

Han Solo Part 2



Han climbed wearily down the stairs from Jabba's throne room, glad to get away from the disgusting worm. His back ached—it always seemed to ache these days—and he couldn't wait to get back to the harem. As he reached the bottom of the stairs, he saw Deasha.

"How was it?" Deasha asked. She was Tw-lek, with a body Han would love to get to know if he wasn't currently occupying a body he would have loved to get to know. She was the Harem Agha— or, as Han liked to think, but which he would never say out loud, she was Babe Boss. Han's assessment: a figure that would stop a Star Destroyer, legs like an Imperial Walker and the most fascinating shade of red skin. She was also tall, and Han had found himself increasingly turned on by tall men and women. He supposed it came with being short and female now.

"Disgusting as usual," Han said, though he smiled. "I stink of his tongue slime."



“Ugh,” she said. “Give me a kiss anyway.”

Han let Deasha draw him in for a hug, his small, soft body fitting into hers. She kissed him on the lips, but it was a sisterly kiss that spoke of affection rather than lust. Though he felt it was a sign of weakness on his part, Han had come to rely on Deasha for her guidance and compassion. As harem bosses went, he supposed he could have done worse.

When the kiss ended, Deasha put a finger under his chin and tilted his head back. “You did a passable job on your makeup. Keep working on it. We’ll make a girl of you yet.”

“Yes, my beloved mistress,” Han said, his once sarcastic tone now sounding more like sass in his small, feminine voice.

Deasha kept him lingering in her arms. She had a habit when they stood close together of resting her breasts on top of his while gently caressing him. He caressed her in the same way, staring into her red eyes while she looked into his. The moments were deeply intimate, yet not sexual. Han had never had a relationship like this with a woman, and it was the strange new feelings he had toward her that made him feel, even more than his body made him feel, that he was becoming a female and not just looking like one. He felt toward her the way he thought maybe a girl felt towards an older sister.

“Go. Take a bath. You stink,” Deasha said, giving Han a quick pinch on the side of his soft hip.

“Ow!” Han said as he scurried away, glancing back over his round shoulder, grinning. Jabba’s palace was huge and stone and cold and ugly, especially the narrow, sand colored hallway that led to the harem girl’s quarters. Jabba smelled like rotting death, and though the odor from his hookah covered it up some, Han had learned to put scented oil on his upper lip to try and mask the smell. That, plus the perfume he wore, almost made being near the slug bearable.

Unlike Jabba and the throne room, however, as Han approached the harem quarters all he could smell were the lovely feminine smells adored by the girls: powders, incense, perfume, soap and even fragment smoke, they combine to make for a heavenly mélange that always gave Han a little bit

of a buzz both due to the chemicals involved and the sense of safety and relaxation they represented.

“Hey, girls,” Han said as he walked into their shared living space, draped with delicate silks and arrayed with soft cushions and plush couches.

The girls nodded coolly. Two of them knelt before their hookah, while others lounged about in various states of undress. Han went over to his corner and took off his metal bra, putting his hands on his lower back and sighing with relief as he took his first free breath of the day. The girls had nicknamed that tortuous garment “The Brutal Bra,” and Han could not disagree with their assessment. So tight it made it hard to breath, the Brutal Bra also put so much pressure on his ribs they throbbed with pain. Getting out of it was pure bliss, though Han still hadn’t gotten used to the way his chest swayed and bounced when not bound.

“Hahanna,” one of the girls called, using the name they’d chosen for him. “Don’t forget it’s your night to prepare dinner.”

“Of course,” Han said, smiling, making his voice sweet and bright, the way he’d heard the other girls—he meant the girls—do in order to show their submissiveness. “I love cooking.”

Han had not, it should be noted, lost any of his swagger, defiance, and bravado, though one could be mistaken for thinking so. He’d merely concluded that given his current predicament, playing sweet and submissive was in his best interest.

Wiggling out of his mental bikini bottoms, Han hurried off to the bath. He knew the other girls were just as eager for him to wash the Jabba-stink off as he was eager to get rid of it. While in the steaming, volcanic waters, Han went about what had become second nature to him, shaving his legs and under his arms, then running his fingers along his slick, smooth flesh, making sure there were no rough spots where he might have missed even microscopic stubble. Jabba insisted he keep himself smooth.

“Perverted space worm,” Solo murmured. Finished with his grooming, he leaned back against the smooth, stone side of the pool and closed his eyes. It was at times like this, when he was alone with his thoughts, that Han found himself struggling to believe this was his life now. Him? A harem girl?

It didn't seem possible however much it was his reality. What if I'm stuck like this? He wondered, not for the first time. What if I spend the rest of my life dancing for Jabba? The mere thought terrified him, and he felt like he was about to cry. Han loved freedom, loving racing among the stars, lived for danger and the thrill of a narrow escape. This dancing girl's life—it was worse than death.

“Leia!” Han whispered, his soft voice echoing around the pool room.

Six days later...

Chewbacca stood outside the door to Jabba's palace. He had a leash around his neck, attached to a chain held in the hand of a wiry man wearing a helmet with a pronounced snout. The bounty hunter was speaking to someone on the inside of Jabba's palace in a strange language. Chewbacca only understood a single word they said: wookiee.

The door opened and a pair of porcine security guards checked them both, took the bounty hunter's blaster. An albino twi'lek led them into the bowels of Jabba's Palace and to his throne room, which was crowded with sinister looking droids, shady aliens and buxom servants. Chewbacca saw Han laying before Jabba, still very female and wearing the metal bikini. Han briefly met his old friend's eyes and mouthed, “what the hell are you doing?”

“At last,” Jabba bellowed. “I shall have possession of the fearsome wookiee and add him to my collection. I offer you 20,000 credits.”

The bounty hunter laughed. “I expect 40,000.”

“Maybe I should just kill you and take my prize,” Jabba bellowed, laughing. “Ha. Ha. Ha.”

“I don't think so,” the bounty hunter said, opening his hand to reveal a thermal detonator, which he immediately armed. “Kill me, and we all die.”

“Ha, ha, ha, ha. This is my kind of scum,” Jabba bellowed. “Fearless and inventive. I pay 30,000 credits. Done.”

The bounty hunter made a small bow. One of Jabba's Gamorrean Guards took Chewbacca's leash.

"Free drinks for all," Jabba said. "Even for the wookiee." The crowd cheered as Jabba took a long toke from his hookah. The servants circulated with trays of drinks, and one came to Chewbacca with a glass of a frothy, bright red liquid.

"Drink," Jabba said. "Hahahahaha."

"I got a bad feeling about this," Han whispered.

Chewbacca roared. Shook his head no.

"Should I punish pretty little Han, wookiee? Do you want to see me hurt your friend?"

The bandleader, Max Rebo, waved and the band stopped playing. The room grew quiet, all eyes on Chewbacca. It was the kind of crowd that hoped he would refuse so they would get to see Jabba torture a woman. Not just a bad crowd. The worst.

Chewbacca roared, but picked up the drink and swallowed it in one mighty gulp. He roared once more, but this time in confusion. "2... 3..." Rebo called, and the band dug into a filthy groove of exactly the kind they played for one of the pleasure girls to perform a slow, sultry dance.

Chewy looked down in shock as his chest began to swell: first two small cones popping out and then growing rounding into a pair of heavy breasts. He reared back and roared while the guard held tight his leash.

Meanwhile, two other guards had grabbed the bounty hunter's arms and a third pulled off his mask, revealing Princess Leia. "Hahahahaha," Jabba roared. "Hahahahaha!" He tugged on Han's leash, and Han tugged back, staring at Leia, shaking his head.

"This is some rescue," he said. "What, you came in here you didn't have a plan for getting out?"

Leia did a double take. "Isn't that supposed to be my line?"



The next day...

Leia, Han and Chewbacca all found themselves back in the throne room. As Han passed Leia, he looked up, annoyed he was even shorter than her now and said, "You keep this up, you're going to get us all killed."

Leia frowned. "You sure you want to lecture me right now, *princess*?"

As he walked past, Leia whistled. Han glared back at her, and she shrugged.

"Hahahaha!" Jabba shouted. "Now for entertainment. Han and wookiee dance while we all watch."

Rebo struck up the music while the guards pushed Han and Chewie to the center of the room. Chewie roared. "Don't worry," Han said. "I can't dance either."

Just as the two began to gyrate awkwardly, much to the amusement of the crowd, a young woman walked into the room, followed by a pair of guards and the albino Twi-lek.

"Who is this?" Jabba shouted. "I ordered you to admit no one!"

The music stopped.

The woman smiled. "I am Luke Skywalker," he said. "You will free my friends now."

"Hahahaha," Jabba laughed. "Jedi. Jedi. Your mind tricks will not work on me."

Han looked over to Leia. "When did Luke get turned into a chick?"

Leia shrugged and shook her head.

Chewie roared. "What do you mean he's cuter than me? Han said.

"When did Luke Skywalker get turned into a female?" Jabba said. "I did not do this."

"My gender is not an issue..."

“It just seems strange that you get turned into female as well as so many others. I wonder-“

“Let’s just get on with the negotiations. Which option do you choose? Life or Death?”

“Oh, dear,” C3PO said. “Sir... miss... er... you’re standing on...”

“Neither” Jabba said, pulling a lever that opened the trap door Luke was standing on and sent him plunging into a pit.

“Oh, boy,” Han said. “This just keeps getting better.”

Later...

Down below them, on Jabba’s skiff, Luke walked the plank. Back on Jabba’s barge, Han watched, heart racing, a hand to his cheek. Chewbacca was on the skiff as well, while Leia was with him on Jabba’s barge. Han couldn’t help but worry. Han felt frustrated. His friends were in danger, and he was just a helpless pleasure girl. He looked back at Jabba, slitting his eyes in feminine fury. “If you hurt my friends, I’ll kill you,” Han hissed, trying to put some thunder into his tea kettle voice.

“Hahahahaha!” Jabba laughed. “Dancing girl makes threat! Hahaha!”

“This is your last chance,” Luke called out. He had a high-pitched, buzzy voice as well, like a teenage girl.

“Throw her to the sarlacc,” Jabba shouted.

Luke jumped off the plank.

“No!” Han cried out, hands to his cheeks.

He heard a pop and saw R2D2 had launched something into the air—a lightsaber! Luke caught the saber and ignited the blade while Chewie tossed one of the guards off the skiff and grabbed a blaster from another.

“Yes!” Han cried out.

Leia, meanwhile, did a swooping kick, knocking a guard off his feet then grabbing his blaster. She began to bob and weave, blasting away while

dodging blaster fire. Jabba's serving girls screamed and ran while his sentries followed Leia toward the other end of his barge.

"Kill them!" Jabba shouted, eyes bulging. "Kill them."

With everyone distracted, Han saw his chance, tossing the chain latched onto his collar over the Hut's neck. "Oh, Jabba," he said. "Remember how I told you I was going to kill you?"

Jabba bellowed in rage as Han began to pull the chain tighter and tighter, leaning back, using his body weight and whatever strength he could find in his tiny little arms.

"I'll turn you back into a man!" Jabba shouted, gagging. "Spare me."

The promise made Han pause for a second. Back into a man... but then he began to pull even harder. "I might have taken you up on your offer," he said, "if you hadn't made me wear a stupid, humiliating *iron bikini!*"



Jabba slumped over dead. Leia, who'd just finished off the last of the guards with the help of Lando, ran over to Han. "Let's go," she said, using her blaster to free him from his chain and slipping an arm around his waist. Han followed as Leia guided him to the edge of the skiff, tossing a line that wrapped around the rafter. "Hold on tight," Leia said, pulling him closer.

Han wrapped his arms around Leia and then—he just couldn't help himself—kissed her on the cheek. "For luck!"



Leia swung the two of them over to the skiff. As they landed Han stumbled and would have fallen, but Leia caught him and held him steady. Han smiled in gratitude, gave her arm a squeeze then ran over to Luke. Han and Luke hugged, and Chewie wrapped his still long arms around the two of them for a group hug. "How come you get still be tall?" Han grumbled as he tilted his head back to look at the newly female Chewy, who had now a long pair of side tails.

"Rwwwr."

“Han,” Luke said, appraising his friend. “You’ve got great skin.”

“Okay, girls, you can braid each other’s hair later,” Leia shouted as Lando piloted the skiff away from Jabba’s burning Barge. “We’re not out of danger yet.”

As they fled, Han found himself drawn to Leia, nuzzling up next to her. She slipped an arm around his waist. “Thanks,” Han finally said, his voice soft. “Thanks for rescuing me.”

Leia turned to him, looking down at his bright face, staring into his big, pretty eyes. She could see what he wanted, needed. Putting a hand to his cheek, she kissed him. This was not the chaste, sisterly kiss Han had shared with Deasha. He felt his skin tingle right down to his fingertips and kicked his leg up as his head swam. He felt like he and Leia were kissing for the first time. It was his best first kiss ever.

The sun was setting, painting the sky soft pinks and blues. Luke, watching Leia and Han kiss, put a hand over his heart. “Oh, how sweet!” He whispered.

The skiff blasted across the desert. Lando glanced back. A crew now composed entirely of females. He shook his head. Here comes the drama, he thought. Women!

Bonus Pics!



