there Cassian was. He had been the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Never had she been so glad to see someone.

Jyn turned to Bodhi. “Did they tell you about the plans being lost?”

“Yeah,” he replied sadly. “Everyone who survived are asking questions as to how it happened. People are frustrated.”

Jyn didn’t blame them. “We did our part.”

A droid came over to them. “I must ask you both to leave. You can return in seven hours.”

Jyn sighed, reluctantly letting go of Cassian’s hand. “Come on.”

Jyn and Bodhi made a leisurely pace towards the hanger. People were bustling past them in a hurried manner. “What’s going on?”

Bodhi shrugged. “No sure. We can find out. Follow me.”

Jyn followed Bodhi quickly into the hanger where an uproar of voices filled the area. People were clearly panicked. She followed Bodhi over to the outside area of the hanger where a small squadron of x-wing fighters were under maintenance.
“General Merrick,” Bodhi called out to a cluster of pilots in blue.

Jyn scanned the area and saw Merrick conversing with his squadron. She smiled; relieved to see he and a good number of his comrades had survived.

Merrick turned at the sound of Bodhi’s voice. His eyebrows rose at the sight of Jyn. Smiling, he walked over to her, clasping her hand. “Jyn! Good to see you looking much better! Last I saw you a medical droid was fussing over you as they escorted you through the hanger.”

“I am much better, yes,” she replied. “But what’s going on?”

Merrick’s face contorted with grief. “We just received word – Alderaan has been destroyed by the Death Star.”

Jyn’s eyes widened as her knees started to buckle. Merrick held her up and Bodhi grabbed hold of her arm for support.

“Easy,” Merrick said, leading her over to a crate to sit on. “There’s nothing more you could have done.”

Jyn wasn’t listening. She stared blankly at her feet. Bodhi sat beside her, hesitating before placing a hand on her shoulder for comfort. She failed; she let everyone down.

“Why Alderaan?” she breathed.

Merrick shook his head. “Not entirely sure. It is... was the home planet of Princess Leia Organa. Perhaps it has to do with her imprisonment? Scouts report it happened many hours ago.”

Jyn had never been to Alderaan. She knew it was a planet that resisted the imperial hold over the galaxy, but that was it. The realisation of the true potential of what her father created was finally apparent. She always knew, yes, but now it was different. A whole planet was gone. This was never supposed to happen. They should have had the plans on Yavin IV by now, making their next move. What would the council think? Would they blame her?

“W-what... what happens now?” she strangled out. She felt Bodhi attempting to soothe her by rubbing circles on her back.

Merrick stood up. “Nothing. An emergency council session is to be held, but it will take hours, days perhaps to gather everyone. Unless a miracle happens in the meantime, we do nothing.”

Jyn finally looked up. “I can’t do ‘nothing’.” She stood up, letting Bodhi’s hand fall. “What about Tatooine?”

Merrick frowned. “You’ll have to ask Dravin about that. I don’t think anything has come from it.”

Jyn left without another word, heading for the command centre. There, she found Draven hovering over a datapad. “I’m in.”

Dravin lowered the datapad.


Dravin turned to a small, elderly man. “Find Erso a jacket and a lieutenant insignia.” He turned back to Jyn, momentarily staring at her. He held out his hand. “Welcome to Alliance Intelligence.”

Jyn swallowed, shaking his hand. This was her starting over.
Chapter Summary

Jyn and Cassian discuss the future of Rogue One and what move to make next.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

7BBY: Planet Balanor (Outer Rim Territories)

Fourteen year old Jyn watched as the medical droid attempted to treat Saw. Her foster father was in a terrible mood and had threatened to turn the droid into scrap numerous times. They had been on this rainforest planet for two weeks now, having to hide suddenly from imperial detection. A few assortments of ships housing various insurgents had landed with them, setting up temporary shelter around the small convoy of shuttles. It wasn’t the ideal location, but it served its purpose to keep them hidden. The rainforest was thick, most areas having the treetop canopies covering the indigo sky above. Jyn rather liked it here; she and Maia would frequently venture out on their own reconnaissance missions. On their third day, they had stumbled upon a small ravine filled with clear, cool water. They had bathed in it, relishing the cool water against their skin.

Jyn had become close with Maia, spending most of her spare time with the younger girl. She was the opposite of Kenna; calm, quiet and kind. Saw appreciated Maia’s innocent appearance as it made her the ideal candidate to send out to gather information in areas that were difficult for a rebel or criminal to obtain.

“He’s deep,” Saw huffed at the droid. Jyn stalked over to where he lay on the poorly kept steel medical bed. She pulled up a stool and took the tray of supplies from the droid. It was better she did this part. Saw had a terrible gash to his right bicep.

“It’s deep,” Jyn said, observing the laceration closely. “Bacta will take a while to work.”

Saw’s mood had shifted once Jyn took up her spot next to him. He was always calmer, softer around her. “The sooner it’s on, the better.”

Jyn got to work cleaning the wound. “You shouldn’t blame the droid for your own fault.”

Saw smiled at her through the pain. “Always forthcoming, my child.”

“You raised me to be like this,” she murmured. “This will sting.”

Saw sucked his breath between his teeth as she applied the antiseptic. “I will track that bounty hunter down once I get off this kriffen’ forsaken planet.”

“Oh, this planet isn’t so bad.” Jyn wiped away the excess blood that had oozed out. “Good shelter.”

“We cannot stay here long.” Saw continued. “Tell them to prepare to depart in two days time.”

Jyn’s heart dropped at his command. She had been hoping to stay at least another week. She smoothed the bacta patch over his bicep. “There, all better.”
Saw observed her work. “In another life you could have been a medic.”

“I prefer making the wounds, not fixing them,” Jyn remarked as she dipped her hands into the bowl of water to clean them.

Saw chuckled. “You are fast becoming my child.”

Jyn smiled over at him. “I am.”

They remained in a companionable silence while Jyn cleaned up the supplies, letting the droid dispose of the medical waste.

“Jyn.”

She turned at the sound of her name, placing her hand in his outreached one. He pulled her over to him, placing his hand on her back.

“You are the daughter I never had,” he began, keeping his eye contact sombre. “I have no other family but you.” He paused, looking for the right words. “When the time comes, there are things... belongings of mine that I want you to have.”

Jyn wanted to protest. The notion of Saw no longer being around was a foreign thought. Saw raised his hand to silence her before she could protest.

“My home planet – Onderon. I have something there for you, but you cannot have it until I am long gone.”

“What is it?” Jyn asked, her voice sounding small.

“Information,” Saw answered. “Everything about my insurgency, all the data on my soldiers and those I have helped keep protected from the empire. It is located somewhere safe; somewhere nobody will ever find it unless they know where to look. When I am gone, you must go to Onderon and find an Ithorian by the name of Kruineph Hunew. Can you remember that?”

Jyn frowned as she repeated the name. “Kruineph Hunew.”

“Good,” Saw said. “He will be in the capitol Iziz working at a factory he owns called Shelson. He knows of you and that I intend on passing this information on to you. I told him your name is Kestrel Dawn. He will take you to my first safe house. There you will find what you seek.”

Jyn repeated all his words, trying to remember. “Kestrel Dawn, Shelson, Iziz, Kruineph Hunew.”

Saw nodded with a small smile. “Yes, my child. I have no one else to pass this on to. You are my successor. That is, if anything is left of my work by the time I am gone.”

Jyn held his hand, giving it a squeeze. “I will make you proud.”

“That, I believe.”

0BBY: Planet Yavin IV

29 Hours before Battle of Yavin

Cassian had woken up confused. His body felt numb, cold and heavy. He had been in a bactatank
before and the after affects felt like this. His toes tingled constantly and a medical droid had told him the extent of his injuries. The bruising on his spine attributed to the tingling which would eventually fade in time. He was glad he could at least feel his toes. He thought of Scarif, of Jyn. Where was she?

He had asked the medical droid.

“Lieutenant Erso has been discharged from medical,” it replied.

**Lieutenant Erso?** How much had changed during his slumber? The droid was not much helpful with information, telling him that General Draven would be visiting shortly. In the meantime, Cassian slowly picked away at the food he had been given. He was not very hungry, probably from the heavy sensation of his ribs healing.

When Draven finally arrived, Cassian had finished eating and was picking away at the bacta that had crusted under his nails.

“Captain Andor,” Draven said, walking over to the bedside. “Glad to see you awake.”

“General,” Cassian replied, wincing as he sat up.

“At ease,” Draven said, waving his hand. “When you’re feeling up to it, I’d like a full report of the events that took place on the Citadel.” Draven grimaced at a thought. “Erso told me her version of events...”

“Jyn,” Cassian interrupted, but paused. “I heard she is being called ‘Lieutenant’ now.”

Draven grumbled. “Mon Mothma’s insistence. I would have preferred her to leave the rebellion, but it appears her efforts – granted, were brave – have risen her up in the council’s respects. She is even talked of in high praise among the soldiers. Still, I do not trust anyone who was trained and fought for Saw Gerrera.”

Cassian focused his attention ahead of him, keeping his face neutral. It was best not to argue with Draven, especially not where Jyn was concerned. Draven had always been narrow-minded.

Draven continued. “We gave her the choice of alliance intelligence or pathfinders.” Draven paused, waiting for a reaction from Cassian. None came. “She chose intelligence.”

Carefully, Cassian turned his gaze back to Draven, cool features etched across his face. “Jyn joined intelligence?”

“Yes,” Draven answered begrudgingly. “I have informed Mothma that if Erso proves too reckless I will be transferring her to ground support. In the meantime I have her grounded; going over the intel we have received about Saw’s movements over the years. May as well get her to confirm what is true or what isn’t.”

Cassian nodded. That was a good plan. “When will she be assigned?”

Draven hesitated, placing his hands into the pockets of his jacket. “General Cracken and I have been discussing Erso... and you.”

Cassian wanted to frown, but chose to keep his cool persona.

“You did well on Scarif,” Draven went on. “Infiltrating the Citadel could not have been an easy feat. While I did have my reservations of Erso accompanying you on Operation Fracture, it appears
she knows what she’s doing.”

“She’s more than capable of keeping up,” Cassian confirmed.

Draven nodded. “Andor, you are one of my best operatives to date. Once you are cleared for active duty I would like you back out there. That being said, I can see something about you has changed.”

“Changed in what, sir?”

Draven levelled his steady gaze to match Cassian’s. “Operation Fracture was the first time you’ve worked with a team in a long time. Those who survived Rogue One’s ground assault have commended your leadership skills, especially under pressure. You managed to get past the shield-gate undetected and command a ground assault in enemy territory while simultaneously infiltrating their main base of operations. Not many in the alliance can add that to their resume.” Draven pulled out a rank insignia from his pocket.

“Congratulations, Major Andor.”

Cassian watched as Draven placed the square metal rank of major in his hand. Major Andor.

“Sir, I am... thank you for your trust in me.”

Draven merely nodded. “As major you will continue to work for intelligence, but this time you will have your own operatives at your disposal. This will require you to work as a team more often, will that be a problem?”

Cassian would be the first to say he preferred to work alone. Working as a team meant that he could not always be in control. Operation Fracture showed him just that, but it also showed him the camaraderie that he had been missing out on. He thought of K-2 and his heart plummeted. He had reprogrammed K-2SO two years ago and had been Cassian’s constant companion ever since. His only friend. Cassian’s lips twitched as he thought of Jyn and Bodhi. Maybe not his only friend anymore.

“I will have no problem working as a team,” Cassian finally said.

“There will be times when you will need to operate alone, but that can be discussed later,” Draven said. “For now you will need to come up with a team, one you can trust.” Draven’s eyes narrowed. “I take it Erso will be on that list?”

Cassian smiled genuinely for the first time since Draven had arrived. “I trust Jyn with my life.”

Draven brisked. “Well it does seem you have a... calming effect on her. Perhaps it’s for the best you two work together.”

Cassian wouldn’t argue with that. He rested back against the pillow, eyeing his new rank in his hand. It glittered in the light. Major Andor. It was a rank Cassian never thought he would reach, partly due to his belief of never living long enough to reach it.

Jyn. Cassian’s mind continued to wander back to her. He had yet to see her, and wondered if Draven was responsible for that. He remembered waking up after falling from the data tower. His back ached with a seething pain that tingling down his legs. He was amazed when he found he could stand up. He had glanced up trying to catch a glimpse of Jyn, but she was out of his sight by then. He remembered grabbing his blaster, giving a cry of agony as the muscles around his ribs contracted. All he thought of was getting to Jyn. He couldn’t leave her, couldn’t let her down. When he had finally reached her, his heart had skipped a beat when he had seen Krennic standing
before her with his pistol raised. The thought of Jyn dying was unimaginable to him, so he had raised his own pistol and shot. He had been aiming for the man’s head, but alas, his injuries threw him off target. Still, the shoulder wound had thrown Krennic to the ground and Jyn was smiling at him. It was the first time she had smiled at him directly, because of him. Her smile at him as they entered through the shield-gate had been because of their success – this time he was the reason she smiled, and it made his chest feel warm.

Not long after Draven left, she who had been on his mind entered his private medical room in a cautious state. Perhaps she had been afraid at what she would see. Relief relaxed her features and Cassian couldn’t help but raise his brows at her. She looked... well different. Her clothes were different; she had a rebellion issued jacket that was a shade darker than his with a lieutenant insignia pinned to her right breast. What caught his eye more was that her hair was down, coming just past her shoulders.

“Hey,” she said softly, walking over and sitting on the edge of his bed. “Draven told me you were awake.”

Cassian smiled gently. “I’m feeling okay, though I have felt better.”

“Good.” Jyn’s eyes flickered down to where his hand rested. He wandered if she would take it. She didn’t. “Draven offered me a job.”

Cassian’s smiled widened. “I heard. Congratulations.”

“What else have you heard?”

Cassian wondered what she was referring to. “Nothing much. Draven wants a debrief already, not that I can blame him. I heard only a third of Rogue One survived.”

Jyn inhaled deeply. “Alderaan is gone.”

Cassian was mute. Gone? What did she mean by that?

Jyn met his gaze. “The empire... they used the Death Star...” She couldn’t form any more words on the topic. He saw her swallow hard, no doubt suppressing her emotions.

“Jyn.” His voice was soft, almost a whisper. He gently grabbed her hand. He basked in its warmth.

She looked down at the clasped hands. “Admiral Raddus transferred the plans to Princess Leia Organa, but she was captured by Darth Vader. We don’t know what happened to the plans.”

Now Cassian was beginning to understand why her composure was so fragile. This was a major blow to their mission, to her. It began to make sense to him why Alderaan had been targeted; it was Princess Leia’s home. “Tell me. Tell me what happened.”

Jyn shrugged. “No one really knows what’s going on. I overhead Mothma talking about an outrage over the destruction of Alderaan. The galaxy is in shock. But, news is sparse.”

Cassian ran his thumb over Jyn’s fingers in an attempt to comfort her. “This isn’t your fault.”

Jyn laughed bitterly. “Draven would disagree. He demanded to know why I didn’t take the hard copy with us.”

Cassian wanted to sit up, to be closer to her. His body retaliated from too much movement. “Draven just wants to understand what really happened. He doesn’t blame you, not really.” Cassian
sighed when he saw his words didn’t help. “He is frustrated, like you.”

“There are reports the plans may be on Tatooine,” Jyn said. “I wanted to go myself but Draven grounded me. Said it was too rash.”

“Tatooine?”

“Draven thinks Princess Leia might have sent the plans down there. A lot of troopers landed on Tatooine not long after she was taken.” Jyn let go of his hand and stood up. “I hate sitting around.”

“Well all do.” Cassian’s raked his mind for all the information he had on Tatooine. It wasn’t much; he had never been there. “Draven mentioned he had you looking over files on Saw.”

Jyn smirked. “It’s rather amusing how inaccurate your reports have been. Yes, his methods are brutal, but some of your agents have overreacted.” Thinking of Saw, a memory came to Jyn. “I have an idea that may help the alliance, maybe.”

Cassian arched a brow. “What idea?”

Jyn looked as if she wanted to sit back down, but refrained. “Saw once told me that there was valuable information on Onderon that only I can access.”

This piqued Cassian’s interest. Many questions came rushing through his mind. “What kind of information?”

“Don’t know. He briefly mentioned intel on his insurgencies and soldiers once. It was a long time ago. I won’t know exactly until I go there.” Jyn paused. “He told me to only find this information after he died.”

“You want to go to Onderon?”

“Yes.”

Cassian watched her carefully. This was personal, again. “Have you spoken to Draven about this?”

Jyn shook her head. “No. I wanted to run it by you first because... well, I trust you.”

Cassian faintly smiled. “Any information from Saw could benefit the rebellion.”

“I know how to find it,” Jyn confirmed. “I can go alone, but I was hoping you would come with me.” Jyn’s eyes flickered across this body. “Maybe I can take Bodhi instead. You need to heal.”

“Actually,” Cassian said, shifting under her gaze. “Draven just promoted me to major.”

“Oh,” Jyn said surprised. “Congratulations.” She frowned, thinking. “What does this have to do with me wanting to go going to Onderon?”

“As Major I can assemble a team.” Jyn smiled. Cassian was beginning to enjoy the sensation of making her smile.

“A team? Like Rogue One?”

“I suppose. I haven’t made a decision on who...”

“You have your team,” Jyn interrupted, crossing her arms. “Your team accompanied you down to Scarif.”
“You want to keep Rogue One together?” Cassian asked. “Or what’s left of it?”

“Of course I do,” she replied, stepping closer to the bed. “We owe it to all those who died down there. To Chirrut and Baze... and everyone.”

“I’ll have to speak with Draven...”

“I will speak with Draven,” Jyn concluded. “I’ll tell him about Saw’s information on Onderon.”

“He will like the idea,” Cassian admitted.

“Thought so,” she remarked dryly. “He seems like the kind who wouldn’t pass up on information that would benefit the rebellion.”

Jyn clasped her hands together at her waist, watching him. “I can wait, though. If you like, that is. I mean, if you really want to come?”

Cassian noticed how her uncertainty made her fluster. “It may be a while before I am out of this bed.”

“Well,” Jyn concluded. “Draven is yet to confirm it. Though I could just commandeer a ship and go on my own agenda.”

“I would advise against doing that,” Cassian said dryly. “Not the best first impression you could give before being assigned.”

Jyn smirked, folding her arms. “You know me.”

“I am beginning to.”

Jyn felt her cheeks warm under his gaze. She turned away. “So, Rogue One?”

“I am not entirely sure who survived,” Cassian said.

“Besides us and Bodhi, there are Tonc, Sefla, Rostok and Basteren,” Jyn replied, counting them off her fingers. “The rest perished on Scarif after being unable to reach the evacuation shuttles.” Jyn’s shoulders slumped. “The rest - Chirrut, Baze and Melshi ended up being surrounded by death troopers. Didn’t stand a chance.”

Cassian briefly closed his eyes. So many had been sacrificed to avoid the possible outcome that had become Alderaan’s fate. Now those plans were missing and...

Cassian opened his eyes. He couldn’t think on it. It was too much. Nothing had gone as planned. He just hoped those death star plans would be found before the empire beat them to it. He looked at Jyn until she finally met his gaze. “We will find those plans, one way or another.”

A small, faint smile formed on her lips. “I hope so.”

“Speak with Draven about Onderon. It could be a good lead,” he said. “I’ll get to work on my report and seeing if I can keep Rogue One together. It may be that the others may want to work elsewhere.”

Jyn shook her head, confident. “No. No, I think they will stay. After Scarif – what we all went through. No one can walk away from that.”

“You may be right.”
“Well,” Jyn concluded. “I’ll let you rest. The sooner you heal, the sooner we can get off Yavin IV and back into it.”

Cassian couldn’t help but grin at her sudden enthusiasm. “I look forward to it.”

**Chapter End Notes**

Note on Jyn's jacket - Female clothing is usually always designed and made differently to male clothing. In this sense I theorised that females wore jackets in the rebellion of a different make to the men. Just a theory. Anyway, I imagine Jyn's jacket looking similar in design and colour to the character "Blair" in Terminator Salvation. I imagine it with a Corellian-style to it.

Coincidentally, Blair was part of a resistance too.
A New Hope

Planet: Yavin IV

2 Hours before Battle of Yavin

It was a miracle. That was all Jyn could come up with when word of the Princess escaping the empire and finding the plans had arrived to Yavin IV. She and her rescuers were now on their way to Base One with the hope that Jyn’s father had created for the rebellion. Jyn had told Cassian of this news with enthusiasm, and he couldn’t help but smile at her sudden flare for energy. He had been afraid that the fire he had seen in her eyes was dwindling, but no more.

The base was quiet when the Millennium Falcon touched down on Yavin IV. Jyn first caught glimpse of the trio that had escaped the Death Star as the hanger bay door slowly opened. They were being questioned outside by officials. Jyn desperately wanted to run over and ask them details about their escape and what the Death Star was like up close and personal. She refrained herself, feeling somewhat less superior. Draven walked up behind her, arms folded.

“Surprised you aren’t with them,” Jyn remarked dryly.

“General Cracken and Dodonna have authority with this,” Draven replied.

“I heard the empire had the Princess imprisoned on the Death Star.”

Draven nodded slowly keeping his gaze fixed ahead of him. “Their ship was tracked here. The Death Star is coming.”

Very slowly, Jyn turned her gaze up at Draven. “Here? How long?” There was panic in her voice, even though she tried to restrain it.

“Estimated arrival is two hours,” Draven replied. “We are evacuating what remains of the council. Erso, I’ll need you to help intelligence officers transport back up files onto the evac shuttles. We can’t take any risks.”

Jyn frowned, wanting to stay and meet the Princess. Her persistence to break the rules was itching back up. This was turning out to be a difficult habit to break. Swallowing down a huff of annoyance, Jyn turned round and headed back into the hanger.

Jyn got her chance to meet them half an hour later when she was summoned into the command room to verify the Death Star plans were the ones she had transmitted. She let her gaze linger over the Princess, taking in her dirty clothes and loose strands of hair.

“This is Jyn Erso, daughter of Galen Erso,” General Dodonna said, gesturing to her.

Leia took in Jyn’s form before walking up to her and taking her hand. “I am so glad to finally meet you. My father, Bail Organa spoke wondrously of your conviction during the council’s debate.”

Jyn was taken aback by her immediate kindness.

“When I heard of your plans to infiltrate Scarif, I was so pleased to finally hear someone take the
initiative and the fight to the empire,” Leia continued, still holding Jyn’s hand.

Jyn returned the kind words with a smile. “I couldn’t let my father’s dying wishes come to nothing. It was also our chance to finally make a real difference.”

Leia nodded. “Thank you, again. You have truly given us hope in a dark time.”

Jyn lowered her eyes, looking at her boots. “I’m sorry about Alderaan.”

Leia opened her mouth to speak, but closed it. Gently, she shook her head. “It wasn’t your fault.”

Jyn looked up fiercely. “If we had acted sooner...”

Leia shook her head again. “There was nothing any of us could do. Do not blame yourself.”

Jyn turned to look at the two male companions with Leia.

“This is Luke and Han,” the princess said, turning to them. “They rescued me from the Death Star.”

Jyn was impressed. They clearly weren’t rebel soldiers. “How’d you manage that?”

“Luck,” Han said. Jyn couldn’t help but feel she knew him from somewhere. Her eyes narrowed as she tried to determine where it was she knew him from. This was going to gnaw at her.

“We couldn’t have saved the princess without Obi Wan,” Luke clarified.

Jyn’s thoughts were snapped back to the present. “Who?”

“Obi Wan Kenobi,” Luke said. “Darth Vader... he killed Old Ben.” Luke sighed. “He was training me to become a Jedi.”

Jyn’s brows were raised. “A Jedi?”

“We do not have time for this,” Dodonna interrupted. “The plans – we need to extract them from the astrodroid.”

“Of course, General,” Leia said smoothly. “Perhaps Jyn could help.”

Jyn gave another small smile. “Thanks.”

The astrodroid R2D2 beeped away as Jyn and a technical engineer plugged him into the main computer systems. Jyn watched the plans transfer onto the screen; a circular image appeared – the Death Star.

“The reactor system,” Jyn murmured. “We have to locate the reactor system.”

The engineer bought up the full schematics, using his finger to rotate the Death Star image, widening a section. “Here.”

“My father said one shot to the reactor module will set off a chain reaction,” Jyn said. She skimmed her finger along part of the trench line of the Death Star. “This trench line will be the easiest way to get to the reactor.”

The engineer nodded. Jyn didn’t notice Leia enter the room behind her.
Jyn narrowed her eyes, trying to get a better look at the plans. “Bring up this section.”

“That’s the main port,” the engineer said.

“What’s that line?” Jyn asked, pointing. “It goes straight into the reactor module.”

“Looks to be a thermal exhaust port.”

Jyn smiled. “There, then. That’s it. That’s our way in.”

The engineer shook his head bewildered. “It’s far too small. Only two meters.”

Jyn glared at him. “My father couldn’t make his flaw too large or it would become obvious. An x-wing fighter can make a shot into that exhaust port. This is it.”

“Jyn is right.” Leia finally made her presence known. She knelt down to Jyn’s level, examining the plans. “Good work. I’ll inform General Dodonna of what you’ve found.”

Jyn threaded her way through the hanger bay as x-wings were being prepped. Pilots hurried around her, making it difficult for her to get to the medical wing.

“Jyn!”

She turned at the sound of her name to see Bodhi running over to her,shouldering into a few pilots along the way.

“I heard you found the flaw,” he said, catching his breath.

Jyn smiled. “We did. It’s at the end of a trench line. Looks easy to get too.”

Bodhi nodded, his face absorbed with thought. “So this is it then.”

Jyn nodded. “The Death Star is approaching. Unless we exploit my father’s flaw, then the rebellion will be over.” Jyn paused, seeing distress etch over Bodhi’s face. She placed her hand on his arm to comfort him. “At least we won’t waste weeks or months finding it. And we will win, Bodhi. We’ve come too far for anything else.”

Bodhi smiled. “You’re right; we will win.”

“I’m going to see Cassian.” An idea crossed Jyn’s mind. “Could you do me a favour?”

“Name it.”

Jyn handed him a portable radio she had been carrying. “Could you link this up to the comm systems so we can listen to what’s going on? Cassian is still confined to medbay, so I want to stay with him during the attack. You should stay with us too.”

Bodhi took the radio. “Yeah. Yeah, of course. I won’t be long.”

When Jyn reached the medbay she ran into Luke, who was making his way out.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, eager to get past him to tell Cassian the news.

“They wanted to check my vitals before I get into an x-wing,” Luke replied.

Jyn noticed his keenness. “You can fly those things?”
“Yeah, of course!”

“You’re not part of the rebellion though, are you?”

Luke shrugged. “Nah. Was raised on Tatooine, but I had always dreamed of leaving that place.”

“Tatooine,” Jyn repeated. Her eyes lit up. “Did you find the Death Star plans?”

“Oh, yeah,” Luke said. “My uncle bought the astrodroid that had the plans. Turns out the droid was sent by the Princess to find Old Ben.”


“I had no idea he was a Jedi,” Luke said, smiling at a memory.

Jyn knew Darth Vader was a Jedi, but she genuinely believed he was the last of his kind. Chirrut would have loved to have met Luke. Jyn fiddled at the kyber crystal around her neck. She had so many questions, but now was not the time.

“I’m sorry he died,” she murmured. “But I want to thank you for finding the plans...”

“Well, I didn’t exactly find them.”

“You know what I mean. My father, he is the one who created the flaw that you and the others are about to attack. I was part of the team that went to Scarif to retrieve those plans. I wasn’t what you would call ‘happy’ when I learned the plans had been lost.”

Luke’s brow rose. “You were at the Battle of Scarif? I saw that battle from Tatooine!”

“Really?”


Jyn smiled. Before her was a young boy who clearly had no combat experience. He seemed younger than her, but not by that much. She wondered how long he would last against the Death Star.


“Good luck,” Jyn said. As he walked past her, she turned. “Hey.”

Skywalker turned, a brow raised. Jyn smiled. “May the Force be With You.”


Cassian was sitting up in his bed, more alert than he had been since he had awoken. “I hear the Death Star is approaching.”

Jyn hummed, pulling the stool up to his bedside. She sat down. “I went over the plans. My father’s flaw has been found. It’s a small thermal exhaust port accessed by the trench line.”

“That’s good to hear,” Cassian said. Jyn leaned her elbows on her knees.

“It’s small; only two meters. I hope they’ll be able to reach it and get a shot in.”

“Hey,” Cassian said, making her look at him. “Don’t worry. Everything we have done, has led to
this moment.”

“This is it,” Jyn said again. “It all feels so... surreal. I thought it would take months to find the Death Star again.”

“Good thing the empire tracked that ship the Princess escaped on.” Jyn assumed Draven had been by to debrief the new major.

The door opened to reveal Bodhi carrying the radio Jyn had given him. “All done. Though, I just saw General Draven, who asked where you were, Jyn.”

Jyn refrained from rolling her eyes. “What’d you say?”

“That you were here,” Bodhi answered. “I think he was expecting you to be in a command centre.”

Jyn merely shrugged, turning to Cassian. “Bodhi hooked up that radio the comms. We can hear what’s going on from here.” Jyn lowered her eyes as Cassian smiled fondly. Bodhi found a second stool on the other side of the room and pushed it over next to where Jyn sat. He turned on the radio.

“Stand by alert. Death Star approaching. Estimated time for firing range fifteen minutes.”

Jyn sat up straight, staring at the speaker. “How many fighters do we have?”


“What about General Merrick?” Cassian asked.

“He and blue squadron are escorting the evacuation,” Bodhi said.

“All wings report in.”

Fifteen minutes, Jyn thought. Her palms were starting to sweat under her gloves and she itched to take them off. Fifteen minutes until the reckoning.

“Red Five, standing by.”


“Who?” Cassian asked.

“Luke,” Jyn repeated. “He infiltrated the Death Star and rescued the Princess. He also found the plans on Tatooine.”

Cassian looked impressed. “Never heard of him.”

Jyn smirked. “He isn’t part of the rebellion. I got the impression he had never left Tatooine before now.”

“We’re passing through the magnetic field. Hold tight!”

The three of them turned back to the chatter on the radio.

“Accelerate to attack speed.”

Jyn’s heart started to beat faster, her breaths coming quicker. She tried to keep her masked calm
demeanour as her hand clenched into a fist on her pants. She desperately wished she could fly an x-wing at this moment. It felt only fair that she could be part of this attack run.

“Red Leader, this is Gold Leader. Starting for the target shaft now.”

Come on, come on, Jyn thought, her knee tapping. The suspense was killing her.

“Heavy fire! Stay low!”

Jyn closed her eyes. How many more people were going to die because of this creation? The tally was beyond counting anymore. She felt Cassian grabbed her hand from her knee, placing it up on the bed. She opened her eyes and gave him a weak smile. He appeared calm, but Jyn could feel the tenseness in his grip.

“Seven minutes until Death Star in firing range.”

“Cutting it close,” Bodhi remarked. The colour had drained from his face.

Jyn didn’t say anything. Her eyes were fixed on her hand clasped with Cassian’s. She couldn’t look at anyone at this moment. Everything around her felt too close, like she was suffocating. If it wasn’t for the glaring bright light of the medical room, Jyn would have been sure she was back in that cave.

“Watch your back, Luke! Watch your back!”

It would make sense that the naive young boy would die. Jyn didn’t want him to, but she wouldn’t be surprised. The kyber crystal was heavy on its string, as if it could sense something in Luke. With her other hand she pulled it out from under her shirt, holding the crystal tightly. She thought of her mother’s last words. Trust the force.

“I’m hit, but not bad. R2, see what you can do with it.”

Jyn took a deep breath, frustrated. “Come on, why haven’t they attacked the reactor yet?”

“Jyn,” Cassian said softly. “Relax.” Jyn couldn’t. She wanted to glare at him for even suggesting it.

“Red Leader, this is Gold Leader. We’re starting our attack run.”

About time, Jyn wanted to say aloud. She chose not to after taking a glimpse in Bodhi’s direction. Cassian seemed to be the only one fairing well. Then again, he did mask a perfect spy facade when he wanted to.

“Marked and locked in.”

“Five minutes until Death Star is in firing range.”

Jyn tightened her grip on Cassian hand, trying to will the suspense to be over. Die or not, the outcome had to come soon. Was she prepared to die? Jyn wasn’t sure. She had had close brushed with death before, and in Wobani prison she had accepted that she would die at the hands of her cellmate. These days, her situation was different. She was beginning to feel somewhat at home. Jyn never considered herself to be the luckiest person in the galaxy, so it would not astonish her if she would perish right after she found somewhere to consider home.

“Switch to targeting computers.”

“The guns, they’ve stopped.”
“Watch for enemy fighters!”

“Sounds like they know what we’re trying to do,” Bodhi remarked. He was wringing his hands in his lap.

“They don’t know about my father’s flaw,” Jyn said.

“...can’t manoeuvre.”

“Stay on target.”

Jyn winced as she heard a pilot scream as his x-wing was hit and destroyed. She went to remove her hand from Cassian’s, but he gripped tighter. His gaze on her was intense, as if he could will her to remain calm.

“Should be able to see it by now.”

“I’m in range.”

Another pilot shouted over the comm, his x-wing gone.

“It’s away!”

Jyn held her breath, looking at Cassian. Their eyes locked, waiting.

“Is it a hit?”

“Negative, negative. It didn’t go in.”

Jyn let out her breath roughly, wrenching her hand out of Cassian’s. She stood up and began to pace.

“One minute until Death Star within firing range.”

Bodhi was paler, if it were even possible. Jyn hated this. She hated any situation she couldn’t contribute to. After all these years she finally found hope in the cause and now to have it all taken away so quickly, it just wasn’t fair. She stole a glance in Cassian’s direction. The emotions in his eyes matched hers; hopelessness.

“Hurry up, Luke! They are coming in much faster this time. We can’t hold them!”

Jyn wandered if she could drag Cassian out of his bed with the help of Bodhi and make it to the hanger. No, there wasn’t time. There wasn’t any point in trying to escape. If Yavin IV fell, then so would the rebellion. So would they.

“His targeting computer is switched off. Luke what’s wrong?”

“The Death Star has cleared the planet! The Death Star has cleared the planet!”

It was the longest minute of Jyn’s life. Claustrophobia was gnawing away in her mind. She remembered the sensation she felt back on Jedha when the Death Star struck the city. Would she lose her balance again this time? Will the walls around her shake and crumble like in Saw’s hideout? Bodhi was hunched over, his head cradled in his hands as if expecting the blow to come at any moment.

“Yaaahoooo!”
Jyn’s head snapped to the radio and she rushed over, sitting at the end of Cassian’s bed.

“You’re all clear kid, so let’s blow this thing and go home!”

The voice of Han Solo filled the room. Kriff, where did she know him from? A great shockwave hit the medbay, causing various medical equipment to rattle. In an instant, Jyn believed the Death Star had struck the moon. By the look on Cassian’s face, so did he.

“Great shot kid, that was one in a million!”

“Death Star has been destroyed! Death Star has been destroyed!”

Jyn’s ears rang with a hollow buzzing. The Death Star had been destroyed. The shudder around them had been the impact wave of the explosion. Bodhi had his head lifted, staring dumbly at the radio. Jyn choked on a laugh. In the distance they heard shouting – cheering.

Jyn pulled Bodhi up and hugged him, laughing. Was this a dream? They were not even a minute away from death. How could this be? She let go of Bodhi, who had also started to laugh. He had tears brimming in his eyes. Jyn turned to Cassian who was grinning in disbelief. She sat next to him, but hesitated. She wasn’t sure if hugging him was a good idea. Nevertheless, Cassian sat up, pulling her into his warm embrace. She wrapped her arms around his back, leaning into the crook of his neck. They fell back onto the pillow, both laughing breathlessly.

Eventually, after their laughter had died and their breathing returned to normal, Jyn sat up, holding Cassian’s hand and then taking Bodhi’s. The Death Star had been destroyed. All of their work had finally been accomplished. For the first time in ages, Jyn felt a heavy weight being lifted off her shoulders.

4ABY: Planet Hosnian Prime

Jyn had been in pain all morning. It felt like she was getting her period with similar cramping. The cramping had started relatively mild in the early hours of the morning, and gradually developed into the day. She knew she wasn’t in labour as she had two weeks to go. Still, no matter how she sat or how much she attempted to stretch her tired muscles, the pain continued.

It had also come to the point where Jyn was bored. She was so fed up with sitting around having very little to do. This was not her kind of lifestyle. When she had fallen pregnant, she had expected the empire to remain a threat for a while longer than it ended up, so she assumed she would work within the rebellion fleet long into the pregnancy. Endor had happened, the New Republic formed and Jyn found herself grounded on Hosnian Prime in an apartment she was starting to get sick of. She longed to get out off planet and travel; go anywhere! She missed the thrill of a fight and the adrenaline of a successful extraction. While she was more than glad to see the empire fallen, it turned out that old habits die hard.

Cassian was currently out, busy assigning his new agents to various sectors of the galaxy. Jyn envied him for his freedom. She wondered if after all this time and planning, if she was suited to being a mother. Of course she wanted her child, but she felt hesitant on whether or not she would be the kind of mother a child deserved. Did all new mothers-to-be go through these feelings of second guessing? Jyn certainly hoped so.

Sighing as she heard the front doorbell ring, Jyn heaved herself up from the couch, hating herself and her body with every coming day. Opening the door she was met by Bodhi, whom she had been
expecting that afternoon. He was holding a box in his hands – no doubt a gift for her unborn
daughter.

“Bodhi, hey.” Jyn was really tired. She was always tired these days.

Bodhi was grinning, excited. “Jyn! I’m so sorry I haven’t been to visit earlier.”

Jyn led Bodhi into the apartment, over to the couches. She vowed she was not getting up ever
again.

“You’re so big!” Bodhi exclaimed, staring at her belly.


Bodhi blushed, gingerly holding the box out for her to take. “I hope you like it. Cassian sent me a
message that you’re having a girl.”

Jyn rolled her eyes. “He was supposed to keep it a secret.”

“Ah... well, he was very excited.”

Jyn sat up straighter, placing the box next to her as she opened it. The gift was a small pillow
embroidered with patchwork colours of blue and purple patterns. “It’s lovely.”

“I came across a market stall on my last trip to Ryloth that was run by former refugees from Jedha.
It’s handmade.”

Jyn smiled warmly. “That’s... that’s wonderful. Have they settled on Ryloth permanently?”

“I think so,” Bodhi replied. “It’s not a large community, but at least it’s something.”

Jyn ran her hand over the pillow. It truly was a lovely piece. “So, how have your travels been?”

Bodhi had been working in cargo transport for the New Republic, running convalescent trips to
planets in dire need of support after imperial occupation.

“It’s been great,” Bodhi said, smiling. “I made a stop by on Yavin IV not long ago. Kes and Shara
are doing well. The colony is growing; almost a hundred.”

“Wow,” Jyn remarked. “Part of me wishes we had settled there.”

“Really? I thought you said Hosnian Prime was the better choice?”

Jyn sighed, flinching as she felt her muscles cramp again. “It is. Cassian’s work is here, and so is
mine I guess. Well, I could train recruits anyway if needed.”

“But?”

“But, I’m not used to this kind of lifestyle. I’m so kriffing bored, Bodhi! I haven’t left the apartment
in three days. Three days!” Jyn rubbed her belly as the pain subsided. “I dunno if I can live like
this.”

Bodhi tried to look hopeful. “Maybe you’ll feel differently once the baby is here.”

“I hope so,” Jyn replied wishfully. “I don’t think the size I am now is helping my mood either.”
Bodhi chuckled. “Well, I may have some news for you that might brighten you mood.”

“Oh?” Jyn arched a brow.

“A chance for you to travel off planet once the baby is born.”

Jyn was intrigued. “You have work for me?”

“No, no,” Bodhi said. He hesitated, quietly laughing to himself. “I asked Sarli to marry me.”

Jyn blinked. “Kriff! Bodhi, that’s wonderful! Congratulations!” She went to hug Bodhi but the swell of her belly got in the way. “See what I am dealing with?”

Bodhi laughed. “Thanks, Jyn. It’s great. I can’t believe it!”

“Bodhi, you’ve been involved with Sarli for two years. Of course she would say yes.”

“Yeah, but it wasn’t like you and Cassian. You two got to see each other often. Sarli and I only got see each other on the rare occasion. It was hard.”

“I know,” Jyn said gently. She placed a hand on his knee. “I’m happy for you, both of you. I always liked her.”

“We’re getting married on Chandrila since it’s her home planet. The wedding is in two months.” Bodhi paused, looking at her belly. “I’ll understand though if you won’t be able to make it; having a new baby and all.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Jyn said, playfully slapping his arm. “I am not missing your wedding. The baby and I will be there on the day. Cassian too, if I can pry him away from his work.”

“Thanks, Jyn. It means a lot. My family is long gone now. In a way I feel you, Cassian and the rest of Rogue One are my family.”

“You’re inviting us all?”

“Of course,” Bodhi grinned.

“I can’t wait...” Jyn gasped, holding her belly, but she found touching her abdomen made the pain worse.

“Jyn?” Bodhi asked nervously. “What’s wrong?”

“Just some mild cramping. Nothing important.”

“That seems more than mild, Jyn,” Bodhi remarked. “Are you... is it... like... are you going into labour?”

“No of course not,” Jyn snapped. “I still have two...” Jyn shouted out in pain. She grabbed hold of Bodhi’s shirt. “Help me up.”

“Are you sure...”

“Help me up!”

Bodhi held Jyn by arms as she gradually got up on her feet. She was breathing heavily. “Can you help me to the bedroom? I just need to rest.”
“Jyn, I think you should go to the hospital,” Bodhi said concerned. “You don’t look very well.”

Jyn buckled as a new wave of pain swept over her body. “Maybe...” She huffed, holding onto Bodhi tightly. “Maybe you’re right. Can you call Cassian once we get there?”

“Yes, sure.”

As Bodhi led her out of the apartment slowly, Jyn knew deep down that this was labour. It had to be. What else would be causing this?

Chapter End Notes

While Yavin IV probably wasn't hit by the shockwave from the Death Star destruction, I wanted to added it in to intensify the moment for Jyn.
Two moments where Jyn feels at home.

4ABY: Planet Hosnian Prime

Jyn was sitting up on her medical bed already changed into a white gown. She had her hands placed on either side of her belly bracing for the next contraction. *Where was Cassian?* Bodhi had left Jyn in the hands of medical staff almost immediately to go contact him. That was almost an hour ago. Jyn cried out in pain, trying her hardest to keep her breathing level. There were a few medical droids busying themselves around the room, preparing for the delivery. It was a cold room; artificial light with the temperature set low. Jyn knew something was wrong when a female doctor entered the room. Births were typically performed by droids only.

“Mrs. Andor, my name is Dr. Keikodi.”

Jyn was still feeling the pain of her latest contraction and merely nodded. She didn’t feel like engaging in pleasantries.

“The droids have shown me the scan they just performed on your uterus and have revealed a potential risk to you and the baby,” the Doctor continued. “We are going to induce your labour by breaking your amniotic fluid.”

Jyn’s head was spinning. “What? Why?”

“You are portraying symptoms of placental abruption.”

“What?” The pain was finally subsiding, allowing Jyn to breathe deeply with relief.

“It is when the placenta detaches itself from the womb. Fortunately, in your case, due to the minimal bleeding and position of the placenta, inducing your labour will allow you to deliver naturally.”

“Is that why I am early?” Jyn’s heart was beating faster, thinking of all the possible scenarios that could come of this.

“Yes” she confirmed. “However, the majority of you pain is from the actual detachment of the placenta and the distress your body is in from it. Your baby’s vitals are showing normal for now, but we would like you deliver as soon as possible to prevent any long term complications.”

“Fine, fine.” Jyn lay back on the pillows, staring up at the ceiling as she felt the cold hand of a droid positioned her legs apart. She bit her lip, trying her hardest not to cry. It was no good. Jyn couldn’t stop the tears rolling down her cheeks as the medical team performed their duties. She should have known something would go wrong. It was her fault, she thought miserably. She had been seven weeks along when she discovered she was pregnant. This meant that she had been five
weeks pregnant when she had fallen down a flight of stairs after taking on two stormtroopers. Rostok had hauled her up from the base of the stairs, half dragging her to their waiting shuttle. It hadn’t been the best of missions.

Half an hour later, Jyn had her legs stretched out before her, trying to calm down after being administered with pain relief. It wasn’t as effective as she’d hoped, but it was something. They had attached a monitor to her chest to keep check of her heart rhythm and Jyn avoided looking at the screen, even going so far as to turn the monitor away from her. She was thinking of the name they had picked for their daughter, trying to guess who she would look like the most. That was when Cassian came bursting in the room, startling Jyn.

“Cassian!” He looked as he had run up the entire two levels to the maternity ward.

Jyn reached out to him with her hand, and taking it, Cassian sat on the side of the bed. “What’s wrong? What have they said?”

Jyn sighed, starting to feel another contraction coming. “Just a complication that requires I have the baby now.”

Cassian frowned, looking around her for some sort of clarification. “What kind of complication?”

“My body is in distress...I...” She grabbed his hand tighter, leaning into his shoulder as the contraction waved over her. After, she stayed like that, taking in his scent and warmth. He had wrapped his arm around her, keeping her close. They stayed like that for several moments, enjoying the comfort they gave one another.

Finally, Jyn lifted her head to look at her husband. “Where’s Bodhi?”

“I sent him back to our place,” Cassian answered. “Don’t worry about anything or anyone else right now.”

Jyn rested her head on his shoulder once more. “Talk to me.”

Cassian rubbed his hand along her arm. “About what?”

“Anything,” she breathed. “You know how much I hate waiting.”

Cassian chuckled. “Well, Bodhi mentioned that he is getting married.”

Jyn smiled. “Yeah. He invited us to the wedding and we’re going. End of discussion.”

“Let’s get you through this first, shall we?”

Jyn hummed enjoying the respite from the pain. “He is inviting all of Rogue One. Be good to see them all again.”

Cassian shifted so they were lying down on the pillows side by side. “Our daughter will be... what? Two months by then?”

“Perfect time to start her on hyperspace travel.”

Cassian grinned. He gently placed a hand on her belly. “Hopefully this will be the only time she has bad timing.”

“Here’s hoping.”
0ABY: Planet Yavin IV

Morning after Battle of Yavin

They were evacuating. The empire knew of Echo Base and the time had come for the rebellion to relocate. While the destruction of the Death Star had been a major victory for the alliance, losing Echo Base was an almost equal loss. The entire rebel fleet was in orbit over Yavin IV, having been called to assist with the evacuation. It was a major operation that involved the transport of equipment, weapons, data, personnel, food, medical supplies and damaged fighters. No one had been told where they were relocating to; General Dodonna was working on that. Jyn’s task in all this was to assist Draven in the dismantling and loading of intelligence files and equipment.

Jyn was carrying a large crate through the hanger towards their imperial cargo shuttle they had stolen from Eadu. She noticed Bodhi hovering around it, checking the specs. After shifting the crate to give her a better view, she also noticed Cassian talking with Draven. Jyn hadn’t realised he’d been discharged from medbay. She quickened her pace, reaching the shuttle in time to see Cassian turn to her, smiling. Someone – she didn’t see who – came to take the cargo away from her and into the cargo pod.

“Lieutenant,” Draven said. “Major Andor and I have been discussing the future of Rogue One.”

Jyn was staring at Cassian, wondering why he hadn’t told her of his discharge. “What of it?”

“Andor has decided to keep the team together and operate from this cargo shuttle.” Draven jerked his thumb at the ship behind him. “You will work under the jurisdiction of alliance intelligence.”

“I thought intelligence had sole operatives?” Jyn asked, folding her arms.

“Mostly, but we have the odd team now and then.” Draven turned to Cassian. “Rogue One will become our main infiltration and reconnaissance team.”

“Understood, sir,” Cassian replied.

Draven turned back to Jyn. “For now you will continue to assist with the evac. General Dodonna has come up with a few potential planets to start up a new base. The final decision will not be made until later. Coordinates will be given after the fleet meets at the rendezvous site.”

After Draven left, Jyn and Cassian stood staring at another. Jyn assessed him; he was standing well, his beard had been shaved back to its normal thickness. All in all he appeared fine.

“You look... better,” she finally managed to say.

Cassian walked over to her. “I was discharged this morning. A little earlier than they would have liked...” Cassian gestured to the surroundings, “...but given the situation.”

Jyn nodded. “Are you okay, though?”

Cassian shrugged. “Felt better; my back still aches.”

Jyn could tell he wasn’t going to give her the full medical breakdown so she left it at that. “So long as you can keep up.”

Cassian smirked. “Don’t worry about me.”
Boarding Rogue One again felt surreal. She vaguely remembered the last time she exited the shuttle, being carried away to medical. The interior looked the same – utterly imperial. Jyn grimaced. The cargo pod door was open and Jyn could see people storing equipment. She stepped through and saw Private Basteren conversing with Corporal Tonc. At the site of her they smiled, waving her over.

“Erso!” Tonc said, dropping a bag of equipment at his feet. “Take it you heard the news?”

Jyn returned their cheerful banter. “Which news? There’s been so much of it lately.”

“Our news,” Basteren said. “Captain... I mean, Major Andor has managed to convince command to keep Rogue One together.”

“Couldn’t believe it,” Tonc added.

“Yeah, I heard.” Jyn surveyed the cargo pod. “I hear this is to be our new home when we’re not on base.”

“Bit too imperial for my liking,” Tonc said, picking up the bag and hauling it on top of a cargo crate.

“We can fix that,” Jyn replied, still smiling. “Once we have offloaded all this equipment onto our new base, we can make Rogue One more... us.”

“I like the sound of that.” Jyn turned at Cassian’s voice. He had come up behind her carrying a duffel bag.

Cassian gestured for her to follow him. “Come on, I’ll show you to your bunk.”

“I have a bunk?” Jyn was bewildered. She hadn’t remembered seeing any beds.

“Yeah, the top deck as three bunks.” Cassian began to ascend the ladders. “Didn’t you wonder what was behind that door next to the tech station?”

Jyn followed, trying to remember the door he was speaking of. Her mind was drawing a blank. As she reached the top of the ladder, Cassian helped her up by grabbing her hand to steady her. They were close, hands clasped. They had held hands a lot lately.

“So,” she began carefully. “Who gets the other two beds?”

The trance over. Cassian let go of her hand and headed back, pass the tech station, opening a hatch. “Bodhi, and myself. The others can stay down below.”

The hatch led them through a narrow passageway that after a few steps, immediately turned left. It was so narrow it fit only one person at a time. Cassian thumped his fist on the first door to the left. “There’s the ‘fresher.” The door opposite the refresher was open to reveal Bodhi sitting on a narrow bed.

“Hey,” Jyn said, popping her head in to see his room. It was tiny and she guessed hers would be too.

“Hey,” Bodhi returned with a friendly smile. He was unpacking some gear.

“Jyn,” Cassian said, standing a few feet down the corridor between two more doors. “This is your bunk.”
Jyn’s door was on the left with Cassian’s opposite next to Bodhi’s. Jyn slid her door open, stepping inside. It was identical to Bodhi’s and she guessed Cassian’s was to. She sat down on the bed feeling how thin the mattress was, yet thicker than many she had slept on. Across the hallway Cassian was sitting on his bed, unpacking a blanket and medical supplies. She guessed those supplies were for him.

“Here.” Cassian threw a blanket across to her which she caught in her lap. It was dark grey; a standard issue military blanket.

Placing the blanket at the end up the bed, she opened the drawer under her bed to find a pillow and sheet. Besides that, her tiny room only had three other drawers build into the wall. They were all empty. So this was to be her room now? It was smaller than the cell she shared on Wobani, but it was warmer, and smelled better. Still though, it was imperial.

“This shuttle needs to undergo a serious makeover if we are to live in it,” Jyn remarked, plopping her pillow at the top of her bed.

Cassian smiled, placing his medical gear in one of his drawers. “We’ll have plenty of time to do that over the coming months.”

“So, we’re really going to be staying on this shuttle then?”

“Rogue One’s main objective is to infiltrate and assess. If this shuttle could get us through Scarif’s shield-gate, it can get us through anything.”

“Won’t they remember this shuttle?”

“Doubt it,” he replied, retrieving his own pillow. “Even if they did figure out this was the shuttle we came down on, that information would have been lost once Scarif was destroyed.”

Bodhi came into their view, leaning against the wall next to Cassian’s open door. “Our cargo pod is full. General Draven has ordered us to take off and head for the rendezvous point.”

“Is everyone on board?” Cassian asked, standing.

“I think so,” Bodhi replied.

Cassian stepped out of his bunk, sliding the door shut. “Gather them at the ramp.”

Jyn stood, following Cassian’s lead. This narrow way of living was going to make personal space an issue. Not that she particularly cared.

Stepping off the ladder, Jyn saw the rest of Rogue One on the ramp, talking amongst themselves. She remembered each of them. Tonc, Sefla, Rostok and Basteren. Along with Bodhi, Cassian and herself, they were now Rogue One – or what was left of it. Jyn thought of Chirrut and Baze. She missed them. They hadn’t known each other long, and part of her was surprised at the impact their absence had made on her.

They all acknowledged her when she came to step up next to Cassian. Their gear in hands, war-weary in their eyes, and yet still, they were ready for whatever came next. Cassian had once said ‘welcome home’ and his words had meant more to her than he realised. She felt at home then, but now it was different. This was home. Rogue One – the shuttle was home. The familiarity of it already made her remember the moment she first stepped into it on Eadu. There were memories here so personal she can remember each emotion. And the people. Each of them had believed her; followed her to Scarif and helped her accomplish what needed to be done. They never once
doubted her resolve, and they never once left her behind. Rogue One had come back for her on Scarif, and now Rogue One was back indefinitely.

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4ABY: Planet Hosnian Prime

Ten Hours into Labour

Jyn was exhausted and sweaty. She felt absolutely sweaty, everywhere. A droid had informed her she had just finished the first stage of labour. Jyn couldn’t believe it. That was just the first phase?

Cassian had positioned himself so he was sitting with his back to the pillows with his legs swung to one side of the bed. Jyn was lying back on his chest, holding his left hand while he smoothed her hair with his right. It had been ten hours of agony, and Jyn wondered how much longer she could take. For all those months, the nurses and medical droids had informed her that childbirth was a normal and natural event that millions of women go through each year. Kriff that! There was nothing natural about the pain she was currently in. She felt that as each passing hour went by her body became weaker and weaker. What’s worse, through all the pain and temporary respites, Jyn hadn’t felt the baby move. She wanted to ask if that was normal, but her mouth was dry and her head felt dizzy.

Cassian was doing his best to accommodate her needs, which were few. He had given up asking if she needed anything after asking for the twelfth time. Jyn had threatened to have him thrown out of the room if he asked one more time. A surgical drape had been placed over Jyn’s stomach, hiding what was going on. She wanted to see; she wanted to be in control. The medical team had other ideas. She wanted to shoot them when a droid informed her she could no longer receive any more analgesics. That denied request had caused her to cry in frustration. Dr. Keikodi had told her that her pain would feel worse due to the placental abruption, which had caused the severe abdominal pains in the first place. Jyn would be the first person to say she had done terrible things in her life, but she didn’t think she deserved this.

Cassian was resting his lips above Jyn’s ear when Dr. Keikodi came over, fiddling with Jyn’s heart monitor. Her face was stern, giving away nothing. But in all of Cassian’s years of being a spy, he could tell something was wrong. He wanted to speak with Keikodi privately, away from Jyn, but he knew if he moved an inch, Jyn would demand that he return. He chose Jyn.

“Everything good?” he asked, holding Jyn tighter.

“Jyn, your heart rate is high,” Keikodi informed.

“Wonder why...” Jyn replied sarcastically.

“Yours is higher than it should be, despite being in labour.” Keikodi pressed a few buttons before turning to them. “Nothing to worry about for the time being, but we will continue to monitor you closely.”

Cassian could tell there was more to it. He desperately wanted to pull Keikodi to the side and demand to know what was going on.

Jyn’s labour went on for another four hours, her contractions becoming more frequent. Cassian could tell she was becoming weaker and pale. He didn’t know if this was normal or not, but he couldn’t ask. He didn’t want to scare Jyn anymore than he already knew she was.

“Cass...” Jyn breathed, rolling her head to the side. “I don’t feel so good.”
“Shh. It’s all right.” He wished he could convince himself of that. He knew his attempts hadn’t worked on Jyn, but it was the thought that counts.

“Okay, Jyn.” Keikodi was at their side. “Your baby’s heart rate has spiked into the tachycardia phase, just as your own heartbeat has entered tachycardia. Fortunately, the baby is almost here.”

Jyn tried to make sense of her surroundings, but everything was shaky. “What?”

“Your baby’s heart is beating too fast. The baby is in distress. You need to push now.”

Jyn tried her hardest, but her head was swimming and she was finding it difficult to breathe.

“Keep going.”

“Come on, Jyn,” Cassian said. “You can do this.”

No she couldn’t. She wanted to punch him for even suggesting it. He didn’t understand what she was going through, or how she felt. It had been the most painful fourteen hours of her life. She cried out, holding Cassian’s hand with a ferocity that made him flinch. She felt nauseous and could see small black lights in her vision.

“Almost there, keep going.”

Stop saying that! She wanted to scream, but it was difficult to talk and her throat was dry and sore. The pain suddenly became so intense she wanted to melt away but her body insisted she keep pushing.

A cry. It wasn’t hers. Jyn was breathing heavily trying to focus her vision. She saw a droid moving away with a bundle in its arms. She wanted to protest, reach out to stop it, but her body gave way.

Cassian didn’t see his child being born. The surgical drape covered his view, but when he heard his daughter let out a small cry, his heart leapt. Jyn was noticeably weaker in his arms. He was about to soothe her when he saw his child being taken away into another room.

“What’s going on?” he asked.

“Nothing to worry about,” Keikodi assured. “Your daughter’s heart needs to be monitored and...”

Cassian followed her gaze down to Jyn, who had her eyes closed. She looked peaceful as if sleeping. “Jyn.” She didn’t move. “Jyn.”

“Sir, you need to leave,” Keikodi ordered, assessing Jyn’s vitals.

“No, tell me what’s happening.”

“Your wife is going into shock. She has lost a lot of blood due to complications.”

That slice of information certainly made Cassian stand his ground. “I am not leaving my wife!”

A droid whirled over to him, lightly grabbing him by the upper arm. “Sir, your wife needs to go into surgery. You cannot be present for that.”

Cassian was torn. He wanted to cry and demand more answers. Where was his daughter? Was Jyn going to be okay?

“Sir,” the droid said again, tugging harder. “Your wife needs to have life saving surgery.”
Life saving surgery. Numbly, he allowed the droid to guide him out of the room, not once did he take his eyes off Jyn until the door hissed shut in his face. He stood there, a foot away from the door, staring at it. Jyn was behind there and his daughter. He knew there had been a complication, but no one had told him the extent of it. Had Jyn known? If she did she hadn’t gone into detail. He couldn’t blame her; she had been in so much distress.

Not knowing what else to do, Cassian found a seat not far away, covering his face in his hands. He didn’t know how long he stayed that way, but he heard the door hiss open, revealing a young woman in a nurse’s uniform.

“General Andor?”

Cassian stood up hurrying over to her.

“I’m Baric, a paediatric nurse,” she said. “If you’ll come with me.” The nurse led Cassian up to the next floor and weaved through several corridors before coming to a halt outside a door signed 112. She opened the door to reveal the room was empty. No bed, nothing.

“Your wife is still in surgery, but I have been told she is doing well. Once she is out of post-operative care she will be brought here.”

Cassian allowed some of his tenseness to melt away. “What exactly happened?”

“Your daughter was born with increasing tachycardia – abnormally high heart rate. After the delivery, your wife started to haemorrhage, bleed out. That’s why she was taken into surgery.”

“She’ll be okay?”

“Yes,” Baric confirmed smoothly. “Both mother and daughter will be fine. Last I checked, your daughter was doing well and should be released from intensive care shortly. In the meantime, you are welcome to stay in here.”

Baric left Cassian in the empty room. He made his way over to the chair, sitting down roughly, exhausted. It had been a long fourteen hours. Why couldn’t anything be simple in his life? At least his family was safe. Cassian faintly smiled at that. His family. He had a family of his own now. That was something he never thought would happen. His back stiff from being still for fourteen hours in addition to his fatigue, Cassian fell asleep, still uncomfortable in the chair.

Two hours later, Cassian jolted awake at the sound of the door opening. Years of service had left him on edge. Baric had returned with a bundle in her arms – his daughter. The nurse was smiling as Cassian stood up, meeting them halfway.

“Say hello to your daughter, General.”

Awkwardly, Cassian held his daughter for the first time, amazed at how light she was – and tiny! Her eyes were closed, splaying tiny lashes across her cheeks. Hair as dark as his along with his complexion. She had Jyn’s nose and cheeks already. She was utterly beautiful.

“She is in good health,” Baric said, peering at the bundle. “The birth just left her stressed.”

“She’s okay?” he asked, not taking his gaze away from his daughter.

“She is fine,” Baric assured. “A little underweight, but she’ll grow quickly. They always do.”

His daughter shifted, nuzzling her face into his chest. “Babies enjoy the sound of your heart beat.”
Cassian finally looked over at Baric. “Oh?”

“It’s comforting,” she continued. The nurse’s communicator beeped. “Your wife is awake.”

“Jyn! Is she...”

Baric raised her hand in assurance. “They are bringing her over now. The surgery went well. She will still be tired from the anaesthesia, but is alert enough.”

While waiting for Jyn to arrive, Cassian circled the room, trying to adjust to this new sensation of holding a baby – his baby. She opened her eyes to reveal their grey colour. She yawned, staring up at her father before drifting back to sleep. Such innocence. He wondered if she will inherit her mother’s temperament, or maybe she will take after him and have a calm demeanour. Only time would tell.

Jyn was bought into the room moments later in a new bed. She was sleepy, eyes half closed. She looked a lot better; the colour had returned to her cheeks. After the droids fiddled with the monitoring equipment, they left the new family alone.

Cassian came over to her side, taking his spot next to her on the bed. Jyn opened her eyes fully, automatically lifting her arms. “Give her to me.”

Their daughter squirmed at the change of hands, but settled once she was snug in her mother’s arms. Cassian wrapped his arm around his wife’s shoulders, swinging his legs up on the bed.

“Oh, look at her,” Jyn whispered. “She looks like you.” Jyn looked up at Cassian. “I went through all that and she looks like you.”

Cassian tried not to laugh. Instead he kissed her tenderly. “You did great.”

“Never again,” she vowed, turning back to their daughter. “I am never doing that again. Worst fourteen hours of my life.”

“I’m okay with that.” Cassian stroked his daughter’s thick hair.

They stayed like that for a while, content to watch their daughter. She remained sleeping, only occasionally letting out a whimper.

Finally, Jyn spoke. “Still happy with them name?”

Cassian kissed Jyn’s forehead. “Of course. It’s a good name, and I think it suits her.”

Jyn smiled down at her daughter. Cuddled up with Cassian with their daughter snug in her arms, Jyn finally felt that life was sweet. After all those years of rebellion finally ending with the Battle of Endor, Jyn was content in the assurance that her daughter, Kalei Andor would never have to know the struggles she and Cassian went through.

Chapter End Notes

Yes I had to add a medical drama. I work and study in anaesthesia, so medical drama is my life.
Team Work

Chapter Notes

For those unaware, Inferno Squad is a novel being released in July? I think. I have briefly mentioned it in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

4ABY: Hosnian Prime

Kalei was eighteen hours old. Jyn had been counting. Her daughter was asleep in her medical cot next to her mother’s bed. Jyn had been hesitant to have Kalei removed from her arms, but the nurse had been insistent that Jyn get some rest. Her dreams were intense; she dreamt that Kalei was taken away, never to be found again. Then her dreams would change to the face of Dr. Keikodi telling her that Kalei had died. Jyn had woken up, cheeks wet from her silently spilt tears. She hadn’t truly realised how traumatising it had been for her.

Cassian had gone home in the early hours of the morning, promising to return with Bodhi and a change of clothes for her. Her body hurt, especially her abdomen. She was told they were able to stop the bleeding without the need to create a surgical incision. Still, it felt like they had. She was still bleeding though, being reassured most of it was normal and part of postpartum. It wasn’t the best sensation she felt between her legs, but the outcome had been worth it.

Jyn watched Kalei’s steady breathing, wishing she could see the rise and fall of her chest. Her daughter had been swaddled up, only her head peeking out from the cloth. This was true love. Jyn was sure of it. She loved Cassian with a ferocity that sometimes scared her, and he reciprocated those feelings years ago, before her even. But a mother’s love appeared to overcome all other aspects of love. Jyn was sure she could lie there all day, content at watching her daughter. Every little move she made became etched into her mother’s memory.

Before Cassian returned, Jyn was visited by Leia and Han. Both were beaming as they entered the room; Leia’s hand going over her heart as she admired Kalei.

“She is so beautiful,” Leia declared. “She has your mouth and nose.”

“Good work, Jyn,” Han said, peering over Leia’s shoulder. “Heard you had some problems?”

Jyn smiled, adjusting so she could sit up straighter; her body felt like it had been torn waist down.

“Nothing to worry about now. We’re both fine. You can hold her, Leia.”

“Are you sure?” Leia hovered her hands around Kalei.

“Go for it.”

Kalei stirred as she was picked up, rubbing her face against her swaddle cloth. Jyn’s face was relaxed with admiration. “I think she hates being wrapped up like that.”

Leia carefully sat down in the chair and Han took a spot at the end of Jyn’s bed. “Do you want me to un-swaddle her?”
Jyn leaned over to get a better look. “Maybe just so she can get her arms out.”

Once given the freedom, Kalei brought her tiny fist up to her cheek, resting against it. Leia was smiling, absorbed.

“I think she looks like Cassian,” Han said. “She has his eyes for sure.”

Jyn hummed. “She does.”

“I see Jyn in her,” Leia said.

“Where is he?” Han asked, looking about the room.

“Gone home to get me a change of clothes and to pick up Bodhi.”

“Bodhi’s here?” Han asked. “I thought he was on Yavin IV?”

Jyn nodded. “Came and visited right as I went into labour.” Jyn chuckled, though it felt painful to do so. “He was so pale by the time we arrived here.”

“Poor guy,” Han remarked, also chuckling. “Is he still involved with that mechanic?”

“Sarli Mantisa,” Jyn said. “And yes, they are still involved. Getting married as a matter of fact.”

“Oh?” Leia raised her head. Her eyes flicked to Han. “Well isn’t that good news.”

“The wedding is in two months,” Jyn continued. “On Chandrila.”

“Beautiful planet,” Leia remarked. “Han, do you want to hold her?”

Han was hesitant, not sure if he should stand or not. “Sure, why not?”

Leia delicately handed Kalei over, the babe letting out a cry. Han tensed, looking at Jyn for help.

Jyn merely shrugged. “She does that.”

Han awkwardly held Kalei, trying to find the right position to sit. “She’s so lightweight.”

“She is two weeks early,” Jyn confirmed. “So she is a bit underweight.”

“Are they monitoring her closely?” Leia asked.

Jyn nodded. “The nurse comes by every three hours to chart how long each feed is.”

“She’ll grow quickly,” Leia said.

Kalei let out another wail, whacking her fist into Han’s chest. “Is she hungry now?” he asked.

“I only fed her not long ago.” Jyn stretched out her arms. “Here, I better take her.”

Once in the warm embrace of her mother, Kalei settled down, nuzzling into her mother’s chest.

“You’re a natural already,” Leia remarked.

Jyn smiled down at her daughter. “We’re becoming a good team.”

Not long after, Cassian returned carrying a bag and with Bodhi on his heels. Cassian looked as if he
Jyn smiled at them both; Cassian quickly assessing Kalei.

“She good?” he asked, setting the bag down next to the chair.

Jyn nodded. Turning to Bodhi, she smiled. “I never thanked you for bringing me here.”

Bodhi came over to her side, looking down at Kalei. “It was no problem. I was just glad I was there when it happened.”

“Here,” Jyn sat up, moving Kalei over to him.

“Oh, are you sure?” Bodhi held her close, letting Kalei grip his finger with her tiny hand. “I forgot how small they are.” Jyn looked at him quizzically. “I had a nephew.” A nephew, who had died on Jedha along with the rest of his family, was what Bodhi didn’t say aloud. Jyn tried to suppress the unpleasant memory that was Jedha. Kalei whimpered which caused Bodhi to gently rock her.

Cassian sat next to Jyn; wrapping his arm around her while they watched Bodhi successfully soothe their daughter.

“Well at least you’ll know what to do when you have your own,” Han remarked.

Bodhi lifted his eyes to Han. “I suppose.”

“Congratulations by the way,” Han said, taking Leia’s hand.

“Yes, congratulations,” Leia said, smiling. “Sarli is lovely.”

“Thank you,” Bodhi replied. “We are getting married in two months on Chandrila if you’d like to come?”

“I would love to,” Leia began, “but I won’t be able to make it due to my commitments here with the senate. Han, you should go.”

“Sure,” Han said, shrugging carelessly. “Do you mind a wookie coming to your wedding?”

Not in the least.”

“Will you stay on Chandrila?” Leia asked.

“No. Sarli wants to live on Yavin IV in the new colony.”

“I hear it’s nice there,” Jyn said. “Des and Shara have done a good job.”

“They have.” Bodhi handed Kalei back to Jyn, who handed her over to Cassian. The new father held his daughter up against his chest letting her head rest in the crook of his neck. The babe inhaled deeply, her eyes drooping. Cassian kissed her hair, basking in its smoothness.

“We should go,” Leia said. “Give you some time.”

Jyn smiled warmly. “Thank you for visiting.”

“We’ll come by next when you’ve settled in at home,” Leia replied. She leaned down and kissed Jyn on the cheek and gently ran a finger down Kalei’s cheek. “She truly is beautiful.”

After she and Han left, Bodhi sat down in the chair. “Are you feeling any better?”
Jyn rested back against the pillows. How to describe how she felt? Jyn didn’t think any man could understand. “A little. Still in pain, though. I’ve been told it’ll take up to six weeks to fully recover.”

Bodhi raised his brows. “That’s a fair while.”

“It’s normal. Anyway, I’m eager to get out of this bed.”

Cassian raised a concerned brow at his wife. “You need to rest.”

“I know that,” Jyn replied in a sarcastic manner. “Never realised until now how much I miss walking.”

Bodhi chuckled. “When are they releasing you?”

“Tomorrow morning, and yes, I am counting down the hours.” Jyn sighed. “I hate hospitals.”

“Well Cassian certainly got the apartment ready... well baby ready.”

Cassian smiled to himself. “I had the droid assemble that cot you wanted in our room and to adjust the light settings in the nursery.”

Jyn smiled lovingly at her husband. “What would I do without you?”

Cassian leaned down to kiss her forehead. “You’ve been saying that these past four years.”

It was true. Jyn had lost count how many times she had said it. She did remember the first time she said it. Back on Onderon. She had meant it then just as she meant it now.

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0ABY: New Kisge (Outer Rim)

Delta Base

Rogue One touched down on the dense underbrush-covered moon that kept Delta Base covered from sight. It had just come under the command of General Vanden Willard, who had requested the presence of Rogue One for a debriefing before their mission to Onderon. The rest of the alliance fleet was set for a remote planet in the Hoth System. They were hoping to start up a base there. Jyn had briefly seen General Willard on Yavin IV during the chaos that ensued to prepare for the Death Star attack. She knew little of him, only accepting Cassian’s words that the General was a good tactical advisor.

New Kisge was a warm planet, though nowhere near as humid as Yavin IV. Delta Base was much smaller than Base One had been, mostly used for its highly stocked medical facility and the main base of operations for alliance security. A few other ships had broken off with the fleet to arrive with Rogue One; most being supply vessels. General Willard was waiting out on the tarmac to greet Jyn and Cassian as the rest of the team made for the command centre.

“Major Andor, congratulations on your promotion.” Willard shook Cassian’s hand. “I’ve always told Draven of your potential.”

“Thank you,” Sir.” Cassian turned to Jyn. “This is Lieutenant Erso.”

“Ah, yes.” Willard shook her hand also. “I have heard a great deal of you. May I say how impressed I was at your determination at the council meeting, not to mention that stunt you pulled on Scarif. While I agreed with you, I was hesitant to see if it would work.”
Jyn wasn’t sure how to respond. Should she smile? It came out as obviously forced. Willard, having seen her uncomfortable posture, turned back to Cassian. “My reason for bringing you here has to do with Lieutenant Erso and your mission to Onderon.”

“Me?” Jyn blurted out.

“Yes, I have some reports concerning you as a target for the empire.”

Jyn scoffed. “That’s hardly a reason to bring us here.”

Willard studied her before turning his assessment on Cassian. “I doubt you would have received word from Draven since you left Yavin IV, but there has been a development concerning Saw Gerrera’s partisans.”

Now Jyn had not been expecting him to say that. “Saw Gerrera is dead. His insurgency is over.”

“Yes and no. It appears some have banded together to continue on Gerrera’s legacy.” Willard turned his gaze directly to Jyn. “Now, after the devastating and humiliating defeat over Yavin IV and not to mention the infiltration on Scarif, they have taken the offensive.” Willard paused. “We are yet to determine how they know who you are, but they know you are raised by Saw Gerrera, Jyn. And that has you marked for death by the Inferno Squad.”

During the conversation, Cassian had tensed. “Inferno Squad?”

Jyn was frowning, unsure how to take this news. It wasn’t like the empire hadn’t tried to kill her before. What would make this time any different?

“An elite team of soldiers commissioned by the Imperial Navy,” Willard continued. “Their primary role appears to be the complete destruction of what remains of Saw’s partisans.”

“How do you know this?” Jyn asked. “Anyway, I’m not part of his insurgency; I haven’t been for years!”

“One of our intelligence operatives managed to work his way as the assistant to an imperial commander. He was present at the commission of the squad. Jyn, they have put the pieces together, just as we had done in order to find you. They know you are Galen Erso’s daughter; they know you fought with Saw Gerrera. It doesn’t matter to them that you have left the partisans.”

Jyn sighed, and then wondered if Kenna was also a target. That would be interesting. Should she contact her estranged friend to warn her?

“Jyn.” Cassian’s voice brought her back. “This complicates things.”

“How?” she retorted. “Do they know I am with the rebellion now?”

Willard shook his head. “We do not know.”

Jyn turned to Cassian. “I am not going into hiding, nor am I dismissing our mission to Onderon. We are going – I am going.”

They held each other’s gaze for a long while, both determined to win. Cassian relented in the end. “I am only concerned that this development may jeopardise the mission.”

In his eyes, Jyn could see it was more than that. There was something else in there; something he wanted to keep hidden. She relaxed her posture. “We can do this. They don’t know we are going to
“Onderon.”

“Onderon is Saw’s home planet. It would make sense for them to start there,” Cassian said.

“Then we will have to be extra careful.” Jyn turned to Willard. “The information Saw has hidden there... if this... Inferno Squad were to find it, there is a chance it could bring down more than the partisans.”

Willard nodded. “I know, and so do Draven and Dodonna. We discussed it at length. Your mission to Onderon is a go; however, I must caution extreme lengths to be taken to hide your true identities. I have had my team create identities for each Rogue One member. We have been lucky, actually. A few weeks ago we managed to capture two stormtroopers on Lothal and brought them here for interrogation. While they remain in custody, their uniforms are of use for you. Two of your men can be given their identities to help blend in on Onderon.”

Jyn and Cassian were impressed. While they followed Willard inside, Cassian couldn’t help but stare at the back of Jyn’s head, a nervous tick in his mind.

Rogue one sat around the table in the small debriefing room. Willard had their new temporary identities in his hand. He began to pass them out.

“Basteran, you are Mathazar Mozh, a Corellia native visiting Onderon to expand your family trade business. Rostok, you will take the identity of trooper two: Kaen Reese. Tonc, you will be trooper one: Garm Adri.”

“Never worn a trooper suit before,” Tonc remarked, turning his I.D card between his fingers.

Willard continued. “Sefla, you are Thartan Cath, an Onderon native. I’ve managed to secure you a position at the market stall directly across from the Shelson factory. Finally, Cassian and Jyn, I have made you Coruscant citizens. Andor, you are Arador Navin, the son of a wealthy businessman, and Jyn is Lania Crion, your personal assistant.”

Jyn studied her new I.D image. It was different to the one that was on her official file. She had worn her hair down for the picture, letting her fringe fall around her eyes.

“Andor, you will use your cover to gain access into the factory where Jyn can make contact with Kruineph Hunew.”

“Understood,” Cassian replied. “Tonc, Rostok, get your imperial gear and meet us on Rogue One. We’ll be leaving as soon as you’re onboard.”

“Yes, Sir,” they spoke in unison.

An hour later, Jyn sat in her bunk, door open as Bodhi took them out of Delta Base. She was eyeing her I.D card, thinking about the revelation of this Inferno Squad. The thought of leaving everything behind and travelling into the unknown by herself crossed her mind. Sometimes she wondered if it would be better for her to just stay away. If the Inferno Squad manages to catch up to her, then the chances of Rogue One surviving that acquaintance was slim.

“Everything okay?” Cassian asked, opening the door to his bunk.

Jyn watched him unpack a black, leather jacket and a change of clothes. No doubt what he was going to wear on Onderon. “I’m thinking of changing my hair.”

Cassian paused, turning around. “What?”
“I’m thinking of growing it out?” She paused, not sure why she even brought it up. “In my records my hair is short and tied back. Maybe having different hair might throw Inferno Squad off my tracks.” It was foolish and silly, and Jyn had to laugh at herself. She found Cassian smiling humorously.

“If you think it’ll help.”

Jyn shrugged, setting her I.D down. “I dunno. I feel like I need to do something.”

Cassian sat down on his bed, pulling out his blaster, inspecting it. “They’ll be focusing on the active partisans first.”

“Do you think they’ll be on Onderon?”

Cassian pulled out his sniper configurations. “Not sure. Anything is possible.”

That wasn’t helpful. She huffed, lying down on her bed. The ceiling above her was a soft blue-grey. Utterly boring.

“I think you would look good with long hair.”

Jyn turned her head at his soft voice. He wasn’t looking at her. “I haven’t had long hair since I was... ten or eleven.”

“Change is always good... so I’ve been told.”

Jyn eyed the set of clothes he had put aside. “Should I... I don’t have a spare set of clothes.”

“We can find you something on Onderon before we start.” He stood up, stepping over the threshold. “Ready to eat?”

Jyn was starving. She followed Cassian down into the lower deck where Sefla and Rostok had set up a makeshift eating area in the cargo pod. They had unloaded all their intelligence equipment on Delta Base for Willard’s team to assess. She sat down next to Cassian as he handed her a bowel. Tonc had taken food up to Bodhi, deciding to keep him company. It was good to feel part of a team again.

4ABY: Hosnian Prime

Andor Residence

If Cassian had his way, Jyn was sure he would tie her to the bed. Rest was essential, he kept saying. Jyn rolled her eyes each time. She had placed herself rebelliously on the sofa, wrapped in a blanket for added warmth and watched Cassian prepare dinner in the kitchen. Kalei was sleeping in their room, something Jyn was not used to. She wanted her daughter in the same room at all times, but had agreed at Cassian’s insistence that the bedroom was quieter. Jyn was relieved that he took over the cooking duties. Their droid, Nydo did most of the breakfasts and lunches, but Cassian had stood adamant that he was more than capable of cooking dinner as he was always home by then. During the reign of the empire, he and Sefla had become the unofficial cooks on Rogue One throughout the years, making meals for everyone on the rare occasion they were able to acquire ingredients that served as decent food. Jyn had never been good at cooking. She tried her best once, back when she was eleven. Kenna had spat it out. Not that Kenna could talk. One time, her former friend had whipped up a meal that resulted in everyone who tasted it to get food...
poisoning. Sometimes, looking back at that memory, Jyn wondered if Kenna had done it on purpose.

Leia had organised for Jyn to stay on leave until Kalei was five months old. It coincided with the New Year, a time when cadet training started up. It was plenty of time for the academy to review her new training regime, and to also figure out a system for Kalei. Routine is essential. That is what the nurse had told them before they left the hospital. So far their daughter was adamant of preventing any attempt by her parents to get her into one. It was harder to do than say it.

Later that evening, Cassian stood in the shower, allowing the hot water to soothe his muscles. Jyn was in their bedroom feeding Kalei. It felt strange; after all these years he now found himself living a normal life. He had a wife, a daughter and an apartment for his little family to thrive in. No matter how many times Jyn told him otherwise, he still felt he didn’t deserve any of it. When Jyn had told him she was pregnant, he saw white, feeling the colour drain from his face. He didn’t want it. He didn’t want to be a father. The prospect alone scared him. He had seen his fears mirrored in Jyn’s eyes, but there was also determination and longing. If it were not for her, Cassian would have crumbled apart. It also didn’t help that during that time the galaxy was still under the terror of the empire. He had feared what would become of their child should he and Jyn fall at the hands of the empire. Leia had promised to step in should the need arise, and while Cassian had been grateful, he still could not allow it. Those last few months of imperial reign had him fighting harder with a fever for peace than any other time in the last two decades. He had been fighting for his child’s future.

Jyn was lying on her side in bed watching Kalei in her cot. Cassian walked over, seeing his daughter staring at her surroundings. She lifted her gaze to him, watching him intently.

“I think she knows who you are already,” Jyn murmured. There was sleep in her voice, and by the looks of it, she had been fighting to stay awake.

Cassian ran his hand gently along Kalei’s hairline. He couldn’t get over how soft she was. He made his way over to his side of the bed, slipping under the blankets. He wanted to wrap his arms around Jyn, pulling her close, but refrained, not wanting to hurt her. Instead, he ran his hand up and down her arm.

“I’ve got to go back to work tomorrow,” he said quietly.

Jyn sighed, grabbing hold of his hand. “We’ll be fine. Nydo will help out.”

“I may also have to go off planet in the coming week.”

Jyn tensed. She slowly rolled over to face him. “What?”

“The civil war on Coruscant has gotten worse in several sectors. The senate has asked me personally to go there and work with a band of freedom fighters.”

“But you’re a general now.”

“General’s work the field too, Jyn,” Cassian replied. “They need me there. They wouldn’t ask if it wasn’t serious.”

Jyn closed her eyes. “Fine. How long will you be gone?”

“Not sure.” Cassian tucked her fringe behind her ear. “I’m not even sure when I’m leaving.”

“I need you here, Cassian.” Jyn opened her eyes, pleading. “We need you.”
Cassian inched closer so their noses were touching. Her breath was warm against his cheek. “I promise I will not be gone long. I will stay in contact when I can. I don’t want to go as much as you want me to stay. I cannot say no to this, Jyn.”

“I know. Still. We’re a team. We’ve always been a team.”

Cassian touched her lips with his, hovering. “Nothing will change.”

“Promise me.”

Cassian kissed her deeply; reassuringly. “I promise.”

... 

0ABY: Planet Onderon (Inner Rim)

Jyn stepped out of Rogue One behind Cassian. He was dressed all in black with a saddlebag slung over his shoulder. Sefla had gone ahead to find suitable clothing for Jyn, having returned with a long sleeved, black shirt that was finely woven along with leather black pants. Jyn had struggled to get them on, having to lie on the bed to pull them up. They fit, that wasn’t the problem; it was that they were so damn tight! She wore her hair down, finely applying her eyeliner for added effect. Cassian had looked her over, nodding with approval.

“Ready, Lania?” he asked, zipping his leather jacket up.

Jyn stood tall, inhaling deeply. “Let’s go, Mr. Navin.”

The city capital Iziz was large and populous. Great stone walls circled the entire city, keeping the creatures of the jungle at bay. Rogue One had landed on the outskirts, given clearance to land. Tonc and Rostok had gone ahead, disguised as stormtroopers patrolling the streets. They were to take an initial sweep of the streets ahead to ensure of no suspicious activity. Sefla had gone to take his place at the market stall opposite Shelson Factory while Bodhi stayed with the shuttle. While his image had been splayed across Jedha, it appeared his false identification had worked so far on Onderon. Cassian was still hesitant on letting him leave, and Bodhi was more than happy to stay put. Basteran had gone off on his own to investigate Shelson factory before Jyn and Cassian arrived.

Shelson factory was just on the northern border of the Malgan market district. It acted as the central hub of the city, attracting merchants and various traders. It appeared a safe place to be with children running free and many species conversing civilly to another. Jyn stayed close behind Cassian, feeling the hot weather seep into her black outfit. She was sure a sweat line was forming under her fringe.

Cassian walked a brisk, yet easy pace as they weaved through the commerce. Jyn observed his movements, taking in how casual he appeared; as if Onderon was a planet he visited frequently. The few stormtroopers that passed by did not bother to look their way. Still, Jyn’s fingers itched at her side. She had wanted to bring her blaster, but Cassian had insisted it would break her cover. An assistant to a wealthy Coruscant business man would not be seen carrying a weapon. He had placed her blaster in his bag, promising to give it to her only if needed. Jyn didn’t like it. She didn’t like trusting anyone to hold her weapon on her behalf.

“This is T1.” Tonc’s voice echoed through Cassian’s comm. He turned into a small furrow behind a market booth.

“What is it?” Cassian asked. Jyn stood at the market stand browsing its wares.
“Trooper activity has increased on the northern exit,” Tonc replied. “They are checking people’s bags. You’re going to have to reroute.”

Cassian swore under his breath. “Any idea why they are checking bags?”

“Negative.”

“It may just be a random check,” Rostok weighed in.

“I’ll go check the eastern exit,” Tonc added. “Won’t be long.”

Cassian eyed Jyn, seeing her scope their surroundings. “Thartan, any activity outside the factory?”

“Only seen one trooper squad pass by. Nothing out of the ordinary,” Sefla said. “Mathazar has just entered Shelson.”

“Copy that.” Cassian tucked his comm into the safety of his jacket. He nodded at Jyn for her to come over.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, her eyes alert.

“Troopers are checking bags on the northern exit. We need to reroute. Tonc is checking the eastern side.”

He stepped out on the street, turning his stride into the eastern-bound street. A few hawkers tried to grab their attention as they strode by. They ignored them; Cassian keeping his eyes ahead while Jyn surveyed.

“Eastern exit is clear.” Tonc’s voice cracked over the comm.

Cassian checked his surroundings before grabbing his comm out. “Heading there now.”

“I’ll stand by and follow once you come into view,” Tonc replied. “Rostok is patrolling the street leading out of the northern exit. All seems fine.”

The eastern exit had been the furthest away, taking fifteen minutes to get there. Cassian felt sweat trickling down the back of his neck. He hated humid planets. He wanted to check on Jyn, to make sure the heat wasn’t getting to her. Her steady steps made her feel close. Passing through the eastern gate had been simple enough. Cassian was sure he saw Tonc in his trooper disguise a hundred meters away. He couldn’t be sure; it was just a feeling. He was eager to hear back from Basteran, who hadn’t made contact after entering Shelson factory. He hated waiting for news.

A large tree with long, wide palms made a temporary haven from the sun as it stood tall in the middle of a small island in the road. Cassian stopped, gesturing for Jyn to sit down on one of the benches. He circled the tree, checking for imperial activity.

“Mr. Navin.”

Cassian turned at Jyn’s voice, brow arched.

“I believe Shelson factory is down there.” She pointed at the road to their left. It was quiet with little traffic.

“Thank you, Ms. Crion.” Before they left, Cassian faced the tree and reached for his comm. “Thartan?”
Sefla’s voice came over the comm. “Here.”

“Report on Mathazar.”

“Nothing yet,” Sefla replied.

Cassian grimaced. He hoped they weren’t walking into a trap. But he had to expect it. While Jyn appeared to trust Saw Gerrera, Cassian did not.

“Come on.” He gestured for Jyn to follow.

They first noticed Sefla standing in the shade of poorly kept market stall that sold engine parts. A twi’lek worked beside him, sorting through a crate of goods. Sefla gave a slight nod at them as they approached.

“Good day,” the twi’lek said.

Cassian gave a curt nod, showing his superiority. He eyed Jyn before clapping his hands behind his back as he looked at what was for sale.

Jyn stepped up to the twi’lek. “Is this stall part of the factory?” she jabbed her thumb at the building behind her.

The twi’lek shook his head, hands raised. “Oh, no. This is a privately run stall. We sell engineering goods. Shelson Factory manufactures clothing.”

Jyn arched a brow. “Clothing?”

“Yes. Its owner, Hunew is famous for hiring poor citizens to work for him.”

“Hmm,” Jyn paused, eyeing Sefla. “Thank you.” She followed Cassian towards the factory.

“Wasn’t expecting a clothing factory,” she murmured.

“A good cover,” Cassian remarked. “We cannot wait for Basteran to report in.”

Jyn nodded. “I know.”

“Follow my lead.”

Shelson Factory was nothing they had expected. Cassian had thought it to be a rundown building inhabited by shady workers. Jyn’s imagination of the place was similar, but with a large array of weapons on display. What they found inside was, well, entirely different. The factory was mildly lit to give off a warm welcome. A great hall filled with rows of clothing for many species came into immediate view. Many species walked along the aisles, inspecting outfits and speaking to staff. Towards the back, a large glass wall separated the shop floor from the industrial room, where long benches were inhabited by workers tirelessly making garments. Jyn lifted her chin to scan the area. She was looking for Hunew and Basteran.

They found Basteran first. Cassian had led Jyn down the furthest aisle. About half way down the fifty metre stretch, they looked into a small alcove to their right to find Basteran standing in a fitting room, while a male twi’lek measured him. At the sight of them, Basteran merely shook his head in defeat. Jyn wanted to laugh aloud, but refrained. Instead she made a choking noise that caused Cassian to smile down at her.

“Better than the alternative,” he murmured to her. “Come on.”
Kruineph Hunew was easy to find, being the only Ithorian in the factory. He was speaking to an employee when they approached.

“Let me handle this,” Jyn said quietly to Cassian.

Cassian nodded, stepping a few feet behind her. The grip on his bag tightened, subtly placing a hand into the carrier.

“Yes?” Hunew asked, his figure towering over Jyn’s.

She stood straight, her shoulders back. “I was hoping you could help me.”

“Are you looking for something in particular?”

“As a matter of fact I am,” she replied. “I was hoping to acquire a... certain product that only you deal in.”

“Which product is that?”

Jyn paused. “Perhaps I should introduce myself first. My name is Dawn. Kestrel Dawn.”

If silence could engulf you, this one certainly would have. Hunew’s stare bore into Jyn, assessing. She tried to read his face, but came up empty.

“I have an idea of which product you seek. I will need to check the database. Follow me.” Hunew studied Cassian behind her. “Alone.”

Jyn nodded at Cassian to reassure him. He wanted to protest, but gave a brisk nod. “Go rescue Mathazar,” she said, smiling.

Hunew’s office was small and cluttered. “He was a great friend.”

Jyn assumed he was speaking of Saw. “Yes.”

“How?”

“He was on Jedha when the empire destroyed it,” she replied.

“It was a great shame when he left Onderon. His sister has been fighting the cause here still.”

Jyn frowned. “Steela Gerrera is dead.”

“And how old were you when he took you in?”

“Eight.”

“From what planet?”

“Lah’mu.”

Hunew assessed her again. “I had to be sure. He told me much about you. Spoke as if you were his daughter.” Hunew pushed a wooden panel aside to reveal a lever. Pulling it caused a hidden door to open. “Follow me.”

The passageway was dark, only a tiny light in the centre lighting their way. “Does this lead to Saw’s hidden base?”
“The base was destroyed four years ago,” Hunew replied. “I salvaged what I could. His data chip for you survived the fire.”

Hunew opened the old, rusty door at the end of the passageway. It creaked open to reveal a tiny space that was clearly used by Hunew to store his valuable items.

“Did the empire destroy it?” she asked as Hunew rummaged through his safe.

“No. A fire broke out in that district. Tore through three blocks of property. An accident.”

Finally, Hunew retrieved a small dark blue, velvet pouch about the size of a data pad. “This is everything he instructed me to give to you in the event of his death. Please take it.”

Jyn held the velvet pouch in her hands, feeling its weight. There was definitely a data pad in there as well as the small indent of a data chip. “Thank you.”

“Please do not let his work end,” Hunew said. “The rebellion was his life. He lived for it as if it were oxygen.”

Jyn sniffed. “I am... well... I am not longer part of his insurgency, but I do fight for the rebellion.”

“So long as you strike those imperial scums hard.”

Jyn smirked. “Oh I will.”

“Before you leave, I must warn you. Strange imperial operatives have been seen wandering the streets of Onderon. They have been asking questions about Saw Gerrera and his partisans.”

Jyn tensed. The Inferno Squad. “Have they been here?”

“No. I have been good at hiding my tracks. They showed up two days ago in the market district. They have taken many away, and no one has seen them since. I would advise you leave Onderon and its system immediately.”

“Yes. I will. Thank you again.”

As she exited Hunew’s office, she found Cassian and Basteran hovering at the end of the aisle they had walked down. She hurried over to them, going back into her disguise. “Mr. Navin. I have acquired your product. It will be delivered to your shuttle in the evening.” Jyn placed the pouch into Cassian’s hand, letting him nonchalantly place it into his bag.

Cassian smiled with his eyes. “Thank you, Ms. Crion.”

Basteran left first, seemingly eager to leave Shelson factory. As they left the factory, Jyn became very self-conscious. She felt eyes on her. She wanted to run; drag Cassian along. She had to keep her head calm. She was sure it was only paranoia. Walking to Shelson factory had taken them forty minutes. Returning to their shuttle had felt twice as long. Basteran had made it to the shuttle first, waiting on the lower deck with Bodhi. The others were yet to arrive.

As Jyn entered the shuttle, she sat down heavily, letting out a breath she hadn’t realised she’d been holding been holding. She covered her mouth with her hand, afraid to look back down the ramp.

“Jyn.” Cassian knelt down before her, concern etched into his eyes.

She removed her hand, biting her lip. “He said... he said imperial operatives arrived here two days ago asking about Saw and his band of soldiers.”
Basteran stepped down the ramp to inspect their surroundings. He remained to stand guard.
Cassian grabbed hold of Jyn’s hand. She squeezed hard.

“Did they come looking for you?” he asked.

Jyn shook her head. “No. They don’t know about Hunew. He is lucky. But, they may have spotted us. I’m not sure.”

“It may have been the cause for that bag check,” Bodhi said sitting down next to Jyn. “Nobody has come by. I haven’t seen anybody actually.”

Cassian frowned. “Nobody?”

Bodhi shrugged. “This tarmac isn’t exactly heavily operated. I assumed it was normal.”

Movement outside made Cassian stand up, pulling his blaster from his bag. Jyn lunged for hers. It was only Sefla. He raised his hands at their welcome. “Whoa. What’s happening?”

They lowered their weapons. “Were you followed?” Cassian asked.

“No. Tonc and Rostok are on their way.” Sefla boarded the shuttle.

“You saw nothing suspicious?” Jyn asked.

“Nothing.” Sefla paused. “Well, that twi’lek I was with mentioned his brother being taken away yesterday by troopers for questioning.”

Jyn’s heart starting racing. “What?”

“He wouldn’t elaborate. It could be nothing.”

Cassian indicated with his gun at the sight of Tonc and Rostok returning. They had their helmets off, tucked under their arms and were running.

Jyn wanted to pray that they were not followed.

“We should leave, now,” Rostok said. “Death troopers.”

“Where?” Cassian asked.

“Exiting the market. They were accompanied by two imperial officers,” Rostok replied. “They are heading this way.”

“We had our helmets on,” Tonc added. “But when they looked at us, it was as if they knew we weren’t troopers.”

“Bodhi, get us out of here,” Cassian ordered. “Basteran, close the ramp.”

Jyn’s mind was buzzing. Was this Inferno Squad or something else entirely? She followed Cassian up the ladder.

“Did you get the intel?” Tonc asked from below.

“Yeah,” Jyn called. “Mission accomplished.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” she heard Sefla remark.
As Rogue One lifted off the tarmac, they witnessed the imperial faction enter the docks. Their shuttle had been the only one to land there, making Jyn and Cassian sure they were after them. “Is it them?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” Cassian replied. “Perhaps not. They could be here on official business.”

“Death troopers don’t just accompany anyone,” Bodhi said. He turned the ship around, bringing it up into the atmosphere.

“I’ll send this report to Draven. See what he can find,” Cassian said.

So it was done. Their first official mission as Rogue One had ended successfully. Later, Jyn sat on her bed, legs crossed as she opened the pouch.

Chapter End Notes

Onderon Identity Legend

Major Andor - Arador Navin
Lieutenant Erso - Lania Crion
Lieutenant Rook - Sahdra Tyree
Corporal Tonc - Garm Adri (T1)
Lieutenant Sefla - Thartan Cath
Corporal Rostok - Kaen Reese (T2)
Private Basteran - Mathazar Mozh

http://maree-swan.tumblr.com/
Coping

13BBY: Outer Rim Space

No one had ever asked Jyn how she felt after the events on Lah’mu. She had witnessed her mother’s death, her father being taken away and had waited out in a makeshift bunker for hours, silently crying. When Saw had opened that hatch, she had remembered him from four years earlier when he had brought them to Lah’mu. He had been kind to her, and over the years, her parents spoke warmly of him. She had held on to seeing her father’s face once the hatch had opened. Her heart had sunk deeper than she thought possible. As Saw had escorted her to his shuttle, she saw the burning of her homestead, the crop field already in ashes. She remembered the exact spot her mother had fallen. She was gone. Everyone was gone.

Jyn lay curled up in a ball, one of her toys held tight to her chest. She was lying on the hard floor of a transport carrier with Kenna sleeping a hand-width away. Jyn buried her face into the blanket, hiding her face as tears fell down her cheeks. Every time Kenna found Jyn crying over her parents, her friend would berate her, even going so far as calling Jyn weak. Saw had scolded Kenna for her harsh words, but he couldn’t stop her words echoing in Jyn’s mind.

For weeks, every time Jyn closed her eyes she kept witnessing her mother falling as smoke rose from her chest; her father shouting her mother’s name, rushing over to her. Those flashing images caused Jyn to cry harder. She placed a fist into her mouth to keep herself quiet. Her body was shaking, trembling. There were times when she felt she was getting better; adjusting to this new reality. Then times like these hit her hard, causing her whole body to weaken, her mind reminding her of what had happened. It wasn’t fair. That is what she kept telling herself over and over again.

Jyn was expected to figure it out on her own. It wasn’t fair. Everything was happening so fast. She was being trained to fight, to build explosives and learn hand signals. These weren’t activities her parents had prepared her for. The days of playing with her toys were over. She kept them packed securely in her bag, itching to get them out to play with. There was never time, and even if there was, playing with toys in the presence of Saw’s partisans and Kenna wasn’t the wisest thing to do. You had to look strong in order to survive and Jyn wanted to make Saw proud.

The next morning, Jyn rubbed the sleep from her eyes as she entered the crude mess hall. It was small, compact and noisy from Saw’s partisans eating their breakfasts and trading gossip. Kenna had been sitting next to Saw, but got up as soon as Jyn approached. She moved over to the adjacent table, sitting herself between two soldiers in order to listen to their gruelling tales of battle. Jyn took
Kenna’s original spot next to Saw, gladly accepting a warm mug of blue milk.

“Kenna mentioned you had a bad dream last night,” Saw spoke.

Jyn wiped her mouth with her sleeve. When she didn’t reply, Saw continued. “Would you like to talk about it?”

Jyn placed her mug on the table and went to grab some cheese. “Just a dream about my mama.”

She heard Saw sigh. “It is never easy, losing a parent.”

“It’s okay though,” Jyn piqued. “In the dream, instead of my mama dying and papa being taken, you were there and rescued us all.”

She looked up at Saw and smiled. It wasn’t the truth, but she felt it was better to say that than explain she had been crying herself to sleep.

Saw returned her smile warmly. “Ah, my child…”

“You always rescue me from the bad people in my dreams,” Jyn continued. “You make it better.”

Saw wrapped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her into an uncomfortable embrace against his armor. “I fear you will be too good for this war. How I wish I could shield you from most of its atrocities.”

“I’m not afraid,” Jyn declared.

“I know, my child. I know.”

“Do you think you will ever rescue my papa, like in my dreams?” It was a fool’s hope to ask, but Jyn could not help it.

“Perhaps one day,” Saw replied sadly. “We can never know what truly lies ahead.”

“I’ll find,” she declared. “I know I will.”

...  

4ABY: Hosnian Prime

Jyn stood at the doorway to their bedroom as she watched Cassian pack. Kalei was in her arms, lazily kicking her tiny legs as she gazed around. Their daughter was only three weeks old and already Cassian was leaving. Jyn couldn’t believe it. It was as if the galaxy had decided to play a cruel joke on her. Her husband was due to leave Hosnian Prime for Coruscant that evening. The duration of his stay there was unknown.

“At least say you’ll be back before I leave for Chandrila,” Jyn said, trying her best to keep the desperation out of her voice. “We promised Bodhi.”

Cassian zipped up his bag at the end of the bed. “I should be back by then.” It wasn’t a good enough answer, and he knew it. Sighing, he slung the bag over his shoulder, walking over to his wife, kissing her deeply. “I promise I will be back before then.”

Jyn inhaled his scent, something she used to do during their time together on Rogue One. Cassian kissed Kalei on her forehead. “Don’t let her grow too much while I’m gone.”
Jyn managed a small smile. “No promises. She has already grown quite a bit.”

Cassian gazed fondly at his daughter. “I will set up a secure link once I’m on Coruscant. Contact me if anything goes wrong. If Kalei gets sick...”

Jyn quietened him with another kiss. “We’ll be fine. Leia is going to be staying for a few days, and Nydo is more than capable of helping around the house. I’ve got this.”

“I know.” Cassian kissed her again. “I just hate leaving at a time like this.”

“The sooner you go, the sooner you’ll be home.”

Cassian nodded. Jyn stepped aside and followed him to the front of the apartment. Kalei squirmed, beginning to whine as her hunger started to settle in. The sound of Kalei whimpering caused Cassian to pause at the door.

“Let me hold her before I go.”

Jyn handed Kalei over, who cried out from the movement. Cassian shushed her, holding her close to his chest. It was turning out to be harder than Cassian originally thought. Jyn could handle herself, he knew that. But it was Kalei he was going to worry over the most. He didn’t want to miss anything, but he had to keep telling himself that she was still too young. He had time.

As Kalei’s whimpering started to develop into a full blown tantrum, Cassian gave her one last kiss before handing her back to Jyn. It broke his heart to have to leave his home to the sound of his daughter crying.

After Cassian was out of sight, Jyn sat down at the kitchen counter in order to feed Kalei. Nydo was buzzing around the kitchen, preparing the evening meal. Leia was due to arrive tomorrow around midday and stay for four days. Jyn was looking forward to the company, even making plans to venture out into the city with Leia. They both had been so consumed with work, and Jyn being pregnant that neither of them had the proper opportunity to explore the city they lived in. They were going rectify that, and to be honest, Jyn was looking forward to the distraction. She hated sitting around at home, and with Cassian going back out into the thick of it, well that made it even worse for her.

Kalei’s small hand gripped firmly on Jyn’s shirt as she fed eagerly. Jyn ran a finger along her hairline while her daughter watched. It felt strange to have such an innocent life being dependant on her. There had been so many times when Jyn could barely take care of herself. Having a child had never been a thought that crossed her mind. When she and Cassian had married a year and a half ago, they never discussed bringing life into the galaxy. How could they? Their job had been to take life away from the galaxy.

“Dinner will be ready in ten minutes,” Nydo said, whirling over to her. “Would you like me to bathe Kalei while you eat?”

“Yes, thank you.” Nydo was no K-2. Cassian had said that straight from the get go. It had been four years since her husband’s best friend had perished on Scarif, and yet Cassian refused to replace him with another droid. He had only allowed Nydo to join the household after learning the droid was also a nanny. At first, Jyn was reluctant to allow Nydo to hold Kalei, let alone perform maternal duties. Eventually, Jyn and Cassian had become so sleep deprived, they had practically handed Kalei over to Nydo so they could have a whole afternoon to catch up on their sleep.

Kalei loved bath time. Jyn could hear her delightful noises while Nydo bathed her in the refresher.
Jyn smiled to herself as she brushed her hair. While Jyn was sorting through some baby clothes gifted by Leia, Nydo came in with Kalei wrapped in a small towel.

“Would you like me to put her to sleep?”

Jyn swept the pile of clothes to the floor. “No, thank you. Bring her here.”

Nydo placed Kalei on the bed and left. Jyn unravelled the towel allowing Kalei to wriggle around in the nude. Jyn removed the kyber necklace from around her neck and leisurely swung it around over Kalei. The crystal sparkled in the light of the bedside lamp. Jyn beamed as Kalei watched fascinated.

“This belonged to your grandmother. Her name was Lyra.” Jyn gently touched the top of the crystal on Kalei’s nose. Her daughter blinked. “She was the bravest woman I ever knew. It took me a long while to realise that. She would have loved you.”

Jyn had been filled with so much hate over the years; rage, anger, despair, confusion and resentment. Cassian had changed all that. Of course it took her months to realise it. When Cassian had first kissed her she had been completely taken by surprise. It was a heat of the moment kiss filled with passion, longing and frustration. She had agonised over what to do with his actions, but once she let go, everything fell into place like a puzzle yearning to be complete.

Kalei gurgled as she continued to watch the crystal. “So many people who aren’t here would have loved you. One day, when you’re old enough to understand, your papa and I will tell you stories of them.”

Jyn placed her mother’s necklace on the bedside table. She picked her daughter up and walked the short distance down the hallway to the nursery. Dressing Kalei in a cotton-white jumpsuit, she sat down in the chair and prepared for an evening of rocking Kalei to sleep.

... 0ABY: Rogue One – Destination Delta Base

Jyn sat cross-legged on her bed with the velvet pouch on her lap. She was thinking over her reaction earlier after she and Cassian had returned to the shuttle. It wasn’t like her to fall out of her shell so easily. It wasn’t her that she was afraid of, but rather the rest of them. Rogue One had been a larger team. She hadn’t known them all that well, but they were still a team. Her team. Now only seven of them remained. If these imperialist were looking for her, then her presence on Rogue One made them all a target. She didn’t know what she would do if Cassian, Bodhi, Rostok or any of them were to be targeted. She couldn’t leave; she had made a commitment. She thought of Cassian. She wouldn’t put it past him to go find her if she did eventually leave. People whispered on how she was changing, but no one spoke of the change in Cassian. He was different to the man she first met on Yavin IV. It was like he was finally allowing himself to have character.

Jyn opened the pouch, removing the datapad and holochip. She had promised Cassian not to turn either of them on until they reached Delta Base. A precaution, he had said. Jyn didn’t buy it. The suspense was killing her. Hearing footsteps, she prepared herself for Cassian to come into view and start lecturing her. Instead it was Bodhi. He had his goggles off with his flight suit unzipped revealing a black shirt underneath.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Fine.”
“We aren’t being followed, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

Jyn shook her head. “I wasn’t worried.”

“Cassian was,” Bodhi remarked. “Still isn’t convinced.”

Jyn remained silent, running her fingers over the velvet material of the pouch. “Bodhi, can I ask you something?”

“Sure?”

Jyn patted the spot next to her, indicating him to join her. It was cramped, having two people in one bunk, but Jyn didn’t care. “How did you... how do you cope with what happened on Jedha?”

Bodhi frowned, silent as he thought. “I try not to think about it too much. I figure time will make it all feel less painful. Sometimes in my dreams I’m back there before the city was destroyed. I’m at home, eating my mother’s cooking.” Bodhi smiled to himself. “She was a great cook.”

Jyn smiled warmly. “My mother liked hiking. On Lah’mu she would take me on day long hiking trips. I loved it.” Jyn’s smile waned. “It took me months to get over her death. I used to cry myself to sleep every night.”

“Our father spoke of her once,” Bodhi said. “When I told him I was from Jedha and that the city was being stripped of its kyber, he spoke of her love for the jedi.”

Jyn bit her lip. “She used to tell me stories about them.”

They remained in companionable silence as they thought of their mothers.

“It gets easier,” Jyn finally said, turning to Bodhi. “Losing your family. It gets easier.”

“I know,” Bodhi replied softly. “Helping your father; helping you – it made me feel like their deaths weren’t for nothing. If I keep fighting, staying with the rebellion. I’m not just doing it for me. I’m doing it for them; for your father.”

Jyn smiled. “You make me feel close to him.”

“I didn’t know him that well,” Bodhi admitted.

“I spent years telling myself he was dead. It was the only way I learned to cope.”

“Are you still angry with Cassian?”

Jyn tensed, relaxing a bit after realising she wasn’t. “Not him. I learned it was Draven who ordered the attack. Makes sense. Mothma apologised to me at the council meeting. Didn’t think it would help hearing her say those words, but it has. The acknowledgement.”

Bodhi slowly nodded. “I think she is a good person. She wants peace.”

Jyn laughed bitterly. “I don’t know how I would cope in a galaxy at peace.”

“Peace isn’t such a bad idea,” Bodhi said. “I can see the appeal.”

“I don’t think I was born for peace.”

Bodhi shifted to get up. “Maybe that’s because you were raised by Saw.”
Jyn remembered his time as a prisoner of Saw’s. “Yes, well... you do have a point there.”

Bodhi stepped out into the corridor. “If you’re not fighting for peace, then what are you fighting for?”

Jyn refused to look at him. She shrugged. “For years it was survival, anger and because I had to find a way to live. Now... now I don’t know. I want the empire gone, but... I’m not used to being part of something bigger than me. It’s been a long time. I’ve been on my own for a long time.”

“You’ll never be alone again,” Bodhi replied. “We have your back.”

Jyn smiled up at him. “Thanks.”

“We’ll be arriving at Delta Base in a few hours.”

Jyn lay back, resting against her pillow. She placed the datapad and holochip back into their pouch. This wasn’t about her anymore. This was about the future of the galaxy.
0ABY: Delta Base, New Kisge

To Jyn’s surprise, General Draven was waiting with General Willard as she and Cassian descended the ramp. They were dressed back in their alliance clothing, Jyn firmly holding Saw’s pouch of intel.

“Major Andor,” Draven said, also nodding at Jyn. “Good work on Onderon. General Willard has debriefed me on your report.”

“How goes the fleet?” Cassian asked as they walked into the hanger.

“Scouting has begun on the planet Hoth as well as the Hoth system. In the meantime, most of our forces, including High Command, have relocated to Thila Base.”

“Rogue One will continue to report to Delta Base, however,” Willard added. “We would like to keep the traffic headed for Thila as minimal as possible.”

“Yes. Unless you need to speak with the council, of course,” Draven continued. “I will be stationed on Delta Base until a more secure location has been set up.”

Inside the main base of operations, Jyn and Cassian were led into a large debriefing room with a data display screen and terminal at the end of the room.

“How have you gone through any of the data?” Draven asked.

“No,” Cassian replied. “We thought it best to wait until our arrival.”

Draven nodded approvingly. He turned to Jyn, hand outreached.

“This is the holochip,” she said, placing it in his outreached hand. “There is also this datapad.” She placed it on the table behind her.

The holoscreen flashed blue, revealing a list of files ready to access. Jyn narrowed her eyes as she read each of them.

Maps, Coordinates, Kyber, Weapon, Cells, Profiles

“This could take some time,” Willard murmured.

“Erso, Andor,” Draven said. “See what you can find. One of my agents is due to arrive shortly. I expect progress when I return.”

“I will debrief the rest of Rogue One,” Willard said. “You are grounded until further notice.”

Left alone, Cassian removed his jacket, hanging it on a chair. He rubbed his face. “Any idea where to begin?”

Jyn leaned against the table, fiddling with her necklace. “Access Kyber File.”
A list of planets and moons came up.

“Looks like Saw has been keeping track of the planets the empire has been ransacking for kyber crystals,” Cassian said. He pointed at one. “That’s Jedha.”

Jyn brought up the intel on one planet. “This one has been completely depleted of all resources; not just kyber.” She brought up another. “This one is exactly the same.”

“Who knows how much kyber was needed to fuel the Death Star,” Cassian said. “Countless worlds would have been affected.”

Jyn bought up the profile of planet Etheron. “Looks like this planet is still being mined.”

Cassian edged closer to her, reading the screen. “Outer rim, near the expanse section; never heard of Etheron.”

“Saw’s made a note there.” Jyn pointed at the small text under the rotating planet. “Planet is not listed on standard maps. Came across coordinates after boarding imperial cargo shuttle. Further investigation required.”

Cassian ran a hand across his chin. “This intel could be months, years old.”

“Just because the Death Star is destroyed, doesn’t mean they won’t stop looking for kyber.”

“Download the planet’s file; I want to see what is listed under the file ‘weapon’.”

It turned out that file was a progress of information Saw had been gathering on the Death Star over the years. He had made significant progress, even coming close to discovering the Death Star years earlier. It made Jyn wonder if those missions Saw had suddenly gone on while she was a child had something to do with his recon. Had he known or suspected her father was involved?

“Would have been good had he shared all this while he was doing it,” Cassian remarked, scrolling through all the data. “This could have saved many lives.”

“He couldn’t have known,” Jyn defended. “He wasn’t sure.”

“He had a responsibility to the rebellion,” Cassian said. “He knew we could have helped.”

“What does it matter now?” Jyn asked. “What’s done is done.”

Cassian could tell he had hit a sore spot. Jyn kept her emotions in check, nearly as good as he did. What she truly felt for Saw nowadays remained a mystery to him. He had wanted to ask, delve into that mind of hers. She had been through so much lately and he wondered if she had time to breathe, to fully process everything that had happened. In the span of two days she had lost both father figures in her life, as well as her new found friends Chirrut and Baze. Cassian felt remorse for the loss of the guardians. He had been impressed by their ability to fight and their undoubted loyalty to the Force.

“Cassian.”

Jyn’s voice rang in the empty air, bringing him back to her. He blinked, not realising how long he had been in thought.

“Look at this,” she continued, bringing up a file on a planet he had never seen before. “It’s Lah’mu.”
Cassian inched his brows together, vaguely remembering the name from Jyn’s files.

“A kyber planet?” he asked, unsure where she found the file.

“No, it was under ‘maps’. Look.” She enlarged a section of Lah’mu, revealing what appeared to be farmland. “That was where I lived for four years.” Jyn pointed at a dark section north of the farmlands. “That’s where I hid until Saw found me.” She frowned, thinking. “I never realised he had a map of the area.”

“Makes sense,” Cassian replied. “He wouldn’t have been familiar with the layout.”

“Lah’mu was never heavily populated. In fact, I only ever remember seeing one other family there. It was not long after we first arrived. My mother and I were hiking and came across another homestead. Twi’leks. They were nice, but reserved. Just as we were.”

Jyn looked at Cassian; he could see a thought flicker across her face. Reading her had become a hobby for him. He couldn’t understand why he had become so keen on wanting to know how she felt and what she thought each moment of the day. It was something that had started back on Jedha.

“We could go there,” she finally said. “Check out the planet. It could prove to be valuable for a base or safe house.”

“Doesn’t the empire know about it?” he asked, unsure of the very idea.

Jyn shrugged. “That why I want to check it out. I don’t think Lah’mu has anything worthwhile for the empire to take an interest.”

“I’ll discuss it with Draven.”

Jyn wanted to ask why he had to discuss everything with Draven, but she knew the answer. She just didn’t like the General. She bought up a list of maps, scrolling through the names. She remembered using some these maps when she had been part of Saw’s partisans. They had come in handy for getting out of tight situations, or in order to sneak into an area to plant explosives.

“Stop!” Cassian said suddenly. “Go back to map ‘Naboo Sewers’.”

Jyn bought up the map, revealing a detailed layout of the sewer system that ran under the main city of Naboo. She had never been there, but had heard it was the home planet of the emperor.

“How did Saw get these plans?” Cassian asked himself. “We have rebels on Naboo’s moon that could use these maps.”

“Saw had maps for almost everywhere,” Jyn replied. “He liked to be prepared. He was very proud of his collection of maps for Coruscant. Even had one for the old Jedi temple. Don’t see it listed here though.”

Jyn couldn’t help but smile at Cassian as he looked through all the maps Saw had acquired over the years. The spy in Cassian had come out, no doubt thinking of all the assignments he could have carried out over the past two decades with more ease if he had access to these layouts.

“We need all these maps. Download them all,” he said, not taking his eyes away from the screen. “We can send them out to our intelligence operatives and cells.”

Jyn did as he was told, still smiling to herself. “We could use them too, you know.”
Cassian finally looked at her, also smiling. “I intend to. We can upload a copy to the shuttle’s systems. Let’s just hope the layouts haven’t changed much over the years.”

Jyn shrugged. “Better than going somewhere blind.”

... 4ABY: Hosnian Prime

Jyn had Kalei in her newly acquired pram. Leia had bought it for her. It had taken them both an hour to figure out how to assemble it, with Jyn cursing more than she should have in the presence of her daughter. She was just glad that Kalei was too young to understand. Winter had arrived on Hosnian Prime; soft snow flakes had begun to fall from the overcast sky as Leia and Jyn walked along the street headed for the train station. Jyn had wrapped Kalei up in a wool outfit with a fur-coat that reminded Jyn of the one Cassian had worn over the years. Like father, like daughter. It was good to get out of the house, even if it was cold. Kalei was sleeping, not bothered by the snow, and Leia was chatting away happily about the recently formed New Republic.

“We have had a great deal of recruitment over the past months,” Leia went on. “We’ve had to hire an additional two more trainers. We’re going to have to pair everyone up. I hope you won’t mind.”

They had arrived at the platform, ascending the ramp. “I’ll be fine.” They found an empty seat.

Kalei stirred, opening her eyes at the sudden lack of movement. Leia leaned down, smiling. “I cannot believe how much she has grown in such a short time.”

“I know,” Jyn replied. “My last visit to the clinic had them tell me she has grown past the weight she should have been when she was born.”

Leia straightened. “She’ll be sitting up and crawling before you know it.”

Jyn smiled. “Hopefully she won’t change too much before Cassian returns.”

Leia looked at Jyn sympathetically. “It must be hard, especially now.” The train pulled up to the platform and Leia helped Jyn get the pram on board. “I spoke against him leaving for Coruscant, but I was overruled.”

Jyn sat down with Leia next to her. “It’s okay. I’d rather he go now before she remembers his absence.”

Kalei squirmed, pulling a face. Jyn began rocking the pram back and forth. “She won’t sleep now unless she is being moved.”

“My mother told me I refused to sleep unless someone was talking in the background,” Leia said, smiling at the memory.

“Hopefully Kalei will grow out of this soon. I’ve become more tired since she’s started behaving like this.”

They got off two stops later, entering a shopping complex. It had been the same one Jyn had ventured to while she was pregnant.

“Anywhere you want to go?” Leia asked, taking in all the shops.

“I have no idea,” Jyn said. Living the normal life was something Jyn was still not used to. “I must
confess I have no idea how to live like this.”

“It’s been hard, adjusting to a life with the war finally ending,” Leia replied. “You’re not the only one feeling like this. What about Cassian?”

“He is doing better than me,” Jyn said. “He hasn’t said it, but he wants this lifestyle. Normality. He used to talk about it during our time on Rogue One.” They strolled past a large fountain in the centre, spraying water high up. “Sometimes I worry I won’t make the transition.”

“No one is asking you to become domesticated,” Leia said.

“Really?” Jyn asked. “It feels like it some of the time. Being an instructor was your idea. If I had my own way I would be out there, helping wrap up the war.”

“You couldn’t have done that, even if you wanted to,” Leia said. “You were pregnant.”

Jyn sighed. “I know.”

“Do you... regret this?”

Jyn stopped walking to face Leia. “No. I don’t, not for a second. I love Kalei. I truly believe she is the best thing to come into my life. Asides from Cassian of course.”

“So what is it?”

“I expected to have her during the war. I planned to still fight for her future when she was young. I had it all figure out. Cassian and I had a plan. Then the war ended and we found ourselves moved to Hosnian Prime.” Jyn sighed. “I was taken completely by surprise how different my life has become.”

Kalei started to cry. Jyn began to walk again. “I must sound so horrible to you.”

“Of course not,” Leia replied firmly. “For someone like you, who has been fighting her whole life, adjusting to a life of peace will be hard. I have no doubt Cassian is struggling too. He just doesn’t show it.”

Jyn grimaced. “He was eager to go to Coruscant.”

“War can be a drug, if you let it,” Leia said.

Kalei’s cries started to become louder. “She’s hungry.” Jyn looked around for somewhere to feed her.

“I think there is a park nearby,” Leia said. “Inside the complex. We can sit down there.”

The park was a small green enclosure with a glass roof to allow the sunlight to beam down onto the assortment of plant life. It was a quiet area; benches located under the trees with a small creek coming out of an artificial waterfall. Jyn sat near it, picking Kalei up. In her winter attire, she looked like a ball of fur. It took Jyn a moment to get her completely comfortable to feed.

“If you ever need someone to look after her, you can always ask,” Leia said, pacing around the tree. “I can see it bothers you to have Cassian absent.”

“It has been hard, I’ll admit it.” Kalei was watching her mother through droopy eyes. “I think I just need to get off Hosnian Prime for a while. Glad I’ll be going to Chandrilan soon.”
“Han is trying to force me to go,” Leia said. “I keep telling him I can’t just leave on a whim.”

Jyn smiled. “How times have changed for us all.”

Leia eyed Kalei. “Han wants to marry me.”

Jyn blinked. “Oh? Uhm…”

“It’s good news,” Leia said, grinning.

Jyn relaxed. “You had me worried there.”

“We are in the middle of a disagreement as to when we should marry.”

“Why?”

“If he had his way, Han would marry be right now, but I want to wait until matters with the remaining empire forces have been dealt with.”

“Again, why?”

“I don’t know,” Leia confessed. “It just feels the right way to go about it.”

“It’s been what... six months since Endor,” Jyn said. “The war is pretty much over. Most of the remaining imperial forces know that.”

“I promised Han we would marry sometime next year.”

“That’s not too far away.” She adjusted Kalei so she could feed better.

“Tell that to Han.”

...
jacket on the shuttle that morning. She let Cassian placed his over her shoulders, pulling it tightly around her.

“Thanks,” she mumbled.

“What are you looking at?” he asked, pulling up a chair next to her.

“Just some old pictures.” She tilted to datapad so Cassian had a better view. “Can’t believe he kept some of these pictures.”

Cassian leaned closer to the screen. “Is that you?”

Jyn bought up the picture of her and Kenna. She had been eight years old; not long after Saw had rescued her. Kenna had her hair short, arms folded as Jyn sat besides her fiddling with a pulled apart circuit board.

“Yeah and that’s Kenna.”

“Who?”

“Oh, she was a... old friend,” Jyn said carefully. How to explain that friendship? “She left the partisans before I did. She and Saw never got along.”

“Why did he keep her around then?”

“She was a good fighter. He found her on... Yanibar I think. I was eight and she was nine. Already knew her way around a blaster. Over the years her willingness to do whatever he needed kept her from becoming a burden. She left on her own accord. Wanted me to come with her.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Simple. I wanted to stay with Saw.”

The unspoken words of Saw’s abandonment hung in the air between them. She expected Cassian to say something about it, but he remained silent, looking at the image.

“I don’t have any pictures from my childhood,” he said.

“Where were you born?”

“Fest,” he replied. “Your file says you were born on Vallt.”

“My parents were working there or something.” Jyn shrugged. “They never talked about it. They never talked a lot about their life before Lah’mu.”

“What do you remember?”

Jyn looked at him, wondering if he was generally curious or if he was making a new profile on her. “Not much. My life with Saw has taken over all memories I had with my parents.”

“I spoke to Draven about Lah’mu,” Cassian said. “He will take it under advisement.”

Jyn arched a brow. “Under advisement?”

Cassian smirked. “It’s the best I could do.”
Jyn placed the datapad next to her cup of caf. She pulled Cassian’s jacket tighter. “So where are we going next?”

“They are interested in Etheron as well as Saw’s information and dealings with the Commenor resistance.”

“I remember them,” Jyn said. “I remember Arhul Nemo. I met him when I was twelve.”

“Yes. We would like to form a stronger alliance with him and his underground resistance movement,” Cassian said.

Jyn nodded. “So to Commenor then?”

“And scout Etheron, if possible.”

“When do we leave?” The excitement of finally having something to do, the chance of danger brought a flare into Jyn’s eyes once more.

“Tomorrow morning,” Cassian replied, noting her enthusiasm. He nodded towards the datapad. “You can bring it if you want.”

Jyn smiled. “Thanks.” She stood up, stretching. Cassian’s jacket fell off her shoulders; he caught it before it fell to the floor. “Sorry.”

Cassian went to place it back around her shoulders, but she tensed, placing her hands on his chest. “Keep it. I’ll go get mine before dinner.”

They stood like that, staring. His chest was warm under the hands, and she was sure he could feel how cold her hands were. She lowered her hands, allowing her fingers to trace down his abdomen, never breaking eye contact. He inhaled deeply, hesitating before stepping back. The trance broken, Jyn cleared her throat and made for the exit first. Jyn could feel her heart thumping against her chest as she made her way back to the shuttle. Cassian had turned right, heading for the mess hall. She was glad to be alone, not sure what had just happened. The sooner they got off this base and back into it, the better, she thought. She was over analysing everything. That had to be it.

...
Tried to source the pic. 12k + on pinterest. Think it was from a baby clothes site. Anyway, idea of what Kalei may look like. Hope you like it!
Preparation

0ABY: Outer Rim Space

What was there to know about the planet Etheron? It wasn’t a listed planet, remote out in the unknown regions of space not far from the expanse region. There was no viable hyperspace route to get there, so Cassian worked with Bodhi for hours in order to navigate a reasonably straight forward pathway there. Jyn was going over the planet’s details with Sefla in the lower deck, trying to pinpoint the perfect landing zone if they were fortunate enough to make it that far. The planet itself was listed as a wet, humid jungle planet frequented by severe electrical storms. No listed life forms worth mentioning with no additional resources, except for the rumor of kyber crystals.

“If this planet is being mined, then the chances of a destroyer in orbit will be high,” Sefla said while he held the datapad. “We could be spotted exiting hyperspace.”

“We’ll take our chances,” Jyn replied. “Is there nothing indicating a base of some sort?”

“None,” he replied. “If there is anything down there, it could just be a mining facility.”

“Let’s hope that’s all there is,” Jyn murmured.

Sefla eyed Jyn. “I’m surprised Lieutenant Rook hasn’t heard of Etheron, given he was a cargo pilot transporting kyber.”

Jyn returned his steady gaze. “He exported kyber from Jedha; nowhere else.”

“Sorry. I just have a bad feeling about this planet,” he went on. “I don’t get why they would keep an unremarkable planet out of the standard mapping systems.”

“Maybe there’s more kyber than they want people to know?” Jyn guessed. “Or maybe there is something else going on.”

“Hopefully nothing too shady,” Sefla replied dryly. “I guess we’ll have a clearer idea once we scan the planet from orbit.”

Cassian sat in the co-pilot seat next to Bodhi watching the blue lights of the hyper lane. They would be arriving in six hours. He should take that time to get some rest, but every time he closed his eyes Scarif would replay before him. He kept hearing K-2’s last words over the comm in the Citadel Tower. Then he was falling, failing Jyn. He could still see her clearly as she stood facing Krennic, pistol raised at her, ready to take her life. The sight had motivated his legs to move quicker, to reach her in time.

Bodhi shifted next to him, leaning his pilot chair back in order to rest. Cassian kept his chair straight, not prepared to allow his memories to take hold. It’s why he had to keep himself busy; reminiscing was never a good idea. It made his mind foggy. Everything he had done was for the rebellion. He had accepted that over the years and constantly reminded himself that his actions, while evil, were still good. At least he hadn’t been a criminal like Jyn. He chastised himself for thinking that, knowing her life had been equally – if not at times worse – than his. She had done what she needed to survive, and while her past actions were questionable to him, he respected her.

Cassian turned at the sound of Jyn coming up the ladder. He quickly faced forward, not wanting to catch her eyes. He heard her come closer, then into his peripheral view as she stood behind Bodhi’s chair.
“How long?” she asked.

“Six hours or so,” Bodhi replied. “I’ll make a call when we are an hour out.”

Jyn nodded. “We’ll need a plan... or plans. Who knows what we will find?”

“It could very well be abandoned,” Bodhi replied. “I remember seeing a list of kyber mined planets over the years and Etheron was never on it.”

“Could mean anything,” Cassian added. “Jyn is right, though. We will need a strategy in place for anything that may come our way.”

He felt Jyn staring at him, and he felt the pull to return her gaze. He resisted, choosing to fiddle with the controls on the panel in front of him.

“I’m gonna get some sleep,” she said. “You coming, Cassian?”

Cassian jumped at her question, feeling both her eyes and Bodhi’s on him. He quickly turned to her, schooling his features to remain calm. “What?”

Jyn raised her brows as if it were obvious. “Are you coming back with me to our bunks?”

“No,” he stammered. “I’ll stay here.”

“You can go,” Bodhi said. “I’m fine on my own.”

“I prefer to stay, just in case anything happens.”

He wasn’t looking at Jyn, but he could feel her eyes rolling. “Suit yourself. Don’t know how you guys can sleep in those chairs.”

Hearing the door shut firmly behind her, Cassian visibly relaxed.

“You okay?” Bodhi asked quizzically.

“Yeah, just tired.” Why he had acted that way, Cassian could not give anyone let alone himself an explanation.

Bodhi removed his goggles as he leaned back and closed his eyes. “I’m gonna try and get some shut-eye.”

Bodhi was no K-2, and that saddened Cassian. He missed his droid companion more than he let on. He refused to show his emotional side to the team. They needed him to be strong, confident; their leader. A true intelligence officer never allows their emotions to compromise the mission. While K-2 had been his best friend; a sole companion for two years, Cassian new the droid would not want him to falter. He closed his eyes trying to picture K-2; various assignments they had done together and the times where the droid had rescued Cassian and helped him to safety. Cassian could not have asked for a better friend. His heart ached, remembering he would never hear K-2’s sarcastic, robotic voice again. This is why intelligence officers rarely formed attachments. It allowed the mind to wonder.

Speaking of wondering minds, Cassian’s turned to Jyn and how the moment her presence in his life had turned it upside down. He would always be loyal to the rebellion. He would always perform his tasks as a spy; an assassin. However, Jyn had showed him a new way of approaching matters. She had acted with such selflessness of Jedha, with such ferocity in taking down those troopers.
She could have run, found Saw on her own or even left Jedha. She had tried as much on Wobani and he had half expected her to try on Jedha. She stayed, going as far as to shield him from an explosion and had his back the whole time. She had even taken a stance between K-2 and Baze, something that had shocked even K-2. She was always surprising him. Cassian prided himself in being able to read people better than most; a trait he learned over the years by his mentor. He thought he had Jyn read out like the file they had on her; a criminal, untrustworthy, a deserter of the rebellion and a troublemaker. A criminal and troublemaker she had been, yes. But she was no deserter and definitely trustworthy. Maybe this was why he couldn’t shake her from his thoughts. It had to be the logical reasoning.

Cassian opened his eyes and inhaled deeply. He had half a mind to return to his bunk, if not only to be close to Jyn. She had been sleeping with her door open; she had mentioned the confined space of having a door closed reminded her of being in a cave. He hadn’t understood her meaning completely. She was cryptic like that, never revealing too much about her past. Cassian could relate. He couldn’t remember a time when he felt comfortable talking about himself personally to another. He doubted he ever would.

4ABY: Hosnian Prime

Jyn sat at her desk, seeing the green light flicker of a new message on the screen. It was from Cassian. The moment she saw it her heart jolted. Concern and relief mixed together causing a wave of nausea to flow over her. Kalei was sleeping on the nursery; Jyn finally becoming more relaxed with the idea of her daughter sleeping in another room. Jyn had the apartment to herself. Nydo had gone to acquire the weekly shopping.

Jyn

I cannot say where I am on Coruscant, or whom I am working with. All I can say is that we are entrenched in a rebel held sector. The civil war has been bad here. Worse than I initially thought. We are working with imperial defectors and useful citizens to take control of sectors still held by stormtroopers. It appears the odds are in our favour. We are slowly pushing back against the remnants of the empire. They know their hold is temporary and their days numbered. I have received word from command that I am to be relieved in nine days. If all goes according to plan, I shall be home just in time to make our journey to Chandrila. If not, then I will meet you there.

I cannot communicate more. I think of you often. I miss you and Kalei more than I dare say aloud here.

General Andor

Jyn released a breath she hadn’t realised she had been holding. Hearing from Cassian had lifted her anxiety. It was brief and to the point. She had expected no more from the lifelong spy. Relieved in nine days would have him home two days prior to their scheduled departure for Chandrila. He was cutting it close. She would have to pack for him as well as Kalei. Was this what life as a wife and mother felt like? Jyn bought up their travel itinerary. They were to leave on a shuttle scheduled to depart during the morning. Great, she thought. It would leave little time to dawdle. Hopefully Kalei wouldn’t be too fussy that day.

Jyn’s time alone on Hosnian Prime had been hard. After Leia had left, Jyn found herself taking day trips out into the city and surrounding areas with Kalei in order to explore her new home. It was a large, populous city that had various spacious parklands with playgrounds. The closest parkland was a five minute walk down the road, making it an ideal spot for Jyn to take Kalei when she was
older. At almost two months, Kalei had started to become more alert; tracking movements with her eyes (especially Jyn’s movements) and gripping objects much tighter. It was these small things that Jyn had etched into her mind, absorbing everything her daughter did. Part of her feared she would be pulled back into the war, that the remaining imperial forces were greater than they initially thought. She felt she had to memories even the smallest of things.

Jyn bought up a new message screen. She desperately wanted to reply to Cassian, though she knew better not to. Instead she decided to it best to contact Bodhi.

We will be arriving on schedule. Leia has organised for us to stay with Han on her private estate in Hanna City. Cassian is not entirely sure if he will be home in time, but says he will meet us there if need be. I am looking forward to seeing you and everyone else again. That and I cannot wait to get off this kriffin’ planet for a while. I didn’t know it was possible for an entire planet to give me cabin fever.

Jyn

Packing was simple enough. Leia had assured her that most of what they would need would already be on Chandrila. She just needed to pack clothes and any equipment needed for Kalei. Jyn had decided to wear a dress to the wedding. She was still getting used to wearing dresses, even though she had a more fashionable sense these days; dresses were few in her collection. Over the years working for the alliance, Jyn could count on her fingers the amount of times she had worn a dress; notably her wedding day, along with a few missions and the attendance of a funeral. The dress Jyn had chosen to wear for Bodhi’s wedding was simple; a white underlay with a transparent shift the colour of a soft sunset. While it was simple, it was fancier than her wedding dress had been.

After stuffing a duffle bag full of her clothes, she threw a few of Cassian’s shirts in along with his best jacket. Packing for Kalei had required Jyn to make a list of everything she would need to bring. By the time she had finished and had Kalei fed, Jyn relaxed on the sofa, Kalei resting on her chest as she watched the holonews. No more imperial propaganda filled the news feeds. She was hoping to hear of any news concerning the civil war on Coruscant. Cassian couldn’t talk about it while he was there, and though she knew he would be fine, she was anxious for any insight. Having a baby and being grounded from work had Jyn feeling out of the loop. No one told her much these days and it started to become a factor that grinded a gear in the back of her mind.

Jyn stroked Kalei’s soft hair, wishing she could fall asleep as easily as her daughter. While Scarif no longer played on her mind as frequently as before, she still dreamed of her father dying in her arms and the shot that killed her mother. It had been so long and yet still her mind persisted on torturing her with these events. Kalei huffed in her sleep, shifting her face to the side, mouth open. The resentment that had kindled within Jyn as a child concerning her mother – something that had been stirred by Kenna – caused Jyn a great deal of guilt. She understood better now why her mother went back for her father. Staring at Kalei, she wondered if she could do what her mother had done. Cassian was nothing like her father. Had Jyn chosen him over their daughter, she was sure he would have looked at her with a rage to rival her own. The main reason he had been hesitant over her pregnancy had been the outcome of both their childhoods. He feared history would repeat itself.

Coming up, civilians caught in the crossfire between imperial sympathisers and resistant fighters on Coruscant. Given exclusive footage, we will show you what life has become on what was once the heart of the galaxy for justice.

Jyn carefully shifted to get a better view of the screen. No matter what could happen to Cassian in
0ABY: Etheron

Arriving into orbit of this mysterious planet had come with ease. There were no obvious imperial forces in orbit, nor were there any imperial movement on the planet. This made Jyn believe the planet had been abandoned or mined to depletion. Cassian, however, had other ideas.

“There is still an imperial base down there and it’s fully intact,” he said after running a full scan of the planet. “They would never abandon a facility without destroying it first.”

“It could just be a mining operation,” Bodhi said, half shrugging.

Cassian shook his head. “The scans indicated the base is far too large to just be a mining operation.”

“What else could it be?” Jyn asked, brushing her shoulder against his as they leaned over the screen.

He turned to her, close enough for his breath to warm her cheek. “I have no idea.”

“Only way we’re going to find out is if we go down there,” Sefla said from behind them. “The men are gearing up. We’ll be ready when you are.”

“Gear up for a trek,” Cassian said. “The base has been built in the middle of a narrow valley. We’re gonna have to hike our way there. Good four hour trek if we’re lucky.”

“Four hours,” Bodhi said eyes wide.

Jyn grimaced as she saw what Cassian was referring to. “The base is in the thick of the jungle. We won’t be able to land the shuttle anywhere near it. Closest would be here.” Jyn pointed to a clearing near a lake northwest of the base.

Cassian moved to the co-pilots seat. “Let’s get us down first.”

Jyn grabbed her bag from her bunk before making her way down into the lower deck where the rest of Rogue One was packing. Rostok handed her a canteen filled with water along with a torch.

“Chances are we won’t make it back to the shuttle before nightfall,” he said. “Planet’s rotation is only fifteen hours.”

It was raining lightly as they landed, causing everyone to place their raincoats on. Bodhi and Tonc were to remain on the shuttle. Everyone else was geared up wearing helmets, except for Cassian and Jyn who wore water-resistant hats. The humidity of the planet hit them as soon as the shuttle’s ramp lowered. Jyn felt sticky beneath her clothing; being dressed heavily along with a backpack didn’t help. A bird cooed in the distance and the trees rustled in the thick air. The air was so heavy that Jyn had to adjust a moment in order to breathe properly.

“Bodhi, keep in contact,” Cassian said after he surveyed their surroundings. “We’re heading out. Looks like there’s a trail south of our position.”

“Copy that,” Bodhi replied over the comm.

They walked in single formation, Cassian leading with his rifle slung over his shoulder. Jyn walked
behind, the others following. The trail was narrow and poorly made. They had guessed it had been walked by the imperials when they occupied the planet. No other intelligent life seemed to inhabit the immediate area. All they could hear was the whistling of birds above them. The terrain was rocky and the trees so tall you had to tilt your head far back in order to see the tree line. Dark blue vines wound their way up the trees, oozing a clear liquid that smelled of antiseptic.

After what seemed an eternity, Cassian halted checking his scanner. Jyn moved up to his side. “What is it?”

“Trail’s gone dead,” he replied.

Jyn looked ahead and saw the trail end abruptly. There were no more tracks, just and endless view of tree trunks and moss covered rocks.

“How far out are we?” she asked, scanning the area around her.

“We’ve still got two and a half hours left.” Cassian rummaged through his bag to retrieve to quadnocs. He surveyed the environment, finally pausing at an area south-east of their position. He handed the quadnocs to Jyn. “Looks like a building ahead.”

Jyn looked through a quadnocs and saw the faint outline of what appeared to be a structure. It wasn’t the main facility, but it was a start. She lowered the quadnocs, handing them back to Cassian.

“We didn’t pick it up on the scanner,” she said.

“Probably because of how covered it is by the tree line,” Cassian replied. He turned to their men. “Rest time is over. There’s something ahead we’re going to check out.”

The building was small and in poor condition. The roof had broken apart in one quarter, allowing the blue vines to slither down inside. The door had been left ajar revealing nothing but darkness inside. Cassian opened the door the rest of the way, feeling for the light switch. Upon finding it, he turned to the others.

“Powers out.”

“Doesn’t seem to be a generator nearby,” Sefla said, moving to the side of the building.

“Watch the perimeter,” Cassian said, gesturing with his head for Jyn to follow him inside.

The light coming in from the roof was all they could use to see. It was one room with one wall line with a long bench and chairs. The screens had been cracked. Jyn and Cassian turned their torches on. Jyn took the left side of the room, noticing the wall lines with several blaster shots.

“Cassian,” she said, shining her torch on the wall. “Something happened here.”

Cassian stood closely behind her, a habit he had developed back on Jedha. “Look.” He flashed his torch on the floor.

Jyn turned her gaze to the ground before them. Specks of what appeared to be blood were strewn across the floor. She turned to Cassian. “Wildlife maybe?”

Cassian frowned in thought. “Maybe. We should keep moving.”

Their discovery had left everyone starting to feel on edge. The best conclusion they could come up
with was wildlife, unless the imperials had been attacked by pirates, which was more unlikely.

They had to trek their way through uncharted terrain to the main facility. Jyn was doing her best to keep her breath steady by the time they reached it. She had never been more relieved to see an imperial base in view. Her heart was racing from the amount of exercise and energy needed in order to hike the distance. She could tell everyone else was in the same condition.

Basteran and Rostok sat down on a large rock at the front of the base while Sefla set up sensors around the perimeter. Cassian was observing the front entrance which was tightly sealed. Jyn leaned against the wall, trying her best not to drink what remained of her water. For the hundredth time today, she wiped the sweat from her brow with her sleeve.

“Front entrance panel is fried,” Cassian said to her. “Looks like it has been shot at.”

“To keep something out or in?” Jyn asked warily. She was actually joking about their talk on the unknown wildlife, but something in Cassian’s eyes made her worry. “What?”

Cassian shook his head. “Nothing. We’re gonna have to blow our way in.”

They took cover behind the rock as they blew down the front entrance with two explosives. Like the small building they had found earlier, they were met with darkness. The front entrance turned to an immediate left or right corridor.

“Sefla,” Cassian started. “Stay here, keep vigil. Rostok and Basteran take the left and keep in radio contact. Jyn and I will take the right.”

Jyn turned on her comm. “Bodhi, we’ve reached the main facility and are going in.”

Through the static she heard him reply. “Copy that. We have noticed some movement in the tree lines in the same vicinity you’re in.”

Jyn and Cassian’s eyes locked. “Say again.”

“The tree canopy has been moving like something is making its way through it,” Bodhi replied.

“That can’t be,” Sefla said. “We haven’t come across any evidence of something that big living here.”

They all looked around them, trying to pick up the slightest movement in the trees. There was nothing amiss.

“Let’s move,” Cassian finally said. “Sefla, stay close to the entrance. We won’t be long.”

With their torches on, Cassian and Jyn walked side by side down the dark corridor. The air felt thicker than it had been in the jungle. What was worse for Jyn was the silence. It was so silent it felt everything around her was weighing down. She focused on Cassian’s steady breaths and the sound of their footsteps. The corridor led them down almost a hundred meters before coming to a closed door. Cassian yanked at the handle, trying to slide it open. The door shifted, starting to open. Getting her foot in the door, Jyn helped Cassian slide it open. They had found what appeared to be an observation room. A large, semi-circle room lined with glass windows overlooking a dome. The room was utterly trashed; chairs overturned and all the control panels fried. Jyn shone her torch out the window, looking into the dome.

“Cassian.” She gestured him over. “Looks like we found the mining operation.”
Below them was a large abandoned mining operation that spanned down deep into the planet's crust. Mined kyber crystals lay strewn across the dirt as if left in haste.

“What happened here?” Jyn asked.

“I don’t know,” Cassian replied. He shone his torch at the panels in front of them. “Check to see if we can salvage anything from their systems.”

“Major, do you copy?” Rostok’s voice came over the comm.

“I’m here, what is it?”

“We’ve found their mess hall, quarters and armory. Looks like there was a fight here, though we haven’t come across any bodies.”

“We found the mining facility,” Cassian replied. “Looks like it has been abandoned for some time. We’re going to try and hack into their systems. Do another sweep of the area and return back to Sefla. We need to find anything to figure out what happened here.”

Jyn flinched as sparks flew out from a panel she had been working on. She sucked her finger, before attempting to turn on the screen. It worked.

“Nice,” Cassian said, placing a nearby chair upright. He got another for Jyn and they sat down together. “See if you can bring up any logs.”

The screen was fuzzy; lines kept streaming horizontally making it difficult for them to read. “I don’t see any logs,” she said, trying her best to navigate through the jumbled system. “This looks like a list of the kyber they had exported.”

Cassian leaned closer to the screen in order to read it properly. “Last export was five months ago.”

“See if you can find any messages the transmitted off world.”

“Cassian, can you hear me?” Bodhi’s voice echoed through the room.

“I’m here,” Cassian replied, still looking at the screen.

“It’s getting dark out here and... well I thought you might want to know that there is... glowing lights in the jungle. They’re moving.”

“Could just be the plant life,” Jyn murmured. “Or the birds.”

“I only mention it because it’s glowing exactly where the tree lines have been moving.”

“Major Andor, do you copy,” Sefla’s voice rang over the comm.

“What is it?”

“Sun is setting and I can see... glowing in the trees. Its blue and its moving towards us.”

“Make sure the sensors are on and move inside.” Cassian paused. “Rostok and Basteran, do you copy?”

“We’re here,” Rostok replied. “Making our way back to Sefla.”

“Meet him at the front entrance and make your way to us,” Cassian said.
“Copy that.”

“Bodhi, is there anything happening around the shuttle?” Cassian asked.

“Negative,” Bodhi replied.

“Keep the ramp up and the lights low,” Cassian continued. “We’re going to stay at the facility until morning.”

Jyn tugged on Cassian’s raincoat. “I found their last transmission. It was sent a few days after their last kyber export.”

“Bring it up.”

It was a voice recording a young man.

This is lieutenant Colonel Cata of the Etheron Mining Base. We have come under attack by unknown assailants that appear to be native to this world. I request an immediate evacuation of the planet or reinforcements. I cannot say what they are, except they attack only at night. They are not nocturnal, however. We have lost a third of our men already... I do not know why they are attacking or what they look like. My men... they claim to see nothing before their comrades are killed. They are phantom killers. I am waiting for orders. Signing off.

It was deadly silent as Jyn and Cassian slowly made eye contact.

“Hey.”

They both jumped at the sound of Basteran, followed by the others, entering the room.

“Report,” Cassian said. He was on full alert. Jyn was eyeing the great hole the mining operation had left exposed.

“Nothing to report, sir,” Basteran replied. “All is quiet.”

“Base was attacked,” Cassian told them. “You can listen to the message yourselves. Whatever killed them is most likely still out there.”

Jyn narrowed her eyes, thinking she could see a faint glow from the hole. She ignored the replay the message, turning her torch off. She blinked rapidly, adjusting her eyes to the darkness. The faint glow was gone.

“So what’s the plan?” Rostok asked.

“We can stay here for the night,” Cassian replied. “There appears to be only one entrance into this room. Two at a time for watch duty. Hopefully it’ll be an uneventful night.” He turned to Jyn who was still examining the mining facility keenly. “Hey.”

She snapped her attention to him. “What did this?”

“I have no idea,” Cassian replied softly. “Wild animals are the safest bet.”

Jyn frowned. “You really think wild animals could take down an entire imperial facility?”

Cassian un-slung his rifle, placing it on the desk next to him with a thud. “Anything is possible in this galaxy.”
“I’ll take the first watch,” she declared. Un-holstering her blaster, she dragged her chair to the doorway. She began to shut it with difficulty. Cassian had followed his rifle in his hand. Placing it down, he helped her close the door. “I’ll stay with you.”

“Thanks,” she murmured. “We should leave first thing.”

“I agree,” Cassian replied. “We’ve completed our objective. I doubt the empire will return to mine for more kyber here.”

With the door closed, Jyn settled into her chair with her blaster resting on her lap. She had a really bad feeling about this planet. She didn’t think wild animal had done this.
The night passed uneventful. It was a relief for Rogue One. After their watch ended, Jyn had settled close to Cassian in order to sleep better. The idea of being alone, isolated on this planet had left her uneasy. She needed to feel the presence of anyone nearby. After Rostok and Basteran woke everyone from their restless slumber, they ate silently with their meagre rations. Cassian had contacted Bodhi right to ensure all as well back at the shuttle.

“We’ll start our way back to Rogue One,” Cassian said as he packed his bag. “Bodhi reported it is raining heavily outside, so everyone watch your footing.”

Jyn downloaded what little should could salvage from the imperial databank, while Sefla and Rostok made another round of the facility taking pictures of what they found. They focused mainly on the scattered remains of the kyber crystals in the dome below. Every time Jyn stared at the kyber lay strewn on the ground, her own kyber would feel heavy around her neck. She even convinced herself it felt warmer than usual.

“Doubtful the imperials will return,” Sefla commented after they all rendezvoused outside the main entrance.

“I wonder what happened here,” Basteran said. “They were attacked, sure. But how? Why?”

Cassian shrugged his bag onto his shoulders. “It’d take too long to figure that out and too risky.”

Jyn pulled her hat down further as the heavy rain spattered against her face. It was a hot, humid rain that was only present in a jungle like this. They started their trek back the way they came; their boots sloshing through the mud as the rain pattered against the leaves. The birds were no longer chirping above, causing a quiet if not peaceful atmosphere. Jyn always loved the sound of rain. She felt it washed away all the ugly and uncleanness in the world. The further they walked, the heavier the rain became. Thunder echoed above with an occasional lightning streak across the sky.

“Storms settling in,” Tonc’s voice echoed over the comm. “Bodhi has gone outside to check the shuttle. We think lightning may have struck it.”

Cassian had the group halt as he replied over his comm. “Be careful. Tell Bodhi to be quick about it.”

Another crack of thunder echoed, making everything around them seem like it was rumbling.

“Let’s move,” Cassian shouted over the noise.

The abandoned building they first came across the previous day came into view. They were a few metres away when Cassian shouted they could hold out until the rain settled. It had become so heavy it was shielding their view ahead. Jyn had her arms crossed tightly across her chest as she walked slightly hunched against the rain. The wind had picked up, causing any rain that hit her face to sting. Her eyesight had become poor and she cursed herself for not thinking to bring any goggles. At least Bodhi had his to make any needed repairs on the shuttle.
Jyn blamed herself when it happened. No one had pushed her, and it was her own responsibility to keep her footing in check. She tripped on one of the blue vines snaking across the trail. She shouted in surprise as she landed, hitting her shoulder on the ground before rolling down the slope. Shouting from her group could be heard above as she toppled down. She heard Cassian shouting her name frantically. She fell through shrubs, broken sticks and fallen leaves before she hit the bottom. Convinced every inch of her body had felt the ground at one point, Jyn groaned, attempting to wipe her face of any debris, but instead smeared mud on her cheek. The shouting of her teammates above had stopped, or had she fallen so far down that she could no longer hear them? There was a loud groan nearby as lightning struck one of the trees. It snapped in half, toppling over causing the ground to shake from the impact. Smoke filled her nostrils from the burning embers the lightning had left.

Scrambling to her knees, Jyn placed her hand over her eyes to see how far she had fallen. The slope had been steeper than she first thought. No signs of Cassian or the others above. The rainforest shielded her view. Jyn stretched her limbs, anticipating injuries to sear in pain from the movement. Her shoulder hurt along with the feeling of being winded. Aside from that everything appeared okay. Her kyber crystal began to feel heavy again as she steadied her breath. Climbing back up the way she came would be impossible or arduously long. She would have to find an alternate route. She pattered her raincoat for her comm only to find it must have fallen out. Her backpack was missing too. Great, she thought as she stood up. She stretched her back as it cracked in several places.

Jyn’s surroundings were much the same as it had been on the top of the slope - trees, mud, vines and heavy rain. Thankfully, her hat still remained firmly on her head. She treaded through some smaller shrubs, trying to see if the slope shortened ahead. It was her best option if she was to get out of this mess. She just hoped Cassian or none of the others followed her down in an attempt to rescue her.

“Jyn!” Cassian shouted for the fifth time. He had his hand on a tree as he leaned down the slope, desperately trying to catch a glimpse of her. He reached for his comm. “Jyn! Jyn are you there?”

Basteran slipped a little as he shifted closer to the edge. Rostok steadied him. “Careful.”

“One of us should go down there,” Basteran replied. “We’ve got to find her.”

“I’ll go down,” Sefla said, beginning to pull his backpack off.

“No!” Cassian shouted at them over the sound of rain. “Get back to the shuttle. I’ll go get her.”

“But, Sir,” Sefla began to object. “You’re in command and...”

“That’s an order!” Cassian retaliated. “Get back to the ship! Now!”

They trudged past him slowly as they continued along past the abandoned building. Jyn was his responsibility. He had taken her to Jedha, reunited her with her father, welcomed her into the rebellion and fought alongside her on Scarif. He wouldn’t let her down now. Not on this forsaken planet.

Lightning struck a tree in the distance, causing it to snap in half. Cassian grimaced at the sight, hoping Jyn was nearby. He sat down and began his slow descent down the slope. One way or another he was going to find her.
Jyn found a small stream following the slope in the direction she believed the shuttle was in. She hoped the stream would lead her to the lake. She kept looking back in case anyone had followed her down, but she saw nothing. The rain had not let down, and soon enough, Jyn felt like she was suffocating. The air no longer smelled of rain and dirt; antiseptic filled the air. The blue vines were more present in this part of the tropical forest. They wrapped around the tree trunks to the point where the bark was no longer visible. The trees looked blue. Noise above caused her to look up and see the tree tops swaying. It looked like something was moving around up there. She couldn’t see as the rain bucketed down, blinding her. Bodhi’s words from last night replayed in her mind. Was something up there watching her? She wanted to confirm her suspicions, but the rain prevented her from being able to accomplish that.

Instead, Jyn continued on following the stream. It became wider the further she went before she came to a narrow, manmade bridge. It was nothing more than metal sheeting providing a link to the other side. Jyn looked around her and saw nothing else out of the ordinary. She guessed the imperials had left it behind. But why was it there? Was there another imperial outpost nearby? Jyn hovered on the spot, torn between further explorations or continuing on in the hopes of finding the lake. The others would no doubt be looking for her in some way. She couldn’t let them down. As she walked past the bridge movement out of the corner of her eye caught her attention. It came from the other side of the stream. Jyn paused, her fingers hovering over her blaster. Curse this damn rain for making it hard for her to see. In the faint distance she could make out something white move behind a fallen log. It looked like trooper armor. Jyn doubled back to the bridge and crossed it. She removed her blaster from her holster, ready to fire at a moment’s notice. The worst thing about this situation was not the rain, but rather the noise her boots made in the mud. She couldn’t approach quietly.

The animalistic instinct she had picked up from Kenna and Saw’s partisans over the years began to fire up within her. She was ready for anything. The log was only a few feet away. Suddenly, the white figure stood up with a makeshift spear out of a broken stick. It was a stormtrooper.

“Stay back!” he shouted, the spear up and ready to throw.

Jyn raised her blaster at his face. The trooper’s helmet was off revealing a pale, fair haired man who looked no older than her. He was scared, that much was obvious. Jyn refused to back down.

“I’ll blast your head off before you get that stick anywhere near me,” she growled.

The trooper hesitated, eyes darting around as if looking for something else to strike. “Just stay back, okay?”

As her lowered the spear, Jyn still kept her blaster raised. She edged closer after he threw the spear over the log. “Where are the others?”

The trooper winced. “Gone. I think... pretty sure I’m the only one left.”

“What happened?” Jyn’s heart was racing with a mixture of adrenaline and anxiety.

“Please just don’t hurt me,” he replied. “I don’t want any trouble.”

Jyn felt no sympathy for him. He was a trooper. He had made his allegiance. “You’re a stormtrooper. Trouble is all you want.”

He held her steady gaze and then took in her clothing. “You’re a rebel?” he almost spat.
Jyn mocked a laugh. “Last person you expect to see here?”

The trooper let his shoulders droop. “Didn’t think anyone would come here. Not after what happened.”

Jyn clenched her jaw. “Tell me what happened. I won’t ask again.”

“The... the vines. They attacked.”

Jyn frowned in disbelief. “Those blue vines?”

He nodded. “Yeah, those ones. They attacked after we began mining.”

“Why?”

The trooper shook his head. “I don’t know. I’m just a soldier. They didn’t tell me anything except when to attack.” This was the first time Jyn had ever seen a stormtrooper look at her with pleading eyes. “Please, I don’t want any trouble from you. I just want to get out of here alive.”

Jyn wanted to laugh at him. “You seriously think I’m going to help you?”

He surveyed her. “I take it you have a ship somewhere nearby. You won’t get back there without my help.”

Jyn tightened her grip on her blaster. “I don’t need your help.”

“They won’t let you leave.”

Jyn hesitated. The trooper cautiously climbed over the log towards her. She so desperately wanted to shoot him. He stood close, directly in line with her blaster. She was ready to pull the trigger.

“They’ll do to you what they did to us,” he continued. “They’ll find you.”

“How is it that they haven’t found you?” she accused.

“Some of us... we ran,” he confessed, eyes down. “I’ve been on my own for months, living off what little I can find that is edible. Blaster fire doesn’t hurt them. It reflects off like the vines are shielded by something.”

Jyn felt her kyber weighing itself down. No, she thought. That can’t be. She blinked rapidly, pulling herself back to reality.

The trooper continued: “They only attack you at night, but you can see them coming because they glow. That doesn’t stop them from moving during the day. Not sure why it’s a night-time activity, but I learned they can’t attack you if they can’t feel you.” He gestured to the ground. “The vines come up from underground and work their way up the trees and anything else they can. They track you from sound and vibrations.”

Jyn quickly looked around her to see if any of these vines were nearby. She couldn’t tell. The rain was beginning to lighten just a bit, but the thunder continued to roar overhead.

“Please, you have to trust me,” the trooper spoke.

“Even if I did accept your help, you would expect me to take you off this kriffin’ planet. I won’t do that,” she replied.
“Because I’ll go straight back to the empire,” he replied. “I know you won’t take my word for it, but after this, I don’t want to go back. Those officers just left us troopers to handle this situation on our own with little to no orders. Those that evacuated didn’t send help to us that were left stranded. I’m done.”

He was right, Jyn didn’t believe him. Still, she knew in the back of her mind that he could help her. After all, someone who had survived this for months appeared to know what he was doing. Slowly, she lowered her blaster.

“Fine,” she growled. “We need each other, I get it. But don’t think I am going to just accept your change of heart so easily.”

“Don’t expect anything more from a rebel,” he replied. “My names Shaden.”

Jyn wanted to use one of her aliases, but if they caught up with the rest of Rogue One, he’d soon learn her real name. “Jyn.”

“Come on then, Jyn,” he said, gesturing for her to follow him deeper into the jungle.

“I need to get to the lake,” she replied. “I’m following the stream.”

“The vines love the water,” Shaden replied. “I know a safer way.”

Jyn grumbled to herself, already thinking this was a bad idea.

... 

It had taken Cassian some time to safely make his way down the slope. He found Jyn’s comm and bag along the way. It made him no less anxious to think of her alone without her gear. Reaching the bottom he smelled smoke coming from the burning tree stump. A small fire had started in the shrub below that had been covered by the broken log from the rain. Cassian surveyed the ground, noticing where Jyn had fallen. He saw footsteps in the mud leading away in the direction they had originally been headed. He cursed aloud, wishing Jyn had just stayed put.

Cassian followed her trail until he reached a stream. That’s where her trail ended. He suspected she must have walked through the water, causing all signs of her whereabouts to vanish. He looked around at the rain-sodden environment. The blue vines were thicker in this part and he saw one slither further up the tree. He guessed she must have continued along the stream, and so he continued on. After what seemed an hour his comm came to life with chatter.

“Cassian,” Bodhi spoke. “Our engine has been damaged and it’s going to take some time for me to repair it.”

Cassian mentally swore. “How long?”

“Not sure,” Bodhi replied. “Few hours maybe. Some vines got into the wiring. Tonc and I are trying to remove them first.”

Strange, Cassian thought. “Get to work fixing it. I’m still looking for Jyn.” Cassian clicked the comm off before clicking it back on. “Sefla, where are you guys at?”

Sefla’s huffing voice came over the comm. “We’re nearly at the tree line. Rain and mud is slowing us down.”

“When you get there, help Bodhi and Tonc with the repairs.”
“Roger that.”

The overcast day had made it dark. One could say that it almost appeared evening if they didn’t know better. The sky above had been covered by dark, angry blue clouds that spat out lighting that flashed with a ferocious brightness. Cassian just hoped he was getting close to wherever Jyn was. Eventually, he found his way to a manmade bridge leading over the stream. He noticed footprints embedded in the mud on the other side as well as a makeshift spear. Cassian hurried over, kneeling down to pick it up. He looked around.

“Jyn!” No response came. He looked at the spear again. Jyn couldn’t have made that. She also had no need to make such a weapon. Whoever it belonged to had to be native. He dropped it in the mud and held his rifle close to his chest. This day was just getting worse and worse.

Jyn kept her blaster firmly in her hand as Shaden led her through the rainforest. The further they walked, the darker it became from the overcast day. She looked up and noticed she could no longer see the sky from the thick of the tree canopy. This no doubt added to the sudden darkness.

“How much further?” she asked.

“Well, if you are correct about the direction, then an hour maybe.”

Jyn rolled her eyes. “I know which direction I am supposed to be going in.”

Shaden snorted. “Fair enough.”

Jyn really didn’t like him, and don’t get her started with trusting him. She was only using him as a tool to get her way out of this damn forest. She noticed how damaged his trooper amour was. Scratched all over and covered in bits of dry mud and leaves. He obviously hadn’t taken care of his uniform.

Shaden stopped, raising his hand for her stop as well. He crouched down, looking ahead. She followed with her blaster ready.

“What is it?” she hissed.

Shaden hushed her. “This storm is making it dark. Look.” He point off to their left. She saw a faint blue glow.

“What now?”

He hushed her more angrily this time. “Stay still and kriffin’ quiet.”

Jyn glared at him but followed his orders. The rain was not as heavy in this part of the rainforest; no doubt being blocked from the treetops. The air was thicker and it felt as if she was swallowing soup every time she inhaled. Five minutes passed, and then ten. Jyn’s knees were starting to ache from crouching for so long, but Shaden made no sign to move. He kneeled so still and quiet that Jyn could have passed him and thought him a statue. He was good.

After another ten minutes, Jyn’s knees felt like they were going to buckle. No doubt the pain was still present from her shrapnel wound from Scarif. She stood up to stretch her legs, keeping her feet firmly in place on the ground. In her mind, her movements hadn’t really been movement.

Shaden looked at her as if she were insane. His eyes were wide and he looked ready to shout at her.
She was ready for a screaming match to ensue, but the deafening silence and threat around her keep her mouth firmly shut. Instead, they stared at each other attempting to have their fight via a clairvoyant sense.

Jyn felt a tightening around her right ankle. She looked down to see a vine slithering around as if feeling. It was a natural instinct to lift her foot to get it away from her. The vine paused, its pointed end lifted as if hearing. Shaden waved his hand for her to stop moving, but standing on one foot wasn’t easy in this muddy terrain. She carefully placed her foot down behind her, eyes closed in an attempt to concentrate harder to keep the noise minimum. She breathed deeply, thinking of being anywhere but here. Moments passed and she opened her eyes to find the vine had disappeared. Shaden was staring ahead. Finally he stood up.

“I think they’re gone,” he said. Turning to her, he shook his head. “What were you thinking?”

Jyn wanted to take a swing at him. “I was in pain.”

“Won’t compare to the pain you’ll be in if they take you.”

Jyn frowned. “What do they do to those they take?”

Shaden shuddered. “I don’t know exactly. I only hear what happens. I think they are taken underground. I only heard screams.”

It was enough for Jyn to flinch. Various scenarios flashed across her mind. “Let’s just keep moving.”

Jyn had only taken a few steps before a blue object flashed across her path. Jyn shouted in surprised, stumbling back. She landed on her backside as the vine wrapped its way around both her legs. Shaden shouted at her to stop moving, but she wasn’t listening. She fired her blaster at it, but nothing happened. It started to drag her through the mud and she lost grip of her blaster.

“Shaden,” she screamed as he attempted to grab her hand. He wasn’t fast enough as the vine dragged her down into a hollow. She felt her raincoat rip against a sharp rock, and then she screamed as she plummeted down into darkness.

... 

Cassian had never heard Jyn scream. He had witnessed many emotions come out of her vocally, but a scream in terror had never been one until now. His entire body felt drained of blood as he heard her. He shouted her name but nothing came in reply. He raced towards where the sound came from. It got darker and the rain lightened. The thought of her being in pain enough for her to scream like that caused his legs to move faster.

He was hit in the side as someone collided with him. Cassian hit the ground hard, groaning as he got up to see what had happened. At the sight of the trooper, he immediately raised his rifle to the man’s chest, keeping him pinned down on the ground.

“Where is she?” Cassian shouted, placing his finger on the trigger.

Shaden winced from the impact. “What?”

“Jyn! Where is she?” Cassian saw the blaster the trooper was holding. He pushed his rifle harder on the men’s chest plate. “Tell me!”

Shaden coughed. “She was taken.”
“By who? You have troopers stationed here?”

“N-not anymore,” Shaden replied, coughing again. “The vines took her like the others. I told her to stay still but she didn’t listen.”

Cassian didn’t believe him. “You’re lying. Tell me where she was taken.”

Shaden looked up defiantly. “Look at me! Do you honestly think there is some grand trooper garrison stationed nearby? I don’t even have my kriffin’ helmet on!”

Cassian snarled. “You expect me to believe she was taken by a plant?”

“It’s true!” Shaden looked behind him from where he had come. “It’s not dark enough in this area for them to attack, but it is in there.” When Cassian didn’t remove his aimed rifle, nor stop looking at him as if he were the scum of the galaxy, Shaden sighed. “I was helping her get back to her shuttle. I take it you are a rebel as well? She didn’t mention others.”

The thought of Jyn working with a trooper was laughable. “Why do you have her blaster?”

Shaden looked at it loosely held in his hand. “She dropped it as she was taken. It’s empty now.”

“Why didn’t you go after her?” Cassian was ready to kill this man.

Shaden just shook his head, exasperated. “And do what? I can’t rescue her just like I couldn’t rescue my friends. They were all taken underground.”

“Show me,” Cassian replied. “Show me and I won’t shoot you.”

“Are you insane?” Shaden asked, sitting up straighter. He didn’t care about the rifle anymore. “I’d rather you shoot me right here and now than go back there!”

“I’m going to find her and you will help me.”

Shaden sighed. “Surely you rebels aren’t that short of soldiers. What’s one life lost?”

“She’s more than just a soldier.”

Shaden raised a brow. “To you?”

Cassian removed his rifle from the man’s chest. He bent down and hauled the man up, pressing him against the tree behind him. “You are going to show me where you saw her get taken, and if you don’t, I will make your last minutes alive a living hell.”

Shaden pushed Cassian off him. “Fine.”

Cassian stood back, nodding slowly. “Which way?”

Jyn woke abruptly. She was lying on her back in what appeared to be a narrow cave. She tried to move her arms and legs but found they were bound down into the ground by those damn vines. She lifted her head to look around. The cave was lit by a blue glow and showed nothing. She let her had fall to the ground; her head was pounding and the smell of antiseptic filled her nose. The vines grip was tight, but she could still wriggle her fingers and toes. In the distance, she thought she could hear an animalistic roar. It was far below her and she guessed this was just the top of a larger cavern system.
Movement to her right caused her to shift her head away as the tip of a vine came close to her face. It slithered over her cheeks, past her lips and down to the hollow of her neck. She felt the pace of her heart quicken. Whatever it was doing, she didn’t want to know. It felt cool against her skin which was a relief from her humid surroundings. The antiseptic smell was stronger now and her head swam with dizziness. Her kyber crystal felt like it was burning a hole through her chest as the vine touched it. She winced, believing it was burning a hole through her chest. Quickly, the vine retreated as well as relinquishing its hold on her limbs.

Jyn remained still for several moments not sure on what to do. Had she been released? Or was something else coming? She grabbed her kyber crystal and felt around her chest for a burn mark. She found none; her skin was smooth. The whole ordeal felt strange and her kyber remained warm to touch and heavier than usual. The ceiling of the cave was low and Jyn hit her head as she sat up. She shifted onto her stomach and began to crawl through the only tunnel leading out. Through the dirt of the tunnel, bits of kyber peeked through. Occasionally its sharp edges would brush against her arms. The roar came again, causing the dirt beneath her to shake. It was either very close by or extremely large. She kept crawling on her stomach for ages, wondering how far down she had been taken. She came to a crevice much like the one she had been held in. She felt with her hand and came across something hard. At first she suspected more kyber, but the texture felt different. She came across more hard fragments and then one large object. It felt round with a couple of large holes. Jyn dropped it suddenly realising it was a human skull. Her breath quickened. This must have been where the imperials had been taken. Had they been left to die down here or did something else happen to cause their deaths. She shifted the bones away from her and continued on.

This whole situation was making her physically nauseated. Jyn even began to feel sympathy for Shaden. Kriff knows what he had heard from below the ground. As she crawled past numerous crevices she didn’t stop to feel around again. She knew what would be there had she found something; she chose rather to forget that grisly discovery.

Jyn was lying on her stomach, not sure how far she’d come. She was so tired and dizzy. While the air had been thick in the rainforest, down here it was much thinner like something was expelling the air to the surface. Her head pounded from a likely concussion from being dragged down into this hellhole, and what scared her most was that she hadn’t come across a single blue vine since it unbound her. To keep her mind relatively sane, she thought of reasons why it had done so. It had to do with the kyber necklace. This planet was abundant with kyber, more so than Jedha she believed. Did the vines like kyber? Was their some sort of deep force connection between the two? Maybe the vines or whatever they were didn’t appreciate the imperials mining it. Jyn rested her head on the ground, too tired to keep moving. She just wanted to shut her eyes for a movement.

Jyn snapped her eyes open, refusing to relent. It felt unnatural and she refused to give in. She pulled herself forward, desperate to find a way out. It came in two options. One tunnel led along a straight trail to her left while the one in front of her sloped upwards. Jyn went forward, guessing up meant out. As she passed, she noticed blue glowing down the left path. It was flashing as if moving with great speed. The sight caused her to move faster.

Crawling upwards when it felt like the Force was pulling you back into darkness was a difficult task to achieve. Jyn had to use every muscle she possessed to keep her body moving. Her muscles were strained and sore and she felt a few muscles being pulled in her abdomen. She groaned through the pain, determined to make it out. She remembered the cave back on Lah’mu, Kriff that was nothing compared to this. At least she had been rescued back on Lah’mu. Jyn knew Shaden would not have stuck around, and to be fair, if Shaden had been taken, Jyn would have left him too.

When she heard Cassian’s faint voice in the distance above, Jyn didn’t know whether to laugh or
cry. It was faint as he called her name. At first she thought she had been imagining it. She croaked out his name in response but her voice was so small she knew he couldn’t have heard her. The thought of Cassian pulled her along. If he was truly out there, she had to reach him.

... "Are you sure this is where she was taken?" Cassian asked Shaden who sat on a boulder next to the cave’s entrance.

The trooper nodded mutely.

Cassian stepped closer, shinning his torch into the blackness below. “I can’t see the bottom.”

“It’s a long way down,” Shaden murmured. “Don’t worry; you’ll hear her screaming when it starts.”

“What starts?” Cassian asked.

Shaden gestured to the environment around them. “Have you ever wondered why you haven’t come across any land animals?”

Cassian frowned, thinking. It was true that the only animals in sight had been birds high up in the trees. “What are you saying?”

“My best guess is that those vines need to eat.”

Cassian’s jaw clenched at the thought. “No. They are plants.”

“Plants can be carnivorous.”

“I have to get down there.” Cassian didn’t want to think of that possibility. He removed his bag and opened it to find some rope. It had been packed as a last resort for anything or anyone who needed wrenching up. “Tie this end to that boulder and hold it tight.”

“You can’t go down there,” Shaden said, taking the rope numbly. “They’ll catch you.”

“I’m not leaving Jyn down there,” Cassian replied as he clipped his end of the rope to his belt. “Help me do this and I’ll get you off this planet.”

Cassian saw hope flicker in the young man’s eyes. Clearly he had expected the rebels to leave him behind. Cassian had planned it too.

“Come on.”

Before he started his descent, Cassian shone his torch down once more. He shouted Jyn’s name a few times, trying to see any glimpse of her.

“I’ll tug three times when I’m ready to be pulled up,” he said to Shaden. “Think you can manage that.”

“For the chance of getting of this planet, hell yes.”

Just as he swung his legs over the ledge, he heard a soft voice from below. He paused. “Jyn!”

A moment passed. “Cassian!”
His heart leapt at her voice. “Where are you? I can’t see you!”

A shuffle from below. “I’m here!”

What looked to be twenty meters down he saw the outline of Jyn’s raincoat. She peeked up, her face dirty. She was beautiful and everything Cassian had wanted to see since she disappeared. “I’m coming down. Stay there!”

“Hurry!” Shaden called from behind. “They’ll be back. They always come back.”

Cassian lowered himself faster than he should have and landed with a thud next to Jyn. She looked weak and exhausted. At the sight of him, Jyn embraced him hard, burrowing her head into the crook of his neck. He returned the embrace equally.

“I’ve got you,” he whispered. “I’ve got you.”

He felt her shake slightly and was sure she was crying. Force knows what she had suffered down in this darkness. Keeping her held tightly he pulled the rope three times with a hard tug. Above, in the light, Shaden’s head appeared.

“Ready?”

Cassian flashed his torch up at him. “Pull us up.”

“Come on,” he said to Jyn, pulling her to her feet. “We gotta get out of here.” Jyn didn’t move except to stand. She kept her head buried in his neck. “Jyn, I need you to help with this climb.”

Slowly, she pulled her face away and looked up. “Right,” she muttered.

Upon reaching the top, Cassian pushed Jyn up for Shaden to take hold of her. Cassian followed, allowing Shaden to grab his hand. As he swung one leg up, his other felt a sharp tug. Cassian yanked his foot up only to see a vine had grabbed him.

Shaden noticed the commotion and grabbed hold of Cassian. “Don’t let go of me!” Shaden shouted.

Jyn, rubbing her eyes, saw Cassian struggling. The vines were back. The animalistic urge in her rose again and she pulled out her dagger and threw herself on her stomach where Cassian was in an attempt to cut the vine.

“Give it to me!” Cassian shouted at her, hand outreach for the dagger. She released her hold on the dagger and Cassian leaned down to hack at the vine. It let go hastily, retreating back into the darkness. The trio breathed heavily from the adrenaline rush.

“We have got to get moving,” Shaden said between breaths. “They won’t stay gone for long.”

With renewed vigour, Jyn pulled Cassian up and followed Shaden as they ran with all haste.

“Bodhi are you there?” Cassian shouted into his comm as they ran.

A pause. “Yeah, I’m here. Everyone’s back and we’re waiting on you. Have you found Jyn?”

“I got Jyn and an imperial survivor.”

“A what?” Tonc’s voice came over the comm.
“Never mind that,” Cassian shouted back. “Is the shuttle fixed?”

“Yeah,” Bodhi replied. “Took us a while to get the vines out. Basteran was attacked by one but we managed to get him free. Shuttle is standing by.”

“Get it in the air now!” Cassian replied. “We are nearing the tree line. Come get us!”

The lake and open area was a beautiful sight and their shuttle more so. Bodhi had it hovering over the lake and approached them with a ramp down. They lunged onboard, Jyn collapsing to her knees. Cassian pulled her up into his arms as the ramp closed.

Rostok and Sefla had their guns raised at Shaden.

“Well, well. What do we have here,” Rostok said.

“This is an imperial shuttle,” Shaden stated, looking around. “Where’d you steal it?”

“As if we’re gonna tell you that,” Sefla replied.

“Easy,” Cassian interrupted. “Weapons down. He helped us.” The atmosphere was tense. “He helped me save Jyn and I promised him passage off this planet.”

“Back to the empire then,” Basteran said, striding over.

“Hell no,” Shaden said. “Not after that. I’m out.”

“Imperial defectors make up most of our ground troops,” Tonc said, popping his head down from the upper deck. “Bodhi is one after all.”

“He’s right,” Cassian said, still holding Jyn firmly in his arms. “Go easy. We’ll take him back to Delta Base. Then we’ll take matters from there.”

“You okay, Jyn?” Sefla asked with concern. “Had us worried.”

Jyn managed a small smile. “Fine. Just... sore.”

“Get some rest,” Sefla replied. “And maybe a medpack.”

Jyn hummed in agreement. “Both sound good.”

The climb up the ladder hurt, but she managed a wave in Bodhi’s direction before heading for her bunk. She leaned against the wall between her bunk’s door and the refresher door. It was all too much to rethink. Cassian had followed her, eyes etched with worry.

“I’m okay,” she said softly. She shifted off the wall and carefully wrapped her arms around his waist. “Thank you.”

Cassian returned the embrace, resting his cheek on her hair. It had been a long time since he had held someone so close to him. Her body fit perfectly with his and her warmth radiated around him. “You know I wouldn’t leave you behind.”

“It was so dark down there... and I...” she stuttered, thinking of the bones. “There was something down there. I think it was alive.”

Cassian shushed her. “Don’t think about it now. Let’s get you cleaned up. I grabbed a medpack for you.”
Jyn stepped out of the embrace and took it. “Should probably shower first.”

Cassian gave a small smile. “Yeah I think we all could.”

No one knew how badly being down in that cave system had affect Jyn. She wanted to keep it to herself. It had bought up old memories long buried, and brought out a nerve-racking fear of what ifs. She kept reminding herself that she was safe now, but as she sat under the shower, hugging her knees and allowing her tears to fall freely, she had never truly felt safe in her life.

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to leave what the 'creature' was to your imagination. Whether it was a carnivorous plant or some alien life form - its up to you. I want to keep some of the mystery open as Jyn and Cassian didn't know what it was in the end. But yes, there was a connection to the 'creature' and the kyber crystals. Again, whether it worshiped kyber or simple lived in a symbiotic existence - its up to you.

But we will be seeing it again.
Jyn had been alone for two solid months. It had been two months since Saw Gerrera had abandoned her in an almost strikingly similar way her mother had. They both left her in a hatch. Jyn was moving on from that, though. Her spirits, which had been deflated these past months, had lifted after she finally found a solid lead on the whereabouts of Kenna. This is what had led Jyn to Kessel. It was a planet renowned for its spice minds and dealings in slavery.

Jyn cursed at the sweltering heat and smell that had hit her like a wave as she exited the transport shuttle. She had anticipated such a climate and dressed accordingly; rust-coloured pants along with a shade-lighter, sleeved shirt. Blending into the arid environment was ideal, but she took no risks and made sure she picked up a sandy-coloured scarf she could use as a hood.

From what she could piece together, Kenna had been running a band of criminals in the underground movement of the Kessel Spice Trade. What Kenna’s work actually entailed, Jyn did not know. Kenna had always been unpredictable, but she was the only person Jyn had left.

This was the first time Jyn had set foot on Kessel. It was a planet Saw had expressed his hesitation in her coming here whenever business arose. Growing up, Jyn knew Saw had protected her from matters that were even more extreme than the norm. Had something happened here on Kessel Saw hadn’t wanted her to witness? A slaver led a single file of wookie slaves all chained by the wrists. Their heads were bowed and Jyn felt her heart fall at the sight. Her fingers twitched around the baton which was firmly tied at her waist. Why had Kenna decided to move here? Jyn had been here all of ten minutes and already hated everything she witnessed.

She found her way down a market alleyway where the delicious aroma of cooking foods wafted over Jyn. Her stomach growled; she hadn’t eaten in over a day. She had spent the last of her credits getting here, and if she were to get more Jyn needed to find Kenna. Stealing credits was a tempting thought; the more she looked around, the more she realised she couldn’t do that. Not to these simple people. The salvers perhaps, but they were tightly secured in their lavish homes far away to the south. Jyn soldiered on, refusing to meet eye contact with anyone who passed her. Kenna had been using a symbol to mark her territory throughout the slave city. Her resource had suggested she use those symbols to find someone connected to Kenna’s gang. The symbol was the letter ‘K’ with a red slash crossing vertically. Jyn first found it behind a market stall selling handmade mining bags. The owner noticed where Jyn’s gaze had landed and leaned in close.

“What’s with the interest?” she asked. The merchant was an elderly human with a hunched back. She used a cane to keep herself standing.

Jyn looked behind her to make sure no one was watching. “That symbol.”

“Need help?”

Jyn eyed the merchant cautiously. “With what?”

“Anything.”

“I’m looking for someone,” Jyn confessed.
The elderly merchant shifted to the side to give Jyn a better view of the symbol. “They can help you track people down. For a fee, of course.”

“Can I speak to the leader?”

The lady croaked a laugh. “Nothing goes on around here without her knowing.”

“Who?”

“Kenna.”

Jyn was surprised Kenna had been using her real name. “I’d like to see her.”

The lady muttered to herself as she hobbled over the curtain hanging behind the stall. She gestured for Jyn to follow. She pulled the curtain aside to reveal a narrow, crooked passage. “Through there. It’ll lead you out into the adjacent courtyard. Keep walking until you find the statue; you can’t miss it. You’ll find another symbol there on a loose brick. Under it, you’ll find the address.”

“That’s it?” Jyn asked incredulously.

The merchant laughed again. “First contact is always messy. Don’t say you weren’t warned.”

Jyn stepped passed the curtain and let it fall behind her. It was so narrow that Jyn had to walk sideways in order to move. It was a long process and Jyn came to the conclusion this hadn’t been a pathway originally. Perhaps a crack in the building had split it open. Kriff knows what goes on around here, despite the obvious of course. The statue was a large, clay impersonation of a human male Jyn didn’t recognise. She shaded her eyes against the harsh sun as she stared up at the statue. Ugly. Absolutely ugly. She circled the statue, looking for the next symbol and found it on the ground behind the tall figure. The bricks were hot from being in the sun and Jyn had to remove her hood so she could protect her fingers from the heat. She mumbled curses as she fiddled with the brick until finally loosening it so it would remove. The address was a street name and the single number ‘6’. Simple enough, she thought as she placed her hood back over her head.

Jyn’s stomach was grumbling louder by evening. Her head felt light from the lack of food and water. It had taken her the last remaining hours of sunlight to weave her way through the dirty streets in order to find this particular street. Only some roads had allocated names and of course there was no map to refer to. She stood outside the door that had a large red painted ‘6’ on it. There were no streetlights in this area, only small bonfires lighting the street every few hundred meters. The doorway was situated in a large row of what appeared to be housing. A few windows had light flickering away, but the window above the door she stood in front of was pitch black and unwelcoming. Taking a deep breath, Jyn stepped up and knocked loudly. Waiting, and then more waiting. Finally, the door creaked open and a dark-skinned man with a two braids revealed himself. He was dressed in black and had a rifle slung over his shoulder. He eyed Jyn up and down, smirking.

“Well aren’t you a pretty little thing,” he remarked, opening the door wider. “Come on in.”

Jyn stepped over the threshold into the dark room. The man slammed the door shut before grabbing Jyn’s wrist and tying them behind her back. Jyn struggled, kicking the man in the shin. The man retaliated by pushing her down to her knees. He leaned down so Jyn could feel his breath tickling against her ear. “Now be a good girl or I’m going to blindfold you.”

Jyn bit her lip to prevent a string of curses from flying out. The man walked over to her right and turned on a lamp. The room was empty except for a single chair that was placed in the centre of the
room. Behind the chair Jyn noticed a door. The man took a seat, leaning his elbows on his knees. “What brings such a fine creature to this homely estate?”

Jyn rolled her eyes. “I came looking for a friend.”

The man hummed and nodded. “So you want help tracking someone down?”

“I already tracked her down,” Jyn replied. “I tracked her here.”

The man chuckled. “Oh really? And pray tell me, what’s her name?”

Jyn finally smirked. “Kenna.”

The man stared at her for several moments, jaw clenched. Her stood up and left through the back door. Alone, Jyn struggled with the coarse ropes that bound her. Her wrists felt raw from her struggles and soon enough she felt blood trickling down her left hand. The back door swung open and another man; tall, pale with sandy-coloured hair appeared behind the first one. His clothes were in better shape and he was clean-shaven. He walked over to where Jyn was kneeling while the first man sat back down.

“My name is Barn,” the pale man said, kneeling in front of Jyn. “Right hand man of... Kenna.”

Jyn arched her brow. “You?” She laughed. “I gotta say you don’t look her type.”

Barn smirked. “How do you know Kenna?”

“Does it matter? I want to see her.”

Barn stood up and placed his hand on the dark-skinned man’s shoulder. “This is Vorno. If I give the word he will haul you down into the spice mines where you will never be heard of or seen again.”

“Oh please,” Jyn spat. “Do that and Kenna will have both your heads.” Jyn levelled her shoulders. “Intimidate me all you want but once you tell Kenna that you have denied her a reunion with her childhood companion, it’ll be you two who will be sent to the spice mines.”

Barn and Vorno were not pleased with her defiance. They shared a look before Barn exited the room. Vorno kept his eyes locked on Jyn, expecting her to break free of her restraints. Jyn matched his glare, not backing down. They remained like this for almost half an hour before the back door flung open. Jyn inhaled deeply, her eyes watering as she saw her. Kenna.

Kenna looked different from their last encounter. Her hair was actually pulled back into a messy bun. Her olive skin had tanned darker from her time in the Kessel sunlight and her lean body was more muscular. It was still Kenna though. She looked at Jyn as if she were a ghost come to haunt her. Her body was still but her eyes darted all over Jyn.

“Vorno, removed the bindings,” she said. Jyn’s heart fluttered at the sound of her voice. How many times had she hated hearing Kenna speak over the years? It felt good to hear her voice for once.

Jyn rubbed her wrists as she stood up. She managed a small smile. Kenna stepped over to her, her fingers twitching.

“Jyn,” she breathed. “Kriff Jyn is it really you?”
Jyn smiled wider, nodding. “Yeah. Surprise.”

Kenna choked on a laugh as she pulled Jyn into a tight embrace. “I can’t believe it’s you. I never thought I’d see you again.”

Jyn returned the embrace tightly. “I could say the same thing.”

They held each for ages while the two men shuffled awkwardly near the back door. Kenna was the first to release. She looked Jyn up and down. “What are you doing here?”

At her words, Jyn’s last memory of Saw flashed across her mind like a holofilm. She swallowed hard, not wanting to cry in front of Kenna. “I ah... well... Saw left me behind on our last mission. He never came back for me.”

Kenna was in disbelief. “No kriffin’ way!” Kenna stepped back, mortified. “He left you?”

Jyn sadly nodded. “Yeah in a bunker. Told me to wait it out. It was a ruse.”

“Kriff, Jyn, I’m sorry.”

Jyn merely shrugged. “I came looking for you. Took me a while, but... well... I...”

Kenna placed two fingers over Jyn’s lips and smiled. “You want to stay with me?”

Jyn nodded. Kenna removed her fingers and grinned. “Just like old times?”

Hopefully not entirely like old times, but Jyn wasn’t going to say that aloud. “Yeah, just like old times.”

Kenna nodded appreciatively. “You were always better at close combat than me.”

“So that’s a yes?”

Kenna laughed and pulled Jyn back into another hug. “Yes! Kriff yes! I could ask no one better to be by my side!”

Jyn managed a genuine laugh for the first time in months. While Kenna was not the most stable person, Jyn trusted her enough to never do what Saw Gerrera had done to her, and while she had missed Kenna over the years, part of her had been relieved to see her go. All that aside, it felt good to be reunited.

... 0ABY: Rogue One

Bodhi and Cassian sat up in the cockpit while Jyn sat back at the tech station; her feet lazily up on the panel. She was fiddling with her kyber necklace, trying to find a new crevice or sharp edge she hadn’t seen before. Ever since they left Etheron her kyber had returned to its usual calming self. It was a comfort for normality to be back. Sleep had eluded Jyn; every time she closed her eyes she felt herself back deep underground. If she could sleep with her eyes open she would have as the light in her bunk gave her a sense of security. Cassian had settled in his own bunk, door open. While Jyn had left hers open to avoid the feel of claustrophobia, Cassian had left his open to keep an eye on her. He napped for no more than an hour before getting up to join Bodhi. His absence had left Jyn feeling cold and alone.

“Are you hearing this?” Bodhi said from the cockpit.
Jyn cocked her head up at the sound of his voice. Bodhi was leaning over the communications panel while he fiddled with the dials. Cassian brought his head close to Bodhi’s, listening.

“It’s a distress call,” Cassian mumbled, frowning with concentration.

Bodhi check the screen. “It’s coming through alliance channels only.”

Cassian moved to check the sensors. Interested, Jyn made her way over to them, casually leaning behind Cassian’s chair. “What’s going on?”

Bodhi replied, not looking at her: “Picking up an alliance distress call coming from...”

Cassian pointed at the sector on the screen. “Savareen Sector.” He paused, running his hand across his chin. “It’s the same sector Scarif is in.”

Jyn’s interest piqued even more. “Survivors?”

“Maybe,” Cassian replied. He widened their view of the sector. “The signal is coming from here, Nelvaan.” Cassian ran his finger along the distance from Nelvaan to Scarif. “It’s close by. Very close by.”

“Closer than Tatooine,” Bodhi remarked.

“Where should check it out,” Jyn declared. “If there are survivors they need to be found.”

Cassian hesitated. “We need to deliver our intel to Delta Base.”

Jyn refrained from rolling her eyes. Ever the good soldier. “It’s on our way to Delta Base and we’re not that far out from Nelvaan.”

“Jyn’s right,” Bodhi said, smiling up at her. “We could make orbit around Nelvaan and try to make contact with any survivors. If not, we could do a fly over the area the signal is coming from.”

“Cassian,” Jyn spoke softer, “it’s the least we could do for them... considering...”

The Major nodded. “You’re right.”

“We’ll be there in... thirty minutes,” Bodhi said. “Won’t be long.”

Nelvaan was an icy planet inhabited by the Nelvaanian species. As Rogue One soared through the atmosphere, mountains, forests and crystal clear rivers came into view. They had been unable to make contact with any alliance personnel that may have been on the surface, so they made their way towards the distress signal.

“Just through that valley,” Bodhi said, pointing to the curve in the terrain.

Jyn glanced to their left and noticed what appeared to be a village built out of the rock of a cliff. “There’s a village over there.”

Cassian craned his head to see. “Could be useful. We’ll check out the crash site first.”

Rogue One landed a few hundred metres away from the downed UT-60D transporter. Cassian donned his heavy blue coat and sighed as he glanced at the thinly layered outfits worn by Bodhi and Jyn. “We will have to get you two winter gear once we get back to Delta Base.”

Jyn shrugged, zipping up her jacket. “I’ll cope.”
Cassian chuckled. “You coped well enough on Jedha, yes. But this planet is far colder. You can stay on the ship if...”

“Cassian, I’m coming. End of discussion.” Jyn wrapped her scarf around her head and exited the shuttle first.

Cassian and Bodhi ended up leading Jyn and Tonc while the others remained behind. The wind was icy; their breaths were visible as they exhaled. Jyn’s cheeks were a soft pink and she felt the cold penetrating her boots. A tempting thought to go back to the shuttle crossed her mind, but Jyn shook it away. She would not let cold weather ground her.

The downed UT-60D was half submerged in the snow, indicating the crash had resulted in a nose dive. Bodhi examined the rear twin engines while Tonc made a survey around the shuttle. Jyn followed Cassian onboard; the sliding main entry door had been torn off, allowing the icy environment to take a firm hold inside. There was no one board; no bodies.

“Check to see if any of the supplies have been taken,” Cassian ordered to Jyn while he poked around the control panels.

The supplies onboard had been stripped as well as a few of the collapsible chairs. “Looks like they stripped everything they needed before leaving.”

Cassian left the cockpit, to fiddle at the comms station. “I just deactivated the distress signal. Hopefully no imperial troops picked it up before we did.”

“Major Andor,” Tonc called from outside. He was waving through the port viewpoint and pointed towards the tree line to his left.

Jyn and Cassian walked out and around to the front of the ship. “What is it,” Cassian said.

“I think there’s a grave over there,” Tonc replied. So there was. A grave had been erected several metres past the tree line. A small mound of dirt that was once freshly packed was now covered the snow. Rocks lined around the grave adding a permanent fixture. There was no marking of who had been buried, but they guessed it had to have been a former survivor of the crashed rebel ship.

After their grim discovery, Bodhi informed them that the turbo generator had been hit either during the Battle of Scarif or during their escape.

“The ship was lucky to make it this far,” Bodhi remarked. “Luck was on their side or a damn good pilot.”

Jyn looked up at the cliff side. “Maybe we should try the village.”

Cassian followed her gaze and hesitated. “It’s a long hike and we don’t have time.”

“We can go,” Jyn continued. “You and me. The others can stay behind. It’ll be quicker that way.”

Cassian glanced back up at the cliff before returning his gaze to Jyn. Such determination, he thought wryly. It had been that same determination which had resulted in the Death Star’s ultimate destruction. Without that determination, who knows what would have happened to the alliance or the galaxy for that matter.

“Tonc, Bodhi,” Cassian began, “head back to the shuttle. Inform the others Jyn and I are heading for the village. We’ll keep in radio contact; direct link only. I don’t want anyone knowing we’re here.”
Fortunately their hike was not to be in vain. They found a small trail weaving its way up the cliff side. It was well used, providing a non-slippery trek. Jyn crossed her arms as the cold wind grew sharper as they ascended. Cassian noticed. He wanted to offer his parka, but knew she would not accept it. She was stubborn and determined. He smiled to himself, wishing she would allow him to help her more than the few rare occasions she granted another to enter the small private enclosure she surrounded herself in.

“Are the natives friendly,” Jyn asked, staying close behind Cassian in an attempt to use him as a shield against the wind.

“Friendly enough,” Cassian replied. “Not technological advanced enough to travel beyond this planet.”

“Would they have attacked the rebels?”

“Not unless provoked,” he replied. “There was no evidence of a fight or struggle back at the crash site.”

Just as they were about to reach the top, a tall, blue canine creature appeared in front of them wielding a spear. His hair was black and his face bore a long snout. He placed the spear in the ground between him and the rebels.

Jyn stood close behind Cassian, unsure what to do. The Nelvaanian’s stance was not hostile and his spear no longer remained in his grip. She decided to leave it to the infamous rebel spy to do the talking.

“My names Major Andor,” Cassian began. “We have come looking for our comrades. Their ship crashed down in the valley below.”

The Nelvaanian lowered his eyes to meet Cassian’s. “Andor.”

Cassian gave a curt nod. “Major Cassian Andor.”

“Cassian Andor,” he repeated. “Your name is familiar here.”

Jyn mimicked Cassian’s surprised expression. The Nelvaanian tilted his head to get a better view of Jyn. Cassian shifted to the side as Jyn stepped forward.

“Jyn Erso,” she said.

“Jyn Erso,” he repeated. “I know that name to. They tell stories about you.”

Well that bit of information surprised Jyn more than anything. “Who?”

“The survivors from the crash. We rescued them many weeks ago. Our women tended them back to health.”

“May we see them,” Jyn asked, desperate to know who had survived this crash and evidently told stories about her and possibly Cassian too.

“Follow me.”

Cassian and Jyn exchange a look as they were led into the village. It was much warmer here with many Nelvaanians stopping to stare curiously at the newcomers. A few children pointed and whispered to each other before running into their homes. They weaved through hollow stalagmites
standing tall from the floor which had been turned into homes and rooms. The Nelvaanian led them into the back of the village to a large carved out circular area that had a large bonfire lit in the centre. The floor was strewn with woven rugs and makeshift seating. Baskets of food lined the curved wall at the back and paintings danced across the walls in beautiful patterns. The Nelvaanian gestured for Jyn and Cassian to enter as he stood guard out the front. Stepping inside Jyn felt all her blood rush away from her head as she saw who was sitting at the bonfire.

“Chirrut... Baze?” she all but whispered. She gripped Cassian’s wrist to keep herself steady. Two other rebels sat with them; Sergeant Melshi and Corporal Mefran.

Chirrut was smiling at the bonfire as if knowing Jyn and Cassian were to eventually find them. Baze stood up, walked over to Jyn and hugged her tightly. “Little sister.”

Jyn had tears forming in her eyes and she grinned into Baze’s chest, amazed and shocked at the same time.

Cassian was speechless. He stared at the four men, unable to fathom how they escaped from Scarif. He clasped Baze of the shoulder, smiling warmly before making his way to the bonfire. Melshi and Mefran stood up, looking very relieved.

“Captain Andor,” Melshi said. “I cannot believe it.”

“Did I not say we would be rescued,” Chirrut said smugly.

“Yeah, but,” Melshi said.

Cassian clasped hands with the sergeant before repeating the act with Mefran. “I have so many questions.”

“We all do,” Melshi said. “News is nonexistent on this freezing rock.”

Baze and Jyn joined the group and she sat down next to Chirrut taking his warm hand into her cold one.

“The Force protected us,” Chirrut said. He tilted his head at Jyn, thinking. “It appears the Force has protected you in more ways than one recently.”

Jyn’s mind immediately reminded her of Etheron and the time she had spent underground. She shivered and it was not from the cold. Chirrut tightened his grip on Jyn’s hand to reassure her. “You are never alone, Jyn Erso.”

She smiled, wiping a tear with her free hand. She looked up at Cassian and couldn’t help but grin. She was so happy. Baze sat down gruffly next to Jyn and Cassian knelt beside him. “Tell me what happened here?”

Melshi and Mefran sat near Chirrut and the sergeant huffed. “Our ship was hit during the escape from Scarif. Damn TIE fighter hit out engine. Our pilot managed to get us here but crashed the ship.” Melshi sighed sadly. “He died on impact.”

“So you did manage to evacuate?” Jyn asked, keeping her hand firmly in Chirrut’s.

“Yeah, it wasn’t easy,” Melshi continued. “We were holed up in a bunker near the shoreline. Death troopers had arrived. It was a god damn blood bath, but we managed to cut our way through to the last evacuation shuttle.”
“There were nine of us on that run,” Mefran added morosely. “We four were the only ones to make it onboard.”

“Was it all worth it?” Baze asked Cassian.

Cassian and Jyn shared a smile. “We transmitted the plans to the fleet. Bodhi extracted Jyn and I from the top of the Citadel. Tonc, Basteren, Rostok and Sefla all survived.”

“Baze smacked Cassian on his back. “Good job, Captain.”

Major,” Jyn interrupted. “He was promoted when we got back.”

“Look at you!” Melshi said, grinning. “Congratulation, Major.”

Cassian nodded in thanks before continuing. “Unfortunately it’s not all good news.” He sighed. “Alderaan was destroyed by the Death Star. The entire planet is gone.”

Silence filled the room as the news was processed. Chirrut leaned his head down in prayer. Baze turned to Jyn. “I hope you have not blamed yourself for this.”

Jyn smiled up at him. “We got pay back.”

“The empire discovered Yavin IV and sent the Death Star to destroy the base. With the help of the plans, we managed to exploit the flaw Galen Erso created.” Cassian smiled at Jyn again. “We destroyed the Death Star.”

“Well I’ll be damned,” Mefran remarked. “It’s actually gone?”

Jyn nodded. “Nothing but debris.”

“We saw it,” Melshi said quietly. “As we were leaving Scarif. We saw it orbiting the planet. It was far bigger than I had imagined.”

“It’s gone now,” Jyn said. “Everything my father wanted has been accomplished. The rebellion has been saved along with who knows how many other planets.”

“We had to evacuate Yavin IV, though,” Cassian said. “The Base was compromised. High Command has allowed what remained of Rogue One to continue as a team. We have been stationed at Delta Base.”

“We were on our way back there when we picked up your distress signal,” Jyn added.

“Good timing,” Melshi remarked. “The natives have been good to us, but I think they’ve been wondering why no one has come for us after all this time.”

“With the evacuation and the fleet scattered scouting new potential bases, it’s no surprise your distress signal wasn’t picked up sooner,” Cassian said. “But we’re here now.” Cassian checked the time. “We’ll have to leave soon, though.”

Baze stood up. “Works for me. I’ve had enough of this cold to last me a life time.”

Everyone stood up, Jyn helping Chirrut. “Bodhi landed the shuttle near the site. We’ll have to walk down there.”

“We’ll be fine,” Baze replied. “We’ve done nothing but sit around here for weeks.”
Jyn wanted to express how glad she was to see them alive and well. She had come to terms with their deaths back on Yavin IV while she waited to be released from medbay. She had mourned them, placed them in the back of her mind close to wear her family was kept. More names to those she cared about who had been lost to her.

“All is as the Force wills it,” Chirrut spoke as if reading her mind. She smiled in his direction, so glad to hear his voice. Having them back, even Melshi who she had hit with a shovel back on Wobani; it felt good to be reunited.

...  

4ABY: Hosnian Prime

Jyn cursed to herself as she held Kalei against her chest as she hurried around the apartment putting last minute items together. She was due to leave for Chandrila in two hours. The original plan was to take a ride to the space port, but that had changed once Cassian messaged ahead to say he was running behind schedule. So she was going to take the train to the space port. She had been so sure Cassian would be home in time she didn’t actually think to make alternate plans if he didn’t. Cassian had taken their ride with him to work before he left for Coruscant and Jyn hadn’t taken the chance to bring it back. Jyn groaned, coming to terms that she was by far the most unorganised mother on Hosnian Prime.

Kalei squirmed, lifting her head off her mother’s chest. Jyn placed her hand on the back of Kalei’s neck to steady her. Her arm was beginning to ache from holding her daughter for so long, but she powered through it. There was no time for weakness; she had a train to catch. Nydo hovered around trying to help, but Jyn shooed him away.

“I’m fine, I’m fine,” she protested. “I got it. I’m going.”

The front door slid open and Jyn kicked Kalei’s pram out the door; Kalei on one side and two duffle bags slung over the shoulder on the other.

“A smart woman would put her daughter in the carrier to relieve the load.”

Jyn lifted her head to see Cassian leaning against their ride at the front gate.

“Where the hell have you been?” she all but shouted. She was too stressed and flustered to give him a proper welcome.

Cassian strode over to his wife, taking Kalei from her. “Protest shut down the terminal I was due to leave from.” He held Kalei close, kissing her. “She’s grown!”

Jyn dropped both bags and curved her arm around Cassian’s waist. He kissed her keenly, holding her close.

“I’ve missed you,” he whispered. “Both of you.”

Jyn smiled. “We’ve missed you too.”

“I see you packed for me,” he muttered.

Jyn hummed, leaning into his shoulder. “Just in case.” Kalei gurgled, grabbing the collar of Cassian’s jacket. “She talks a lot now. Very vocal.” She stepped out of his embrace and picked up the bags. “We don’t have much time.”

...
Jyn threw the bags into the back with the carrier and held Kalei tightly as Cassian drove them to the space port. “So how is Coruscant?”

“Good and bad,” he remarked. She noticed the dark lines under his eyes. Sleep had eluded him. “The sector I was in had a lot of civilian casualties. We manage to rectify that by reverting most of the imperial fire away by causing a prominent distraction.”

“When will it be over?”

Cassian sighed. He was so tired. “Not sure. Weeks; months maybe. With our help the resistant fighters are starting to push back and have gained more ground. If they keep it up it won’t be much longer.”

Jyn rested her head against the seat, watching Kalei sucking two of her tiny fingers. “Bodhi message me. He said everyone has arrived except us and Han.”

“I didn’t think Han would actually come to this,” Cassian confessed.

“I think Leia is pushing it.”

“How is the Princess?”

“Tired, but not like you.” Jyn ran a finger along Cassian’s jaw line. “You should sleep on the way to Chandrila. Kalei will be eager to keep you up once we get there.”

Cassian took Jyn’s hand and kissed it. “I’d rather my daughter keep me up at night than the sounds of blaster fire and buildings burning.”

“She has been sleeping a little better,” Jyn said. “It’s getting her to sleep that’s tricky.”

“How have you been?” Cassian asked. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine,” she replied. “I’m a lot better than I was when you left.”

“You look much better. You’re no longer pale.”

The post-partum bleeding had stopped along with the tenderness feeling down there. Now it was her breasts that were becoming tenderer by the day. At least feeding Kalei relieved it... occasionally.

“You’ll be pleased to hear that I am no longer required to attend checkups. Kalei’s last check up had her at normal weight and development. The doctors are very pleased with us both.”

“That’s what I want to hear,” Cassian replied warmly. “I’ve been worried about you both. I hated having to leave so soon after Kalei being born. I hated myself.”

“Cassian,” Jyn said softly. “Don’t do this. I thought we were past you hating yourself.”

“I left my wife and newborn daughter alone to go fight in a civil war,” Cassian said. “I should never have agreed to it when you needed me most.”

“I did just fine,” Jyn replied. “Leia stayed for a while and kept tabs on me. Nydo helped around the house and Kalei and I went out on day trips into the city. I kept myself busy.”

“Well I’ve told command I won’t be accepting anymore field mission for a long time. My place is here with you two.”
Jyn smiled to herself as she kissed the top of Kalei’s head. She liked the sound of that. “We’re glad to have you back, and I’m also glad to finally be getting off Hosnian Prime. Despite keeping myself busy, I’ve been bored to death.”

“We can’t have that,” Cassian remarked smirking. “We’re almost at the space port.”

Jyn slowly rocked side to side as Kalei fought back sleep. The simple ability to be close to Cassian once more; to feel him and smell his scent was enough for her stomach to flip. She had missed him sorely and wanted nothing more than to be locked away from everything in a room with Kalei. No doubt they would get that chance on Chandrila. Oh how it felt good to be reunited with those you love.

Chapter End Notes

Surprise!
Accepting

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

4ABY: Chandrila

Jyn sat on the expensive sofa, Kalei in her arms, as she watched Cassian and Han Solo admire and assemble a new line of weapons across from her. Han had arrived on Chandrila several hours after Jyn and Cassian and promptly set himself up in the back bedroom. Of course, Han had brought his new toys with him and Jyn felt her fingers ache for the touch of a blaster. Instead, Kalei cooed away in her arms, oblivious to the dangerous items being handled not far from her. Jyn thought she should feel a sense of concern for having her daughter in the same room as several loaded guns, but she trusted Cassian and Han. In a sad way, the presence of a large ensemble of weapons made her feel at ease.

"This one would suite you," Han said to Jyn as he lifted a smooth, light-weight blaster.

Jyn merely shrugged with a smirk. "My hands are full."

"I'll hold her while you test this one out," Han said eagerly. He stepped over the low table to sit beside her; Jyn carefully handed Kalei over. When she turned to Cassian, she saw disapproval in his eyes. He quickly averted his gaze from his wife and down to the weapon he held. She wasn't sure if the disapproval was from their daughter being so close to such dangerous items or because Jyn was more than happy to replace their daughter with a blaster.

Jyn picked up the gun, measuring the weight in her hand. "Didn't think a blaster could feel this light. Where'd you get it?"

Han smirked. "Secrets of a smuggler cannot always be told."

Jyn rolled her eyes. "As much as I appreciate you showing us these weapons, I fail to see how I'm going to ever use them."

Han shifted Kalei in his arms as she kicked her little legs into his ribs. "I assumed you'd need some new gear once you get back out in the field."

"I'll be training recruits at the academy."

Han looked at Cassian before looking back at Jyn. "No one's told you."

Jyn frowned, looking at Cassian. "What is he talking about?"

Cassian sighed, placing the rifle down with a heavy thud. "There has been talk of transferring you to a pathfinder squad."

"When I heard," Han began, "I asked for you to join my pathfinders."

Jyn's mouth was ajar as she continued to stare at Cassian. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Nothing is certain yet," he defended.

"That's a poor excuse and you should have told me." The hurt in Jyn's voice was apparent that Han looked between the married couple uncomfortably.
"I might go see how Chewie is doing." He stood up. "I can take Kalei if you like."

"No, give her to me," Cassian said, standing up with his hands outreached. "She stays with us."

Jyn stood also. "Don't act so defensively. I trust Han with our daughter."

"This has nothing to do with trust," Cassian's voice was becoming dangerously low. "It has to do with the fact I have been away from my daughter for weeks and I'd like to have her close."

"It's okay," Han began, but Jyn raised her hand to silence him.

"And you have no problem with the idea of sending me away for long periods of time? Away from our daughter?"

"I only found out when I arrived back on Hosnian Prime," Cassian replied. "I was more focused on seeing you and Kalei."

"You had plenty of time to tell me between then and now," Jyn almost shouted. "The ride to the space port; the flight here!"

"Okay, okay," Han said loudly. "I'm leaving now." Cassian took Kalei into his arms as she began to cry.

Once Han had left the room, Jyn stormed over to Cassian. "Whose idea was this?"

Kalei began to cry louder causing her parents to look down at her. "We can discuss this later," Cassian replied, making his way to their bedroom.

Jyn wanted to follow; to grab Cassian by the shoulder and make him talk, but their daughter came first so she let him go. She let out an exasperated sigh as she flopped back onto the sofa. It wasn't just Cassian she was angry at; she was angry at herself for wanting to go back into the thick of it. She had been given the opportunity to settle down after the war, and for a while she wanted that lifestyle. These days she found herself daydreaming of travelling away, working a mission and enjoying the adrenaline rush from a good fight. She hated herself for wanting this.

Eventually the sounds of Kalei's cries subsided and the house quietened so only the birds outside could be heard chirping away. Jyn got up and headed for the bedroom. Cassian was sitting on the end of the bed while Kalei had drifted off to sleep in the bassinet before him. His eyes were weary as he looked up at Jyn; too tired to fight. Jyn edged her way over to sit beside him. They stayed that way in silence while watching their daughter sleep; the small movements of her chest rising and falling as she breathed. Cassian's hand found its way over to hers and Jyn squeezed tightly. She was so exhausted with everything and everyone.

"I should have told you sooner," Cassian spoke quietly. "Since it wasn't confirmed I thought it best not to tell you in case nothing happened."

"I'm not angry at you," Jyn replied equally quiet. "I'm angry at myself."

Cassian looked at her, confusion written all over his face. "Why?"

It didn't matter how long they had known each other or how long they had been in a relationship, talking through their problems had always been a major dilemma for the two of them.

Jyn lowered her eyes to look at Kalei. "I hate myself for wanting it."
"You want to join pathfinders?" Cassian asked incredulously. 

Jyn couldn't face him; she felt ashamed. "I'm just not..." She sighed sadly. "I'm not suited to our life on Hosnian Prime. It's not me."

"It was never part of the plan," Cassian replied. "We expected to still be fighting the empire."

"You still are."

Cassian ran his thumb along her knuckles. "A civil war on Coruscant that's about to end is hardly fighting a war."

"It's still something."

Cassian sighed heavily, defeated. "What do you want, Jyn? I can't help you unless you tell me."

Tears formed in Jyn's eyes, but still she would not look at her husband. "I want to fight. It's all I'm good at."

"Jyn, that's not true and you know that," Cassian said firmly. "In the time we've known each other you have done far more than fighting. Times have changed and..."

"That's it though," Jyn interrupted. "I didn't think I'd live to see everything change."

"Me either." Cassian placed his free hand on Jyn's chin and made her look at him. "I'm having just as much trouble adjusting as you. When I left for Coruscant, I'll admit I was glad to finally be doing something I knew I was good at. But my time away made me realise that I don't want to fight anymore. I have you and Kalei now." Cassian kissed his wife gently, wiping a tear away with his thumb. "Maybe you just need to experience that revelation too."

Jyn took a shaky breath. "What are you saying?"

"Join Han's pathfinders; get this out of your system. Then come home."

Jyn leaned back, surprised. "I can't leave Kalei!"

"I'll work with Han and find an assignment that won't take long," Cassian replied.

Jyn shook her head. "No, I can't do that. Kalei needs me."

"Kalei needs a mother who isn't going to hate herself," he replied in a stern yet gently manner. "I don't want this anymore than you do, but I think it's for the best."

Jyn was still hesitating. "I will not be separated from her. What if something happens... what if I can't get home in time...?"

Cassian shushed her with another soft kiss. "I'm not saying you have to do this, but if you do, I will support it."

"I can't."

Cassian pulled Jyn into an embrace, stroking her hair. "I understand. We can work through this together."

Jyn smiled into his chest, curling her fingers into a fist as she clutched at his shirt. "Isn't that what married couples are supposed to do?"
Cassian chuckled. "You and I have never been an ordinary couple, not even when we got married."

Jyn hummed in agreement. "I hope Bodhi has better luck than what we did."

"Bodhi is one lucky man." Cassian lifted Jyn's chin again to kiss her. "But so am I."

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0ABY: Delta Base

Rogue One's arrival back to Delta Base was met with extreme reverence. They had rescued stranded rebels from the Battle of Scarif; something no one thought would happen. Better yet, they also had a former storm trooper in their custody. Shaden had disembarked from Rogue One cuffed, escorted by Sefla and Tonc into the base.

"He better provide usual intel," Draven said as they watched Shaden leave the hanger.

"He's been cooperative," Cassian replied, "and has been very insistent on not wanting to return to the empire."

Draven didn't look impressed. "We'll discuss his future later. For now I must debrief you all on what happened on Etheron and Nelvaan."

And what a debrief it was. Four hours of constant questions, clarifications, note taking and evaluation. Jyn had been exhausted from the moment they landed on Delta Base and now she found herself daydreaming of crawling into a soft bed and sleeping her problems away.

"Erso," Draven said, bringing her out of her fantasy, "report to medical. Best to check you over ourselves just to be safe."

Jyn glanced in Cassian's direction who in turn gave an encouraging nod. She got up, happy to leave the drearily bland room. In medical they check her vitals, placed a drip in her arm after determining she was dehydrated and ordered she get some sleep with the help of sedation. The brightness of the medical wing was a welcome as she shut her eyes. It didn't feel as dark when she did so, sensing the bright lights on the other side of her eyelids. She sighed happily, shifting into a more comfortable position before drifting off to sleep.

When Jyn awoke she found Chirrut sitting by her side in the small chair meditating. She smiled faintly as she adjusted her eyesight, still groggy from the sedation. Chirrut sensed her movement, opening his eyes. "I can feel your smile."

Jyn smiled wider. "It's good to see you."

"I have often contemplated our next meeting while we waited on Nelvaan. I sense the Force has changed recently."

Jyn rubbed her eyes as she sat up. "What'd you mean?"

"I sense... something new," he replied as if listening to his surroundings. "Goodness in the Force; hope."

"I met a boy on Yavin IV called Luke," Jyn began as she shifted through her recent memories. "He knew a Jedi."

Chirrut smiled. "A padawan?"
Jyn frowned. "What?"

"Was Luke his padawan? His student?"

"I think so," Jyn replied unsure. Everything leading up to the destruction of the Death Star had been a haze for Jyn. Everything happened so quickly and she had been so worried for Cassian...

"We didn't speak much. He's a pilot; he destroyed the Death Star."

Chirrut nodded appreciatively. "The Force must be strong in him for such an achievement."

"I don't know where he is now. Probably helping scout for a new base."

"You will cross paths again," Chirrut confirmed.

"I hope so." Jyn looked around the room. "Where's Baze?"

"Getting much needed rest," Chirrut replied. "He was uneasy the entire time during our stay on Nelvaan."

"I think we all need rest."

"The Major has not rested since your return here. He is still working with the Generals."

Jyn swung her legs over the bed, preparing to get up. "How long have I been asleep for?"

"Fourteen hours."

Jyn blinked hard. "And he hasn't slept?"

"The Major is planning a major operation."

"What operation?"

Chirrut smiled. "You must ask him yourself. He will tell you with the rest of Rogue One."

"You're part of Rogue One," Jyn replied.

Chirrut was silent for a moment as if thinking on how to phrase his next words. "Baze and I will not be joining Rogue One."

"What?" Jyn couldn't believe this. She would not accept this.

"It is not our path," Chirrut replied. "We helped you accomplish the goal you were born for; we helped bring justice to those who died at the power of the Death Star, but now it is time we return to Jedha."

"Jedha is destroyed." Jyn still couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"The Holy City was destroyed," Chirrut clarified. "It was not the only settlement on the moon. There are survivors and refugees who need us more than you do. Our sacred duty to the temple is no longer required, but our duty to the people remains."

Jyn hated what she was hearing, but understood completely. "Does Baze want to do this?"

"He wants revenge on those who destroyed our home. That revenge will never be fully sated."

"That wasn't a clear answer."
"He needs sanctity or I fear he will travel down a dark path," Chirrut said. He reached out his hand so Jyn could take it. "This is not goodbye. The Major has taken on the task of returning us to Jedha." He squeezed Jyn's hand. "We will see each other again, and many times after that. Our paths must divide if we are to accomplish peace."

"I... I just..."

Chirrut stood up and placed his other hand over theirs. "This is not goodbye. You will take us to Jedha and see us off. Your alliance has agreed to send supplies with us to help those affected. The people of Jedha need us more than you do right now."

"And when I do need you?"

Chirrut smiled. "We will always be there for you when you need us most."

...

Jyn found Bodhi hunched over a cup of caff in the mess hall. She sat down opposite him. "I take it you heard we're going back to Jedha."

Bodhi continued to look down at his mug. "Yeah I heard. Its good Chirrut and Baze want to help out with rebuilding. Not many would do that."

"It's their home," Jyn replied softly. "I don't want them to go, but I get it."

"It's my home too," Bodhi replied.

Jyn swore her heart briefly stopped. "You're leaving too?"

Finally Bodhi looked up at Jyn. "What? No, no! Of course not!" He sighed heavily. "I... I'm just... well I'm afraid to go back there... after what happened; what I saw."

Jyn smiled sadly. "I know. What I saw during our escape will forever haunt me. But it's over now."

"My family is gone."

Jyn reached over and held his hand. "I'm sorry."

"I'm never going to see them again."

Jyn bit her bottom lip as she saw tears forming in Bodhi's eyes. She wanted to hug him badly; to take all the pain away. She knew all too well what he was going through; that aching feeling in your chest. "Tell me what to do?"

Bodhi quickly wiped his eyes. "It's okay. I need to go back. I need to see Jedha without the explosion; without the land falling from the sky."

"You need a new image to take away with you."

"Exactly."

Jyn let go of Bodhi's hand and leaned back in her chair. "When I think of Jedha, I think of Saw Gerrera; the man who raised me. I think of how he insisted that I leave without him. I miss him."

She noticed how uncomfortable Bodhi became at the mention of Saw. "Sorry."

Bodhi shook his head. "It's fine. I'm glad you have those memories of him."
"I guess he hurt and tormented so many people, few would have such pleasant memories of him."

"I'm glad he had you," Bodhi replied. "I think he needed you more than you knew. He might have been different had you... well if things went differently."

Jyn grimaced. "Maybe, but I can't keep living in the past. I've been thinking about it for a while now. Hyperspace travel is so boring."

Bodhi managed a small laugh. "Yeah, it sure can be. Makes you think too much."

Jyn smiled faintly as her mind wandered to Cassian. "No, it doesn't."

... 4ABY: Chandrila

Cassian lay in bed with Jyn snuggled up to his side. They had agreed to nap before they headed out for dinner with everyone else. The sky was starting to set into a beautiful pink and orange shade and Cassian smiled at the thought of finally being home with his girls. Being separated from Kalei had been far difficult than he predicted and he often wondered how Jyn was coping alone. Their daughter was beautiful; taking after her mother (though Jyn disagreed). On the flight to Chandrila, Jyn had fallen asleep quickly while Cassian held Kalei, more than happy to just sit there and watch his daughter wriggle about in his arms.

Jyn stirred next to him, running her leg up between his legs. He felt himself arouse at her movement, missing their intimate connections far more than he was letting on. It had been months since they had slept together and Cassian was hoping that would change here on Chandrila. He lifted his head at the sound of Kalei gurgling and noticed one of her tiny hands waving up in the air. He felt guilty for her sudden outburst earlier that afternoon. Arguing with Jyn in front of their daughter was not something he was proud of. He was just glad she was too young to remember. Never again.

"Time is it?" Jyn mumbled half asleep.

Cassian checked. "We gotta be there in two hours."

Jyn groaned, rubbing her face into his neck. "Can we call ahead and say Kalei is being fussy."

Cassian chuckled. "I fear our daughter is well too behaved tonight."

Jyn lifted her head to look over at the bassinet. "She's only behaving because you're home."

Giving his wife a quick kiss on the forehead, he got up and headed for the refresher. Jyn sat up, stretching her tired limbs. The sound of the shower running calmed Jyn as she remembered Cassian was home again. She crawled over to the end of the bed and picked Kalei up out of the bassinet.

"How long have you been awake for," Jyn asked playfully. "I hope you won't be too cranky at dinner tonight. Everyone is going to want to hold and admire you."

Kalei wriggled about, gurgling away happily.

Jyn smiled with utter joy. "You're going to meet Uncle Baze and Uncle Chirrut tonight. No doubt Uncle Baze is going to spoil you!"

Kalei placed her fist into her mouth, chewing away.
"One day I'm going to take you to their home world, Jedha. Their home was destroyed years ago, but they founded a new settlement far to the west. It's small but beautiful; plenty of space for little girls to run wild."

It was true. The small settlement had been founded not long after the Guardians returned to Jedha. A small population of less than three hundred; all mixed species. It had been hard, but they prevailed. It had taken Jyn ages to accept that Chirrut and Baze needed to return to Jedha, and it was only after seeing what they had accomplished there that Jyn felt at peace with all that had happened to Jedha.

Cassian exited to refresher while buttoning up his shirt. Jyn placed Kalei down on the bed as she stepped over to embrace him.

"Mmm, what's this?" he asked, running his hand down her back.

"For putting up with me," Jyn replied.

"It's not easy," Cassian replied light-heartedly. "I sometimes wonder what I have gotten myself into."

Jyn leaned up to kiss him. "You got a home."

Jyn and Cassian held each other while watching Kalei. "I can accept that."

Chapter End Notes

Exam week is like descending into the seven circles (or days) of hell.
Rogue One was being resupplied with additional resources the base could spare for the Guardians to take to Jedha. Jyn sat on a crate with her back against the wall as she watched the work progress. She fiddled with her kyber crystal absently, thinking about what Jedha will look like when they finally arrive. Bodhi had been adamant on not wanting to go back, but had agreed to pilot and stay onboard. Jyn felt sorry for him and knew she could never understand the pain he was going through. She still wanted Chirrut and Baze to remain but they had their path planned; who was she to deny them that? Their intentions were honourable and that’s all anyone could ask of them, especially after everything that had happened. Was Rogue One doing honourable deeds as well? Jyn wasn’t too sure if she was honest. The alliance were classed by many as the good side, but sometimes Jyn wondered just how much damage they inflicted in the name of goodness. Cassian had all but admitted it right before they left for Scarif.

The newly promoted Major was walking towards her, eyes flickering to the shuttle to make sure they were on schedule.

“Jedha first, then Commenor,” he said, sitting down next to her.

Jyn stiffened. “Commenor?”

“Arhul Nemo, I believe you know him.”

Jyn had met him when she was twelve years old. She had taken a liking to him instantly and Arhul had made it no secret he favoured her the most. It had irritated Kenna much to Jyn’s delight at the time.

“Saw worked with him briefly many years ago. I was there.”

Cassian slowly nodded. “We contact him when we created your dossier. We’d like to make contact again to see how the resistance is going on Commenor.”

Jyn looked at Cassian sceptically. “Why now?”

“The intel Saw left you on the Commenor resistance has left some questions that need to be answered,” Cassian replied. “Also, with the destruction of the Death Star – as well as it being made public - we have been getting back chatter communication from resistance fighters all over the galaxy claiming an increase in recruitment.”

“Wait, what questions?”

“There was a small city on Commenor that was wiped of all citizens almost a year ago. Arhul Nemo and his men were the last to be seen in the area.”

Jyn’s eyes flashed. “You think they wiped out an entire city?”

“I have no idea,” Cassian replied defensively. “It’s an unknown.”
Jyn shook her head. “They would never do that.”

“I believe you,” he said softly. “General Draven believes it too.”

“What happened to the people?” Jyn asked.

“Again, we don’t know. Saw’s intel only held a brief report from Arhul Nemo about the incident. No details on what happened or why.”

“So that’s our next mission?”

“There have been rumours of a secret imperial research facility on Commenor; a research facility that worked in the development of bioweapons.”

“I heard that rumour,” Jyn replied. “I also heard Arhul Nemo destroyed the facility years ago.”

“If any of their work got out...”

Jyn stood up suddenly. “So we are chasing a rumour?”

Cassian stood up to look down at her. “It’s what intelligence does.”

Jyn bristled. She didn’t like wasting time. “If you’re sure.”

A faint smile came across the Major’s face. “I believe it’s worth checking out.”

She looked up at him and saw assurance in his eyes; he knew what he was doing and she had to trust him. Trust goes both ways. It felt an eternity since she said those words. “I trust you.”

“We are scheduled to leave in forty-five minutes. Make sure you have everything you need packed.”

Jyn’s new duffle bag was long and light grey in design. After Nelvaan, Jyn made sure she had a thermal jacket requisitioned to her. She ended up with a white parka made out of the same material as the one Cassian had. The hood was lined with grey fur and the arms were Corellian cut. She even managed to find thermal boots in her size. The rest of her bag was filled with supplies: bacta patches, a torch and a lighter she found lying on the table. She even managed to snag another blanket; space was cold.

Before heading out to Rogue One, Jyn detoured to the prison block where Shaden was being kept. While a prisoner of the rebellion, Shaden’s cooperation had resulted in adequate comforts while he stayed in his cell. Jyn keyed in the code for the door to slide open.

“How’s it going?” she asked, leaning on the cell bars.

Shaden had been lying on his back on the small cot and had sat up when Jyn entered. He had been stripped of his trooper uniform leaving only the matching black shirt and pants. “Can’t complain.”

“Still questioning you?”

“Yeah, but it’s not all bad. I’m just glad to be off that planet. Speaking of which... thanks.”

“You’re resilient, I’ll say that much,” Jyn replied dryly.

Shaden chuckled. “It wasn’t easy.”
Jyn straightened. “Have they asked you to join the rebellion?”

“Not exactly. I won’t anyway,” he replied awkwardly.

Jyn frowned. Why not?”

Shaden rubbed the back of his neck. “I just want to be left alone.”

Jyn sympathized with him on that statement. She had felt the same way not too long ago. “They aren’t so bad once you get passed that feeling.”

“I don’t want to get to know them. I am... was a stormtrooper. I had one job and they left me behind. Just because you rebels saved me doesn’t mean I have to join.”

Jyn looked at her feet which she shuffled ineptly. “I get it. If you want I can suggest they let you go after they finish questioning you.”

Shaden looked unsure. “Why would you do that?”

“Because I know what it’s like to be left behind by those you trusted. I also know how it feels to want nothing more than to be left alone. Just make sure you don’t end up back with the empire and I’ll be happy.”

Shaden smiled at that. “I sense a story.”

“I sense it’s none of your business.”

A chuckle. “Fair enough.”

Jyn checked the time. “I have to get going. Once I’m back I’ll talk to them.”

Shaden nodded. “Thanks again.”

Jyn’s bag weighed heavily with her new gear as she marched over to the shuttle. The lower deck was packed with crates causing Jyn to weave awkwardly towards the ladder.

“Pre-flight check complete,” Bodhi said quietly as Cassian took his place in the co-pilots seat.

Jyn dumped her bag at the end of her bed, resting her feet on it as she lay down. Like Bodhi, Jyn was hesitant to return to Jedha.

... 

Jedha

7,000km North-West of Holy City's Grave

Rogue One landed on the cold-stricken terrain of Jedha far from where the Holy City had once stood. Bodhi had directed the shuttle away from any signs of what havoc the Death Star had caused. No one questioned him on this. Chirrut had told them where to land, insisting he could feel the presence of his people nearby. Tonc and Sefla had been sceptical, especially so when they landed to see no one in sight.

“We must walk the rest of the way,” Chirrut declared.

“You know where you’re going?” Cassian asked as he slid his thermal jacket on. For Cassian,
Jedha had been where it all began for him and Jyn. The lack of trust and the weariness he had initially felt towards her had vanished during their time on this desolate moon. If truth be told, Cassian never thought to return here.

“The Force will guide us,” Chirrut simply stated.

Jyn clicked the buckle of her belt around her new jacket, embracing in its warmth as they exited the shuttle. The breeze was sharp from the cold.

“I have missed the crispness of mornings on Jedha,” Chirrut said, eyes closed and head tilted upward. “Feels like home.”

Jyn hid a smile. “How far is this settlement supposed to be?”

Chirrut opened his eyes and turned south. “Head for that mountain range; they will be sheltered there.”

The mountain range was not far. Cassian looked through his quadnocs and measured the distance only eight kilometres away. It would take them a little over an hour to reach their destination if they kept their pace moderate. Chirrut had insisted they go few in number, so it was only Jyn and Cassian who accompanied the guardians to their new home. The rest of Rogue One remained behind preparing their supplies to be unloaded when the time came. Bodhi had remained quiet as he came up with excuses to run trouble-shooting diagnostics at the tech station. Chirrut had placed a comforting hand on the young Jedha native and whispered quietly for only Bodhi to hear. Whatever he said, Bodhi smiled genuinely for the first time since they departed Delta Base.

For Jyn, being back on Jedha felt like she was reliving her past; she half expected to see the Holy City looming in the distance with a destroyer hovering above. She followed Chirrut and Baze, staying close to Cassian. The sky was clear blue as it had been the first time and the terrain looked eerily similar. Baze had a large duffle bag slung over his shoulder supporting as many supplies as he could fit. While Baze had been the quiet type from the beginning, both Cassian and Jyn had noticed he had become even more reserved. Jyn often wondered at this, thinking it may have had to do with their time on Scarif and being stranded on Nelvaan for so long. She wanted to help him, but he remained closed off. Chirrut was much the same as always and his spirits had lifted exponentially once they touched ground on Jedha.

“What have you been here before,” Cassian asked.

“Long, long ago,” Chirrut replied. “It was not much of a settlement back then.”

“It used to be a temple,” Baze added gruffly. “It was abandoned not long after the empire was formed to prevent them from finding it.”

“Pilgrims and settlers still flocked there,” Chirrut continued. “Fewer in numbers, but still enough to give life to the ruins.”

“And the empire never found it?” Cassian asked.

“Even if they did, there is no kyber there,” Baze answered. “It was a temple for contemplation, nothing more.”

As they were little more than a kilometre out, Jyn began to notice vegetation springing up in odd locations. She was sure there was no rain on this moon; perhaps there was an underground ravine nearby. Cassian was more observant and was the first to notice they were being watched from high above. The range had started to ascend, and several metres above ground, he saw a figure stand up
from behind a rock formation. Upon seeing them the figure darted off, no doubt to inform whoever was ahead that they were about to receive visitors.

The mountain range began to shield the sun as they came closer causing the crisp air to become even cooler. Jyn shivered in her thermal jacket; she crossed her arms for added warmth. Cassian walked close behind her, occasionally brushing his arm against hers; she could feel his warmth even through both thermal jackets. Jyn had begun to notice how close he walked in proximity to her. He never did it with anyone else and wondered if it had to do with his initial suspicion of her. Old habits apparently die hard.

“This way,” Chirrut called from ahead. He led them through a narrow pathway in between two long rock formations. Green-leaved vines grew up from the rusty dirt below to cover the rocks. It was a pleasant area to be in. As they made it through into an open area the sound of rushing water could be heard. Jyn craned her neck to look around and noticed the remains of broken columns and statues.

“Is this it?” she asked, wondering why she could see nobody.

“Almost,” Chirrut replied. He stood still, staff in both hand as he placed it firmly in front of him. “We are being watched.”

Both rebels looked about trying to see anyone and Baze prepared his weapon for use. Chirrut smacked the ground with a thud from his staff. “Hostilities will not be necessary.”

Baze hesitated before lowering his weapon. “It’s been a long time since we’ve been here.”

“They will remember us.”

Jyn frowned with confusion as Cassian tugged her thermal sleeve to get her attention. He indicated with his head in the direction to their right. Above, on a corroded platform, a humanoid figure was standing tall, watching. Chirrut tilted his head to the left, listening. Movement ahead caused everyone to look frontal.

“Kor Lee,” Chirrut said appreciatively.

A man had stepped out from the shadows wearing the robes of the Guardian of the Whills. He lowered his hood to reveal an aged man with greying hair. His bowed his head. “Chirrut Imwe, it has been far too long. After the Holy City we feared the worst.”

Chirrut smiled broadly. “The Force guided us to these two.” He gestured towards Jyn and Cassian. “They save Baze and I.”

Kor Lee assessed them. “Baze, it is good to see you. I feared you would have perished long ago in your fight against imperial occupation.” Baze stepped forward and clasped hands with the newcomer. Kor Lee bowed in recognition of the rebels. “Honoured guests, we welcome you to this sanctuary.”

Jyn tilted her head. “Thank you.”

“Come,” he said, gesturing for them all to follow. “You must be weary from your hike. Had we known you were coming we would have granted you to land closer.”

“A last minute decision,” Chirrut replied. “Much has happened since the destruction of the Holy City.”
The two guardians conversed about the events concerning its destruction and the journey Chirrut and Baze partook in leading up to the events that brought them here. Jyn followed Baze who remained silent through the entire conversation. The path was narrow, winding through the stone that had small alcoves chiselled into them to hold lit candles. Upon exiting the path they came to a large cave with several small opening in the roof that allowed sunlight to stream down. The area was littered with people; some guardians but most were regular citizens of Jedha. Jyn and Cassian stopped short to allow two children to bustle past as they played a came of tag. Jyn smiled after them before continuing. Kor Lee led them to a round table carved out of sandstone. The stools had been woven in intricate patterns that reminded Jyn of the colour of Jedha’s environment. After accepting refreshments, Kor Lee signalled for another guardian to approach and sit beside him. This guardian was younger, closer to Cassian’s age with black hair and dark eyes.

“This is Moyric Soto,” Kor Lee said. “He manages the pilgrims here.”

“It is a pleasure to meet you,” Moyric said. “We welcome peace only here and ask that you do not carry weapons any further into the temple.”

Jyn and Cassian exchange and glance before they both nodded.

“Of course,” Jyn replied.

“Many of our people here are innocent civilians looking for a simple life away from the empire and violence. The few guardians that take refuge here keep order, but there is a local shaman who leads the pilgrims. If you wish to discuss any matters concerning the people here then you must converse with him.”

“We have come here for peace,” Chirrut said. “The rebellion has brought supplies for the people.”

Moyric and Kor Lee looked at the rebels. “That is very generous of you,” Kor Lee said. “We will grant you to land closer in order to deliver the goods.”

“Thank you,” Jyn replied.

“The sooner, the better. We cannot stay long,” Cassian added. Jyn frowned at his impatience, but refrained from saying anything in front of the guardians.

“How many refugees from the Holy City?” Baze finally spoke.

Moyric sighed sadly. “Those who called the Holy City home and survived were the ones who weren’t in the Holy City when it was destroyed. Many had been away elsewhere or off world. Most of who you see in this temple were already here before the destruction.”

“How many?” Baze asked again.

Kor Lee and Moyric exchanged a glance. “No more than fifty,” Kor Lee replied. If there are any more survivors, they have not ventured here. Some may not have even returned to Jedha.”

A grim silence fell over the table. “Baze and I would like to remain for a time in order to gather our thoughts.”

Kor Lee nodded. “You are both welcome to stay as long as you wish.”

Chirrut bowed his head in thanks.

A short time later after Cassian radioed Bodhi to get the shuttle to fly in closer; Jyn was embracing
Chirrut and Baze one last time before they left. The crew of Rogue One received many thanks from the people for the supplies. Most of it had been food and blankets with a few bacta patches the alliance agreed to part with. It wasn’t much, but to them it was bountiful.

Jyn held Chirrut’s hand. “Don’t suppose you can tell me when I’ll see you again?”

Chirrut smiled. “Not as long as you think. Our time here is limited; we will be among the stars in good time.”

“I hope so,” Jyn replied. She looked around. “This place... it just doesn’t seem... well you and Baze.”

Chirrut smiled widely. “You have only seen one side to us; we must reconnect with our fellow guardians and provide support to those who lost their homes. The journey you sent us on was unlike anything we have ever experience. Our home and sacred rights have been destroyed, but not our order. We will persevere.”

Jyn smiled. “Just promise me I’ll see you again.”

Chirrut placed his hand on Jyn’s chest to touch her kyber. “Trust the Force; it will guide you as it has already done many times over.”

Baze walked over to kiss the top of Jyn’s head. “Goodbye, little sister.”

“You’ll be okay?” Jyn asked.

Baze’s mouth twitched. “There are worse places to be.”

“Jyn.” Cassian’s voice echoed from behind her.

She stepped back. “Until next time.”

... Commenor

Jyn hadn’t been to Commenor since she was twelve years old; she had never thought to return either. It was a prosperous planet in the colonies region inhabited mostly by humans. There was a large trading outpost and spaceport that was ideal for wanderers to get lost in. Rogue One was still listed as an imperial cargo freighter; finding a landing pad was relatively easy and they opted for one that was out of the way and not run by imperial occupants.

The team of Rogue One assembled in the lower deck where Cassian placed a cargo crate in the centre in order to place his holoprojector on. It displayed a complex layout of the city.

“We have landed in Chasin City,” the Major began. “We will be splitting up into three teams. Sefla, you will take Tonc and head out into the city. I need you both to gather as much information as you can about any imperial facility that may have existed nearby. Hit the bars, shops, gaming lounges – anywhere that will make it easy to strike up a conversation.”

“Are we still using the same aliases from Onderon?” Tonc asked.

“For now, yes,” Cassian replied. “Intelligence reports that those identities have not been compromised. Now, Rostok and Basteran, I need you to make contact with a man named Wayle Davout. He ran a few intel circles for me a while ago and has a list names of people who want to
join the rebellion. It seems news of the Death Star has created a stir.”

“Where do we find him?” Rostok asked.

“He is head chef at the Mortael Restaurant. Ask for him and drop the name ‘fulcrum’. He’ll do the rest.”

“That just leaves Bodhi and us,” Jyn said.

Cassian turned around to the pilot who had been staying out of the group. “I have a job for you actually. There is a secret rebel base on the moon Folor. The base is used to train starfighters and has been low on spare parts. I need you to deliver them and then wait there for my call. We can’t keep Rogue One on the same world as us all the time; it will lead to suspicion.”

“I can do that,” Bodhi replied quietly. “How long will you be?”

Cassian shrugged. “Could be hours to days. Folor Base has a good reputation; you’ll be fine.”

“So I take it you and I will be going to find Arhul Nemo?” Jyn asked.

Cassian nodded. “That’s the plan. Intelligence made contact with him before we left. I know where to find him. Hopefully he can be of help. Tonc and Sefla will rendezvous with us.” Cassian looked at his team. “We all have our assignments – let’s move!”

Cassian changed his outfit in his cramped bunker while everyone prepared. He was still getting used to having a team, giving orders and trusting others to get the job done. Trust wasn’t the issue exactly; he just liked pulling all the strings and doing everything himself. If he worked that way then he had all the cards in his hands and could improvise for himself only. Sighing, he slid his black leather jacket on and tightened his belt.

Jyn had refused to wear those ridiculously tight leather pants again. She didn’t blame the boys for buying them; men were useless when it came to buying women clothes. At least they tried. She kept to her new outfit she had been given after returning from Scarif. Her jacket wasn’t too obvious to make her stand out as a rebel; she placed her lieutenant insignia in one of the drawers. Her hair was down, starting to wave now that she let it roam free. Tightening her holster around her waist, Jyn was ready to meet Arhul Nemo again. It felt strange to be seeing him after so long. When Saw had abandoned her, Jyn had a mind to go find him, but she feared he had been in league with Saw’s plans and opted to find Kenna. She also wondered if Arhul Nemo knew Saw was dead. Was that the sort of information alliance intelligence gives away freely?

Jyn and Cassian stepped out of their bunks at the same time, bumping into each other. Flustered, they both mumbled apologies, trying to walk around each other. Sliding to be in front of him, Jyn stepped into the cockpit first. She placed a hand on Bodhi’s shoulder, squeezing it.

“Enjoy Folor Base,” she said. “You’ll be safer there.”

“I’m not worried about that,” Bodhi replied.

Jyn watched Cassian descend the ladder and out of sight. “You wanted to come with us?”

Bodhi frowned. “Yes and no. I hate sitting around up here while you all go off. I feel useless.”

“You’re not useless,” Jyn said firmly, thinking of her father’s message. “Don’t say that again. I’ll speak to Cassian for you.”

Jyn rolled her eyes. “They’ll be a time when we’ll need you off the shuttle. You can count on it.”

“Jyn,” Cassian called form below.

“Duty calls,” Bodhi said smiling. “Have fun.”

“So long as it’s better than Etheron...”

Chapter End Notes

Hint hint. Bodhi is going to be glad he went to Folor Base ;)

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"Hint hint. Bodhi is going to be glad he went to Folor Base ;"

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Bodhi felt alone and isolated as he landed Rogue One on the secret underground rebel base on the moon Folor. Being alone in the shuttle felt odd and eerily quiet; the silence reminded him of his time flying cargo for the empire as most his co-pilots had never been the chatty type.

Folor Base was well-hidden that it had taken Bodhi a moment to adjust his eyes to view the great bay doors slide open to reveal a hanger below. A team of rebel forces were present to meet Bodhi in awe as they stared at the imperial shuttle.

“I couldn’t believe it when they said the alliance had stolen an imperial cargo shuttle,” one of them said as Bodhi descended the ramp. The man stepped forward to shake Bodhi’s hand. “Corporal Haken.”

“Bodhi... ah Lieutenant Rook.”

Haken gestured to the men and women behind him. “My engineers are going to take a look around. We’ve never had the opportunity to examine one of these.”

“Sure, go ahead,” Bodhi replied. “I have the parts you requested.”

“Much appreciated,” Haken replied. “There is a cafeteria and ‘fresher down that corridor.”

Bodhi splashed cold water on his face in the refresher. His eyes were red from lack of sleep. Being back on Jedha had brought up a lot of memories he wished to forget. His family was gone; his childhood friends and the few fellow pilots he got along with. When he returned to Jedha with Galen’s message he went straight for Saw’s insurgents. He never thought to go visit his mother or siblings. He had wrongfully thought he had time to do that later. What a fool he had been. He knew the existence of the Death Star and never once thought that the repercussions of his actions would lead to the Holy City’s destruction. He did see himself partial to the blame, though he never dared bring it up with Jyn. She and the others never once blamed him for what happened, nor did they ever believe he would double-cross them. Any imperial pilot could claim they defected only to stab the rebels in the back.

Drying his face, Bodhi chose to return to his shuttle. His appetite was nonexistent and all he wanted to do was lose himself in the maintenance. The exterior of Rogue One was crawling with engineers as they used ladders to get better access to the radiator ports and sensor nodes. The spare parts he’d delivered had been taken from the shuttle and placed in a disorderly fashion not far away. A few technicians were sorting through the crates giving the occasional notion of relief when they came across parts they were running low on.

Bodhi climbed the ladder planning on helping them run diagnostics from the cockpit. It was the least he could do for them considering he once worked for the other side. Guilt still gnawed away at him.

Bodhi barely noticed someone had taken a seat at the tech station speaking through their comm to another below. Bodhi made for the pilots seat.

“Hey, watch it!”

Bodhi jumped at the voice. A young woman was sitting in the pilot’s seat wearing dark green
overalls. Bodhi blinked as she stood up, reaching only as high as his chin. Her complexion was the same as his with dark blue eyes and long hair that had had pulled back into a messy braid.

“S-sorry,” Bodhi stuttered. “I didn’t see you.”

The woman half-shrugged. “I’m small so it’s expected.” She held out her hand. “The name’s Sarli Mantisa. I’m a mechanic here on Folor Base.”

“Bodhi Rook.” They shook hands before Sarli stepped out of the way for Bodhi to take the pilot’s seat.

“I was trying to gain access to the wiring below the control panel.”

“Why?”

Sarli smiled. “Just wanted to scope out the area. Never been in an imperial ship before so I was curious to see if they did anything drastically different to us.” She knelt down next to Bodhi’s knee and turned on her flashlight. “Think you could help a fellow rebel out?”

“Oh, yeah sure. What do you need me to do?”

“Well I’m hoping you could show me how to open the panel first,” she chuckled. “Is there a switch or lever somewhere?”

Bodhi leaned down and used his left hand to pull the lever wedged in the corner. “This handle opens this side. The co-pilot station has another handle. It looks mostly the same on both sides.”

Sarli hummed as she flashed her light to get a look. “Then I’ll do my work on the other side. Don’t wanna get in your way.” She glanced up at him. “So was this your shuttle the entire time?”

“What? Oh, no,” Bodhi replied. “I stole this one from Eadu.”

“Ah.” She turned her flashlight off and stood. “I don’t know much about what happened except for the basics.” She sat down in the gap between the co-pilot seat and control panel. “Ever since you kicked the empire in the sore spot we have been getting a huge amount of recruits for x-wing squadrons. Folor Base hasn’t been this busy in years.”

“You’ve been here for years?” Bodhi asked.

“Four years and counting. I get to go to Commenor every now and then, so it’s not all bad.”

“Still, it’s a long time to be stationed at one base.”

“Well, they need mechanics here constantly.” Sarli said while she worked. “I don’t like violence too much, so I’m happy to stay. This base is mostly used for training and it’s so well hidden we have never even been suspected by the empire... at least I don’t think.”

They stayed like that, conversing for ages while they worked separately. Sarli was cheerful and was full of anecdotes of clumsy recruits that had Bodhi laughing more than once. Funny how one person could change the mood of another so quickly.

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4ABY: Chandrila

Seeing everyone again had been wonderful. Even though it was to celebrate the coming nuptials of
Bodhi and Sarli, Kalei had stolen the show. Jyn was relieved that Sarli and Bodhi did not mind at all. In fact, Bodhi had held Kalei a fair amount of time that evening. Han, Rostok and Tone had teased Bodhi relentlessly for showing off his soft side while Sarli watched from a distance with a sad smile.

“Okay, what is it?” Jyn asked after noticing the same grim look all evening.

Sarli straightened, not noticing Jyn arriving at her side. “It’s nothing.”

Jyn rolled her eyes. “It’s clearly something.”

Sarli led Jyn over to a private area with two sofas. She ran her finger around the rim of her wine glass as she contemplated on what to say. “I don’t think I can have children.”

This was news. “You don’t want children?”

“Yes I do, but I don’t think I can have them.”

“Oh,” Jyn simply said.

“The women in my family have a history of... of problems having kids. Problems conceiving.”

Topic concerning the female body was not something Jyn was accustomed to. “Does Bodhi know?”

Sarli shook her head sadly. “No. I don’t know how to tell him.”

Both women looked over at Bodhi who was sitting with Baze and Chirrut. Baze had Kalei in his arms in an almost protective manner.

“Is there a way to find out?” Jyn asked.

“Yeah there is, but I’m afraid to have the test.”

“Sarli,” Jyn said sternly, “don’t torture yourself like this.”

“It’s not like we have talked about having kids,” Sarli defended. “We haven’t exactly broached the subject in depth. I was thinking of just taking it as it goes.”

Jyn frowned, feeling guilty for showing off her daughter to everyone in front of Sarli. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault,” Sarli said quickly. “I’ve accepted it. I just hope I don’t let Bodhi down.”

“Bodhi is not marrying you just to have children,” Jyn replied dryly.

Sarli laughed lightly. “This is true.” She took Jyn’s hand. “Thanks for coming.”

Later in the evening after Jyn and Cassian had returned without Han – who had decided to drink Basteren under the table – Jyn watched Kalei lay on her side on the big bed, completely oblivious to her surroundings of love and security.

“Have I already been kicked out of bed?” Cassian asked as he indicated to Kalei who was sleeping on his side.

Jyn smiled warmly. “She’s too peaceful to be moved.” She pulled Cassian down behind her, snuggling up against his chest. “You can move her later.”
Cassian kissed his wife’s hair, inhaling the floral scent. His mind was hazy from the amount of alcohol he had consumed that evening but he felt even more drunk on the image of his wife and daughter. He ran his fingers lightly down Jyn’s arm. She exhaled happily, turning her head to meet Cassian’s lips. It felt an eternity since they last managed to have an intimate moment. Both seized it, Cassian gently rolling to be on top. He trailed kisses down her neck, trailing his hand down the other side. Jyn moaned softly as their kisses deepened. She arched her back as Cassian hooked her knee behind him.

Kalei let out a wail and both parents froze. Jyn gently pushed Cassian off her to get to her daughter. Kalei had rolled onto her back, waving her tiny fists in the air.

“Shhh,” Jyn soothed as she held her daughter. “Go back to sleep.”

The comfort of her mother along with several moments of gentle swaying, Kalei settled back down, blinking heavily. Jyn laughed lightly when she noticed Cassian’s exasperated look. “Get used to it.”

Cassian returned the smile. “I’m not complaining.”

“Not aloud.” Jyn got up to put Kalei in the bassinet. “We can try again later. I fear we are in for a restless night.”

Cassian held out his arms for Jyn to sink into when she returned to bed. He kissed her lips and nose. “There’s always the morning.”

Jyn grinned. “Kalei does sleep better in the mornings and Han will still be sleeping off his hangover.”

Cassian returned the grin. “I can’t wait.”

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Commenor - Chasin City

“Jyn, is that really you?” Nemo asked in disbelief. She and Cassian had arrived at the underground resistance bunker with ease. It had been ten years since she last saw Arhul Nemo and he had not aged well. War had taken its toll on him just as it had with Saw.

“It’s been a long time,” Jyn replied with a small smile. “It’s good to see you.”
“Ah, Jyn,” Nemo replied with affection. “My favourite of Saw’s partisans.” He stepped up to Jyn, placing his hands on her shoulders. “If only we got to work together more often. We could have used you here.”

“I’m here now.”

Arhul glanced at Cassian. “I was surprised to hear you were coming back. Congratulations on your promotion; you were always a formative intelligence officer. Glad to see they’ve recognised your potential.”

“Thank you,” Cassian replied curtly.

“I must say I am still unsure why you have come.”

The trio sat down at a round table. “We’ve come here to investigate the possibility of a bioweapon being created by the empire,” Cassian said.

Arhul’s eyes narrowed. “I blew up that facility.”

“We found intel left by Saw Gerrera,” Jyn added. “He made note of a town that had all its citizens die and that it may be connected to whatever the imperials were doing.”

Arhul leaned back in his chair. “I know about that. My men scouted the town after we heard what had happened.”

“What did happen?” Cassian pressed. Jyn noticed his spy facade had returned; his face was unreadable and hard.

“Everyone was gone,” Arhul simply stated. “There were no signs of a fight or people being in distress. It was as if everyone got up and left in the middle of dinner.” He hesitated. “Rumours began to spread that the town had been inflicted with an illness, but nothing was confirmed.”

“What do you think?” Jyn asked.

“I think the empire is behind it,” Arhul replied. “I’ve been keeping tabs on an imperial scientist by the name of Kavis Seumic. He worked at the facility and was away on business when I blew it up. He is still here in Chasin City working.”

“What have you discovered?” Cassian asked.

“He was in charge of whatever project they were doing and he’s managed to set up another lab here in the heart of the city.” Arhul grunted. “Clever bastard. I can’t blow up his lab again in such a populated area.”

Jyn noticed Arhul take in her appearance. “You’ve changed.”

At a loss for words, Jyn merely shrugged. “It’s been years since I last saw you.”

“You’ve grown into a very fine looking woman.”

Jyn noticed Cassian tense ever so slightly; he didn’t appear to like where this was going.

“Thanks?”

Arhul sighed, leaning on the table with his elbows. “Kavis frequents a bar called ‘Sundown’ here in the central district. My spies indicate he can never let a pretty girl slip past him.”
Jyn felt her face drain of blood when she figured where he was taking this. “You want me to meet him?” Cassian’s face was even more tense with a clenched jaw and his eyes fixed on Arhul Nemo.

“You were one of the most gifted soldiers I have ever come across,” Arhul began. “When Saw told me about your parentage; what Director Krennic did to your mother, I could see what motivated you, and that nothing would ever persuade you over to their side. I would not ask this of you if I didn’t think you capable.”

“What exactly are you asking of her?” Cassian finally spoke, miraculously keeping his tone level.

Arhul raised a brow as he looked at the Major. “I want her to slip on a pretty dress and make conversation with Kavis Seumic. Gain his trust.”

“Why?” Jyn asked. “Wouldn’t it be easier if we just kidnap him?”

Arhul chuckled. “Kidnapping the man would not help in this case. We need someone to gain access to his lab and see what the hell he is doing in there. Use your alias ‘Lania Crion’ and speak to him about your boss,” Arhul nodded at Cassian, “who is interested in investing in his project.”

“I can speak with him,” Cassian interjected. “It would make more sense for me to speak to him if this is to appear as a business arrangement.”

Arhul shook his head. “Kavis has become paranoid ever since we blew up his facility. Besides, paranoid as he may be, Jyn here will be enough to get his attention.”

Cassian opened his mouth to protest but Jyn spoke first. “Are you sure this will work? I-I’m not exactly used to getting information this way.”

Arhul smiled sadly. “Saw always did like to attack first, guns blazing. Questions always came later and it was never done quietly. This situation needs to be done subtlety considering what’s at risk. I have faith in you, Jyn. Gaining his trust is all you need to do.”

Jyn nodded. “So where do I get a dress?”

While Arhul Nemo went off to organise an outfit for Jyn to wear tonight, Cassian pulled her to the side, his eyes were furious. “You cannot accept a mission like this without consulting me!”

Jyn recoiled at his sudden temper. “What are you talking about?”

“You are not trained to do this.”

Jyn choked on a laugh. “You think I can’t make a friend?”

Cassian did not back down. “This is more than friendship. You need to gain his trust, and if you haven’t realised, Jyn, you are not the most trusting person.”

“This has nothing to do with me,” Jyn hissed. They both were attempting to keep their voices low to avoid attention. “We came here to find out what the empire is up to. So why are you acting this way?”

Cassian ran his hand over his face. “Like I said, you are not trained for a mission of this extent.”

“You’re afraid I’m going to mess this up.” It wasn’t a question but a statement.

“I’m afraid you’re going to end up in a situation you won’t like,” Cassian replied.
“I can handle myself! I have been taking care of myself for years! I know what to do!”

They were both breathing heavily, refusing to break eye contact. “I hope so.” It was almost a whisper, but still Cassian was not satisfied. “If you’re really going to do this then I’ll be close by. Just in case.”

Jyn clenched her jaw. “That won’t be necessary as it may blow my cover.”

“I’m not letting you do this alone.”

Jyn groaned with frustration. “Good to know how little faith you have in me.” With that, Jyn stormed off to look for Arhul, leaving Cassian behind in the same state of fury. She was absolutely fuming that Cassian had decided to act like this. He knew she could take care of herself, so why the attitude? She made her way into the small refresher and refrained from kicking the toilet. The way Cassian had jumped to the conclusion she couldn’t pretend to be someone else; to be nice to someone in order to get something from them made her wonder just how much he knew about her past. Sure she had a temper, but she could refrain herself. She wasn’t a child for kriff sake.

Jyn looked at herself in the mirror, noticing her hair had grown longer. She surveyed her features, trying to soothe them. It wasn’t easy since she was in the mood for hitting someone, but she needed to calm down. She didn’t want to let Arhul down. Cassian would just have to get over it and accept that she was her own woman more than capable of looking after herself. Jyn ran a finger along her jaw line; she never took much notice in her appearance. Many had called her pretty or beautiful over the years, but those words had never affected her deep down. She was a simplest. Taking a deep breath, Jyn felt calm enough to step out of the ‘fresher. It was time to do this.

The dress Arhul had acquired for her was black and gold knee length. Jyn had never liked knee-length dresses, but Arhul had also found some black leather boots to go with it. Looking at herself in the mirror, Jyn barely recognised herself. She tugged at the dress in the hopes of making it longer. The material was comfortable, but she felt so vulnerable with her legs exposed. Here’s hoping this was the only time she had to dress up like this.

“This dress has been used by another female operative,” Arhul explained as he watched Jyn fidget in front of the mirror. “It’s been in storage for a while, but it’ll serve its purpose.”

Jyn smoothed her hands down the front. In the end, it wasn’t the worst outfit he could have given her. “So I take it this is going to involve talking only?”

Arhul nodded. “If you’re ready?”

“I am,” Jyn replied simply. “The sooner we do this, the better.”

“You will have to go into the bar alone,” Arhul said. “Work your way over to him and introduce yourself and state why you’re there. If it goes well he should invite you to his office in the coming days.”

“And if things don’t go well?”

“If he’s not interested or you feel your cover may be blown then head back here. We can find another way.”

Jyn straightened. “I can do this.”

Arhul smiled. “Of course you can. I wouldn’t have asked if I doubted you.”
It felt good to hear someone say that to her. This assignment felt personal now that she wanted to prove Cassian wrong.

The ‘Sundown’ was an expensive bar in the heart of the city that welcomed only those dressed for the occasion. It was a strict code and fortunately Jyn got in with little effort. She had barely spoken to Cassian before she left, too angry with him for questioning her skills. He had gone to check on the rest of Rogue One by the time she had left and part of her half expected him to show up at the bar anyway. Arhul had shown Jyn a picture of Kavis Seumic before she left. He was relatively handsome, in his mid-thirties with light brown hair and fair skin. He looked important in the image and the uniform he wore reminded her of the one her father had worn on Eadu.

The first thing Jyn noticed as she entered the bar was the soft classical music playing from the live band. The music reminded her of her childhood spent on Coruscant; her parents played similar music whenever Krennic had come over for dinner. It was crowded as she kept her stride casual toward the bar. First, she would get a drink; she needed to calm her nerves. She would never admit it but part of the reason why she was so angry with Cassian was because he was partially right. Jyn had never done something like this before. Most times when she schmoozed men for ulterior motives in the past it was to get onboard a transport for free, or simply to have somewhere to sleep for the night. This was entirely different. She had never needed to extract information out of an imperial scientist in the name of the rebellion. Surely it wasn’t that different. Right?

Jyn noticed Kavis while she ordered her drink. He was sitting on a stool on the other side of the bar alone going over a datapad with a short glass of whisky next to him. Jyn was struck how friendly he appeared in person. Giving a quick thanks to the bartender, Jyn refrained from dawdling. If he caught sight of her alone for too long it may end up suspicious. Still, Jyn glanced around for any sign of Cassian, but came up empty. Holding her drink in a tall, thin glass, Jyn strode over to Kavis.

Every step she took her heart beat faster. She reminded herself to keep calm and cool. Kavis looked up when she finally came to his side and smiled warmly. He turned his datapad off and took a swig of his whisky.

“Can I help you?” he asked with a curious expression etched on his face.

Jyn made a smile she hoped didn’t look forced. “My name is Lania Crion.”

Kavis held out his hand for her to shake; his hand was warm and soft. “Such a lovely name for a lovely face.”

This time Jyn managed a genuine smile. His voice was smooth and easy while his face remained open and friendly. “You must be Kavis Seumic.”

“Must I?” he replied with a smile tugging at his lips. “How has my name come into your vocabulary?”

“May I?” Jyn asked, gesturing to the empty stool beside him.

“By all means.”

Jyn sat down feeling the coolness of the stool under her legs. “I work for a business entrepreneur called Arador Navin. His main office is on Coruscant.”

Kavis drank from his whisky. “Never heard of him.”

“Well he has heard of you and your work here on Commenor,” Jyn continued. “He sent me here to
make contact and hopefully... come to an agreement.”

Kavis hummed in thought. “It’s not every day a pretty girl comes to me for business alone.”

Jyn blushed under his dark, heavy gaze. She bit her lip trying to find a decent retort. She mentally cursed Cassian for being right about her talents.

Kavis chuckled at her. “Forgive me; I am too brazen at times. Tell me, how does Arador Navin know of my work?”

Jyn paused, not expecting such a question. It was a good question too and she didn’t have a decent answer. “Mr. Navin has his contacts... he doesn’t tell me everything.”

“I’m sad to say my current project is not taking any investors.”

Jyn took a sip of her drink.

“Please relay my apologies to Mr. Navin.”

“I-I will,” Jyn replied, taking another hasty drink.

Kavis leaned in. “I hope he won’t be too disappointed.”

Jyn widened her eyes at his sudden closeness. “He has other projects he’s interested in,” she blurted out. “It won’t be a problem.”

“Does he always send pretty girls?”

Jyn felt her cheeks warm. “I...uhm...” she laughed lightly. “I don’t know.”

Kavis leaned back and took her in. “That’s a lovely dress. You’d look a lot better with your hair up.” He tucked Jyn’s hair behind her ear. “A woman’s neck is always graceful to look at.”

Jyn was sure he could hear her heart beating. “I’ll remember that.”

“How long are you here for?”

“Uh... I leave in a few days.”

“More investors to meet?”

Jyn drank deeply. “A few.”

Kavis drank the rest of his whisky in one go and stood. “It was a pleasure to meet you Miss Crion.” Before Jyn could stand up, Kavis left. She watched him until he was out of view and then allowed her body to relax; she hadn’t realised how tense she had become. She surveyed the room and still saw not sign of Cassian. If he was close by he was keeping himself well hidden. Finishing the rest of her drink she got up to leave.

While it hadn’t been successful, Jyn felt she kept her cover well enough. Kavis had been more flirtatious than she initially thought; Jyn had not flirted in for what seemed ages. Then again, she was never good at it. Flirting wasn’t something she did much in Saw’s cadre and while her time with Kenna had involved a few male companions, flirting wasn’t something she got to practice with them. Sighing, Jyn made for the front door. It was a twenty minute walk back to Arhul Nemo’s base and Jyn was happy enough to take her time. They probably didn’t expect her to return so soon so she dawdled about, taking in the busy atmosphere of the numerous restaurants and
clubs.

Ten minutes into her walk, when she was considering finding somewhere to grab a quick bite, she felt someone slide their hand around her waist. Startled, Jyn jumped, ready to take on whoever it was.

“Easy,” Kavis said, taking her hand. “It’s only me.”

Jyn took a steady breath and regained her composure.

“Remind me never to do that again,” he said humorously.

“What do you want?” she asked, wishing he would remove his arm from around her waist.

“I want to show you something,” he replied causally. “I think you might enjoy it.” He guided her down the street and took a left at the next intersection.

“Where are you taking me?” Jyn asked, feeling her temper starting to rise. She kept telling herself to relax and it was all part of the mission. She could do this.

“To my apartment,” he said. “It has a wonderful view of the city skyline.”

Jyn tensed, but kept her feet moving. She had to remind herself that this was progress, that he was her target. Hopefully she could find some information about his work at the apartment.

“Sounds... nice,” she managed to breathe out.

“You won’t be disappointed.”

His apartment was a short walk away with a security guard out the front. He swiped into the lobby and pressed for the elevator to come down.

He inhaled deeply as he gazed at her up and down. “You look ready to flee.”

Jyn tried to relax but found it difficult. “I’m fine. You took me by surprise earlier.”

“My apologies.”

Kavis guided her into the elevator and pressed the button for the forty-first floor. His apartment took up the entire level of the building and was lavishly furnished. The lights came on automatically as Jyn came into view of a large window that overlooked the city of Chasin. It really was breathtaking. She walked over and placed her hands on the glass. The city nightlife buzzed below her with various coloured lights flashing. In the distance she heard music coming from one of the clubs.

Kavis approached her with a two glasses. “Commenor’s finest.”

Jyn thanked him as she took a sip. It was stronger than she thought, but the taste was sweet. “How long have you been here for?”

Kavis sat down on the sofa. “A little over a year.”

Jyn kept looking out the window. “I’d stay here just for the view.”

She heard Kavis chuckle behind her. “I knew you’d like it.”
Jyn finally turned around as she took another drink. “Is this the only reason why you invited me up here?”

Kavis placed his glass down on the side table. “No.”

Her head felt light and she softly smiled. “You could have just asked.”

“I knew you would say no.”

“Why is that?” She leaned against the glass feeling more relaxed than she had been all evening.

“Because it wasn’t part of the plan,” he simply stated.

Jyn frowned trying to gather her thoughts. “What plan?”

“The plan Arhul Nemo came up with.”

Jyn paled. Her grip on her drink came loose and it shattered at her feet. She covered her mouth as her vision became dizzy.

Kavis stood up and pulled her to the sofa. “You didn’t think I was that foolish, did you?”

Jyn blinked hard, trying to see properly.

“Don’t fight it,” Kavis said, sitting down next to her. “The drug I laced your drink with is rather potent.”

Jyn wanted to force herself to throw up to get the drug out of her system, but Kavis took her hands tightly in his. She wanted to be angry but everything felt so light. Where was Cassian? She felt Kavis move to get up and she lay down on the sofa feeling her eyes start to feel heavy. Kavis temporarily left the living room and returned swiftly to kneel down in front of Jyn.

“Perhaps it’s time to get the resistance to work on my terms,” he said, opening a silver case. Jyn tried to get up but her arms were tingling with weakness. Kavis lifted a syringe for Jyn to see. “I need a cure and the only person who can get me one has taken refuge with the alliance.”

Kavis positioned Jyn so she was on her back and took hold of her arm. “What better way to get the alliance to give me what I want than to infect one of their own.”

The last thing Jyn felt was the sting of a needle as it entered her vein before blackness consumed her.
Perseverance

10BBY

Jyn hit the ground hard as her opponent tripped her with his staff. She winced in pain but refused to show weakness. On the sideline, Kenna clapped Jyn on.

“Come on!”

Jyn got up, staring down her opponent. He was thirteen years old, only two years Jyn’s senior. He was already a good head taller than her and his steady gaze was a force to be reckoned with. Jyn positioned herself ready for the offensive. In the distance, Saw Gerrera was watching from the shadows, not wanting Jyn to see him just yet. Her opponent moved first, swiftly swinging his staff over his head to strike down on Jyn. She lifted her staff in both hands to block the attack above her. Wood coming together created a loud crack. Jyn pushed his staff to the side and kicked him in the stomach. He regained his stance, fuming.

“Cheater!” he shouted.

Jyn smirked. “Sore loser!”

He growled, allowing his anger to get the best of him. He lunged at Jyn, causing her to step back to avoid being hit. She blocked his attack once, twice and three times as he kept backing her up. Jyn hit the wall letting out a huff of air as her opponent locked their staff’s together. Holding tightly, Jyn stomped on his foot and kicked his shin hard, pushing them forward until they fell, Jyn on top of him.

“Get off me!” he shouted, rolling them over. “You’re a cheater! A cheater!”

“Hey!” Kenna yelled, running over to them to join the fray.

“That’s enough!” Saw’s loud voice boomed throughout the room. The three children froze, staring at their leader.

“All of you stand up!” Saw continued. “I will not have such behaviour in my cadre!”

Jyn glared at her opponent who stood sulking. Kenna looked ready to argue.

Saw gestured for the boy to step forward. “She was not a cheater for choosing to carry on with the fight using any means at her disposal. If you must call her names, call her a survivalist! We all must be such people if we are to fight against an enemy who isn’t afraid to deceive! Meet them at their own level; strike them where it hurts the most.”

The boy lowered his head as Saw gestured for Jyn to step forward. “We hit the enemy to make a statement and we cannot accomplish such tasks if we lose our heads! Keep control of your anger; do not let it get the better of you.”

They both nodded. Saw allowed his features to soften. “Given time you will get better. Keep training and learn to respect each other.” He gestured to the window. “Out there you will need each other and petty quarrels and name calling is a dishonour to everyone who has given their lives for the cause! Learn from each other.”

“Yes, Saw,” Jyn replied meekly. “I’m sorry.”
“Me too,” the boy added. “I just wanted to play fair.”

Saw sadly smiled. “Life is not fair and your training is not a time to play. Learn to expect the unexpected and you will persevere.”

0ABY: Commenor

Cassian had not seen Jyn leave that evening to complete her part of the mission. He admitted to himself it was a grudge not worth holding and he wondered why he was even acting this way to begin with. Saw Gerrera was never one to act subtlety, so how could he so openly accept that a girl who was raised by the man could be subtle. He had every reason to be concerned. Growling in frustration at the way Jyn’s presence caused everything in his mind to flip upside down, he proceeded for a back alleyway where Tonc had signalled for him to meet.

Arriving at the alley, Tonc and Sefla were both leaning on the walls opposite each other with their heads down. Cassian approached, spreading his hands before him in a silent gesture to ask what was going on.

Sefla was the first to acknowledge the major and sighed. “We messed up.”

“What happened?” Cassian asked. He should have known this would happen. Everyone who was part of Rogue One, except for himself, had no experience in covert, intelligence missions.

“We ended up in a sports bar and joined some harmless gambling,” Sefla began. “We were doing as you asked, keeping our questions simple and vague, but there was this one man sitting alone who must have overheard us.”

“He came over to our table and said as much,” Tonc added sullenly.

“Right,” Sefla said, huffing. “He began telling us he knew about what had happened.”

“That seems too good to be true,” Cassian remarked, leaning against the wall with his hand. “What happened next?”

“He told us the town got sick and the empire moved in to quarantine the area,” Sefla replied. “The people were taken away and never seen again.”

“Did he say how he knew all this?” Cassian asked.

“Yeah,” Tonc said. “He said he was part of Arhul Nemo’s gang.”

Cassian frowned. “What’s his name?”

Both hesitated. “Leo Veila,” Sefla replied. “He asked us when Arhul Nemo was going to act, and we told him we weren’t exactly sure so he left the bar and said ‘see you soon’.”

“When he said that it didn’t sound... good,” Tonc added. “So I radioed Bodhi and asked him to do a check on him. That’s when he learned he is a known imperial agent.”

A thousand questions and retorts flowed through Cassian’s mind. This was not happening. He felt anger bubbling up and he tried to calm himself by saying this was not their fault. Intelligence was not something they had been trained in.

Cassian steadied himself with a deep breath. “We need to find Jyn.”
“Where is she?” Sefla asked, masked with concern.

“To go meet with the imperial scientist behind all this.” Cassian ran his fingers through his hair. “Go meet up with Rostok and Basteren and wait for me there.”

“What about Jyn?” Sefla called out as the major hurried off.

“I’ll handle it.”

... 

Jyn gasped as she regained consciousness. Her right arm ached which reminded her that everything hadn’t been a dream. Groaning, she sat up to find she had been moved somewhere unknown. The room was dull grey with a single light shining down from the ceiling. The bed she was on was medical issue and one side of the room was a complete window into another room. She was still wearing the same outfit except her boots had been removed; her feet felt cold. Jyn examined her arm to notice a small red bump forming where the needle had entered her vein at her elbow.

“Good, you’re awake,” a voice came from the other side of the window.

Kavis was standing there in his scientist uniform, a datapad in his hand.

Jyn felt her temper rising as she got up and strode over to the window. She slammed her fists onto it. “What did you do?”

Kavis kept his cool demeanour. “I am merely using you to get Dr. Gadreel to cooperate.”

“I don’t even know who that is?” Jyn shouted.

“She worked for me a while ago but developed a conscience. She asked for asylum within the alliance and hid herself from me. When she left, she took with her all the information concerning a cure for our delightful bioweapon. I need that cure!”

Realisation fully hit Jyn and she let her hands slip down the window. “You gave it to me?” Her voice was soft, almost sad.

Kavis managed a pitiful look. “I am terribly sorry about that, but if it makes you feel any better, I would have given it to whoever Arhul Nemo sent my way.”

“I feel fine.”

“That will change,” Kavis confirmed.

Jyn clenched her jaw, wishing there was no window between them. “At least tell me what you gave me!”

“I mutated a microorganism into a deadly infection that attacks the respiratory system,” Kavis answered. “It takes residence in your lungs, slowly taking over until you experience severe hypoxemic failure. But before we get to that, you will come down with bronchiectasis – ah, which is when your airway becomes thickened by mucus making it the perfect breeding ground for the microorganisms. You’ll know when that has started when you start coughing.” Kavis paused; taking in Jyn’s deflated features upon hearing what he had done. “You had best hope the alliance cooperates, or you will be in for a slow, painful death.”

“Do they even know I’m here?”
“Oh, yes,” Kavis replied. “We were being followed on our way back to my apartment last night. No doubt someone was making sure you were safe. I sent one of my agents to go meet with him.”

Cassian. Jyn knew it had to be Cassian who was following them. He must have hid himself well, for she had kept a constant vigil for him. Becoming fully aware of every inch of her body and how it felt, Jyn tried not to think too much about her lungs as she inhaled deeply. “How long do I have?”

“Average death took place within weeks,” Kavis replied looking at his datapad. “While you may not believe me, I do have your best interest at heart. For you see, if the alliance does their part, then I guarantee you will be given the cure to make sure it works.”

“What happened to the others?” Jyn asked, thinking of the infected city. “Why did you do all this?”

“The Emperor asked for a bioweapon to infect worlds sympathetic to the alliance,” Kavis simply stated. “He wanted a weapon that could be passed off as a natural occurrence – a natural outbreak.”

“You’ll never get away with this,” Jyn growled. “I will make sure of that.”

“Very dramatic, young lady,” Kavis laughed. “Rest up, for you were infected eight hours ago and if I am correct, you will start experiencing your first symptoms within the next four hours.”

After Jyn was left alone she turned around and slid down the window, hugging her knees. Was it too much to ask that he was simply bluffing? She felt fine, if not a little dizzy from the drug. She focused on her breathing, even going so far as to place her palm on her chest to see if anything felt or sounded different. The idea of something living inside her working its way into her lungs terrified her. She couldn’t fight this the conventional way she had been taught. Sticks, batons, knives and guns couldn’t save her now.

Eight Hours Earlier

Cassian tried his utmost hardest not to sprint in order to get to Jyn. He had convinced himself that she was walking right into a trap; he also knew by now he was too late to stop her from entering the “The Sundown”. The twenty minute ride on the express train had left him fidgeting, unable to stay seated. Once he got to Jyn he would need a reason to get her away from Kavis. His plan was to use his alias as Jyn’s boss to take over and get Jyn safely out of the way. He knew she would be furious at him; if the situations were reversed he would be furious too. However, Jyn’s safety was more important to him than this assignment. Cassian couldn’t begin to imagine what Draven would think if he knew this was how one of his top intelligence agents thought. Was it possible Jyn had compromised him?

Finally making it to the street, Cassian’s stride reminded him of his time on the Ring of Kafrene when he was late meeting with Tivik. He hoped, no prayed, that the ending would not end in a death. Cassian was walking down the street when he noticed Jyn on the other side walking in the opposite direction. She was alone and... different. He stopped dead in his tracks to take her in. He hadn’t seen her change into her evening outfit and was surprised how feminine she looked; in his eyes she looked stunning. The dress showed her figure and her expression was relaxed, almost peaceful. She was taking in the restaurants she walked past, oblivious to her surroundings. Cassian visibly relaxed to see her unharmed and alone. She obviously had left the bar early and Cassian wondered what the reasoning had been. Perhaps Kavis hadn’t shown up? He needed to get her off the street just in case and he soon noticed she appeared to be looking for somewhere to eat. Deciding to offer to buy her dinner in an attempt to apologise for his earlier behaviour, and to get her somewhere safe, Cassian went to cross the street. Jyn was walking ahead as he made it over
and was about to hurry up to her when a tall man slid his arm around Jyn’s waist. Cassian felt his heart skip a beat at the other’s man gesture. From behind, Cassian couldn’t tell who it was, but when the man gave a quick glance behind, Cassian knew it was Kavis.

So the assignment wasn’t over after all, Cassian thought. He kept his distance, careful not to be noticed. Jyn had appeared startled at Kavis’ presence, making Cassian wonder what the man was up to. He followed them to an apartment block and crossed the street to stay in the shadows as they entered the building, bypassing a security guard. Cassian grimaced at the added security, knowing it would be hard to get past. He glanced up to see the apartment building rose high into the sky; too many rooms for Cassian to check and with no way in. Whatever the reason for Kavis taking Jyn back to his apartment, Cassian didn’t want to think about. The idea alone of another man being in the privacy of his home with Jyn filled Cassian with an emotion he was unfamiliar with. He stayed in the shadows trying to comprehend his thoughts, wondering how one person could corrupt another so easily and, as it seemed, unintentionally. Whatever Jyn was doing to him, she was oblivious.

Cassian stayed across the street for three hours before he started to worry – well even more worry. The longer Jyn stayed in there, the less Cassian thought rationally. He had come up with multiple ideas to get past the security guard, but the whole point was useless as he had no idea what room Jyn went up to. He wondered if Jyn would protest to wearing a tracking device in later assignments.

A large truck came down the street and parked in front of the apartment. Cassian noticed the symbol to be the same one used by the imperial research facility. He stepped further back into the shadows as four stormtroopers got out with a medical stretcher and passed the security guard without a word. Cassian knew that whatever this was, it had to do with Jyn. Moments later they returned with an unconscious Jyn on the stretcher with Kavis close behind. Cassian had become so fixated on the scene he didn’t notice someone approach him until the sound of a blaster being set to fire.

“Put your weapon on the ground now,” the man growled.

Cassian’s jaw tensed as he complied, un-holstering his blaster and placing it gently on the ground. He finally turned to the stranger.

“I’m agent Veila,” he said.

Cassian took him in; he was taller than Cassian with a sharp, shaved face and dark features. His outfit was clean and smooth. An imperial agent.

“I know who you are,” Cassian replied bitterly.

“Yet I can’t say the same about you,” Veila replied. “Met some of your fellow rebel scum earlier. Such talkers.”

The truck leaving caused Cassian to snap back to Jyn. She was leaving, alone and in the hands of the empire. Veila aimed his blaster at Cassian’s head.

“Now if you do as I say you may get the chance to save her,” Veila snarled.

Cassian’s whole body as starting to shake with fury. “What do you want?”

“Your cooperation,” Veila replied. The imperial agent pulled out a holochip and communication card from his breast pocket. “Follow these instructions and use that communicator to get in touch with me when you’re ready to make your move.”
As simple as that, Veila retreated back down the street, not allowing Cassian to leave his sight until he turned the corner. Cassian reached down for his blaster and made for Arhul Nemo’s base as quickly as possible.

...  

Cassian wanted to hit Arhul Nemo for his insistence on sending Jyn out alone. The lieutenant was pacing the room while the major set up the holoprojector.

“Jyn will be fine,” Arhul murmured mostly for his own benefit.

Cassian refused to look at the man. The holoprojector came to life with the life-size image of Kavis. Seeing the man again after the way he so casually touched Jyn had Cassian’s chest tighten.

“I’ll make this simple,” Kavis began. “Two years ago I worked with a doctor by the name of Amara Gadreel. I promised her that our work would benefit the empire and she complied without hesitation. Her research on gene mutation and microbiology excelled anyone else in the field. With her help I perfected a bioweapon. Then came the day she decided not to work for me and left with all her research.

I need that research and her cooperation in order to synthesise a cure and from that, create a vaccine to administer to those who the empire does not wish to be infected. I have recorded this message in great detail for the sole benefit for Dr. Gadreel. I want her to see this message and the repercussions of her actions. By the time this message has fallen into the hands of rebels, I have already taken one of their own as leverage. Whoever I have ended up taking has already been infected by the time this message has been viewed.

Dr. Gadreel, I sincerely hope your conscience remains. If not, then this rebel will die, and so will a great deal of other rebels unless you hand yourself over to me. In return for your compliance, you may administer your cure to this infected rebel as a reward and as a way to show you I’m not as heartless as you once accused me of. This rebel’s life is in your hands. Please do with it as your conscience sees fit.”

The holoprojector turned off and the room became eerily silent. Cassian stared blankly where the image of Kavis had been. He had infected Jyn! He must have taken her back to his facility to monitor her, Cassian thought. He had to find her, to be with her.

“Major Andor,” Arhul said.

Cassian’s eyes snapped to the older man. “You! This is your fault!”

Arhul’s eyes blazed. “I had no hand in this! Had I known this man’s intentions I would never have sent Jyn or anyone else to meet him!”

“He has infected her with something we know nothing about!” Cassian stormed over to Arhul, using all his mental restraint to prevent him from striking the man.

Arhul hesitated. “He said he would cure her if this Dr. Gadreel cooperated.”

Cassian had raked his memory of any mention of her in previous intelligence but came up empty. “I don’t know where she is.”

“Neither do I, but High Command might.”
Cassian narrowed his eyes. “I’m not leaving this planet without Jyn.”

Arhul stepped closer. “You will leave this kiffin planet if you want to save her!”

Cassian clenched and unclenched his fist. Arhul was right and that made him hate the man more. “High Command is currently stationed on Thila Base.”

“Then I suggest you make haste.”

... When Jyn coughed for the first time, Kavis was in the room with her going over her vitals. She was cold; the bed had no sheeting or blankets and not even a pillow - just an empty medical bed.

“You’ll be please to know that we have heard back from your people,” Kavis mentioned. “They are doing exactly what I want of them.”

Jyn inhaled when Kavis told her too and felt her chest rattle. “They’re bringing that doctor?”

“They haven’t gone that far,” Kavis replied, “but they have agreed to go get her.”

“Cassian,” she whispered to herself.

“Is that his name?” Jyn only looked at him. “He didn’t say his name over the communicator.”

When Jyn smiled faintly, Kavis hummed. “I take it he was the one who followed us.”

“Yes.”

“To be honest, I was surprised by his quick response and open cooperation.” Kavis paused to watch her closely. “Perhaps he has a soft spot for you.”

Jyn glared. “We’ve been through a lot together.”

“That doesn’t mean he wouldn’t leave you behind.”

“You don’t know him.”

“No I don’t, nor do I want to. So long as he gets the job done I’ll be satisfied.”

Jyn glanced at the exit which had been left open. A stormtrooper was stationed outside, rifle at his chest. She could take him down without doubt, procure his rifle and get the hell out of the facility. Finding Arhul Nemo again would be easy enough for her, and then perhaps this doctor Kavis desperately wanted could give the cure to her alone.

“It’s progressing well,” Kavis stated. “The infection.”

Jyn swung a punch to his cheek, causing him to fall, clutching his face. She jumped off the bed and the trooper came in with his rifle aimed. Jyn ducked, kicking his footing so he tripped and rammed him into the wall with as much of her strength that remained. She wrestled the rifle out of the trooper’s hands and shot him twice. She swung around to notice Kavis had pulled his own blaster out; Jyn pulled the trigger, shooting the man who had infected her in the chest. She bolted out the door, shooting another trooper that came round the corner. Her chest felt tight as she ran and had to stop to cough multiple times. She kept going, determined to get out of this place. Alarms began to sound as she stepped into a storage room to hide as four troopers hurried past. Her feet were still bare and the dress made it hard for her to run at a decent pace. The storage door opened to reveal an imperial scientist Jyn had never seen before. He went to shout out but Jyn shot him down. She
stepped over his body and continued on as covertly as possible.

Jyn soon learned the facility was remarkably small; no doubt a hastily attempt to set up again after Arhul Nemo blew their original facility to dust. The back of Jyn’s mind told her she should have stayed put and waited for Cassian to come for her. But this wasn’t the time to stay with an imperial scientist who had drugged and infected her as leverage; he couldn’t be trusted no matter how sympathetic he tried to appear. Jyn reloaded the rifle; she was more than capable of rescuing herself.

Jyn shot two more troopers that crossed paths with her before coming to the security station. She shot the locked panel to open the door and ducked as a security officer shot at her; she retaliated by shooting him. In the mood to burn down the entire facility, Jyn scanned the security screens to find the exit. Two corridors away and a security check to get out. She scanned the screen showing the mess hall and noticed most of the remaining scientists had taken refuge there. Growling, Jyn leaned down and ripped the guard’s security card off his chest. Before leaving the room, Jyn grabbed the guard’s pistol and shot at the security screens.

She only made it down one corridor before she came face to face with a tall, shaven man. He grabbed Jyn by the collar and slammed her into the wall.

“Rebel scum,” he growled, grabbing hold of Jyn’s wrist and twisting until she dropped the rifle. “You’re not going anywhere.”

Jyn cried out as she pushed face to the side with her free hand and kneed him in the groin. He doubled back, letting go of her momentarily. Jyn made to run but he grabbed hold of her dress, pulling her back to him. She fell to her knees, turning over to kick him in the face. It was hard as she was bare foot, but the adrenaline had kicked in and pain was only an illusion. Blood was trickling out of his nose as he took hold off Jyn’s knee, sliding her closer to him. He retrieved the handcuffs off his belt and tried to restrain Jyn as she struggled. Jyn pushed her palm on what she believed was his broken nose to get out from under him. In the struggle, Jyn caught glimpse of the hilt of a dagger in his boot. She manoeuvred, using all her strength to reach down and grab it. She grabbed hold of his waist, positioned her head under his chest and pushed him onto his back using what remained of her adrenaline. Jyn grabbed his dagger from his boot and aimed for his chest. Both opponents stilled when they came to realise what she had done. Truth be told, Jyn had never stabbed someone in this manner before. It was such a ferocious gesture and Jyn creased her brow as she observed her work. He coughed up blood as Jyn stood on shaky legs. She faltered as she reached for the rifle, not entirely sure how to feel. The alarms that kept ringing brought Jyn back to reality. She was so close to freedom. Not looking back, Jyn raced down the last corridor, took down the last two troopers that stood in her way and swiped her way out to freedom.
Jyn received many strange looks as she limped her way, barefoot, through the city streets. Her whole body ached from head to toe as she forced herself to keep moving. Fighting her way out of the facility may have caused more harm than good, Jyn thought morosely. She had disposed of her stolen gun not long after making it outside as she tried her best to blend in. It had taken her far longer than she initially thought to get back to Arhul Nemo’s base. She was not familiar with this part of the city and had no money on her to catch transport. Nobody took pity on her and kept a distance. Part of Jyn ached for food while another part wanted to throw up all over the sidewalk. It felt like her body was at war with itself, not sure what it wanted.

Three hours after her escape, Jyn stumbled into a back alleyway to rest. She coughed violently, trying to ignore the rumbling sensation in her chest. She rested her head in her hands, massaging her temples in an attempt to soothe her headache. Why did this have to happen to her? Her whole life was filled with bad luck. Had she used up all her luck on Scarif? After a brief moment, Jyn turned to check the other end of the alleyway to see it exited onto another street, parallel to the one she had originally been on. Her muscles protested as she stood, but she was determined not to waste anymore time.

Jyn reached Arhul Nemo two hours later. She was freezing, sore and exhausted.

“Oh, Jyn,” he said, masked with worry. “Come in here.” He half dragged her into a small makeshift medical room where Arhul placed an oxygen mask on her. “Stay here, I’ll be back shortly.” Jyn was so tired she couldn’t protest even if she wanted to and soon fell asleep.

Arhul walked briskly to his communication station. “Get in contact with Folor Base and tell them the infected rebel soldier has made it back. Request permission to bring her to Folor Base.”

Arhul rubbed his face; sleep had eluded him ever since Jyn had gone missing. “If Major Andor is still on Folor Base, inform him of the update.”

The next couple of hours were a blur to Jyn. All she could remember later was strong hands on her arms as she was moved to another bed, the thrum of an engine and the brief images of x-wings through glass.

Cassian sat in the co-pilot seat next to Bodhi as Rogue One took off from Folor Base, destination Thila Base. The entire crew of Rogue One remained silent as Cassian informed everyone what had happened to Jyn. None had protested at the major’s plan to find Dr. Gadreel; it was the only way they could save Jyn.

“Rogue One, this is Folor Base, do you copy?”

Cassian leaned forward. “This is Rogue One, we copy.” He could still see Folor Moon as they prepared to jump into hyperspace.

“Message from Lieutenant Nemo on Commenor: Lieutenant Erso escaped facility. Plans to relocate her to Folor Base in motion. We request you to bring Dr. Gadreel to Folor Base instead of Commenor.”

Cassian had held his breath at the news of Jyn’s escape. He couldn’t help but grin; that was the Jyn Erso he knew and admired. Beside him, Bodhi was also smiling, relieved.
“Copy that,” Cassian replied. He sat back in his chair, amazed at the resourcefulness Jyn was capable of. He wanted to ask Folor Base on Jyn’s status, but the communication had been severed and it was best to keep any comm line from Folor Base minimum to avoid detection. Bodhi jumped them into hyperspace.

“She’ll be okay,” Bodhi offered. “Folor Base is good; good people. We’ll find Dr. Gadreel too; I can feel it.”

Cassian offered him a smile. “I’ll go tell the others.”

When Jyn woke she felt disoriented as she vision remained blurred and her head ached with more intensity than she could ever remember.

“Relax, lieutenant,” a voice said. “You are on Folor Base in the medical wing.”

Jyn pawed at the oxygen mask over her face, but the voice turned into a woman wearing a quarantine facemask who removed Jyn’s hand from her own oxygen mask. “You need to keep this on. You’re airway is at risk of obstruction from the swelling in your trachea. Breathing on your own will become harder every hour.”

Jyn moaned in response, hearing something beeping near her.

“The woman silence the machine. “You need to relax, lieutenant. Try and take deep, steady breaths to keep your heart rate level.”

Jyn coughed, helping herself sit up as she continued to cough violently. The woman rubbed Jyn’s back, soothing her. “Major Andor and the rest of your team have gone to Thila Base to find Dr. Gadreel.”

“When?” was all Jyn managed to breathe out.

“They left Folor Base before you arrived. That was six hours ago,” she replied. “I’m Dr. Venral and will be taking care of you until Dr. Gadreel arrives.”

“Water,” Jyn breathed.

Dr. Venral hesitated. “We have a fluid drip in your vein to keep your fluids up. It’s best that you don’t consume anything for the time being.”

Jyn frowned. “Please.”

The young doctor took pity on her and filled a small cup of water. “Please only small sips. We cannot risk you aspirating right now.”

Jyn just nodded and basked in the cool taste of the water. After a few sips, Venral took the cup and gently pushed Jyn to lie back down. “You need to take it easy; someone will be here with you at all times.”

“But... aren’t I... contagious?”

Venral pulled up the blankets to Jyn’s neck. “We ran tests as soon as you arrived. It appears the disease is spread through bodily fluids, such as saliva. So long as you keep that mask on, and anyone entering this room wears the proper quarantine mask, we are not at risk.”
Jyn watched Venral prepare a needle. “This is going to put you to sleep; it’s a light sedation. Sleeping will help your body’s defence’s work harder and keep your breathing regular.” After the sting subsided, Venral continued: “I am sure Major Andor will return with Dr. Gadreel soon. In the mean time, keep fighting it.”

The last thoughts Jyn had before drifting back to sleep were of Cassian and where he was right at that moment.

... Thila Command, Thila

It had been some weeks since Cassian had seen Mon Mothma and it was a welcome relief to see her. High Command had established itself in the catacombs of Thila where an already established rebel base was located. It was a good retreat in the outer rim territories.

Mothma was waiting on the tarmac to greet the crew of Rogue One as they each slowly descended the ramp behind Cassian, who walked quicker than necessary.

“Major Andor,” she spoke gently, “we received your transmission concerning Lieutenant Erso’s condition. I am very sad to hear what transpired on Commenor.”

Cassian bowed his head in respect. “I thank you, but if you’ll forgive me, time is short.”

Mothma smiled. “Of course. General Draven has orchestrated with Major Rann to help located Dr. Gadreel.” Mothma gestured towards the middle aged man standing behind her. Cassian knew the man from previous intelligence briefings; Rann was in charge of a group of intelligence officers responsible for tracking down persons of interests and had helped Cassian put together the dossier on Jyn.

The majors shook hands briefly with a silent nod to each other. “If you’ll follow me, Major Andor.” They walked briskly into the base, passing dozens of rebels running about. “You’ll have to forgive the chaos,” Rann continued. “Moving High Command here on short notice has left the base in disarray.”

Cassian merely nodded. “All of Yavin IV has been evacuated?”

“As best as we could,” Rann replied. “Unfortunately we believe General Dodonna perished during the evacuation.”

Cassian remembered Draven mention Dodonna’s situation back at Delta Base. “Yes, I heard he set the base to explode to give more time for the evacuation.”

“Imperial forces were swarming the area by that time,” Rann said. “What he did was brave and he shall be remembered for his sacrifice.”

They entered a small, windowless room where much of the intelligence computers were still half unpacked. Rann led Cassian over to the only system that had been properly set up. “As soon as we received your data burst concerning Lieutenant Erso and this bioweapon, I contacted General Draven to recommend we send agents to Commenor to access the damage Lieutenant Erso may have inflicted.”

“Damage?” Cassian frowned.

Rann looked at Cassian directly. “We do not yet know how contagious she is, nor do we know
how many survived from the facility.”

Cassian wanted to argue, but found the major’s words sound. “Folor Base said they were taking precautions.”

Rann nodded. “So they should. We knew the imperials were up to something on Commenor, but nothing to this extent. General Draven is furious with his agent stationed there.”

“Arhul Nemo blew up their original facility months ago...”

“Our people still should have investigated more than taking the word of a man who once worked with Saw Gerrera.”

Cassian inhaled deeply. “Tell me you have good news.”

“I can do that, in fact, I can do better,” Rann replied. “Dr. Amara Gadreel sought asylum within the rebellion several months ago after coming in contact with the Lothal rebels. They contacted Yavin IV, and High Command granted her sanctuary. Dr. Gadreel was offered a position at our previous Echo Base, but she refused, saying she wished to redeem herself by helping the ailing on Lothal.”

“So she is still on Lothal?” Cassian confirmed. “She never left?”

“A few times, yes, but she returned each time,” Rann replied. “Lothal has been a world in constant turmoil between the empire and the Lothal rebels. Many innocents have been caught in the crossfire.” Rann brought up a map of the southern hemisphere of Lothal. “We were able to get in contact with rebel leader Ryder Azadi.”

Cassian nodded. “I know him; a former mayor.”

“He met with Dr. Gadreel personally when she first arrived.”

“So where is she now?” Cassian asked, observing the map.

Rann zoomed in on a large mass of land along the coastline. “There is a settlement here; various species but mostly human settlers. Ryder has informed us that Dr. Gadreel is treating minor alignments in the town. There are no imperial outposts nearby, so it should be relatively easy to extract the doctor.”

Cassian nodded and made to leave. “Thank you.”

“Wait,” Rann called. “I have orders from General Draven for you.”

Cassian accepted the datapad and walked towards the command centre while reading. Three-quarters of the way, he stopped.

*Crew of Rogue One to disband for further investigation*

Kriff. Did Mothma know of this? It was the first thing he asked her as he entered the command centre.

Mothma hesitated. “I did converse with General Draven on the matter and I happen to agree with him. Placing your team in the intelligence division when only two of you are intelligence officers was not... wise. Until the matter on Commenor is resolved, Rogue One will be grounded and its crew transferred to Delta Base where Generals Draven and Willard will decide whether to integrate them into intelligence training programs or relocated elsewhere.”
Cassian briefly closed his eyes, processing her words. “This has to do with Sefla and Tonc’s mistake back on Commenor?”

Mothma nodded. “They are soldiers, not spies. We were too hasty to allow them to work under an intelligence officer. Major Andor, this may not be permanent; chances are your crew will undergo additional training before being allowed back into the field.”

Cassian couldn’t argue with that logic, and if truth be told, he agreed with her. He should have known earlier that his men weren’t properly trained. Had he been too blindsided by what they all went through together on Scarif?

“What of Jyn... Lieutenant Erso?”

Mothma gave a small smile. “If... when she is recovered, she will remain in alliance intelligence. General Draven wishes she undergo further training as well. Fortunately, if you agree to this, I have managed to convince General Draven to allow you to mentor Lieutenant Erso.”

Cassian exhaled a breath he didn’t realise he was holding. “I have no problem with that.”

“I was hoping you wouldn’t. It seems you have a... calming effect on her.”

Cassian felt his cheeks warm, but kept his steady, spy composure. “I thank you for your confidence, but I must get to Lothal immediately.”

“Of course,” Mothma replied. “Major Rann has given you everything you need?”

“Yes, except for transport...”

“General Merrick is currently re-fuelling his squadron here and has offered you one of his U-Wings. You are permitted to take Lieutenant Rook with you.” Mothma paused. “I know how close you two are to Lieutenant Erso and I am sure he would be willing to accompany you.”

“Thank you,” Cassian replied.

Cassian found Bodhi speaking with an x-wing pilot. At closer inspection, Cassian recognised him as Luke Skywalker. Upon noticing the major, Luke waved.

“Major Andor, it’s great to see you again,” he said. “Bodhi was telling me about Jyn... I’m sorry.”


“Right... we’re not taking ours?”

“Change of plans; I’ll explain on our way to Lothal.”

“I’ll let you two go and good luck!” Luke hurried off after clasping Bodhi on the shoulder.

Cassian grabbed Bodhi by the upper arm and pulled him into a quick stride to the other side of the hanger. “We have to hurry. The longer we take the sicker Jyn gets.”

“Why aren’t the others coming?” Bodhi asked.

“Long story, I’ll explain later.” Cassian nudged Bodhi towards their new shuttle. “Get the ship ready to take off, I’ll go get our equipment off Rogue One. I’ll meet you back here in fifteen minutes.”
Jyn had started coughing up phlegm at an alarming rate. Dr. Venral stayed with Jyn throughout the ordeal, administering medication that only subdued the effects, not cure them.

“You’re latest pathology sampling has come back positive for a severe lower respiratory tract infection. We are treating it as best we can, but our medicine is having little to no effect.”

Jyn rubbed her cheeks, feeling their warmth from the fever she had started. She desperately wanted to get out of bed; her restlessness and anxiety going into full swing. She was told to fight this, but she didn’t know how! Her chest was tight and starting to become increasingly painful. Every time Venral went to examine Jyn, she started to feel confused and scared that she was back at the imperial facility under the steady gaze of Kavis. Kriff, she hoped her shot had killed him. No one had informed her of what had happened after she escaped; outside news was nonexistent.

“Erso, you need to remain calm,” Venral stated firmly. “It’s completely normal to feel scared...”

Jyn turned away from Venral, pulling her knees up to her chest. Jyn was scared; she was very scared. This was a whole new ordeal for her. She could feel her heart thrumming away constantly, and her chest rattled with every breath she took. How could she not be scared?

“They’re disbanding us?” Bodhi asked Cassian in disbelief.

“Now is not the time, Bodhi,” Cassian replied. “We’re nearly there.” Cassian got up to go over his supplies.

“Where am I to go?”

Cassian sighed impatiently. “Delta Base for training. It could be worse.”

“I just don’t understand...”

“Bodhi!” Cassian shouted, startling the pilot. “We can discuss this later!”

Bitting his lower lip Bodhi retorted: “This is my way of coping! I need to talk about... anything! If not then I keep thinking of Jyn... and...”

Cassian paused and placed his bag down. “I know. I’m sorry. We all cope in different ways.”

“I’m coming with you to get Dr. Gadreel. I’m not staying behind this time.”

Cassian faintly smiled. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

They exited hyperspace and made orbit around Lothal. Cassian sat back down at the co-pilots seat. “Setting coordinates.”

“Whoa,” Bodhi breathed, looking out the window.

Cassian followed his gaze and noticed a large mass of clouds above where they were supposed to land. He checked the sensors. “Scans say it’s a typhoon.”

“It’s taking up almost half the southern hemisphere!” Bodhi exclaimed.
“38% coverage,” Cassian confirmed. “We’re gonna have to be careful landing.”

“This reminds me of Eadu,” Bodhi muttered.

Cassian huffed. “Let’s not make the same landing this time.”

In fact, the weather on southern Lothal was far worse than the rainstorm they encountered on Eadu. The wind was far stronger and the rain hit the front windshield like pebbles.

“I’m gonna have to land soon, very soon,” Bodhi warned, trying his absolute best to keep in control of the steering.”

“We’re too far out!” Cassian replied

“I have to land now or we’ll crash... again.”

The landing was heavy and the U-Wing rocked ferociously from the wind as Bodhi touched down. Outside, sticks, dirt and leaves lashed against the ship as the wind tore past. Bodhi stared outside apprehensively.

“That tree is almost on its side.”

Cassian was already out of his chair and slipping on his waterproof parka. “How far out are we from the town?”

Bodhi checked the screen. “11.8 kilometres, and I don’t think we will make good time in this weather.”

“We have to take our chances,” Cassian replied. “Gear up.”

Bodhi stood behind Cassian as they prepared to exit. “You sure about this?”

Cassian glanced back. “Stay low and close by. We can’t wait for this storm to ease up.”

Rain splayed on their faces as the hatch opened. Bodhi winced, failing in his attempt to shield his eyes with his hand. Cassian jumped out first, gesturing for Bodhi to hurry up. The wind around them howled as it tore through the area and kept both men staggering as they pushed forward.

“Come on!” Cassian shouted, grabbing Bodhi’s wrist.

What should have taken two hours worth of walking ended up four hours of constant battering from the wind, and being soaked every inch from rain that stung as it hit your face. Walking wasn’t the main problem, it was visualising what was ahead. The rain was a sheet before them that only showed their path a few meters at a time. More than once they were hit with large leaves and sticks; Bodhi received a small gash on his cheek. Cassian kept them pressing forward, only stopping for brief respite in areas that provided little shelter. Bodhi could see the determination masked over Cassian’s face; Bodhi wanted Jyn healed too, but he was amazed at the length Cassian was going to ensure her health.

The town came into view and it was to no surprise that it appeared deserted. One building in the centre of town had a faint light coming from the large window above the main entrance. The town centre was littered with debris and isolated areas of flooding. They made it to the building and knocked as loudly as possible, but there was no answer. Cassian tried the door but it was sealed tight.
“Probably weren’t expecting visitors,” Bodhi yelled over the wind.

Cassian cursed. “We have to get inside, go...”

Cassian, who had been leaning on the door, fell as it slid open. He fell at the feet of an Ithorian who was speaking too softly to be heard. A twi’lek appeared, dragging Bodhi and Cassian inside as quickly as possible. The door slid shut with a loud hiss.

“What in creators name are you doing out there?” the twi’lek exclaimed. “The entire town has been in lock down these past two days.”

“Two days,” Bodhi said in disbelief.

“You have the empire to thank for that,” he replied bitterly. “They ruined a lot around here when they arrived to mine our beautiful planet.”

Cassian got to his feet, pushing the loose strands of wet hair out of his eyes. “I need to see Dr. Gadreel.”

The twi’lek frowned. “Dr. Gadreel is here, yes, but it’s a bit odd you battled outside to get here.”

“Where is she?” Cassian persisted. “I need you to take me to her.”

“She is down in the lower level with the rest of the town,” he replied. “Wait here and I’ll go get her.”

“Can’t we go down as well?” Bodhi asked, looking up to see the window rattle above them.

“I don’t want your presence startling the children.”

“We’ll wait here,” Cassian said. “Please, hurry.”

Bodhi sat down on a wooden chair, emptying the water from his boots. “I can’t believe we survived that.”

Cassian took off his bag and let it hit the floor with a loud thud. “Don’t get too comfortable; we’ll be leaving as soon as possible.”

“My mother used to say that wet feet causes a head cold.”

Cassian frowned at Bodhi, not sure how to respond. The Ithorian remained with them, standing guard not far away, watching the two men silently. The ground level was a large open space with a stage at the end; a performance hall, Cassian assumed. The lower level was probably a storage basement being used as a temporary shelter.

The twi’lek returned several moments later with a young, fair-haired woman. Cassian walked over to her. “Dr. Gadreel?”


Cassian eyed the twi’lek and Ithorian. “I would prefer this conversation take place privately.”

Amara hesitated but nodded in compliance. “I’ll be okay, Kresh,” she said to the twi’lek. “I doubt they came all this way to cause trouble.”

Once left alone, Amara walked over and sat next to Bodhi. “You’re cheek has a cut on it.”
Bodhi fingered the gash. “It’s nothing. I’ve had worse.”

Amara tsked and reached into the satchel at her waist. “This is a locally grown plant that helps clean the wound.” She wiped Bodhi’s dirty cheek with her sleeve and smoothed the green paste along the thin cut.

“Th-thanks,” Bodhi muttered, eyeing Cassian with uncertainty.

Cassian cleared his throat. “Dr. Gadreel, I’m Major Andor of the alliance and this is Lieutenant Rook.”

Amara zipped up her satchel. “I assumed you were alliance.”

“We are here to bring you to Folor Base in the Commenor System,” Cassian continued.

Amara visibly tensed. “Commenor...”

“One of our friends has been infected with a disease made by a man called...” Bodhi began but Amara cut him off.

“Kavis.”

“Yes,” Cassian confirmed. “He infected her as leverage to get you to make a cure for him.”

Amara’s eyes watered. “Gods, what have I done?” she cried softly. “I should have left my research behind. This is all my fault.”

“Dr. Gadreel,” Cassian began, “we do not have time for this. I need to come with us back to Folor Base where Jyn is.”

Amara frowned. “Jyn? Is that her name?”

“Yes.”

“Is... is Kavis there too?”

“No,” Cassian replied. “Jyn shot him as she escaped his facility.”

Amara’s eyes widened as she placed her hand over her mouth. “He’s dead?”

“Yes. Resistant fighters went in to assess the area not long after Jyn was taken to Folor Base. Kavis is confirmed dead and many of his colleagues escaped.”

Amara choked on a laugh. “He’s dead.”

“Can you help our friend?” Bodhi asked hopefully. “Kavis kidnapped her and...”

“Yes,” Amara replied. “I still have my research. It’ll take months to make a proper cure.”

“Months,” Cassian exclaimed. “Does Jyn have months?”

Amara shook her head. “No.” A pregnant pause followed. “When was she infected?”

“Less than two days ago,” Cassian replied, “why?”

“I have a cure already made up but it’ll only work if the disease is in its infant stages,” Amara replied with a faint smile. “My work here can be... dull, so I experimented with my research and
came up with an early administration. It should work if administered within three days of
infection.”

Cassian couldn’t believe his luck. “You have that cure here?”

Amara fidgeted. “It’s in town, but back at my home.”

Cassian picked up his bag. “Where?”

Amara stood. “It’s too dangerous to go out there.”

Cassian sighed loudly. “I am aware of that! Tell me where the cure is and I’ll go get it!”

Amara bit her bottom lip. “I’ll have to come with you. You’ll need my access code to acquire it.
Let me go tell Kresh what is happening; I won’t be long.”

Folor Base – Twelve Hours Later

The disease was progressing at a faster rate than Dr. Venral had ever seen. No doubt it had been
made to act so quickly. Jyn’s heart rate had started to act erratically, entering into sinus arrhythmia.
The alveolar in her lungs had started to swell with fluid intake and were soon at risk of collapsing.
It had gotten to the point where they were seriously considering catheterisation of the right side of
the heart to better observe the pressure and blood flow between the heart and lungs. It was a risky
procedure given Jyn’s condition, but they were desperate.

“Take another arterial blood gas sampling for analysis,” Venral said to the droid. “It’s time we put
Erso into an induced coma and take control of her airway.”

Bodhi and Cassian later agreed they had never pushed a ships engine as hard as they pushed the U-
Wing on their journey to Folor Base. Dr. Gadreel had begun to refuse to come with them, handing
the cure over to Cassian willingly, but the major would not risk it. All he could say to convince her
to come along was that he would return her to the town as soon as Jyn was on the road to recovery.

Cassian, Bodhi and Dr. Gadreel ran through the hanger after they landed to the medical wing. A
woman emerged at their presence. “I’m Dr. Venral, overseeing Lieutenant Erso.” She glanced at
the other woman. “Please say you are Dr. Gadreel?”

“I am,” Amara replied politely. “How is Jyn?”

“Not good. Do you have the cure?”

“I have an early administration of the cure,” Amara replied. “It’s not perfect, but it’s a start. I have
the rest of my research with me to work on.”

“Come with me then,” Venral said, but stopped Bodhi and Cassian from following. “Sorry, but
authorised personnel only.” The door locked behind the woman as Cassian watched them walk
away from the window in the door.

Dr. Gadreel administered the medicine while watching Jyn sleep. “I hope this will work in time.
It’s progressing quicker than it originally did. No doubt Kavis perfected his prized bioweapon
while I was gone.”

Venral approached her. “How could you agree to create something like this?”
“I have no excuses,” Amara replied quietly. “I promise, however, to make this right.”

Venral shook her head. “Thousands, millions could have died from this.”

“You’re not telling me anything I haven’t told myself.” Amara checked Jyn’s vitals on the screen. “It may take a while to see any visible change. I’m attacking and killing the microorganisms to prevent further replication. The damage to her respiratory system will take some time to heal. I’ll need a lab to work.”

14 Hours Later

Cassian had jumped in and out of sleep while he sat in the U-Wing waiting for news. Bodhi had wandered off with a woman Cassian didn’t recognise and didn’t return until he had news that Venral had just allowed him to visit Jyn. Cassian took no notice of those around him as he was granted access into the medical wing. He vaguely remembered Dr. Venral informing him that it was no longer necessary to wear a mask. He first glimpsed Jyn at the doorway to her small room. She was sleeping with an oxygen mask on, looking peaceful.

“She will not be waking up anytime soon,” Venral said quietly. “You may stay for a little while.”

Cassian dragged the chair from the corner of the room over to Jyn’s bedside and sat down. He grabbed her limp hand noticing it was warmer than his cold one. Jyn remained still, breathing in and out slowly. From looking at her it was hard to imagine she was sick. It was all happening inside her, hiding away from the world. While waiting, Drs Vernal and Gadreel had informed him what the disease had been doing to Jyn and what their plans were now that her body showed signs of healing. Relieved was an understatement. Cassian felt he could cry with relief. He lifted her hand to his lips, holding it there as he closed his eyes.
Jyn dreamed vividly. There were people arguing in the white light; whenever she tried to talk to them, she ended up being pulled further and further away. The whiteness turned into her home on Coruscant where she was sitting with her papa showing him her drawing. She had been very proud of it and was surprised when her papa looked sad and hugged her. Her father released her from his embrace and Jyn found herself on Lah’mu the day Krennic arrived. In her dream, Jyn knew what was going to happen and tried to warn her parents but found her voice was gone. Her mother was dragging her away from the house and she tried to resist; going to the cave meant her mama was going to die.

Jyn!

Her mother shouted her name and when Jyn turned to look at her mother everything changed again and she was back on Yavin IV standing over Cassian as he lie unconscious in the medbay. She could still hear her name being called in the distance, but she stayed put. Cassian needed her right now. She went to grab his hand but all turned white and she was standing alone on Scarif in the sand. It was deathly quiet as if nobody was around except her; not even nature made a sound. She looked up and saw the Death Star looming in orbit, preparing to fire; the emerald green streak shooting across the sky into the ocean.

Jyn!

Someone grabbed her hand gently from behind and she twirled to see Cassian standing there, looking down with kind eyes. His hand was cold in her warm one as he tugged her closer. He placed his other hand on her cheek and Jyn closed her eyes, preparing for what was to come next. She was ready; she wanted this.

“Jyn,”

Jyn’s eyes fluttered open, sensitive to the light above her. She had a mask over her mouth, administering cool air. She blinked hard, confused as to where she was.

“Jyn,”

She turned to see Cassian sitting beside her with dark shadows under his eyes. She slightly frowned, confused as to what was going on. Where was she? Then it all hit her at once: Commenor, Kavis, bioweapon, Arhul Nemo, the dress and the facility. Her heart sped up remembering why she was on Folor Base; she was sick.

“Hey, it’s okay,” Cassian said gently. “You’re okay.”

Jyn opened her mouth to speak but her throat hurt and felt swollen. She wanted to remove the mask but knew better. A heavy feeling in her right hand made her realise Cassian was holding her hand. Jyn wanted to cry; why? She did not know precisely except she had the worst luck and when matters went bad, people left her. Yet here Cassian was, holding her hand by her side, looking as if he had stayed there constantly. She tightened her grip, offering a weak smile as she fought to stay awake.

“Bodhi and I found Dr. Gadreel on Lothal,” Cassian explained. “You’re on the way to recovery.”
Jyn hummed, knowing something good must have happened for her to feel somewhat better. Her chest didn’t feel as heavy.

“You’ve been asleep for two weeks,” Cassian said with a sigh. “By the time Bodhi and I got back, you were deteriorating quicker than Dr. Gadreel would have liked.” Cassian paused, watching Jyn as she struggled with her condition. They had said she wouldn’t be able to talk straight away; a side effect of the cure. “Try and get some sleep.” He let go of her hand and pulled something out of his front pocket. “You left your kyber necklace on Commenor with Arhul Nemo.” He placed it in her hand, covering it with his.

Jyn curled her fingers around Cassian’s and he smiled as the gesture. “I’m here for you, Jyn. Just get better.”

Two Months Later

Jyn moved her head side to side to crack it. She stretched her arms in front of her and twisted to crack her back. She had been bedridden for far too long. She was sick of the tiny, isolated room they had put her in, and she was tired to the medical outfit they still insisted she wear.

“Ready to get out of here?” Dr. Gadreel said cheerfully.

“You have no idea,” Jyn replied. “Do you know where my clothes are?”

“Sorry, but no. I can ask around for something for you to change into.”

Jyn sat straight on the edge of the bed as Dr. Gadreel listened to her heart and lungs. Her coughing had stopped completely only a week ago and her chest no long rattled.

“Your heart sounds fine but your lungs are still weak,” Dr. Gadreel said.

Jyn slumped her shoulders. “So I’m stuck here?”

Dr. Gadreel smiled. “I will speak to Dr. Venral, but you can leave Folor Base today. We won’t be permitting you to return to your full duties, maybe something light until you’re fully recovered.”

Better than nothing, Jyn thought grimly.

Bodhi came by a few hours later holding a black bag. “I heard you are being discharged today.”

“Yeah,” Jyn said with a smile. For the past two month, Bodhi had been working at Folor Base, honing his mechanical engineering skills. It had been good to have a constant presence after Cassian was called back to Delta Base under Draven’s orders.

Bodhi handed her the bag. “My friend, Sarli said you can have these.”

Jyn peeked into the bag to find simple, thick black leggings, a long grey shirt, underwear and a hair brush. Jyn looked back up at Bodhi.

“So who is this Sarli?”

“She’s a mechanic here; I met her on my first day,” Bodhi replied.

Jyn tilted her head slightly to assess Bodhi as he became flustered. “Do you work with her a lot?”
Bodhi nodded. “Yeah, she’s been great. She’s very nice and has a great sense of humour.”

Jyn smiled. “She sounds nice.”

“It’s been good making new friends here after they disbanded Rogue One.”

Cassian had told Jyn the news almost two months earlier when she was recovered enough to talk.

“I’m sure Rogue One will be put back together,” Jyn said assuring.

Bodhi shrugged lazily. “Maybe. I heard everyone has accepted additional training on Delta Base under the command of General Willard, but who knows how long that will take.”

“Did they offer you training?” Jyn asked.

“They want me to train here on Folor Base first,” he replied. “Can’t complain. I like it here.”

“Well don’t get too comfortable,” Jyn said standing up. “I’m gonna change.”

“Right, I’ll see you out in the hanger.”

Jyn walked into the hanger in her new outfit, glad to finally be out of white. Dr. Venral gave her a pair of alliance issued boots that had been sitting in requisition and a new thigh holster. All she needed now was a blaster and a dagger. Her fingers twitched as she remembered stabbing that man right before she escaped that facility. She could still remember the look on his face and how easy it was to drive the knife in. Jyn just hoped she never had to do that again.

Jyn’s orders were to board a U-Wing transport and return to Delta Base where she was to speak with Willard and Draven about the events that led to her infection. Everyone else had been interviewed except her and, to be honest, Jyn barely remembered much. Still, this was Draven she was dealing with, and if cooperating helped get Rogue One back together, then she would rake her brain for every last fragment of memory.

From the outside, there did not appear to be anyone in the U-Wing as she walked over. Bodhi was to the side speaking with a few engineers and her heart dropped knowing he would be staying behind. At least he finally looked happy for once. Jyn stepped up into the U-Wing and let her bag drop on the floor as she made to sit down. Movement at the comm station startled her and she nearly jumped.

“Cassian!”

The major had been standing out of view at the communication station and turned to accept her embrace. It was so good to see her up and about looking healthy. Her embrace was tight as she burrowed her head into his chest, warmth from her piercing their clothes and into him.

“Jyn,” he said happily. “I heard you were being discharged any day now, so I came myself to bring you back to Delta Base.”

Jyn loosened her grip to look up at him. “Where have you been?”

“Assignment for General Draven,” he replied. “Had to go alone.”

Jyn frowned at that. “What were you doing?”

Cassian hesitated. “It’s nothing.”
Jyn held her ground. “Cassian! Tell me. I thought you trusted me.”

“I do,” he replied earnestly. “I do, but... it was an assassination.”

Jyn opened her mouth but firmly closed it. The last assassination he had been on was to kill her father on Eadu. The atmosphere around them sparked at the memory of the argument they had after escaping Eadu. Jyn lowered her head, watching the space between their feet. “Who?”

“An imperial agent of Castell,” he replied. “He’s killed many rebel spies over the years and when Draven finally found him, we had to act.”

Jyn slowly nodded. “So he was an imperial spy?”

“Yes,” Cassian confirmed. “He had been working with Moff Ssaria on Castell.”

“And it took you weeks to kill him?” Jyn asked skeptically.

Cassian’s face dropped slightly under the scrutinizing gaze of Jyn Erso. “It wasn’t as simple as taking up position on a building and waiting. I had to go undercover to learn his movements. He was a very careful agent.”

Jyn rubbed her face as she smiled. “I don’t know why I’m acting like this.”

They both knew why she was acting like this. Cassian placed his hands on her shoulders. “Its okay, Jyn. We gotta go, though. General Draven is waiting.”

4ABY: Chandrila

“That was the worst night of my life,” Cassian murmured as he and Jyn lay side-by-side looking up at the ceiling.

“It wasn’t so bad,” Jyn replied.

“She cried all night.”

Jyn smirked. “She’s been worse.”

Cassian groaned, rolling onto his stomach. “How could she have been worse?”

Jyn sat up and hugged her knees. “We got... what? Three hours of sleep? While you were away I went several nights with less than that.”

At the end of their bed in her bassinet Kalei gurgling away happily. Jyn chuckled while Cassian groaned again.

“What time did Han get back?” Cassian asked.

“I think I heard him come in before dawn,” Jyn replied, getting up. “We may have to wake him in time for the wedding.”

“Can see why Leia didn’t want to come,” Cassian remarked wryly.

“The wedding is in five hours,” Jyn reminded her husband. “I’ll take Kalei outside so you can get a couple hours sleep, then we can swap.”
Jyn found Han asleep on the sofa with a pillow over his head. Jyn coughed back a laugh and quietly made her way over to the kitchen. She felt so happy having her husband back and being surrounded by their friends again. Kalei sucked her fingers while watching her mother pour a cup of herbal tea. How her baby daughter could stay awake with little sleep after being passed around all night, Jyn would never know. It had been exhausting just watching everyone and retelling anecdotes from their time on Rogue One.

Sipping her tea, Jyn remembered the last time they worked as a team on Rogue One. It had been months before the Battle of Endor and they all knew it was going to be their last mission together onboard the shuttle. Their stolen imperial shuttle had seen a lot over the years; Eadu, Scarif, Hoth, Coruscant and many other worlds. In the end, the team of Rogue One had stood together, drinking Corellian whisky while they watched Rogue One go up in flames. Later, Jyn was also sure that was the night she got pregnant.

Of course when Endor came it would have been a good idea to keep the shuttle rather than burn it, but no one could chastise them for it as setting Rogue One on fire had been part of the mission.

Four hours later, Jyn combed her fingers through her hair as she let it fall down past her shoulders. She had her new dress on and while she would never admit it, it felt damn comfy. Kalei had finally passed out on the bed and her parents were hoping she would sleep through the ceremony.

“Lovely dress,” Cassian said, taking her in. “Lovely surprise.”

Jyn stepped on her toes to kiss her husband. She had missed this; she had missed him. “This is Bodhi’s wedding so of course I’m going to make an effort.”

Cassian took in her dress again. “I am almost certain this dress is nicer than the one you wore on our wedding day.”

Jyn rolled her eyes. “My wedding dress was a gift from Leia, so if you insult the dress, you insult Leia.”

Cassian laughed. “You’re right, what was I thinking?”

They kissed again, allowing their hands to roam each other. “You did like it.”

Cassian smiled as he kissed her. “I preferred it on the floor.”

With one last kiss, Jyn pulled away. “We had better get a move on or we’ll be late.”

“Is Han ready?”

Jyn nodded. “He’s waiting outside.”

Cassian carefully picked Kalei up, resting her head on his shoulder. “You know,” he began softly; “it feels like we have two children at the moment.”

Jyn grinned. “Han is just hung over.”

“A hung over baby,” Cassian murmured. “I’ve seen him drunk many times over the years, but never that drunk or that hung over.”

Jyn was sure it may have something to do with Leia and how busy she had been, but Jyn refrained from saying anything. Leia had confided in her and she would not break it. “Ready?”
Cassian gently kissed Kalei. “Do you have her carrier?”

“It’s out the front with Han,” Jyn replied.

“Then let’s go see Bodhi get married.”

Chapter End Notes

Delay update due to the hardest exam of my degree happening in two days.
It was the evening of Bodhi and Sarli’s wedding. The ceremony had been short and sweet, and the reception that followed carried on well into the afternoon and late evening. The party was outside under the lantern lit trees while the waves from the ocean could be heard under the music. Jyn sat at one of the now empty tables with Kalei, who was mesmerised by the small lanterns weaving through the trees. Cassian was standing with Han, both drinking socially while they watched Tonc, Rostok and Basteren dance drunkenly in front of the musicians. Jyn chuckled to herself as she stood and made her way over to her husband.

“Ah, the original bride,” Han slurred. He slapped Cassian on the back. “I liked your wedding; very... to the point and none of this...” He waved his arms, “this pointless stuff.”

Cassian smiled warmly at Jyn who struggled not to laugh. He snaked his arm around Jyn’s waist and kissed her behind the ear. Kalei was still observing the lights around them when her father ran a finger down her cheek. She blinked, faced her father and smiled for the first time. She gurgled happily as her parents beamed down at her before turning back to the lights.

“She smiled!” Jyn exclaimed.

Cassian grinned. “She’s growing up so fast.”

Kalei kicked her legs as she was handed over to her father who tickled her stomach to make her smile again. Han peered over Cassian’s shoulder. “Poor kid looks like you when she smiles.”

Jyn hid a grin as Cassian threw shade in Han’s direction.

“Jyn!” Tonc stumbled over to them, drunkenly smiling. “Come dance!”

“Oh,” Jyn laughed lightly, “I’m not sure; you’ll have to ask Cassian for permission.”

It was a joke and Cassian rolled his eyes. “Tone, good luck trying to get her to dance; she hates it.”

It was partially true, but mostly due to the fact she never had much practice growing up.

“Oh, come on,” Tonc pleaded, “I’ll teach you.”

Jyn glared at Cassian as she was dragged over to where the other’s danced. Kalei continued to kick her legs as Cassian cradled her.

“Active little thing isn’t she,” Han remarked, taking a swig of whisky.

Cassian tightened his grip on his daughter and shrugged. “She slept most of the afternoon, so I doubt we’ll get much sleep again tonight.”

Han chuckled. “I heard her last night when I got in. Kid’s got a strong voice.”

Cassian hummed with agreement.

Kalei fell asleep just as her parents left the party. Jyn believed the excitement and noise must have worn her out; neither parent complained. Cassian placed his daughter gently in her bassinet and then tenderly pushed Jyn down onto the bed. He let his hand roam down her side while he kissed
more intensely than he initially planned. He sat up on his knees to remove Jyn’s shoes and to admire her. At first, Jyn readily accepted him, going as far as removing his clothes except his briefs. Suddenly, she paused, gently pushing against Cassian’s chest.

“We shouldn’t,” she murmured.

Still hazy from the alcohol, Cassian frowned to focus. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m not... comfortable,” she replied. “I don’t feel ready yet.”

Cassian sighed, resting his forehead against hers. “I understand.”

Jyn wrapped her arms tightly around his shoulders and leant up to kiss her husband. “I want to, but... can we wait until we get home?” They were to return home in two days.

Cassian smiled softly at Jyn’s pleading eyes. He could never refuse her anything. “Of course. Probably a good idea anyway.” He rolled off her and stretched.

Jyn rolled into his side, resting her head on his shoulder. “Why?”

“I drank too much,” he murmured as his eyes drooped. “You would have been disappointed... like the last time I came to you drunk.”

Jyn giggled at the memory. “I wasn’t disappointed. Just... taken by surprise.”

“I don’t want to think about it.”

Jyn sighed happily, running her fingers across his chest. “Sleep.”

0ABY: Delta Base

Jyn was sharing quarters with three other rebel females in a narrow room crammed with two sets of bunks. She had arrived at Delta Base with Cassian three weeks ago and had been grounded while Cassian was sent out to Coruscant for a recon intel assignment. She had finally learned the extent of her actions back on Commenor: the death of Kavis and an imperial spy. Their deaths had resulted in the empire shutting down all their research on Commenor. Arhul Nemo had sent a message for Jyn, apologising for what had happened and hoped to see her again one day. Out of all that, the most important news Jyn heard was that she did not contaminate anyone in the city while she made her way back to Arhul Nemo. It was something that had been playing on her mind while she remained bedridden on Folor Base.

Sefla, Tonc, Rostok and Basteren were also on Delta Base, but Jyn had only seen them briefly after she first arrived. They had all embraced her, glad to see she was back on her feet. General Willard soon arrived and told Jyn that the men were currently undergoing intelligence training on the other side of the base. Tone had quietly remarked to her that it was mostly boring classroom work with the occasional field trip out in the bushland.

“Rogue One will be commissioned once more after I am satisfied the events of Commenor will not happen again,” Draven said to Jyn. “Major Andor has expressed his keenness to keep you all together, but has agreed that such training is necessary.”

“And me?” Jyn asked.
“Major Andor will mentor you out in the field.”

“When will that actually happen?”

Draven gestured for her to follow him into the small command centre. “Ever since the Battle of Yavin, the alliance has embarked on a rather ambitious offensive since our formation. Hundreds, if not thousands of our ships have slowly pushed their way into the midrim gaining a substantial amount of ground.”

They arrived at command and Draven handed her a datapad that highlighted the areas of the midrim currently under alliance control.

“Unfortunately our gamble has only worked to a certain point,” Draven continued. “Our navy has become overextended and Alliance High Command has ordered a halt to our advances in the midrim. We are now to retreat back into the outer rim.”

Jyn looked up from the datapad. “So we’ve lost?”

“We’re retreating before we do lose,” Draven replied assertively. “When Major Andor returns you will accompany him to Bamayar to assist with the evacuation of rebel forces.”

Jyn raised a brow. “You’re sending an intelligence agent to help with evacuation?”

Draven smirked. “You’re learning. No, Major Andor has a side mission that requires him to ensure sensitive information concerning alliance intelligence does not fall into enemy hands. I trust only him to accomplish this task.”

“What sensitive information?” Jyn asked.

“The rebel base on Bamayar is in Ducal Palace where for a number of months have acted as a temporary intelligence command set up in the midrim to assist with the invasion. If the empire gets hold of that information they’ll gain access to all the profiles of rebel spies, including yours.”

Jyn stared back at the map of the midrim. “When is Cass... Major Andor to return?”

“In the next few days.”

Those few days turned into five days before Cassian returned, already speaking with Draven, as they walked through the hanger, on his next assignment with Jyn.

Jyn was sitting down in the holding cells where Shaden was still being kept. She had a tray of food that was her lunch with additional extras for Shaden to eat. It had become routine for Jyn to come down and eat with Shaden during lunch when she had no one else to talk to. It wasn’t easy sharing food with Shaden; she sat on the cold floor on the outside of the cell while Shaden sat on the floor across from her in his cell. They talked of small matters at first; Jyn eventually opened up on the events of Commenor, and the questions Willard and Draven hounded Shaden with.

“You are to be released,” Jyn said casually.


Jyn nodded. “General Willard does not believe you are of any further help to the rebellion and is convinced you are no longer a threat.”

Shaden’s mouth remained ajar. “When am I to be released?”
“They are planning on sending several transport ships to help with the midrim retreat. You will be put on one of those transports and left at the nearest spaceport with substantial funds for a single flight to wherever you want to go.”

“I have you to thank for this, don’t I?”

Jyn half shrugged. “I didn’t convince General Willard, only pushed the topic.”

“Thank you, Jyn.”

“So where will you go?” Jyn asked, taking a bite of her lunch.

“Home,” Shaden said straightaway. “I’m going home.”

“Which is?”

“Aria Prime,” Shaden replied. “I’ll go stay with my sister until I find work.”

“Honest work, I hope.”

Shaden laughed lightly. “It would be a first for me, but yes.”

“I wish you luck.”

9BBY

When Jyn got her period for the first time she thought something terrible was wrong. Her life with Saw had been fast paced with little education in the short moments they were offered respite. But none of the education Saw had taught her concerned womanly functions. The previous day, Jyn had been victim to sharp pains in her stomach that she passed off from the food she had eaten for breakfast. Then the nausea from the pain came and was followed by vomiting. Saw had taken her off that afternoon’s training and insisted she lay down and rest.

Waking up the next morning to blood between her legs caused Jyn to gasp and use the sheet to wipe it away. Jyn glared over to where Kenna was still sleeping and immediately assumed her friend had played a prank on her. But the blood kept coming and the cramps started up again. Jyn cried into her pillow and she hugged her knees, unsure what to do. How could she tell Saw she was bleeding from between her legs? It was all... well... embarrassing for her.

From the other side of the room, Jyn heard Kenna sigh dramatically. “Why are you crying?”

Jyn hugged her knees tighter. “I’m bleeding.”

Kenna moved from her bed to Jyn’s, forcing her to roll over. “Show me.”

Jyn sat up and pushed the sheet and blankets down to the foot of the bed. “I don’t know how it happened.”

Kenna sat up on her knees, arms folded with a frown etching between her brows. “That’s a lot of blood.”

“It’s coming from...” Jyn pointed with her finger and Kenna pulled the blood soaked sheet up to cover Jyn.
“Wait here.”

What felt like an eternity was only ten short minutes that had Kenna returning with one of Saw’s female insurgents. Her name was Bab and she had been kind and instructive to Kenna and Jyn in the past.

“Kenna said you are bleeding,” Bab said as gently as she could. “From what she described, it sounds like you started your period.”

“What?” Jyn muttered as she hugged her lower abdomen.

Bab stared at both girls. “Has anyone told you about periods?”

Kenna and Jyn frowned when they looked at each other and both shook their heads. Bab sighed, realising the extent of the situation.

“What you are going through is very normal,” Bab began.

“How is this normal?” Jyn asked, glaring.

“All women get periods; once they start you will keep getting them every month.”

“Every month?” Kenna exclaimed. “Why?”

“It has to do with... the parts of the woman’s body that makes a baby – ah... the womb. If you don’t get pregnant then you bleed every month.”

“So Jyn has to get pregnant to stop bleeding?” Kenna asked, brow raised.

“Oh, no!” Bab replied quickly. “Jyn is far too young to have a baby, but you are at the right age to start bleeding.”

“I don’t want to bleed! It hurts!” Jyn groaned.

“I’m afraid it’s a nuisance all women must endure,” Bab said sadly.

“So... when will I start bleeding?” Kenna asked apprehensively.

“Soon, no doubt,” Bab answered. “Jyn, the pain will subside as will the bleeding. It lasts no more than a week and everything will be back to normal.”

“Until it happens again,” Jyn murmured to herself.

“I have some supplies to help with the bleeding; I’ll go get them.” Bab made for the door. “Kenna, go fetch a bucket of hot water so we can clean up Jyn, and make sure to find a rag we can soak in the hot water.”

“What for?” Kenna asked, following.

“Heat helps soothe the cramps Jyn is feeling. Until we get more supplies, we’ll have to make do.”

It was the day Jyn had felt most humiliated as Bab and Kenna helped wash away the blood and dispose to the blood-soaked sheet and clothes. Bab had to help her insert the soft padding that would soak up the rest of the blood yet to come; Jyn had hated every second of it and couldn’t believe the news when Bab said it would have to be changed before she went to bed that night. Supplies were short during their temporary stay on the planet and Bab stated she would take both
girls out into the next city they arrived at so they knew where to buy such products.

Jyn was sitting on the window ledge, her legs swinging as she surveyed the barren land surrounding the small town they had taken refuge in. Bab had found a thick, woollen scarf she heated up and wrapped around Jyn’s hips. The heat had helped and soon Jyn forgot all about the pain she had suffered that day. She heard someone enter the room and turned to see Saw approaching her. Bab had said she would mention Jyn’s condition to Saw after Jyn blatantly expressed her horror of doing so herself.

“I hear today is a special day,” Saw said, standing by Jyn, watching the horizon as the sun prepared to set.

“It doesn’t feel special,” Jyn murmured. She felt Saw gently place his large hand on her small shoulder.

“Today marks your transition into womanhood,” Saw continued.

Jyn looked at him sceptically. “I can drink alcohol now?”

Saw chuckled. “Alas, no. You are still too young for that.”

“Bab said it means I can have a baby now, but that I am still too young for that, which doesn’t make sense.”

“Today marks the beginning of what is to come. One day you may find yourself blessed with a child of your own. Today’s events do not mark you for life; you do not have to procreate if you do not want to. Your life is your own, Jyn.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

Saw sighed. “This is a topic usually discussed between mother and daughter; I never thought to inform you myself. I have instructed Bab to educate you and Kenna on womanly matters, so if you have any questions, you must ask her.”

Jyn picked at the woollen scarf. “I don’t want to have a baby.”

Saw smiled sadly. “That is your decision to make.”

0ABY: Bamayar, Midrim Retreat

The rebel outpost on Bamayar was in Ducal Palace. Jyn’s main task was to ensure all personnel had been evacuated while Cassian worked with seizing any intel that could harm rebel intelligence. The journey from Delta Base had been quiet between the two of them. The sole exception was Cassian’s teachings. He had said that if they were to be working together – just the two of them – then Jyn needed to learn how to co-pilot. It had been simple enough, however Cassian had not been confident in her skills to take full control of the U-Wing.

Jyn hummed as she read the list of names belonging to rebel personnel that needed to be evacuated. It was a grand total of three hundred and twenty four. They had brought in larger shuttles for the extraction and the entire palace was in a frenzy as rebels ran back and forth, loading equipment, gear and weapons. Cassian was somewhere inside and Jyn struggled at first to assign everyone a spot in the evacuation.
There was a loud boom overhead that sounded the entry of TIE fighters into the atmosphere. They were heading for the city which was still a decent way out from the palace. They had time. Jyn worked with several other officers to check off everyone on the list. The smaller shuttles were the first to leave, full of rebels and gear.

“Excuse me!”

Jyn swivelled at the sound of a middle-aged man running over to her, clutching his two young daughters.

Jyn managed a smile for the children. “Can I help you?”

“We need to leave,” he said.

Jyn raised her hand. “What’s your name?”

“Marcus,” he replied, taking a steady breath. “Sorry. My name is Marcus and I was promised a spot for myself and my two girls on the evacuation.”

Jyn brought up her list. “I don’t see your name.”

“I’m not alliance,” Marcus stated. “I am a civilian, a native to Bamayar.”

Jyn lowered her datapad. “Then why would you be promised a spot on a rebel evacuation shuttle.”

“I helped the rebels when they first arrived,” Marcus began. “There was an imperial occupation and I offered the rebels information on their movements so they could take the city. Please, the empire has returned and if they discover I aided the rebellion... please, my daughters. They will be killed!”

Jyn stared at the girls who cowered at their fathers words. They were young; no more than three and six.

“Wait here and I’ll go speak with one of the pilots. I’m sure we can fit you in somewhere.”

“Thank you,” Marcus replied earnestly.

As Jyn walked over to the nearest shuttle, Cassian appeared, walking quickly down the steps of the palace towards the U-Wing they arrived on.

“Time to go,” he said briskly.

“Not yet,” Jyn replied. “I just need to do something. I’ll meet you on board.”

“Don’t take too long,” Cassian called. “Those TIE fighters will be heading this way shortly.”

The last remaining shuttles were full to capacity and Jyn mentally cursed at the idea of bringing such news to a desperate man and father. She glanced over at the U-Wing and noticed only four rebels waiting for departure. She hurried over to find Cassian preparing the pre-flight check.

“Cassian,” she said, hovering outside, “do we have space for three more?”

Cassian briefly glanced in her direction. “Yeah, why?”

“Three civilians were promised to be evacuated after helping the rebels,” Jyn replied. “I’ll go get them.”
“Wait,” Cassian said quickly. “Where are they? We don’t have much time.”

“There are literally right there,” Jyn pointed to the three figures a hundred metres away.

“Okay, fine,” he replied. “Hurry.”

Naturally, everything went sideways. Two of the three remaining shuttles took off while the third was blasted by a TIE fighter as the squadron tore through the sky targeting the palace. The impact of the explosion threw Jyn off her feet and shook the U-Wing. Jyn groaned, clutching her chest as she struggled to breathe.

“Jyn!”

She could hear Cassian shouting her name as she got up and raced towards the family.

“Jyn! Get back here!”

She couldn’t see far through the smoke and flames of the shuttle but she eventually caught sight of the two girls kneeling over their father.

“Hey!” Jyn shouted, racing over to them. Marcus was lying on his back, blinking rapidly as he breathed hard.

“He’s hurt,” the eldest girl said while the younger one cried.

The TIE fighters came round for another attack and Jyn heard the U-Wing taking flight. Another set of explosions targeting the palace caused fragments to tumble down around them. The girls screamed.

“It’s okay,” Jyn tried to assure them. “We gotta move your father, can you help me?”

The three of them dragged Marcus into a more open view away from the smoke where Jyn caught glimpse of the U-Wing making a turn around the palace, taking out a TIE fighter. Her plan worked and Cassian saw them. He landed; the rebels in the back jumping out to help retrieve Marcus. Jyn grabbed the girls by their hands and ran towards the U-Wing.

“Wait!” the eldest girl yelled. “Papa dropped his bag!” She let go of Jyn’s hand and ran back.

“Take her!” Jyn shouted at one of the rebels to take the youngest and darted for the eldest. She could hear the approach of another TIE wave and knew the U-Wing wouldn’t stand a chance. Their luck had run out.

“Come on,” Jyn shouted at the girl as she picked up her father’s bag. “Move, move!”

They made it on board in time for their rather close escape from death. Jyn leaned against the door, catching her breath. Cassian was stone quiet in the pilot’s seat while a rebel provided medical aide to Marcus. The girls sat nearby, holding hands. Jyn took her place in the co-pilot’s seat, waiting for either instruction or the start of a shouting match. Cassian refused to look at her, keeping his expression masked as if he were in the midst of an interrogation. Occasionally, he would ask her to flip a switch or check their status, but it was brief and his tone neutral. He still refused to look at her. Jyn found this was the worst sort of punishment, or maybe he was refraining from creating a scene in front of those huddled in the back. Only time would tell.

Time did tell. Arriving back on Delta Base, Jyn assisted with those they evacuated and made sure they were settled in the medbay while Cassian spoke with Draven and Willard. Jyn returned to the
U-Wing several hours later as the sun was starting to set. She was sitting in the co-pilots seat trying to memorise key features so she could, or rather hoped to impress Cassian they next time they took flight.

Cassian entered the U-Wing and stood back from Jyn near the comm station. Jyn sighed, knowing they could no longer hold off this conversation. She stood up and stepped down from the cockpit.

“Let’s just get this over with, shall we?” Jyn said with her hands clasped in front of her.

Cassian stared at her steadily. “I could ask why, but I know the answer.”

“I can’t follow orders,” Jyn replied sarcastically. “I can, actually. They were children, Cassian!”

Cassian stepped forward. “That’s not the point!”

Jyn stepped forward. “What do you want me to say? That I’m sorry? That I won’t do it again?”

“Of course you’ll do it again,” Cassian said, almost laughing. “You act on impulse.”

“Which is something you clearly can’t do,” Jyn shot back immediately.

Cassian filled the gap between them; frustration in his eyes as he cupped her face with his hands and kissed her. Jyn whimpered from being startled as Cassian held their kiss that was full of longing and frustration. She didn’t know what to do with her hands, so she placed them on his chest and pushed him back. Cassian stepped back, breathing heavily from what he had done. Jyn blinked, unsure why she had pushed him away. No doubt a reflex from all the times men had tried to kiss her. Her lips felt full and she raised her fingers to touch her lower lip. Cassian lowered his gaze to the floor, shaking his head slowly.

“I shouldn’t have done that,” he murmured. “Forgive me.”

Jyn lowered her fingers. “Cassian...”

“General Draven wants you to debrief him; he’s waiting in the command room.”

“Cassian,” Jyn said again, but he had already hopped out of the U-Wing walking away hastily.

Jyn lifted her fingers to brush her lips again, as if trying to feel his lips. It was their first kiss, and the first kiss in a long time Jyn actually wanted to repeat.
Jyn lay in her bunk listening to the steady breathing of the woman sleeping above her on the top bunk. After her debriefing with Draven, Jyn had gone searching for Cassian, but had come up empty. Wherever he had gone off to, he had been damn sure to stay clear of her. Jyn sighed, rolling onto her side as she replayed the kiss over and over. She kept tracing her bottom lip with her finger, trying to remember how his lips felt. Had Cassian wanted to kiss her for a while now or was it simply a heat of the moment exchange? It was her fault he was avoiding her. Jyn was sure of it. She hadn’t meant to push him away. It just sort of happened. She was so used to people leaving her that, after Kenna, Jyn had vowed never to get close to anyone again. Yet, Cassian was different. He kept coming back to her time and time again. Most of those situations Cassian could easily have left her behind and carried on with the mission, so perhaps she shouldn’t have felt so surprised he had kissed her. It clearly had nothing to do with the rebellion.

Jyn must have fallen asleep at some point, for she was awoken by heavy knocking on the door. The young woman above her groaned, cursing in her sleep as Jyn got up and opened the door. Her heart fell when she saw it was not Cassian but Tonc.

“Tonc? Hey,” she said, still groggy from her sleep.

“Hey, Jyn,” Tonc replied. “Sorry to wake you, but Major Andor sent me to tell you we are to leave for a mission ASAP.”

Jyn rubbed her eye, blinking. “What?”

“There’s been some sort of development and General Draven has ordered Major Andor to take you and me to go free a captured rebel agent.”

“I-I don’t understand,” Jyn began. “You’re coming with us?”

Tonc smiled. “Yeah, General Draven is pleased with my training so far and wants to test my ‘new found knowledge’.”

“That’s great. Let me just grab my things,” Jyn said, “and change.”

“I’ll meet you out in the hanger with Major Andor.”

As Tonc headed away, Jyn stepped over the threshold. “Tonc, is this agent in an imperial prison or...”

“Oh, no,” Tonc replied. “He was taken prisoner by the Black Suns.”

Jyn felt her blood drain. No, not them, she thought. It had been a long time since she had dealings with the Black Suns. They were a gang of criminals who ran a sophisticated crime syndicate that also dealt in slave trafficking. Kenna had ties with them that she eventually severed rather violently not long before she left Jyn behind on Corellia. She wanted to groan at Kenna’s past actions and knew her former friend would not apologise even if she was with Jyn on Delta Base right at that moment.
Jyn changed – as quietly as possible – and packed her duffle bag. She proceeded down the corridor which was ghostly quiet and calm during this time of night and was halted by a tired looking Draven just outside the hanger doors.

“Erso,” he greeted curtly. “Major Andor will debrief you on the way to Thila Base.” Jyn opened her mouth, but Draven raised a hand to silence her. “You will be taking the imperial cargo shuttle under the disguise of imperials to retrieve the agent.”

“I thought you gave your agents suicide pills for these situations,” Jyn said quickly.

Draven stared at her steadily. “A necessary precaution, but this agent has vital information that requires an extraction, not a suicide pill.”

“Very well,” Jyn said. “I won’t delay any further.”

“Before you go,” Draven began, “I must know. Major Andor stated it might be best for you to sit this one out.”

“Sit this one out?” Jyn echoed, feeling her temper rise.

“Given how ill you’ve recently been,” Draven continued. “He cannot have anyone jeopardize a mission again.”

“I’m fine,” Jyn stated. “I’m fine.”

Draven slowly nodded. “I agree, which is why I overruled the major. You know your limits and your stamina is far greater than most of my agents.”

Jyn smirked. “Bet you never thought you’d say that.”

“You still make me hesitant,” Draven warned. “Major Andor trusts you and he is my best agent. His faith makes me trust you. Don’t make me regret this.”

Jyn gave a curt nod before heading through the doors into the hanger. It was dark and the lights of the base were dimly lit making the U-Wing’s bright interior a shining beacon. In the distance, Jyn could hear the singing of insects from within the bushland and the trees rustling from the movement of nocturnal animals. Tonc was sitting at the U-Wing’s entrance going over their supplies as Jyn stepped into the U-Wing. Her stomach flipped at the sight of Cassian. He had his pilot’s vest on and was working intently at the comm station. He looked over to Jyn but quickly averted his eyes back to the screen.

“I’ll understand if you don’t feel well enough to come with us,” Cassian said simply.

Jyn dropped her duffle bag and rolled her eyes. She walked over to him and kept her voice low so Tonc wouldn’t hear. “Is that the real reason?” Jyn stepped closer. “Cassian, you’ve been...”

“This is neither the time nor place to have this discussion,” Cassian interjected assertively. He briefly looked over at Tonc who was oblivious to their conversation. “This mission is urgent. We have to leave right now before our agent is handed over to the imperials.”

Many retorts came to Jyn’s mind, but she knew the mood Cassian was currently in. It reminded her of his mood back on Eadu right before he and Bodhi left to ‘look around’.

“So long as we do talk,” Jyn said. “You can’t just...” She glanced at Tonc. “You can’t just... kiss me and then disappear for hours.”
Cassian turned to face her. “I’m not pretending. It’s all I’ve been thinking about these past hours, but we have a mission, Jyn.”

“Er, guys?” Tonc was standing up now, watching the two of them with a curious gaze.

Cassian stepped away and over to Tonc. “I’m teaching Jyn to co-pilot so just stay back here and monitor the comms for me.”

Jyn took her place seated in the cockpit and placed the headphones on while Cassian did the same.

“Remember how to do pre-flight check?”

Jyn set the appropriate switches and buttons and spoke on the radio to confirm departure. She looked at Cassian, smiling at her achievement.

Cassian returned the smile faintly. “You’re a fast learner.”

“You can thank Saw Gerrera for that.”

“Let’s get going.”

2BBY: Kessel

“Kenna, is this really necessary?” Jyn stood, arms folded in her sandy-coloured outfit as the desert wind blew hot air over her. They were on the outskirts of the city in a high cliff that required a good hour to walk up the windy track that was far from safe.

Kenna stood back to inspect her work. “I need to send a message to those kriffin nerf herding morons.”

“Yeah, but... really? This?”

Kenna’s gang was scheduled to meet with the Black Suns at their current location. When the envoy arrived, Kenna had them ambushed. After stripping them of any useful gear and credits, Kenna ordered the envoy to be strung up with the goods Kenna had promised them smashed to pieces at their feet.

“I will not deal with thugs who side with the empire,” Kenna declared. She turned to Jyn. “What if they found out who you really are?”

Jyn frowned. “What aren’t you telling me?”

Kenna picked up her rifle and slung it over her shoulder. “One of the envoys’s recognised you.”

“As one of Saw’s partisans?” Jyn asked.

“No,” Kenna said impatiently. “Apparently within the empire there is an image of you from when you were a child listed under ‘wanted’. As it turns out, the Black Suns receive plenty of contracts from the empire, and yours is outstanding. Didn’t Saw mention once that your father is the reason they want you?”

Jyn shook her head, processing this new information that Kenna should have told her from the start. “How could they have recognised me from a picture taken from when I was a child?”
“Well you are the same person,” Kenna said sarcastically. “Anyway, they started asking questions about you, which led me to discover they were in league with the empire. Sneaky bastards, lying to me. I mean, seriously? I’m not some sweet, young girl who’s playing follow the leader by sleeping with all my men so they’ll do what I say! So this...” Kenna gestured towards the dead envoys, “… will show them how wrong they were about me.”

Jyn had stopped listening. So many thoughts ran through her mind. The memory of her last day on Lah’mu sprung up with the lifeless body of her mother lying at the feet of troopers dressed in black. Anger flared within Jyn as she wondered how her life would’ve been if her mother had chosen her rather than run to her death.

“Hey!” Kenna shouted. “Whatever you’re thinking, stop it!”

“Kenna, you just declared war on the Black Suns!” Jyn shouted back. “This isn’t another measly gang!”

“Oh, really?” Kenna replied sardonically. “You think I don’t know that? I do! And I don’t care! They don’t scare me, and you should be thanking me rather than yelling at me!”

Jyn groaned out loud. “Fine! Thank you, Kenna.”

“You’re welcome,” Kenna bit back. “Speaking of waging war, if we are to do this then it will probably be best to leave Kessel indefinitely.”

Jyn was amazed that common sense still remained somewhere in Kenna’s mind. “Where will we go?”

Kenna hummed as she surveyed the landscape. “I have a former... friend who’s joined the Corellia resistance fighters. We could join with them for a while.”

“What friend?” Jyn asked sceptically.

Kenna smirked. “His name is Tomax and we used to be involved.”

“Why did you keep this from me?” Jyn asked.

“You tried to keep your involvement with Rolim quiet,” Kenna shot back, smiling. “Speaking of which, what is going on there?”

“Nothing anymore,” Jyn replied quickly. “It just... ended.”

Kenna raised a brow. “He’s one of my men, so I could ask if he’s been... bothering you. But I know you can handle yourself.”

“I can and he hasn’t been bothering me,” Jyn snapped. “I just got tired of him.”

“Mmm, yeah,” Kenna said, reflecting on her own relationships. “They are only good for one thing.”

“Anyway,” “Jyn said to change the subject. “I assume we have to evacuate within the next couple of days.”

“Yeah, about that,” Kenna grinned. “Before we leave, I want to leave one last present for the Black Suns who will come looking for us at our soon to be old base of operations.”

“What?” Jyn frowned; visibly not keen on what Kenna had in mind.
“How many have I strung up?” Kenna asked, pleased where this was going.

Jyn sighed and counted. “Four.”

“And how many were there?”

“F-Five.” Jyn looked around. “Where’s the fifth?”

Kenna clapped her hands and bounced on the balls of her feet. “Back at the base. He is the one who recognised you and started asking questions.”

“He’s still alive?” Jyn felt hope at the prospect of questioning him in order to discover more of what really happened back on that fateful day on Lah’mu. Granted, he may not know enough, but he could point her in the right direction.

“Of course not,” Kenna replied, waving her hand dismissively. “I killed him first. No, he is going to stay at the base as a lure for whoever the Black Suns send after us.”

“I don’t understand, Kenna. What are you planning?”

“Well,” Kenna clapped her hands again. “They are going to know one of their men is missing when they see my lovely display, so they will assume he is back with us. Maybe being held for ransom. If not, well, they are going to come to the base anyway.”

“I told you not to set up our first meeting at the base,” Jyn accused.

“And I told you to shut up!” Kenna sighed, impatient. “Listen to my plan, would you? Okay, so have you ever heard of a body bomb?”

Jyn let her mouth fall open. “Are you insane? No, Kenna. Absolutely not!”

“Oh, stop acting so self-righteous! He’s gonna be obliterated in the explosion anyway, so why not inside of him?”

“Because it’s... it’s awful and inhumane! And we’re better than that.”

“He’s not even human,” Kenna shot back. “The explosion will destroy his body and the bodies of whomever the Black Suns send as well as the entire base. Everything will be destroyed. All evidence wiped clean in a raging, burning and cleansing fire.”

Jyn merely blinked, speechless. “Kenna...”

Kenna huffed and made for the trail leading back to the city. “You are not going to change my mind. So you can either thank me for saving your skin or you can stay here and probably end up being captured by the Black Suns.” Kenna stopped walking and twirled around as she pointed her finger at Jyn. “Everything I just did has been to protect you! Does that not speak more than words?”

0ABY: Thila Base

Jyn stood with Tonc in the lower deck of Rogue One. It felt good to be back on board; an almost comforting feeling. Cassian was talking with four intelligence agents just outside after barely speaking a word to her the entire trip. It was almost torture for Jyn. She had never been the kind of woman to wait; everything had to be done immediately and fast. That was how Saw Gerrera had raised her. Cassian was patient and calm, and while he did have a calming effect on her, it wasn’t
nearly calming enough for this situation. What drove her crazier was his ability to act like nothing had happened. His years as a spy were paying off right at this moment.

Cassian walked up the ramp soon after being handed a dress-suit bag.

“What’s that?” Jyn asked, her eyes flickering all over his face attempting to catch a glimpse of something more.

“Imperial officer’s uniform,” Cassian replied, his face set so neutral Jyn wasn’t sure if she wanted to laugh or punch him. “I have an alias on Ord Mantell, which is where our agent is being held.”

“Who is this agent?” Jyn asked.

“His name is Aaryn Dewan,” Cassian replied. “He is a good man, a good agent.”

“How’d he get captured?” Tonc asked.

“Not entirely sure,” Cassian answered. “The mission should be simple enough. My alias on Ord Mantell is Willix, who is a government agent. We have faked imperial custody docs that I am to hand over to the Black Suns who will release Aaryn over to us on behalf of imperial officials.”

“What are we supposed to do?” Jyn asked.

“Remember those trooper uniforms we took from Delta Base? You and Tonc are going to change into them and act as my security.”

“This sounds too easy,” Jyn stated. Tonc nodded.

“Hopefully it will be easy,” Cassian replied, “but if things go to hell, we may end up in strife. Trust me when I say you do not want to be on the wrong side of the Black Suns.”

Jyn smirked at that, shaking her head at the thought of Kenna. She looked up to see Cassian watching her. There was a question in his eyes but he refrained from asking.

“Tonc, the uniforms are in the cargo hold, make sure we have everything before we leave.”

With Tonc gone, Cassian turned to Jyn with his steady expression used for questioning. “You’ve had dealings with the Black Suns before, haven’t you?”

Jyn stepped back, feeling his accusation flowing over her. “It was around two years ago.”

“Why didn’t you tell me straight away?” Cassian growled deeply. “Is there anyone in this galaxy you haven’t had dealings with?”

Jyn opened and closed her mouth. “It wasn’t me directly! It was Kenna who... well...”

“If they saw you would they recognise you?” After stepping closer, his steady features faded into a mask of concern.

Jyn shook her head. “The ones who saw me are long dead.”

“Good.”

Cassian went to walk past her, but Jyn grabbed hold of hand to stop him. He paused, looking down at their hands clasped as if it were the first time it was happening.
“Cassian,” she said quietly. “We need to talk. We have time now.”

He looked about as if searching for an escape route before sighing. “I’m sorry I kissed you. I was frustrated and worried. It feels like every time we go out in the field something happens to you.”

“I know the risks,” Jyn stated genuinely. “I’m not afraid.”

“I am,” Cassian replied softly. “The thought of losing you... seeing you on Folor Base so close to death had me terrified.”

Jyn smiled sadly up at him. She stepped close and wrapped her arms around his neck to embrace him. She had never felt Cassian so tense before, but he caved, snaking his arms around her waist with his head resting in the curve of her neck.

“Please don’t disappear,” she whispered, thinking of all the people who had left her over the years. On the outside, Jyn Erso appeared strong, but deep down it wasn’t who she was. Not really. Her strong persona was something created by Saw and Kenna over the years to keep her safe and hidden. It was who she was expected to be.

They parted to face each other. “I’m not going anywhere,” Cassian replied gently, but firmly.

“You ran away on Delta Base,” Jyn replied. She stepped out of the embrace completely. “I searched for you, but you just left me!”

“Jyn,” Cassian began, rubbing his face. “I didn’t mean to do that – any of it!”

“You regret it?”

“No,” he said quickly. “I do regret the way it happened. It’s not how I imagined the first time we...”

“Gear is all here,” Tonc said, walking through the cargo door. “We can leave when you’re ready.”

Jyn was ready to thump Tonc over the head, but Cassian walked towards the ladder. “I’ll do pre-flight checks. Imperial ships are designed somewhat different.”

“I’m coming,” Jyn replied, watching him ascend the ladder.

“Did I interrupt something?” Tonc asked, confused.

“No, it’s fine,” Jyn replied tiredly. “Just discussing the mission.”

Ord Mantell was a planet in the midrim under the control of the galactic empire. It was the home of the Mantellian Savrip species and the terrain was mountainous.

“Jyn,” Cassian said, snapping her back to reality after watching their descent through the atmosphere. “Gear up with Tonc down below. I’ll change up here.”

Jyn left without responding, hoping Cassian would catch on to her cold shoulder. Descending the ladder, she found Tonc already dressed waist up in trooper armor.

“This gear is a nightmare,” Tonc said to her. “No wonder they’re always in a bad mood.”

Jyn smirked and stared apprehensively at her own gear. She had disguised herself as an imperial on Scarif, but the armor plating had been far simpler than this.
“Here, I can help you with the leg braces,” Tonc said after seeing her facial expression. “It’s easy enough... sort of.”

They felt the smooth clunk of the shuttle landing and Cassian moving about above deck. After a gruelling forty minutes of cursing and confused glances, Jyn and Tonc finally dressed each other. Cassian descended the ladder, taking them both in. A sense of déjà vu swept over Jyn as she took in Cassian dressed in an imperial officer’s uniform, just as he had been on Scarif.

“Make sure your helmets are on before the ramp goes down,” Cassian said. “We’ll be under extreme scrutiny.”

“Where are we exactly?” Tonc asked.

“Worlport City,” Cassian replied, slipping his imperial leather gloves on. “I’ve worked here several times under the name of Willix at the Government House. Now, if anyone asks, we are escorting rebel agent Aaryn Dewan to Grand Moff Vanko, Commander of the Eighth Army.”

“Why him?” Jyn asked

“He’s in charge of this sector and has dealings with how the government is run,” Cassian replied. “We’re meeting with Black Sun’s boss, Gyuti at Hotel Grand in two hours.”

Jyn and Tonc placed their helmets on and Jyn instantly regretted it. No wonder troopers were easy targets; it was so kriffin hard to see anything! She heard the ramp lower and looked about to see Cassian placing his hat on.

“Stay behind me on either side,” he commanded. “Don’t speak!”

The exchange went down with relative ease. Cassian had led them to the Government House first in order to make an obvious exit out of the complex with the datapad and credit transfer – an imperial account the alliance managed to hack into through a back channel. Several imperial officers remembered Cassian, or rather Willix, and spoke with him on good terms. Jyn and Tonc stood at attention at the back while they watched Cassian transform into Willix. It was so bizarre for Jyn to watch him act like a completely different man. Part of her didn’t like it one bit. Did Willix kiss on impulse and then run away? Or was that Cassian? Or was it someone else entirely? Jyn’s head swam with questions and theories, none of which helped her one bit. Relief finally came when Cassian indicated for them both to follow.

Agent Aaryn Dewan was a young man around Jyn’s age, shorter than Cassian but taller than Jyn. His hair was red and he was pale, almost deathly pale. Jyn wondered what horrors the Blacks Suns had put him through. On Thila Base, Cassian had mentioned he knew Agent Aaryn, but both men never gave off the impression they knew each other. If Gyuti was suspicious it melted away the second he witnessed the credit transfer under what he foolishly believed to be a secure imperial bank account. The exchange ended when Cassian jerked with his head for Jyn and Tonc to grab Aaryn by both his arms, half dragging him out of the hotel room. Once outside, Cassian led them back to where their shuttle was waiting. It was only then when Aaryn regained his footing and walked completely on his own again. Cassian halted them and walked on board, returning with cuffs. Aaryn accepted the transition mutely, knowing full well they were still being watched. It wasn’t until they were completely out of the atmosphere and into hyperspace before any of them visibly relaxed.

Jyn removed her helmet, throwing it onto the seat in the lower deck. “Damn thing is a nightmare to wear.”
Tonc removed his own helmet. “I actually feel sorry for them... well, only a little bit.”

Cassian descended the ladder after placing the shuttle on autopilot. He removed his gloves before removing the cuffs around Aaryn’s wrists. “Are you okay?”

Aaryn shrugged. “Been better, been worse.” Both men clasped hands in greeting. “Been too long Andor. Heard you were part of the Battle of Scarif?”

Cassian removed his hat, throwing it to the side with his gloves. “I, Jyn and Tonc were part of what transpired on Scarif. Jyn was the one who got the plans transmitted to the rebel fleet.” He looked over at Jyn with a smile that actually made her blush.

With her cheeks warming uncontrollably, Jyn managed a small smile in Aaryn’s direction before heading into the cargo pod. “I-I’m going to change.”

“Need help?” Tonc called out. “I certainly might.”

“I’ll help her,” Cassian interjected. Both men glanced at him. “Lieutenant Erso has been ill recently, and as I’m in charge of her, I want to make sure she is doing okay.” He patted Aaryn on the back. “Help Tonc get out of that, would you?”

Jyn was fiddling with her chest plate when Cassian entered through the hatch. She turned to him and frowned with frustration. “This is impossible to get into and out of!”

“Let me,” he said gently. “It unbuckles at the side here.”

“Where’s Tonc?” she asked.

“Aaryn is helping him.” A brief pause. “Are you feeling okay?”

Jyn lifted her arms as he removed the chest plate. She pushed her hair back out of her face. “I’m fine. That mission was child’s play.”

“About time we had some luck,” he replied.

Jyn gazed up at him. “Watching you act as Willix... well it was...”

“I know,” Cassian replied. “You don’t have to explain how you felt. I hated every moment of it. I always have.”

“How can you act so differently so easily?”

Cassian shrugged. “Years of training and practice.”

“I don’t think I could do that,” Jyn confessed. “I don’t think I’d make a good agent.”

“Jyn, you helped me infiltrate the Citadel on Scarif!” Cassian said, almost laughing. “You do have it in you.”

Jyn sighed. Maybe. For a day, perhaps. But for weeks? Months?”

“Those assignments are given to agents who General Draven knows could tolerate it.”

“You looked happy,” she merely said.

Cassian leaned back against the cargo pod wall, crossing his arms as he frowned deep in thought.
“In the past, what made me appear happy were memories from my childhood when my parents were alive. Those memories and the memories of my parents’ deaths kept my resolve; it kept me going. It’s not easy to work like this, but I have gained valuable intel for the rebellion over the years that have saved lives.”

Jyn’s face contorted. “Are you saying I should think like that?”

Cassian shook his head. “No. You are driven differently, more directly. I admire that. I really do.”

Jyn faintly smiled. “Sometimes I wonder if I should have joined pathfinders.”

“Pathfinders are more direct,” Cassian smiled. “You joining pathfinders would mean I’d see less of you.” He pushed himself off the wall. “You’ve taught me a lot since the day I first met you, and one of those lessons is that it’s okay to be selfish at times. So call me selfish if I want you to stay in intelligence.”

Jyn felt her smile grow. “You mean that?”

“Today, as Willix, what made me appear happy, was you,” Cassian confessed.

“Then why did you disappear on Delta Base?” Jyn asked, burning to know.

Cassian sighed. “Because... I was angry at myself for letting my emotions take over. I have spent years schooling them into submission and then you came along and broke them free like a dam.”

Jyn chuckled lightly. “I want to say sorry, but I’m not.”

“I’m not sorry either,” Cassian said, stepping closer. “But I am sorry for lying to you on Eadu; I know how hard that was for you, I am sorry.”

“I don’t want to talk about Eadu,” Jyn stated. “It’s done and the sooner we move on the better. I... we all need to stop living in the past.”

Cassian smiled at that, stepping closer.

Jyn hesitated. “I-I... I’m not used to... talking about my feelings.” She was frowning as she stared past Cassian in thought. She blinked at the touch of Cassian’s hand on her cheek. She looked up at him as he waited for an invitation. Swallowing, Jyn nodded. He leaned down to kiss her much softer than their first kiss. He moved his hand to the back of her neck, pulling her closer to deepen the kiss. It had been so long since either of them had kissed another with true emotion. It felt hazily good as they slowly progressed to explore each other’s mouths. Finally feeling at ease with their situation, Jyn moaned softly, happily and wrapped her arms around Cassian’s neck, standing on her toes as he held her steady around her waist with his other hand.

Several moments later after they had no choice but to stop for air, Cassian rested his forehead on hers with his eyes closed.

“I need to go back up to the cockpit,” he said remorsefully.

“I’ll be right behind you,” Jyn breathed. She exited the cargo pod just as Cassian was ascending the ladder.

“Hey guys!” Tonc said loudly for all to hear. “I just realised! In exactly... nine hours it’s going to be a new year!”
Jyn, still drunk from kissing, laughed lightly. “Really? Gosh, that went fast!”

9 Hours Later

IABY: Thila Base

“So, Major Andor,” Aaryn said, handing Cassian a bottle of whisky. “Any New Year’s Resolutions?”

“Firstly,” Cassian said, “shouldn’t you be in the infirmary?”

Aaryn shrugged carelessly. “Escaping the infirmary was my New Year’s Resolution. What’s yours?”

Cassian smiled, shaking his head. He looked around the hanger which was littered with rebels celebrating the New Year. He could just see Jyn standing outside on the tarmac, leaning against Rogue One as she looked up into the sky. “Just the one. Excuse me.”

Jyn smiled as Cassian approached and then eyed the bottle of whisky. “You’re not drunk, are you?”

“First one and I haven’t had any,” he replied.

He leaned against the shuttle next to Jyn, looking up at the stars. “One good thing about rebel bases is that they dim the lights at night to avoid detection. You can see everything.”

“A whole new year,” Jyn murmured. “I lost track of time during my stay on Wobani.”

“Are you going to stay with intelligence?” Cassian asked, trying to sound as neutral as possible.

“Yes. Even though it will be selfish of me to stay.”

Jyn looked over to Cassian who held her hand. “I want this.”

“I’m not good at this,” Jyn admitted.

“You think I am?” Cassian asked. He rubbed his thumb over her knuckles. “We can figure it out together.”

“Do we have to keep it a secret?” Jyn asked.

Cassian thought for a moment. “Perhaps at first until we figure it all out.”

Jyn nodded. “General Draven?”

“He will not approve, but for understandable reasons,” Cassian replied. “Being together will be accepted, but working together will not be.”

Jyn nodded again. “Good reason to keep it quiet for now.”

“Jyn,” Cassian began, moving to stand in front of her. He held both her hands and pulled her up straight. “We cannot allow what we have to come between our duties to the rebellion.”

“That’s very romantic, Cassian,” Jyn said dryly. “And I know. I know how much the rebellion means to you and believe it or not, it means something to me. My father died for the chance to save
the rebellion. If anything, I owe it to him.”

Cassian looked behind him to see if anything was watching. In the clear, he leaned down to gently kiss Jyn.

“We can do this,” Jyn continued softly. “It’ll be hard at times, but we can do this.” She looked past Cassian to observe the party. “We should probably get back.”

Cassian smirked, gently tugging her to follow him around to the other side of the shuttle. “A few more minutes.”

Chapter End Notes

Here’s hoping I wrote JynxCassian in a believable way. Kinda harder than I thought!

Also, I just realised - Jyn and Tone is basically Gin and tonic.
Jyn waited outside Draven’s office while Cassian conversed within. The base was still waking up from the party held the previous night; Jyn yawned, wishing a hot cup of caff was in reach. Despite her fatigue from a late night of learning how it felt to be close to someone once more, Jyn was feeling better than she had in a long time. For it had been a long time since she had someone in her life she truly cared about. It was still strange for her to think of how they declared their feeling for another; Jyn wasn’t used to talking about her feelings and that wasn’t going to change any time soon. Cassian appeared to be the same, if not worse at it. She hadn’t been too surprised given how he was able to cut people out of his life so easily. The only matter that bothered her was Cassian’s insistence on keeping what they had between each other a secret. Jyn fully understood why, but her whole life was essentially a secret, thanks to her parentage. Saw Gerrera had kept her true identity a secret and Jyn had carried on that tradition once she was out on her own. Even her childhood on Lah’mu turned out to be a secret kept from those who wished to take them away. Jyn longed for everything to be out in the open. Krennic was dead; he father was dead.

Secrets got people hurt and taken away.

Cassian stepped out with his spy facade donned. He indicated with the tilt of his head for Jyn to go inside. “I’ll wait out here.”

“Erso,” Draven said curtly while he sat at his desk, datapad in hand. “Major Andor has his fulcrum assignment to undergo in the Albarrio sector.”

“I will not be accompanying him?” Jyn asked, feeling her nerves peak with anxiety. Their newfound lifestyle she and Cassian had started the night before had Jyn wanting to stay close by to him.

“No,” Draven replied. “Major Andor’s assignment involves recruitment. A portion of our intelligence officers carry the title ‘fulcrum’ over various sectors across the galaxy.”

“So why am I here?”

“As you will be unable to accompany Major Andor, I am placing you with another intelligence officer, Corporal Dania Alder. The two of you will be travelling to Pamarthe where Corporal Alder will show you how recruitment is handled.”

“Why Pamarthe?” Jyn asked. She had never been to the planet, but many of Saw’s partisans spoke highly of the natives racing skills.

“After the destruction of Alderaan at the hands of the empire, the people of Pamarthe called it cowardly. Hundreds have made their intention to join the rebel alliance. Many are even deserting from their stations within the empire itself.” Draven placed the datapad down. “This could not have come at a better time. With the loss of many pilots during the Battle of Scarif and Yavin, we are at an all time low with our squadron intake. The Pamarthens are known for their piloting skills.”

Jyn nodded, taking it all in. “So how many are we to recruit?”

“If all goes well, Corporal Alder will start up new fulcrum recruitment on Pamarthe, and if she reports that you have potential, we may eventually look into finding you a sector as a fulcrum
Recruitment? Jyn wasn’t sure how well she could sell the rebel alliance. She wasn’t known for her social skills, but then again, neither was Cassian. Or maybe he was? Jyn’s mind decided that was the perfect time to start an internal debate which resulted in her realising how little she knew about the man she came to care for.

“Erso,” Draven snapped. “Corporal Alder will meet you in the command centre in three hours. Use that time to gather you gear. You’ll be deployed on Pamarthe for a month.”

“A month,” Jyn said, eyes wide.

“Recruitment is crucial at this time,” Draven went on. “We need higher numbers more than ever. Dismissed.”

Jyn stepped out of his office still reeling in the notion she would be alone with a stranger for an entire month without Cassian.

“Jyn,” Cassian said, who had been waiting patiently outside.

Jyn stared numbly at him. “I’m to go to Pamarthe for a month.”

Cassian nodded. “I know. It was my idea.”

“What?” Jyn frowned.

“I can’t take you with me,” Cassian said, looking at Draven’s closed door. “Follow me.”

Cassian led Jyn down the corridor and into an empty room with a few long desks and chairs. “My role in the Albarrio sector must be solo.”

“Why?” Jyn asked.

Cassian sighed, shrugging lightly. “It’s taken me years to set up a reliable source of intel in order to recruit. Most fulcrum agents work alone, especially if their role is recruitment.”

“So who is this Corporal Alder? Do you know her?”

Cassian nodded. “She joined the rebellion... three, four years ago maybe. She’s a good spy who mostly works in the midrim. I rarely see her, but the reports that come through intelligence from her are very impressive. I think you’ll get along just fine.”

“Is she a fulcrum agent too?”

“No,” Cassian replied. “General Draven has been meaning to set her up as one for the past year. With so many flocking to the rebellion these days, now is as good a time as any.”

Jyn looked down at her feet, still feeling unsure about it all. “I-I don’t... think I’ll make a good recruiter.”

“Why do you say that?”

Jyn looked back up into Cassian’s dark eyes. “I’m more of a fight now, talk later person.”

Cassian smiled. “I think you underestimate the motivation people feel around you.”
“What are you talking about?”

“It was you who convinced the council to go to Scarif. It was you who made it to the top of the Citadel and transmitted the Death Star plans. Because of you, we managed to destroy the most powerful weapon this galaxy has ever seen. You’re not a criminal anymore, Jyn.”

Jyn stepped away, not wanting to hear anymore. “Please, stop. I’m not that person. I never wanted to be that person. I can’t give them that.”

“You are to them,” Cassian pressed. “You are to me.”

Jyn looked back at him, seeing the sincerity in his face. “I feel like I barely know you.”

Her words caught him off guard. “Jyn...”

Jyn shook her head. “I-I didn’t mean...” She sighed. “I feel like I only know... part of you. We barely speak of who we are; who we really are, not what the alliance wants us to be.”

Cassian leaned against the nearest table. He had his head tilted down in deep thought. Jyn took pity on him and moved over to wrap her arms around his neck.

“You’ve been in this fight since you were six years old. You were born on Fest, but you don’t have any pictures from your childhood. You’re a spy who reprogrammed an imperial droid and was recently promoted to Major. You’re also very good at lying. That’s it. That’s all I know about you.”

Cassian laughed lightly, shaking his head. “When you say it like that, you do have a point. Not necessarily a good one, either.”

“You probably know more about me than I do,” Jyn smiled. “The files you have on me.”

“Your dossier was hard to put together,” Cassian confessed. “Everything about you was sketchy.”

“My whole life has been sketchy,” Jyn stated.

Cassian wrapped his arms around Jyn’s waist, pulling her closer. They didn’t kiss; just stared at each other, trying to determine what the other was thinking.

“What do you want to know?” Cassian finally asked softly.

Jyn leaned back, thinking. “Will you answer truthfully?”

Cassian refrained from rolling his eyes. “Do you really need to ask that?”

“To the casual liar?” Jyn said playfully. “I think I do.” Cassian let go of her as she moved to sit on the table next to him. “Let’s start at the beginning, shall we? Since you were six years old?”

“My father was killed at Carida Academy during a protest that turned violent,” Cassian began slowly. “I was on Fest at the time. My mother was ill and died months later. Eventually I found myself part of an insurrection cell part of the Independents. I didn’t know what was going on really. I knew troopers had killed my father and I wanted revenge. Years later after the empire was formed, General Draven recruited me to the rebellion.”

“That’s a long time to be alone,” Jyn remarked quietly.

“I wasn’t alone, not really. I may have been an orphan, but there were other children and the adults
took good care of us.”

“When I lived on Coruscant as a child, I barely saw my father,” Jyn said softly. “He was so busy working. When we moved to Lah’mu, it took me some time to warm up to him again.”

“There’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you,” Cassian said, looking at her. “Something Arhul Nemo said back on Commenor.”

“What?”

“What did he mean when he said ‘what Krennic did to your mother’?”

“My mother was killed by a death trooper under the orders of Krennic,” Jyn replied quietly. “I was hiding not far away and saw it happen. Unlike you, I grew up thinking troopers were good. I was so confused by what was happening.”

“I’m sorry.”

“She was supposed to come with me to wait for Saw Gerrera, but she changed her mind and went back for my father.”

“We never discovered your family’s connection to Saw,” Cassian said.

Jyn smiled at her first memory of Saw. “I was four years old when my parents left Coruscant. Saw met us at the spaceport and took us off planet. He rescued us from Krennic when my father discovered what his work was really being used for. Saw took us to Lah’mu and set us up, keeping in contact every now and then. I missed him at first.”

Jyn placed her hand over Cassian’s. “I should probably start packing. I don’t have long before I leave.”

Cassian slid off the table, holding Jyn’s hand for her to follow. “You will be gone for a month, but I may end up away for two.”

“What?” Jyn almost gasped.

“I have several associates I need to meet up with. If I don’t keep in regular contact, I may miss vital information or they may move and I could lose track of them.”

Jyn didn’t pout, but she certainly felt like doing so.

“This is how it will be most of the time, at least until Rogue One is together again,” he said.

“When will that happen?”

Cassian shrugged. “Their training is going well and Bodhi seems to be enjoying his time on Folor Base. Perhaps when I get back.”

“I suppose I should use that extra month to train as well,” Jyn said.

Cassian smiled. “You hardly need training. But yes, there are a few things you could learn.”

“Just come back,” Jyn blurted out. She blinked, surprised at herself for saying such words.

Cassian leaned down, briefly hesitating before kissing her. This was all so new to them both; this intimacy. Being so close to another and wanting it felt intoxicating.
Jyn swallowed, biting her lip as Cassian straightened. Neither knew what to say to each other. Two months was hardly a long time, but it still felt an eternity.

“Take care, Jyn,” Cassian finally said. “This time you will be talking first and then fighting later.”

Jyn grinned. “I’ll be sure to remember that.”

0ABY: Hosnian Prime

Coming home was tiring, dark and cold. Snow was falling heavily as the Andors trudged through the front door. Nydo had the apartment’s heating on with hot beverages waiting on the counter. Cassian placed Kalei down in her carrier on the sofa, gently brushing away the snow. Kalei wailed.

“I’ll feed her,” Jyn said, shrugging off her coat. “You go shower.”

Sitting down on the sofa with Kalei in her arms, Jyn leaned back, resting. She had hoped coming home would make her realise how much she had missed it. In a sense she had missed it; the familiarity. Jyn wanted to feel domesticated, but forcing those feelings on herself made her heart push it back with a resilience she once used to fight the empire with. She had been home less than ten minutes and already she was feeling miserable. Wasn’t this what they were fighting for all this time? To have this kind of life?

Later in the evening after a hot shower and wrapping Kalei up snugly in the bassinet in their room, Jyn got under the covers, flicking through her datapad at all the unread messages. There was one regarding a possible transfer over to pathfinders with a recommendation from Han Solo to join his team. Jyn huffed; feeling like her life was currently being decided by the men around her. Cassian walked into their room and adjusted the heating.

“It’s warmer over here,” Jyn said, placing her datapad on the bedside table. “Come to bed.”

“Just want it warm enough for Kalei,” Cassian replied. He moved over to the bassinet and shifted the small blankets while Kalei rubbed her face with her tiny hand. “I can’t believe how fast she grows.”

Jyn hummed, pushing the blankets aside for Cassian to slip in beside her. “She might actually sleep tonight considering she didn’t sleep at all on the flight home.”

As Cassian got under the blankets, Jyn pulled him over on top of her, kissing him fiercely. Cassian, taken by surprise, positioned himself between her legs and returned the kiss with equal fierce. As tired as they both were, they seized at the opportunity. Jyn pawed at his clothes, tugging of his long-sleeved shirt.

“Are you sure?” Cassian asked between kisses.

“I want you now,” was all Jyn said as she arched her back to remove her own shirt. Even though it was an unexpected and pleasant surprise, Cassian’s mind kept worrying about hurting her.

After Jyn removed both their pants, Cassian rolled them over so she straddled him. Her skin was as smooth as ever as he trailed his fingers down her arms as she rested her hands on his chest. Cassian prided himself in being able to read people easily and he could see in Jyn’s eyes that something was bothering her and this was a way of keeping herself distracted. Perhaps even to keep him from prying. Before he could ask, Jyn leaned down to trail kisses along his neck. The feel of her breasts
on his chest caused his arousal to spike. He buried his face in Jyn’s neck, enjoying the intoxicating feel of her being so close to him again. It had been a long time and his body was craving more. This time, however, he was going to let her take the lead and let her set the limits.

Jyn leaned back, running her fingernails down his chest gently, smiling. She grabbed hold of his arousal, moving her hand up and down several times before positioning him at her entrance. Cassian had his hands firmly on her hips, bracing for what was to come next. He didn’t need his eyes open to see Jyn’s hesitation; he could feel it. He opened his eyes just as Jyn slipped him inside her. She let go, placing her hands back on his chest as she slowly lowered herself. He had almost forgotten how good this felt. Almost.

“You okay?” Cassian breathed, softening his grip on her hips.

“Fine,” Jyn replied quietly.

They both stayed motionless as Jyn adjusted her body once more. Cassian tugged her down to lean on her elbows so he could run his fingers through her hair, kissing her jaw line. From the moment Jyn had met Cassian, he always had a way of calming her down and keeping her head level. Memories of their time together in the rebellion mixed with Cassian’s warmth and being inside her had Jyn feeling emotional. Her eyes watered, but she refrained from letting them spill. Slowly, she moved her hips, bringing her face down to kiss her husband. It hurt to move with him inside her, but eventually the pain subsided as her body became reacquainted with Cassian’s once more. Having him inside her felt like home and her chest ached with raw emotions as she sped up.

Cassian dug his nails into her hips, his brows knit close together as he concentrated to keep himself going. He was surprised at how fast she wanted to go and his body wanted to bask in its ecstasy far quicker than he wanted. Eventually, Jyn slowed down, kissing at the layer of sweat on Cassian’s chest. The room was warm to begin with and Jyn could feel her own body layered with sweat.

“Swap?” Cassian asked between breaths.

Jyn hummed with agreement and let Cassian carefully roll them over to keep himself inside her. She instantly pulled him down for another deep kiss, wrapping her arms around his neck to keep him in place. Cassian moved slowly, still unsure what his limits were.

“Not like this,” Jyn said, pushing Cassian up. “Faster.”

He knew better than to ask if she was sure; he placed his hands on either side of her and sped up the pace. It almost felt like old times and Jyn had to place her fist in her mouth to keep her from moaning too loudly. The last thing either of them wanted was for their daughter to wake up. Length of time was not in Cassian’s favour and he soon spent himself inside Jyn with one last thrust. He lowered himself onto his elbows as they both breathed heavily and rapidly.

“I needed that,” Jyn finally said.

Cassian groaned into the pillow. “I should never have told you that.”
Jyn sobered as Cassian gently pulled himself out and rolled over onto his back. Jyn quickly dressed and handed Cassian’s clothes over to him before checking on Kalei. She was still sleeping with one hand peeking out of the blankets.

“You sure have her wrapped up,” Jyn remarked.

Cassian pulled his pants on. “The last thing we need right now is for her to get sick.”

Jyn’s legs felt weak, so she laid back down and let Cassian cover her with the blankets. Time passed while they listened to each other’s breathing.

“Cassian, I have something to tell you.”

Her husband, on the cusp of sleep, lazily looked over at her. “What?”

Jyn took a deep breath. Now or never. “I’m going to join Han’s pathfinders.”

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