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## **A Night in the Life of Han Solo**

by [Carolyn Golledge and KE](#)

Mingled sounds of pleasure sounded beneath the sheet as the woman's lips trailed soft kisses across Han's chest. Her teeth nibbled his skin, her tongue traced his ribs, and her hand stroked his torso, journeying lower to tickle and tease. "Oh baby," she whispered, observing the man. "You \*are\* a big guy!"

Suddenly, lights flashed on, and thunderous knocks slammed at the door. \*Solo? Time's up.\* Chewbacca roared. "Got to move them in and out!"

Han gave the woman a hug and sat up -- only to be pulled down again and subjected to a flood of kisses and caresses.

"Don't ... ..leave me...baby," she moaned, her body over his and pinning him to the mattress.

"Gotta--" he cried, gasping for breath as her long, thick locks smothered him. He pushed at her, trying to pry his own body free, but she'd didn't budge. "Chewie!?" he screamed. "Help!"

A rumbling was heard from outside, and then the enormous wookiee charged into the room. In seconds, he had flung the woman from the bed, thrown her tunic over her, and ushered her out the exit at the other side of the room.

"Come again...." Han weakly called after her. Her hopeful reply was struggled as the door banged closed.

Solo caught his breath then collapsed back upon the pillows. "Gosh, that was rough. How many's that? 76th?" He swallowed heavily and turned pleading eyes

at his friend. "Oh, Chewie, " he exclaimed. "Say there aren't many more. I can't keep this up much longer."

The oversized creature looked at the tent-like formation of the sheet. "Surely it's not that hard. Besides, now that we've thrust ourselves onto the market, you're facing some stiff opposition."

Solo groaned, his hand limply raising to wipe sweat from his brow. " How many are out there?" he asked softly. "And -- be gentle with me."

Chewbacca scratched his furry head. "At last count ... 150."

Han's eyes grew wider as his jaw dropped open. "AGAIN!? Last night there were at least...."

"Oh, yes," Chewie shrugged. "I've noticed many familiar faces; many are repeaters."

"No-- no -- no," Solo was mumbling as he pawed at the sheet, trying to free himself so he could run. "Listen, furbag, I gotta take a leak. This is wearin' me out."

The wookiee came to his side and lifted the sheet. His head tilted for examination and he observed, "No, I think the others can get a rise out of you. Besides, you want those new parts for the Falcon, don't you?"

Han stopped his struggling and fell back, resigned. "Yeah, but how much longer till we've got enough?"

The wookiee chuckled. "WE had enough last week -- after the first night."

"What!" Despite his weariness, Solo again raised from the bed.

"Calm down, little one," Chewie comforted. "It never hurts to get a little more."

"Easy for you to say," Han mumbled, flopping once again to the mattress.

"Besides, you've a reputation to live up to."

"Don't know how that got started anyway," Solo grumbled. "I'm just a normal guy --"

Chewie again stared at the tent-like sheet. "No, Han, I think there might be something to it."

The Corellian stared at his friend, and then a wicked smirk lifted the right corner of his mouth. "That obvious, huh? Then I retract my statement." Slowly and confidently, he stretched his arms then folded them behind his head. "Those 150 -- they're pretty eager?"

Chewie nodded. "Yes."

Solo winked. "Okay. Guess we'd better not disappoint them."

The wookiee ambled to the door and turned to smile at his friend. As the hallway light spilled into the room, he called, "Next!" \* \* \*

"Hi, handsome. Remember me?" A tall woman entered the room, swinging her long golden tresses over her shoulders to reveal she wore nothing beneath.

"Uh- yeah," Han muttered, mixed dread and interest in his voice. "You've been here every night."

"Amen. Can't get enough of a good thing."

"Women!" Solo exclaimed. "Never happy. Never satisfied."

She stopped beside the bed and her eyes feasted. Giggling, she teased, "apparently you're happy to see me." She added, "but you usually 'sleep' on the right side of the bed, don't you? Tonight you're on the left?"

"Yeah. Wanted a change of scenery."

"No prob." She lifted the covers and sat down. Suddenly, her derriere disappeared sinking through the mattress, her body following it, collapsing like a folding chair. "Solo!" She screeched. "What the hell!?"

Han raised to an elbow. "Shit! What're you doin like that?"

"What do you meant?!" she shrieked. "Why have you got this gaping hole in the middle of your bed?"

Embarrassed, he offered a hand to pull her out, and explained, "oh, that. Chewie cur that -- uh -- for me."

"Bedpan, Solo?" She cocked an eye.

"Uh- no. Sometimes I like to uh lay on my stomach." As he pulled her out he pointed. "That's the only way I can manage..."

"That big, huh?"

"Most of the time."

'Must be hell," she said sympathetically.

"Can be. Need Chewie's shoehorn when I put my jeans on. But then, at least I ain't ever had to buy a baseball bat."

"No wonder you have back problems."

Solo spread his arms. "It's not my fault. I didn't' ask for a set that weighs five pounds."

"Ten minutes!" Chewie's voice called form outside the door.

"Ten minutes?!" Solo and the woman exclaimed.

"We have to slip them through faster. There's such a line. Another shuttle just landed and there's a big load coming in."

Han groaned. But he stirred into action as the woman began rubbing her palms over his chest as if inventorying the soft patch of brown hair there. "Don't worry, Solo," she cooed. "I can be a fast worker." \* \* \*

Chewbacca grabbed at the cup of pencils as they again threatened to spill. With wondering eyes he gazed toward the door behind which his Captain and the last participant were creating the earthquake. He shook his head as peace again settled, and he dropped the last few coins into the barrel., Solo'd earned them enough for Lumpy to attend the galaxy's best college for the next millenium.

Moments later, he saw the sign above Han's door switch from "occupied" to "vacant" and he waited for Solo to summon another. But nothing came. Chewie shuffled some papers, piled the ledger on top of them, tidied the desk, waited for Solo to emerge, but all was silent. And then, finally, a tiny sound reached his ears. "Chewie?" It was almost a whisper, and the wookiee craned his neck toward Solo's voice.

"Chewie?"

Louder this time. Chewbacca stood and started for the bedroom in time to hear "CHEWIE!!!" in the full sound version.

"CHEWIE GET ME OUTA THESE!!!"

The wookiee opened the door to find the rather withered Solo. He flipped on the light and moved closer. "Han?"

The Corellian jiggled his arm. "These, pal. The chains? That last on was real weird."

Chewbacca opened the metal cuffs which surrounded his friend's wrist and watched as the limbs flopped to the bed. He pulled back the covers a bit and shook his massive head. "Cuts? Bruises?"

"Yeah, Solo courageously sat up. He pointed to a few slashes. "These were that last one's whip," he explained. Examining other parts of his torso, he continued. "Number 18's teeth marks. 56's fingernails. 69's peanut butter. 74's hot fudge. 198's highliner pen..." he picked up a few items from the floor beside him. "This was 25's leather harness, 47's feather, 108's spurs, 119's ice cubes -- what's left of umm --- 221's pump -- Chewie it's been a hell of a night. I need a vacation -- or at least some bacta."

The wookiee studied his friend. "Everything still holding up?"

Solo nodded reluctantly. "Of course. Some things never change."

"Could be worse," Chewie scolded. "You should be oozing with enthusiasm."

"Yeah, I'm dripping with eagerness, just bulging at the seams."

"No one rises to the occasion as you do. Should erect a monument to you, for your mounds of talent," Chewie winked.

"Yeah, yeah, " Solo offered. "Never fall short of expectations. Stand straight and tall among my peers --"

"That's the spirit!" The wookiee patted his friend's shoulder. "Just keep it up."

"Huh?" Solo asked fearfully.

Chewie fluffed the pillows and chuckled. "just want to keep you ever-ready. After all, the second shift's about to start."

"Oh, no!" Han rasped, fighting the covers. "That was it! No more! If we got enough credits, let's get the hell outa here. Can't extend this too long." He swung his feet from the bed.

"But little one --"

No, but. Enough's enough, Chewie." He sank back to the bed. "I think I'm dyin'."

"Uh-huh," Chewbacca growled, unconvinced. "Well, if so, the coroner won't have to tie the tag on your toe."

"Real funny," Solo groaned. "I ain't kiddin', pal. I got a bad feelin' about this." He lay still, panting, weakened severely. "I'm exhausted, out of breath, deflated --"

"Screw that last one."

With lethargic eyes, Han glanced before him, "True. It \*ain't \* deflating. Told you somethin' was wrong. Think I need a doctor, buddy. Go see it you can arouse one, huh?" he scowled and shook his head. "What am I sayin'? Chewie -- find a male doctor, okay? I've had it with females. I only wanna see a man."

Chewbacca stared, taken aback. "Han -- experimenting!? You shock me! But if that's the way you want it -- it's not as if there haven't been offers. I had to use violence to get rid of some of them. I don't know \*who\* started those rumors about you and Luke, but they sure did the rounds. So we can kill two birds with one stone. I can round up some male customers at the hospital. That's where most of them probably ended up -- "

"CHEWIE!!" Solo had tried to protest throughout his friend's speech, and only now succeeded in interrupting. "NO MORE!! I'm takin' a vow of celibacy."

"What happens when the money runs out?" the wookiee wanted to know.

"Monks don't need money," Han smirked. "Besides, there's plenty of rumors bout you, too. Maybe we oughta test them." He groaned loudly, suddenly in pain as the wookiee cuffed his most vital part. "Hospital! Quick!" \* \* \*

"AAAAAHHHHH!!" Solo screamed as the automatic doors closed on what was still hanging off an additional stretcher. "C'mon, you guys!" he panted. "Keep up, will ya? It ain't like I need this any longer!"

"Sorry, sir," one of the young ambulance attendants replied, pushing the other stretcher so it was parallel to Han's. "This isn't easy, y'know."

"Oh yeah?" Han gasped in relief as his body caught up to him. "Tell me 'bout it. You also need to get a taller ambulance. Wasn't too damm easy layin' on my side with the back doors open."

"Lucky we found that shopping cart, though," the young man said. "Did you hear that woman asking where she could find a ton of sausage like that? And it's a good thing your furry friend was able to chase those dogs away!"

Within seconds, troops of nurses surrounded him, their "ooo's" and "ahhhs" interspersed with offers of soothing lotions, sponge baths, whirlpools, or to otherwise, generally, take care of him. Solo pushed them all away as the gurney penetrated more deeply into the center of the hospital and into an examination room.

"Okay, sir," the attendant said. "The doc's here. Why don't' you just give an explanation of what happened, and you'll be out of here in no time."

"All right," Solo sighed. He could hear a faucet behind him as the doctor washed his hands. "Where's Chewie?"

"Umm..." the attendant replied. "the last I saw he was chasing away some meat-cutters and snake charmers."

Han moaned. "Doc? I gotta .. gotta slight problem. You know them party favors -- the ones you blow in, and they unroll? You know how they usually roll back up when ya ain't puttin' through 'em?" He shifted, trying to get somewhat comfortable. "Well, Doc, my.. umm... party favor didn't re-roll. It's sorta -- guess you could say it suffers from prolonged usage. Feels sorta like I been given the shaft, here, Doc. Thought these things are always s'posed to work right, ya know?"

Suddenly a woman's giggles filled the room. "Some of us would consider \*that\* a blessing!" she said, coming into view. A stethoscope hung from the white neck of her lab coat. "I think I could change your mind. I'm Dr. Maggie Peel. Do \*me\* a favor, and let's party!" She ran a seductive finger down Han's throat.

Han screamed. "CHEWIE!!! I SAID NO FEMALES!! CHEWIE?!" When his friend didn't burst through the doors, he muttered to himself, "Damm wookiee. Now I know why he's hiding."

Dismayed, the female doctor looked at him ." So you're homosexual, Captain Solo. Whoever would have guessed after all those legends." She placed an examining hand on the most impressive symptom she'd ever handled and groped for a cause.

Solo moaned, but in \*pain\* , not pleasure.

Disappointed, Maggie pouted. "You really don't like women, do you?" Her fingers slid to her stethoscope, releasing her hope for further examination. She leaned forward to listen to his heart.

"Damm it!" Han shrieked at her. "I ain't \*that\* way!"

Startled, the doctor jumped backward.

"I've just had over 200 women trying to convince me this is a blessing," he explained.

"Over 200!?"

"Yeah, tonight. Been like that for a week now."

"Is that how you got all these bites, scratches, bruises -- and whip marks?" She leaned down. "This looks like highlighter ink..."

"Yeah. Look closer. You'll find lotsa evidence that your kind are very imaginative."

"And kinky!" she observed. She smiled and teased, "Don't see any sign of my favorite, though."

Tears came to Solo's eyes and he exploded, " I DON'T WANNA HEAR IT!! I JUST WANT MY TEDDY BEAR!!!"

Just then Chewbacca entered. The doctor stared at him and then told Han, "Well, at least he's the right size. That's one way to keep it hidden."

Chewie patted his friend on the head in comfort. "No, this is what he means." He placed a very small stuffed toy -- modeled after an ewok -- on the examination table and watched Solo cradle it in his arms, clutching it to him desperately. The wookiee turned to the doctor. "Surely you can help him?"

"I'm not sure," Maggie replied. "I've never experienced a problem like this before. At least, not one this big."

Sniffing, Han pouted, "Sure. Make jokes. That's all anybody ever does. Nobody cares about my suffering."

Dragging her attention away from the awesome phenomenon, Dr. Peel responded to the desperation and pain in her patient's words. Now, she began to notice his other features which were only slightly less impressive than his 'problem.' Muscular chest, clearly defined collar bones, long neck, jutting jaw, and much more. But the eyes completely captivated her. She, like most of her kind, couldn't resist puppy-dog eyes and the hurt, lost-little-boy look. Maternal instinct kicked in, for the moment at least, drowning out the urge of her hormones. "Oh, you poor, poor baby," she crooned, stroking his hair. "I know it must hurt. It must be hard for you. I'll find some way to make you feel better, I promise. Your problem will shrivel away to nothing."

Solo wiped his eyes and looked suspiciously up at her. "How can you know how it hurts? And what exactly do you have in mind for making me feel better? Is this that wild fantasy the others missed?"

"Hardly," she giggled. Han sighed. "I'm sorry. No more puns. I'll have to run some tests first."



"Tests?" Alarmed, Solo pushed himself up on an elbow.

"To determine the correct medication."

"Medication!?" Solo tried to sit up all the way, but his 'problem' obstructed him. "OUCH!" he cried, falling back to the bed.

"I'll need to take some blood," Dr. Peel continued.

Han's eyes widened in horror as he saw her pick up a needle. "Oh no! Chewie!! Get me outa here!"

The wookiee shook his head. "You begged me to bring you here, now you want to leave?"

"She's gonna torture me!"

"All right," the wookiee conceded. "But don't expect me to protect you from all the sliding doors out there. Or the women. Not to mention the dogs."

Solo waved a finger. "Don't talk about the dogs!"

"Fine," Chewie agreed. "You can pretend they're not real. Let's go." He reached down to the prostrate man. "I'd help you up, but you're already up too much." Han glared at him, but he continued blithely. "You're right. The dogs would reduce the target area."

"ENOUGH! I get the point!" the Corellian shouted. "I'll stay! Happy now?"

Chewbacca winked. "I knew you'd come good."

Maggie sighed. "Well, now that we've gotten to the head -- er -- heart , of the matter, can I get on with the blood test? I promise you it'll come out all right."

"Sure," Han muttered. "That's what they all said!"

"My poor abused baby," the doctor soothed, swabbing at his arm. "Relax. This won't hurt a bit."

"First time you've been on the receiving end tonight, huh, Han?" Chewie chortled.

"Very f--OWW!" Solo cried as the needle jabbed him. "Why don't' you go check the repair work on the Falcon, smart mouth? I don't need you insultin' me..." His words trailed off as he looked down at his arm. The vial above the needle was rapidly filling with bright, red blood. "Oohhh," he moaned. His eyes rolled up in his head, and he fainted.

"Solo?" Maggie cried in alarm. She finished with the blood sample and began patting his cheeks, trying to wake him.

"I should have warned you about that," Chewbacca sighed. "He always does that."

"He looks so cute when he's asleep," the doctor giggled. "Especially with that soft toy under his arm." She stroked the sweaty hair back from his brow. "Just like a lost little boy."

"With one very big difference," Chewie pointed out. He had expected the woman to laugh, but instead she looked concerned and very maternal. She took up the washcloth and began cleaning dried blood from the numerous cuts and scratches adorning Han's body.

"Look what these vicious women have done to you!" She declared, speaking as though Chewbacca was no longer in the room. "Well, don't worry. Maggie is here now. I'll protect you."

Chewie cleared his throat. "I'll leave him in your capable hands then, doctor. You really think you can find a cure?"

"Certainly!" She snapped. "I don't intend leaving such an innocent to suffer like this! I cannot condone -- er -- condone this kind of behaviour. You really must take better care of him! He's no more than a baby. How could you let him be used like this?"

"Innocent!? Baby!?" Chewbacca backed to the door. "Ask him whose idea it was!" The wookiee hurriedly disappeared into the corridor.

Dr. Peel turned back to her patient who was moaning and stirring as he began to come around. "There, there," she soothed. "That nasty wookiee corrupted you, didn't he? My poor little Hansikins! Never mind. I'll take care of you, you poor, sweet boy."

"Huh?" Han blinked and focused on the woman hovering above him. "Was it good for you? Musta been \*real\* good for me! I passed out! Is your time up yet? What number are you?"

"Oh dear, Hansikins," Maggie frowned. "You're delirious. Let me cool your fevered brow." She turned away to wring the washcloth in fresh water.

"Whatever turns you on," Solo said wearily. "Just let's not get too kinky, huh? What's that ya got over there? I hope it ain't the handcuffs again. Those holes seem a lot smaller when you start to swell. My wrists are raw."

"Handcuffs!?" Maggie was appalled. "Those savages chained you?"

"Yeah. Some of 'em spanked me, too. And look what the spurs did to my hips! One of them women even wanted to carve her initials on my thigh, but I made her settle for highliner pen. See? Right there -- ahh!" Solo cried out as his hand bumped into his 'problem'.

"Oh, my poor boy!" Maggie sympathized. "That must really hurt!"

"It does kinda smart, " Han squeaked, tears in his eyes. "I can't take much more of this! Damm thing keeps getting in the road al the time!"

"That would be dangerous."

"Uh-huh," the Corellian nodded in agreement. "Then there's the bumps I got when it pole -vaulted me up the stairs when I was trying to get away from those dogs."

"Dogs?"

"Dogs!" Han's eyes widened as memory returned. "Dogs! Ambulances! Hospital! And everything's still on the up and up! Ya gotta help me Doc!"

"Shh, shh." Maggie dabbed at the tears trickling down his cheeks. "You just lie back and relax, and I'll make you feel all better."

"No, no, please! Let me rest! I tell ya, I'm all petered out! honest!" Panicked, Solo slid away from her and promptly fell off the table. "OOWW!"

"Hansikins!" she cried, hurrying around to his side.

"Don't touch me!" Han begged, cringing. "227 women have made me feel better already tonight! No more!"

"227?" Dr. Peel was over-awed. "What a man!"

"You come any closer any I'll scream!" Solo warned.

"But I'm your doctor. I'm here to help you, remember?"

"Help me?" he blinked, meeting her gaze. "You mean, you can get me back to normal?"

"Well," she frowned. "A man like you could never be 'normal,' but I'm sure I can -- um -- er -- reduce the size of the 'problem' at least."

"Now yer talkin'!" Han let out a relieved breath. "You're not gonna take advantage of me or nothin'?"

"I swear." Maggie raised her right hand.

"Okay. I'll get back on the table, then." Solo tried to get his feet beneath him, but he lost his balance. "Uh-- could you give me a hand? ... Gently?"

She smiled. "I think I'll need two hands."

"Whatever," he said defeatedly. "All I want is some sleep. Is that too much to ask?"

"Of course not, Hansikins, "Maggie answered as she helped him slide his problem and then himself back onto the table. "Carefully!" she warned as he made to turn onto his back. "Watch that light bulb!"

"Thanks," Solo shifted to avoid the hot orb hanging from the ceiling. "Already burned myself on enough of those things out in the hall! Had no choice, y'know. They couldn't get me in here unless I lay on my back. Corridors are awfully narrow out there."

"Not *that* narrow!" Maggie argued in a whisper.

"So, what's your plan?"

"Well," Dr. Peel sighed heavily as she looked back to the 'problem.' "We could try ice water."

"Ice!!" Han squeaked. "No way! Every time I take a leak, it'll come out ice cubes, That'd be even more painful!"

"Radiation, then?"

"Ya wanna turn me into a shriveled prune?"

"Never!" she avowed, horrified. "That'd be desecration."

"Dessication, y'mean."

"No," she winked. "Definitely desecration -- as in destruction of a sacred object."

"Damm straight!"

"It sure is!"

Han sighed. "What now?"

Dr. Peel shrugged. "You're exhausted. Maybe it'll fix itself if you get some rest."

"Sounds good. But it hurts too much to sleep."

"Poor sweetie-pie," She crooned. "Well, I can help you, there. I'll give you a shot."

Solo paled. "No more needles!"

"Pills, then?"

The Corellian nodded slowly. "Yeah, okay. Maybe a couple."

She patted his arm, went to the cabinet, took out a jar, and returned to place two pills into his hand.

"What if this doesn't work?" Han asked.

"I'm waiting on the blood test results," she shrugged. "Drugs?"

"Oh, great," Solo grumbled.

"You haven't taken your sleep pills."

The pilot wriggled uncomfortably. "Ahh, Doc. There's somethin' I gotta do before I can sleep."

Maggie sighed. "Which is?"

"I gotta take a leak."

"More like a fountain."

"What?"

"Nothing. I'll get a bucket."

Solo's sleep would have been restful but for nightmares filled with straining flesh and an eager, smiling sea of female faces and bodies. He tossed and moaned, trying to escape them, and struggling harder when one of them grabbed him by the shoulders. He was shaken so urgently, his teeth rattled, and something else swayed and wobbled precariously above him. "OWWW!!!" he protested groggily. "Lemme be, will ya? I tell ya, I ain't got no more to give!"

"Will you wake up!?" Chewie repeated.

Han opened his eyes. "Oh, it's you. Is it over yet? Please, pal, I'm beggin' ya! Don't let any more of 'em in here! P--ppp--llease!"

"Calm down!" The wookiee squeezed Solo's shoulders. "You're in the hospital."

"Wh-waht? Oh yeah. Geeze, Chewie, will ya ease up? I got enough bruises. " As the creature released his grip and moved back, Han caught sight of a monumental white tent. "Shit. It didn't work."

"I'm sorry." Maggie stepped forward to apologize. "I guess we try drugs,"

"Forget all that," Chewbacca urged. "We're in trouble."

"No kiddin'!" Solo muttered sourly. "What could be worse than this?"

"Mutilation. Torture. Slow death."

Han's attention had been gained. "Ya got a point."

"No --" Chewie began with a sly smile.

"Don't!" Han snapped. "No jokes, no bad puns -- just tell me!"

"Husbands. Brothers. Fathers. Lovers. Friends. Uncles..."

The Corellian groaned. "Why me?"

"Because you're the only one who can satisfy them. Or at least, that's what they've been telling their menfolk."

"It's a hard job, but someone's gotta do it," Maggie snickered.

Solo gave her his most hurt, sad, and betrayed look. "You promised."

"Well, I -- uh --" Dr. Peel blurted guiltily. "Couldn't resist. Forgive me, Hansikins?"

"Hansikins!!?" Chewbacca choked.

"Forget you ever heard that!" Han threatened. He tried to sit up, but his problem became tangled in the sheets. "This ain't fair!: he sobbed. "I've never hurt anyone. Why does God hate me?!" He broke down, tears flooding his eyes as he hugged his teddy bear tightly, seeking comfort.

"Now look what you've done," Maggie scolded the wookiee. "How can you be so cruel to him? He's a sick man!"

"He'll be a dead man if he doesn't get out of here!" Chewbacca growled. "You can't hide a story this big for long."

"I can't walk! " Solo wailed. "It bumps on the ground, and I trip over it!" He threw an accusing glare at his giant partner. "Try imagining what that feels like!"

Chewbacca flinched. "I see your point." Solo snarled. "Oops. A slip of the tongue. Honestly!" Since the Corellian looked ready to kill, Chewie edged toward the door. "I'll wheel you out of here, then. I'll go find some gurneys and a back exit. Rest up while you can.."

"Ignore him," the female doctor advised. "You're safe here. Maggie won't let anyone hurt you. Your enemies will never find you here."

"WHERE IS HE!!??" several harsh male voices bellowed from the hall.

"Quick!" Solo said. "Get my blaster!"

"I thought you didn't want me to touch it?"

"Not THAT one! The other one! Over there! My gun!"

"Too late, you low-life wife-stealin' scum!"

"Oh shit!" Solo said succinctly. He looked up into three sets of angry eyes. "Now take it easy , guys. It's all lies! They exaggerated."

"\*That\* ain't no exaggeration!" one of the intruders exclaimed, pointing to the tented object, towering over Solo's prostrate form. He sounded as much over-awed as angry. Then jealously set in. "Grab him, boys! Let's cut him down to size!" The man unsheathed a long, wickedly honed saber from a scabbard at his side.

Han made a squeaking protest, his eyes bulging, his heart thudding, but he was too exhausted to offer any real fight. Two of the men pinned him down, while the third chuckled evilly and pulled the sheet back. Then he took aim.

"CHEWIE!!" Solo screamed. "HELP!!"

Fortunately, the wookiee hadn't gone far. He charged into the room, massive fists swinging, teeth bared, his ear-splitting roars vibrating through the walls. He was really steamed. Han's two captors released their holds just as the third took an almighty swipe with the saber.

"AAAH!!!" Solo screamed, knowing his most treasured possession was simply too extensive to get out of range in time. He squeezed his eyes shut and hoped it

wouldn't hurt too much. He didn't feel a thing. Well, maybe a breeze. There was a lot of noise as Chewbacca cleaned up his attackers. Then silence. Still no pain. Dreading what he might find, Solo lifted one eyelid just enough to check the damage. Nothing. It was gone. He drew a sobbing breath, trying to come to terms with the fact that he was no longer a man.

"I don't believe it!" Maggie exclaimed.

"I must be dyin', 'cause I can't feel a thing," Han whispered. "Take good care of the Falcon for me, pal. You were a great friend, Chewie. You did your best. Don't blame yourself. Don't grieve for me too long, pal. Life goes on -- well for some of us. We had some fun times.."

"Solo..." Chewbacca howled.

"Don't go all mushy on me, Chewie. Let's be adult about this."

"You're going to talk me to death before \*you\* die, Hansikins," Maggie giggled.

Solo was shocked. How could she be so insensitive? He opened his eyes to leave her with his famous wounded little boy expression. She'd be sorry! "I thought you loved me," he sniffed.

Instead of looking ashamed, she looked exasperated. "Oh for Pete's sake!" She grabbed his head and thrust it forward and down. "Look!"

Solo instantly shut his eyes, not wanting to see his mutilation.

"Look! Or I'll kill you!" Chewbacca roared.

"Geeze!" Solo grouched. "Whatever happened to sympathy, kindness, compassion....?"

"LOOK!!" Woman and Wookiee shouted in unison.

Han pried opened an eye, then decided it wasn't working properly. He opened the other to assist and still didn't believe their evidence. His jaw dropped. "It's still there!!" he observed happily. "It's still there!"

"Uh-huh!" Maggie smiled. "And what's more, you're cured! The shock must have done the trick. And not a moment too soon!"

Overcome by relief, Solo collapsed back to the bed. "I need a drink!" he declared, a smile brightening his face. "No -- I need a cantina! Let's celebrate!"

"That's the spirit!" Chewbacca agreed.



"I knew you could do it," Dr. Peel congratulated. She flung her arms about the Corellian's neck and indulged in a long, passionate kiss. Solo reciprocated. Then he began to frown. Then he pushed her away. He checked on the area that had had them all concerned.

"I think somethin's wrong," he mumbled woefully. "It ain't even twitched. I think it's dead. It died of heart failure! It'll never be perky again!" he sobbed.

"Don't be ridiculous," Maggie purred. "I can bring it back to life. Trust me."

"You can?" Solo asked hopefully.

"Absolutely. Positively. Guaranteed!" she grinned wickedly. "Of course, it's a prolonged, involved treatment. Requires one on one attention for weeks, maybe months. You got room aboard this ship of yours?"

Han Solo winked. "There's room. Lotsa women come on my vehicle and blast into hyperdrive!"

THE END

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