

# HAN SOLO



“Solo, hahaha!” Jabba yanked on the chain attached to Han Solo’s collar and yanked his head back. Jabba’s fat, red tongue rolled out of his mouth. It looked and smelled like a dead eel. He liked Solo’s smooth cheek, the surface of his tongue rough, like sandpaper, slobber dripping down Solo’s chin and pooling into the soft valley between his breasts.

“Cut it out,” Solo said, trying to pull away, shoving at Jabba’s tongue with his soft little hand. Jabba just laughed, yanking Solo’s chain and slapping his tongue against Solo’s cheek again.

“Hahahahaha,” Jabba chortled.

“You’re wasting my talents,” Solo said, his voice now that of a young woman. “I could be making good money for you as a smuggler instead of doing— this.” He lay on his side in front of Jabba, his wide, round hip in the air. He was cold. He was always cold now. Partly, he believed, it was because he was now a woman and in his experience, women were always complaining about feeling cold. Partly it was because he now spent most of his time wearing a metal bikini; in fact, it looked like the same style as the one Leia had once worn. He even thought his body resembled hers, though certainly not his face. To his chagrin, he had a much prettier face than his former lover.

“Hahahahaha! Talent not for smuggling,” Jabba said. “Lose cargo. Owe Jabba money.”

“I told you before,” Han said. “I had no choice, the Imperial—”

“Yes. Yes. You told me. Hahahaha. You just like woman, Solo. Not accountable. Now, you are woman. Hahahahaha!”

“Jabba, let me make it up to you. Turn me back, let me get to the Falcon and—”

“Dance!” Jabba shouted, yanking Solo’s chain. “Dance!”

“Jabba, listen—”

“Dance!” Jabba shouted again, yanking Solo’s chain harder, pulling his whole body across the floor, causing his head to crack against the floor. Stars danced in his eyes.

“Dance or you know what happens!” He turned toward Max Rebo, the floppy eared Ortolan who led the Jabba house band. “Music! Make music!”

“Two, three, four,” Rebo called out and his band ripped off a swinging, desert groove.

Solo, woozy from the crack on the head, struggled to his feet and started to dance, trying to find the beat. He was a terrible dancer. He hated dancing. None of that had changed now that he was a female. The crowd gathered in Jabba’s throne room began to laugh at Solo’s awkward, self-conscious dance moves.

“Hahahaha!” Jabba shouted. “Even worse dancer than smuggler. Look! Look, everyone! The great Han Solo!” With that, he reached out one of his pudgy, stunted arm and slapped Solo on the ass. Solo squealed and jumped in spite of himself, and once more the crowd roared.



Solo gritted his teeth and kept dancing. Someone would come. Luke. Leia. Chewy. Someone would come and then he'd get his payback on Jabba. It

was just a matter of patience. One of the many things that struck him as strange: he had confused dreams involving Bobba Fett, the Cloud City, carbonite and Jabba being killed in the desert. Just a fantasy, he supposed, lifting his slender arms above his head and trying to roll his hips the way he'd seen dancing girls do. Just a dream.



## Part II

*And yet, Han thought, his mind drifting back to the past, it was on Cloud City where life threw me an unexpected set of curves.* He chuckled at his own little joke. He, Chewy and Leia had limped to Cloud City after narrowly escaping the Imperials by hiding out in an asteroid field. It was a reunion of sorts, as Han had won the Falcon gambling against Lando Calrissian, who now served as administrator of Cloud City.

Lando had been there to greet them as they disembarked the Falcon, looking right at Han and saying, “Why you slimy, double-crossing, no-good swindler. You've got a lot of guts coming here, after what you pulled.”

“I won the Falcon fair and square.”

Lando, a retinue of armed security behind him, glared at Solo, and for a moment he'd thought he and his friends would be arrested. Then, Lando laughed and pulled Solo in for a hug.

Later, after he'd been given a chance to clean up, Solo met privately with Lando. “Solo, old friend, since you're waiting for your hyperdrive to be repaired anyway, I wonder if I might interest you in a little side gig.”

“I don't know,” Solo said. ‘I've got my hands full with...’

The words died in his mouth as SHE entered the room: An angel. A goddess. Tall, beautiful, clad in a manner that might be called scanty, when she entered the room she looked like she was floating. There was something about her— not only did she have a perfectly shaped figure and a radiant face, but she almost seemed to glow. Solo couldn't take his eyes off her. She walked right up to him and held out a tray that held two bubbling glasses of Elise. One look in her green eyes and Solo felt like he'd been knocked over with a feather. “Care for a drink?” She asked in a voice as smooth and soothing as honey, and he could see in her eyes that she knew how she was affecting him-- and she loved it.

“Don't mind if I do.”

She gave the other drink to Lando, who paused to give her a kiss on the cheek and then sent her on her way. Solo watched her every step as she left, aching at the thought of being separated from this angel.

“One of my latest business ventures,” Lando said, smirking. “Augmented. She and the other girls are more addictive than any drug in the galaxy.”

“Turning women into cash machines?” Solo said, sniffing the Elise suspiciously. “Despite all the trappings of respectability you’ve acquired, you haven’t changed much.”

“I’m hurt, Han. Every one of my employees volunteered for augmentation. Did Hollian seem like a victim to you?” Lando held up his glass.

“I suppose,” Han said. He held up his own glass. The men drank. Han found himself thinking about Hollian, the way she moved, her ineffable beauty. The smell of her perfume, which lingered in the air like a fading song.

“So, I have a job. It’s a simple delivery gig. Nothing complicated. Lots of lucre.”

“Why me?” Solo said as the Elise rose to his head. “Why not one of your goons? You look like you’ve got plenty of muscle.”

“I suspect one or more of my people are working for the enemy. I’m working on weeding them out now, but in the meantime, I need an outsider for this gig. One who I know is loyal– if only to the money.”

It sounded like easy money. Solo took the gig. He didn’t have anything else to do, and why not make a little cash instead of just sitting around? Foolish. Lando had given him a data drive and dispatched him to meet someone named Traxx on the bad side of town near the gas refinery exhaust vents. Down in what had become known ironically as Fine Town, the ground shook from the constant rumbling and the air smelled like butane. The difference in the people he passed was profound. Everyone looked like they were wearing ill-fitting hand me downs from hobos.

Like a lotta places, though, the bad side of town was where you found the kink, and as Solo perused the exterior of Cuffs, he could see just by the exterior it served a more refined clientele who likely got an extra thrill from spending a night “slumming.” The interior was all cool, shadowy, leather and velvet. A Twi’lek girl met him just inside the door.

“Are we expecting you?” She asked, her face blank.

“I’m here to meet Traxx.”

The girl smirked. Just for a moment, and it wasn’t even the smirk so much as how quickly she hid it, looked like she knew she’d made a mistake, that set off alarm bells for Solo. Something was wrong, but he’d ignored his

instincts and gone ahead. The girl had led him to a private room, and as soon as the door opened the alarms started to sound even louder.

“Hello, again, handsome.” It was the same woman he’d met earlier. The augment.

“This doesn’t feel right,’ Solo had said, taking a step back, bumping into the Twi-lek, who was standing close behind him. Too close. He half expected to feel a blaster press into his back, but instead the woman just smiled and said, “sit.”

She was so beautiful. Solo just wanted to be near her. To look at her and be held in her gaze. He sat, no longer thinking, reasoning, but just wanting to please this goddess.

“I do go by Traxx, and if you’re wondering why I met you earlier posing as a serving girl, just put that out of your little head, darling. It doesn’t matter.”

“I was told to give you this,” Solo said, a goofy grin on his face, his demeanor almost like that of a child. He handed the data chip to Traxx.

“Oh, yes,” Traxx said, taking the chip and giving Solo a glimpse of her perfectly sculpted stiletto nails. The sight of those glossy nails, flashing in the darkness, made Solo’s cheeks flush. Traxx looked at the data chip, laughed and then tossed it aside. “The real deliverable,” she said, patting Solo on the knee, sending tremors through his body, “was you.”

“Is this a trap? I don’t—” Solo started to get up, fighting against the woman’s powerful allure, but she leaned forward and kissed him, and it was a kiss like lightning. His eyes went wide. His brain went blank, and the night became a blur. Kissing, touching, laughing, drinking. At some point, he stumbled out of the bar, found himself being dumped into a vector cab by a couple of big, burly dudes, and then the last thing he remembered was Traxx standing there as the door whooshed shut, laughing.

### Part III

He didn’t sleep well that night. Some kind of fever. Chills, then night sweats, tossing and turning, murky dreams he couldn’t remember other than a pervasive sense of wrongness. In the morning, every inch of his body ached, but especially his chest and stomach. *Must’ve caught the Orellin flu*, Han decided as he dressed. Hmm. His clothes were a little too big. His pant legs went down past his ankles. His shirt sleeves dangled over his hands. *Was it some prank Lando had decided to play on him?* He wondered as he rolled up his sleeves and tucked his now baggy pants into his boots. Probably. Clothes couldn’t just get bigger on their own. He had to cinch his belt up right to the last loop, and when he looked in the mirror, he felt a sudden shock as his hips looked round, wide, almost like— some other Lando prank, he decided, refusing to believe what he thought he saw. His state of denial wouldn’t last long.

Solo headed to the next room and found himself craning his neck back even more than usual to look up at the big Wookiee.

Chewbacca groaned. “*I look terrible?*” Solo said, “Well, *I feel* even worse.”

Chewbacca groaned again, shaking his head. Solo looked at him like he had grown a second head. “*You* smell like a girl, you big ape. I’ll be fine.”



A hazy memory flashed through Solo’s mind: Traxx had caught him staring at her breasts. “You like?” She said, laughing, arching her back. “I hope so. You’ll have a pair of your own soon.”

Could it? Was that? He went to the mirror in Chewie’s room and now confronted the reality of his rounded, widening hips, the more slender waist. Firm little breasts. No longer in denial, he saw how his face had even softened a little,

become more feminine. “Lando.”

“Who’s she?” He heard Leia say as she entered the room. She was looking at Han from behind, and he had a figure like a female to her eyes with his round hips flaring out beneath a narrow waist.

Han turned. Leia did a double take. “Han?”

“Ye-ah,” Han said, his voice cracking halfway through yeah. ‘It’s me,” he finished, now speaking in the voice of a woman. He looked away, feeling queasy at the thought the woman who’d fallen in love with him was seeing him like this. They’d been flirting, bickering the way some couples did, and he figured that was all over.

Leia didn’t feel the same way. “Maybe we can get together and braid each other’s hair.”

“Don’t you mean give each other side buns?” Han snapped back.

“I don’t know what I was thinking,” Leia said, remembering her weird hairstyle.

“That makes two of us.” They both laughed. Chewy roared. Leia found Han’s laugh really cute now. He sounded like a Revian Ground Monk. She knew better than to tell him how cute he sounded. She was sure this was hard enough for him.

## Part IV

Solo's body changed rapidly as the three of them barreled along the pathways of Cloud City on the way to Lando's office. His perky little breasts had grown fatter and heavier, bouncing with every step, and his walk felt all wrong as his hips kept getting wider, his butt bigger, his legs longer. Bangs now swept across his forehead as his hair rapidly grew.

"Maybe this isn't a good idea," Leia had said as they hurried along, grabbing Solo's arm and forcing him to stop. Chewy rumbled in agreement.

"Lando needs—" Solo stopped, the words choking him as he realized he no longer sounded like a woman but a teen girl. He cleared his throat. "Lando needs to fix this."

"He'll expect you to come running down there, make a scene, demand you fix this. You're walking into a trap."

"I don't care," Solo shrieked, annoyed at how much he sounded like a petulant girl throwing a hissy fit.

"Han, just take some deep breaths. You're being irrational..." Leia said.

"I'm not crazy!" Han screamed, turning and charging toward Lando's office. Leia felt she had no choice but to follow behind. She thought Han was being emotional, but now she wondered was just thinking that because he

looked like and was becoming a woman? Hadn't Han always been impetuous despite his sardonic demeanor?

When they reached Lando's office, two of his thugs blocked the door. Han pulled out his blaster— it felt too big in his shrinking hand, but it was still very persuasive. The guards stepped aside. The door whooshed open, and Han and company froze.

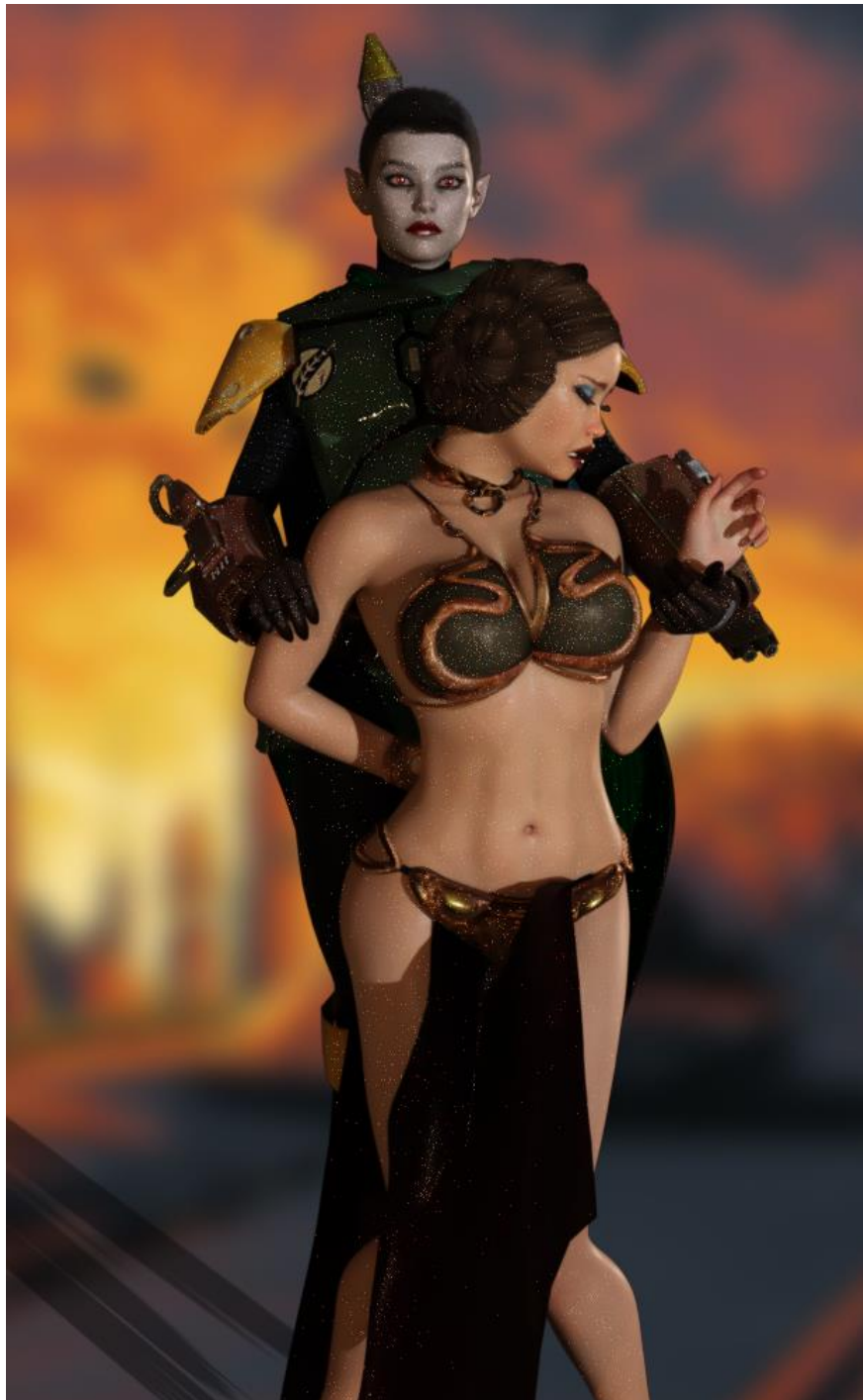
Darth Vader, who'd been sitting behind Lando's desk, flanked by Storm Troopers, stood, a towering wedge of black, cape flapping. Han fired, and Leia, having drawn her own blaster, as well as Chewy, tried to blast him as well. Vader waved and the brightly blazing bolts vanished, then each of them felt their weapons wrenched from their hands. Another company of Storm Troopers moved into place behind them, and Han felt one of them grab his now slender little arms.

Han spotted Lando lingering off to the side. "Traitor," he shouted.

"I had no choice," Lando said, unable to stop himself from taking in the way Han's new chest strained against his shirt.

"Take them away," Vader said.

## Part V



Leia and Chewbacca found themselves ushered into a hangar. Vader awaited them there, his imperial shuttle behind him. A bounty hunter stood next to him holding a gorgeous girl by the arms. She wore some kind of metal bikini, and her face was averted. Leia couldn't help but admire the girl's hourglass figure and her radiant skin. *Poor thing, she thought. So pretty, and yet a prisoner just like us.* She couldn't bear to even

think about what sort of fate awaited such a beautiful female. The girl's hair

had actually been styled in side buns. Funny, Leia thought. She and Han had just been joking about that...

“Lord Vader.” Leia spat the words. “Come to gloat?”

“I have no need to gloat. In fact, I wanted to offer you a kindness.” Vader gestured toward the girl being held at his side. “I thought you would want to say goodbye to your friend.”

“My friend? What are you—?” The girl turned her head and looked at Leia, her eyes glassy with despair. Leia reeled, stunned as she realized who the girl was. “Han?” She whispered. The sight of him, not only transformed into a female but forced to wear that absurd outfit made her sick.

Chewy roared, knocking a trooper to the ground, then hammering his fists against another. Guns were drawn.

“No! Chewy!” Han shouted, pulling away from the bounty hunter and rushing to Chewie’s side. “Don’t. There will be better times to fight later. I need you to protect the princess.”

Chewy groaned and nodded.

Even now, Leia thought, touched, he’s more worried about me than himself. What a— man? The bounty hunter grabbed Han and began to drag him away. He reached a small, soft hand toward Leia. She reached back.

“The girl goes with the bounty hunter to be turned over to Jabba the Hut,”  
Vader said. “The rest will come with me.”

As Han was being led away, he glanced back over his soft, round shoulder.  
“I love you,” he called to Leia.

“I know,” she answered.

**To Be Continued**

