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## **Father Figure**

by [Judy Ebberley](#)

As the star field dappled and disappeared into the dark comfort of hyper-space, Han Solo, surreptitiously crossed his fingers. It was now or never if he was going to tackle the problem he had to do it before the Falcon got back to Endor.

\* It will be good to get back. \*

Han cleared his throat "Well, uh, actually I was thinking of not going back!" Chewie's astonished woof was swiftly replaced by a growl of disapproval. \*What do you mean not going back? Han wait,\* He demanded as Solo took the opportunity to slip passed him into the access way \* We have to talk! \*

"There ain't nothing to talk about." Han hit the exit button cutting off his partner's attempts to persuade him to stay. Solo. He chastised himself silently as he made his way to the galley Just how the hell do you get yourself into these messes?

### **Five days earlier:**

"Han." Leia Organa shook her head, as she got no response. Her soon to be bond partner was clearly distracted. This was the third time she'd tried to attract his attention. She decided it was time to take more direct action. Picking up a discarded towel she shied it at Solo's back.

The Corellian pulled the towel off his head and looked over his shoulder at the woman who had taken his heart, and couldn't hide his smile. Leia was sitting on top of his bunk where she had been braiding her hair. He still couldn't believe his good fortune not only did he love her she loved him. They had finally been able

to commit to each other. Admit their common desires and their deep love one for the other. And now they were to be come one, bonded in a simple ceremony here on Endor, attended by their closest friends.

General Rahandir Ansolodor was to escort Leia, to the ceremony; Han's smile became a trifle wistful, he was still trying to take in the fact that the man was his father. A father that had been missing for most of his childhood and had only been known to him as a friend through much of his adult life; and that was just one of the things weighing on his mind. He had no doubts about the mans veracity deep in his heart he knew it was true. It still seemed incredible that only a few days had passed since the destruction of the second death star yet his life seemed to have taken an entirely new direction.

"Hey! What was that for?"

"What's wrong?"

"It's nothin' sweetheart." Taking her cue from his distracted expression the knitted brow and the cloudiness of his beautiful eyes the princess was certain of one thing; it was not, nothing! Her hands went to her hips. "Han. Tell me!"

Solo held up his hands, surrendering to the inevitable as he took in that familiar pose which promised all kinds of retribution if he didn't fess up. "Okay, okay! I admit it. I've got something on my mind."

Her eyes lit up at this opening. "What mind?" She inquired sweetly. While he smiled at her sally she could see his real concern "All right," she reached over and held him close "tell me" she urged. Pulling him back onto the bunk next to her.

Sitting in the comforting circle of his love's arms Han finally confessed what had been a growing worry over the last couple of days.

"Have you noticed anything different about Chewie?" Leia thought back to the numerous occasions she'd been in the presence of the giant Kashyykian, to her he had been his usual self.

Still Han knew his partner better than anyone. "No. Do you think he's ill?"

"I don't think so. If he's off color he tends to shed and he hasn't been doing that, at least no more than normal." He added as he picked a russet colored hair off his black vest. Leia smiled. "So what do you think is different?"

"It's just a feeling I have nothing I can explain. I think he's unhappy."

Leia stopped smiling, "Why would he be unhappy?"

Solo shrugged not knowing why? In the days immediately before the destruction of the death star Chewie had seemed as he always was. Strong, supportive, he had been the one rock in Solo's universe the one being on who he could totally depend. Now he seemed distant, as if he'd withdrawn somewhere the Corellian couldn't reach. Han had never seen this behavior before. He'd seen the Wookiee, angry, sad, disappointed, fuming usually over something his Corellian charge had done or hadn't done, but he'd never been so aloof.

Han sat for a while still pondering over Chewbacca's uncharacteristic behavior. It could be to do with a desire to see his own family, but somehow Solo doubted it. Wookiee society was very different from human. Families were not close they mated and produced cubs but there was no depth of affection between males and females only the tie to the clan as a whole. Chewie had long ago fulfilled all that was required of him in that respect. Now he visited his home world only on important clan occasions, even life day he had preferred to spend with his human friends.

Maybe he was just imagining the whole thing, he told himself. No one else seemed to have noticed anything wrong. Perhaps he should confront his partner get it all out in the open see what was biting him. But getting information out of the Wookiee that he didn't want to give was worse than getting a good deal out of a Retmarian gem dealer. Chewie was a past master at keeping things to himself, Han snorted and the Wookiee criticized him for being uncommunicative!

"Is it because of me?" Leia showed her own worry. Knowing that her entrance into Solo's life had subtly changed the relationship between Corellian and Kashyykian.

"Nah!" Han was quick to squash that fear. "He's never worried about you sweetheart, hell he was naggin' me for two years to commit myself. He's goin' to be so proud on our bonding day, you'd think he was the one who was getting hitched. No it's not you, or Luke, but something has got under that thick hide of his. "

"Has he talked to you about how he's feeling?"

"No, if I try to bring anything up he changes the subject. Pretends there's nothing different. "

"Maybe there isn't," but she didn't believe that, Han knew his friend very well. "How do you know something is wrong?"

"It's just a feeling I have. He's not a happy Wookiee and I want to know why and what if anything I can do about it."

Leia hugged him hard. This was the Han Solo so few people knew, the caring, thoughtful man hidden under that insouciant exterior. The man who would lay down his life for his friends, whose strong moral code and sense of honor would put many supposedly 'nice people' to shame.

"Have you spoken to anyone else about it?"

Han shook his head.

"Why don't you speak to your father?" She felt rather than saw the sudden tension in her soon to be bonded mate. Han had only found out about his father's identity because of an accident that had happened to the general. It was this accident that had been the catalyst for the revelation over Solo's family background. Only a close family member could donate blood to Corellian's. The fact that Han's blood was a perfect match for the generals was the final proof Han needed to show him he had a father.

"He knows Chewie better than any of us." She encouraged as Han shrugged uncomfortably. Leia reached over and brushed an errant lock of hair from his forehead. Smiling to her self at his obvious discomfort with this mention of his newly discovered parent. She'd watched with gentle amusement his tentative overtures towards his father. One step forward and two back a familiar Solo pattern of behavior. Under that brash exterior was a very complicated human being. It would take time for him to come to terms with the changes but come to terms he would she didn't doubt it one bit. "I thought you and Rah seemed to be getting on quite well, considering!"

"We are." Solo retorted although he knew that wasn't wholly truthful. He was having some inconsiderable problems coming to terms with his new father. There had been more than a few awkward moments between them. In many respects the Wookiee was more of a father than Rah could ever be; having guided the Corellian through his youth and early adulthood.

Leia smiled at him consolingly. Knowing what was going through Han's mind and sympathizing with him. "I know it isn't going to be easy, love. Few things that are worthwhile are."

He grimaced, even while he recognized the truth behind her words. "Go and talk to him." She insisted. Giving him one of her most determined looks.

"Are you going to be this bossy when we're bonded."

"Much worse!"

"What have I let myself in for?" Han's grin took the sting out of his words.

"Go and find Rah." She pointed to the door.

"Yes ma'am."

Leia watched her love walk away admiring the swing of his hips and the dangerously graceful walk that was as much a part of him as his low slung blaster. She didn't like to interfere but if her intervention could prevent Han from heartbreak she was prepared to break her usually strictly neutral stance in matters between the two partners.

"Han, good to see you." Rahandir Ansolodor looked up from his terminal to see his son standing in the open doorway. Solo hesitated for a second then moved into the room palming the door shut behind him.

Seeing this Rah raised an eyebrow. "Something wrong?"

Han shrugged.

Knowing it sometimes took some time for his son to get to the point of what was on his mind he sat back. Allowing himself the luxury of a long lingering look at his newly acknowledged son. His lips twitched at the determinedly unconventional 'uniform' the general was sporting. Long legs encased in black boots, blue pants with their customary red stripe, white shirt; sleeves rolled up and just a single small wing badge that acknowledged his status as a New Republic general

Han hitched a hip onto the corner of the desk and fidgeted with one of the many data plaques that littered its surface. Wondering if he could make a stab at what the problem was, Rah probed gently "how are you and Leia getting on?"

Solo scowled. "I have not had an argument with Leia!"

"I didn't say you had." His father retorted mildly.

"No but that's what everyone seems to think is goin' to happen." Solo growled.

"Well," Rahandir wasn't intimidated "You have to admit you do seem to have spent a lot of time quarreling in the past."

A reluctant grin passed fleetingly over Solo's face. "That was the past." He said firmly "We got better things to do with our time now!"

Rah laughed "I'm glad to hear it. So let me have a second guess. Chewbacca?"

Han snapped his jaw shut as he belatedly realized that he was sitting there with his mouth hanging open. "How did you know?"

It was Rahandir's turn to shrug, "because I have noticed a change in him in the last few days. I was beginning to think I was imagining things. I'm glad that isn't the case."

"Me too." Solo agreed. "I assume he hasn't said anything to you either?"

"No," Rah shook his head, "If I mention anything he changes the subject."

"Sounds familiar." Solo interjected.

"But I think I might know what is at the root of the problem." Han raised a questioning eyebrow. "Me!" The man answered his silent question.

"You? Hell he's known you longer than any of us why would you be a problem." The credit dropped "Oh!"

"Exactly. Oh! I'm guessing he's finding my return as your father difficult to come to terms with." He pretended not to hear Han's soft

"he's not the only one!"

"I think he's unsure of his role or even if he has a role in your life now."

"I don't know why he would think otherwise?" Han objected "Things haven't changed that much, Luke and Leia have been around for three years and he's known you for ever. Why should he take it into his thick skull that our relationship would change."

"What would you say your relationship is?" Rah queried. Han swung his foot and bit his lip as he considered the question.

"He's been the one constant in my life." He said finally. "Friend, brother, partner, guardian, teacher."

"Father?" Rah added as he saw Solo's reluctance to voice the final word.

"Yeah, I guess." Han grinned ruefully. A frown replaced the smile.

"You think he believes that now you are on the scene I might not need him? That's damn stupid, for someone who's supposed to be so wise he's not thinkin' this through very well."

"He's thinking of you and me." Rah put in. "Maybe he thinks he should take a back seat allow me to take on his role. No." He raised a hand to still Solo's protest "I don't want and couldn't hope to do that. Chewie is a much more effective parent than I could ever have hoped to have been." He chuckled "and at least he's big enough to be able knock some sense into you if he has to."

"Thanks a lot." Han snorted. "So how do we find out if that's what's behind our furry friends sudden altruism?"

"We could try asking him."

"Sure we could if we don't mind getting' our heads beat in. No we need to be a bit more sneaky than that." A grin formed, "first we have to find out what's on his mind and I think I know just how to do that. I have to go."

"But Han." Too late the Corellian was already loping off down the corridor. Rahandir shook his head and returned to his work. He'd try to catch up with him later and explain that he would make another attempt to speak to Chewie.

"Hey, kid!"

Only one person ever called him that. So Luke didn't need his force senses to know Han was standing underneath the platform he was working on. "Make yourself useful, general," he called down. "Pass me up those tools will you.!"

Han did as requested dumping them at Skywalker's feet "Why didn't you just levitate them up here?" he asked conversationally. Luke didn't rise to the bait, discussions on the force usually ended with him and Han arguing. "I thought you looked as if you needed something to do." He said instead "Here can you see if you can attach this scaffold hinge it seems stuck."

Solo leaned over and picking up a suitable wrench applied a little Corellian know how to the problem with a few swift turns it fell into place. Luke handed him another and it took a second or two for Han to react. "Hey, I didn't come here to do your work for you Skywalker."

He tossed the tools back towards the Jedi who fielded them easily. Ignoring Luke's complaints about laziness he then stretched out and allowed the sun to warm his face.

"Solo!" Han started awake as he realized that Luke was talking to him.

"Huh?"

"I asked what you were doing here, apart from catching up on your beauty sleep?"

"I wanted to talk to you."

Luke searched his face and then sighed

"You and Leia haven't been fighting again have you?"

"No smart mouth we ain't." Han stated firmly. A reminiscent light filled his eyes as he thought back on some of their more spectacular set-tos. "Not that the making up after ain't always worth it. No it's Chewie."

"Chewie?" Luke glanced over to where the Kashyykian was supervising the removal of wreckage. "What's wrong with him?"

Han picked up a wrench and toyed with it. Shrugged uncomfortably then mumbled "I was hoping you might be able to tell me." Intrigued by this uncharacteristic reticence Luke probed further

"Have you two had a falling out?"

"No" Han looked increasingly harassed "at least I don't think we have."

"Well if you don't know how can you expect me to," enlightenment dawned. "Oh!"

"Uh yeah, well I thought you might, you know," Han waved vaguely with one hand in the general direction of his partner.

"Might what?" Luke teased, knowing that Han was asking him to use his force senses to see if he could find out what was amiss.

Solo glared at his uncooperative soon to be brother in law. Still very uneasy at putting into words the fact that he recognized the power of the Force. "Use your Jedi mumbo-jumbo" he growled.

Luke sat back and watched the Corellian squirm raiding his eyebrows questioningly. "My mumbo-jumbo? What about ...?"

"You're pushing it Skywalker." Solo threatened. "I don't want you to pry, just see if you can make out what's getting him all riled up. If I've done something wrong I'd like to know."

"How long have you got?" Luke teased his friend.

"Luke!"

Grinning, Luke focused on the distant Wookiee. Closing his eyes he reached out with his force senses. Gently he probed the Kashyykian's aura and found only his usual calm deep sense of peace, contentment with his lot happiness with his present occupation. Then Chewie looked up as if he sensed the contact, looking first towards Luke, nodding his massive head in acknowledgment of the mental greeting. Then he turned his eyes to his captain and Luke felt the giant beings love and affection for his human friends warm him. then a momentary pang of sadness, which was quickly masked; A feeling of intense impending loss.

"Well?" Solo demanded, growing impatient as Luke remained silent.

"What did you find?"

Luke looked over to where Chewie had returned to his tasks. "There's nothing wrong with him physically," he temporized. "He seems a little preoccupied that's all."

Solo squinted suspiciously suspecting Skywalker wasn't telling him everything. "Preoccupied about what?"

"Things!" Luke told him deliberately vague.

"Things?" Han repeated "What the hell is that supposed to mean? I thought you were supposed to read minds. I could have told you that much."

Taking pity on his increasingly anxious friend Luke patted his arm, " he isn't ill, he isn't angry with you, but he has got something on his mind about recent changes in your life, does that help."

"Yeah it was what me and Rah suspected. Big dumb ape." He added fondly making Luke smile.

"So are you going to tell me what you thought. Or do I have to try and probe your mind."

Han growled at this, not liking that idea at all. "Well you can't have it all ways, Solo." Luke chuckled "You want me to use it on Chewie but don't want me to probe your mind." He clicked his fingers as if just thinking of something "I suppose I can see why, you're scared I'll find it empty, aren't you!" He ducked the tool Han threw at him and put up a hand to placate his friend. "Sorry, couldn't resist."

"Try!" Han scowled.

"Yes sir." the salute that accompanied this was a regulation one, which would have done any Alliance recruit proud. Then sensing the continued concern he

added "So what do you and Rah think?" Han looked over towards the Wookiee. "Rah thinks Chewie's thinkin' of relinquishing his responsibilities for me because Rah is now 'officially' my father."

That made sense to Luke and squared with the feelings he'd sensed and if Han had already worked this much out for himself he wouldn't be betraying Chewbacca's feelings. Given the Wookiee code of honor, it sounded plausible. Even though it broke his heart Chewie would hand over responsibility for the human he had grown to love to his real parent. Luke's own heart ached at the loss the Wookiee would face.

"He doesn't want to." He volunteered, "he's very unhappy about the idea."

"He ain't happy?" Han snorted in return "What about me?"

"Poor Chewie," The Jedi mourned "it must be tearing him apart. We have to make him see he's still needed in your life."

"Yeah I know, the question is how."

"You don't think you can talk him into changing his mind?"

Solo shook his head, "you know how stubborn he can be."

Luke chuckled "That's rich coming from you. But I agree if he thinks it's in your best interest there is little he wouldn't do. Even at great cost to him self. His selflessness is a great strength, I mean who else would have taken on the task of raising you and agreed to act as your guardian." A wonderfully wicked smile suddenly filled Solo's face, of course why hadn't he thought of it sooner. The perfect solution, a way to turn Chewie's legendary loyalty and honor code against him.

"He has to be made to see that he holds a unique place in your life. One no one else can fill whoever they are." Luke continued unaware that Han was no longer paying attention. "You will have to find a way to maneuver him into a situation where he is made to realize that he is still needed, are you listening to me?"

"Huh, yeah, sure, Luke you're a genius," he checked his wrist chronometer "Shit, I gotta go."

"I'll try and talk to Chewie." Luke called after him, Han waved a hand at him but the Jedi wasn't certain he'd heard his promise.

Han made his way back to the temporary headquarters that the erstwhile rebels had set up in the remains of the alliance bunker. He found General Carlist Rieekan awaiting his arrival, eyes on the wall chronometer.

"I ain't late!" Solo asserted hastily. Remembering his tardiness of the day before which had earned him a sharp reprimand from the general.

"No one said you were." Rieekan answered "I was hoping to speak to you before the meeting began. I have a question to ask you."

As the meeting got under way Han Solo perused the data plaque containing the days business Rieekan had given him. He scanned it swiftly; most of the information was fairly routine one item stood out though the continued resistance by a small number of Imperial flyers in this sector. Alliance ships had had a run in with them as they entered the system, not a major fight but a skirmish that the hard-pressed forces could do without. Someone was going to go out to investigate further. That assignment sounded interesting. When the item came up for discussion there was no dissent from those present when Solo offered his services. The Falcon was for all its abilities a fairly anonymous ship in space, a stock light freighter one of many thousands her presence would cause far less concern than the appearance of Alliance wings. It also meant he'd get to do something a little more lively than paper pushing in the near future after all. His mind was still reeling from the offer that had been made to him earlier. Second in command of the security forces under the leadership of General Rieekan himself. The New Republic general had asked him to consider the position seriously and once his initial shock had worn off Han had astonished himself with how gratified he'd felt at the offer and how keen he was to take up the post. If it weren't for his concerns over Chewie he would have described himself as a very happy man.

His fertile brain turned over that problem while he listened to the latest reports on Imperial activities. If he could inveigle Chewie into accompanying him on the reconnaissance mission, he might be able to change that fuzz balls mind about his place in Solo's future and keep him with him and the Republic. If he could manage it without mentioning the ward ship he would, if not, Solo shrugged. Bringing up the guardianship covenant that Luke had reminded him of, was a calculated risk, which was more than capable of backfiring on him.

Some of the stipulations in the original agreement had made his life uncomfortable when he was seventeen. If they were to be re-activated now they could prove to be acutely embarrassing. A gentle rumbled reminder of some of them had had been all that was needed to put the brakes on Solo's more outrageous schemes for several years after they signed the initial covenant. Latterly their roles of guardian and ward had changed subtly to partners and brothers and the ward-ship itself had been all but forgotten. thank goodness.

Was he really prepared to risk it? He didn't need to think about it. The answer was a resounding heartfelt yes. He'd chance anything to keep that 'big walking carpet' by his side.

In the cockpit of the Millennium Falcon the Wookiee sat for a few moments in silence after his partner's abrupt departure. The Kashyykian equivalent of a grin now graced his furry features. Solo's outburst had not come as a surprise. In fact he had been expecting it.

A series of conversations with his humans closest friends had prepared him for something like this. Rahandir and Luke, had both approached him before he'd left Endor, to try and change his mind over his intentions to step back from his responsibility as Solo's minder. They had convinced him; not that it had taken much persuasion that now was not the time, adding that they didn't believe there ever would be a right time as far as Solo was concerned. He was they had stated separately but remarkably similarly the real father figure in Han's life and he still had a very important role to play in his future. The giant being chuckled quietly, remembering their faith in his abilities to 'deal' with his captain.

A longer conversation with the little princess had settled his own worries over interference in Solo's future life. She had been very clear in her opinion that the Corellian, would be devastated by what he would see as his abandonment by his best friend. And she had reiterated her own desire to keep the Wookiee close by to help control Solo's occasional over exuberance. "He loves you, Chewie," she'd confided, "but you know better than anyone how difficult he finds it to put his feelings into words. Unlike me," she added hugging the giant being unreservedly. "He will get round to talking to you eventually." She had smiled impishly before adding "I just wonder how he is planning on persuading you to change your mind? Without revealing to you how much he needs you."

A mischievous twinkle filled his bright blue eyes as the Wookiee got to his feet to follow his captain back to the main hold. A little gentle persuasion may be needed to encourage Solo to say what was really on his mind. He found the Corellian in the galley programming himself a hot drink. \*We need to talk. \*

"There's nothing to talk about." Han turned his back on his partner.

\* I said we need to talk.\* A huge paw swung the human round so that he was facing the Wookiee.

A truly irate Wookiee was an awe-inspiring sight. Seldom on the receiving end of such a performance Han wasn't enjoying the experience over much. He swallowed hard on the sudden lump in his throat but before he could voice more than a token protest, he found himself hauled out of the galley and shoved into the seating in the forward hold.

\* I thought you had decided to stay with the Alliance? \*

"I changed my mind." Solo muttered looking anywhere but at his partner.

\* Then you better change it back again. \* Despite his apparently perilous situation Solo managed a perfect 'who the hell are you to tell me what to do' face at these words. It disappeared swiftly as the Wookiee leant in towards him. \*Look me straight in the eye and tell me you are serious about not going back.\*

"I told you."

"Ah ah,\* the Wookiee raised a paw \* You are not looking at me. \* Han fidgeted with the game control panel and looked extremely uncomfortable. Chewie decided to take pity on him and help him along a little. \*It has nothing to do with you leaving the new republic does it? \*

Han risked a quick glance at his friend and saw the twinkling glint of understanding in his blue eyes. \* It is more to do with me, thinking of leaving you! \*

Solo opened his mouth to disabuse his friend of this suggestion then closed it again. He nodded.

\*How did you know I was considering it? \*

"I knew you were unhappy so I talked to Rah and Luke and Leia" he added "I even spoke to Rieekan and Kaldrain about it."

\* Why didn't you talk to me!\*

Han looked ridiculously guilty at this question. "I was gonna talk to you about it, honest. I just never seemed to find the right time. Or the right words "

\* Why do you want me to stay? \* It was a simple question but one the close mouthed Corellian found difficult to answer at least in words. Eventually he found the words he required. "Because, I need you."

\* You have others to advise and care for you now. \*

"They ain't the same. It's you I trust," Han paused and forced himself to continue he wasn't very adept at voicing his feelings but he owed it to his partner to tell him how he truly felt about him.

"You're my family. My best friend, the rock I cling to, my co-pilot, my conscience, when I pretend I don't have one. I respect your opinions and listen to your advice, mainly," he added with a sheepish grin, "and, I, well I love you. Don't leave Chewie, please."

Deeply moved by these words, and the fact that the usually reticent Corellian had managed to say them Chewbacca took a few moments to recover himself.

\* What about your father? \*

"He agrees with me. I need you" Han's smile widened "Says you're the only one who can control me!"

\* I wish that were true.\* Chewie chuckled dryly. \* Still! \* Han looked at him hopefully "You'll stay?"

\* It seems I have little choice. Everyone tells me I am needed and someone has to try and keep you from making such a fool of yourself in the future. \* Han cheered "Great, I'm going to get in touch with Leia to tell her the good news."

\* What would you have done if I said no? \* Chewie stayed his captain with one paw.

"Appealed to your sense of honor of course."

\* How would you have done that? \* The Wookiee probed. Although he believed he already knew the answer but wanted to confirm his thoughts.

"You remember when we first got together and I got into that mess on Lantol."

\* How could I forget it? \* Han rolled his eyes as he took in Chewie's long suffering expression. "Yeah, well 'officially' that ward-ship contract we signed has more than twenty years to run. An' knowing the importance you attach to honor agreements I thought if I reminded you of it, you'd decide you would have to stay with me. Would it have worked?"

\*It might.\* Chewie looked thoughtful \* You were really prepared to go that far? \*

"Further." Solo said simply. "As far as I needed." Chewbacca nodded acceptance of this fact, also acknowledging the depth of affection that Han possessed for him by offering to re instigate his hated ward ship terms.

"You are important to me, pal. There isn't anything I wouldn't risk for you."

\* Thank you, cub. You are important to me as well. It would have broken my heart to leave you and now I do not need to. \* He grabbed the Corellian into a rib crushing embrace and for once Han Solo didn't complain, he hugged back just as tightly.

## **Epilogue:**

Han Solo looked somewhat aggrieved as his soon to be bonded mate and her brother went off into further paroxysms of laughter.

"You see the authorities took into account the disparity in ages between Han and Chewbacca and their different cultures." Rahandir Ansolodor explained. "Wookiee's are not considered fully-grown until they are a hundred, Corellians reach the age of consent at thirty some few years after what is considered to be galactic standard. So they set the agreement half way. Han will be in his fifties before he officially stops needing a father figure to guide and protect him."

The older Corellian's eyes gleamed "Some of us think it could be longer than that." He ducked the bread roll Han had just shied at him.

"You are a real set of comedians." He complained.

Chewie ruffled his hair for him. \* Don't worry cub. I am not thinking of reinstating the agreement. \* He paused for effect, before dropping the punch line. \* At least not all of it. Not yet.\*

Solo, groaned as this threat caused his companions to fall into further fits of laughter. "What exactly is in that agreement?" Luke demanded to know.

"Believe me kid, you don't want to know." Han put in quickly before the Wookiee could enlighten him. "Do you think we could drop this conversation now, please?"

There was good-natured agreement with his request and the talk turned to the upcoming nuptials allowing Solo to recover his countenance.

Leia leaned over and kissed his cheek. "Are you happy now?"

Han returned the kiss with interest, "yeah, love. I have all my family around me now." He hugged her close Oblivious to the grins of his audience he added "I can't wait for our bonding ceremony."

"Neither can I." She whispered.

Rah interrupted them with a cough. "Not quite all your family Han."

"Huh?"

"You still have to meet your sister."

"Sister, sister?" Han's voice rose in panic. "Sister. Oh shit!"

**end**

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