

[Back To Index](#)

SPAZZIN' AT THE SPA

BY HOMER SAPIENTO

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.

The man leaned out the open window and looked down. Another light fog was slowly creeping its way through the ornate gardens below. He blew out a long breath and closed the filigree-covered glass. "The man turned over the elongated cylinder and a glow filled the small room. He sat on a plain stool in front of the similarly plain table. The man picked up an earring, twirled it in his fingers, and carefully replaced the bauble in its rightful place, mindful that the woman he loved would notice if it were moved. His hand brushed along the dressing table, stopped at a small bottle. The man opened the top; the scent reached him. The trademark of his lady. He smiled slightly, knew full well that he didn't need a scent for the woman to stir something in him. No, he frowned at his mirror image, make that everything in him. He sighed again, moved to the bed and sat. The man picked at the cover. He had only two choices: he could sit in these two rooms and think about her or he could go to the mess, not eat something and think about her. He chose the latter, refused to revert to a love-sick puppy. Slowly, the man stood, stretched to relieve the tension in his body. He shrugged on his jacket and carefully straightened the bed cover. The man turned at the outer door and glanced back. Leia Organa was gone and Han Solo was bored out of his mind!

"Good evening, General -- Uh, Captain Solo" the mess tech corrected his error and Han's glare faded. "What can I get you?"

The Corellian stared at the menu on the wall. 'surprise me, Boz, something I can eat with my hands and a large helping of jet juice."

"I'm sorry, Captain --"

"Yeah, yeah, not allowed on base." Solo took a tray and moved to a corner table.

"Han, ol' buddy!" Luke dropped his tray next to his friend's and sat. "How are you?"

"Fine."

"Admit it," Skywalker nudged him. "You miss her."

"Who?"

"Leia."

"Did she go somewhere?" Han raised an eyebrow.

"Too busy, huh?"

Solo nodded. "Working on the Falcon."

"There a problem?"

"Not anymore." Han tossed his half-eaten sandwich aside. "she's in great shape, right down to the tool box."

"I told you you were more than welcome to help us plan our next move," The Jedi frowned.

"For What?" Han blew out. "The Alliance is spread out thin, even the Empire -- what's left of it -- isn't doin' much."

Luke nodded. "All the sectors are pretty quiet. But when Leia gets back from Glamoria--"

"And that's another thing," Solo scowled. "Whose bright idea was it for her to go alone?"

"Hers," Skywalker shrugged.

"Exactly what's at this Glamoria?" Solo asked. "I never heard of it."

"All I could find out was that it's on Tressel."

"All ... wait a sec ... Tressel's a rock." The Corellian leaned forward.

"Are there any goodies the Alliance can use?"

Luke shrugged. "Not that I could tell."

"Then what the hell is she doin' there?!" His voice rose.

"Reerdon said it was of a diplomatic nature."

"Like what?"

"That's what Leia told him."

"Great," Solo spat out. 'so ... when's she getting back?"

"Yesterday?" the Jedi frowned. "Okay, she's a day late, but sometimes these things take longer than expected. You know that, Han."

"You think she's in trouble?"

"I don't know." Luke pushed his plate aside.

Four days had passed when Luke Skywalker stood outside the closed door. He took a deep breath and knocked sharply.

"Enter." The door slid open. "Ah, Commander Skywalker, we were just talking about you.

"Hi, kid!" The Jedi turned toward the sound of the Corellian's voice. "Two minds with a single thought?"

"You may as well sit down, Luke," Reerdon motioned to a chair. "As I was just telling Captain Solo, we received a message from Glamoria early this morning."

"From Her Highness?"

"We aren't sure," the general frowned. "It just read, "Leia Organa ... detained." The communication wasn't very clear."

"What's 'detained' mean?" Han wiped a palm on his knee. "Why phrase it that way?"

"Have you tried reaching her?" Luke asked.

Reerdon nodded. "None of our officers have been able to get through. They make contact, identify themselves, and contact is broken."

"I don't like the sound of that." Solo stood up.

"Neither do I," Luke agreed. "When do we leave?"

"It's not that simple," the general hesitated.

"Why not?" Solo snapped. "The Falcon's ready ...Hell, we can brush the cobwebs off her in no time!"

"We have found an Alliance officer ... Oriel Bell ... who is familiar with Glamoria," Reerdon stated. "She'll be here sometime tonight."

"Wonderful." Han glanced at Luke.

"Commander Skywalker, Captain Solo," Lt. Oriel Bell nodded to each man. "It's a pleasure to final--"

"Great," Han interrupted. "Can we go now?"

"I'm afraid it's not that simple," the tall blonde smiled.

"Why not?" Han and Luke glanced at each other.

There are certain, uh, things about Glamoria that you need to know."

"How many Imperials are we standing about?" Han frowned.

"None."

"None?" The Jedi's eyes widened. "Then what?"

"Well," Oriel bit her lip. "Glamoria is different. As you know, Tressel is on the fringe of what is now an Alliance sector, so I imagine Glamoria has been quite active..."

"As what?" Han prodded.

"Even during the worst of the fighting," she continued, "it was still open, I heard. It is remote and of little value to either side. Of course, the Rebels, as we were known then, didn't dare go there in the event--"

"Get to the point!" Solo yelled, causing Luke to jump.

"Oh, yes." Lt. Bell sat on the edge of Reerdon's desk. "How do I explain this to you? Glamoria's basically a very large, very spread out, lavish estate where a being can go to be rejuvenated..."

Luke stared at her. "Huh?"

"She went to a fat farm?" Solo hooted.

"A what?" "The Jedi stared at him.

"A fat farm," Han repeated. "Forgot you were from Tatooine. Look kid, it's a great place ... Chewie and me went to one for a couple of days. They got whirlpool mudbaths, saunas, massages -- oh, yeah, great massages. Chewie came back lookin' like a fur- ball." He turned to Reerdon. "General when's that shipment coming?"

"Huh? Oh, four days."

"Great! We can have two days of relaxation!" Solo put an arm around the younger man's shoulder. "And the, uh, the..." He glanced at Lt. Bell. "...attendants..."

The Jedi smiled slightly. "It has been a long time since we've been able to relax."

"Uh, gentlemen," Oriel coughed. ""There's just one little thing."

"What's that?" Han responded.

"It's only for females."

"Maybe she did just go there to relax." Luke stared at the far wall.

"It's been almost two days, kid." Han shook his head. "They won't take calls from males. So far, the lieutenant's got nothing."

"What do you think of her?"

"Who?"

"Ori-- uh, Lt. Bell?" Luke flushed slightly.

"This ain't exactly the time--"

"Whatever happened to 'never miss an opportunity?'"

Han jumped up. "She's here."

"Well..." Oriel placed a case on Reerdon's desk. "They don't have a record of a Leia Organa..."

"That's ridiculous," Solo retorted. "We got a message from her."

"Possible," the lieutenant nodded. "Outgoing communications are private."

"Maybe she's using an alias," Luke offered.

"Could be." Solo chewed on a thumbnail. "But that shipment's gonna be here day after tomorrow."

"That's still some time..." Bell said.

"So, we just leave if she's not back?" Han scowled. "Her Highnessness is prompt, real prompt. She'd have everything organized by now!" He glanced at Reerdon. "I say we go in."

"You can't," Oriel blurted out. "Men aren't allowed."

"What if she is just on holiday?" Luke's eyebrow twitched.

"She'd forgive you, kid." Solo patted his arm. "And I've always wanted to live on the Galaxy." The Corellian stretched out his legs. "We gotta find some way in."

"I've given that some thought." Oriel opened the case she had brought with her and the front panel fell open to reveal wigs and other items. "Blonde or brunette?"

"How are we doing in there?" Oriel paced in front of the cubicles.

"This isn't right." Luke stuck his head out of the curtain. "I don't think it is, anyway." The Jedi stepped out into the room. Selfconsciously he pulled at the short quilted top he was wearing. "I'm lumpy."

"Yes, you are." Lt. Bell reached out, asking, "May I?" Skywalker nodded. She unzipped the front and rearranged the stuffing. Stepping back, she surveyed her work. "That's not going to work. Wait." Oriel picked up a pair of scissors and cut two pieces of dense foam from a packing crate.

"Here, try these." She moved to the next cubicle. "Captain Solo?"

"This ain't gonna work."

"Let's see." The Corellian flung back the curtain and took one step out. "See?" he moved back.

"Wait. You look fine!"

"Maybe in a dark alley," he hissed.

"You're just a little uneven." Oriel reached for his shoulder.

"I can do it myself, thanks." Solo maneuvered the strap under the loose top. "These are digging into my shoulders and I don't understand why we have to wear the, ah, pants," he finished in a whisper.

"Should the event arise that we change clothes," the Lt. began, "I don't want any maleness around. Understand now?"

"Yeah," the Corellian shrugged. "Now what?"

"Sit," Oriel frowned. "You're really going to have to walk lighter on your feet, Captain, although it won't make much difference. There are some planets where it is hard to tell."

"Wonderful," Han muttered.

Oriel pulled the brunette wig onto his head. "just a pin here --"

"Ouch."

"Sorry," the female officer cringed. "And the blonde." She pulled it onto the seated Jedi's head. "Did I hurt you too, Commander?"

"No, it's fine." Luke shook his head as Solo snarled.

"Make-up."

"No, uh-uh definitely not." Han stood abruptly.

"We don't have to get the Princess," Lt. Bell said and closed the bottle.

"Yes, we do." Solo sat.

"She could be on a holiday," Luke offered again.

"She's in trouble," The Corellian shook his head.

"How do you know?" Oriel asked.

"Because her Highness is a fanatic. She'd be here now if she could. She's not irresponsible," Han stated firmly. "I know irresponsible."

Oriel dabbed the liquid over Han's cheeks. "I think we'd go with the cream to get rid of the beard while we're there ... Less fuss than a razor and less noticeable."

"Marvelous," Solo blew out. "Any other body hair you want to get rid of?"

"Not yet," The Lt. answered, her eyes narrowing.

Luke coughed silently.

"Something to add, Commander?"

"Huh?" He sat up straight. "Oh, no. Nothing."

Oriel turned toward the Jedi. "You don't need too much, just a touch. Pucker your lips." It was Han's turn to cough.

"Are we done?" The Corellian stood, fighting the blouse he wore.

"Just -- Oh, hello General."

"Oops!" Reeron turned abruptly. "I didn't know anyone was --"

"It was us, General," Skywalker spoke up. Reeron turned and stared at the two men.

"It is, isn't it!" he fought back a spreading smile. "Good job, Lt.!"

"Just how are we going to get to Glammoria?" Han asked.

"That Jhendrian pinched me again!" Han hissed as he slid back into his seat on the shuttle.

"Well, if you wouldn't keep going to the toilet he wouldn't do that, would he?" Oriel hissed back.

"Is it my fault these underpants are..." he waved a hand.

"It's not so bad," Luke grinned, looking out the window.

"Can I get you anything else?" the tentacled attendant asked as she stopped at their row.

"Yeah, yes," Solo raised the tone of his voice. "I'd like another brandy."

"No," Lt. Bell interrupted. "Dear, we're almost there, and I'm afraid you have had more than your limit." She smiled sweetly at the attendant.

"Fine," Solo scowled. "Humiliated and sober. What a treat!"

"Han," Luke said softly.

The Corellian's mouth moved in time to his private mutterings.

"Han," The Jedi was more instant.

"What!" Solo hissed in his direction.

"Leia..." He glanced at his friend. "She's in pain...."

"How do you--" Bell started. Solo quieted her with a glance.

"What do you feel, Luke?"

Skywalker's eyes were closed. "She's running... out of breath, someone's chasing her...."

"Just a holiday, huh?" Han raised his eyebrows.

"Well, she could just be running on the track," Oriel suggested.

"Why would she do that?" Solo scoffed.

"For the exercise."

"You'd have to be pretty stupid to run for exercise, and pay for it, when the Imps'd chase you for free."

Luke slumped in his seat. "I can't feel anymore."

"Maybe she got away then," The Corellian offered.

"No," the Jedi shook his head. "It's like, like she blocked me out.."

"Did anything happen before at the base?"

"No, we were too far away," Luke answered. "I had her and then I lost her..."

The two men glanced at each other as the pilot announced landing procedures.

"We were lucky to get a suite," Oriel said opening a window in the main room.

Solo opened a door and tossed in his duffel. "Let's go."

"Go where, exactly?" Lt. Bell asked as she reclined on a plush lounge.

"To find Her Worshipfulness, that's where!" The Corellian snapped.

"And you suggest we go tearing around this place accosting the guests?" Oriel smiled at him. "Is that your plan, Hanna?"

Solo shuddered slightly at his alias. "You have any better ideas, Lulu?" He spun on the snickering Jedi.

Luke shrugged. "No, but we've gotta fit in somehow, don't we?"

"I am not... not wearing anything that I have seen out there!" Han's finger pointed toward the window.

Oriel glanced outside where a group of scantily clad diminutive females ran down the brick path. "Oh, I don't know, Captain, you might look quite cute -- You remind me of somebody..." Han stared at her.

"All good and well, Hanna," Oriel smiled. "Oh, come on, I saw your eyes bulge out..."

"That's not the point," the Corellian stared at Skywalker, laughing over on the sofa. "Just how are we going to fit in if we don't fit in?"

Lt. Bell stood up. "Actually I told the registrar that Lulu was here to recover from a serious illness and that you were here to lose weight."

"How about a serious accident?" Han pointed at Luke as the latter roared.

"And exactly what are you here for?" He asked the Lt.

"I'm here to have fun," she stretched. "I'm going to change and then we'll go eat. It's a walk to the restaurant so we should be able to survey at least half the outdoors on our way there."

"I could eat something," Solo shrugged. The brandies on the shuttle were beginning to effect his empty stomach.

"What the hell is this?"

"The diet plate." Oriel smiled as she dug into her thick sandwich. "Now Hanna --" she eyed the trio at the adjacent table-- "You did promise to do your best this time." She nodded pleasantly at the other women.

"Oh, yes, dear, " Hanna gritted out. "So I did."

Luke closed his eyes. "I don't feel her," he whispered. 'she's definitely blocking me out."

"Well, I don't feel a thing except hungry," Han answered , reaching for a roll. Oriel slapped his hand.

"Good afternoon, ahh.... ladies," announced a tall, white-haired woman. "I am Majorah, your supervisor. I've bought you all packets of information and your individualized schedules." She picked one out of her pile. "Oriel, Lulu, and oh, yes, Hanna. A very popular name. Here you are."

"Popular name?" Lt. Bell asked.

"Oh, yes," the older woman nodded. "We have about five Hannas staying with us right now." She turned to go. "Do enjoy your stay , and, if you have any questions just call."

"Five, Hannas!?" Solo echoed.

"It's as good a place to start as anything else," Skywalker stated, "Obvious, I'll admit, but still..."

Oriel glanced at her information and schedule. "Well, I have two Hannas in my groups," she said. "I guess I'll get used to this outfit after all." Luke grinned at the form-fitting tights she wore.

The Corellian coughed slightly. "Luke?"

"Oh, yeah." He scanned through his packet. "I've got two, although why Leia'd join a rehabilitation group is beyond me."

Han leafed through his. "There's one here, couldn't be her, she's not fat."

"Maybe she wants to stay not fat," Oriel gave him the standard Men -Dont' -Get- It look he had received at least twice a day from Leia.

"You may as well get to it then," Skywalker said, standing. "The sooner we find her the sooner we can get back -- "

"I'm off to the sauna," Oriel interrupted, picking up her towel. "I really will try not to enjoy myself too much, Hanna. Taah!"

"Taah, yourself!" Solo watched her leave, grabbed a roll and stuffed it in his blouse. "Want a picture?" he scowled at the adjacent table.

"Was that necessary?" Luke whispered.

"I get cranky when I'm hungry."

"And worried?"

"She better be in trouble, kid," Han ground out. "Cuz if she aint', I'm gonna kill her!"

"Any luck?" Oriel patted the lounge next to the cooling pad.

Luke shook his head and collapsed. The sun was hot, especially under the tight-fitting wig. "No, one was 95 year old and one was purple. Definitely not her." He thanked the attendant who handed him a cool drink.

"I didn't do much better," The Lt. frowned. "But I did enjoy the sauna." She ate the fruit on her plate. "This is really a great place. Wish we had more time to take advantage of it. Well, I do , anyway." Oriel spread some cream on her arm. "I wonder how Captain Solo is doing?"

"Shouldn't he be back by now?" Luke asked as she stretched out and closed his eyes.

"I checked the schedule and I'm afraid his Hanna will be a little harder to get to than ours."

The Corellian stood outside the steam room and tapped his foot. HE decided there wasn't anyway of getting round the possibility of going in. A tall, wiry female with dark green skin came through the door. "Excuse me," he smiled. "Is there a Hanna in there?"

"Yes," the female answered. "Are you waiting for her?"

"Ahh, yes, I am," he muttered.

"Too bad," the female winked at him and sauntered off.

"Great," the Corellian kicked at an imaginary stone in front of him. he stopped an older woman. "Excuse me, is Hanna still in there?"

"Hanna?" The woman put a finger on her chin as she pondered. "IS she rather short with dark hair?"

Han nodded.

"No, she went out the other exit in the back. Sorry."

"Would you know where she went?"

"Well, that exit leads to the massage rooms if that's any help?" The woman started down the path, then turned. "Do you play bregio?"

"Sorry," the Corellian shook his head. "I've never learned that particular card game."

"Too bad. We're looking for a fourth. Good luck in finding your friend."

The masseuse pointed Han toward the last curtained cubicle at the end of the long hall. "I should be in there shortly for her massage. You'd do me a favor if you'd tell her I'm running late."

"Sure." Solo tried hard not to stare at the shapely form, then he turned back to the curtained cubical, took a deep breath, and ducked inside. A small smile turned up the corners of his mouth, the figure on the table, covered by a thin sheet, was one he had seen many times. Even though the

woman's face was turned toward the wall, the curves were unmistakable. The Corellian approached the table as quietly as he could. He picked up the perfumed lotions on the side of the table and shook it vigorously.

"Oh, good. I was beginning to wonder if I had the wrong time," the prone figure spoke softly in an oh so familiar voice.

Han pulled the sheet down to the Princess' waist and poured a small amount of lotion on her back. "OOH! That's so cold!"

Yes, it is , isn't it? he laughed to himself as he rubbed the lotion in a circular motion, widening the circles ever so slightly. Solo moved up to her shoulders, gently at first, then pressure mounting as his hands neared her throat. It'd be too easy, he berated himself.

"Ooh, that feels good," Leia sighed. "Could you move further down?"

With greatest pleasure, The Corellian grinned. His hands moved down her back, kneading gently, fitting around her waist, straining against tickling her. His thumbs hooked under the sheet, he moved gently down her hips following her own curves.

"Ahh, that's far enough," Leia said, jumping slightly. "What are you do --" She spun around on the table and grabbed for the sheet, but not quickly enough. "Han!" She slapped a hand over her mouth. "Han?" she repeated in a whisper.

Then her mouth opened and she began to laugh loudly. "What --? Is? Why?" Leia Organa finally regained as much of her composure as she could. "Give me that sheet!" she demanded.

"Why?" Han asked. "It's not like I haven't seen any of this before."

The Princess jumped off the table and grabbed her robe. "What are you doing here?" she whispered hoarsely.

"Looking for you. The shipment's are coming in a day, remember." He tapped his foot.

Leia tightened the cord around her waist. "I'm well aware of that. You're lopsided." She started laughing again. Solo tossed the sheet on the table and rearranged the stuffing on the right side of his chest. "You do that so well."

"You should know, sweetheart," Solo smirked.. "Can we leave now?"

"Oh anything you say, Captain, why not, Captain." Leia slipped on her sandals. "Try an get a little time to myself..."

The masseuse entered the room..."I'm sorry I'm late. Is there a problem?"

Leia sighed. "A family emergency, I'm afraid. My, my...old aunt Hanna just came to get me, but I have enjoyed myself."

"Do you think we should look for them?" Oriel asked as she righted herself on the lounge. "I'm about as done as I'll be."

Luke opened his eyes a smile on his face. "I don't think that's necessary, Han's found her," the Jedi nodded over Oriel's head. "Here they come."

Down the path toward the pool , two figures walked hurriedly. The taller one was indeed Solo, a scowl on his face. "Is that the Princess? I've never seen her before," the Lt. asked.

"Yes, " the Jedi nodded. "It's a good thing no one's around to hear them." The pair stopped , the shorter one of the two, punched the taller one in the arm. "That's her, all right!" Luke laughed. "We can go now."

"How long have they been married?" Oriel asked.

"Why?"

"They just... act like it," she laughed.

"Gods! You look so ridiculous! " Leia declared to her brother as she plopped into a chair. Her laughter echoed around the pool as she managed to catch her breath. "Hello," she said, offering a hand to Oriel, "I'm Leia Organa."

"Lt. Oriel Bell," the blonde woman answered, taking the hand. "I take it, you know Hanna and Lulu?"

"Oh, yes," the princess nodded, wiping tears from her eyes. "Lulu? Gods! And H-Hanna! Oh, the sacrifices these two make!"

"She's just delirious," Solo frowned. "They might have poisoned her food."

"Leia?" Skywalker asked, sitting in the adjacent lounge, "Why did you come here?"

"To get away from all of you," The Princess answered too quickly for his liking. "To get some peace and quiet, to be alone." She glanced at the Corellian and burst into laughter once again. "Oh, gods, let's get out of here before you get arrested!"

"Hey!" Solo called as they moved toward their suite, "I'll have you know that I have been pinched AND winked at." He followed them. "How come you didn't know it was me in the massage room?"
Leia didn't answer.

"I'll take over now," Solo said as he slid into the pilot's seat of the Alliance ship. Leia leaned back, relinquishing control. "Not a word," he cautioned.

"Did I say anything?" she returned, biting back a chuckle. "You really weren't that bad looking, you know. I'm sure you got a lot of whistles. Heeee hee hee."

"Want to ride in the air-lock?"

"Han keep the wig..."

A small smile tugged at his mouth. "Yeah?" He glanced at her.

"Just in case you go b-- b-- bald!"

"Ahh, Captain Solo?" Oriel asked, cringing slightly behind them.

"What!" he snapped.

"There's a problem," she hesitated. "It's Commander --"

"What's wrong with Luke?" Leia was instantly serious.

"Well," Oriel bit her lip.

The Jedi entered the cockpit, the front of his uniform tunic bulging slightly. Han grinned. "Getting funny on us, kid?" The Princess slapped his arm.

"It kept slipping," Luke sighed, slumping into the navigation chair. "So I found some adhesive."

"You GLUED 'em on!?" The Corellian hooted.

"What do you suggest, Captain Solo?" Oriel asked.

Han shrugged. "There's some stuff on the Falcon that might do the trick. "

"Can't we just cut them off?" Luke frowned.

"There's nothing on board that'll work, Commander. I've looked," Lt. Bell answered, squeezing his shoulder.

"Sides," Solo grinned as he banked the cruiser into orbit, "If you cut 'em, you could ruin 'em."

"Why? Why would you want to keep them?" Leia asked , and regretted it as soon as she did.

"Maybe YOU could use them?" the Corellian laughed, turning to her with a grin. "Ow, ow, ow!!!!"

END

[Back To Index](#)