

[Back To Index](#)

This story was written just for fun and is not an attempt to make money or infringe on any copyrights or trademarks. Only the original ideas contained within the works on this nonprofit web site are the property of their authors, and please do not copy or link these stories to any other website or archive or print without permission of the author.

Communications Breakdown

by [Judy Ebberley](#)

A full lunar turn had come and gone since the battle of Endor and Han's non-appearance was causing consternation and an increasing amount of frustration back on Millonski base; especially for it's owner Corrin Val-Dorn and her ward Evero Rahdir.

"You are sure he's safe?"

"Chewie said he was." Evero Rahdir placated her guardian.

"He might have been trying to make me feel better."

Eve shook her head. She knew the Wookiee better than that. "Can you see Chewie lying about something that affects Han's health. He never attempted to hide anything from you when Han was taken by Fett, did he?"

The Lauetian gave a wry smile at Evero's words. She should know better? Her old friend Chewbacca would never lie. She and Chewbacca went back more years than she liked to recall and she had never known him to lie over anything important and Han Solo was very important to him. He had given a great number of years of his life to protecting Han and showed no sign of giving up that responsibility.

It was the Wookiee who had first introduced Solo to the Major and negotiated his first freighting contract. Solo's well being was his prime concern and the months of Han's confinement as a wall ornament at Jabba's palace had been very hard for him; harder even than for herself. The Kashyyykian had blamed himself for Han's problems, saying he should have insisted that Solo dealt with his debts earlier before Jabba lost all patience. But, as Corrin had pointed out, neither of

them had been aware of the scale of Han's liability to the Hutt; and they could not have foreseen that Vader would become involved in the matter. Still it had been difficult to console her friend over his loss; especially as she was grieving too.

It was Chewbacca who had told her of Solo's release and the recent reunion with his father. She looked across at her own charge. She had been caring for Evero since the death of her mother and their relationship was a great joy to her. She had initially worried that when Evero found out that her father and brother were still alive and known to her in other guises Eve would blame her guardian for keeping her in ignorance. But Eve had shrugged and announced she'd known for some time or at least suspected the fact that she and Han were brother and sister, 'we are so alike in so many things' she'd chuckled. So if Rahandir was Han's father, which he'd confirmed in their first meeting after Han had been lost to Jabba it followed she was his daughter. She'd surprised Rah by her calm acceptance of his pronouncement about her own relationship, her main concern being for Han's safety. Corrin wondered how Han had taken the news of his new family. She suspected it wouldn't have been in anywhere near as unruffled a manner as Evero -- despite her words, the young woman took more after her father than mother.

"Do you want me to get in touch with Han?" Eve's question broke into Corrin's thoughts. Evero's expression led the Major to think that she had been trying to attract her attention for some time.

"No, he knows where we are. If he wants to talk to us he can." The reply was typically waspish but Corrin was unable to disguise the real concern she felt. Han's silence since his rescue had saddened her -- not that she would admit it openly. Instead she commented, "Perhaps now he's become a general he doesn't want to consort with the likes of us."

Eve laughed at such a suggestion "Han?"

"He's always had delusions of grandeur. Right since Chewbacca introduced him to us an ego the size of a space cruiser and a mouth to match. Now what?" her attention was caught by an argument that had flared up.

Eve shook her head at the Major as she was called away to deal with the problem on the hangar floor and decided it was just as well she'd arranged to stay on at Millonski Base in the weeks leading up to and following Han's rescue. Even though it meant leaving her new husband to run their small repair yard on his own; Berin had understood her need to be with her newly discovered father and her guardian at such a time and had encouraged his wife to stay put. Eve had been grateful to him for his support and although she missed him she knew Corrin needed her more at this time. Corrin's affection for the Corellian was well known, and his loss had hit her hard. Her health had suffered badly. Under

her tough exterior the Lauetian had a soft heart and Solo had soon found his way into it.

Not that he'd tried very hard Eve reminded herself. From the outset he'd made it very plain that he wanted to remain independent as he attempted to start his own freighting business. But Major Val-Dorn would not be put off, his desire to prove himself had caught her interest from their first meeting and she was not about to let a seventeen-year old Corellian with an attitude get the better of her. By the time Han had been in her employ for a standard month she had him enrolled into education classes, she and Chewie had had a special clause about continuing his education included into his first contract he'd taken with her. Han had signed the document without reading it! Eve smiled as she recalled his reaction when she had kindly pointed out to him that it was his own fault. He'd done his best to talk his way out of it of course, but he was no match for her guardian.

Almost immediately afterwards one of his 'special modifications' to a port engine on the Millennium Falcon had caused it to blow up almost killing both of them. Corrin had reacted to that near disaster -- after she'd finished lambasting the young Corellian soundly for his stupidity -- by undertaking to teach him the finer points of astral engineering as well.

Corrin Val-Dorn was not one to let an opportunity for bettering her charges pass her by. Han had started out resenting her interference and eventually found himself listening to her advice and even following it occasionally. 'Didn't have much choice really' Eve snorted softly. Han Solo had a forceful personality but when he came up against the formidable Major Val-Dorn he invariably found himself reduced to dumb endurance while she blistered him with one of her lectures. She would crown the feat by silencing the usually overly voluble Corellian with the use of the epithet she'd coined for him all those years ago 'Half-pint'.

Eve had a sneaking suspicion that Han's failure to appear on Millonski was because of his reluctance to submit himself once more to the Major's sharp tongue. She couldn't blame him really; though both knew the major's bark was far worse than her bite, but he should also have realised by now that putting off the confrontation would only make it worse. He should also have remembered how Corrin worried and the effect it had on her.

Her own relationship with Han was less problematical. They had become great friends in the four years he'd spent on Millonski, doing a lot of growing up together. From the very start they had treated the other as sister or brother alternatively best of friends or worst of enemies as the situation demanded. Neither was averse to getting the other into trouble. While at the same time any outsider who tried something similar could expect short change from both. In later years their friendship had deepened and although they saw less of each

other they both knew that they could call on the other if they needed anything. She looked again at the Major, wincing at how thin she had become. Maybe she should get in touch with Han or maybe...

It wasn't only on Millonski that Han's reluctance to get in touch was causing some concern. Several people on Endor's moon were also beginning to wonder over this unusual reticence. A brief conversation between Leia, Chewie and Rah led them to agree to broaching the subject with Solo.

The fires were burning low and most of the beings invited to the Ewok celebration were nodding. Leia Organa and Han Solo sat arms entwined watching the others.

It was one of those rare occasions when they both felt at ease and neither had some urgent meeting to go to. Their schedules since the new government had begun to be formed had been hectic. Leia hesitated for some time before breaking the silence.

"Han,"

"Mnnn..."

"Have you spoken to Corrin about our upcoming bonding?"

Han sighed into her hair and closed his eyes and did his best to ignore her question. It wasn't that he wasn't looking forward to their bonding. He was -- but...

Leia was not about to accept silence as a satisfactory answer. "Well?" She was wearing her most determined look and since he definitely didn't want to answer her question he cast about for ways to divert her attention and found it in his innocently voiced reply, "Yes, thanks!"

Princess Leia Organa retaliated with an obligatory elbow in the ribs which led inevitably to a mock wrestling bout which ended with both participants flushed and breathless. They sank into a deep satisfying kiss, all thoughts of contacting Corrin Val-Dorn were forgotten at least for the evening.

The next morning however, the issue of Corrin was once more bought to Leia's attention.

"Your highness, there is an incoming message from Millonski base."

Leia Organa looked up from her data reader, "From Major Val-Dorn?"

"No, ma-am. An Evero Radir."

"Put it through and see I'm not disturbed. If General Solo arrives before I finish try and keep him occupied." Her aide gave a weak smile, at this instruction. Keeping General Solo away from the princess was no easy task as she knew too well.

Intrigued by the idea that she would soon be seeing and talking to Evero Radir, Leia engaged the privacy screen. Circumstance had prevented her from ever meeting Major Val-Dorn's ward although she felt as if she knew the young woman through conversations with Han, Chewie and Corrin. Any jealousy Leia might have harboured against the young woman's relationship with her soon to be bonded husband was dissipated when he'd described her as being like a little sister to him -- a pain in the ass most of the time but he wouldn't want to be without her. She had been further reassured when Rah told her that Eve had recently married. Leia hoped she wasn't the bearer of bad news from Millonski; Han would be devastated if anything happened to Corrin Val-Dorn.

Taking a deep calming breath, she switched on the viewer and activated the controls. The face that appeared on the viewer was at once familiar and yet different. Green-gold eyes set in an oval face with brown hair sleeked back from her forehead in a single braided plait decorated with ribbons and coloured beads. Corrin Val-Dorn was Lauetian and her adopted daughter had chosen to wear her hair in the traditional style of Lauetia.

Leia stifled her cry of surprise and smiled as it became plain to her that Evero Radir was not just the adopted daughter of Corrin Val-Dorn but she must also be Han's 'sister'. The likeness between Han and the young woman on the screen was clear to see to someone who had only recently discovered her own brother. Added to that Rahandir had told them that he had a daughter and Leia having now seen Eve had no doubts that Eve was that daughter. "Leia Organa here."

Evero introduced herself with the same sort of unselfconscious frankness that Han would use, "Hi, your highness, sorry for the intrusion but could you tell me if our illustrious new general is okay?" Despite her smile the concern in the young woman's voice was clear, Evero it seemed was another of Solo's would be protectors.

"If you mean Han, yes, he's fine."

"Good, he's not with you is he?" Eve leaned forward as if trying to see behind Leia's shoulders.

"No, he's giving a lecture to some new recruits on security issues."

The young woman's face broke into a grin. "Now that would be worth hearing. How's Chewie?"

"Tearing his fur out over the rebuilding of the Ewok settlements. There's never enough people available to help with the work, but other than that he's well. So is Rah."

The girl twinkled at her, as if she could tell what Leia was thinking, "That's good as well. Yes, in answer to your unasked question, he's my father as well as Han's. But Han doesn't know about me yet, does he?"

"No. Rah wants it to be a surprise. He's waiting until we can all be together before he breaks that piece of news to him."

"Yes, well that was the reason I got in touch with you. Corrin is getting very worried over Han's non-appearance, she's making herself ill with anxiety. She can't think of any reason to keep him away so long, even with his new responsibilities. She was expecting to see him before now and I know she's been hurt by his silence -- not that she would ever let on to anyone of course."

Knowing Corrin as she did this statement didn't surprise the princess at all. It did concern her though that Corrin was making herself ill. "I don't understand why he hasn't been in touch. Have you any ideas?"

Eve's impish smile seemed to indicate she might. "Well..."

Leia was still chuckling over one of the stories Eve had told her when she ran her soon to be bonded husband to earth some time later. She'd related another time Corrin had been worried over the rogue Corellian's unexpected absence. It seemed that the seventeen-year-old Corellian had a falling out with his partner and had taken off in the Falcon without letting anyone know his plans. He'd been missing for several days and Corrin and Chewie had been beside themselves with worry. Han had chosen to return in the early hours of the morning hoping that he could slip in quietly without fuss. "He should have known better," Eve, concluded, "one or other of them had been keeping watch ever since he'd taken off." Leia's lips twitched as she recalled Eve's description of Corrin's 'welcome home' to the young Corellian.

If that was the sort of reception he was expecting this time it was no wonder he was putting off getting in touch with Major Val-Dorn. He never should have attempted to hide his troubles from the Lauetian. She would be furious with him for lying and getting himself into so much trouble because of his refusal to accept her help. His continued silence was just going to make things worse. Something would have to be done, Leia thought, as she listened into his lecture to the new republic recruits.

He was just drawing it to a close, and seemed to be intent on making an important point for his finger was waving violently under the nose of the nearest new republic conscript. "An attitude like that could be the death of you and more

importantly others. You have to share intelligence information. Not keep it to yourself to score points. If you're stupid enough to think that maybe you should rethink your career route. Keeping communication links open is vital."

Seeing the youngster quailing under this assault Leia thought she'd better come to her rescue. "We could all do with remembering that General."

Solo whirled on his heel and a slow, sensuous smile replaced the frown that had appeared at her intervention. "Hey sweetheart."

The recruits came to their feet murmuring greetings and then stood open mouthed as Han enveloped the princess in a passionate kiss. A passing technician took pity on their confusion over what to do. Grinning he recommended they take themselves off "You won't get any more out of those two for quite a while."

When Leia surfaced from the embrace she was pink cheeked and radiant. But still had enough breath to chide her partner. "You really shouldn't do that sort of thing in public."

"What sort of thing?" he asked, innocent-faced. Leia ducked out from under his outstretched arms, telling him firmly that they both had better things to do. Han kissed the top of her head fondly and whispered. "I can only think of one thing that's better than this!"

Han was still rubbing his rib cage when he sat down at the table in General Ansolodor's make shift office for their regular security briefing.

His father gave him a knowing look, "Just left Leia, huh?"

"I'm goin' to have to get some protection from that woman." Han wheezed as he picked up his data reader.

"You could just stop teasing her."

Solo's green gold eyes glinted mischievously. "Where would the fun be in that?" He dropped down into the only other seat in the office. "Shall we get started."

His father tented his hands together and regarded his son steadily, "Yes but before we go through the latest reports tell me have you been in touch with Millonski since you left Tatoonine?"

Han rolled his eyes at the question, "Not yet."

"You really ought to. You know Corrin worries," Rahandir wasn't giving up yet.

His son gave him a sour look, "I'll get round to it, OK? When did this report come in?"

While his father allowed himself to be diverted, the question of Corrin did not go away entirely. By the time Chewie had spent half the afternoon lecturing him on the same subject, Han began to suspect that there was a concerted effort among his friends to make him feel guilty.

It was all very well for them telling him to get in touch with the redoubtable Major, he thought sourly, as he sat in the darkened cockpit of the Falcon. This was the only place he could think of they might not think to look for him. They were not going to get it in the neck when he did.

He had a great deal of respect for Corrin Val-Dorn and considerable affection for her as well, she was the closest thing he'd had to a mother for many years. But his self appointed surrogate mother had an unfortunate habit of being able to tell when he was lying. And, in the weeks before Hoth, she'd heard rumours about a bounty being placed on him by Jabba the Hut. He'd denied it, knowing she would offer financial support to pay off any debts if she knew about them while at the same time giving him a severe dressing-down over it. After what had happened on Bespin there was little chance that he would be able to convince her that he hadn't deliberately lied about his problems. The longer he put off their reunion the more chance she had of calming down and the better off he'd be.

Maybe his friends and family would give up on their questioning if he stayed out of their way for a while. He could offer to oversee that sector search for Rieekan.

"Where is Han now?"

"Rieekan looked up from his reader, regarding his visitors quizzically, Leia, Chewie and Rah were all crammed into his tiny office. "Checking out the sector on the far side of the moon for Imperial activity. He won't be back before evening. He volunteered for it."

The conspirators exchanged nods and settled down to the business in hand. Having unsettled Han to the extent that he was avoiding their company it shouldn't be too hard to persuade him that a trip off Endor was just what he needed.

"You're certain this is the only way?" Rieekan asked after they'd explained their plans. He was not at all sure he was doing the right thing in getting involved in plotting against his second in command. After all, he must work with Solo afterwards!

"Corrinn is very dear to all of us, Han included," Leia explained. "I won't have her worrying unnecessarily. Since it seems he won't go voluntarily and believe me we have tried to persuade him we will have to get him there another way.

"Evero tells us Corrinn is making herself ill over it." Rah interposed.

"Yes -- but tricking him like this," Carlist persevered.

"Trust me, if I didn't think it was important I wouldn't do it." Rahandir soothed. "And if Han hadn't lied to Corrinn about his debt problem none of this would be necessary anyway. He can't avoid her forever. The sooner he gets it over with the better off he'll be. Trust me. "

"All you have to do is leave the data pad out where Han is bound to see it. His need to get back in among the stars will do the rest." Leia handed over the disk. "Once we have him in that sector of space Eve is going to arrange for a message to be sent which Chewie will intercept. It will be incomplete and worded to sound as if there is a problem. He will never be able to resist going to Millonski if he thinks something is wrong. And once he's landed it will be too late for him to escape!"

There were times when he felt quite sorry for Han Solo, Rieekan concluded as the others all chuckled delightedly.

Han picked up the security report that was lying on Rieekan's desk and perused it for a few moments, "This is new."

"Yes."

Han spared the older general a puzzled frown. Some sixth sense was warning him that something was 'going on'. The man smiled back at him guilelessly. Dismissing his uneasiness with a shrug, Han decided the opportunity to get away from Endor for a few days was too good to miss, for once the Corellian gods must be smiling on him. "You want me to look into it?" He tried not to sound too eager.

"Can you clear your schedule?"

"I think I can manage it. If someone else can do all my reports to the council."

"I'll arrange for them to be prepared while you are away. It's the least I can do." Rieekan said, still feeling guilty. "Can you and Chewie manage on your own?"

"Sure, no problems. I don't know how Leia is goin' to react though."

"Oh, I think you'll find she will understand."

And for once to Han's surprise she did!

It was just like old times, Han told himself as he put his feet up on the console in the Falcon's cockpit, him and Chewie doing what they did best. The Wookiee had even refrained from talking about Corinn even though their flight path was taking them very close to Millonski. Han adjusted his earphones and tried to filter out noise as the latest stream of messages were captured. His sharp ears were usually good at picking up the important communiqués and Chewie had left him to it.

He was just about nodding when he picked up a call from Millonski. He sat up with a start, replaying the message in an attempt to filter out the interference. But despite all his best efforts all he could make out was that there appeared to be some sort of communications problem. Flipping switches he tried several channels to see if he could contact the base himself. None of them responded. Making an instantaneous decision, he called for Chewie who came running almost as if he was expecting the summons.

Fully occupied with getting the Falcon down on the landing bay on Millonski as soon as possible, Han had no time to worry about his reception. It wasn't until he stepped out onto the ramp that it dawned on him why his partner had seemed very unconcerned about the mystery communiqué. A group of people stood waiting for them. Among them were his soon to be bonded wife who was smiling broadly, his father and of course the owner of the base Corinn Val-Dorn. The one person he'd been trying to avoid. It was pretty obvious to him that he had been 'had.

He put the brakes on his dash down the ramp, his anxious expression swiftly replaced with a deepening frown. "What are you all doing here?" he demanded. But if anyone was intending to answer this question they were disappointed.

"Half-pint!" Corinn Val-Dorn's voice cracked with emotion and relief as she caught sight of him.

Chewie helped guide his captain's faltering footsteps with a shove in the back, which sent him straight into the major's outstretched arms. She held him in a fierce hug, rocking him backwards and forwards. Her relief at having him back safe and well was plain to see as she burst into a bout of unaccustomed tears.

Relief that the formidable owner of Millonski Base didn't appear to be about to lay into him in her own inimitable fashion over his prolonged absence and his attempts to lie to her was swiftly replaced with guilty feelings over her

unexpected forbearance. "I'm fine, Corrin. Honestly." He told her, doing his best to reassure her.

Wiping her tears away with the kerchief Leia handed to her, Corrin shook him chidingly then held him at arms length so she could check him over properly. Her gaze swept over him from head to foot, and Han threw a look of appeal at his family which they all ignored.

Apparently satisfied with her scrutiny Corrin glanced over to where Leia, Chewie and Rah were standing watching the reunion with wide smiles on their faces and seeking their confirmation of her findings. "He really is well?" They all nodded she smiled tremulously and then burst into a fresh flood of tears. It was Chewie who drew the distraught woman into his huge comforting embrace.

Aware of the growing crowd of techs and mechanics who had been drawn over by the arrival of the Falcon, Rah suggested "Why don't you go up and wait for us in the office, Han." He pushed his son towards the hangar bay doors. Han cast a perplexed look at the sobbing Lauetian -- what the hell was going on! This wasn't the reception he'd imagined at all!

"Get going," Rah ordered as he hesitated.

By the time he had reached Major Val-Dorn's apparently empty office Han had all but run out of invective to throw at his perfidious friends and family who had got him here under false pretences and left him such an uncomfortable position.

"It's no good cursing, you were caught fair and square." A female voice scolded.

Han's expression lightened somewhat as he spotted the speaker lounging in Corrin's favourite chair. "Eve what are you doing up here?"

"Waiting for you. I thought you might want someone to talk to."

The first genuine smile of the day lit his face as he took in her appearance. Eve had always been there when he needed her especially when he was in trouble with the redoubtable major. "I suppose you saw what happened when we came in? I've never seen Corrin behave like that what's wrong with her? Has she been ill?"

Han had been shocked at the changes he'd seen in Corrin. She had lost weight and looked older even than her hundred odd years warranted.

Eve raised her eyes to the ceiling at this inane comment. "Of course she has, you idiot. Worrying over you."

"I caused it?" Han looked aghast. "You mean--"

Seeing his genuine surprise Evero explained further, "I've never known her so bad. When you were taken by Fett, she had people out all over this sector trying to track you, she offered a huge reward for information leading to your whereabouts, told me she'd sell the base if it would get you back safe and sound. And when she found out where you were," Eve gripped his hand convulsively. "Oh Han I thought she would die. It took us all our time to keep her from going to Tatooine and trying to rescue you on her own. That's when I decided to stay. Berin said Corrin needed me here. Then when Chewie called and said you'd been rescued she was so happy; she waited for you to call her but you didn't and she just got worse. In the end I decided I'd call Endor and speak to Leia about it. She promised to get you here however devious she had to be."

"Well, why didn't Leia just tell me Corrin was ill I'd..." But Han didn't finish his complaint. He snapped his mouth shut as it dawned on him why. Leia and the others hadn't told him because they expected him to know how his absence would affect Corrin and they'd hoped he would make the decision to visit her without their prompting. It was only when Eve had told them how ill Corrin was making herself that they'd acted.

Feelings of shame threatened to overwhelm him. He'd been so busy protecting his own ass he hadn't even considered Corrin's feelings, let alone any one else. Concentrating all his attention on his boots since he was unable to look Eve in the face, he muttered in mitigation, "I knew I should contact her but I kept putting it off. I was busy -- nah!" he contradicted himself "Who am I kidding, I'm just a selfish bastard who hasn't learned yet to think of others as well as himself. It's a wonder anyone bothers with me given the way I treat them."

"Don't beat yourself up Solo. You're not that bad, you've had a lot of things to contend with. Bounty hunters, carbonite, hibernation-sickness a battle or two; not to mention the lovely problem of Leia and finding Rah was your father. Corrin will forgive you."

Han was having none of it. Having finally admitted fault he wasn't about to accept her sympathy. "I don't deserve to be forgiven. Did you see her down there? I've never seen her cry not in all the years I've known her -- and I'm the slime-ball that brings her to it. She's given and given and all I've done is take. All I ever brought her was trouble. Corrin's the closest thing I have to a mother, you know that. She's done so much for me, taught me so much gave me work when I was little more than a kid and I repay her like this. I lied to her -- yeah I could say I wanted to protect her from getting involved in anymore of my stupidity but it doesn't excuse my behaviour and you know it." He finished bitterly as Eve was about to defend him again.

"Isn't that for me to decide?"

Eve and Han both spun round to see Major Val-Dorn standing in the doorway. Eve exchanged a look of complete understanding with Corrin as she made for the exit. Both of them being familiar with Han's over the top reactions once his failings had been pointed out to him. Han Solo was after all an all or nothing kind of man.

Han hovered uncomfortably next to the desk and avoided making eye contact with the Major as Eve took her leave.

"Well don't you think it's up to me?" Corrin repeated. Han fidgeted with his holster tie-down and did not answer.

"Half-pint," she barked with a little of her old asperity.

Han's head snapped upwards automatically, and she smiled, pleased to see that she could still make him jump to her commands. His recent words of praise for her efforts had bought a smile of real joy to her face. "Now you listen to me, what you've brought me over the years is great delight. You are the son I was never able to have -- Don't pull that sour face. I mean it, why else would I worry over you the way I do?"

"I don't know why people care for me. I only know I don't deserve it." Solo was not yet ready to let go his guilty feelings. He ought to be chastised, he knew he'd earned it and being absolved of his guilt as Corrin seemed prepared to do was very hard to accept.

She shook her head at him and smiled to herself. "Would you rather I start yelling at you?"

He risked a quick look up at her through his eyelashes. "After what I've done. All the lies I told you, the worry I put you all through I've earned it."

The Lauetian chuckled and lifted his chin with one finger, "If we all got what we deserved it would be a poor galaxy, Han. And here I thought it was just because you didn't want to get yelled at that you stayed away."

He shifted uncomfortably. Sometimes Corrin Val-Dorn knew him too well, "It was."

"Will it make you feel better if I shout at you?"

"It might!"

"Well, you are going to be disappointed." She hugged him to her once more. "I'm too happy just to have you home safe and sound. Mind you if you ever stay away for this length of time again for no good reason why I-- "

Han watched her anxiously as she decided what she might do, "What?"

"Do you remember what happened to you that time you took off without telling anyone?"

A flicker of a grin appeared on Solo's face at the memory. "You wouldn't?"

It was her turn to smile. But her words were stern. "You want to put that theory to the test, general?"

This time he laughed out loud, "No ma'am!"

"Then give me a kiss and just remember to keep in better touch in future. We've had enough communications problems to last us a lifetime. Come on now. We have guests to entertain, a bonding ceremony to plan," she tucked his arm in hers, "and a sister for you to meet."

Han stopped dead, "Sister? Here? But-- Who? I?..."

It seemed that while some of Han's communication problems had been solved others had yet to be addressed.

end

[Back To Index](#)