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Sweet Revenge  
by Pat Nussman

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Author's Note: Like many other fen, I've noticed the recent face decor of actor Harrison Ford, and speculated as to whether the ' good Captain of the Millennium Falcon will be bearded, come The Revenge of the Jedi. But why? Do whiskers grow in carbon freeze? I think not. What then is the reason for this excess of scruffiness? Could It be ... ?

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He awoke to the sound of a soft snore, emanating from a spot just west of his left ear. Cautiously he opened one eye to examine the woman who lay sprawled across him; she appeared to be still blissfully asleep, a hint of a satisfied smile lifting the corners of her lips as she dreamed. Han thoughtfully spit out some strands of long brown hair that had found their way into his mouth. She was really asleep, he reassured himself, fully, deeply asleep. \_Thank the gods\_!

He shifted position carefully, holding his breath. He was exhausted, and the last thing needed at this point was for her to wake up. Humiliating, that's what it was. He brooded darkly. His prowess as a lover was legend throughout the galaxy's less wholesome establishments: no one outlasted Han Solo, whispered the ladies. To have a little slip of a thing wear him out like this was downright embarrassing. He hurriedly reassured himself. She'd been restin' up for him all these years, that was the explanation. Twenty odd years of doing nothing but playing politics and waiting for Han Solo. It was bound to give her an edge.

Han ground his teeth, gripped by indecision. As little as he wished to wake the lady, the arm upon which she reclined was now totally numb. Worse, his bladder signalled in no uncertain terms the necessity of

rising. Gingerly, he began to detach himself from her relaxed form. She was heavy for such a little thing -- must be solid as hell.

Han was nearly free when two large brown eyes flew open, flashing indignantly. "And just where do you think you're going?" Swiftly, she rolled onto his chest, her delicate hands planted firmly on his shoulders. She thrust a scowling face to within inches of his.

"Come on, Your Worship." he said desperately. "I have to use the sanno. Now."

She cogitated briefly, then slid off him with a sigh. "Hurry it up," she suggested meaningfully. Crossing her arms behind her head, Leia leaned back against the banked pillows, a tiny smile curving her lips. Han thought he detected a gleam of anticipation in the depths of her dark eyes.

He leapt up and swiftly crossed to the adjacent sanno, aware of the princess' eyes following him every step of the way. He couldn't believe what was happening. When he thought about how innocent Leia had been before his impromptu tutoring on the Bospin journey -- well, all Han could say was that Her Worship learned fast. Real fast. \_Gods of all planets!\_ He speeded up his gait.

\_Face it, Solo\_, he told himself as he thankfully reached the relative safety of the sanno, \_you opened your big mouth once too often.\_ His answer had seemed so clever at the time, especially considering the strained circumstances, but, once thawed, he had known those two words to be the biggest mistake in a life clammed with blunders. He had closed his eyes on a tragic-faced woman, tears gleaming in her eyes, and opened them again to face an expression as cold as Hoth, with eyes filled with wrath. The princess stood menacingly over him, ignoring the clucking TwoOneBee units ranged around his bed. "'I know', huh, flyboy?" she said viciously, before he could even begin open his mouth. "You know! I'll show you 'I know'". She spun on one heel, stalking towards door. "Better rest well. Solo. 'cause you're going to need it."

Han winced at the memory. Slamming the sanno door hurriedly behind him, he looked for a lock. There was none. He'd better hurry.

A few minutes later he regarded himself critically in the sanno's brightly-lit mirror. He needed a shave badly. Rubbing his chin, he marveled at how fast a beard could grow. In just..three days, was it? Yeah, the TwoOneBee unit had given him some depilatory before he left the MedCenter. He leaned closer to the glass, examining the dark circles under his eyes as he rummaged one-handed for the tube. At least she had given

him time in the MedCenter to recover from the effects of the carbon freeze. Something to be grateful for. Now if he could only get in a quick shave. A little more sleep wouldn't do him any harm, either.

There was a sharp rap on the door. "Hey, Solo, have you drowned in there?"

Han groaned. "Come on, Leia," he implored plaintively. "I want to shave!"

The sanno door was wrenched open, bouncing off an unoffending wall with a violent crack! The princess stood in the doorway, hands on hips which were just barely covered by her skimpy crimson wraptunic. One hand lifted, snaking forward to take his arm in an iron grip. "Later, flyboy." She pulled him forward inexorably. "That is, if you still have the energy later." Han sighed, but dropped the tube and followed her docily back to what was beginning to seem his permanent home. Couldn't disappoint a lady. But maybe he could persuade her that they needed a little rest first?

He stopped at the edge of the bed, playing for time. "Leia..."

"Not now, Solo."

She took him by surprise, pushing both hands against his chest with enough firmness to throw him off-balance and send him tumbling backward among the silken sheets of her bed. She flung herself beside him, propping herself up on one elbow, and wearing a most unregal, unladylike smirk. "By the time I let you up, Solo," she ran one forefinger deliberately along his stubbled cheek, "you will most definitely, positively, absolutely know. I do so hate to leave a gentleman in doubt." She lowered her head to nibble delicately at his ear. "Then you may shave." she whispered.

Han slid his arms around her resignedly. He already did know -- gods, did he know -- but if Leia felt the need to convince him further, far be it from Han Solo to disoblige her.

Maybe he'd look good in a beard, at that.

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