

## Rising Together

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/47570380) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/47570380>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Star Wars - All Media Types</a> , <a href="#">The Mandalorian (TV)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">The Armorer (The Mandalorian TV)/Bo-Katan Kryze</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">The Armorer (The Mandalorian TV)</a> , <a href="#">Bo-Katan Kryze</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Marriage</a> , <a href="#">Flower Crowns</a> , <a href="#">Inspired by Fanart</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of <a href="#">Femme Frenzy Fics 2023</a>
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-01 Words: 2,500 Chapters: 1/1

# Rising Together

by [guesswhattimeitis](#)

## Summary

Written for [Star Wars Femme Frenzy](#) - Week 4: Sunrise/Creed

-Bo Katan finishes what the Armorer started.

## Notes

As with the others in this collection, this is meant to be readable alone. However, it's also the culmination of the three previous stories. It'll be better if you read these all in order.

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

It had been a month.

Bo Katan had not been counting the days. She hadn't. There were days that went by that she actually didn't think about how long it had been. Not many, but they were there.

They had shared... something. More than just a kiss. There had been a spark, a realization of something that had been bubbling up for months, nearly a whole year. The Armorer had opened herself up in a way Bo Katan hadn't ever expected. She had revealed her name, she had opened up about her own feelings, in a way, she had... she had offered a kiss. It had been on Bo Katan's mind for weeks. As had her sudden apology, and her sudden departure. She couldn't quite wrap her head around that.

It weighed on her shoulders, but she had her hands full. Mandalore was being rebuilt, day by day and brick by brick. It was slow work generally, but fast paced day to day. As the *Mand'ador*, she was deemed essential to much of the work, and her opinion was in high demand. Civil planner or not, everyone seemed to think the princess was the one to ask. Not that they called her that, but it felt like an old mantle she had retaken. Bo Katan wasn't sure how she felt about that, but it kept her busy.

Which left her little time to hand around the forge. Her little-known pastime had been interrupted, just as she thought maybe she had the reason to make more visits. She had wanted to put things straight. But it hadn't felt right, she had avoided it whenever she thought the moment wasn't right. In the few times they had spoken since, they hadn't been alone. Bo Katan didn't want to push her luck, but she wasn't sure what would be crossing the line. As it was, she was worried that it had all been for nothing, and that they were back to square one. It had felt like the beginning of something, only for nothing further to happen.

Bo Katan let her frustration build but tried not to let it overpower her senses. She could wait.

But patience was not one of her virtues.

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The hall rang with the sound of hammers, the roar of forges, the sound of shouts and songs. It was alive, and full, and not private in the slightest. Bo Katan had wanted privacy, but it was harder and harder to get these days. That didn't deter her. She wanted to have a private conversation, and she was tired of waiting. Thirty two days and she hadn't been able to get a private word in? It would not continue.

Picking a gold helmet out from the crowd was not hard. Even with her own helmet firmly in place, she had looked for that distinctive helmet many times. She was inspecting something as Bo Katan approached, a small mold she had poured some fresh beskar into. The Armorer stood firmly even as Bo Katan moved close, their hands close as she placed her own on the forge.

"Are you busy?" She kept her voice low. Her helmet would keep anyone from reading her lips. Everyone gave the Armorer plenty of space. Public as it was, she knew she could have something resembling a private conversation.

“For you,” she responded, “never.” She placed the small piece aside. “What do you need?” Bo Katan nearly shivered as she heard the words. Something about the timbre of the woman’s voice, and her not quite veiled devotion. She inched a touch closer.

“I want to talk. I think we should talk.” Bo Katan kept her voice even. No need to let on that her nerves were starting to get to her.

“Do you have a topic in mind?” It sounded like a purr.

“Well. Us, I suppose.” She held her breath as she saw the golden helmet to her left turned to gaze at her.

“Could you elaborate?”

“Why did you pull away?” Just best to get it out in the open. She could just hear a sigh from the other woman’s helmet.

“Do we need to talk about this?” Bo Katan nodded in response.

“I need to talk about this,” she said. “I don’t understand your hesitance. I thought we...I’m not sure what I thought.” Her helmet made her bold. If she didn’t need to control her face she could just talk. Her voice faltered only a little.

“I am sorry. I did not want to hurt you,” she started. “Now I see I may have already done so.” Her voice was somber. Quiet. Warm.

Bo Katan moved her hand slowly, subtly across the forge. No one was close enough to see anything this small. Her gloved hand met another, and she gripped it softly. There was no move to pull away this time. It made her heart swell. Maybe this could work. It was worth a try.

“Please. Mirdala. Trust me.” Bo Katan did not beg. She merely asked.

“I trust you with my entire life. And I am worried about losing you.” Her voice was reverent. She continued. “I have feared to lose you since I saw what you could be for our people. I fear it more now, with what you have come to mean to me.” A breath. “I must keep my distance. Keep you at arm’s length,” she said, looking down at their intertwined hands, “but you are many things, and stubborn is one of them.”

Bo Katan chuckled at that. She nodded. Looking out at the others in the forge, she hoped her little talk was being ignored. As far as she could tell, it was overshadowed by the work to be done.

“You don’t want to lose me, but you push me away?”

“If you are never mine, I cannot lose you.”

This cemented something in Bo Katan’s mind, and just hearing the word ‘mine’ cemented something in her chest. The way it was enunciated. The way it was emphasized. It grabbed hold of her and she knew her path was clear.

“I want to talk more but,” she looked around at the others working in the forge, “I think we should take this somewhere actually private.” She paused long enough for it to sound like she didn’t have this in mind ahead of time. “Meet me at the living waters tomorrow morning, shortly before sunrise.”

The Armorer’s golden helmet tipped slightly askew, something that Bo Katan had begun to interpret as questioning or confusing. She continued.

“Please?” A small nod was all she got in response. She would take it. Reluctantly, she let go of the Armorer’s hand, and pulled away slowly. She nodded in return, and left the hall. Bo Katan had work to do.

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Bo Katan was, whether she would admit it or not, a sentimental woman. She would deny it up and down, tear her hair out if you suggested such a thing, burn a building to the ground if you pointed it out. But she was sentimental. Remembering an old family holo, an image of her parents, she had set to work the night before. As she stood at the edge of the living waters she admired some of her handiwork.

A small wreath of flowers, a crown of sorts, was laid out on a cloth on a nearby piece of fallen masonry. It was made of red and yellow flowers, woven together into a ring. She had even woven some very small pale blue and white flowers into it too, but not too many. Just along the edges.

Across her own helmeted head, Bo Katan wore a crown of flowers in white and yellow, with little specks of red popping underneath. While she had considered not wearing her helmet, she decided she wanted to do this as equals. Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of footsteps at the threshold. She turned, and took a deep breath. If she wasn’t ready yet, she never would be.

The Armorer crossed the threshold, and stopped dead in her tracks. She faced Bo Katan, but did not speak. If ever it seemed she was actually speechless, and not simply choosing to remain quiet, this was that moment.

“It’s good to see you,” Bo Katan started. This seemed to get her attention, pull her out of her reverie.

“It is good to see you.” She looked around at the candles Bo Katan had set up, and as her visor returned to look at her she continued. “You wanted to talk alone?”

Bo Katan nodded. She gestured for her guest to come closer.

“You are afraid to lose me. Maybe I can make you a promise that will assuage that fear. If you’re brave enough to accept.” She thought that maybe a little joke would lighten the tension in the air. It did not. The Armorer moved closer to the crown lying on the piece of stonework. Reaching out to touch it, her hand stopped just short.

“May I ask what flowers have to do with this?” Her voice sounded skeptical.

“Well,” Bo Katan started, haltingly speaking, “I remembered an image of my mother, and something she wore once...” The Armorer nodded, waiting for her to continue, as she clearly seemed to want to say more. She steeled herself for it.

“...something she wore on her wedding day.” The energy in the room changed. If it had been tense before, it was nothing compared to this. They both held their breath.

“Bo...” the Armorer breathed. It was the first time Bo Katan had heard her shorten her name.

“Mirdala. I know this is... sudden.” Did a year or so after meeting feel sudden? Bo Katan wasn't sure. It had felt sudden, like they had been building a ship for so long that now flying it felt sudden. Not wanting to lose her momentum she continued.

“I'm not a young woman anymore. Neither of us are. And,” she paused. It was hard to say these words now. “And, I know what I want. If you don't feel the same I understand.” The silence in the room hung like a knife. The Armorer took the crown of red flowers and inspected it, not responding. She was thinking. Bo Katan did not want to think, she wanted to act. Her mouth ran ahead of her.

“I'm afraid to lose you too. But maybe this could be... maybe this could be a promise. To stay.” The words had tumbled out of her mouth, less gracefully than she had hoped, but she hadn't really rehearsed this. As the Armorer walked the last couple steps to her, flower crown in hand, Bo Katan feared she would give it back to her, to say no. That this would be the final rejection.

“I don't think I'll be able to affix this myself, you'll have to help me.” Bo Katan's face lit up, not that anyone could see it.

“Is that a yes?”

“I don't recall you asking me anything.” There was a smile in her voice. Teasing again, ever so subtly. Bo Katan rolled her eyes for no one.

“Will you marry me?”

“I will.”

Placing the crown on the golden helm, Bo Katan felt something sing in her chest. Never before had marriage felt even possible. But here she was, about to commit herself to someone else, to take a creed she had never thought to speak. She knew the words by heart but they had always been for others. Not today.

Gloved hand in hand, Bo Katan led the way to the water, taking a step down until the water was up to her knees. They turned to face one another, and the Armorer took her other hand too. After they had stood there for a minute simply looking at one another, Bo Katan broke the silence.

“You told me you wanted to get married here, once. Is it everything you hoped it would be?” She couldn’t help but smile as she felt her hands being gently squeezed. That conversation felt like it had been so long ago, it felt like another life. In some ways it was.

“It’s just like I had imagined,” she said. “And yet everything is different.” Bo Katan took the opportunity to tease her back.

“Didn’t think you’d marry a princess?” A small chuckle, shared between two.

“I didn’t. But I’m not complaining.”

Bo Katan leaned forward, bringing their foreheads together. She loosened her hands, slipping her grip up to just beyond the Armorer’s wrists. They held each other, listening to the sound of the water lapping at their legs. Bo Katan spoke the words first, but she was joined immediately in repeating them back.

*Mhi solus tome, mhi solus dar'tome, mhi me'dinui an, mhi ba'juri verde.*

And it was done.

They stayed there for a while longer. Finally, Mirdala pulled back. She pulled her hands away, quiet for a breath.

“Remove your helmet.” It was a mirror of a moment long past. But this time there was no hesitation. Bo Katan pulled her helmet off, carefully keeping it level to ensure the flowers stayed intact. She placed her helmet on the top step above the waters, just above the water line. When she was done, Mirdala raised her hands to her own helmet.

Bo Katan reached her hands out and caught her wife’s hands. Her face must have given away her intent. Slowly Mirdala nodded, letting her own hands down slowly. With steady hands, Bo Katan released the seal on that golden helmet, and reverently and carefully removed it.

For the first time, their eyes met.

It was love at first sight.

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Bo Katan was not a fan of the meetings everyone insisted she attend. She wasn’t that kind of leader, she had decided. Sure, she could give orders, she could prioritize, she could organize. But she hated meetings. Never had been a fan of them. Her sister had always been more suited for this. But she was the *Mand’alor*, so she went.

Often she found it hard to fight off boredom or the threat of sleep trying to overtake her. It was no different this time. She looked around the room at the assembled mandalorians and marveled at how well behaved they had become. She sighed as someone asked her what she intended to do with one thing or another, what plans she had. Finally, when matters seemed to be wrapping up, someone casually asked her if she had plans for that afternoon. The assembled group wanted to plan recreational time too? Pass.

Bo Katan decided to choose violence, in that exact second.

She and Mirdala hadn't announced their nuptials to anyone, but had agreed that if asked they would speak about it. If it came up, it came up.

“Well, my wife and I were planning on—“

Chaos. Chaos in that room. She smiled as the yelling got louder. Despite it, she almost couldn't hear them.

*My wife, she thought, my wife!*



## End Notes

Big shout out to [cobaltbeam](#) on tumblr, and their art [here](#) of Bo Katan wearing a flower crown. I love it so much.

I can't believe I got four fics out in one month. As I type this, this will be the twelfth fic I've put on Ao3. That feels wrong, and the idea that *one whole third* of my fics are for the Mandalorian??? That doesn't add up until I remember I've got like 3 dozen wips of various fandoms sitting in development hell.

Will I write more of Bo Katan and the Armorer after this? I don't know. These four fics were meant to be together, and now that they're done, I don't know that I would consider continuing. They were made for an event, which is over, but I won't say never, I really do like a lot of the potential here.

Anyways, thank you all for coming along on this journey with me! It was my first event to write for in my nearly 2 decades (off and on) of writing. For the first time ever my hyperfixation matched up with an event someone was running lol. Special thanks to everyone that listened to me talk about this project, and to the good people behind [Star Wars Femme Frenzy](#) for inspiring me.

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