

obstructionism

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16142966) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16142966>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Star Wars - All Media Types , Solo: A Star Wars Story (2018)
Relationship:	Lando Calrissian/Han Solo
Characters:	Han Solo , Lando Calrissian
Additional Tags:	Pre-Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back , Emotional Constipation , Misunderstandings , Jealousy , Han Solo Will Ruin Every Good Thing In His Life If Given The Chance , Trick or Treat: Trick , Abandonment Issues
Language:	English
Collections:	Trick or Treat Exchange 2018
Stats:	Published: 2018-11-01 Words: 2,089 Chapters: 1/1

obstructionism

by [spookykingdomstarlight](#)

Summary

Han brushed at his vest and let himself laugh, a little bitter. “I guess some of us just don’t see the point in pretending they’re legitimate is all. Seems like a fancy waste of time and energy to me.”

“So,” Han said, turning around on his heels, taking in the entirety of the space around him. It was a big room tucked into an even bigger city, and it all belonged to Lando. Han wasn’t the type to shit on a guy’s good fortune, but he sensed a sea change in the air. Things would be different now. He just didn’t know how or why. Not yet anyway. But he’d figure it out. It was airy and elegant, this room, crisp and clean and so different from any of the places that welcomed Han or even merely tolerated his presence. “This is Cloud City, huh?”

The *Falcon* was out there somewhere probably feeling sorry for herself. She was a rusted pile of bolts compared to this place. Probably regretted getting won in that sabacc game, too. Lando never would have let her get as run down as Han did. Then again, she wouldn’t have had as much fun either.

“This,” Lando answered, grandiose, a brilliant, flashing grin on his mouth and a laugh in his voice, proud and warm, “is Cloud City. I won her in a game of klikklak.”

“I thought you were going legitimate,” Han answered, crossing his arms as though to ward off bad news. Like his body would be able to block the blows as Lando responded, happier and happier, more pleased with himself as each moment passed. Han hated seeing Lando this happy and he hated himself for feeling this way. It didn’t used to be like this. It used to be he had some charitable thought in his heart for others’ good fortune.

“I now have the means to go legitimate,” Lando answered, unconcerned with Han in every particular. Which wasn’t so different from the usual, but still managed to sting more deeply this time. “And am doing so. It’s going to be an independent colony. We’ll do good things here.”

Like Savareen, Han thought, trying desperately not to think of Savareen at all. Savareen was the place where his life started it sometimes felt like, but it was also the place where it entirely fell apart, changed incontrovertibly. He’d lost everything he’d known on Savareen, but he’d gained a few others and he’d made peace with that. “I thought you hated mining colonies.”

Now Lando’s eyes hardened, just like Han knew they would. For all his virtues, Lando did so hate having his own words thrown back in his face. “I hate other people’s mining colonies. Mine will be better.”

Before Han, there were two roads he could take and neither of them appealed. He saw all the way down the line, this way saved their friendship, grew it maybe, turned it into a decent partnership. The other put even more distance between them than before, a distance Han had spent years trying to strip away. They’d never quite recovered from their first meeting and why should they have? Lando has thought he was getting a twenty-percent cut of the deal. Because of Han, he’d ended up losing his ship, the credits, and his best friend.

Lando had never wanted to see him again, but he’d softened on that stance in the years since they were first acquainted. Han was grateful for that. Truly. Because he liked Lando. More than he should.

He'd grown on Lando in return. Or so he'd thought. They fooled around sometimes. Pulled jobs and cons, one or the other coming around with the bone of a possibility. Credits were the draw between them.

Their partnerships had been lucrative. They'd been fun. They'd had fun.

But now? Now Lando had reinvented himself as a businessman and fully on the up and up. And he looked good. It suited him. He was incandescent in his newfound sense of purpose.

It was a good move for him.

Not so much for Han though. Han could never go legitimate. Han never wanted to. Legitimate meant tangling with Imperials, meant living life with a yolk around your neck. Lando might have decided it was worthwhile; he certainly believed it would line his pockets. That much was clear from the gleam in his eyes as he spoke about his plans.

The words washed over Han, barely heard, which was fine, because Lando didn't seem to care. He sketched his plans with the quick, clever motion of his hands through the air, grand slashes that indicated nothing in particular.

"Are you even listening?" Lando asked. He didn't seem annoyed or upset, merely amused in a vague, offhand way. Han's heart twisted as Lando stopped and looked back at him. There was a curious tilt to his eyebrow, a quirk around his mouth. Han wanted to kiss the expression off of him, just push him into the too-clean walls and pin him there.

"Oh, I'm listening," Han replied, dry. "I'm just not sure why I'm here to listen to it."

Han was graced with a moment of gratification when Lando's face closed off. Lando wasn't a cold man, though he could be calculating and level-headed when he wanted to be. But for a split second, he shut down entirely. It didn't make Han feel quite as accomplished or victorious as he wanted to feel though. In fact, it just made guilt slither inside of him, set down roots, and grow until he thought he might choke on it. After that initial rush of pleasure, he was left with nothing.

Which was exactly what he expected to receive once he got out of this conversation.

The longer he was stuck in it, the worse it was going to get. If he didn't watch out, he'd end up decked in the face even though that had never been Lando's style, not even when they first were getting to know each other.

"Have you ever in your life been happy for another person?" Lando asked, an unfair question to be sure. He'd definitely been happy for other people before.

Han planted his hands on his hips. "Just last week, I was pleased to find out Chewie'd managed to fix the rotators in the thing he likes to make his *rh'erylgh* in. I told him to get rid of it, but he just kept at it and—"

Lando threw up his hands and turned away, scoffing. "Okay, okay. I take it back. You're a generous guy obviously. Not even a little bit of a dick." And though he said it in a reasonably

upbeat and charming way, Han knew he'd gotten to Lando. There was a tension in his shoulders now that wasn't there before and he only pointed out a few more landmarks on their way back to the platform where the *Falcon* waited for him.

As they got closer to it, Han felt both more at ease and more disgusted with himself for his behavior. It wasn't Lando's fault that Han hated this sort of thing, that just standing here made Han feel hemmed in in ways that he didn't want to think too closely about. But there were places that belonged to Han, the dirty interior of a shitty cantina, the hyperspace lanes in the Outer Rim, the cockpit of the *Falcon* that felt right. This place? Cloud City? Bespin? Legitimate mining operations? Those were not places where Han belonged.

Maybe it wasn't fair to say Lando was leaving him behind, but it was entirely fair for Han to get the hell out while the getting was good.

If it made him a little sick to his stomach to even think about it, that was his own business and no one else's.

Wind blew viciously across the platform as Lando led him onto it. His cape whipped around his legs and all Han really wanted to do was pull it off his shoulders and let it fly away, claimed forever by the gaseous atmosphere of Bespin at large. There were a few other things he'd also like to do, but those might've been a little crass without the benefit of being done behind closed doors.

He figured, though, that he'd safely scuttled his chances of doing that.

"You know, Han, I thought you'd be a little more..." But whatever it was Lando was expecting was lost to Lando's thoughts alone. He refused to say and merely shook his head. "I don't know what the hell is wrong with you, but I hope you figure out a way to get over it."

Han brushed at his vest and let himself laugh, a little bitter. "I guess some of us just don't see the point in pretending they're legitimate is all. Seems like a fancy waste of time and energy to me."

Lando rolled his eyes, his jaw setting with determination as he crossed his arms and refused to meet Han's gaze in turn. He was pissed, probably furious, just like Han intended. Nothing got Lando quite as riled as being told his idea was pointless, ridiculous, or stupid, and Han had kind of implied all three. His body twitched as though he wanted to move and Han could guess in which direction; Han knew what it looked like when someone wanted to punch him in the face.

He wished Lando would. A tussle might knock some sense into him. Either one of them probably needed a bit of it

"Thank you, Han," Lando said. "I appreciate all the constructive criticism." His eyes roved, obvious, to the *Falcon*. Maybe you should go now, he didn't say, but Han sure felt it. "I hope you come back to visit when you're being less of an ass."

Lando wished for no such thing, Han was sure of it. There was no reason for Han to come back here. Not when he was a criminal. Smugglers weren't generally accepted in the more legitimate corners of the galaxy. And with as many ties as Lando had to the world of smugglers, it was entirely likely he would want to entirely cut ties for good. Whatever the case may have been, he didn't intend to come back to Cloud City. Not ever. It wasn't the place for him.

It set his teeth on edge to know that Lando considered it the place for him and, worse, that he looked all the happier for it. It made Han's heart twist a little, like he wasn't good enough and what they shared didn't mean as much to Lando as it did to him. Stupid, really. It wasn't even like what they did mattered all that much.

Hell, everybody he cared about left eventually. How was this any different?

But Han pasted on a friendly smile anyway. "When have I ever not been an ass?" he asked, as good-natured and amused as he knew how to be in that moment even though all he felt was brittleness settling in, like one harsh word would shatter him into a myriad sharp-edged pieces. He backed up toward the *Falcon*, feeling more secure the closer he got to her. "I'm sure I'll see you around."

That was a lie, but it wasn't one Lando called him on.

Maybe he was relieved, too, to be rid of Han's presence. Maybe that was the point. It was an elegant solution if he wanted to get rid of Han. And even if he didn't, well. There was little likelihood of him crying over it.

Lando merely smiled, distracted, and waved at Han. "Next time, the casino'll be up and running. I'm sure you'll enjoy that," he said, words catching on the wind.

"I'm sure I will," Han yelled back, intending no such thing. Gambling at the card table was always Lando's thing. Gambling with the job was Han's.

Sometimes, it worked out.

Not this time.

This time, Han was cutting and running while the cutting and running was good. This time, Han wouldn't be the fool who stuck around only to be the one who got burned.

"The *Falcon* almost looks good," Lando added, still shouting, as much approval as he ever shared with Han about anything.

"I take care of her," he said as Chewie lowered the ramp for him. Wrapping his hand around the pole, he pulled himself up. There was no point looking back, but he did anyway. Just for once last look at what it was Lando truly loved.

Cloud City really was beautiful.

But there was no place for Han there. It was obvious for anyone to see.

Yeah, this was definitely for the best.

He wished he didn't have to feel so bad about that.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!