



“Watch out for that asteroid,” Leia said, standing behind Han’s seat in the cockpit of the Falcon.

“No,” Han said, “I thought I would slam right into it.” He looked back over his shoulder at Leia. “I once took the Falcon through the Quinset caverns. Didn’t get a scratch.””

“Yeah, but that was before you became-- a woman.” Leia crunched up his nose as she said it,.

Han and Chewbacca exchanged glances. Chewbacca tugged on one of the long pony tails he wore since he’d turned into a female and roared.

“I agree,” Han said, his pretty voice dripping with acid. “There is a nice little comet near here where we could drop off the princess.”

“Don’t take it the wrong way,” Leia said, intent on digging a deeper hole. “It’s not that you’re a girl.” She shook her head and patted Han on the shoulder. “It’s the kind of girl.”

“I shouldn’t have come,” Luke said, as much to end the bickering as because he felt the danger he’d created. “I can sense Vader, and he can sense me. He knows I’m here. I’m endangering the mission.” Outside, the moon of Endor rose toward them through the cockpit window.

“Great news, kid,” Solo said. “Because I was worried the mission wasn’t dangerous enough.”

Later on the surface of Endor.

The jungle hummed with the masses of insects, the occasional screams and howls. A mist lingered in the air, and great trees towered over the party, stretching toward the sky like pillars in temple.

“You sure you know what you’re doing?” Leia said.

Luke nodded. “This is the path I must walk.”

“Well, then, come on in here for a hug and kiss—for luck,” Leia said, drawing Luke in for an embrace.

“Same here,” Han said, opening his arms and squeezing Luke, kissing him on the cheek. “Also, for luck,” Han said, with a wink.

“I still can’t believe how short you are,” Luke said, looking down into Han’s big, bright eyes. Han had become a gorgeous woman, with a pretty face and a curvy body that had been more than capable of pulling of the metal bikini Jabba had forced him to wear.

“Yeah, well, I may be short, but I’m still just as good with a blaster.”

Rrrrwww. “Of course, buddy,” Luke said, hugging the wookie as well, Chewbacca was shorter than he’d been, but not short, and Luke felt awkward as the wookie pressed Luke’s face into his breasts. It seemed both Han and Chewbacca had become big huggers as females.

Luke marched off, vanishing into the mist and foliage that smothered the floor of the jungle. Leia watched after him, worried, but also a little confused. There seemed to be an almost pink glow around Luke. She shook her head. No. She had to be imagining things.

“You ready?” Han said, drawing his blaster.

“When you are, half pint,” Leia said, drawing her own blaster.

“I’m more like three quarters of a pint,” Han said.

“I was being generous calling you half pint, small fry.”

As the two went back to bickering, Chewbacca shook his head and rolled his eyes.

Later, on the Battle Station

A trio of women, a storm trooper and a security officer, met Luke outside the landing bay. “Odd,” Luke whispered. The three of them stood with their hands on their hips, which were thrust out to the side. They looked as if they were posing for a fashion hologram.

“Don’t try anything funny,” the leader said in a tea-kettle voice.

“I have surrendered myself,” Luke said. “Take me to Lord Vader.”

They made their way into the ship and passed various people, Luke realized he hadn’t seen a single male since arriving. The whole crew seemed to be female, which was nearly the opposite of all his previous experience with the Empire.

They walked toward an elevator. The doors to the elevator whooshed open and a woman dressed all in black stepped out. She wore the same helmet as Darth Vader, but--

Vader? Had it not been for the force, Luke would not have believed the woman walking toward him was or had been his father. Not only did Vader now have a figure like an Arrelian Dancer, but he moved like an Arrelian dancer, one arm out to the side, wrist bent, hips swaying. His clothes had changed, too, the respirator gone, a long, flowing skirt. He radiated potent feminine energy.

“So, you have answered my call,” Vader said. He no longer possessed the deep, threatening voice of old, but one with the soft, breeziness of a Culet flute.

Luke felt himself flicker back and forth, female then back to male again. Vader’s presence shook him, his sense of self. If his father was a beautiful woman, then maybe he was a girl?

“You will come to the embrace the feminine power within you,” Vader said, reaching to brush Luke’s bangs from his eyes in what felt like a maternal gesture. “You will join the Sisterhood.”

“I will never embrace the dark side,” Luke said. “Father.”

“So, you have accepted the truth at last. Vader gestured towards his body. “Though I am no longer your father, as you can see.”

“How could you let Palpatine do this to you?” Luke said as he followed Vader toward the throne room. “I sense Annakin, the man who was my father, within you. Fight. I know there is good in you.”

“That name no longer has any meaning,” Vader said. “I am a sister of the Sith now, and you will join us. You have no idea how intoxicating it is to be a woman. I pity men, boys. They are merely degenerate forms of the perfected female.”

“That’s the emperor talking,” Luke said.

They walked side by side, Vader’s heels clicking with each dainty step, until they came to and entered the throne room. Slight above them on a raised dias, a great chair rested, for the moment turned away from them. Beyond that a great window rose. Luke could see Endor beyond. His friends were down there. He could sense they were still alive. For now.

“I am pleased you have come to me,” he heard a woman call. Unlike Vader’s piping little



voice, this was a mature, velvety female voice, rich and oozing with hints of silk sheets and shadowy liaisons. The throne rotated and Luke saw a gorgeous woman wearing thigh high stiletto boots and a hooded robe made of some sort of diaphanous material that allowed him to glimpse her naked body. “Come to me, girl. I look forward to finishing your training.” She held out her hand as if she expected Luke to kiss it.

The emperor was exquisite, stunning, alluring. Drawn by her beauty, Luke took a stumbling step towards her as his body flickered. He wanted her, and he wanted to be her. If only he could have a body like that, could possess such beauty, he could conquer... "No!" Luke shouted, taking a step back. "I'll never accept the dark side."

"The dark side," the emperor said, flicking his wrist dismissively as he stood and began to walk toward Luke, displaying a feminine gait every bit as refined as Vader's. "The dark side of the force is a toy, something for the withered souls of men to play with." He raised his slender hand, energy sparking along his fingers, to the tips of his long, glittering nails. "The matreous, the Mother Force, is so much greater. You simply must taste it." The emperor looked Luke up and down. "You'll make a perfect girl."

"I'm not a girl," Luke shouted, even as he felt the allure, the draw, the desire to be all things feminine. "I'll never be a girl."

"Larissa, you know you have always been a girl deep down," Sidious whispered. "The feminine force has always flowed through you."

As the emperor said that, Luke had a sudden flashback, a memory of himself wearing a dress, playing in secret so his aunt and uncle would never find out he dreamt of being a girl. He shook his head and raised his hand, pushing back against the emperor. "That never happened. Get out of my head."

"Luke," Vader said. "Embrace the matreous. We will rule the galaxy together."

"Never," Luke said, stepping away, thinking of Han, Leia and the rest.

"You believe you owe it to your friends to remain trapped in that sad, male form," Sidious said. "Let me lighten your conscience. Your friends are about to die," Sidious glanced back toward Endor. "Yes, I know all about your little plans to blow up the deflector shield. Mother always knows what her children are up to. A fully armed battalion awaits them, as an armada of ships awaits the arrival of the rebel fleet. They are all doomed."

"You're lying," Luke said, struggling to hold onto his shape as she felt herself turning back into a female.

"Behold."

The rebel fleet dropped out of hyperspace and roared toward the space station. Then, the Imperial armada jumped into view: Super Star destroyers, Star Destroyers, enough ships to crush a thousand rebel fleets. Space lit up with red and blue flashes as a swarm of TIE-Fighters began their attack.

"No," Luke whispered.

“It’s worse than you realize,” Sidious said. “Your rebel friends have attacked a fully operational space station with a hundred times more power than the Death Star. Fire when ready.”

Luke felt his rage building. Fear. He was so afraid for his friends. And what had Yoda taught him? Fear leads to hate. And hate led to—he didn’t care anymore. He reached out and his light saber leapt into his hands.

“I will offer you a bargain, young miss Skywalker.” Sidious said, eyes sparkling with amusement. “If you kill your mother, I will spare your friends.”

Luke activated his saber, the glowing blade flashing blue in the murky light of the throne



room. “He is not my mother!”

Vader drew his own saber, the red light reflecting off his helmet with malignant menace. The sabers clashed, a flash of light and energy.

“Mothers and daughters,” Sidious said, resisting the urge to cackle, as much as he wanted to. “Their relationships are always so complicated.”



Luke thrust, parried, attacked. Both he and Vader sent waves of force energy thrashing at each other. “You have learned much,” Vader said, leaping in the air and bringing his saber crashing down on Luke, who fell to the floor, the impact knocking the air out of him. He lay there, stunned, while Vader stood over him. “Yet, you are only a male. You cannot hope to stand against the power of a sister.”

“Lady Vader is right,” Sidious said, watching from off to the side. “Unless you can find some way to tap into your feminine power, dear girl, you and

your friends are doomed.”

“Never,” Luke said, though his voice now sounded higher, softer. He could feel the feminine force within him, could sense the well of raw power just waiting to be tapped. He glanced

out the window, saw the fire fight as the rebel fleet was being blasted to pieces. Vader attacked once more. Swords slashed, bodies tumbled.

“Time is running out,” Sidious said as he pretended to idly examine his nails. “What sort of girl lets all her friends die?”

Not this one, Luke thought. He had no choice. He had to embrace his feminine power. It would only be for a moment, he decided. Just long enough to defeat the emperor. He let the feminine energy flow into him, felt his waist narrow, his hips round. “Surrender,” he said in



his now buzzy, feminine voice.

“Never!” Vader shrieked back. Luke unleashed a flurry of blows, and soon Vader fell to the floor, his lightsaber knocked from his hands. Vader’s mask unsealed. Luke gasped as he looked upon the face of his father. He, she, was the woman from his visions, the beautiful princess. She held her hands up in a defensive posture, her eyes full of terror. Luke raised her blade for a killing blow. “Goodbye, mother,” Luke whispered.

“Kill her!” Sidious shouted. “Kill your mother! Claim her place.”

Luke, exhausted, gasping for breath, raised his saber, then deactivated the blade. “I won’t be your pawn,” he said. He reached a slender hand toward Vader. “Come, mother. Join with me, and we will defeat this frigid bitch.” As he rejected Sidious’ seduction, he drew on his masculine energy, turning himself back into a man. He felt woozy. Light headed, clutching at his ribs with his free arm. The battle and the fight to restore himself had taken almost all of his energy, but he knew he would find some way to go on, to finish Sidious. The world blurred. He closed his eyes, fighting off the bone-weary fatigue.

Vader looked at Luke’s hand, and a wicked smile spread across his face. “You look positively exhausted, Larissa.”

Sidious raised his hands. “Which is precisely the state I wanted you in so I could bind your forever into your proper female form.” With that, lightning leapt from his hands, crashing into Luke sending him hurtling through the air, even as his body rounded into curves.



“Oh, you sweet, naïve girl,” Sidious said, advancing, blasting Luke again. Luke, who’d nearly returned to his male form, felt breasts swelling on his chest as long hair fell across his eyes. “I never expected you to kill your mother. This whole ruse served only to tire you out, to lure you into lowering your defenses against your female truth. Now,” another bolt of lightning, “you are too weak to defy me.”



Luke crashed to the floor. “Mother,” she called out, now fully female. “Why?”

“Mother knows best,” Vader said, kneeling next to Luke, putting a hand on Luke’s hip. “You’ll thank me one day.” Sidious knelt next to Luke as well, plucking at his long, blonde hair.

“You’re so pretty,” Sidious said. “You will make an excellent addition to the Sisterhood.”

“Swear your allegiance to The Sisters, Larissa,” Vader said in a stern, maternal voice.

Luke couldn’t think. She was stunned. Exhausted. “Yes, mother,” she said. “I’m sure you know best.”



Deleted Scenes







