

Sha'kajir

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/47004211) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/47004211>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandoms:	Star Wars - All Media Types , The Mandalorian (TV)
Relationship:	The Armorer (The Mandalorian TV)/Bo-Katan Kryze
Characters:	Bo-Katan Kryze , The Armorer (The Mandalorian TV) , Din Djarin
Additional Tags:	Pre-Relationship , Sharing a Meal
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Femme Frenzy Fics 2023
Stats:	Published: 2023-05-07 Words: 1,799 Chapters: 1/1

Sha'kajir

by [guesswhattimeitis](#)

Summary

*def: over a meal, at the dinner table, like the French *à table* - the word for table comes from the word for level, flat, so the implication is one of equals breaking bread together*

Written for [Star Wars Femme Frenzy](#) - Week 1: Herbs & Spices/Riduurok

Bo Katan and the Armorer share a meal, and talk about the past and the future

Notes

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

Meal time was a time of quiet contemplation. Or, it had become as such, now that she was a part of a tribe of zealots and extremists. Not that Bo Katan truly still felt that, deep down. Their ways were different, their adherence to creed more extreme than she was used to, but it was still the same creed at its heart. At least, that's how she was getting through the days.

There was no set schedule that she could determine. Sometimes it was up to each member to fend for themselves, sometimes it was a group effort, and sometimes one cooked for many. She had not yet had a turn at that, and she was dreading it. However, tonight it was a simple stew that had been prepared, and as she poured herself a bowl she recognized some of the smells meeting her nose. The heady aroma of a spice she hadn't tasted in years wafted underneath her helmet and it immediately hit her. Tiingilar.

It was, for a moment, a reminder of home. Not necessarily Mandalore, not really, Bo Katan had had the dish many times since leaving. But it was something she didn't much make for herself, it was something that was for a crowd. She wasn't going to dish up more than anyone else did, but she was sorely tempted.

The whole of the tribe was dishing up, with one noticeable exception. Turning to her itinerant companion, she tilted her helmet.

"Does the Armorer usually take her dinner late?" It was a small question, and Din didn't seem to immediately catch what she meant. His demeanor was as opaque as his visor.

"She'll get some when she remembers to. She can get wrapped up in her work," he said simply. That didn't sit very well with Bo Katan, and she screwed up her face under her own faceplate, grateful for the privacy it lent her. Setting her own bowl down, she carefully picked up another and filled it, quick to take up both.

"I'll take her some. This won't be any good cold." Not waiting for a response, she strode with purpose toward the forge. There was no further explaining her actions; she had made her mind up.

It was a short walk, the cave system was not so extensive as to make any place difficult to reach. The loose dirt beneath her boots softened her tread, even as she kept her steps even to avoid spilling any stew. Shortly Bo Katan found herself at the forge, hearing the hiss of pouring metal from a steady hand. She stood at the threshold for a moment.

A quiet moment in the forge was a rarity. At all times it seemed like the Armorer was busy, repairing, creating, or even just preparing to do so. Even as Bo Katan watched, the woman took a small crucible, pouring its molten contents into a cast mold. It was similar to when she had made the mythosaur signet now adorning Bo Katan's arm, and if her hands weren't full she would have brought her hand to it. Reminded of the hot bowls in her hands, she took a step inside. She knew there was no sneaking up on the woman, so she did not worry about taking the strong woman by surprise.

Finishing her pour, the Armorer carefully placed the crucible back on a small table. She turned, slowly appraising Bo Katan. It was not the first time she had felt laid bare before a

woman she did not really know. With a nod, Bo Katan stepped closer, offering one bowl.

“I didn’t want your dinner to go cold.” The Armorer stepped forward, confidently, quietly, taking the offered bowl. Their fingers met for the briefest moment, leather to leather. Bo Katan did not immediately leave, feeling a twinge of loneliness well up in her breast. Ever the patient host, the Armorer took her bowl, but did not immediately turn to leave for the privacy of her room off of the forge.

“Is there something else?” Her voice was steady and true, like always.

“May I ask you a question about the tribe?” Bo Katan felt it probably wasn’t a polite question to ask just anyone, but it had been at the back of her mind since she joined the covert. The Armorer nodded, indicating she was listening, and waiting. “Never removing one’s helmet seems...rather inconvenient for a lot of common things. Meals being one, but also, I can’t imagine a sense of, well, intimacy with someone. Am I missing something?” Easy to just have it all out. The Armorer looked her up and down, placing her piping hot bowl down on the edge of her workbench. Apparently this matter required a certain amount of attention and suddenly Bo Katan felt her nerves were suddenly on edge.

“The creed does not state we may never remove our helmets,” she corrected, “it states that we may not remove them in front of another.” She lets the words hang in the air for a moment before continuing, “As for intimacy, many have found ways to fit within the creed while maintaining emotional and physical relationships.” Tilting her head, she seemed to have finished her thought, waiting for a reply. It was hard to come up with one.

“Such as...” Bo Katan wasn’t sure what she was looking for, but her curiosity was whetted now. She wasn’t one to just let things drop. She regretted it immediately.

“What exactly do you have in mind?” This was *not* the way this conversation was supposed to be going. For once, wearing a helmet was going to keep her dignity intact.

“I just... I remember time spent with my previous comrades. Sharing meals was a common occurrence, it was a time to talk and...I don’t know, maybe I’m being silly.” It felt silly as she said it. However, she was not laughed off.

“One may dine with another, it is a simple matter to sit back to back. One may, with trust, perhaps wear blindfolds when... *with* another to prevent breaking creed,” she pondered before continuing, “though intimacy is different for everyone. It will become familiar with time.” Bo Katan nodded, deciding she didn’t actually want to talk about this, but it was too late for that. “The largest exception is marriage. Though I presume it’s a bit early to think about that?” Bo Katan did not answer. Instead, she decided to make her situation even more fraught. Why not?

“Would you eat dinner with me?” She cursed herself inside, but even as she shrunk back from her own offer, the Armorer simply nodded.

“Of course.”

“What do they look like now?” Bo Katan wasn’t sure how to answer. She’d seen the living waters, even taken an unplanned swim in them, but how could she tell someone of how they had been changed?

Sitting back to back with the armorer in the small offshoot of the cave she called her own, they had turned to idle conversation as they ate. The Tiingilar was as spicy as she had ever had it, and it was clear that Bo Katan was not the only one struggling with the heat.

As the Armorer had sat, and they had removed their helmets together, it had been a moment of unprecedented trust. Bo Katan had done much to build that trust, she had invested herself in the tribe in ways that surprised even her. But this was different. It was pure and simple, trusting one another with their creeds. If she had been feeling poetic, she may have even described the experience as religious, hearing the hiss of a helmet seal so close, and yet completely removed from her view. There was nothing quite like trust.

“They’re both exactly as I remembered,” she started, hesitating, “and completely changed.” The Armorer was silent, giving her space to explain. Bo Katan continued, “the stone is broken, the fusion bombs glassed the whole surface above and fractured the bedrock below, and yet... they’re still there, all the same.” She shook her head for no one, taking a bite of stew to help collect her thoughts. A tear rolled down her cheek, and she blamed the spices. “I never cared much for the living waters, just saw them as another tired tradition. But seeing it that way, seeing Din take his creed again,” her voice trailed off. Her companion seemed to have no response to that. “I’m sure you would have appreciated them more.”

They sat, eating in near silence for several minutes, before the Armorer spoke.

“Once, before we lost Mandalore, I had hoped to get married standing in the living waters.” She paused, and Bo Katan hoped she would continue. She knew so little about this woman, any hints would help her feel less like a stranger. “I gave up that dream along with my clan name when we lost our home. I believed that the living waters were gone, that there would never be another chance. That our home was lost to us.” A longer pause, and Bo Katan still wouldn’t interrupt. “And yet, you have seen it. You have been there. Perhaps that dream can live on in others.” Ever an expert at putting her foot in her mouth, Bo Katan spoke up.

“Not for you?” The silence stretched out for an eternity, neither woman speaking or moving. For someone so easily trusted with leadership, Bo Katan felt a bit lost trying to have a conversation that wasn’t to the point. Even if that made things a bit tense.

“If I can stand in the waters once more, maybe I’ll consider it once more.”

“Din won’t remove his helmet for you, even alone.” Her voice was measured and calm, strong and purposeful. The Armorer did not elaborate, and Bo Katan felt like she had missed something. They had finished their meals, but had not donned their helmets again. Something told Bo Katan that as long as she kept her helmet off, she could maybe stretch this conversation further. Still, she wasn’t sure what had brought this topic to the forefront.

“Why would I want him to?” A moment of silence stretched between them. Bo Katan couldn’t be sure, but she momentarily wondered if the Armorer was questioning her own

words for once.

“I had presumed it was not idle curiosity that brought you to ask about intimacy within our tribe,” she paused, “though perhaps I was wrong.” Bo Katan took a moment to put the pieces together in her head. With shock, it suddenly clicked.

“Oh, no, absolutely not, he’s a kind man but I’m not interested in,” and she really did mean to say *men like him* but she merely finished, “men.”

“My apologies. I should not have presumed.”

End Notes

Tiingilar - In the new canon (Disney's canon), a spicy mandalorian stew that roughly translates to "Taste at your own risk", in the Legends content it was a casserole. The definition of "sha'kajir" was sourced directly from mandoa.org, a great site for all your mandalorian word needs.

Special thanks to [opposum-knight](#) on tumblr ([fragileKnight1](#) here) for listening to my rambling about this for hours on end, special thanks to the nitearmor tag on tumblr for stoking the flames, and of course special thanks to [Star Wars Femme Frenzy](#) for giving me a reason to finish this fic (and others) in a timely manner!

I don't know that I consider this one particularly complete or fully realized, but after sitting staring at it for like, 3 hours without any real progress I've decided to move on. If it bothers me later I'll either edit this or rewrite it, but for now I've decided it's good enough. There's always next time.

Somewhat unrelated; special thanks to that tumblr post I saw and didn't save that told me I can put html in the notes boxes. Didn't realize this wasn't plaintext.

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