

Mirdala

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Mirdala

by [guesswhattimeitis](#)

Summary

def: clever, intelligent, intellectual

Written for [Star Wars Femme Frenzy](#) - Week 3: Warriors/Devotion

Injured after a mission, Bo Katan doesn't want help. The Armorer patches her up anyways.

Notes

Again, technically a sequel to the previous work in this collection, but should work as a standalone fic too. I want to state up front that I hate the term "whump" but I mean, someone is hurt and they get cared for, so I'm tagging it.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“You are injured.” It was not a question. Bo Katan ignored it anyway. She didn’t need to be told her arm had been ripped up by a dangerous creature, she could feel the blood still drying. She didn’t need anyone pointing out her limp, her ankle felt like it was on fire. But she was still on her feet, and her vision wasn’t swimming yet.

Barking out orders to tend to the other wounded, Bo Katan pushed her way past a whole host of mandalorians buzzing around the landing area. Directing her companions to move stretchers towards the medical buildings, she waved off anyone that tried to attend to her. Her head buzzed with the pain that shot through her mangled arm, but she wouldn’t let it rule her. Whenever someone looked her way she straightened her back. The smell of masonry work filled her nostrils, the chalky, dusty scent grounding her. Bo Katan was home, and that was still a strange idea, but she was getting used to it the more they rebuilt. There was no escaping the pain but she could avoid it until she got to her little corner of Mandalore, home sweet home. She wouldn’t make it there without interruption.

“You are injured. Do not ignore me,” the Armorer said. This was not the time. Bo Katan did ignore her, until a heavy gloved hand gripped her good shoulder. Fighting back a tear as her ankle burned, she finally turned as she was addressed again. “You need to be seen to, let me attend to your wounds.” Staring her straight in the visor, Bo Katan made to snarl but held it back. Her pain was winning. The Armorer squeezed her shoulder, and lowered her voice, “You are no good to anyone in this condition.”

With great reluctance, Bo Katan nodded, but did not remove the grimace from her face. The Armorer moved her arm under Bo Katan’s, supporting her weight. She didn’t want to be seen like this, but everyone seemed to be preoccupied with the injured. Just as she had asked, and thankfully she was listened to these days. As the crowd thinned out, her ankle was truly giving her trouble. She motioned to stop for a moment so she could catch her breath.

The Armorer, perhaps misinterpreting the cue, bent down and slipped her arm behind Bo Katan’s knees and lifted her off the ground.

Bo Katan gasped as her feet left the stone, her hand instinctively coming up to grasp at her carrier’s shoulder. Her face contorted into a look of indignation that faded as her ankle felt less strain. It should have been humiliating, but she didn’t have the energy to feel it. Her head dropped to the dull red chest plate of her savior. Despite herself, she closed her eyes and just tried to relax for a moment. The rhythmic bobbing as she was carried threatened to distract her and make her sleepy. She shook it off, trying hard to imagine that no one was staring at their *mand’alor* helpless and feeble.

“Please, just bring me home, I can take care of the rest.” Bo Katan was not sure if she heard a reply or not, hearing a noise too quiet to quite register. After a moment, she heard a clearer answer.

“Of course, Lady Kryze.” The pain sapped her ability to complain, or to worry, or fight. Just this once she was going to be held, and if she almost enjoyed it, she didn’t have to tell anyone.

After what seemed like ages they made it to her doorstep. It was quiet there, no one had come running to help, everyone likely occupied by the more pressing casualties back at the landing pad. Stepping into the small, single room space, the Armorer moved gently to Bo Katan's cot. She was vaguely aware of the sound of the door closing. The Armorer gestured for Bo Katan to sit up, and after she moved to the edge of her cot with great reluctance, the two of them both stopped. It wasn't clear what the Armorer was waiting for, until she spoke.

"May I remove your armor?" There was a moment where it didn't quite click what she was asking, and Bo Katan realized the pain was really eating into her attention. She had asked to be left alone, to tend to herself. Looking at the opaque visor greeting her, she realized that wasn't going to happen. She nodded, and each piece was removed with reverence and care. When she was down to her vest and flight suit above the waist, Bo Katan began to move her arm to unzip the vest and winced in pain. She usually used her right arm to do it, and at the moment her arm couldn't move that far back. Looking up at her helper, Bo Katan sighed, and tilted her head back. She couldn't do it with her off hand, the muscle memory wasn't there.

To her great credit, Bo Katan was able to keep her thoughts on her wound and not the act of being undressed, but very quickly she was getting irritated with the continued pain. It wasn't really hard to focus on it; it was hard to focus on anything else. She couldn't take it much longer. The Armorer helped her remove her vest, though she let Bo Katan unzip her own flight suit, only lending a hand to pull it down to her waist, guiding the sleeve over her wounded arm as gently as she could. Below the waist, she was still completely armored, and above it, she was down to only her minimal athletic bra. She couldn't remember the last time she was like this, let alone with someone else.

Well, that wasn't entirely true. It had been something like a month since the Armorer had come calling at her door, catching her in her undergarments and little else. This time felt different, for obvious reasons. The blood dried all down her arm made her feel a bit less sexy than the last time she had been in this state.

Having lost focus, Bo Katan was brought back to reality as her arm was delicately lifted and inspected. The golden helmet to her side shook side to side, and she could just make out a long exhale. Everyone was a critic.

"I can handle this, now," Bo Katan started. She was ignored. Carefully removing her gloves, the Armored pulled a tube of bacta gel from a medical case at her side. Bo Katan briefly realized it was her own. She had to focus. It was not coming easy to her, the pain in her arm, and her leg, and her joints, and her very bones made her feel like she was losing her entire mind. It even took her a moment to recognize that this was the first time she had ever seen the Armorer's skin, her freckled and pock marked hands a new piece to the puzzle. A puzzle that was annoying her, even as she helped.

She gently spread the bacta gel over the wound with a small cloth pad, once she was done ensuring it was clean. A stinging sensation radiated out from the cuts, but it faded in moments. It was replaced with blessed numbness. While not truly numbing, it relieved her pain enough to clear her thoughts. And Bo Katan had several.

"You don't have to do this."

“No,” came the response, “I do not. But I will, Lady Kryze.” Bo Katan stared as hard as she could at the visor so close to her face, willing her subject to give her something more. Nothing came. She tried again.

“You shouldn’t feel beholden to me. I’m just one woman.” She paused, looking down at her bicep as it was being wrapped in gauze. “And I can take care of myself.” Finishing the dressing, the Armorer looked up. Her helmet was so close Bo Katan could see her own reflection clear as day in the gold sheen.

“You are my *mand’alor*. You are the one that united us. It is the least I could do, Lady Kryze.” She said it with finality, but Bo Katan didn’t accept that.

“Am I ever Bo Katan to you? Or am I just Lady Kryze, the *Mand’alor*?” She sighed. “Am I more than my title?” This stilled the Armorer’s hands. It had been over a month since their last tense moment, an ill-timed flirtatious gesture in the forge. Bo Katan could feel that tension return, but it was the Armorer that metaphorically blinked first. She turned her head, moving her gaze down Bo Katan’s arm, coming to rest on her hand. The scars were not fresh, but they were visible all the same.

“May I inspect your hand? I would like to see that it is healing correctly.” Bo Katan didn’t want to let this line of questioning drop, but she sighed and assented to it. Fingers traced over each of her own digits, lightly pulling and bending them. The Armorer pressed her thumb into Bo Katan’s palm, massaging it gently. It was quiet as she tenderly inspected the once ruined hand, until the Armorer finally broke the silence.

“Am I more than mine?” Bo Katan had lost her thoughts as her hand was treated so gingerly, but she was quickly brought back to her own line of questioning.

“Would you allow that?” She didn’t really mean it as such an accusation, but even with her pain lessened she found her frustration rising. “Would you let me know you as anything else?” Anger was not the emotion she wanted to be feeling, but she was present now. Her mind was at least mostly returned to her, and she wanted to push. Bo Katan was not a woman that liked being on the back step, no matter how many times it had happened to her.

“I abandoned my clan name, when we lost Mandalore,” she started, “but perhaps...” Bo Katan hung on the following pause. She did not want to break the spell it had on her. Still she pushed.

“Perhaps...?”

“I was once known as Mirdala. Perhaps it is time I allow you to know me as such.” It took every piece of Bo Katan’s willpower to not gasp. A name had never been something she expected, not after so long. Not after the way she had been rejected before. This was new, and unexpected.

“Mirdala...” Bo Katan had scarcely spoken it before she found a visor fixed back on her eyes.

“I ask that you use it with discretion.” A nod sealed the agreement. It did not really sound like a request, it was something stronger than that. A threat, maybe. A shiver ran up Bo Katan’s spine. It was not altogether unpleasant.

“Then I ask that you call me Bo Katan. Please.” It felt like a trade. The Armorer, Mirdala now, as she had once been, nodded quietly.

“As you ask, I will do so in private.” She hesitated. “You understand.” Bo Katan wasn’t sure she did understand. There was no official reason to be so formal among friends. She did not ask for a title, nor did she require anyone to use one for her. This time, she was not going to separate herself from her people, she would be with them. If they wanted to call her *mand’alor* she would allow it, but she couldn’t stand to be kept apart on some higher level. Not when it had gone so badly in the past.

“I’m not your messiah,” she started, “I am your friend.” It was all she could muster in the moment, all she could think to say. “At least I hope you can see me that way.” In their back and forth, Mirdala had not stopped massaging Bo Katan’s hand. It had felt nice, the tension in her tendons worked through and her mind grounded by the simple action. The movement stopped, and it was immediately missed.

“My faith in you is not dogma,” Mirdala said with reverence. “And my devotion to you is not worship.”

Bo Katan wanted to consider those words. She wanted to turn them over in her head, play them back and sort them out. But as they registered, as she started to have questions, as she wanted to push further, Mirdala was putting her gloves back on. It wasn’t something that should have caught her attention. But it felt like she was leaving. Like she was preparing to go. As her gloves were pulled tight, Bo Katan felt like she needed to stop her. Something bubbled up in her chest and she wanted her to stay.

“Wait, what do you mean—” She was rather rudely interrupted. Mirdala had reached out one gloved hand and pressed it across her eyes. Which wouldn’t have stopped her from speaking, except that it was so unexpected and so out of place. It was unlike any interaction they had had thus far. It took her so completely by surprise that she didn’t notice the hiss of a helmet seal.

In the very next moment, she no longer cared that her vision was blocked. The pain in her ankle didn’t exist anymore. Her arm wasn’t tight and numb, her very bones no longer felt tired. Because warm lips were pressed against hers and for a brief moment, everything was ok.

It didn’t last.

As soon as it had begun, before Bo Katan could even register what was happening, it was over. She heard the helmet hiss this time, and a gloved hand removed itself from her eyes. Shock was probably the only emotion visible on her face, but she didn’t have the presence of mind to be regulating her expressions. She just stared. A blank black visor returned her look. Before she could say something, Mirdala was standing. Panic set in quickly. There wasn’t

time to think, to say anything, but she heard a quiet admission as she watched gold and fur and leather move through the door.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done that.” A pause as she crossed the threshold. “You need rest.” It was all the Armorer said before she left.

Bo Katan was on her feet as the door was beginning to shut, but her ankle nearly gave out, and she lowered herself carefully back down to her cot. Her thoughts were spinning again, her heart pounded in her chest.

What was that?

End Notes

Week 3, let's hear it for Week 3! Please ignore how late in the month this is being posted!

I chose Mirdala as the work title, meaning intelligent, because I think these two act quite like fools. And the other reason too I guess.

As always special thanks to those that will listen to me talk endlessly about Star Wars, and how much I think it needs more lesbians in it. And thanks to [Star Wars Femme Frenzy](#) for helping me feel like I have a deadline to get these done even if I'm still late. Week 4's fic will hopefully be done and posted before the end of the month but I'm making no promises.

I promised last time that something would happen, that I would let these two have something, and that's technically true.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!