

DARTH VADER



Something felt off. Wrong. Like there was something wrong with the universe. Darth Vader couldn't quite place the problem and wondered if some force powered enemy was nearby, yet he did not sense any threat or perilous force energy. As he passed the storm troopers who lingered in the hall after the successful attack on the rebel ship, they, too, seemed—off. The way they looked at him, the energy he sensed—lust? But, no, that was impossible.

There was no time for him to worry about it. He had a mission to accomplish.

Vader's skirt swirled around his legs as he strode down the hallway of the rebel cruiser, his stiletto heels clicking against the hard, steel floor. Smoke swirled in the air. The bleeding bodies of rebel soldiers lay broken on the floor, and as he stepped over one of them, he heard the man moan.



Whoosh. Vader's light saber flashed, a bright pink, and finished him. Vader paused. Why was his lightsaber pink? Shaking his head, he pushed the thought away and continued down the hall until he came to a small room where a pair of his storm troopers held Vader's prey. "Lady Folkken," he

said, surprised by the sound of his soprano voice, so high and buzzy. To his own ears, he sounded more like a little girl than even a grown woman, and his voice carried none of its deep, intimidating thunder. *There must be something wrong with my voice modulator*, he thought. No matter. Once more, he pushed the essential wrongness and growing anxiety from his mind.

Lady Folkken let her eyes roam up and down Vader's body. She smiled. "So, it is true," she said, not even needing to tilt her head back to look directly into Vader's eyes. "You've become a member of the fairer sex. I love your skirt. Such lovely lace."

Vader flinched. "The fairer sex? What are you--" Vader started to say, but he then glanced down to see the swell of breasts rising from his chest. He looked at his delicate hand, the bracelet sparkling on his slender wrist. He realized he was a woman. He didn't know how or why he'd become a woman, nor why he was wearing a skirt or found himself walking on his toes, perched on a pair of stiletto heels. Shock. Shame. He should do something about this insult, but he had a mission. The mission came first.

"I assure you, Lady Folkken, I am no less cruel now than before. Now, let us stop wasting time. Where is the Crown of Power?"

"It's a tiara, *Lady Vader*, and I am sure it would suit you. You'd make a lovely princess."

At the words lovely princess, Vader pictured himself in a long flowing dress, frolicking among the rose bushes, a castle rising in the distance. He remembered how, as a young boy, he'd always wanted to be a princess, but the fantasy made him burn with shame. He was a boy, and he knew it was wrong for him to want to be a pretty girl and wear pretty dresses, bit, oh! If only it could have been—

No. None of that was true, and yet it was.

Vader put a hand to his chest and stepped back, stunned. "I don't want to be a princess," he said. "Why would you say that?"

Lady Folkken began to laugh.

"Stop laughing," Vader cried out, his voice rising in pitch. "Stop! Stop! Stop!"

The world seemed to fade, laughing voices, swirling shadows, a man's voice whispering, *you're my girl*.

Vader found himself, his arms on his head as he arched his back and shook his breasts. *What the hell am I doing?* He wondered. He heard men whoop and shout, and he smiled, a big, bright smile as he strutted to end of the stage, pivoted on his high heels and bent forward, shaking his booty now, looking back over his small, round shoulder. Credits showered the stage. Memories came drifting back to him. He was back on Tatooine. He'd never left. He was a topless dancer in Mos Eisley.

No. That wasn't right, was it? He'd been... he'd never been...

His dance coming to an end, Vader found himself drawn back to the cantina. The air smelled of male lust and cheap booze. The stage lights made the faces of the audience blurry, hard to see, but there was one that stood out, a woman wearing a mask... something about her scared Vader, filled him with terror. Then, she seemed to vanish.

When the music ended, he gathered the credits, then strutted off stage, pausing to blow the audience a kiss. Pushing through the tattered burlap curtain that led to the dressing room, he sat down in front of the mirror, crossing his legs, feeling his smooth, soft thighs press together. That's my face, he thought, staring at the pretty young woman who looked back at him. I *am* a woman. It was a face he recognized and didn't recognize. It was his and it wasn't. He was sure he wasn't a woman, and yet he couldn't deny what he saw in the mirror.

Galatia, another one of the girls, sat next to him, dusting her breasts with glitter. "I watched your set," she said. "You're such a great dancer."

Vader's eyes sparkled with pride. Most people didn't realize how good a dancer he was, the long hours he spent practicing, working out his routines. He smiled brightly. "Thanks," he said.

"Could you, I mean, maybe teach me?" Galatia said. "I mean, I know you're so busy, and I can't pay much but..."

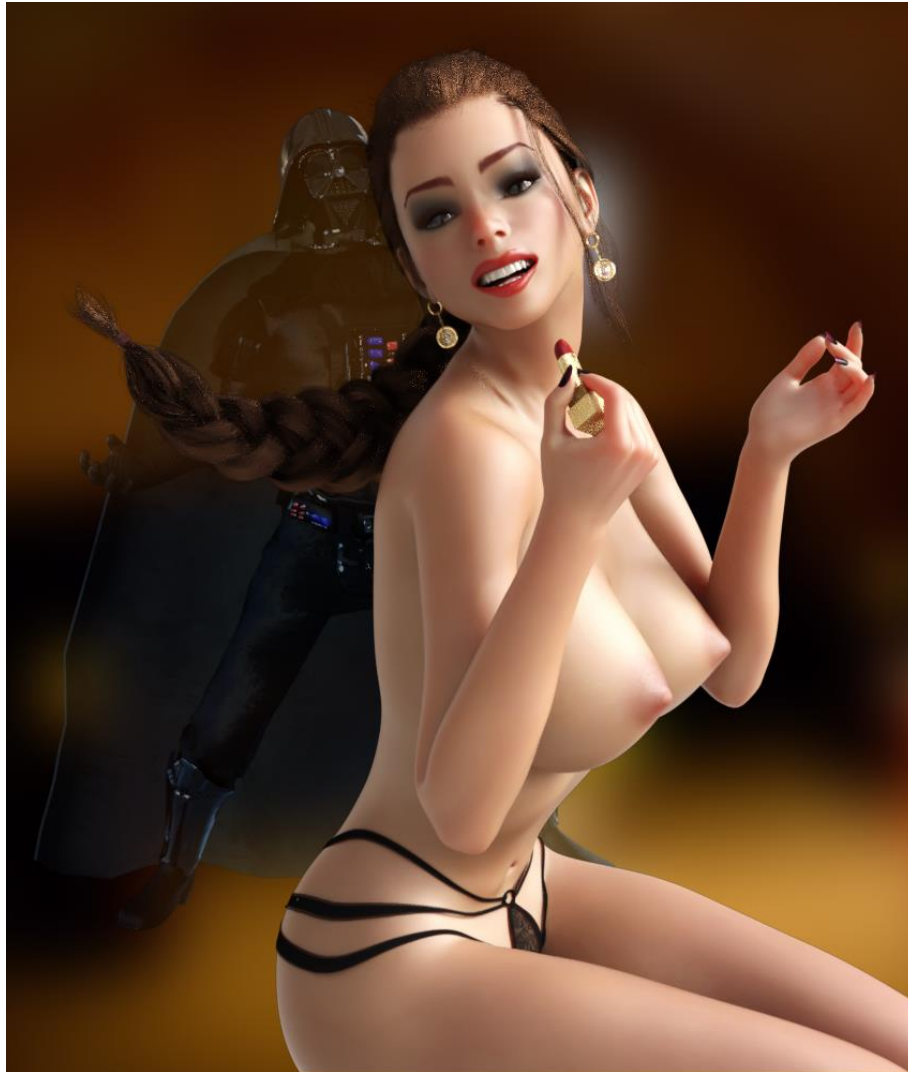
Vader reached over and covered her small hand with his own, gave it a squeeze. "I'd love to work with you," he said. Galatia was only a little younger than him, but mentally she seemed like a child. Vader felt

protective toward her, like a big sister, and he wanted to help her. “We girls have to stick together.”

“You got a private dance, Annaka,” the cantina manager said, poking his head through the curtain.

A private dance? The thought sickened Vader. He was supposed to make an object of himself? A plaything? None of this was right. It had to be some kind of dream, some kind of nightmare. Once more, the suspicion grew within him that some enemy had infiltrated his mind, was filling his head with these unmanning images. He focused his will. He would take control of this vision. He would be Vader, not this female toy.

“Hey, babe. Get a move on,” the manager said. Vader squeezed his little



fists tight, digging his long nails into his palms. I am Darth Vader. I am ... I am...

But, no. He was a pleasure girl, and he had a client. That was—that was true, right? As one part of him raged with shame, the girl he was decided she had no choice but to obey.

“On my way,” Vader sang, pausing only to touch up his lipstick. After, he grabbed an ice shard from the ice

maker and rubbed it against his nipples until they began to throb and grew hard. The guys liked that.

Vader made his way out to the floor, and the manager gestured toward a table in the corner, where Vader spotted the smuggler, Han Solo, slouching at a table. Solo's eyes rose to drink in Vader's body, and the dark lord felt his heart flutter even as some part of him seethed with rage, remembering how Solo had come out of nowhere and blasted his tie-fighter just as he was about to finish off Luke Skywalker...

Luke. His son. Solo had stopped him from murdering his own son. Is he really my enemy, Vader wondered, or my savior? Putting a little extra sway into his hips as he approached Solo, Vader pushed aside the confusing



tangle of emotions he felt and smiled. Leaning forward to give Solo a good look at his swaying breasts, Vader cooed, "Hello, handsome."

Solo nodded, his eyes hard and hot with lust. "Hey, doll." Solo stood and gave Vader a kiss. His lips were like sweet honey wine, and Vader felt the kiss send shivers through his soft body. Solo slipped his arm around Vader's waist. Vader fitted himself into Solo's body, nuzzling

against him, cheeks growing warm. Had he known it was Solo, he wouldn't have bothered with the ice. He didn't have to fake it with the smuggler.

They walked to the back room. Solo sat, face blank, as Vader began to dance. "You're one fine little female," Solo said. "I should take you off this rock."

Vader tossed his long braid, shook his breasts, his hips. "You shouldn't tease a girl," he said. He wanted so desperately to get off this dead planet, this desert wasteland. Most nights after his shifts he kicked off his heels and went up to the roof, gazing longingly at the stars, wanting badly to be out there, out in the galaxy among the stars. Besides all that, he could make gobs more money dancing on one of the resort planets. Maybe he'd



even meet a wealthy man who could take him away from all this.

Later, Solo snored as Vader got up and found his bra. He reached back and hooked it, pulled the straps up onto his soft, round shoulders. He felt dirty, ashamed, humiliated. He'd just given himself to a man, and worse, he'd liked it. Loved it. Wanted more of it.

His life had turned into a series of shouldn'ts. I shouldn't be with men. I

shouldn't sell myself. I shouldn't need a stupid **bra**, Vader thought, revolted

at the feeling of the female garment cupping and lifting his soft chest. I should refuse to wear one. I should be a man. He started to slip the delicate straps from his shoulders, to reach back and unhook the back strapstraps, but he stopped, furious. He needed the support now. He was – well endowed.

He looked over at Solo, hair tousled, a satisfied grin on his face. After the dance, Vader gotten dressed, and Solo had taken him out to dinner. He'd asked Vader about his life and even listened. Under his tough guy exterior, he was actually pretty sweet. If only... Vader thought... if only... he leaned



over and kissed Solo on the head, then took a deep breath, drawing in his manly musk. If only... but no. Vader knew she wasn't wife material and, anyway, Solo didn't seem like the marrying type. *Why am I only attracted to the wrong men?* Vader wondered. It had always been that way. Ever since he'd been a teenage girl he'd always fallen for the bad boys.

Sighing, he grabbed his clothes, his heels, the credits Solo had left on the table next to the bed. The hotel room they'd gotten was shabby, like everything in Vader's life. Outside the room, he dressed. As he walked down the hall, heels clicking, he was overcome once more with a sense of wrongness. This wasn't his

life. He was better than this, a mere pleasure girl. He was a Sith lord... or was that just some silly stripper's fantasy?

Hissing and steam rising all around him, Vader came to in his chambers. He looked down to see his respirator on his flat chest, held up a thick, gloved hand. Those dreams again, where he found himself a woman. They'd become more frequent. He'd tried his best to stop them, but to no avail. They left him feeling disturbed, strange feminine feelings swimming in his head that lingered sometimes for hours each day when he woke.

Rising, he pulled on his helmet and took a few stiff steps forward. His body felt wrong. He missed the weight of his breasts. He realized he was walking like the woman in his dreams, wrist bent, heel to toe, and he had to consciously force himself to remember how to walk like a man.

A crackling sound announced the presence of Darth Sidious, who appeared as a hazy hologram. Even in the form of a hologram, she was gorgeous. She—but was the emperor a woman? Yes, he remembered. She'd become a woman. Yes. He was sure that was true. He wasn't dreaming. He was fairly certain he wasn't dreaming.

"Lord Vader," Sidious said in her rich, velvety voice. "I have a mission for you. I have need of an ancient artifact known as the Crown of Power."

Had Vader not been wearing his helmet, the emperor would have seen in his eyes something like fear. The Crown of Power? It was from his dream, and the mere mention of the word brought forth another image of himself in a flowing dress, carefully painting a pattern of pink roses on a China teacup.

Vader pushed the image from his mind. "Yes, Mistress," he said, his voice once more the deep, threatening rumble he'd used to intimidate so many.

"I will send you the details. It is located in the Sith ruins on the planet Shenin."

Coming Soon



Bonus Pic

