

TF WARS

EPISODE III: DESIRE STRIKES BACK

Written by Jessie Star

Illustrated By Tail-Blazer



Hana laid on her poorly stuffed pillows, staring up at brown cavernous harem ceiling through the tattered silks and trinkets above. The Twi'lek girls behind her were giggling wildly, at her predicament she assumed. Trying to ignore them, she tugged on her uncomfortable bikini top that felt too small for her breasts, swelling out the sides, top and bottom, fidgeting with the long curtain of her loincloth hoping to make it cover her soft muscular thighs while not exposing the tiny garment that guarded her woman hood. Her antagonizing over her uncomfortable dancer's uniform, the same as every woman in the cell she shared was wearing, was cut short by the groaning of their heavy metal chamber door. All the dancers in the room stood up quickly and Hana was only a step behind them. She wanted to just flop over and hide her face but it would just make her stand out, and a target to the piggish Gammorean guards waddling in. Their green snotty noses huffed and snorted as their bodies of muscle and fat wrapped in Banta skins circled around the group of eight or so dancers. They were looking to choose just one one.

Hana just stared at the ground hoping with everything she had, trying to... tap into that damn force Luke always yammered about, begging for help from some invisible savior. None came, and soon the fetid stench of the pig guards hot breath was blasting her face and cleavage. Her chin was forced up by the guard and it's fat knuckles were grasping at her leather collar attaching a long chain leash to it. Hana struggled a bit but the guard bullied her into submission, no match for them with her weaker limbs. "Oh just you wait buddy" she growled, now about to be led off like some pet. She wobbled in her heels just for a moment as they led her out. She had fought to master them for so long, she wouldn't fail now by looking like a novice. The others girls giggled, a Togruta, a Mirialan, but especially the Twi'lek twins. They thought she looked funny when she stumbled, they thought it was funny that she had been picked yet again just like every day since her training had ended, and most of all they giggled because Hana was not supposed to be a she at all.

** * Four Months Earlier * **

Han Solo was marched through the Carbonite processing plant of Cloud City, cuffed painfully at the wrists and jabbed by storm troopers any time he slowed down. The famed spice runner turned rebel hero had been tricked by his old "buddy" Lando, and now he, his best friend Chewie the tall furry wookiee and the woman he loved, Princess Leia, were screwed. The complaints of the dismantled droid C-3PO reminded him that, yeah there were a few more in trouble but.. I mean, their droids. One memory wipe and all their problems are forgotten. Leia and Chewy would not be so lucky. They were all he could think about as Darth Vader motioned for him to be placed on the platform. Next to Vader the Bounty Hunter Boba Fett in his mandalorian style armor was probably drooling under his helmet, thinking about how much the slug crime lord Jabba the Hutt was going to pay him for delivery of the famed Han Solo. Han looked through the grate beneath him. He could see below, where he was going to be frozen in carbonite like a metallic Han popsicle and brought to the that fat slimy cretin literally IN a silver platter. Their only hope at this point was Luke, and Han doubted Skywalker would find them in time let alone save them. The room was stifling hot and humid with the scent of Molten metal and chemicals lingering in the air. The smuggler turned hero could feel the beads of sweat rolling down his body and soaking his clothes. The only thing more annoying than possibly dying by the hands of you enemy was having to wait for it. "Are we gonna get this thing over with or what?" Han tried to taunt them to show he wasn't afraid. But they weren't listening to him. Boba Fett seemed to be talking firmly with Vader, a move Han hoped would end with him lightsabered in half.

"You promised me both processes would be a success, Jabba said he would pay three times the amount if it could be done! Don't forget Sith lord you said if I helped delivered them, you would see it done" The masked bounty hunter's voice hissed over his communication mic, annoyed and frustrated.

The towering Darh Vader, more mechanized monstrosity than man these days turned his emotionless black mask to the bounty hunter. "I find you lack of patience, disturbing." his deep penetrating cavernous voice echoed between the metallic suck and release of his breathing

apparatus. "I would suggest you become more observant if you wish to continue to survive as a bounty hunter." His hand motioned over to Han who was now shivering and trembling. "The promised alterations have already begun."

"W-what's the big idea!" Han choked a bit on his own words. The smuggler pilot's body was having chills. He felt sick and off. "What do you mean both prooocccaaw" the word process was lost in his throat as he felt his stomach drop. The slow trickle of cold sweat became a waterfall and he clenched his teeth as waves of nausea hit him one after the other. When they finally passed his mind was spinning a little, only semi cognizant of how wet he felt in his sweat soaked clothes when *CRACK* Han was thrown back into awareness as his back and shoulders crunched and compacted. There was no pain but hell did it feel weird. What in the world was that? A moment later he felt similar crunches in his arm followed by multiple pops and cracks from his knuckles and hand bones. Han felt like his strength was melting away, confused about why his sleeves now covered his hands, when he rolled them back to see he did a double take. His hands, his wide strong manly hands had been replaced with small delicate ones that looked more like Leia's than the calloused mits he had become accustomed to. His shirt started to swallow up his fists again until he rolled them even tighter. His entire top was too big now, or he was too small for it. The opening for his head exposed one of his shoulders as it slid down and his arms were swimming in sleeves. What had they done to him besides prep him to be frozen? Han looked at the dark cloaked form of Vader and then back to Leia, her eyes looked both shocked and concerned. He opened his mouth to shout but it came out a garbled groan. The crunching had continued, this time down his spine until it reached his pelvis, where he felt pressure building to pop out. His throat spasmed and tightened, neck twisting and popping, Han held his face to the rafters like someone trying to keep their head above water to breathe. He closed his teary eyes and the spasms and crunching began on his face and skull, enough to take the focus away from his hips popping outward and legs crunching all the way down to the toes in his boots. The world faded to red light and pops and crackles in his ear and jaw. When the last pop in his toes seemed to be over, Han took in a deep inhale of breath. He was shocked he could get any air in, moments earlier his rib cage had been compressing on his organs, it appears they too shrunk with his new frame. His tiny feminine hands grappled to hold up his pants that now felt loose on his waist, only held from falling all the way off by his awkward feeling hips that had spread outward, now feeling wide and prone to swivel below his stomach. He was adjusting to his joints working in an all new fashion when *POP* an unexpected final shift in his lower spine tilted his pelvis, forcing his butt stick out.

"Is it done?" Asked Boba "He just looks like a runty nerf herder now."

"Who are you calling a runty" roared Han, though his voice felt tight and weird.

"Remove his clothes for the next preparation" Vader commanded and two stormtroopers grabbed Han by the wrists as short squat Ugnaughts, a cross between fat little piglets and old men in appearance, used little laser knives to cut off his clothes. The smuggler tried to fight them off but

his strength had left with his muscles, and in a flash he was stripped of his clothes and boots, only his baggy white underwear remained.

“Han are you okay?” Leia screamed down to him from the scaffolding.

“Yeah, just feelin’ a little...off” he tried to downplay how weird he felt with a smaller frame and body. The odd movements and posture caused his lower body and spine especially awkward. “This is nothin”

“Bold of you to assume you are finished.” Vader pronounced. The bounty hunter next to him practically snickering like a jittering Jawa.

“What the hell is that... oh... mmph” Han’s arms flew to his now softer abs, realizing how tiny his torso and waist had become. His organs felt like they were squirming and rolling, and the sick chill that had gripped him before was replaced by a building heat that throbbed and surged in his gut, making him warm and sensitive. “Oooh I’ve got a bad feeling about this” he groaned as his member began to swell and stiffen in his underwear. Solo went to cover it up but even bumping it through his small white shorts sent shockwaves of pleasure up his core into his nipples, and lastly out his mouth in the form of grunts and groans. His testicles felt heavy and swollen but with each pant that escaped his open maw, Han felt them jerk higher and higher till the bloated balls sat tightly against her uncarriage. With a shudder they pushed and squished as if they were riggling to fit back inside of him! “Ah no no stop hnnnnng staaaa-” it was too late. His eyes rolled back as his body released, orgasming and filling his underwear with warm goeey relief. Han barely had time to recover before his felt his balls slide inside of him with a wet *ssshloop*. He reached into his soaked underwear, avoiding his penis which was shrinking more and more as it continued to pump, trying to grasp his balls, only for his fingers to hook into the warm slit that had appeared between his legs. With his cock now barely the size of his thumb, it was becoming very clear what was going on inside his gut. “Oh... Oh gawd” he said as he felt his balls float higher inside him, with what he could only assume was a uterus starting to bloom, but there was no pain, just raw throbbing pleasure. He felt on the verge of orgasming again though he knew it would feel much different with how things were shifting. Han Solo who had out run crime lords, succeeded in jailbreaking a princess from the empire’s most secure holdings and had contributed to the destruction of the Death Star, a planet killing weapon, was shaking barefoot in his semen soaked underwear, chest heaving and vagina tingling. The best pilot in the galaxy was on the edge of going off again, every ragged breath making his tiny chest pump in and out, each time his enlarged brown nipples stretched over a little bit more of jiggling flesh.

“Han! I love you” Leia tried to call out as encouragement.

Really? Was this the time Leia? he was in the process of becoming a woman! He grumbled and called out “I knoooooooOOOOH!” It came out as a womanly screech he couldn’t play down. Another wave of orgasmic bliss and he was down on all fours. The sensation of his budding

breast turning into a fuller heftier set swaying on his rib cage. Even in the fog of exploding in pleasure again, he could feel his thighs and hips soften and wobble. His rear pointed toward Chewie was swelling and wobbling with each body shaking scream, eating his underwear as is bloated and bulged. His best friend could do nothing but look away and growl in Wookiee.

When Han came down from his mind shattering change he was only partially aware that he was being cleaned up and fastened into something cold and metal that pinched his new hefty and full swaying bosom, and sat cold and uncomfortable against his groin and ass crack. "Wha- What are you" was all he could get out before his platform lowered into the darkness. Fear buzzed in his mind as his friends disappeared from view, and he only had a moment to cover his crotch and scream as he was blasted from below with a violent and freezing cloud of smoke, and then... nothing.

Warmth. The first thing Han Solo grasped from his sleep, was a growing warmth. Where was he? He couldn't move, though after a moment he felt his nose and mouth uncover and he started gasping for breath as if he hadn't been able to for weeks. What had he been doing? His eyes felt weak and burned by the light. Any attempt to move his body was impossible. His limbs weren't heavy though, they were just physically impossible to move as if they were buried by a weight. His mind was filled with off images and memories, fevered sexual dreams and perplexing snap-shots. He tried to speak but his mouth and jaw didn't want to cooperate, everything was just getting hotter and hotter like he was being baked to life. The last memory he had was insanity, the idea that the empire could- *FWOMP* As his body continued to thaw Han felt his new swollen tits flop down as the carbonite receded from them. That is what happened, he had been frozen in carbonite, and before that.. He had been turned into a woman. Every inch of his over sensitive body was now coming to life as his carbonite prison defrosted away. From his thick thighs to his squishy ass the sensations were disturbing. After a few minutes she fell from the carbonite wall into someone's arms. "L-leia?"

"I don't know who the fuck this Leia is but she sure as hell isn't here" came an unfamiliar woman's voice. "Now let's get you cleaned up, you have a month of dance instruction ahead of you and the sooner we get through your hibernation sickness the better. You were only in there for three days so recovery should be fast."

"Hibernation... Dance Class?" Han couldn't see and her legs were practically useless, but someone was helping her hobble forward. His arm slung over their shoulders, his right tit, holy shit he had tits, was pressed into the bosom of whoever was supporting him.

"Yes I have one month to get Jabba's new girl to be the sexiest dancer in all of Tatooine, both our lives depend on it. I am Xendura, what's your name girl?"

"H-hanha-aah" Han shivered and stammered, feeling frozen and wishing she had a coat to both stay warm and cover his new soft and swaying curves.

“Well Hana, I hope you have some spirit too you, this will not be easy... or pleasant.”

* * *The Present* * *

That had been four months ago. Xendura had been a ruthless dance instructor, quickly finding the capabilities and limits of “Hana’s” body and then pushed him past them. His moves, his stamina, his allure. Everything had been forged and calculated to help both Hana and her slave driving dance instructor not end up in the belly of a Rancore for displeasing Jabba. Hana stood ready in the stage wings, the long brown silks hanging from his bikini bottoms, his metal top barely covering his nipples, and a face painted with make-up and finished with red lip-stick. He had become Jabba’s favorite dancer both for his moves, and the spectacle that the haughty han solo was now trapped in the horny body of an exotic dancer. The crime lord even insisted they keep Hana’s hair cut short so he always reflected the smug rogue he used to be just now tiny and busty and on a leash. The only thing he had left of his old life was his lucky dice, which had been split up and turned into an earring and bracelet. This was fine, what luck had they brought him lately?



Hana Solo Jabba’s Best Dancer

The drums began to roll out their rhythm, instruments blaring in time. This was the worst part. Not the humiliation of dancing around, tits bouncing and swaying always one wrong step from

falling out of their cups. Not being a woman or a slave either. Those were all really bad, but the most humiliating thing was that her body was programmed to get horny to the music and movement. What sick scientist came up with this, let alone accomplished doing it. Every night he danced in his heels, bouncing and swaying, with a building heat in his belly. The moment they unsnapped his collar he moved into the lights. Jaba was where he always was, deep taunting laughs from his blubbery slug gut, everyone cheering. Hana wished they would shut the hell up. He needed to hear the music. Hana Solo would not be beaten, not by this criminal trash or anyone. He would survive long enough to make his move and then all this would be fixed. Until then he swayed and swiveled, bounced and ground, throwing his head back to laugh and spin. The longer it went on the needier his body became. So empty and hungry to be filled, he swore his inner tunnel was clenching to the beat. Each thrust and sway of his shapely hips sent him closer to the audience grasping for his flesh. When he shimmied his firm breasts bounced in their metal cups setting off the howls and claps. It became too much for a Gamorrean and the guard reached out and grabbed Han's plump bottom. With a growl and a swift elbow to his tusked green face, the guard dropped his axe right into Han's hand who swiped a gash into the greenish boar alien's belly. He howled grasping his gut and multiple guns were drawn.

Han stood surrounded, but his head was filled with too many hormones and sensations to really grasp how in danger his temper had made him. Breast heaving in his bikini, body throbbing to the music he was caught between wanting to murder someone or screw their brains out. Focus Solo, he thought, as he began to dance with the axe as a prop above his head, acting as if nothing had happened. The tension of the room melted back into laughs and cat calls, Han planting the axe in a table and blowing a kiss to the people there. They ate it up as he downed the Alien's drinks hoping to calm his pounding heart and aching needs. As the music built to a climax Han slid into a split to end the dance set, one leg behind him one in front just as Xendura had taught him, the position pulled his thigh muscles and crotch tighter, leaving a damp stamp on the ground from where his woman hood had pressed down in his split. The music was over, and they were returning his collar, leading him back to Jabba where the smuggler would have to pretend that he wasn't about to vomit. No doubt he was up for a night of gropes and strokes and licks from his old employer who he had double crossed what seemed like lightyears in the past now. He felt his hot body smooshed against the wall of slimy blubber that was Jabba, just begging that for once, could his body just calm down on its own.

* * Later That Night * *

Dripping with hutt slime and his own drool and fluids, Han was led back down the dark corridors of Jabba's Palace by a tall dark skinned guard at a brisk pace. The night was over, and it was time to return the play thing to its toybox. Twisting and turning down hallways, they didn't stop till they seemed quite out of sight, only for Hana to push the tall escort roughly into a side closet where no one could see them. "Ow is that anyway to treat the hero who's come to save you." Lando chuckled, his voice echoing inside his metal helmet.

"You are far from my hero, you piece of Bantha Poodoo. Did you forget my body is like this because you sold me out to the empire!" Hana motioned at her glistening bikini clad form.

"Well hey now slow down Hana, you look pretty damn good from where I'm standing" Lando removed his helmet showing those pearly white teeth that almost glowed in the dark.

"I am a horny slave girl because of you Lando!" Hana blushed, trying to ignore how good Lando Calrissian smelled. His former friend turned betrayer turned escape route was miles ahead of any of the male attention in the palace. "And my name is Han damnit!"

"I don't know about that, everyone here seems to call you Hana, and I'd hate to give the game away by breaking the norm. And that thing, back at cloud city. If I would have fought them I'd be in the same spot, no one left to rescue you at all"

Hana growled and simmered in the dark, face red and sweaty. "So why is this rescue taking so long. You're too skilled a thief and smuggler to need months to get me out of here!"

"Look Hana, I didn't know Vader would turn all your friends into horny slave girls as well. This isn't a one man job and they are all spread out all over the Galaxy. Chewie, Leia, Luke... I have to break them all out just so I can get a crew to get you free."

"Then why the hell are you wasting time here?!" Hana shoved his tiny finger in Lando's chest

"You know why" he said in that deep baritone voice, his dark skin looking warm and inviting. Lando took a step forward till his pecs pressed into Hana's bosom, chest flesh rising in there cups' as his aching nipples pressed back into his tops metal embrace, but he did not back down. "Unless you want me to let you figure out how to.. You know... by yourself?"

"You know I can't do that..." Hana whined and stomped his foot. "Every time I try alone it just gets worse... and they make me dance longer and longer, and grind harder and harder... they are trying to break me! Make me give in!"

"So... what your saying is.." Lando rubbed his chin and smirked. "You need my-"

Hana punched him in the gut "One more word and I will make sure you are sharing this sentence with me.. Old friend" He gave a death glare, and then with a huff climbed onto a low workbench, face and tits squished to the surface, his perfectly sculpted feminine ass presented in the air. After a moment he looked back at Lando. "Well?!"

"You know if you ever want to try another position.." Lando smirked as he undid his belt.

"I am no where near desperate enough to look at your dumb ass smile..." Hana looked away and hooked his panties pulling them aside to expose his womanhood "Not yet anyways" He

muttered to himself. The cool air on his aching mound drove him even crazier. "Now let's do this!"

"Don't you worry old friend" Lando said while stroking his long thick member getting it fully erect. "You're talking to one of the greatest pilots in the galaxy" he chuckled and positioned himself behind Han. "I will be sure to stick the landing"

Hana propped herself up, looking between her swaying tits to Lando's impressive equipment. Thick and long, god Hana wasn't even seeing it as genitalia, more like a puzzle piece that would sooth his frenzied honry state. "You're moving kind of slow for such a good pilotsss" he shivered as Lando's bulbous tip pressed against his mound, the lips of his pussy parting slowly, feeling entirely too small to accommodate. "Will you hurry up!" he panted and whimpered.

"You're too uptight, I can't get it in" Lando grabbed Hana's hips and ground his hips, entering Hana in an excruciatingly slow pace.

"It's fit perfectly before!" It was true, this wasn't the first time Lando had plundered his hold. It didn't start that way. First it was grinding, than orale, and recently Hana was doing it doggy style, anything to try and separate himself from the humiliation of seeing how much Lando enjoyed this. "We don't have much time! They could find us!"

Lando smacked Han on the ass "Engage hyperdrive then! The falcon never gave me this kinda trouble" He was pumping harder and harder, each thrust sliding only a tiny bit further.

"Are... you... calling ... me.. Mmphh mmph a ship!" Hana's tits swayed as Lando's hips bounced off his firm behind over and over.

"Don't feel bad Hana, all my best relationships were with shi-oof!" Hana had kicked him off with her heel. Then grabbed him by his shirt and pushed him backwards where he had been getting done from behind. "I never knew Han Solo would become such a Domme" Lando laughed as Hana straddled him and rose up.

"Do you ever mmph" Hana anegeled Lando's rod with his dripping snatch "Shut... up!" He felt Lando penetrate him deeper and deeper as he sank down on his hot throbbing shaft. He bounced up and down, so tight but he didn't care. He could be split in half and die happy if he could just sooth this horrible heat! "Stop looking at me!"

"How am I supposed to look away with such a glorious shimmying sight." He raised his eyebrow and countered.

"You are... saying my tits are distracting you?" Hana grumbled and gasped simultaneously.

"I just have no idea how you stop them from falling out"

"I wish they would, this top hurts like hell!" he whined and thrusting trying to get Lando to not only hit the spot, but every spot.

"Well then, how about we slip you into something more comfortable!" Lando unhooked Hana's top setting his firm breasts swaying brown nipples hard and exposed to the world. Hana eeped in surprise and Lando's large strong hands cupped his tits, and when he didn't complain Calrissian began to massage Hana's firm sensitive chest.

"Ah... so close!" Hana whimpered dragging his nails over Lando's shirt. He was getting lost in the feelings and sways. His inner velvety walls tightening and massaging the shaft below.. the shaft inside of him. This was beyond sitting back and being satisfied, this was participating, his body was milking Lando for seed! Before he knew it he flopped forward and shoving his tongue into his masculine friend's mouth. He smelt so good. He Tasted so good! The pace and his heart sped up, both their hands wandering and reaching and groping. Somehow they had flipped over, every thrust making Hana's tits bounce wildly and her voice screamed higher and higher! Lando was saying something about pulling out but he was so close! His womanly legs hooking around Lando's muscular ones, holding him in place on top of him. "So close... sooo close nnn" and then Hana felt it, his insides flooding with hot seed as the cock buried in his pussy erupted and then quickly softened. Hana's face twisted in anger and despair "You shot first!" he yelled, Grinding his hips in frustration as he felt his chances of getting satisfied slipping away.

"I'm sorry baby, your just so hot I couldn't hold back" Lando sheepishly apologized. Hana rolled him off him and replaced his bottoms over his mound. "I told you I needed to pull out, you can't get pregnant can you.?" The only response he received was a punch to the jaw.

The thoughts of escape and getting pregnant were smaller noise in a head still buzzing with needing to get off. This was his life for now, an erotic, lusting, grinding life while he tried to find a way back out into space. Little did he know, this would be just the beginning of the adventures of Hana Solo, Smuggler, Rebel General... and the best exotic dancer in the galaxy.