

season of the witch

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season of the witch

by [blazeofglory](#)

Summary

“You must be out of your mind, baby,” Lando shouts through the door, stubbornly refusing to open it. “Showing up here unannounced on *Halloween* and honestly thinking I’d let you in? You should know better.”

Notes

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!! Trick or treat, have some Hando inspired by Chilling Adventures of Sabrina.

Thanks, always, to Sina.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“You must be out of your mind, baby,” Lando shouts through the door, stubbornly refusing to open it. “Showing up here unannounced on *Halloween* and honestly thinking I’d let you in? You should know better.”

“It wouldn’t be unannounced if you ever picked up your phone,” Han yells back, crossing his arms and glaring at the closed door. Behind him, Chewie huffs indignantly. “I have nowhere else to go, come on!”

There’s only silence for a moment, but then Lando finally opens the door and steps outside, leaning back against it and fixing Han with a glare. Despite the scowl on his face, he looks better than ever, done up in his gothic best for the annual rituals-- Han’s always loved the sight of Lando in deep reds and blacks, crystals hanging from his neck and exuding magic and power with every breath he takes. Han isn’t here just because Lando is hot, though; he’s here because Lando knows the best protection spells and Han hasn’t been able to shake the ominous feeling that he’s going to need them.

“What happened to your coven?” Lando asks pointedly, crossing his arms.

“They were never my coven,” Han explains with a tired sigh. Last Halloween, he’d been with Beckett and Val and their coven, but he and Chewie never quite fit in with them-- undoubtedly because they shared the common witch prejudice against werewolves-- and they’ve long since left them behind. “I don’t have one, just like you, and you know it’s not safe to be alone on Halloween.”

“You don’t look very lonely to me.” Lando’s eyes flick to Chewie and then back to Han, raising a brow in question.

“Chewie won’t be staying,” Han says. “He’s got his pack to answer to tonight.”

“So just you, then?”

Han sighs in exasperation. “Just for tonight, I swear.”

Lando’s eyes narrow, staring at Han unblinking for a long moment, and Han can feel Lando’s powers reaching out to him, trying to sense his intentions and catch him in a lie. But for once, there’s no lie to be exposed, and eventually Lando begins to smile.

“Just for tonight,” Lando finally agrees, turning to open the door and let Han and Chewie inside.

“The rituals were never meant to be performed alone,” Han points out as Lando leads them down the dark hallways and into the living room. “It’ll be better for both of us to do them together.”

Lando makes an agreeing noise as they all sit, but then he fixes his piercing stare on Han once more.

“That’s not why you’re here, though,” Lando says. It’s not a question. Han sighs.

“I swear I’m not trying to bring more trouble to your doorstep,” Han replies, wincing when he remembers Lando’s fury the time that Han accidentally led an angry demon here a few years back. “I haven’t had any visions about tonight, but I just-- I have this ominous feeling. I don’t know what it is, but it’s strong, and I’d sleep a whole lot better tonight if you helped me with some protection spells to ward it off, whatever it is.”

“Your omens have a tendency to come true,” Lando says with a frown, leaning forward to watch Han warily. “I’ll help you, but there’s very little either of us can do to delay an omen that must come to pass.”

“I know.” Han rubs his eyes tiredly, already exhausted by this day. Halloween is a dangerous time for any supernatural creature, but he’s more on edge than normal and it’s starting to grate on him. “Whatever trouble is coming is going to come. I only hope to delay it until after Halloween and the full moon have passed.”

Han’s magic is more potent on Halloween, same as any warlock’s-- he thought about facing whatever creature may be coming for him today, but he’s loathe to risk it when its power is surely also amplified. Besides, the rituals must be completed, or Han risks being excommunicated from the Church of Night. It’s bad enough that he’s a warlock without a coven; if he doesn’t at least appease Satan tonight, then he’ll have the Witches Council to answer to, and they’ve long since made their disdain for Han clear. He can’t risk invoking their ire, not in times as fraught as these.

Witches and warlocks without covens have been disappearing steadily ever since last Halloween. Han thought that maybe they were just in hiding to escape the pressure to join a coven, which he’d honestly thought about doing himself, but lately... he’s been hearing whispers about witch hunters on the prowl. Few things are more terrifying than a devoted witch hunter.

Elle, the black cat that is Lando’s familiar, hops up into Lando’s lap and fixes Han with wary eyes.

“I’ll do what I can to keep you safe,” Lando says as he idly strokes Elle’s fur. A slow smile spreads across his face, banishing the uncharacteristically serious look. “Maybe we should gather a few more misfits and start our own coven.”

Han laughs, finally starting to relax. “Other than you, my only friends are werewolves and vampires. We’d be an eclectic bunch.”

Chewie and Lando both laugh. Elle, annoyed by the noise, hops off Lando’s lap and stalks away. Lando watches her go, then turns back to Han and asks, “Where’s your familiar? I can’t remember the last time I saw you without her.”

“Falcon will be back soon,” Han answers, glancing out the window as if to catch a glimpse of her wings. “She’s delivering a message for me.”

“Your werewolf is right here, so she must be delivering to your vampires,” Lando says, not even bothering to hide the curiosity in his voice, and Han chuckles.

“Don’t even bother asking,” Han refutes preemptively. “Vampires are secretive sons of bitches, they’d kill me if I even told you their names.”

Han genuinely *likes* Lando and he definitely wants his help, but he’d have to be a complete idiot to actually *trust* him, especially when it comes to Luke and Leia. Lando’s been on his own for too long, his luck constantly turning, and he only looks out for himself. The fact that he’s even agreed to help Han is a pleasant surprise, though that undoubtedly means that he has some hidden motivation for this collaboration. Han glances surreptitiously around the room, eyeing the wards on every window and door, then glancing back at the crystals hanging from Lando’s neck-- Lando’s wreathed in magical shields. He must be *terrified*.

Han is suddenly sure that Lando only let him in because he doesn’t want to be alone on Halloween either, bad omens or not.

“Fine, keep your secrets,” Lando replies with a genial smile that Han sees right through. “It’s already almost dark, so pull your load and start making the potion. I have to go fetch a goat.”

“I heard a rumor about Qi’ra,” Lando says casually while Han stirs the bubbling potion. He prides himself on not faltering for a second, though he looks up at Lando with a frown.

When Lando doesn’t continue, Han huffs. “And?”

“I heard her coven is being... *traditional* this Halloween,” Lando continues, not looking up from his spellbook. “They’re not sacrificing goats this year.”

“Fuck.” Han feels his blood go cold as he freezes, knowing all too well exactly what Lando means. “They’re sacrificing children?”

“That’s what I heard.” Lando finally meets Han’s eyes, something unreadable in his expression. “I’m glad you and her parted ways when you did.”

After a moment, Han resumes stirring the potion, filling the air with its sickly sweet smell and unnatural green steam. He doesn’t know what to say to Lando, so he says nothing, focusing only on the task before him. He feels Lando’s eyes linger for a moment more before he too turns back to his spells. The air is thick with tension and potion fumes and it’s growing late, the sun long since set-- Chewie left an hour ago to join his pack, leaving Han and Lando alone. The ritual starts at midnight.

“It’s ready,” Han announces a while later, his arm sore from all the stirring, and he steps back to leave the potion to simmer. “What else is left to prepare?”

“All we have to do is light the candles and start the fire and we’re set,” Lando replies, stepping away from his spells and stretching his arms over his head. Han can’t help the way his eyes track the movement, lingering on the smooth curve of Lando’s neck, and he can’t

help the way he *wants* him. Lando catches his eye, smirking. “And, of course, I still have to put the protection spells on you.”

“Midnight isn’t too far off, let’s do this.” Han still feels antsy, his nerves only growing as the night carries on. Soon, every supernatural creature will be at their full power, and Han sure fucking hopes that Lando’s spells can keep them all at bay. “Tell me how you wanna do this.”

Lando’s grin is sharp and beautiful as he says, “Upstairs. I need you laying down.”

Elle watches with narrowed eyes as they make their way upstairs, though she doesn’t follow. Han expects to be led into a guest room, since Lando clearly has several in this massive house that he lives in alone, but instead, Lando leads him into the master bedroom that Han’s only been inside once before.

“I’m pretty sure the spell doesn’t require me to lay in *your* bed,” Han points out, even as he lays down on Lando’s unsurprisingly soft sheets. He grins, bright and cocky, at Lando, who rolls his eyes. “If you wanted to get me in bed, you didn’t need so much pretense, baby.”

“Here I am trying to do a nice thing for you and all you do is sass me,” Lando says with a dramatic sigh, and Han laughs.

“So, what’s the spell?” Han prompts, propping himself up on his elbows as he watches Lando light the red candles all around the room, until the room is aglow with candlelight. There’s something charming about Lando lighting each candle by hand when Han knows full well that he could light them all at once with a snap of his fingers. “Putting me under the protection of Satan? Adding me under the protection of this house?”

“Not quite.” Lando takes off one of the crystals on a cord around his neck, wrapping it around his hand instead. Han lays down properly when Lando comes to stand next to the bed, towering over Han. “I’m putting you under *my* protection.”

Han sits up abruptly, heart beating fast.

“The hell are you *doing*?” Han demands. “If you want me under your protection, you have to *bind* us, and that can’t be undone! My fate will be your fate until we both *die*, Lando.”

“You think I haven’t thought this through?” Lando asks, crossing his arms and leveling Han with a glare. “Blood magic is the strongest protection there is and it’s clearly what you need. We’ll be stronger together.”

“I can’t let you do this,” Han refutes, moving to stand up-- but Lando pushes him back down onto the bed, straddling Han in one swift movement and leaving him breathless. “Lando--”

“For Satan’s sake, shut *up*.” Lando glares at Han for another moment, but Han stays silent, glaring in defiance. “Good. Look, a coven of two is a shitty coven, but it’s still a coven. We need each other.”

“You don’t want the kinda trouble I bring.”

“I can handle it. I’ve been handling your trouble for *years*,” Lando says, a challenging look on his face. “Let me protect you. Let me bind us.”

Han shifts under Lando, and for a second, he thinks about pushing Lando off and leaving and never coming back-- but only for a second. It’s not safe out on Halloween, not for a warlock alone, and... he stares up at Lando, handsome and strong above him. It’s safe here, safe with Lando, and Han certainly can’t think of a better view. Fuck, this is all kinds of stupid crazy.

Han can’t think of a single good reason to say no.

“We’ll have to learn to trust each other,” Han acquiesces after the silence has dragged on too long, and Lando smiles once he’s realized that he’s won.

“You don’t trust me, baby?” Lando smirks.

Han laughs, pointedly squirming a little, even as his hands come to rest on Lando’s thighs, doing absolutely nothing to push him away.

“You *are* currently holding me down,” he points out, and Lando chuckles.

“Thing is, I think you *like it*.”

Han bites his lip, staring up at Lando, watching Lando’s eyes focus on his lips. *Shit*, this is really happening. Lando leans down, his lips just a breath away from Han’s, and Han’s eyes slide shut as he waits for Lando to kiss him.

Lando’s lips *just* graze Han’s, but before Han can kiss him properly, Lando begins to whisper.

“*I bind you now*,” Lando whispers in a voice that seems to echo. There’s a rustling sound, like Lando reaching for something lost in the sheets, and then a second later, Lando draws a sharp, pained breath. Han feels Lando press the crystal in his hand to Han’s forehead, wet and hot with Lando’s own fresh blood, and his eyes fly open-- but he doesn’t see Lando above him anymore. All he sees is red, dark as blood. “*I bind you left, I bind you right, I bind you to me, I hold you tight*.”

Slowly, the redness becomes purple, and Lando’s voice is amplified, the sound of a thousand voices speaking as one.

“*I bind you day, I bind you night, I bind you now with all my might. I am yours and you are mine, I bind us ‘til the end of time*.”

All at once, the purple haze disappears, and Han blinks slowly up at Lando once more.

“If anyone wants to hurt you, they’ll have to go through me first,” Lando whispers softly, dropping the bloody crystal onto the bed next to Han and gently wiping away the blood on Han’s forehead with a corner of the sheet. “How do you feel?”

Han assesses himself for a moment, cataloging every detail-- the silk sheets beneath him, Lando’s solid weight above him, the tingle of magic singing under his skin, the ominous

feeling that he can feel slowly slipping away-- and he doesn't filter himself before he whispers back, "*Safe.*"

Between one breath and the next, Lando finally leans in and kisses Han soundly.

Han wraps his arms around Lando, keeping him close as they kiss, filthy and biting and desperate. The moment of contentment fades, leaving Han with only *hunger*, a lust that only Lando can satisfy. He feels Lando's hands on his face, one still slick with dripping blood, but Han doesn't give a fuck about the mess. When Lando pulls away an inch, he watches Han with heavy eyes as his fingers slide through the mess of blood, then he brings two slick fingertips to Han's lips and Han doesn't hesitate before licking them clean.

Han would never want to become a vampire, but with the taste of Lando's blood on his tongue, he sees the appeal. Then Lando is kissing him again, hot and insistent, leaving Han unable to think of anything other than *Lando Lando Lando*.

Time ceases to exist as they kiss, and it's not long before Han is hard and aching, on the verge of demanding that Lando fuck him *now*-- when Lando pulls back abruptly, a frown on his red, red lips.

"The witching hour draws near," Lando whispers, shifting off of Han, and Han reluctantly sits up too. He spots the discarded crystal laying in the sheets, cord twisted and covered in blood, and he picks it up, carefully untangling it and putting it on. He looks up, finding Lando's eyes fixed on him, but he doesn't get the chance to ask what that *look* is for, because Lando kisses him again.

Slowly, they part, and Han says in a soft voice, "We have potions to drink and a sacrifice to make."

"The rituals await," Lando agrees, finally standing up and offering Han a hand. The grin on his face is downright predatory, but Han has never felt more safe. "Let's go appease Satan, baby."

"Once we satisfy Satan, then it's *our* turn," Han replies, and Lando laughs.

"This Halloween is turning out better than I expected," Lando admits as they make their way downstairs, blood-stained fingers twined together, loathe to let go again. Han squeezes his hand and can't help but agree.

End Notes

Fun fact: the spell that Lando uses is based on a real spell that I looked up, though I heavily edited it!

As always, please tell me if y'all enjoyed this! I started writing this at work this morning and I wanted to get it posted while it was still Halloween, so it was a bit rushed! But it's 11:20, so I made it!

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