

[Back To Part 3](#)

[Back To Index](#)

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RESOLUTIONS SOLO: Part 4

by [Homer Sapiento](#)

THE former Bepin Administrator moved to the lounge to await Leia's return. As she came up the ramp, she smiled. "I have wonderful news!"

Lando cut her off. "Don't you want to know how he is?"

"Of course I do. I was just excited about the settlement here. It's very important."

Lando helped her into a chair. "More important than the father of your baby?"

"No! Of course not, but --"

"But nothing!" Lando said hoarsely. "His whole life blew up for him today! He's not far from the edge, Princess. What happened between the two of you?" Leia told him and he nodded. "It all fits."

"I - I didn't mean it the way it came out!" she stammered.

Lando held her hand. "He knows that, deep down." He smiled at her. "In case you haven't noticed, the old pirate's got a very delicate ego. What you said wouldn't have mattered if he didn't remember all the lies from before. He's hurt and he wants to hurt back. She's dead. You're his only target."

Leia got up. "I have to go to him."

Lando grabbed her arm. "No."

"No!" she yelled. "I have to!"

He smiled at her. "Stop and think. He's already asleep - whatever you say won't sink in. He'll just be pushed to strike back that much harder."

"How is he physically?"

"He's got at least one busted rib - far as I can tell, been spitting up blood. But he's worse off mentally. He feels like he's been used; first by her, then by -- by you."

"I never --"

"Calm down! I never said you did. He just needs an excuse right now." Lando said.

Leia listened with half an ear. "What did he say about the baby? Surely with the baby coming --"

Lando looked at the floor. "Actually he feels like he'd be in the way."

"That was all settled." Leia retorted.

"Maybe it was," Lando replied. "then. He wants to go back to Chewie's; we're supposed to deliver you and the cargo ourselves."

"And," Leia said quietly, "just what is he going to do there?"

"Something about cutting down a tree and burning it. I didn't understand."

The Princess swayed slightly. "I'd, I'd like to lie down now." She suddenly felt very tired.

Han spent time avoiding the sight of Leia. The Princess' frustration grew as he refused any attempt she made to speak to him.

On one occasion, the Corellian and the Wookiee were in the lounge area at the game table. Lando laughed loudly as Chewie won game after game.

"Han looked at him. "Fuzz ball here cheats, you know."

"Yeah," Lando chuckled, "And you let him!"

"Think I want my arms ripped off? Never did like this game anyway." He reached for a mug and grimaced as pain went through his side. The Wookiee growled loudly and Han looked at him. "All right!" he yelled. "All right, one more game -- double or nothin'." The Corellian re-set the board and muttered. "Don't know why we're bettin' anyway -- I sure don't have any credits. Hell, still owe you from last time." Chewie gave out a long howl and Han glared at him. "Thanks, mophead!"

Tandy and Leia came in as the laughter was at its fullest. Tandy sat next to Chewie. "And you beating him again? Leia, sit down." Just then the Wookiee made a move and Han lost a player; Tandy clapped her hands and patted the furry head. Han shook his own. "You against me, too?"

Tandy smiled. "Chewie's giving me a share of his winnings."

Han laughed wryly. "A share of nothin' is nothin', sweetheart. You can't get blood from a stone. And this stone is tapped out."

Leia touched his arm. "You've got the payment coming from this cargo."

"I don't want your payment, your Highness," he said in a low voice without looking at her. He shifted in his seat.

"Hey, your turn, pal," Lando tapped his arm.

"Yeah, sure," Han said slowly. His mind was no longer on the game and it took Chewie only three moves to clear the board. The Wookiee growled happily as Tandy hugged him.

Lando sat back. "Man, you don't even give him a chance to cheat!"

Han shrugged. "Yeah, well, told you it was a dumb game anyway." He shut off the board.

Tandy tugged at the Wookiee. "C'mon, you promised I could play in the furs." They left together.

Lando stood abruptly and looked around. "Well, guess I'll go see where we are."

The Corellian slowly leaned back in the chair, his knuckles white on the armrests. For a time they sat in silence; he avoided her steady gaze. Finally, she broke the silence. "How soon will we set down at Chewie's?"

Han glanced at her briefly. "Not too much longer."

"Will -- will we stay there long?" Leia asked quietly.

Han shook his head and achingly pulled himself forward. "WE aren't staying -- I am -- Chewie and Lando will deliver the cargo -- and you -- back to the transport." Han tried to pull himself out of the chair, but the effort aggravated the pain in his side and he sat back slowly.

"Are you all right?" Leia asked.

Han looked at her. "Don't worry, Princess, you'll get back to your transport in one piece -- and with the cargo the General ordered." He turned away and held his side.

"You know that's not what I meant!"

Han shot her a glance, then looked quickly at the floor. He nodded. "You're right."

Leia smiled. He went on. "You're always right -- have to admit that --" Han looked at her. "-- but I guess you gotta be to be a Princess."

Her smile vanished. "I'm not always right -- I just try to be -- you do, too. Everybody does."

He shook his head. "Maybe that's where I went wrong .. tryin' to be right. Thanks for the lesson, Princess." He tried to get up again and his face tightened.

Leia touched his arm again. "We have to talk --"

"We have nothing to talk about. As far as I'm concerned, this is a regular run from now on --"

"It's not! So much has happened!" Leia protested.

"Right, Princess," Han frowned. "And all to me!"

Leia stood and started to leave when Han called her back. "Could you do me a favour?" She turned. "I'd like to go back to my room."

"So, who's stopping you, Captain?" she hissed.

"I need some help getting' up."

Leia sighed. "What should I do?"

He pulled himself forward. "Just stand right there. I only need leverage." He reached for her arm and stood slowly, wincing. "Lando usually does this, but he skipped out on me -- for some reason." For a moment they looked at each other,

then Han realized he was still touching her. He pulled away sharply and stumbled. "Damn!"

Leia put an arm around his waist. "Can I help?"

"Sometimes it's okay, and sometimes -- damn!" Han held onto the seat.

"Let me help you to -- to your room," she said softly.

Han looked at her closely. "I don't want to put you out, your Highness." She tightened her grip and he jumped. "Take it easy!"

They made their way slowly down the corridor. "I would gladly take it easy," she said, "if you wouldn't act like such a stubborn Taun-taun!"

The Corellian smiled against the pain in his side. "When you're right, you're definitely right, your Holiness." Leia tightened her hold further and Han came to a dead stop. "Cut it out. Damn! I'm not kidding!" He grabbed part of the wall and leaned on it, holding his right side with his left hand.

"I'm sorry -- did I hurt you? Should I get Lando?"

Han shook his head. "I just want to lie down."

Leia helped him into the bunk they had shared. He laid back, held his side and closed his eyes. Leia pulled a blanket over him and watched his face. She broke the silence. "Can I get you anything?"

Han shook his head, then slowly opened his eyes and looked at her. "Thanks." The Princess flushed slightly as he looked at her. "How are you?"

"All right -- I'm fine." She replied.

"And the -- uh, you put on some weight." Han reached around for the flask.

Leia shrugged. "I'm supposed to now -- and the baby's fine." She watched as he drank from the flask, then added quickly. "I felt him move today."

The flask was still at his lips as he looked at her mid-section, then at her face. "Yeah?"

Leia smiled shyly and nodded. "Would you like to?"

Han looked at her in confusion. "I don't --" She didn't wait for him to finish, but took his hand and lay it to her belly. She held her hand tenderly on top of his.

It seemed like an eternity for Han whose mind flooded with old feelings and new objections. Leia watched his face as realization hit it; a small smile grew in his eyes. Han looked up at her. "That was it -- I mean the -- the --"

Leia nodded happily. "Isn't it great?"

The Corellian looked at her and slowly removed his hand from her grasp. "Sure it wasn't something you ate?"

Just as he raised the flask to his lips, Leia poked him. The wave of pain that went through him caused him to drop the flask and swear out loud. Han convulsively grabbed his side. "Why the hell did you do that!"

Leia picked up the flask and a rag to wipe up all that had spilled. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize it was that bad."

Han hugged himself against the pain and rocked back and forth. "You don't seem to realize a lot of things." He muttered.

The Princess brought out a clean shirt. "Let me help you change at least."

Slowly, aided by her, Han got into a sitting position. The old shirt off, Leia noticed the extensive taping for the first time. "Oh, Han, I'm sorry."

Han gingerly pulled on the new shirt. "I'm sorry, too." Han took the rag from her, coughed and spat up red. "Damn," he muttered.

"Are you still bleeding?" she asked. Han glared at her, coughed again, his face tight. "You can't hide it, you know." Leia pressed. "Lando told me all about it."

The Corellian tensed. "just what did Lando tell you?"

"Everything." She said shortly.

"Oh," Han turned away from her.

Leia gently touched his face. "I can't say I understand how you feel -- your past has nothing to do with me -- I'm, I'm not her! You can't judge me by her! By what she did to you! I love you, you knew it even before I did, and now, now -- now you're allowing her to ruin your life again. I'm sorry for what I said before -- the baby's changed me emotionally -- I cry all the time now and I can't stand it; I've never acted like this before." She paused for a breath and smiled at him.

"I can't force you to come back to the transport with me, to stay -- I -- I wouldn't want you to come if you thought I was forcing you; that doesn't make a happy marriage. If you're not happy, then I'm not happy, and the baby wouldn't be

happy --" she gave a little nervous laugh, "-- and who needs a ??? of unhappy people? I told you before I didn't want to be left with nothing, and now I'm not," she touched the small swelling, "I'll always have a part of -- your baby, and I'll always love both of you. If you want, whenever you want, you can find us, visit us -- or just him. He's going to know who you are and he'll love you, too. I told you I don't understand how you feel, why you feel this way now -- you have so much love in you and you are so afraid to show it --" Tears welled in her eyes. "I better go now -- if it's all the same with you, I'll say good-bye now -- I, I don't think I could go through this again."

Leia moved towards the door and was about to step through it when Han called her. "I don't want you to go," he said in a whisper.

She came back to the bunk and looked at him. Han turned his head and she saw the tears in his eyes. He reached for her hand. "I don't want to be alone any more." He rubbed her hand. "I'm not good for you -- no, ask anyone -- ask that bunch of transistors. Hell, even Luke would agree."

She touched his face. "Luke'll be happy for us -- he knew about us."

Han shook his head. "That's not the point, sweetheart. He ain't gonna be exactly thrilled to find you -- uh, us in this situation. Like I treated you like some kind of bar maid, or something. Like I think you look like that or something."

"Excuse me?"

He held up his hand and she pushed his palm. "Oh, I do, do I? And how many barmaids have you known, dear?"

Han glanced at her and shrugged, his smile faded. "Uh, well -- actually uh -- I just remember what Chewie told me -- never met a barmaid in my life."

"I bet," she stuck her tongue out at him. He ignored it, intent on the braid he was making. "Han," Leia touched his hand.

"Hmmm?" He looked at her. "Wait a sec, I'm almost done." Finished, he admired his handiwork.

"Han!" she was frustrated.

"Okay, you've got my full attention -- what?" he grinned at her.

Leia fingered the braid he'd just made, she asked quietly. Is there some way you could hold me without hurting?" Her eyes filled. "I missed you."

Carefully, Han shifted and pulled her into his arms. "Just don't move your elbows." He cradled her as tightly as he could and placed his hand gently on the small swelling. "What makes you think it's a boy?"

"I told you I want a boy."

Han patted her. "Don't listen to her -- we'll take whatever you are."

Leia turned and looked at him. "You are talking to my stomach."

"Nope," she shook his head. "I'm talking to my daughter."

"Daughter?"

"Uh huh, daughter -- as in girl." He grinned.

Leia gently traced the back of his hand. "Well, maybe we'll get lucky and it'll be twins -- a boy and a girl. That'd be nice."

Han swallowed heavily. "Nice? You're out of your mind! I don't even know what to do with one and you're talkin' about two!"

Leia giggled. "There's two of us, it'd be an even match."

"I'd rather have the advantage in this."

"Don't tell me you're afraid of a little baby." She teased.

The Corellian kissed the back of her neck. "Okay," he muttered, "I won't, just don't expect too much."

The Princess touched his cheek. "It'll be all right, as long as you love us -- just wait, you'll probably be better with him than I."

"Her." Han muttered against her neck.

"Him!" Leia demanded. "Ouch," she squeaked as he bit her. "That was an awful thing to do to a Princess."

He kissed the spot he bit. "Not if she's actin' like a spoiled child!" He gently rubbed the swelling. "Anyway, it's already a girl, so don't argue!"

"A boy."

"It's definitely a girl!" he said.

Leia intertwined her fingers with his and rubbed her foot against his. "Would you mind a boy?"

Han played with her hands. "No, would you mind a girl?"

Leia smiled at him. "Of course not, in fact, a girl would be nice -- just think of it, two of us: two sweet, quiet, irresistible females."

The Corellian gave her a slow, sick smile. "I don't want to think about it." He kissed her nose. "It'll work! We'll have 3PO play nursemaid, he'll love it. He'll beg us to shut him off. It'll give him something else to gripe about. Was it really worth it, sweetheart?"

The Princess touched his cheek. "I'd like to tell the whole Galaxy!"

"Marvelous."

Leia hugged him as the door slid open and Tandy came in with a tray. "Excuse me, I just brought Uncle Han's lunch."

Lando and Chewie followed her. "The Wook was wondering who killed who. Guess we didn't have to worry, huh, Chewie?"

The Corellian frowned at him, then glanced at the tray. "I'm really not hungry --"

Leia took the tray from him and set it on her own lap. "Can't let it go to waste." She smiled at him.

"I think you ought to see a doctor," Han mumbled, "never ate so much in your life."

Lando leaned closer. "She's supposed to now, pal."

"What makes you an authority on the subject?" Han glared at him.

"I pay attention!" Calrissian smiled and folded his arms. "Anyway, it's about time she eats something, she's been sick often enough."

The Corellian stared at Lando, then looked at Leia who carefully studied the plate. "Sick? Since when? Oh, you're definitely going to see a doctor!"

The Princess stared at him. "Like hell I am!" Han's mouth fell open and the room was bathed in silence. "Don't stare at me!" She buttered a small roll, "I know how to say all those words just as well as you, and now I'm allowed! If I can't control my crying, I'll swear whenever I ### want!" She munched on happily. "Oh, do shut your mouth."

Han swallowed and glared at her. "You are gonna be checked out!"

She smiled and kissed the finger he pointed at her. "I am not the Falcon and I don't NEED to be checked out!" As the flustered Corellian sputtered, Lando made a swift exit. Leia wiped her hands and hopped off the bunk.

Han glared at her. "If you don't sit down, I'm gonna tie you up!"

She smiled at him from the table. "Tie me up? Hmmm, we've never tried it that way," she broke into a giggle. Han looked at Chewie for help, but he only grunted. Pleased with herself, Leia asked. "What did he say?"

"He doesn't want to get involved - you're my problem!" The Corellian boiled in frustration as Leia came over to the bunk and kissed him. His face grew very pale.

"Are you all right?"

Han shook his head. "I don't think so. Oh, it hurts." The Wookiee growled and hurried out the door. "Says he's gonna get some of that pain-killer which, with my luck, will probably kill me."

Lando came in and moved Leia away from the bunk. "Chewie told me what happened -- he says for you to lie still and quit making a fuss." Leia giggled and Lando turned to her. "Go see if you can scrape up any ice on this tube, okay?"

As Leia left, Calrissian pulled the blanket higher. "C'mon, pal, it's nitey-nite for you!"

Han looked at him. "Nitey-nite? You been drinkin' Mos Eisley's finest?"

"I'm just practicing," he laughed. "You should, too, great phrases like ma-ma, da-da, w-wa --"

"How'd you like a nice punch-punch?" the Corellian groaned as he leaned back. Chewbacca came in with something resembling a wooden door. Han glanced at it. "What the hell is that for?"

Chewie growled and hit the overhand with a swipe. "Okay, Okay! Take it easy! Never get involved with a Wookiee, pal, they tend to run your life." Lando helped Han move over on his side as Chewie slipped the board under him.

When he was settled, Lando asked, "How's that?"

The Corellian shifted slightly, "Think you've got something there - a new form of torture."

Chewie growled at him and Han looked at him in silence. Lando broke it. "Tell me something, how'd you ever survive this long without him taking care of you?"

Chewie laughed and Han glared at him. "It hasn't been easy -- Ow! What're you doin'?"

"Taking off the tape --" Lando took out a pair of cutters.

"And my skin -- now wait a minute here, you know what you're doin'?" the Corellian grabbed his wrist.

"Look, buddy -- it's either me or the medi-unit, take your pick." Lando shrugged.

Han grimaced. "Chewie, after I die make sure Leia's all right."

Calrissian tugged at the tape. "Have some faith in your doctor, kid."

"Find me one and will -- ow! --"

The Princess walked in, followed by a distressed 3PO who carried a large container of ice packs. She rushed to the bunk. "What are you doing to him?" she glared at Lando.

Han closed his eyes. "Another planet heard from."

The droid approached the bunk. "Captain Calrissian, do you think it's wise to remove the tape at this time? Shouldn't the ribs remain immobile?"

The quartet got into a shouting match as Han gave out a long, ear-piercing whistle. Silence filled the room as they all turned to look at Han. He smiled. "Nice of you to notice me. Look, like it or not, this is the only body I've got, so if you're gonna do somethin', just do it! It's startin' to hurt again --"

Leia kissed his forehead and stared at Lando. "Well, what are you waiting for?" Calrissian glanced at her in amazement, then finished removing the tape. He probed Han's side as the Princess looked on. "Well, Well!"

"How should I know?" he shrugged. "Looks like the swelling went down, but that could be just the tape." Lando turned toward 3PO, "Hand me those ice packs."

Han winced and raised up slightly on his elbows. "Now what?"

"I'm going to pack it," Lando laid the ice against the Corellian's side.

Han flinched as the cold hit his side. "I have a sinkin' feelin' I've been through this before -- that's cold!"

"It's ice, laser brain," Leia said, "it's supposed to be cold. Now, hold still, Chewie said not to move --"

"Can't you put a blanket under it? I'm freezing." Han complained.

"If we put a blanket under it, it won't be cold -- the idea is to keep the swelling down!" the Princess explained patiently.

Calrissian pulled the blanket over him. That's just great, keep all the cold in. Hoth was never like this!" Han inched away.

"Buddy, if you move those packs, I'll have Chewie ring this up so you can't move at all! Got me?" Lando yelled and Leia jumped.

"It's just so damn cold," the Corellian muttered.

"It's supposed to be!" Lando yelled louder.

"He's already been through a lot, you could at least show a little compassion."

Han grinned. "Guess she told you, pal."

Leia pulled his hair. "Oh, you shut up, too!" Han glanced at the overhang as Lando laughed. Leia glared from one to the other. "You're both incorrigible!"

Han held back a laugh. "C'mon, you two -- I can't laugh now -- how about a pillow? Can I at least have a pillow?"

The Princess picked up a large firm one and began to put it under his head when Chewie growled. Han yelled, "What'd ya mean: 'no pillow'? That's all, you fur-brained -- all right --" Chewie growled again. "I said all right, didn't I? Quit threatening me!"

The Wookiee handed Leia a small bottle of clear liquid. She read it. "This should do some good. Open up."

Han stared at her. "Told you not to give me orders!"

"I'll give you orders when it's for your own good! Now open up your big mouth!"

The Corellian swallowed the bitter liquid and started to cough. He gulped down the water Lando handed him. "Satisfied? Any more of that stuff and I'll cough myself to death!" He coughed again and spat up red. "Can you all get out of here?" He took Leia's hand. "Not you."

The Princess pulled out another blanket and tucked it around his shivering form. "Better?"

"I'd rather share body heat --"

"Later, Captain," she kissed him lightly. "Would you like something to drink?"

"Maybe that'd help, I'm freezin'."

AS she heated some broth, Lando came up behind her. "He can't have that, Leia." He moved toward the door of the galley. "I had Chewbacca change our course. Your transport should be at the rendezvous by now."

LEIA entered the room as quietly as she could and sat by Han's form. "Didn't think you were ever going to come back." He opened his eyes. "No soup, huh? We're goin' back to the rendezvous."

"Lando thinks it's best if you get more attention." She took his hand. "How did you know that?"

Han smiled at her. "Think I wouldn't know when this tub changed course?" He winced slightly. "When we -- get in range, have Lando call ahead. I -- I want to see the General right after we dock."

"What for? Surely the cargo can wait until you're better!"

"Don't argue with me, Chubbs!" he grinned.

Calmly, Leia went on. "I'm not arguing - I just want a reason!"

Han glared at her and she glared back. Finally, he touched her cheek. "May as well tell you since you gotta be here, too."

"What are you blabbering about?"

Han smiled at her. "Sweetheart, you can't have a wedding without a bride."

"Wedding? What wedding?"

Han frowned. "You, me, and that little girl in you. The three of us are getting' married."

She smiled maternally. "Yes, when you're better --"

The Corellian shook his head and held his side. "No! Nobody is touchin' me until your General marries us. Leia, please, if anything happens -- to me I want that kid to be legal."

"It doesn't matter, Han. After you're better --"

"It matters to me, sister." He closed his eyes against the pain. "Go on, we're almost in range."

"I wish there was some way to make up for this --"

Han grimaced. "There is."

The Rebel leader noticed the Corellian's pain and stood. "This can wait until that side's taken care of."

Han grabbed his wrist. "It can't wait, General."

Finally, he sat down. "What can I do?"

"The Princess -- Leia and I want you to marry us --"

"Don't you think this should wait awhile," the General asked in a subdued voice. "Much has happened .. with the Alliance, as well as you --"

He turned as Leia entered the room. "Has Han explained our wishes?"

The General slowly nodded. "I understand --"

Leia took his hands. "General, you're blushing. It's very becoming!"

WHEN the ship's crew and passengers filled the room, the Rebel Commander said the simple words that would unite the couple. He called for the ring and Lando handed Han the one the Princess had slipped off. The Corellian's hand shook and she finally helped him place it on her finger. "No wonder you can't fix that oil line." She whispered. "Nice." Han said as he kissed her when the General ended the ceremony. With kisses and hugs all around, the Rebel leader left the room quickly to call for a litter. Leia leaned over the Corellian. "Well, hot shot, you're stuck with me forever."

THE General came up behind Leia after the ship's company left. "We must talk --"

She turned to face him. "I know what you're going to say -- to legalise this, we need permission. Mon Mothma will understand. There won't be any problem --"

"Your Highness," the General said quietly. "Mon Mothma is dead." She gasped loudly and he helped her sit in a chair. "There was an uproar during one of the meetings -- an assassin broke through --" He squeezed her hand. "There was nothing we could do."

"But, but why would they -- anyone want to -- her of all people!" Leia wiped her eyes. "She was only the acting Empress!"

"Perhaps they want to force His Majesty into the same situation." He offered.

Leia stared at him. "Will that, that happen, too?"

The General shook his head. "Princess, political intrigue is not my forte. The Council was disbanded for now, each sector is enmeshed in more chaos than when the Usurper held power."

"Han was right all along." She whispered.

"Yes, your Highness, he was."

"What -- what will happen now? Who is in charge?" she asked in concern.

"Various factions are pulling for power in different sections. Your concern would be the Governor."

"The Governor is here?" Leia asked slowly. He nodded and she blanched. "He will have to grant us the permission and register our marriage." She looked at the General. "He doesn't approve of Han."

The General eased her out of the chair. "Princess, I'll do all I can, you know that. The Governor's self esteem is all that is standing between you two."

Outside the medi-unit, Leia stopped. "When the Governor is ready, bring him here."

[Continue To Part 5](#)

[Back To Index](#)

