



Vader Part II

“It seems you are not a myth after all” Vader said, looking at the woman who stood before him, most of her face hidden behind a Sithian Veil. He did more than look, of course, but sought to probe her with the force, the delve into the depths of her, but she parried his attempts, and in her force energy he confronted once more the power of the matreus, which also flowed through the emperor since he’d become a woman. “You are strong in the force.”

“Come,” Lassen said. “I will lead you to the Penetralia.” She began to walk into the broken remnants of an ancient Sith temple. A green fume hung in the air, and strange, purple vines had grown over the pillars, which were all askew, tilted left and right like trees bent after a storm.

“I could find no record of this place in any of the archives. Nor do the chronicles make mention.” The sooty ground crunched beneath his boots as he walked.

“The Sith as you know them wiped us out when they destroyed Shein, our home world. They sought to eradicate our very memory,” Lassen said. “It is by their design that we have been all but forgotten, remembered only as myth, rumor, phantoms.”

“And who is we?” Vader asked.

“The Sisterhood of the Sith,” Lassen said. “The true Sith. We went into hiding. Bided our time, and now we rise again, just as it was foretold.”

As Vader thought over what Lassen had said, forms began to rise up around him. At first, little more than shadows and smoke, but then he began to make out shapes, faces... women all dressed in blacked, veiled like Lassen. They crowded the path he and Lassen walked, staring hungrily at Vader. They reached toward him with vaporous hands.

Vader ignited his light saber, the crimson light reflecting off his helmet. A collective hiss rose from the shadowy figures.

“You need not concern yourself with my sisters,” Lassen said. “So long as you are with me, you will come to no harm.”

“These phantoms? The Sith who were slain here?”

“Yes. They are waiting.”

“For what?”

“New bodies.”

Vader stopped walking, and he kept his lightsaber out, though he now positioned himself against an attack from Lassen. “Is that why you have brought me here?”

“No,” Lassen said. “As your emperor told you, we have come here to heal you and provide you with a young, healthy new body.”

Vader sensed truth in her words. It was as if she had dropped her force protections for a moment to allow him to see her intentions. He could sense no deception, though he remained cautious. No Sith could ever be trusted, including the emperor. Lassen led him to an ancient stair, and he followed her down, down, down into the bowels of the ruined planet until they came to a huge, oval chamber.

“We have come to the heart of the temple, and it is here that you will be given a new body,” Lassen said. “Th Penetralia is the most sacred of spaces. And, the most powerful.”

Indeed, Vader could feel the thrumming power, the force energy, the warm flow of the matreous all around him. He reeled, grew dizzy as an overwhelming sense of alienation slammed into him. “I don’t belong here,” he said. “Some thing, some ancient guardian...”

“Forgive me,” Lassen said, raising her hands. “I welcome this lesser one into the chamber under my protection. I am Darth Lassen of the first order of sisters. You will honor my commands.”

A cocoon of force energy surrounded Vader and the terrible assault ended. “No man may enter the chamber without the protection of a sister,” Lassen explained. “It has been so long since any male walked here that I forgot about the ancient laws. Soon, you will not ...” her voice trailed off. “Come.”

Not what? Vader wondered, but he let it pass for now. They made their way to the temple floor, a large circle. “Stand in the center of the circle,” Lassen said. “I will begin the ritual that will give you a strong new body.”



Vader started to place a foot inside the circle, but hesitated. Something wasn't right. Or, maybe, *everything* wasn't right. "Why am I here?" He asked. "Tell me the true reason. I know you do not offer this new body out of generosity, nor to please the emperor."

Lassen smiled. "Our prophecies foretell that you will play a vital role in the restoration of the sisterhood, as will your... son. Oh, you are right to wonder, to question. The sisterhood is much like all Sith in that we are always and forever looking out only for ourselves. The difference between us and the degenerate form of Sith that replaced us is that we see ourselves as one

with all of our sisters. The Sith fail to recognize the power of connection or even the reality that the force binds..." her voice trailed off, and then she laughed at herself. "There I go again. I will offer you greater insights into the sisterhood later. For now, you need only know only that you would not be here if we didn't need you."

"And if I refuse to aid you?"

“You won’t. As I said, it has all been foreseen.”

Vader almost stepped back, walked away merely to prove that he could defy her prophecy, but she had mentioned Luke. “I long to connect with my son,” Vader said. “I sense the truth of your words, your prophecy when it comes to Luke. Long have I wished to bring him to the dark side, to be a true father to him, to teach him what it means to be a man.” He stepped into the circle, moved to the middle. “I care nothing for your sisterhood and whatever dreams you have of restoring past glory,” Vader said.

“You may change your mind,” Lassen said. She rose into the air and began to circle Vader as she chanted in an arcane and melodious language that both sounded *like* and *unlike* ancient Sith. The entire chamber began to hum, and Vader could feel the force begin to flow through and around him. He sensed, also, the matreous, a warm, fluid energy that engulfed him, making him feel as though he were floating underwater.

He rose in the gurling viscosity of the matreous, and as he did, he saw a vision of his mother from back before she’d been captured by the sand people. She was so beautiful. So happy. He sighed and felt a great joy, mixed with rage and shame and sorrow, laughter and tears. He remembered how he’d failed to save her.

Padme appeared then, smiling. He’d failed her, too. Had tried so hard to save her. She waved him toward her. “Come... join us...”

“You loved your mother,” Lassen said, her voice seeming to come from some far, distant place.

“Yes.”

“She was the strongest person you ever knew. The best.”

“Yes.”

“Padme, too. You’ve never loved anyone more than those two women, not even yourself.”

“Join us...” Padme and his mother called. “Join us...” Vader longed to go to them, to be with them, to join them.

“Yes.”



“What better way to honor them, to show your love and respect, than by becoming like them? *Assume the female form.*”

Yes. He should become a woman, Vader realized as he felt his body start to shift. “Yes-- y— No.” Vader struggled. Female? Become female? Him? He admired his mother, his wife, and he wished he could be more like them, but not in body. Or, did he? “No,” he repeated, but his voice sounded higher, softer.

“With the matreous, you will be stronger than ever. No one will ever be able

to harm your loved ones again. *Assume the female form.*”

When Lassen repeated her command, Vader felt like a vise had gripped his waist, crushing it inward. He gasped as his helmet and armor began to

fade. He felt the matreous, like a fluid, sinking into his bare skin, penetrating his body...

“Assume the female form.”

“Stop!” Vader shouted, and he now sounded like a woman, his deep, rumbling base gone, replaced by something softer, higher, more like his mother. His chest begin to tingle, then swell and round to form firm, young



female breasts.

Furious, Vader lashed out at Lassen with the force, meaning to strangle her as he had so many others, but she parried him easily. A great wind seemed to rise in the chamber now, swirling and howling around Vader, who felt the force powers in him penetrating his belly, pushing, creating space, then trickling down, down toward his—

“ASSUME THE FEMALE FORM!”

Lassen now shouted, her voice echoing around the chamber like thunder.

Vader struggled against the change, strained to hold back that sensation of fluid trickling within him.

trickling. For a moment it almost seemed to stop, to recede, he thought he felt his breasts grow slightly smaller.

“ASSUME THE FEMALE FORM!”

On that final imperious command, he felt like a white-hot blade plunged into the space between his legs, the trickling of the matreous now leaking from him, flowing through lips he should not have, dripping down the inside of his thigh. Vader screamed, his voice now that of a little girl, and he knew, felt, understood that he was now a woman, a female and not just in body. It was as if his very soul had somehow been transformed into that of a female. He **was** now just like his mother, just like Padme.



He was a her. A she. A female.

The swirling fury died down and Vader found himself lowering to the ground. He looked down at himself, the swelling of his firm, heavy breasts, his slender wrists and small, soft hands. He felt Lassen hand on his shoulder, the cold edges of her long fingernails against his soft skin.

“Welcome to the first day of the rest of your life, sister.”

Part II

Vader stood before a full-length mirror, looking at his new body. It was all wrong, felt all wrong. His pendulous breasts felt like they weighed twenty pounds and they swayed and bounced, pressed against the insides of his arms. They moved when he breathed. His whole body jiggled. His butt, the insides of his thighs. It was impossible for him to forget he was a female now, one of them. His bouncy body reminded him constantly. In the mirror he saw a catalog of shames: tiny arms, narrow shoulders, a slender waist and full, round hips.

He turned his attention to his face. He had a female face, a woman's face with big, bright eyes, a pert little nose and plush, soft lips that would give so many thoughts to any man who looked at him. He was *pretty*. Him. Darth Vader. Pretty? Pretty was weak.

He wore a diaphanous robe similar to the one the emperor had worn, and he could see the shadowy lack between his legs, the void, the space left after he'd been-- castrated. It was the ultimate insult, and he couldn't glance down there without remembering the agonizing pain he'd felt as he'd been unmanned, what felt like a knife plunging into him, fixing him with this, this-- woman's sex.

There was only one path forward. He would force Lassen to change him back, and then he would kill her for the insult.

The door hissed open, and Lassen entered carrying a pair of high heels with dangling chains on them and some sort of garment. "Good morning, Annika," she said. "How do you feel on your first day as a girl?"

"I love it," Vader lied in his squeaky, little girl voice. He wanted Lassen to drop her guard. "I get to be like my mother now."

"Oh, how sweet."

"Can I get a hug?" Vader said, holding out his slender arms. Once he had her on his arms, he would unleash an all-out force assault and crush her will to resist.

Lassen tilted her head to the side and smiled, nodded, then laughed. "You are a pretty little liar," she said. "I'm impressed you're already willing to play the femme. Impressive, for one who was so recently a mere man" She set

the heels down on his bed, then lay out the garment which Vader now recognized as a full body corset, with straps and stockings. His skin crawled at the sight of the feminine clothes, his rage blazed. The insult that this woman would think to dress him like a Tremelian Prostitute. "Get dressed." Lassen said, smiling, eyes sparkling with amusement. "You're going to loom soooo pretty."

"I have a better idea," Vader said, forgetting all about using any kind of ruse. "I think I'd rather kill you." He lashed out. Lassen struck back. The battle was over in seconds.

Perched on his stiletto heels, body wrapped tightly in his first corset, Vader turned and examined his profile, ashamed and appalled at what he saw. His high heels forced him to stand in what could only be called an inviting manner, his breasts thrust forward, his ass back. The silky fabric of his stockings massaged his legs each time he moved, sending tingles through his body, and they shimmered in the light. Hobbled, constricted, exposed, his clothes made him feel vulnerable, weak. He hated how they felt, how they looked.

After his defeat at the hands of Lassen, she'd forced him to dress himself in these shameful female clothes, to sexualize and constrict himself, and now she forced him to stand in front of a mirror and look at his curves, his soft body all packaged and primped for the pleasure of men. He couldn't deny he was a stunning woman. He had little doubt he would drive any man mad with lust.

"Why are you shaming me like this?" Vader said, his tiny little voice as embarrassing as his hourglass figure.

"I do not shame you," Lassen said. "I am teaching you the path to power."

"Power?" Vader shook his head. "I can barely walk."

"Let's work on that."

“Heel to toe... heel to toe... keep your head up...” Lassen called as Vader practiced walking in his heels. Lassen had been training him not just in his steps, but posture, how he held his arms. It was all feminine, female, weak, and he felt like a fool as he clicked along in his corset. His legs ached constantly. Even when he wasn’t training, Lassen forced him to wear high heels. He lived in them. Each night, he sighed with relief when he was finally allowed to unbuckled the murderous shoes, to massage his burning calves. “When can I stop wearing these instruments of torture?” He asked as he pivoted and walked back in the opposite direction.

“When you are ready.”



“And when will that be?”

“When I tell you.”



Vader held a lip wand in one hand and carefully scrapped a small bit of sparkly lipstick from the edge of his lower lip with a long, stiletto nail. He'd been practicing his makeup for days and hours, learning to put on different layers of eyeshadow, to paint his lips, dust his cheeks with blush. He'd hated it at first. It was shameful for a man to paint his face. That was something for women, something they did to please men. But, with each day spent clicking in heels, with each day spent squeezed into a corset,

with each hour spent doing his mascara, painting his lips, he'd found himself changing, his attitude changing. It was as if his corset was shaping not just his body, but his mind.

Looking at himself now, the way his eyes popped, how full and inviting his lips looked, he felt differently.

Lasse, who'd been watching him, seemed to read his mind. "How do you feel?" She asked.

Vader met her eyes in the mirror and smiled. "I feel... powerful."



Vader plucked at his skirt and brushed his long, curly hair away from his eyes.

“Excuse me? Sir? I hate to be a bother, but I’m lost and afraid and...”

“Good, good...”

Lassen said, interrupting his performance. “Your body language is excellent, advertising feminine weakness. But he needs to hear fear in your voice, to see it in your eyes...”

“Yes. I’ll try my best.”

Vader closed his eyes and sought for a memory, some time he’d felt very afraid. He’d always pushed fear away, denied it, refused to admit he felt it, but now he welcomed it, let it wash over him.

Fear. How had he never realized it could be so... delicious?

Vader sat on his bed, one leg crossed over the other as he strapped on the cutest little pair of black open toed heels he’d ever seen. He’d practically

drooled over them the first time Lassen had shown them to him. “By the dark side,” he’d whispered. “Where do you get all these gorgeous shoes?”

“Didn’t you know I’m a cobbler?” Lassen had said. “I work long into the wee hours of the night to make sure my girl has something cute to wear.”

Vader tossed his long hair. “And she appreciates it.”

This morning, though, when Lassen entered to find him putting on his heels, she’d announced, “You’re ready, Annika. You no longer have to wear high heels.”

“I *want* to wear them,” Vader had answered. He finished strapping on his heel, got up and walked to the mirror showing off his effortless, feminine gait. “I like the way I look in heels,” he said, turning around and glancing back over his shoulder, checking out how he looked in his full-length mirror. He blew Lassen a kiss. “They make me feel more powerful.”

Annika had his hair tied up on top of his head in a towel, and he had a matching towel wrapped around his body, a mud mask covered his face as he filed his nails, listening as Lassen explained his first mission, a mission that was necessary for him to earn his place among the sisters. Vader felt all warm and comfy, pretty and pleased, wrapped in femininity. Self-care was so important. He reveled in his feminine rituals.

Lassen, seeing Vader hold out his hand and examine his long, pretty nails, smiled to herself. He’d been even easier to break than the emperor.



As night settled over Mos Eisley, the air grew cold. A chill wind snapped off the desert floor and gusted down the alleyway, tossing Vader's long hair and sending his dress swirling. "All this sand," Vader whispered, annoyed. "I'm going to have to wash my hair after this."

"Okay, girly. I need you to focus. Jarik is about to come around the corner," he heard Lassen say into his earpiece.

"Ready," Vader said, finding good light that would flatter his pretty face. Then, he waited for his prey.

Jarik, a local assassin who'd come into conflict with allies of the sisters, came around the corner, saw Vader and immediately stopped, giving the gorgeous young woman a once over. Vader felt a blush of pride, but went right into his act, plucking at his skirt and lifting it so the man could see he was helpless in heels. He pushed his long curly hair out of his eyes with a

slender hand. "Excuse me? Sir?" Vader said, his voice trembling, his soft eyes betraying the fear he'd trained himself to feel on demand. "I'm lost? Can you please help me?"

"Of course," Jarik said. In addition to the powerful allure of a beautiful young woman in need, Vader had enhanced his considerable allure with the new seductive force powers he'd learned from Lassen. Jarik, charmed and disarmed by the pretty little thing before him, walked over to Vader and offered his arm. "And where are we going tonight, beautiful?"

"Hell," Vader said as ignited his lightsaber and plunged it through Jarik's heart, leaping back with a squeal to avoid any blood splatters getting on what was one of his favorite dresses.

Had he even had time to consider it, Jarik would no doubt have been surprised this girl had been able to move with such ease dressed as she was. He couldn't know that Vader had used his new, feminine force powers to negate the limitations of high heels, a long dress, his thick head of hair. All served now merely to disarm any concerns his prey might have, making him appear cute, pretty, feminine. As non-threatening as a bunny. The truth was, using his new powers, he could move just as easily in six-inch heels as bare feet, a fact which made him a very proud young woman. He'd changed his mind about being pretty.

Pretty was powerful.

Leaning down, he drew a heart on Jarik's cheek using a tube of blood red lipstick. It was a mark he and the other sisters had begun leaving behind as their calling card.

"Get out of there," Lassen answered, all business.

Vader walked away, tossing his hair, heel to toe... heel to toe... Back on a busy, commercial street, he passed a group of men who gawked at him, their eyes playing over his body, their heads pivoting as he passed to check out his backside.

Vader smiled, putting a little extra swing into his hips. He felt beautiful, he felt sexy...

...he felt powerful.