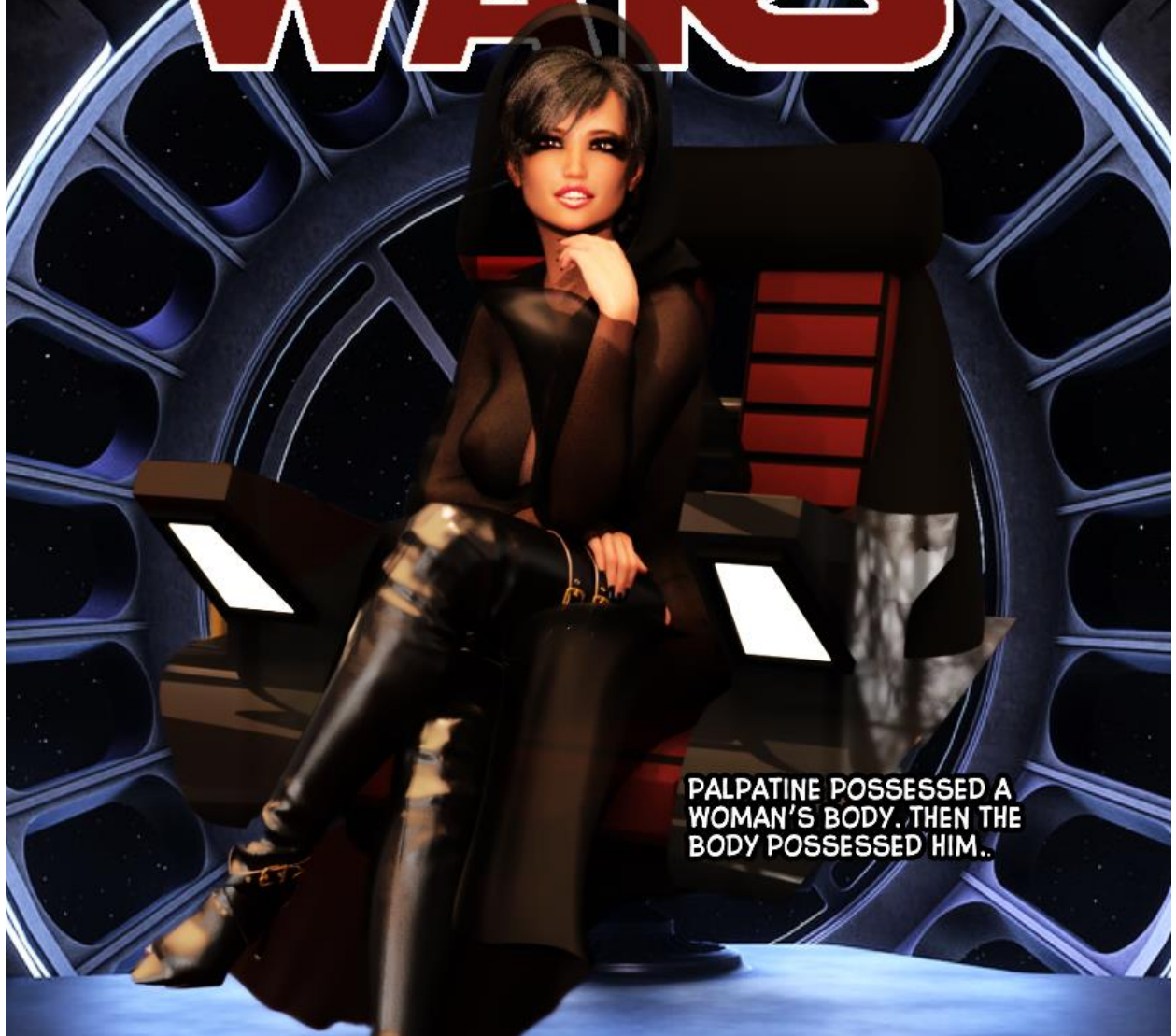


STAR WARS



PALPATINE POSSESSED A
WOMAN'S BODY. THEN THE
BODY POSSESSED HIM..

In some ways, nothing much had changed.

Darth Sidious, dark lord and emperor of the Empire, walked down the halls of his Xyston Class Star Destroyer on the way to the throne room. The crew stepped aside and saluted. He could sense their delicious fear, and it delighted him as it had always done.

In some ways, everything had changed.

A steady, rhythmic thumping accompanied Sidious as the boots of his security detail marched along behind him. That thumping, though, now syncopated against the sleek clicking of Sidious' stiletto heels.

There was something new, as well, in the smell of the men he passed. A stress. A nervousness. He could smell their burning desire for his body. Could feel the heat of their impotent passion. Most didn't dare look directly at him, but chanced furtive glances, and just a glance was enough to make them ache to possess him. Occasionally, a storm trooper, face hidden behind the dark lenses of his helmet, dared to let his eyes caress Sidious' long legs, or even to brush across his chest. Sidious, most of the time, didn't feel threatened or annoyed, but rather amused. Those that dared gaze upon him paid for their foolishness, instantly finding themselves consumed with agonizing lust for a body they could never know.

Sidious kept his face cold, impassive, haughty, but he laughed on the inside. His wide hips swayed side to side, and his breasts, covered only by a semi-transparent robe swayed gracefully from side to side with every move. Sidious loved the power he felt now as a young, beautiful woman. He pitied these poor little men, so powerless against his regal beauty and feminine power. He'd studied new areas of the force, skills and techniques long mastered by the female Sith to cloud and conquer the minds of men, and the natural beauty he'd stolen from Rey when he'd possessed her body was now enhanced by a cloud of force energy made him the most irresistible woman in the galaxy.

To think, when he'd first possessed this young body, he'd thought he would find some way to transform himself back into a male. What a fool he'd been. He glanced at Darth Lassen, with her golden hair and hard eyes. She'd helped him see the truth he'd denied for so long: women were the superior sex. Being female was an upgrade.

Part II: The Past

Flashes, sparks and the smell of ozone. He pressed Rey, flinging blow after blow, his face red from the glow of his light saber. Rey fought back, parrying his blows, feinting. The real fight, though, happened in their minds as Sidious pressed and pressed, struggling to push Rey out of that body.

Young, strong for her age, Rey had proven a difficult challenge, and for a moment he'd thought she might win, end him once and for all, but then desperate in the face of his own end, he'd summoned every ounce of power within him and launched an all-out physical and mental assault, blue tendrils of lightning flashes from his fingers, engulfing her, and there'd been this sudden look of surprise on her face, and then a flicker of recognition, and then Sidious had found himself looking at himself, his old self with that grotesque, sagging green skin, and he knew that he'd won and he thrust his light saber right into the heart of the body that he'd once worn.

Smoke roiled from the corpse, the smell of burning hair and flesh, and he'd stumbled and fallen to the deck with a thud. His body, this new body, was wounded, crying out in pain. It wanted to lay here, rest on the tilting, shaking deck, but he had to move, needed to move and now—summoning forth his will, he climbed to his feet and stumbled from the room.

Part III

Sidious looked at himself in the mirror, at his new face. Smooth. Bright skin. Big, brown eyes. It was a woman's face. His face. He didn't like having a woman's face. He'd never quite taken females seriously, even the most ferocious of the female Sith he'd always considered to be limited by the frailties of their sex. That weakness was betrayed in their faces: soft, round, childlike. Beautiful, yes, and wonderful to gaze upon, but not made to command any but children.

Ever since he'd recovered from his wounds, he'd been drawn to the mirror, looking at his new face, fascinated, concerned—how was he to command the galaxy with this face?

The intercom buzzed. "Yes?" He called, still not used to his higher pitched female voice.

The image of Darth Lassen materialized, floating above his desk. “They are ready for you, your highness.”

Sidious raised his hood. “Very well. Meet me outside my chambers.”

Dressed in his traditional robes, tailored now to his slender frame, hood raised, Sidious had stood at his throne and addressed the gathered lords, the entire galaxy. “I am Emperor Palpatine,” he’d said, his voice sounding soft, weak to his own ears, but he put as much force into it as he could. “I have possessed this body, but my mind remains unchanged. I will lead the empire to greater glory, to all our glory—prosperity and power!”

He raised his fist and the sleeve of his robe dropped, revealing a slender arm.

Part IV

Darth Lassen delivered a series of quick attacks, each of which Sidious parried with ease. “Enough,” Sidious said, deactivating his practice saber with a “whoosh.” They’d had an intense workout, and Sidious’ smooth skin glistened with sweat. She enjoyed the sight of him with that lean, strong body, wearing just a pair of leggings and an overshirt which, now drenched in sweat, clearly revealed the outlines of his bra.

“You’re quick,” Lassen said. “Yet able to strike with sudden force, like a cobra.”

Sidious smiled but watched Lassen’s face for any signs of a coming betrayal. It was nothing personal. With the Sith, betrayal was inevitable. “I have not been this healthy and vibrant in years,” Sidious said. “My body sings. It is good to be young again.”

“Young and exquisite,” Lassen said. Sidious looked at her. She tilted her head to the side, dropped her eyes. Sidious stepped up and kissed her, pushed her against the wall and kissed her again. She played tentative, nervous.

“What’s wrong?” Sidious asked, though he really didn’t care. He took what he wanted. He and Lassen had known each other before his change, and he’d come to the point he wanted to taste her once more.

“I don’t know how to do this now that you’re, um--?”

Sidious kissed her again, then brushed her hair from her face. "I've told you before. This body changes nothing. I am still Palpatine. I'll tell you what to do."

Lassen smiled and nodded. "Yes, master."

Part V

Darth Lassen lay in bed, watching as Darth Sidious, the fearsome dark lord and supreme ruler, put on his mascara. His mouth hung open as he brushed the dark, wet mascara onto his long lashes. Thanks to Lassen's force powers, his once lean, athletic body now had a much more curvy shape.

Lassen loved watching Sidious do his makeup, his hair. She loved seeing him immersed in a feminine world. She'd worked hard to get him there, planting subtle suggestions, nudging him with the force. When he'd first changed, he'd insisted he was and would always be the same man he'd always been, and had he realized her actions he would have killed her. She had to be careful, but she'd planted in his mind the idea that he should embrace his new sex. He felt powerful now perched on high heels, his lips glistening. Hiding his perfect body under a bulky robe would only betray weakness.

When Sidious finished with his eyelashes, he took a wand and began to paint his lips. Glancing in the mirror, he saw Lassen watching him and smiled. "What?"

"You know what," Lassen said. "You're so damn beautiful, I can't stop looking at you."

Sidious giggled and shrugged his little, round shoulders. He took his long, blonde wig from the stand, fitted it onto his head, tossing the lush waves back over his shoulders. Then, he met Lassen's eyes in the mirror. "Help me with my corset?"

Lassen got up. In public, Sidious played the ice queen, haughty, distant, commanding. In the bedroom, though, he loved to let Lassen take control, be the dominant one. He thought it was because he needed a break from

always being the emperor, the heavy, but Lassen knew better. He was like this because she'd made him this way.

Lassen wrapped the corset around Sidious slender waist, then began to pull the stays, tighter and tighter, pausing to kiss him on his soft little shoulder. Sidious glanced back at her and smiled, eyes bright with excitement. "That issue with the Parlin Sector," Sidious asked as Lassen crushed him into the corset, giving him an even more delicate waist. "What do you think I should do?"

Lassen yanked the laces tighter as she offered her "suggestion." Sidious nodded. "I was thinking the same thing."

Of course, you were, Lassen thought, tying the laces off. She put her hands on Sidious hips and turned him, moving like he was her life-sized doll, so they were face to face. Sidious was already wired, eager, hungry and darted in for a kiss, but Lassen pushed him away, slapped him playfully across the face. "Now, now..." She said, wagging her finger. "Don't be a bad girl."

Sidious' pupils dilated, growing fat with desire. He loved being dominated. "I'm sorry, master," Sidious cooed in the little girl voice he used when they were roleplaying. He knelt before Lassen, gazing up at her, his cheeks pink. "How may I serve you?"

Lassen, of course, could have killed Sidious, as most Sith would have done, but she had bigger plans. She wanted eternal life, and Sid would become mother to her children, one of whom she would possess when the time came.

"How can you serve me?" Lassen said, cupping Sidious' chin. "Oh, there are so many ways, darling. So many ways."

STAR WARS

THE FUTURE IS
FEMALE!

EMPRESS
PALPATINE

