

EPISODE XXVIII – HER OWNER

“Jedi,” her lover said, kissing her face. “It's time to get up.”

Rey grumbled, and nestled at Sarje's breast, sinking under the blankets. The slave laughed softly, pushed her playfully further down.

“Brat,” Sarje said, “if you're going to be like that, you might as well do something usefuahhh”

Rey enjoyed using her tongue to break her lover's concentration. She took pride in being able to do so, luxuriated in the feel of her lover's legs spreading, curling around Rey's neck, her back, forcing Rey lower, deeper, her lover's hands wrapping in her hair.

Sarje screamed in pleasure, hauled her back up by the hair, kissed her roughly and shoved her out of bed.

“Go,” Sarje said, staring at her as she got up to her hands and knees. “Breakfast.”

Rey nodded, stood up, started walking away. Sarje swatted her ass as she left the bedroom, preparing her lover's food, setting her own bowl on the floor. Yawning, Sarje walked out of the bedroom and sat at the table, let Rey bring her food and snapped her fingers, pointing at the floor. Dutifully, Rey sat, bowing low, letting her love play with her hair and stroke her back.

When they were done eating, Sarje let Rey collect their plates before returning to the table. Sarje must have been pleased with her because Rey got to sit in the slave's lap while being told what her duties would be that day.

“You understand, Jedi?” Sarje asked.

Rey nodded. She had not been given permission to speak.

She went back to their room and got dressed, grabbing her tools. Sarje caught her on the way out, pressed her against the doorframe and kissed her, groped her. Rey whimpered and spread her legs, keeping her hands at her side like a good girl. She was panting when Sarje broke the kiss.

“We're going to have guests tonight,” Sarje told her.

Rey nodded.

“I'll need you to follow them home after,” Sarje said.

Rey nodded, grim.

Sarje let her go, slapping her ass again. She got to her speeder and headed out to fulfill her duties.

That night she would kill again.



They were rough with her.

The ones Sarje wanted her to kill always were.

They left her a mess, covered in welts and bites and shallow cuts which stung from the cum that coated every inch of her, inside and out. They laughed as they slapped her and left, discarded on the floor as if she were nothing. She felt like nothing. She felt nothing.

And then her love was there, reaching into the grime to help her sit, to help her stand. Her love would help her dress, clothing sticking to her because of the goo that covered her. She limped to her speeder and followed them back to their home, their scummy little bar full of villains and worse.

She brought the speeder to a halt, almost fell off of it. She had to use a wall to move forward, clawing from one thing to the next to keep her upright. She wasn't paying attention to what she was touching – it didn't matter so long as it got her there.

“Hey, you karking whore, you're getting cum all over my-”

The speaker hovered an inch off the ground, and then his rib cage compacted and crushed all his internal organs. Air wheezed out through his throat. He was dead before he hit the ground.

Other people were milling about the bar. Some of them worked there. Some of them were criminals coming in for a drink or to cut deals. Some of them were slaves, broken toys brought in for entertainment. Rey wafted through their minds to find the ones like her, the ones worth saving.

Satisfied, she began to tear everything else apart.

Rey ended up screaming, the way she always did. All the fury and pain and humiliation she felt came pouring out of her, slamming into her latest victims, ripping them into bloody chunks, tearing their bar into nothing at all.

Only the slaves were spared.

The victims.

Rey knew that Sarje would come for them in the morning.

Exhausted, Rey wiped the tears from her eyes and swallowed to get some moisture in her raw throat. Then, she shambled back to her speeder, hissed in pain as she sat back down on it, activated it, and went home.



Sarje held her until waking, guided her to the table, let her sit down at it and eat her meal like a person. Her lover was even kind enough to let her speak, and they chatted about what they were going to do that day.

“Hey, Sarje?”

“Yes, Jedi?”

“The... the dancing thing,” mumbled Rey, blushing and looking at the spot where the last group had left her. “Am I going to have to keep doing that?”

“Not forever,” Sarje said, touching the outside of Rey's thigh, making her shiver. “Maybe three or four more times, and then we'll save it for special occasions, or when our owner wants you to perform for him.”

“Who is he?” Rey asked.

“Our owner?”

“Yes.”

“I think you might meet him soon,” Sarje said, the hand trailing up Rey's hips, her breast, all the way up her neck until the hand was touching her cheek. Rey nuzzled into the palm, purring, and Sarje laughed. “Would you like that, Jedi?”

Rey nodded.

“I'll see what I can do.”

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“Jedi?”

“Yes?”

“Finish your work and get home early tonight,” Sarje said, pulling Rey close. “You're going to be dancing for someone special tonight.”

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Rey did what she was told.

It was the dark season and the suns set early, so by the time Rey got back to the farm the only light was from the ones she had installed. Music covered whatever conversation there might have been and she scurried to her rooms to get changed, adoring herself in the hutt-wear her lover had purchased for her.

Sarje herself came in to join her, unwinding her hair and braiding it again, kissing her hard enough to leave her breathless.

“You can do this, Jedi,” she said.

Rey nodded and said nothing. She had not been given permission to speak.

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Rey felt sweat creep over her the minute she stepped onto the table. There was none of the roughhousing or catcalls that she was used to, just a massive still shape looming in the darkness. She danced, spreading her legs, shaking her ass, shaking her breasts, letting parts of her clothing fall away one by one. She was practised at this by now, knew how to entice her audience, rile them up with every inch of the naked flesh that they would get to fuck.

And yet.

And yet there was no response.

Rey lifted her chest, letting her breasts bounce in just the right way, spread herself open until her cunt was a drooling invitation. She turned around, shaking her ass. She crawled. She begged, mewed, pleaded, and still nothing. No response from the figure that watched her prostrate herself, humiliate herself.

She crawled closer to the edge of the table, close to the dark.

A hand reached out of the dark, pudgy orange fingers closing around her neck and pushing her back over the table. Her owner loomed out of the shadows and over her, black eyes boring into her soul as she whimpered, hands clutching at his wrist.

“My sweetheart.”

Unkarr Plutt's voice was a threatening rumble, he leaning in close, the warm rot of his breath washing over her face. He lifted her muscular frame off the table easily, mouth closing over her left breast, his rough tongue travelling up the length of her and leaving a slimy trail. She was crying when he kissed her, held her down and mauled her lips with his own.

“You travelled a very long way to prepare a home for me, my girl.”

One of his arms was robotic now, a thick cool hook entering her, vibrating her hard enough that she came instantly, her teeth shaking as she flailed helplessly against him. He released her throat, let her flail as he loosened his pants. The hook left her as he entered her, the fat slug of his manhood creeping inside her, crawling over every nerve ending, suckling at her clit and inner walls.

Crolute penises were prehensile, covered in suction cups. They had evolved on an aquatic world, the females they impregnated technically of a different species, and their evolution was designed to keep their mates in place, holding them helpless and satisfied until the crolute was done.

Rey had seen him before, tasted him before, but he had held himself stiff and solid then. This was something else, the feel of him slithering inside her, the sheer size of him pressing against her walls as he swelled. She shook her head, she cried, her eyes wide and sightless, her mouth locked open in an expression that was equal parts pleasure and pain.

She spasmed, cumming again and again as he slapped her breast, causing her whole body to ripple, spittle flying from her mouth as she came and came again. Dimly, she tried to pull herself off him and he didn't touch her at all, letting the strength of his manhood hold her in place. Her feet found his hips and she tried to kick off him but he was not done and, despite all her strength, all her great power, his manhood held her in place. He throbbed inside her, making her whimper, pulled and pushed to make her scream, slithered and grew until she lost the capacity to make any sound at all.

He owned her.

Ruled her.

Dominated her.

“A price to pay for all you destroyed, my girl.”

She was beyond hearing, beyond caring.

He came like a shotgun, sending her limp body sprawling over and off the table, his seed a torrent that followed and coated her. He walked around the table, stood over her limp battered body, letting the last of his cum fall and coat her.

“What do you have to say for yourself, my sweetheart?”

She swallowed and said nothing, drowning in a sea of cum. Sarje came to her, helped her sit up, helped her to her knees. She gaped, gasped, trying to breathe through the thick viscous coating that covered her.

“I,” whimpering, Rey swallowed, trying to get enough air into her mouth to say the words. “I accept my portion.”

Onskarr rumbled laughter, shaking her.

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Sarje cleaned her because she could not clean herself. Her muscles, her control, her power, her sense of self – Onskarr had devastated everything she was and left her with nothing. Her lover caressed her, held her, cleaned her and told her that she was a good girl.

“Keep being a good girl,” Sarje told her. “I can keep you safe.”

Rey nodded.

“I need,” whispered Rey, pausing to swallow down some cum that had stuck in her mouth, “I need to obey.”

Sarje nodded, smiled.

Rey was led out of the shower, listless as Sarje dressed her in the same hutt-slave wear that she was wearing. She bowed down on her knees, bowing her head, letting Sarje slip a collar around her neck.

“What are you, Jedi?” Sarje asked.

What sense was there in denying the truth?

“A slave,” whispered Rey.

The collar locked around her throat, and she felt something in her crumble away. Closing her eyes, she began to cry.

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Onskarr was asleep when Sarje led her into the bedroom. Rey followed where Sarje led, feeling the pull of the leash. When Sarje snapped her fingers Rey knelt and Sarje sat on the edge of the bed, wrapping the leash around one of the bedposts.

“When you’ve proven to be a good girl to our master, you can join us in the bed,” Sarje said, smiling. “Until then, this is where you belong.”

Rey nodded, knowing it was not her place to say anything.

Sarje leaned over the edge of the bed, playing with Rey’s hair as the new slave tried to make herself comfortable.



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Everything was quiet, peaceful, until Vicav Orey attacked.