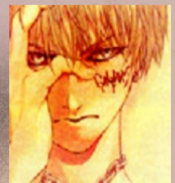


**STAR WARS**  
**THE FORCE RETAKEN**



**STORY BY HUNTEROPERA**  
**ART BY BALTHAZARDRAGON**



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# EPISODE 1: FOUR CRASHES AND A NAME

"I hear there's a new farmer up at the old Skywalker Ranch," Belto Llel said, fumbling into a seat in the shaded catina. His wide duros eyes always took time to adjust to the dark from the twin Tatooine suns, and it left him vulnerable. "Boss wants us to go and check it out."

"What? No." Rauda Vid, his partner, spat. A stocky zabrak, his crown of horns gave him a hint of regality that the rest of him dispelled. The power of his presence promised pain, his age hinting at hard-fought intelligence. He spat again. "That place is a curse."

"You mean it's cursed?"

"No, it's a curse. And so is the Skywalker name."

"It is a curse?" Belto repeated. He felt skeptical. "What in the hot void do you mean?"

"Do you know who the Skywalkers were?"

"I know Luke Skywalker." Belto said, expecting to be brushed off – everyone knew the name of the Jedi that had challenged the Emperor and Darth Vader and walked away, the Jedi that had stared down the First Order and fought their whole army single-handed until the resistance could escape.

"That's one of them, yeah," Rauda hissed. He waved at one of the slave girls working the bar and signalled for two more drinks, mulling over his empty cup. "He was a local."

"No lie?"

"No lie," Rauda nodded. The drinks arrived and they both sipped, eyeing one another. "You're new to the desert, yeah?"

"I came in from the Yavins a while back," Belto admitted. Most of their syndicate was from anywhere else, the dregs sent to pick up what was left on Tatooine. "I apprenticed for a season before being paired with you."

Rauda nodded, thought this over and finished his drink. The two of them worked well together; Rauda was a dangerous fighter with a surprising knack for machines, while Belto offered an amicable personality and a talent for killing people when they didn't see it coming.

"Okay, settle in and order us some drinks," Rauda said, finally. "This is a bit of a thing."

Belto nodded. His eyes had adjusted fully and he moved careful through the bar, noting the other scoundrels drinking and minding their business. Almost everyone here worked for Daimyo Vicav Orey and the rest knew better than to say anything. Vicav's sigil loomed over the bar, an oppressive reminder of who held power. A brand of the sigil was over Belto's heart and he flashed it at the bar, taking a moment to fondle a twi'lek slave girl who knew better than to resist.

He thought about taking her to one of the backrooms but thought better of it. Rauda could be patient but he didn't like to be.

"Okay, this all starts close to the end of Jabba's reign," Rauda said, waiting for Belto to make himself comfortable. "There's this nothing human slave girl named Shmi that gets purchased by a toydarian called Watto."

"I've heard of him," Belto smiled. "A junker, wasn't he?"

"Aren't they all?" Rauda's grin was savage. The two of them had severed a toydarian's wings just a few days prior. "Anyways, Watto must have been out of it when he bought her, or maybe he was planning on a little two-for-one deal, because it turns out Shmi's pregnant. The father is missing action, but whatever, right? Probably one of the slavers or a prior owner or something. No one thinks much of it."

"Why would they?"

"Exactly. Except it turns out the kid's a prodigy with machines and even starts pod racing."

"A human?" Belto laughed, thinking Rauda was messing with him, but the zabrak looked serious. "A human. A human pod racing?"

"I know," Rauda said, fiddling with his glass. "The brat, Anakin, even wins, defeating the undefeated Subulba, and throws the whole bookie community into disrepair. Only two people bet on him, but the losses throw the whole economy out of whack. Like, Subulba was definitely going to win, if you catch my meaning, and everyone knew it. Most of the bets were on the order of elimination, and no one expected Subulba not to finish."

"I'm sure heads were going to roll."

"Watto nearly ended up in chains," Rauda said, nodding. "But the brat got away. Turns out little Anakin Skywalker had been purchased by an actual Jedi."

"Wait, wait," Belto said, both hands on the table as everything Rauda said began to click. "Anakin Skywalker? Like General Skywalker? The Republic general?"

"That one, yes," Rauda nodded, tight-kipped. "He came back a decade later to free his mom, but she'd been taken by Tusksens."

"Oh, kark."

"Yeah. He wiped out a whole tribe. Like, men, women, the kids, the animals, just an absolute slaughter," Rauda was starring into his drink now, and Belto could imagine the zabrak's erection throbbing from the thought of killing. "The problem was, those Tusksens were running muscle for one of Jabba's rivals, and the two of them had settled into a holding pattern..."

"Oh."

"Yes."

"Massive economic crisis number two," Rauda held up a meaty hand, unfurling two fingers. "Little orphan Annie leaves, but apparently Shmi had another kid or two before she died. You still with me? This real salt-of-the-earth type named Owen, and he's the one that buys the moisture farm."

"Was he a problem?"

"Nah, he was a straight shooter," Rauda frowned. He liked hurting people but Belto knew he needed to be able to justify the sadism. People like this Owen were infuriating to him. "Paid his protection money on time, good quality on his moisture, you know, just a good earner. Dependable. You could let him do his thing, drop by for your cut, and move on."

"So where's the problem?"

"Owen adopts our buddy, Luke," Rauda's hands tightened on the glass. "There's some speculation over who Luke's dad was. The Jedi had weird anti-sex stuff in their weird cult, so Anakin's out, but Luke had to come from somewhere. So Shmi had a third kid probably?"



"Who knows how many kids she had?" Belto grinned. "She was a slave." He'd had a slave tell him that she'd given birth to his child once, so he'd ordered the child found and fucked it just to be sure. The kid felt like her mom, but the way she cried was proof she couldn't be his.

"Exactly, this stuff is barely worth paying attention to most of the time," Rauda nodded. The zabrak had a tendency to murder the halfbreeds that were supposedly his in horrible ways. The slaves he wanted couldn't keep their distance, but they did their best to hide potential children from him. "Anyways, this Luke seems more like Owen - a little doofy, couldn't find his way out of a one-room building with a map. Good with machines and a rifle, sure, but this kid is never leaving the farm, right? Owen can't spot a con from a mile away with a telescope, and Luke is somehow dumber. You asked around back in the day and everyone had a Luke-is-an-idiot story."

"I know the type."

"You think you know the type," Rauda snapped, eyes narrowing as the glass cracked in his hand. "This doofy idiot with his doofy hair traded in on twenty years of aw-shucks doofiness in one of the biggest swindles on this force-forsaken rock. Owen got caught in the crossfire of a bunch of stormtroopers having a bad day. They wiped out the whole family except Luke, so what does Luke do?"

"I don't know, what?"

"He turns around and says he needs to sell the farm cheap." Rauda's eyes moved from the glass to Belto and Belto felt a chill settle along his spine. "And people know the Skywalker Moisture Farm and this kid. Everyone knows it makes solid money, it's up-to-date so far as technology goes, it's out near the dune sea so it's got a view, it's a nice little place, right? People are interested. And this doof clearly doesn't know the value, so people buy it. Multiple people. He and this old weirdo hermit sold the same piece of property to multiple people, and people fell for it because everyone thought this doof couldn't lie his way out of a paper box!"

"How bad was it?"

"Worse than the podracing thing," Rauda's whispered, leaning back in his chair. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath. "A lot of connected people thought they bought the farm, and in the ensuing violence a lot of them did, if you catch my meaning."

"Economic Crisis number three."

"Yes, that. Luke's taken the money and done more to wipe out the local warlords and syndicates in an afternoon than the local authorities have ever done, and the resulting power vacuum results in even more killing." Rauda shook his head and chuckled, clearly remembering some killing that Belto wanted to know nothing about. "Jabba has to step in and personally deal with the problem, so more people die and he gets even more of a stranglehold on this world."

"That's rough, buddy."

"It gets rougher," Rauda said. "A few years later, that same Luke - Luke Doofy-hair Skywalker - tries to trade a couple beat-up droids to get something from Jabba. He claims to be a Jedi now but the Jedi are extinct, right? And we're all wise to his shit. We know he's a con man like the rest of us. And a greasy beat up R2 astromech and a protocol droid? Not much in exchange for what Jabba's got that Luke wants."

"What's Jabba got?"

"Some frozen smuggler," Rauda shrugged. "Probably part of Luke's crew. So Jabba keeps the

droids and we all get on with our lives and then Luke shows up, in the flesh. Jabba tries to execute him by Rancor but the kid kills the rancor - saddest thing I ever saw. And then, out in the dune sea, this kid shows that he is, in fact, a Jedi and the stupid space wizard kills Jabba and most of his lieutenants before leaving."

"Another power vacuum."

"Exactly," Rauda said, then finished his drink. They sat in silence for a moment before Belto broke the quiet.

"A fourth economic crash."

"The worst of the lot, because Jabba's not around to fix it."

"That's insane."

"Yes," Rauda agreed. "So you tell me we're going to the Skywalker Ranch, and I can't help but think we pissed off someone. The question is, who?"

"I have no idea," Belto said, and swallowed. He looked at his hand, the dark blue grown pale. "But I have some bad news."

"What?"

"The name of the new owner," Belto said, the swallowed. "It's Skywalker."

## EPISODE 2: THE GUEST

The moons were in the low in the sky when Rauda and Belto shambled into the bar.

One of Rauda's horns was broken, his jacket torn in places and smoking in others. He was limping badly, his knee twisted at an odd angle, and he was nursing an arm that didn't sit properly. His face was grim twisted with determination, the occasional whimper slipping past a bloody lip, but he held himself with terrible dignity.

The younger and less experienced Belto did not have that same inner strength. The eye that wasn't swollen shut was glossy with wasted moisture, his skin a mottled with purple bruises. His clothes were also torn and smoking but he looked to be in somewhat better shape than, but it was still the old Zabrak that shuffled to the bar.

"Tell the daimyo we're back," Rauda growled. "We'll be getting looked at when he's got a parsec."

The bartender nodded as the old man led his junior into the back, the chef waking up with a yawn to start looking at their wounds. Sprays and creams were applied. Clothes were cut off around wounds, the leftover fabric slowly worked out of the blood, wounds disinfected and stitched or cauterized. New clothes were found, the liberal use of pain killers making donning them easier.

"Feeling better, boys?"

The voice was playful, the smile on the lips coy. Rauda shivered and moved away by instinct even as Belto turned to look and stared, his jaw dropping. The woman speaking to them was not a zabrak or a duros, was nothing more than a lowly human in hutttese slave-wear, but that didn't stop Rauda's heart racing for all the wrong reasons.

She didn't look threatening. Good firm muscles, long hair streaked with gold and bronze, eyes blue with green flecks. Her skin was tanned without being sun-bleached, her fingers long and curled. The slave wear cradled her breasts, presenting them, but Rauda knew how firm that deceptively soft flesh was, how toned the belly that led to that tight space between her legs...

"Much," he said, swallowed, proud that his voice didn't shake at all. He straightened his jacket as much as his broken arm would allow. "Is Vicav ready for us?"

"He is," the slave smiled, turned away, the swish of her skirts revealing her long legs and the strong curve of her ass. Belto took a step towards her but Rauda put a hand on his arm and shook his head.

"Give us a minute," Rauda called after the slave, who didn't acknowledge him as she left the room.

"What?" Belto asked, his one eye focused on Rauda while his dreams were focused on the slave just beyond the door.

"Don't."

"Why not? She's a slave. That's what they're for."

"That's Sarja Cemm."

The name was whispered, and the parts of Belto that weren't bruised purple paled. He stared at the door and mouthed the name, staring at Rauda for confirmation. Rauda nodded, saying nothing as the young duros faced the door and shook. It was clear he'd heard the stories and he looked frightened, but not – so far as Rauda was concerned – frightened enough.

"You ready to go?" Rauda asked. The duros nodded and they left the room, Rauda leaving the medic some credits as they left.

Sarja was waiting for them, the too-long fingers on one hand resting on an angled hip, the others dangling limp to the side. Her posture left most of one leg bare, the fulcrum of her teased, a space between skirt and thigh presented like a trap. She was smiling a smile that fractured her eyes, the spots of green a kaledioscope of threat. She spun without a word and they followed, watching the sway of her ass, the way her hair brushed along her shoulder blades.

She stalked past other slaves that cowered out of her way, her gaze sending other scoundrels cowering out of their path. She led them down a slight of stairs and into a series of cooled tunnels, gooseflesh rising on her bare arms, and pushed open a door marked "private" without pausing.

Heavy-set eyes turned to the three of them, assessing, narrowing. A weequay, Daimyo Vicav Orey drummed thick fingers on the top of his desk, the massive crolute he was speaking too drooping and leaning back. Sarja did not pause once she entered the room – she dropped to her knees and slid under his desk, the top of her head appearing on the other side between the daimyo's legs. They heard his belt undone, saw his mouth falter as Sarja got to work.

*It's like trusting your penis to a womp rat,* Rauda thought, stepping into the room and gesturing Belto to follow. There were several seats available, and Rauda found the ones closest to the daimyo and furthest from his guest.

"You two have seen better days," Vicav Orey moaned. His fingers wrapped in Sarja's hair and she made an animal noise, pleasure pain and longing all at once. Vicav sighed and leaned back, assassinating. "I hope you got the credits to pay for that."

"We do," Rauda confirmed. His own erection stiffened through the painkillers; Vicav could focus through orgasm, Rauda knew, but it was not a talent he shared with anyone and it left even his minions at an uncomfortable disadvantage.

"Good." Vicav leaned forward, pushing Sarja under the table. "Now, show your hand. What happened?"

"We took a week and scouted the ranch," Rauda said. "Single human woman, young as they measure things. Pretty, if you like humans. Comes to the name Rey Skywalker."

"A single human did this to you?" Vicav tsked, shaking his head.

"She is more than she looks," the massive crolute rumbled. One of his arms had been replaced with crude cybernetics, his resting face a scarred scowl. He loomed, quiet in the background of the room. "I have told you this and I was not wrong."

"Ignore him," Vicav said, leaning back so that the top of Sarja's bobbing head reappeared. "Continue."

"We did our due diligence."

"It was incredible," Belto interrupted. The young duros was overly impressed with a job done properly. "Three weeks figuring out her patterns. She checks the equipment, collects the moisture, and takes it into town. She doesn't have a blaster, just a stick and what looks like a laser sword. Cycles through the same stuff every three days."

"Lightsaber."

"That, yeah."

"Lightsabers aren't real," Sarja said, popping up from Vicav's lap. "The Jedi used smoke and mirrors to convince everyone of their sorcery, but they were nothing but grifters."

"Where does your mouth belong?" Vicav asked. Sarja smiled at them before leaning back, bobbing her head up and down.

"She's a bit of a night creature, so we brought in some extra muscle – people I've worked with before," Rauda said, shifting uncomfortable. The sounds Sarja was making were wet. On her bounce up he could see the way her shoulders twitched, and he wondered if she was playing with herself, their boss, or both. "You remember the Tusken job?"

"Yes."

"Same crew," Rauda nodded, thinking *both*. "We used the suns' set to get in close, surrounded the ranch and locked her in a killbox. She had no idea we were there-"

"She knew you were there," the crolute rumbled.

"Sorry, who is this guy?" Rauda asked.

"Continue your portion, zabrak," the crolute said, staring.

Rauda could not meet the massive creature's gaze, a rarity in his line of work. He turned to the daimyo, expecting support, but Vicav shrugged and then moaned softly, Sarja working wonders just out of view.

*What is going on here...?*

"The plan was to stun her and lay down your law, bully her into paying the security she owes you, maybe have a little fun," Rauda grinned, imagining the way Rey would writhe under him, the way she would scream as he whipped her, the way she would sob as he railed her ass until she would beg him to stop. She was pretty enough, and Rauda found aliens were at their prettiest when they were in suffering, begging him to stop. His erection throbbed as he imagined the Skywalker girl behaving as Sarja was now, just... tamer. "Instead, the crew was pulled into the air and then slammed into explosives hidden in the sand. We fired some shots but she caught them on her lightsaber and stood in the middle of the carnage, throwing us into the night. When the crew was dead, I pulled the survivor-"

"- me-"

"- from the wreckage and fled as best I was able," Rauda said, glaring at Belto's interruption.

"Damaged my arm more dragging him, hit the autopilot in our transport, and came back here. We barely got away."

"She let you go."

"What?"

"She let you go to do what you now do," the crolute rumbled. "Scare people into leaving her alone. Create a reputation. It was common practice for any successful scavenger on Jakku. We will let her think that she has won and then we will take everything of her."

"Jakku?" Belto made a face. "Who said anything about that scavenger's hell world?"

"It is where she is from, by any true meaning," the crolute said. "She was abandoned into the care of he who ruled that portion and left his care with debts to pay, and so she is and always will be my girl. My sweet heart. My little Rey."

“Gentlemen, this is my new partner, Ulkarr Plutt,” Vicav said, voice hitching as he came in Sarja's mouth. “He's going to give us Tatooine.”



# EPISODE 3: A TALE OF JAKKU, PART 1

“The blobfish?” Belto said, before Rauda could stop him. “We’re working with the blobfish?”

Unkarr glared at him, his robotic arm's fingers twitching as his frown deepened into a scowl.

“I have been called by that name,” the massive crolute rumbled, “but rarely to my face.”

The unspoken words *and even more rarely by anyone that wants to continue living* were heard by everyone in the small room, the speaker seeming to fill even more of the scant room available. The only person that didn't move slightly away from him was Sarja, who was nestling against the daimyo.

Thankfully, Rauda noted, Belto seemed to take the hint and fell silent.

“You're familiar with the girl?” Rauda said, hoping to pull attention to himself.

“I am familiar with every portion of her, inside and out,” Unkarr said. The chair he was on creaked as he moved forward, moved slower, his large black eyes piercing into Rauda's secrets. “She was left in my care as a child. I reared her, raised her, tamed her, trained her. She knew and knows better than to cross me. Perhaps she has forgotten, so we will show her where she belongs.”

“And where does she belong?”

“In the dust or at my feet,” Unkarr rumbled, leaning back in his chair. “Let me tell you of Rey, who claims to be Skywalker.”



I watched my girl as she struggled to keep calm in the line outside my caged stand. There were many things she was good at – finding lost bits of technology and fixing them – but keeping her composure was not one of her skills. I had watched as she cleaned her meager findings in the space provided and kept tally of what they were worth and what I would give her.

The GRX interpositive transponders she had found might have been worth more if so many of them hadn't been turned into me already. I had my fill of them. She had to know this, should have perhaps sought a bournelli convergenator, but here she was with scavenged technology I had too much of already.

I was not the only one to notice this. Other eyes were watching – I knew the rumors whispered that I had a soft spot for my girl, rumors that did not understand that I viewed her merely as a soft spot.

So when she got to the front and handed me her haul I made a show of studying it.

“One quarter portion.”

I handed her the goods.

“This was worth a half portion yesterday,” she said, defiant, holding up the line and slowing my operation with her pathetic wants. I had made certain every person on Jakku knew that I did not negotiate, and I had killed any other buyer on the planet and every farmer besides. I imported

food and water and traded them for scavenged technology. This was the truth. The people here could sell to me or they could starve.

“One quarter portion.”

I do not like to repeat myself. Perhaps there was some truth to the rumor, but this would be her one and only chance to back down and accept what was being offered.

“It's worth more,” she said, standing her ground.

She was young, proud, defiant. She stood alone among the other scavengers, had carved out a small space for herself in the wastes. She had no allies, relying on her own strength and the rumor that I favored her among all others. Her hands were on her hips, her eyes narrow, her composure cocksure.

It is dangerous to believe in the rumors one hears about oneself.

On Jakku, many assumed that I stayed in the cage for my own safety. There were rumors that should I leave the cage the scavengers would fall upon me and take my life; I should have liked to see them try. I towered over the tallest of them – I was well-fed and rested while they were worked to near death and only just past starving. My people are perhaps not as strong as wookies, but we are close. Back then, I thought I would enjoy fighting a wookiee.

So when I removed my apron and left my caged stand the scavengers backed away in fear. The guards that I had at my beck and call knew better than to interfere – sometimes, a leader is entitled to enjoy theater to keep their victims in line. The girl grabbed her staff but knew better than to direct it at me as I towered over her, the whole of her consumed by my shadow.

“One half portion, my girl.”

I told her, placing the emphasis on ownership. She was sweating, her eyes wide as she stared up at me. She was looking around like she might try to run but my guards and the other scavengers surrounded us both. There was nowhere for her to go.

She looked to the other scavengers for help but she had held them in line and held herself apart from them – none of them would help her. She looked to my guards for help and saw only smirking loyalty – none of them would endanger themselves to help someone who could offer them nothing.

I reached out, hooking one of the scarves draped around her chest and belted to her hip. She shuddered, knowing what was to come.

“O-one quarter portion,” she said, teeth chattering, unable to meet my eyes. I understood that she was trying to apologize but I did not care. It was far too late for that.

“One half portion.”

“Unkarr, please-” She said, and I let my lips twist into a smile. I liked to hear her beg.

“Strip.”

“Unkarr-” Tears were beginning to form in her eyes.

“Strip.”

She looked around and every eye was on the two of us, waiting to see what would happen. When I took her staff from her hand she did not resist, and I was gentle when I lay it against the caged stand. No one would touch it and we both knew this. She looked at the staff, looked at me, holding

herself as her shoulders hunched.

“Here?” she asked.

“Strip.”

I could see her thinking about it. Her eyes went to her staff and she stared at it while I loomed over her and waited. She bowed her head, took a deep breath and let it out and all I did was stand still and stare, dust and sand circling around us.

Her fingers moved to her belt and undid the clasp, leather pulled across her hips and dropped from shaking hands. The scarves came next, pulled so that they brushed her neck and pulled across her firm chest, revealing the thin fabric that protected her torso from the elements and, for a few heartbeats longer, from me.

In normal circumstances her fingers were deft and sure, but now they were clumsy as they undid the knots that held her pants in place, slipping down her long taut legs. The hours spent exploring cavernous mechanical ruins had left her toned and tight, and her legs were strong, if thin. Her pants could slide over her boots when the knots were undone.

And then her hands found the bottom of her shirt and she started pulling the thin fabric across her belly, her firm breasts, up over her head and off.

She stood in front of all the scavengers, even those that had left for the day coming back to see what must happen now. A tight wrap was used to bind her breasts, another wrap covering the holes between her legs. She had wraps around her arms and boots on her feet and it was still too much clothing, even if her cheeks were red and she was trying to cover herself.

“Strip.”

“W-what?” she fumbled the word, eyes wild and looking where they should not have been looking. “Unkarr, please, I-”

The back of my hand against her cheek silenced her. Her eyes unfocused, and she stumbled around and fell to her knees, wavering uncertain. When her eyes regained their clarity she had some idiot defiance left, glaring up at me, so I put my foot between her breasts and pressed down, putting her on her back. She clawed at my calf until I pressed down more, until her ribs creaked under my might and she went limp.

No power she possessed could help her in this and she knew it. She was pleading with her eyes, her breathing shallow and labored. I and everyone around us knew her ribs were bruising, that breathing would be hard for her now, that she would be weakened from this for days, if not weeks.

Looking on her eyes, I saw her understanding that I could make her life so much worse with no effort at all.

“Strip.”

“I will, I will, please get off!” Rey gasped, shaking under my foot in the dust and stand. “Please!” I relented, taking my foot from her chest, letting her try to find oxygen for her lungs.

“Stand.”

She flopped, muscles useless without the air to power them. It took minutes for her to roll over, to push herself up on her knees, to glare at the other scavengers and not to glare at me. She was shivering as she tried to stand, failed once but was successful on her second attempt. Her hands

went to cover the parts of her still covered in clothing and she was crying now, soft, weak.

“Strip.”

The leather band on her wrist fell to the sand, followed by the wrappings on her arms, and then her boots. She stood barefoot in the sand, protected by next to nothing, and I could see the moment where she understood that no amount of pleading would help her next.

She sobbed as she started unwrapping the band from around her breasts, letting the wrap pool at her feet, revealing her chest. Firm young flesh topped with stiff dark tips. She tried to cover herself and gave up,, reaching down for the wrap around and between her hips, needing both hands to undo the soft wrapping there, it pooling between her feet and revealing the last inch of her to myself and out audience.

Rey should have accepted what was given to her.

This was all her fault and, on some level, she knew that.

Her hands no longer occupied with menial tasks, she went to cover herself from the hungry eyes of my dozens of loyal scavengers, all of them assessing her, wondering if they could beat her into their number. Her awareness of them left her vulnerable to me, and I wrapped my thick fingers in her hair and her gasps turned to screams as I dragged her naked and screaming to the cleaning benches.

“What're you...” her struggles were instinct. For now, I could forgive them.

“You believe I favor you, my sweetheart. Many believe this rumor. And I do, I admit. I favor you as I would favor a bournelli convergenator – precious property. You are my property. You are all my property. My pretty baubles to play with.”

“I'm sorry-” she pleaded, words losing sense as I pulled her down by her hair, folding her my knee, playing with her tight backside as she kicked and struggled without purpose. The long hours I had forced her to work had made her strong and lean and still left her powerless before me.

“There are no apologies between us, my girl. Apologies happen between equals. You are not equal. There is only-”

My hand on her ass echoed on the dunes, the sound eclipsed only by her pleading screams.

“-correction.”

## EPISODE 4: A TALE OF JAKKU, PART 2

My hand continued to spank her ass, gentle slaps so far as I was concerned, but every blow sent ripples throughout her body. She screamed and struggled, trying to push up or away, but the hand I had wrapped in her hair moved to her spine and held her in place. By the twentieth blow she had gone limp, twitching and crying when I struck her, her ass red and warm to my touch. There was nothing she could do to stop me from running my finger along the slit between her legs, so I did.

“Tell me why this is happening to you.”

“I should have,” my Rey whined, paused. She remembered the eye of every scavenger around us focused on her, could feel them assessing, wanting. These were her rivals, her enemies, watching her brought low and pleading. I swatted her aching ass and she squealed, remembered where her attention had to be, then worked one of my thick fingers inside her. She moaned the words, “I should have accepted my portion.”

“Keep saying it.”

She did, caught between sobs and moans as I alternated between spanking her ass and fingering her tight cunt. The words were screamed, whispered, moaned, slipping over her tongue and past her lips like a prayer until I was certain that she believed them more than she had ever believed anything in her pathetic little life.

I stopped spanking her, letting her legs dangle limp off my thigh, forcing her thighs apart for better access to her glistening hole. Her hips were quivering, caught between the pain and pleasure only I could provide her.

“You have paid the debt of negotiation.”

I could feel her relief on my finger, on my thigh. I could feel her sad gratitude. My finger was still inside her, curling in and out, spreading soft and tight walls as every scavenger watched us.

I wanted them to watch. This was for their benefit, a show of what I would do to the ones who I favored, to instill fear in those that I did not.

“This is not to say that you may now negotiate, it is to say that you have paid the debt for trying.”

“I won't try ever again,” Rey promised, the words too quick to be a prayer. She was sobbing and I believed her. I had reminded her that she was powerless before me and I knew she would hate me for it, but there was gratitude in her mistaken belief that her current abuse was nearly at an end.

She cried out when I spanked her again.

“What? W-why? You said I-” her words were lost when I spanked her again.

“Now, for not obeying immediately.”

I started the spanking anew, keeping a mental tally of how many times I should strike her ass, enjoying the way it reddened, then purpled, the strangled cries that escaped past her lips turning into soft sobs as her strength abandoned to me the same way her parents had years before.

“This will continue until you tell me why it is necessary.”

I drew a line across her ass with my finger, hearing her painful hiss at even this gentle touch.

"I need..." she struggled with the words, "I need to o-obey..."

My hand tapped the bruise of her backside and she sobbed, twitched, could offer nothing in the form of resistance.

"I n-need to... obey..."

*thwap*

"I... need t-to obey..."

*thwap*

"I... n-need... t-to..."

*thwap*

And so on, until I was satisfied that she would never disobey me again.

By the time I was certain Jakku had darkened, but the mass of scavengers that I called mine and that my Rey called her rivals had gone nowhere, settling in to continue to watch. Some of them even laughed when I shoved my girl off my thigh and let her flop useless to the ground where she twitched and sobbed. I moved my foot, forcing her to look up at me with glistening and too wide eyes, her gaze full of the respect she had owed me from the moment she came into more care.

"You will pay me for correcting you."

"H-how...?" my Rey sniffled, trying so hard to control her breathing, trying so hard to stop herself from crying.

"With your pretty lips, my girl."

I unbuckled my pants and pulled out my massive erection, as long and thick as her forearm. A glimmer of hatred infected her tears but was gone just as quickly, the throbbing pain of her ass a fresh reminder of what defiance would cost her. She bowed her head and struggled to crawl forward, her limbs aching and tired. She fell more than once, her mewling whimpers causing nervous laughter from people who had once feared her.

Let it not be said that I am not without a pragmatic sense of mercy. She gasped when I picked her up and rested her torso down on my thigh, so that her breasts and legs fell on either side of my leg and her cunt brushed up against my knee. Her face rested at the root of my manhood and her soft tongue, once so sharp, slithered across the weight of my sack and up along my shaft.

The length of me was too much for her small mouth, and her lips struggled to fit the whole of my head into the soft invitation past her lips. She failed, slobbering drool, into my lap, the stress of movement causing her to grind herself into my knee. She needed something to take what was left of her mind from the agony of her ass and soon she was grinding herself, grinding herself, moaning on my flesh as her hips twitched.

Her glossy eyes met mine on an uplick, and my fingers curled in her hair and held her in place, mouth gaping, tongue stretching for my cock.

"One half portion."

"W-what?" moaned Rey. Her weight was as nothing as I pulled her up and slapped her cunt, her whole body quivering from the abuse. She hung limp, face wet with tears and other things as I slapped her cunt again.

"One half protion."



I could see that she understood.

She had paid for her defiance, for her disobedience, and for the lessons to correct both. She had wanted a half portion and that was what she would get for her willing service. She struggled to nod her head, bit her lip, closed her eyes. When I set her down she collapsed and she thanked me when my fingers pressed against her scalp and helped her stand.

My cock was slick with her drool, making entrance into her easier but not easy – it was still too thick for her, too long, and she grunted and cried and moaned as I pulled her hips down onto myself until her still warm and throbbing ass met my hips. She was whimpering, sobbing as she tried to lift herself up, and I let her long lean legs lift before pulling her brutally down, her naked abused body facing the other scavengers.

I admit that I do not know when she stopped resisting and stopped helping, when her arms and legs went limp and I started using her as a simple fuck toy. The soft whimpers that passed her spittle crusted lips were like an alien prayer, begging for relief and release, and as she bucked her hips and her limbs twitched both I and my audience realized that the whore must have cum.

Not long after I felt my own passions reach their crest. I released her hips, letting my seed explode inside her stretched flesh, pushing her off and into the air, watching her limbs flail as her barely conscious body fell to the sand and dust at my feet. My seed fell upon her, steaming, and her legs shook as her eyes stared blankly at nothing and her mouth gaped open.

I stood over her, kicked her onto her back as I grabbed myself and finished on her face, washing the remnant on her hair and tongue before putting myself away. She lay in the sand, breathing shallow, limbs laying limply, her body splayed and helpless. No one offered her comfort as I walked back to the caged stand to collect her payment.

She barely moved when I dumped the half portion on her, then her staff and clothing – the material things I had stripped away she could reclaim, but I doubted her dignity would ever return, and certainly not her defiance or her disobedience.

“One half portion. My sweetheart.”

I turned and left her in the sand and dust, moved back to the caged stand to continue my trade. Those that had waited their turn were treated fairly, but I noticed an enterprising few delayed their place in line, instead making their way to the limp and helpless girl. They took the portion she had earned, her staff, her clothing, even the girl herself. I did nothing but watch as they dragged her away, slapping her ass and groping her all the while. A scavenger that cannot defend what they own is not worthy of it, and if the job is too hard for them then they deserve the desert.

Besides, I knew my Rey – she would fight free of her captors eventually. She would reclaim clothing and weaponry. She would reclaim her freedom and that freedom would bring her right back to my caged stand, accepting her portion for whatever she found.

I had made Jakku my home and everyone on it my property.



“That is the truth of Rey, who calls herself Skywalker,” Unkarr finished. Rauda was not the only one staring at the crolute; Sarja had been fingering herself during the tale, he noticed, and he had missed that.

He did not miss his own painful erection.

“Okay, but how do we make her that?” Belto asked, shaking his head. “She's a void-damned Jedi.”

“Even Jedi can lose,” Sarja said, freeing her fingers from between her legs, her face and chest coated in sparkling weequay seed. “The whole of them lost when the Republic died, and the Knights of Ren got the rest.”

“There are other ways other than killing her,” Unkarr rumbled. “She is my property and a resource to be managed. There are ways to strip a Jedi of their sorcery, or to take command of it.”

“So we undercut everything she is,” Rauda said, nodding, imagining his own hands on the human girl, imagining what it would be like to treat her as Unkarr had, to show this Rey girl her place.

“Any idea how?”

Unkarr's lips twisted into a smile's mockery.

## EPISODE 5: A TALE OF JAKKU, PART 3

“Hey, uh,” Belto swallowed, keeping a fair distance from the massive crolute. The creature was making adjustments on his own arm, unfazed by the occasional spark that fizzled out from the appendage, and the eyes that settled on the doros were colder than the desert night. Rauda saw his partner shrink under that gaze and put out a hand to steady him. “What happened to Rey when the scavengers took her? Like, what did they do to her?”

Thick lips curled into a smile that made Rauda shiver.

“More importantly,” Rauda said, drawing the creature's attention, “how did she get away?”

The smile grew wider and, somehow, worse.

↘ ↙ Y

The first scavengers to pounce on my girl's cum rag body were the Teedo. Smaller creatures, they were used to working in a group – they could set up a guarding circle around her while the leader claimed her things and the portion she had earned and now lost. On Jakku, what cannot be held will be claimed by those strong enough to hold it.

I did not watch what happened at the time, relying on security droids to record what might happen. I possess the footage if you would like to see it – the way they dismantled her staff, the way they took her clothing and her bags, the way the leader walked over to her and nudged her cheek with his boot.

My girl shivered, a ripple moving from her cheek and through her body, down to her naked toes.

Beyond that, she did nothing.

“**↘KOM EM7**,” the lead Teedo commanded, meaning 'take her.'

To my thinking, he meant for the others to drag her naked body to his luggebeast, but there are different ways to interpret the word '**↘KOM**'. His people clearly thought that he wanted them to rape her, so they did.

She was still only semi-conscious from my abuse of her, barely aware of the world around her. She was utterly incapable of defending herself from the first few cocks that slide into the gaping hole I'd made of her cunt, less able to keep the cocks that silenced her screams from pushing down her throat. She twitched and flailed, spit roasted between small thrusting bodies, the Teedo moving through her in tandems, she less and less able to keep them out of her.

I do not know how aware of her world she was when this happened. I only know that, at some point, one of her hands drifted to her cunt and her fingers sought out her clit, perhaps trying to provide herself some small pleasure as she was 'taken' two at a time until the day's warmth had left the desert and the only warmth she had was from the steaming stinking sticky Teedo cum blanketing her.

The leader let his people have their fun with my girl, and why not? They had the portion they had claimed from her and their own day's work to subsist on. They could take the time to enjoy their new toy.

When the leader called them off her my girl was unresponsive, lying limp in the sand. They bound her wrists in front of her with slim cable, pulling it tight to keep her from escaping. Her ankles were similarly bound with a little more slack, enough for her to shuffle along with them if they so desired it, should she be capable of anything.

Right then, my sweetheart was not capable of anything.

They dragged her across the sands and pushed her limp naked body over the cool metal armor of the luggebeast, her arms and legs dangling down from either side. It was a little over an hour from my little shop to the wrecked smuggling ship the Teedo called home. Every step of the luggebeast pressed into Rey's belly, driving the air from her lungs, and the lead Teedo played with her cunt and slapped her ass the whole way. Her whimpering moans were drowned out by the excited chatter of the Teedo as they slapped the face of their new toy.

I knew the home of every smuggler on Jakku. I had taken pains to place cameras in every home, every hidden outpost, every place where rebellion might fester. I will do the same on Tattooine. But there, there I could watch as the Teedo brought my girl into their home and pulled her off the luggebeast. I could watch as they reined the luggebeast in for the night and fed the creature, soothing it to sleep.

For Rey, they prepared a simple storage shelf, lockable from the outside. They took her to their cleaning station and pulled her up by the wrists, up and up until her toes dangled off the floor. Then they warmed up their machines and sandblasted the cum off her, the pressure finally bringing some semblance of consciousness to her.

I can show you the holofeed. She was so weak, barely aware of her surroundings. She could barely lift her legs, barely lift her head, but she still tried to move away when the lead Teedo came and rested a hand on her hip, letting his fingers tickle their way to her cunt. You can see her eyes close and her lips part, hear her whimper as his fingers find her bruised cunt lips.

"Let me go," Rey whispered.

"**〇ΞΚ↓**" the lead Teedo said, which meant 'what'.

"Let me go," she said, her voice a hair stronger, but her her tone is a whine. The Teedo was already slapping her legs apart, and a twitch of his head caused the others to release Rey from the mechanism holding her upright. Caught off guard and already hurt, her legs failed to hold her weight aloft and she fell in a heap, ass up in the air.

The Teedo leader stepped on her cheek, grinding the ball of his foot into her face as she whimpered. Her strong arms had fallen underneath her and her wrists were still bound. She could do nothing to stop the Teedo from abusing her.

"**〇VI ƎΔΩΛΛ7 VΔΩ, 〇VI ʼι-Κ1C VΔΩ,**" Teedo said, which meant *we found you, we claim you*, a common refrain of slavers on Jakku. She struggled to get herself from under his boot but failed, sobbing as she accepted her place.

It was only when she stopped fighting that he removed his boot from her face and let it rest beside her lips.

"You're going to regret this," Rey promised, her breath brushing his boot.

"**7ΔΩΞ↓ƎΛΩ,**" Teedo said, which meant 'doubtful'. "**ʼΛΔ〇, 〇1-1-1 ΛV ƎΔΔ↓.**"

"I'm not going to kiss your foot."



forcing a claimed slave to ride the leader's cock while the others forced her to ride him by fucking her other hole. She began weeping as another Teedo stepped up and filled her, thrusting into her with more vigor than the one that had left her, forcing her to ride the leader with more vigor than she would have thought herself capable of.

The second was replaced by a third. A fourth. A fifth.

Some of them tired of her moans and her sobs and silenced her with their cocks, hammering her from either end. It took some time, but you can see the moment she starts fucking the leader out of sheer despewration, her hips slamming down on his manhood, see the moment that he fills her with his seed.

He sighed as the other Teedo abandoned the two of them, he stroking her hair and letting her sob soft into his shoulder. He was softening inside her, enjoying the sensation while she continued to cry.

“VΔΛ ΔVΓV ΔI·KYVΔΔVΓ ΔKΔVΓIKΔ,” the leader said, meaning 'you were scavenged material'. He pulled her close, cupping her ass, stroking her like a pet. “KΔΓ 1 EKYV I·IKΔVΓ VΔΔ.”





## EPISODE 6: A TALE OF JAKKU, PART 4

“OMI ƎΔLQΛ7 ΛMIO ↓ΔV ƎΔ7 VΔLQ, L717J,” Teedo told her,, tossing her the junk he and his people had found. His words meant 'we have found new toys for you, girl.' The Teedo were not my favorite scavengers, more about quantity than quality, and I knew it had always bothered them that Rey alone earned as much a portion as they did together. “ΛKOMI ↓EMΛ QΔ7Q.”

*Make them work.*

She scowled and said nothing, collecting the discarded technology they had gathered and cleaning it as best she could.

Their irritation was obvious in the way they kept her undressed and how they treated her: my sweetheart wore rags around her hips that barely covered anything. The bottom curve of her ass was constant displayed and she hated it, blushing furious whenever any of them grabbed her. They did frequently, molesting her as they willed, shoving her head down and fucking her in whichever hole she hated more.

Her chest was likewise covered by a scant rag tied under her arms, doing nothing to cover the bottom of her breasts and providing no protection from their wandering hands. They groped her as they liked and there was little she could so about it, not then. As she cleaned one of them wandered closer to her and started playing her with flesh, enjoying the mewling sounds she made, the shake of her hands, the ache of her.

She might have fought back if she were able. Her last little bits of clothing kept her from doing so. A heavy chain belt was fixed at the top of her hips, and through it ran a smaller chain that connected to manacles on her wrists. The chain gave her enough slack to almost extend one of her arms from her torso, but they could pull it tight with little difficulty and lock both her wrists to her hips.

Her ankles had a similar set of metal bindings, two circlets with a small chain that didn't quite give her the full confident stride she had developed under my care. This, too, could be pulled tight to lock her ankles together, with the slack an easy connect to her waist.

Lastly, a simple collar rested around her throat, the chain leash letting her wander from the leader's bed to almost anywhere inside their little home, but able to be shorted at a whim. They had her cook, had her clean, had them sort their findings, and used her as they wanted. They beat her when she disobeyed and let her rest when she was a good girl.

They thought she was helpless and tamed.

My girl was so much more than they could have hoped to handle.

I know for the first week she expected me to come for her. I could see it in the way she would look at the entrance to the derelict ship, the way she would look around and whisper my name. I could see it in the look she gave the entrance whenever she heard someone enter and in the way her face fell whenever she saw it was Teedo and his people returning from their day's adventures while she slaved away for them.

Not that they left her unsupervised. There were Teedo who stayed behind to do the cooking and cleaning, but they quickly gave all their tasks to the girl they had captured. They would spank her

for not working to their standards, or spank her whenever the urge overtook them, but she learned she was abused less when she worked her hardest. Between her daily chores, they taught her to dance like a Huttese slave whore, shaking her hips and presenting her breasts, and they laughed and coddled her when she did while and birched her with stiff wire to correct her form.

My sweetheart had always been graceful. She took to these lessons quickly, still expecting me to come and save her. I could see over those first weeks that hope die, and she gave into despair, becoming their slave in truth for a time: doing her work, dancing for their entertainment, ending every night explaining to her captors what the technology they found actually did before a lengthy rape where the whole colony drilled her into unconsciousness. Then, they'd drag her limp body to the foot of the bed and pull her wrists together, fasted her bound ankles to her belt, and leave her to wait for her new life to continue.

She crawled out of her despair after the first month of this treatment to try and save herself.

Her efforts were predictably clumsy:

The first time they caught her slipping out of the collar and shuffling across the sands. She barely made it out of the wreck's shadow before she was spotted, and the Teedo left behind walked after her with their stiff wires. She panicked and screamed as if anyone would care about her suffering, and they whipped her shins and her calves until she fell over.

“**◻◻◻◻◻ ◻◻◻ ◻◻◻ ◻◻◻◻◻**” one of them asked, meaning *where are you going*.

“Home,” she whimpered, and they all laughed at her.

“**◻◻ ◻◻◻◻◻, ◻◻◻◻**,” one of them told her, meaning *go home, then*. I believe she dreamed of the home that had already been stripped of every little thing she had thought was hers, but she would deal with that trauma later. She crawled back while they whipped her ass and back until she was back inside their broken ship.

As she lay on the ground, panting, her ass and back covered in purpling welts and slim red lines, they fastened the collar back around her neck and kicked her.

“**◻◻◻◻ ◻◻◻◻◻ ◻◻ ◻◻◻◻◻, ◻◻◻◻**,” the one that had caught her said, meaning *get back to work, slave*.

She did.

My sweetheart was clever enough to wait until she had healed some before going again. This time, she made it just a little further, but they caught her and pulled her chains tight, binding her hands between her hips and her ankles tight to one another, then left her soft skin out in the cruel sun for the day.

When Teedo and the others came back, they were brought to where Rey was red and sweating, cooked from the inside out.

“Let me go,” she begged. The assembled Teedo laughed at her.

“**◻◻◻◻◻ ◻◻ ◻◻◻ ◻◻◻◻◻ ◻◻◻◻◻ ◻◻◻◻**” the leader asked her, meaning *where do you want to go*.

“Home,” she whimpered.

They laughed at her.

She was made to crawl back to the ship, being beaten with the thin stiff wire the whole while. It took her the better part of an hour to do it, nudging herself forward, her legs useless, her hands

unable to do anything as the cord bit into the back of her thighs and calves, bounced off her supple ass, curled into her soft soles. She was weeping by the time she got back to the wreckage, but Teedo pushed her head into the sand as she squealed and shook and told her

“**᠑ᠮᠢᠯ ᠵᠠ ᠑ᠮᠢ ᠬᠠᠵᠠᠳᠤᠮᠢᠴ ᠑ᠬᠢᠨᠢᠴ ᠑ᠳᠠᠮᠢ**,” meaning *beg to be allowed back home*.

“Please,” she sobbed, “I just want to go back home.”

“**ᠶᠢ ᠴᠠᠳᠠᠵᠤ ᠑ᠮᠢᠨᠢᠮᠢᠮᠢ ᠮᠠᠯᠤ**,” he said, and they dragged her back out to where they had first caught her.

They continued to beat her and it took her a little longer to shuffle back, her breasts and belly marked by the thick sands and the whole of her back a drawing of pain. She was shaking, vibrating, her skin steaming from heat and agony. She cried and tried to curl in on herself but they kept beating her, kept forcing her forward, and when she finally got there Teedo again pushed her head into the sand.

“Please,” she cried without prompting, “Please, I want go home with you. I belong to you. Please, please, I just want to go home, I'll never run away again, please...”

Even I believed her.

They took her inside and made her identify the things they found. They made her serve them food and then fucked her senseless before tying her to the side of the leader's bed, like a pet. They cleaned her wounds and kicked her away the next day, made her slave away for them, and when she hissed in pain from the beating they'd given her she told them it was her fault and she bowed her head and accepted their words and their abuse.

It started some months after she healed: while sucking on Teedo's cock, she asked if she could help them make a greater portion. The leader slapped her and asked her if she was asking to leave home and she shook her head, begged no, kissed his feet.

“No, no, I am home, I want to be here,” she said, her tongue and lips on his feet, working their way up his calf. When her head was between his thighs and she was kneeling, looking up at him, she continued. “I can help you find better pieces of technology, the sort of thing the Blobfish gives greater portions for... if you want me to.”

“**ᠬᠤᠲᠢ ᠮᠠᠯᠤ ᠨᠬᠤᠮᠢᠨᠠᠳ ᠮᠠᠯᠤᠴᠤᠮᠢ ᠨᠠᠵᠤᠴᠤᠳᠤᠮᠢᠴ ᠵᠢᠬᠤᠨ ᠤᠨᠢ**” he asked, hands in her hair, meaning *are you saying you're smarter than us*.

“No, no, but I used to... I used to... cheat,” she said, her eyes wide, and I loved the look in her eyes as she debased herself before this idiot and his kin. “I can show you how.”

“**ᠨ᠑ᠠᠳᠠ ᠵᠢᠮᠢ**,” he allowed her.

She asked for a writing implement and they gave her one – she started sketching the sort of things that she would look for, the engines and computers that allowed starships to function. They started looking for interpositive transponders and bournelli convergenator and the other pieces of technology that my sweetheart knew I favored. For her knowledge and their efforts, they earned more portions, and they even started giving her more than scraps. They made her work and entertain them still, but they would treat her better – letting her clean herself, letting her sleep unbound, becoming more lax in her captivity. She didn't try to escape and she obeyed them all without questions, even fucking them back whenever they raped her. She slept in Teedo's bed now, nestled in his arms, suckling his cock to awakesness in the morning before he and his people ventured off to find the treasures she had identified.

Raping a willing girl was so much more enjoyable for them that they didn't even notice when she failed to put all her tools away, or when she left projects for the morning. She started putting together broken pieces of technology, making them work, earning the Teedo ever more portions. With her knowledge and their numbers they were becoming wealthy. They thought she was content, but she never fooled me.

They stopped questioning the sorts of treasures she sent them to find, drunk on the riches her knowledge earned them and the way she let them penetrate her, use her until they were satisfied whenever they wanted, the way she hungrily helped them abuse her. They never wondered about why she wanted a 68-vender-6 from a TIE shuttle or a Stickels' Burn from a crawler; it was likely they did not know what those things did, or why they might be valuable, or why my girl might want them.

She fucked them with such gusto when they found both that I wondered if she truly had come to enjoy their affection.

The moons were high when she did it – a delayed pulse from the 68-vender-6 woke the Teedo up by re-activating the wreckage's systems, causing the ship to go haywire and the alarms to sound. In the chaos, a second delayed pulse from the Stickels' Burn overloaded the systems and caused them to spark into flame, setting the Teedo's things on fire.

No one noticed when she snapped the leader's neck with her chains. No one was paying attention when she grabbed the arc cutter she'd left out to cut herself free of her chains. The few that noticed her walking out and got in her way found that the arc cutter could burn through flesh as easily as steel. She'd set aside some bits of tech for herself and a bag to put them in and got out while her former captors were panicking, leaderless, their riches burning away to nothing.

In the morning, she stood naked in front of my stand, the collar and chains gone, covered in ashes and blood. She presented the small bag to me and I took it, considered what she had to offer.

“One quarter portion,” I told her her, and she nodded, accepting her portion without question.

She has learned.

A quarter portion was enough to get her clothing, some food, base tools along with her new arc cutter. She would hitch a ride with some of the poorer crews to some of the outer wrecks and rebuild her life, or what passed for it. She struggled to make new weapons and find a new home, and the Teedo tried and failed to recapture her sometimes, but she set traps and places to hide and her life continued as it had before.

But never again would she question my authority.

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“She let some of them live?” Belto asked, surprised.

“It wasn't about revenge, kid,” Rauda said, standing and shaking his head. “It was about sending a message.”

“You have learned,” Unkarr said, showing her teeth, and the zabrak shivered and nodded. He would not forget the lesson in the story, and he doubted Rey ever did, either.

## EPISODE 7: TIE AND BIND

"This is pretty decent quality water, about ninety proof." The toydarian, Zevvy by name, chortled as he looked over Rey's haul. He was smiling in a way she did not trust, his wide eyes shining as prepared to transfer credits to her account.

"You should check your quality read again," Rey said. She resisted the urge to use the Force; Zevvy's people were famously immune to Jedi mind tricks, a trait that made them ideal frontline salesmen even if there were so few Force users left. Still, he grumbled and nodded, banging the small device against his hands, then did as she asked.

"This reader has been buggy for days," Zevvy confessed without apologizing. He offered her a friendly grin, or, at least, showed her his teeth. "A techie was supposed to come by and fix it, but I think he got killed in a Mos Eisley bar brawl."

"Poor techie," Rey offered.

"Poor clients, more like," Zevvy chuckled. He looked around, Rey thought, to make sure that no one else had heard him admit that his equipment might be faulty. "No one ever thinks of the merchants. Techies are common enough."

"You should get an astromech."

"What, am I made of credits?"

"Do you want me to take a look at it?" Rey asked, lightly kicking her moisture barrel as evidence. It rung but held. "I'm pretty good with machines."

"I can't pay you what I would have paid him unless you're certified," Zevvy said, hovering in place and staring at her, moving from toe to head. "You don't look certified. Are you certified?"

"I used to scavenge on Jakku," Rey explained.

"Alright, alright, I'll give you thirty if you can get it working consistently," Zevvy shrugged, handing her the device. Rey wasn't sure if he meant thirty additional credits or thirty percent, but the device was in her hands and, either way, it was more than she would have otherwise gotten. "You look like you could use the extra credits for make-up and maybe a haircut."

"What's wrong with my hair?"

"Nothing."

He flew off, grabbing another device and moving to the next moisture farmer in line. Rey sighed and pulled out some small tools she always kept on her, sitting down on a bench and tinkering – it was a simple enough fix, the sort of thing she could have done blindfolded on Jakku. The triple-phase conductor was out of alignment, a simple reset that was more time-consuming than dangerous.

She'd tested her collected water before bringing it here and knew it was ninety-five percent pure, so she used her water as a measuring post to make sure the device was working. When she got it to chirp the quality she expected consistently, she settled in to wait for the toydarian to come back and pay her.

Rey loved life off of Jakku. She liked the relative freedom, and she even liked the simplicity of moisture farming, but she was happiest with a machine in her hands that needed fixing.



Skywalker Ranch was ideal for her; the machines there had been left to gather sand for decades, and the weeks spent getting everything running was among the happiest she had known.

Instincts honed on Jakku, though, told her someone was watching her.

She turned and looked – a thin yellow-skinned twi'lek, thin muscle under slim malnourishment, clothes sandy and a little out-of-date but otherwise of decent quality. He was shuffling his feet by his own moisture barrels, looking nervous.

Rey wondered if he was part of the group that had attacked her a few weeks ago.

“Can I help you?” Rey said, feeling her muscles tense and watching him shrink back. Even without the Force, she thought, she could have snapped him like a twig. She let a little venom spill into her voice, a trick she'd learned from Leia – say one thing while meaning another.

“Um,” he squeaked, shuffling a little bit away from her, dropping his eyes and his hands. She could feel his terror – had he suffered abuse from somewhere?

“Sorry, is there something that you need?” Rey sighed, standing. She was taller than him, and he moved a little bit away as she stood and approached. “Are you lost?”

“No, that is- no,” the twi'lek steeled himself, raised his head and offered his hand. It was delightfully awkward and reminded her, slightly, of Finn. “Hi, my name is Jothed. I, uh, I just purchased the old Greytripper Ranch?”

“Is that a question?” Rey asked, feeling a sense of amusement. This poor wretch deserved pity more than suspicion, but Greytripper was close by – maybe two or three ranches over from Skywalker.

“No, no, I definitely bought it,” said Jothed, pulling at one of his lekku. “I'm just, uh, having trouble getting everything working and you seem to know your way around machines, so... um, I was wondering if you can help me?”

She looked at his barrel and moved the device she'd fixed into the proper slot. It told her his water was only sixty-proof, barely good enough for cleaning scrap. She frowned at the reading, checked it again, then looked at the pathetic rancher in front of her.

“I know, right?” he said. “Can you help me?”

“I can, but I'm going to want a cut of your initial profits as payment,” Rey said, thinking to what Zevvy had offered earlier. “Say, thirty percent of your first quarter after the fix?”

“Are you sure you're worth that?”

“If you'd rather go it alone...”

“No, no, deal,” Jothed scrambled, offering his hand again. She did not take it, and, after a moment, he lowered it and shuffled in place, offering a quiet, “Thank you.”



“And that is how you bait a trap,” Unkarr said, looking at the monitor. Belto was staring but Rauda held back, arms over his chest. “Not with threat, but with favor.”

Greytripper Ranch had seen better days.

When Rey had come to claim Skywalker Ranch it had suffered mostly from neglect – rough coarse sand had gotten everywhere and needed to be cleared out, machines re-calibrated, collectors cleaned out and cycled. The machines had clearly been cared for up until a certain point, though, which was more than she could say about the ones here.

Everything seemed of decent quality but had been left to rot; several panels were fully rusted through and would have to be replaced, and the piping had suffered some pretty serious corrosion. She could fix it, but looking at Jothed made her think that he didn't have the credits to finance any of what needed to be done.

She sighed – she could afford to repair and get this operational, but it would be an investment on her part.

“Can you fix it?” he asked.

“Yes, but I'm going to need you to pay me back for my time and part replacements,” she said. He nodded.

His place seemed clean enough, and he had some food he'd left chilling for two that they ate. She kept looking at the scars along his arms and chest, the ones that circled back around his torso. He asked questions while they ate and she suspected he only understood about half the answers.

“Is there anything you want to know?” he asked. “You've been, uh, answering my questions all day, so, um.”

“How'd you get those scars?” Rey asked. It was a common enough question on Jakku and even in the Resistance, people eager to tell of their adventures to pass the time.

“I was part of the Resistance,” Jothed said, surprising her. “We fought against the First Order when they tried to conquer Ryloth. Do you know it?”

“No,” Rey lied. She was trying to keep a low profile.

“Ryloth is my homeworld,” Jothed said, grinning, leaning forward. “I mean, my people's homeworld. The Twi'leks.”

“Were you a hero?” Rey asked, knowing the answer – if he'd done anything of import she'd know about it.

“I served,” Jothed shrugged. He looked around. “I did, uh, smuggle and support mostly. I'm not much of a fighter. I tried, but, well...” He looked at his scars and shivered a little in a way Rey recognized, memories gone sour and leaking into the present.

“You did what you could.”

“I just, you know, I needed someplace quiet after all the fighting.”

She knew exactly what he meant.

"He was a resistance fighter?" Belto asked. He sounded surprised.

"No." Rauda could not keep the scorn from his voice. "I worked a few jobs with him. He was my junior before you came along and he did that to himself. Utterly useless."

"Not entirely," Sarja offered. She was sitting in Rauda's lap, her naked ass pressed against an erection caused equally by fear and lust. "I liked hearing him scream."

"Apparent uselessness can be a weapon," Unkarr grumbled.



It took a quarter to get the Greytripper Ranch up and running properly. There was so much work to be done, but Rey kept track of every purchase and all her hours spent making sure it all worked. Jothed always had a meal and agreed to pay her back every step of the way.

They set up an automated security perimeter together to keep out Womp Rats and Tusken Raiders, even purchased a cheap astromech to handle most of the day-to-day mechanical operations on Jothed's behalf. Rey jury-rigged the security perimeter to shock the astromech if it ever left the Ranch, and to shock anyone that was touching it at the time.

"Why?" Jothed asked.

"In case some Jawas try to run off with it," Rey answered.

He asked her if she'd done something similar at her ranch.

"No need," she said, and he left it at that. He'd come to respect her opinion, she felt, deferring to her expertise in a way she quite enjoyed. It was nice to be recognized for her skills.

He, by contrast, came across as mostly helpless – he could cook and clean, but was otherwise useless. It was kind of nice to spend time around someone she could worry for without having to worry about.

When it came time to give her his first payment, though, he offered her too much.

"I think you're giving me too much," Rey said, gentle. He looked at her, puzzled.

"No, that's the going rate." He showed his numbers. "Can I see yours?"

She nodded, handing him the receipts that Zevvy had given her.

"You should be making more than this," Jothed said, glancing up at her, comparing the amounts they were making. "Do you want me to talk to Zevvy for you?"

"I can do it," Rey said.

"Can I watch?" Jothed asked.

Rey shrugged, unable to see the harm.



Rauda could not help but enjoy the way Sarja choked on Unkarr's low rumbling laugh.

## EPISODE 8: SHADY KNOWLEDGE

The twin suns were high and looming when Rey stalked into the moisture merchant's warehouse, long shadows trailing after her. She was sweat-slick and fuming, the shade of the warehouse only building on her anger. She did not want to be here – being here, arguing like this, it all reminded her of Jakku.

*I should have accepted my portion.*

She remembered the words leaving her mouth and they filled her with fury.

*I should have accepted my portion.*

She had fought and destroyed evil incarnate and those words echoed through her soul and reminded her how weak she had been, how weak she would always be, her hand seeking the comforting chilled metal of her lightsaber and

“Mechanic slash farmer!” Zevvy flew over, tiny bulbous body swaggering in the air, the smile that had once been so friendly now looking predatory. She tried to look into his mind with the Force and failed, remembering his people could not be touched. “Do you have moisture so quickly? I think not, eh? I do not have anything for you to fix.”

“Aside from your prices,” Rey seethed, stepping closer to him. He fluttered back, his eyes going wide as he finally understood that this was not a social call.

“What you say?” the tiny toydarian managed to get out before Rey Force-lifted a bench and flung it at him, pressing it in, pinning him to a wall. She stalked over to him, fury building with every step, remembered shame a thrill between her legs.

She was overcoming a nightmare that had sat in her for a lifetime.

“You've been cheating me.”

“No, no, is fair pay.”

“Rey-,” Jothed said. She'd forgotten the twi'lek was there, and she shoved a couple of fingers in his direction.

“Then why is he making more for the same amount and quality of moisture?” Rey demanded.

“Wait, wait, I can explain,” Zevvy was begging now, the bench leaving indents in his skin, and Rey knew she could crush him in an instant. Jothed was behind her, hand on her shoulder, and she didn't know what to think about that. She was a mire of confusion and Jothed was whispering low in her ear, his hand drifting down her back, soothing, soothing... <cowering>

“Rey...” Jothed's voice was a warning. Through her anger she sensed two approaching guards, drawn by the commotion. “You're scaring people, Rey, you need to get your emotions under control...” He told her to breath and she did, in and out, in and out, the bench falling onto sand, Zevvy fluttering gracelessly around them. Jothed was saying something to him, fixing her mistake as the guards closed in.

“Is there a problem here?” the first guard asked, an older and weathered zebrak.

“No, no problems,” Zevvy sputtered. “Just a misunderstanding.”

“I have a-” Rey began, but Jothed's hand was on her back and her shoulder and he squeezed and

she felt ashamed somehow, lowering her voice, lowering her gaze, shuffling in place as she seethed, "Sorry. No problems."

The guards wandered away, both of them looking over their shoulders before leaving her line of sight. Something in the zabrak's eyes made her shudder; she remembered the old tale of the Sith, Maul, another echo of a childhood legend.

She tried to dismiss it, tried to settle herself, leaning heavy into Jothed's touch. She couldn't quite manage a smile, but she felt herself calming down – his touch never felt like a threat, the way everything

*I should have accepted my portion.*

else did.

"Sorry she was being so unreasonable," Jothed said, and Rey felt herself bristling, but then, "but how are the prices you're paying her fair, exactly? I know our moisture is of similar quantity and quality." The toydarian drifted to a crate and settled, letting his bruised wings rest.

"You," Zevvy said, point at Rey, "you do not pay the syndicates protection and you scare them off, so they come to me. They threaten to cut off my wings unless I pay your protection."

"So fight them off," Rey grumbled. Jothed squeezed her arm.

"Do I look like I fight?" Zevvy glared at her, one of his wings stretching painfully. "I pay my protection money so I don't have to. And now I pay your protection so you don't have to. I charge you, I keep my wings, you don't do whatever it is you do to them."

"Then hire some guards," Rey said. The last bit of her thought rose high, Jothed's fingers massaging the base of her spine, traveling up to soothe muscles, cresting at her neck. She bowed her head, accepting his comfort and the toydarian's excuses.

"From where? From who? At what cost? Do I look like I am made of credits?"

"Then tell me who they are and I'll deal with it."

"Even if you do, more people will show up," Zevvy grimaced. "And they'll be worse, at least at first."

"Why?" Rey asked, and it occurred to her that she had been a figurehead, never a leader, the way the other two were looking at one another letting her know what she was swimming out of her depth.

"To establish themselves," Jothed explained.

"Yes, yes, that," Zevvy agreed. "They'll kill some people to put everyone else in their place, make some examples."

"People will die," Jothed nodded, pressing on her nape. She gasped a little and tried to shrug him off, embarrassed to be handled like this in front of the toydarian. Jothed's hand left her flesh and she turned to look at him, saw the hurt on his face. He was trying to help her; she would have to make it up to him. "And you'll still end up paying eventually."

"What if I take out the new people?" Rey asked, sounding like a child, even to herself.

"More will come," Zevvy said. "More will always come. It is the way this works, the way it always works. Everyone pays someone, and when there's no one to pay someone will come and make sure they are respected."

"Can you give us a minute?" Jothed asked Zevvy, and the toydarian motioned to his wings. Rey felt Jothed's fingers entwine her own and pull her away and she realized that the damage she'd caused meant that they would be the ones to walk away from him.

In her mind, she could not help picturing herself as a petulant and naive child being led away by a patient adult.



"What?" Rey asked, when they were alone. He recoiled like she'd hit him and she found herself apologizing, shuffling in place as he came closer, hands on her shoulder, worrying the kinks in her back, soothing, always soothing...

"I was a smuggler," he whispered. "I know how this works. If you like, I can find the right people, talk with them and set a deal."

"I do not get this. Back on Jakku-"

"This isn't Jakku," Jothed soothed, fingers dipping over her shoulderblades. She gasped a little, breath shakey, fingertips circling the border of her breasts before circling up and away, back to her shoulders, back further. "And it's okay. What would a warrior or scavenger or whatever know about this kind of stuff?"

*What does that mean?*

"What does that mean?" asked Rey, feeling defensive.

"It's okay," he said, his hands leaving her. She leaned back, trying to find them, to find him, but he'd stepped back from her and was holding up his hands. "It's like how I couldn't figure out the tech at my farm and you could. This is a skill I have. Let me help."

*Let me help.*

*I should have accepted my portion.*

She felt like she was drowning in a miasma of memory and emotion and want, the touch of him still lingering on her skin. He hadn't even touched her, not really, his fingers always on fabric, but she still felt like a kid when she whispered

"... okay."



Rey didn't know how the meeting was set up. She didn't even know who the meeting was with. Jothed took care of everything in the span of a few nights, leaving her side and coming back against with his small touches. He told her that a representative would come out to speak with them on behalf of the local daimyo, who she would likely never meet.

They went through their routines and Rey felt herself sliding into easy familiarity when she spotted a landspeeder heading in their direction – a modified X-36, an upgrade to the classic model that had been used on this planet for more than forty years.

The woman that climbed out was dressed in a lacy bit of nothing – a long green skirt with a slim gold bands that connected to one another around her waist, more deep green fabric cupping her chest and held in place with wire and gold. There were decorative bangles on her arms and a collar around her wrist, and she stepped out of the X-36 with a graceful, predatory confidence that made Rey nervous.

Her lips parted to show gleaming teeth, her hair streaked brown and gold, her eyes flashing. She was utterly unconcerned with the amount of skin she was showing, and she sauntered towards them as if she owned the ranch and they were her guests.

“Hello,” the glave girl said, and Rey wondered why they would send a slave, was about to comment when she felt Jothed's fingers on the small of her back, quieting her. “My name is Sarja Cemm. I'm here on behalf of Daimyo Orey.”

“Thank you for coming,” Jothed said, stepping in front of her. “I'm Jothed, and this is Rey.”

“Rey Skywalker,” Rey said, putting emphasis on her chosen last name. The woman looked at her quizzically, as if dealing with a precocious teenager, and she could see the moment that the woman wrote her off as unimportant.

“I assume you're the adult here? I'm told you would rather deal with us directly than have us skimming off your profits,” Sarja said. She led them down into Rey's home, took a seat at the table and unshouldered a bag Rey hadn't noticed while staring at the slave's legs, her midriff, her “I'm here to let you know that that's fair. Let's see if we can come to some kind of accord.”

“I'm sure we can,” Jothed said, taking the seat closest to Sarja. “We're reasonable, right, Rey?”

“... right,” Rey fell into the seat beside Jothed, furthest from Sarja. It felt like she was being cut out, but Jothed's hand found hers, rested on her thigh. He was her friend. She could trust him here.

*Let me help.*

*I should have accepted my portion.*

Their conversation was beyond her understanding. She knew machines and knew their value, but this was a conversation about net and gross profits, margins, relative value and worth, transport and protection fees – logistics she had never had to think about and could not know comprehend. The two of them clearly understood it all and were enjoying themselves, but Rey felt bored, started looking around the room, fidgeting, wishing she had something to do.

Sarja was playing with her hair, leaning closer to Jothed, showing off the firm curve of her chest. Her confidence and her exposed flesh was something utterly unfamiliar to Rey, as alien as the language they were speaking and the contract they were building. They were setting terms now, she thought.

She caught a snippet about tying the finances of their ranches together.

“Is that necessary?” Rey asked.

“I'm taking a pay cut to help you out,” Jothed said, squeezing her hand. “It's like what you did for me, and it's the least I can do to help you out after all you've done for me. If you're okay with it I can speed some things up, but I'll need access to your accounts.”

She looked at him, the frailty of him. She could crush him with her mind.

She nodded, trusting him, granting him access.

They immediately lost her as they went back to talking percentages, quality, scale, reparations.

“What reparations?” Rey asked.

“For our men,” Sarja said, teeth gleaming. “You killed a bunch, and this isn't like the Death Star, this isn't an inside job perpetuated by the Emperor to garner sympathy.”

Rey stared at her.

*What?*

“What?”

“Shhhh,” Jothed soothed, his hand moving up her thigh. “We're nearly done.”

And she was ignored again, the two of them talking. Jothed laughed at something she said, some joke only the two of them understood. The only time either of them spoke to her was when they needed to sign something or they needed access to a file or account. She felt a little nervous but Jothed smiled at her and held her hand and she did what she was told.

Eventually, Sarja smiled and stood, collecting her things. The curve of her hip and angle of her skirt showed Rey that she wore nothing underneath, her bottom shaved clean and bare.

“Thank you for your time. This has been delightful,” Sarja said, then caught Rey looking where she shouldn't. “Would you like a taste? It's a little extra if you're not a member, but I promise I'm worth it.”

“What?” Rey blinked.

This was another area where she lacked expertise – despite the horrors of Jakku and the times power had been forced on her, she'd never had the sort of healthy relationship that Finn and Poe did. The closest she had was her doomed quasi-romance with Kylo and that had been terrible, the pull between them written to failure. She'd indulged herself a few times, trying to find comfort in the wake of trauma, but this-

“I think that will be all,” Jothed said, protective.

“Too bad,” Sarja said. She sighed, shook Jothed's hand, stepped closer and touched Rey's cheek. “You look like a real sweet heart.”

*Excuse me?*

Rey felt as if she had been slapped.

Sarja smiled and patted her cheek, gentle, then sauntered away, saying that she would see herself out. Rey stood still and shook, trying to figure out why she was feeling the way she did, but then Jothed's hand was on her hip and he was sliding close behind her.

“There,” Jothed whispered, sweet breath on her neck. “Should we celebrate?”

Rey wasn't sure what he meant, turned around to tell him that and then his lips were pressing against hers, his hand was under her scarf and exploring what lay beneath, and it wasn't like she didn't want this, not like she was protesting, not like she didn't know Jothed and owe him for what he'd done.

She closed her eyes and let him guide her down onto the table.



## **EPISODE 9: BOUNTY AND BANDIT**

“Look, it's easy,” Jothed said. She felt her cheeks flush – he'd been trying to explain this to her for days now, for weeks now, but it never made sense to her. Finances and markets and things like that were not Rey's world and never would be. Hers was the world of machines, exploration, knowing how much a thing should be worth.

Throwing that value into a market, though, changed it into a never-ending nightmare that she got inevitably lost in.

She was nestled in his lap, one of his arms wrapped around her while he looked over reports that she thought she understood until he explained them in greater detail. Every time she thought she might be getting somewhere he introduced new concepts that left her utterly baffled and more than one night ended with her screaming in frustration and going to do some maintenance work somewhere instead.

Maintenance work she could do, even if he looked down on her for doing it. He'd whisper that she could get this if she only applied herself and really tried, that he knew how smart she was probably more than she did.

All she knew was that she didn't understand markets and she was lucky to have met someone that did.

They were almost never apart now: he was with her at both ranches, instructing her when she wasn't working on projects. She found herself lingering on machines that she could have finished quickly just to get a few more minutes away, but he was always with her and he knew how quicky she could work, asked her if she needed help with things she could do so easily and then she was showing him she could and he'd smile at her and it would be time for another lesson.

She was reluctant the first time he'd spent the night with her but he'd been trying to teach her and it was late and there were reports of Tusken's so he stayed the night and she hadn't had time to set up a guest room and he'd done so much for her and he was in her bed beside her and...

Rey was not a virgin. She'd been taken and done some taking on Jakku, had a few dalliances in the Resistance, had even spent more than one night with Finn and his pilot boyfriend. Jothed was gentle with her, a generous lover. She'd cum in his hand or while riding his cock so she had to be enjoying it.

It wasn't like he was forcing himself on her.

It was not as if he could have if had wanted to.

And the way that he would hold her afterwards and look down at her and

“Are you paying attention?” he asked.

She shook her head, bit her lip. He was trying to help her, again, and she just couldn't stay focused on what mattered. She felt shivers up her spine at where her mind had been, looking at the ground, but then his arm was slithering off her back and he said

“Stand up.”

and she did, pulling herself off his lap, hoping he didn't notice the wet between her legs. The thought of that and her eyes flicked towards his crotch and he gave an exasperated sigh and stood

up, a few inches shorter than she was with so much less muscle, but he seemed to loom over her.

"You know I'm trying to help you, right?"

"Yes," whispered Rey. She hated how small her voice sounded.

"So, what can't you listen?"

"Um... my mind is on other things, I guess?"

"Like what?" Jothed asked. His hand was on her hip, finger tracing the hem of her pants, the border where fabric revealed flesh. She didn't like the sound that passed her lips, didn't like the heat in her cheeks, the way she was shaking. Didn't like the way he had noticed as she bit her lip to try and keep silent.

His hand moved up from her hip, dragging her shift a little higher but abandoning it, circling her breast, tracing the pulse on her neck and resting at her chin, forcing her to look at him, look down at him, but why did she suddenly feel so small?

"I see."

He slapped her cheek, just a light tap, then spun her around and pressed her down over the table, her ass jutting out at him, her breasts heavy below her.

"What are you doing?" she asked, trying not to panic.

"Helping you learn," Jothed said, his voice gentle, his hand inside her pantline now, knuckles against her bum. She whimpered and thought about defending herself but he stopped and said, "We can stop if you want."

She said nothing and heard him chuckle, low in his throat. Her hips were circling of their own volition and he noticed, he noticed, slapping the thin fabric that kept her safe.

He was waiting for her to deny him.

She didn't.

"Okay," he said, taking her silence as permission. She wasn't sure it was.

His hands were back in her pants, tracing the line, hooking and pulling down. She could feel the cool night air on her tender flesh, his palm cupping her, and he delighted in showing her how wet she was. Using her scarves, he pulled her strong arms away from her body, tying her down to the table, shoulders and arms pinned until she couldn't move.

When he settled in beside her cheek she whimpered and he smiled, stroking her hair.

"How am I supposed to learn like this?" asked Rey, shivering. He smiled and stood, fingers tracing lines along her spine and to the crack of her ass, squeezing her.

"I'm hoping to motivate you," he teased. One finger traced her outer lips and she moaned, the tight flesh parting, hoping to suckle him in. "I'm going to ask you a question. If you know the answer I'm going to rail you for a bit, and if you don't I'm going to spank you for a bit instead, okay? If you're smart, we'll both get to cum. If you're not..."

"I'm smart!" Rey gasped, pushing back, trying to force him inside her. He laughed again as her words echoed, a bratty tone that made her sound so young, so much less than him, and she could imagine the indulgent smile she'd seen a thousand times before whenever she, as he put it, acted out.

“We’ll see.” He did not sound like he believed her, but she heard him unbuckle his belt and felt something deliciously warm teasing her. “A large increase in moisture farms in a community is most likely to result in...?”

“Lower prices and lower quality,” gasped Rey. He didn’t tell her she was right – instead, he pushed into her, she wet enough to accept him all the way inside her, filling her, his core pressing against her ass. She felt him rolling his hips and she gasped again, a third time, kept gasping as he drilled into her, hand on the small of her back, then her hair, holding her as her voice shook. She was so close to

“The person who buys moisture from farmers and sell it to others is called...?”

“Uh,” Rey moaned. She heard the question. She understood the words. But it was hard to think clearly when he was moving his cock like that, the way it pounded deep inside her, especially when she was so close to

she felt a coldness seep inside her and

*THUK*

his belt cut into her ass, again

*THUK*

and again,

*THUK*

she lost in pleasure and mingling pain

*THUK*

she confused as the belt

*THUK*

made her scream

*THUK*

she could feel welts rising on her ass

*THUK*

*THUK*

she tried to kick out

*THUK THUK THUK*

but her pants were around her knees,

*THUK*

*THUK*

then sliding down around her ankles

*THUK*

and was was screaming

screaming

*screaming*

“Come on, Rey, you know you deserve this,” he said. And she did, she screamed that she did, her ass composed of slim lines of sharp pain than mingled into a miasma of throbbing agony. It was hard to breathe through her sobs and she was begging for another question, begging for a chance to make things right, begging to go back to his cock inside her instead of this

“An interest hike from five percent to eight percent from the daimyos would most likely encourage...?”

“Ah!”

The chance came and she missed it. The belt was moving lower, her failed kicking opening her up, letting the belt slap into her gaping cunt, and she felt her goo slither down her thighs, heard it dribble to the floor in between the beating she suffered.

She needed to gwt away, needed to answer him, needed to reach out and use the Force, but every time she managed to string some semblance of thought together

THUK

her ass would light into fresh hell, shattering her, leaving her writhing and begging, pathetic on the table.

“For most moisture farmers, the largest portion of their personal wealth comes from...? her lover asked, and she knew this, struggled through the haze to gargle out an answer.

“The value assigned by the person buying the moisture!” Rey managed, eventually.

She sudded when he patted her ass, still sobbing as his still-hard cock sheathed back inside her, soothing her, soothing her, her sobs breaking into quiet moans as he patted her ass, laughing when she twitched.

“Good girl,” he said, fucking her, letting her gasp as he pushed inside her, varying the length of his strokes, playing her like a jizz band. The sound of her sopping holes and desperate moans filled the world as she twitched and pulled the scarves holding her in place, trapped between heaven and hell.

“Your net profit has increased but the production of your labor has remained the same, meaning that the production of labor has...”

*What?*

“Wha-?” Rey struggled to listen through the dim realm of pleasure, trying to remember something about questions that she had to answer, questions that were more important than

than

she was empty, wiggling her ass, trying to catch his absent cock, wondering where her lover had gone and

THUK

she was screaming, screaming again, screaming again as the beating continued, a sand storm that sent shockwaves through her, breaking her, and she knew it was all her fault. She was such a stupid girl – she didn't even know what she'd done to deserve this, not in the moment, but she did know she had done something and she was squirming and screaming and begging and he would not relent as she tried to apologize and then he was saying something to her, offering her

salvation

"If the price of domestic moisture doubles and the price of imported water drops, people would most likely buy...?"

"D-duh!"

She knew the answer, she knew she knew the answer, but his belt went low, cresting the line of her ass and tickling her sopping hungry cunt and she squealed like a child. She couldn't think, breath shallow rapid and pained, and as she pulled at her scarves and failed to kick and tried to think he hit her again and every thought other than escape fled before the throbbing warm hell and

*maybe I just am that dumb*

The thought crawled into her mind and settled there and she couldn't think of a reason that it might be wrong. She knew the answer and couldn't think of it – did she want this? Was this what she deserved?

The belt was circling around her inner thigh, circling around and striking her soft core, she crying as her hips twitched and her legs flailed and everything felt heavy and electric and and Rey

"Here's an easy one: given our arrangement, if people stopped buying moisture from Skywalker ranch, who would be most likely to benefit...?" Jothed asked her, the spanking continuing as she struggled to put her mind back together.

"I... I..."

"Wrong."

*THUK*

He'd been worried about damaging his belt, she thought. She sort of remembered him muttering something about that and him coming back with a paddle that he'd found somewhere and that hurt *worse*, a large flat surface slamming into the lines criss-crossing tender hurting flesh.

She was dangling off the table, limp and helpless, accepting her punishment. She lacked the strength to kick, would have slid off the table if her scarves weren't binding her to it. Every sliver of thought was about the *pain* echoing from her ass, the heat shimmering off her reddened skin, and she shivered and sobbed when Jothed lay a gentle hand on her wound.

"Two out of seven questions," he sighed, running a finger down her ass, cupping her cunt. The finger he pressed into her met no resistance and she whimpered, desperate for any pleasure to distract her from the hell that was her life. "I guess you are a stupid girl."

*What?*

"W-what...?"

"You only got two questions right, Rey," Jothed said. She screamed and shook when he slapped her ass, moaned as his fingers found her cunt and pushed inside her, circling, circling... "I made sure they were easy. So, here's a bonus question, let's see if you can get this right – what sort of girl gets five out of seven questions wrong?"

"A stupid girl," whimpered Rey.

"And you got five out of seven questions wrong, so what does that make you?" Jothed asked. His fingers felt so good insides her and she would have done anything to encourage him to keep

going.

"A stupid girl," moaned Rey. She screamed when he spanked her, then sobbed, "I'm a stupid girl."

"It's a good thing you're pretty," Jothed chuckled. He leaned down over her face, kissing her cheek, and she struggled to turn her head enough to meet his lips, kissing him back, hoping he would approve. He pulled away from her mouth, finger tracing her shoulders, her spine, her hips. She let out a loud cry as his cock settled back inside her, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting through the pain. "Repeat after me: Stupid girls should accept their portions in life."

*What?*

"Let me help you, Rey," Jothed whispered, palm moving up her spine, fingers grasping the tangle of her hair. "You want to cum, right? Say, I am a stupid girl and stupid girls should accept their portions in life."

She gasped. She moaned. Her ass ached but his cock felt like salvation.

She wanted to cum. If she could just

"I am a... stupid girl..." whimpered Rey, closing her eyes tight, the wrongness of her words settling into her mind, her cunt somehow made wetter by the words and spittle leaving her lips, his cock inside her thrusting the pain away and pushing her closer and closer and closer still

"And...?"

"... and stupid g-girls should ac-cept their... their p-portions... in life..."

The orgasm that broke her was the best thing she'd ever felt.

## EPISODE 10: QUIET IMPORT

Unkarr sat, tinkering absently with the bolt in his hand, monitoring the situation at the two moisture farms he now owned in all but name. The vidfeeds had been installed while Jothed kept his sweetheart busy, quizzing her on one thing or another, finding small excuses to correct her from spanking, hugging and kissing her after. Abuse and comfort.

His Rey wanted so badly for someone to love her. It had always been her weakness.

Jothed was a gifted abuser, phrasing questions in ways that forced doubt, giving him an excuse to force her over the table, to pull down her pants and swat her ass red, to keep swatting. He tied her down like that until she was begging him to forgive her, until she was calling herself stupid, and when she accepted his treatment he would pat her face gently.

"I hate that you make me do this," he said, gentle kisses framing her face. "You know that, right?"

"Yes," she whimpered, and when he leaned in to kiss her, she kissed him back, kissed him like he was the only good thing in her life.

He stood and her drool hung between their lips, his fingers soothing through her hair, massaging her scalp. He moved away and stood behind her, undid his pants.

"You're a good girl, Rey," he said, his erection teasing the sopping hole between her legs. He entered her and she screamed, his hips pushing against the trembling scarlet heat he'd made of her ass. "A good girl."

She whimpered.

She moaned.

And, in the end, she came, screaming ecstasy, and when he returned to her face she thanked him and cleaned him with her tongue. Unkarr noted her glossy eyes and wondered where she thought she was – with him, with her old captors, with the Ren boy, or with Jothed. He wondered if she even knew.

Jothed left her there, fucked silly and naked from the waist down to her knees, her pants pooled there as she lay and tried to calm her breathing. He came back an hour later and untied her, pulled her into his arms and helped her sit, held her as feeling returned to her arms and legs after having been kept stretched for so long.

"What do you say, Rey?" Jothed asked.

"I love you," Rey whispered.

"I love you, too," Jothed said. "Are you ready to do your chores?"

She nodded small, like a child, and Jothed helped her stand, help her fasten her pants around her hips. She closed her eyes and whimpered a little as the rough fabric slithered along her red rear, and she yelped when he slapped her ass and sent her scurrying on her way.

"I want to slap her ass," Sarja said, pouting.

"You will."

There were people trying to scream through the gags in their mouths between them. Slaves dressed in less than the terran, Sarja moving from one to the next, tugging on their bindings to

test them. Unkarr let her – he knew the bindings were perfect – he expected nothing less than perfection from himself, knowing that to accept less was to die.

Sure enough, the bindings were faultless and he could see glee dancing in Sarje's eyes, her seething want at being close to so much helpless flesh. Her fingers traced naked flesh, seeking and pressing into sensitive places, her lips curling into a smile at the pleading people beneath her.

Unkarr enjoyed the sadistic slave, understanding why Daimyo Vicav kept such a pet present and allowed her such a long leash. He'd looked into her and knew she had been an assassin and a torturer, raised among the bleakest outposts of the First Order before they had crumbled to nothing. He knew that she was trying to get information on what he was doing so she could report it to the Daimyo, which made her of use.

The question for Unkarr was whether that use would be knowing or unknowing on her part.

“What're you working on?” Sarja asked. One of the people bound and helpless was a beautiful young Mandalorian. Unkarr had enjoyed the look of shame and horror on her face when he stripped her of her helmet and armor, and he enjoyed the look of horror on her face now when Sarje climbed up on her table, the self hatred and relief that flashed in her eyes as Sarje moved over to a bound Zabrakian male and straddled the man's terrified face.

“Get off him.”

Sarje said nothing, offering a pout as she did what he demanded, holding her hands behind her ass and pushing her breasts forward. He ignored her obvious ploy, looming over the man who stared up at him with wide eyes.

“You can return in a moment.”

She felt her eyes on him, wild, assessing, her attention turning to the bolt in his hands. It had taken him weeks to retrofit and miniaturize spearhook technology and alter it to work on organic systems instead of mechanical ones. He'd tied the outcome of his labor to a pre-existing droid shockbolt, working to combine the two into a much more efficient system.

Previous efforts had not worked as well as he wanted – the bodies he'd buried in the desert could attest to that – but he was confident that this one, at last, would work.

He looked at his vidfeed, watching as Jothed hugged his sweetheart, his Rey, helped her into their small home, sat down with the food he'd ordered in using her credits while she'd been doing chores, sat with her at the table.

Then he placed the bolt over the Zabrak's heart and traced up and to the left four inches and pressed down.

Sarje giggled as the man screamed into her, enjoyed it as the man bucked and heaved and failed to free himself.

“This should not hurt much longer.”

And it didn't. The man settled onto the table, breathing hard but still alive. Unkarr granted himself a small smile and helped Sarje off of him, let her go back to tease the Mandalorian as he used his vidfeed to keep track of the spearhook's progress. The zabrakian was still hissing, probably not sure what he was feeling as slim cables circled around his central nervous system, embracing sensation receptors, circling his heart and lungs, seeping into his skull.

Unkarr imagined it would feel like liquid under the skin, but he would never know.



Perhaps his Rey would tell him, when he did this to her.

“What's that do?” Sarja asked.

Unkarr ignored her. The bolt was compressing itself, almost flush with the zabrakian's chest. He'd made sure that when the device settled that it would be high, a discoloration that would not in anyway impede the sight of his sweetheart's sensitive breasts.

Nodding to himself, he pressed a button and let the Zabrakian free. Sarje leaned back with a yelp as the man backed away from them both, tearing the gag from his mouth, grabbing a scalpel as he made his way to the door, pawing at the device that had burrowed into him with his empty hand.

“You are not at risk of infection.”

“What did you do to me?” the man asked, seething hatred, staring at Sarje. It was clear the terran was enjoying his distress and she giggled again.

“Made certain of your loyalty.”

The zabrakian – Unkarr could not be bothered to remember his name – prepared to run and tell his daimyo what had beenn done to him, but Unkarr activated the bolt and the big strong zabrak screamed and faltered and fell.

Unkarr took his time as he approached the man, checking the zabrak's vital readings as he stepped on the man's back to hold him in place. He had absolute control of them man's ability to move, to feel. He could make the man feel anything, shut down the man's ability to use his limbs. He smiled, kicked the man onto his back, stepped on his chest and leaned over him.

“There is a certain kind of predator that can give pain, but not take it. Weak predators. They have not suffered and so do not understand what it is they do.”

The zabrak screamed because Unkarr wanted him to. He kept screaming as Unkarr turned to Sarje and offered Sarje a second modified shock bolt. She giggled as he spread his arms wide.

“I am not that sort of predator.”

He let the man scream as Sarje sauntered closer to him, putting the bolt against his chest, then turned and bent over the Mandalorian and placed the bolt right over her chest. The woman bucked and screamed but could not free herself as the shockbolt pushed itself into her.

Unkarr let the man stop screaming and turned to him.

“Crawl back onto the table.”

The man glared, but whimpered when Unkarr glanced at the vidfeed and did what he was told. He spread himself out and accepted the bindings because Unkarr wanted him to. Sarje nestled him back into his bindings, grabbing the zabrak's erection with her hand as the Mandalorian learned that she, too, would obey from now on.

“You may reclaim your seat.”

Sarje giggled as she did, sitting on the zabrakian's face.

“Pleasure her with your tongue.”

He did as instructed and Unkarr could see that Sarje loved him for it.

“I like you,” Sarja said, and Unkarr thought that she might be of some direct use.

He turned back to the vid feed and watched as Daimyo Vicev Orey and his duros henchman

collected credits from Rey and Jothed. His sweetheart had to know that she was paying more than she should have, but Jothed had gaslit her into trusting him and she accepted his affection and abuse now.

Like the zabrak soon would.

Like Sarje already did.

"She'd look good in nothing," Sarja panted, grinding down onto the zabrak's face, her palms on the broad chest of the captive.

"She does and she will."

"Can I do this to her?" Sarja asked, her lips caught between an o and a smile.

"Depends who you work for."

"I accept my portion," Sarja said, reaching for him. He took a step closer and she bent over, still riding the zabrak as she unbuckled Unkarr's pants and fished his flesh out, her tongue tracing a slow wet path along his length.

"Good girl."

He looked at his sweetheart as Sarje tried to swallow him, as Sarje gasped an orgasm on the zabrak's face.

It would not be much longer now.

## EPISODE 11: GOOD FOR SOMETHING

Rey woke to an empty bed that smelled like *him*. Her ass was still sore from last night's lessons and she winced when she moved, a dull ache settling in as she tried to sit up and had to stand instead. She looked at herself in their bedroom mirror, looking at the healthy tan that edged into aching red, hands inspecting herself with ginger touches. Her lover hadn't broken the skin, but she still winced, almost limped to find clothing, head out into the kitchen.

He was standing, smiling as she came out. A hand towel was slung over his shoulder and there were plates in his hands, full of fruit and other things she liked to eat, and he looked up when he noticed her and smiled.

Just last night she'd been tied to this same table, hands pulled to the edge, legs kicked apart. This smiling, whistling, handsome twi'lek had been forced to punish her because she'd been too stupid to answer any of his questions, despite the many careful lessons he had provided her. She whimpered, ass throbbing, and he was putting the plates down and coming to her side, holding her, hugging her.

"Shhhhh," he said, guiding her. "Shhh, it's okay, it's okay."

He helped her sit and she nearly screamed, but she bit her lip and looked at the breakfast he had made her. He was standing over her, cupping her cheek with his hand, pulling her close, her face in his hips as she quietly sobbed, clutching onto him.

"It's okay," he said again, stroking her hair, the scent of him filling her nostrils as he held her, comforted her. He moved away from her before she noticed how hard he was, took a seat beside her as she squirmed, still holding her hands, waiting for her to settle.

The throbbing in her ass did not subside.

This needed to change.

"This needs to change," he said, echoing her thoughts.

"What?"

"Look, the lessons aren't taking, that much is obvious," Jothed said, guiding her head down towards his lap. "I don't want to hurt you, and this isn't working – maybe you've got a mental block, or some kind of disability, but this is futile."

"What're you..." Rey began, but the words got lost as the ache in her ass sweltered into sharp pain, forcing her to roll over as her head moved lower. She hugged her legs against her chest, almost using his lap as a pillow as he stroked her hair.

"Why don't we try something else?" Jothed soothed. "Something easier for you. I can handle the paperwork for both of us, and you're a better mechanic than me. We can call it an equal division of labor."

He was stroking her hair and that felt nice, the musk of his crotch assailing her nostrils with a promise of relief. The pain in her ass settled as she thought – there was a lot to do to keep both farms running the way she wanted them to. The paperwork took forever to do to get the most out of her labor, and it was tricky besides, not something she was suited for. She listened when he whispered into her ear that he knew the paperwork the way she knew the mechanics, and she felt

his fingers along her neck, massaging, comforting, moving lower, and she gasped a little and nuzzled against him, nodding submission.

“Okay, I need you to sign a few things to make this a little easier for me, okay?”

“What am I signing?”

“Nothing you'd understand,” Jothed said, his tone kind even if the words were not. She closed her eyes as his fingers moved along her nape, massaging, and she knew it was true. It was just Finn always told her that- “Just some small things that are going to make both our lives easier. Help me, help you, and then let's have some breakfast.”

She barely glanced at the paperwork before signing – something about power and attorney, something about finances, an affidavit about conservation or conservatorship, something along those lines. He tried to walk her through it, helped her sit up so that she could read it, but that made her wince and she was sniffing too much to really pay attention, the pain in her ass from sitting piercing her thoughts.

“Stand up,” he said, “it'll help.”

She did as he said and he put the datapad in her hands. His fingers found her hips and traced her hemline, working her pants carefully down her hips, past the curve of her ass. The warm air felt nice, his gentle fingers applying a lotion as he continued to absently explain things she was too dumb to understand, she signing to cover her own ignorance.

When she was done signing he left her standing awkwardly in the dining area of the ranch, her pants pooled around her ankles, she not wanting to touch her ass.

“Hey, put down the datapad and hold out your hands,” he said, and she did. He spilled some of the lotion he was using in her palms, let her rub herself and grant some relief to the pain while he went and washed his hands.

As he was drying his hands off she looked at the spread he'd laid out for them both and thought about using the Force to bring it to her, but he put some things on a plate and brought them to her – slices of melon, of apple, her favorite fruits and meats. He fed them to her, letting her lick the juices off his fingers while the lotion brought her release.

By the time the meal was over she was able to bend down and pull her pants up, the fabric feeling a little rough against her rump, the dull ache subsiding into the back of her mind. She smiled and thanked him for the lotion, for breakfast, for helping her – she felt like herself again, wondered when she'd stopped feeling like herself.

They talked about the work to be done that day, what they would have for dinner, about going for a walk that night. He asked where she planned to be and when and she told him, thinking nothing of it, and he smiled and listened as she tried to make her work sound as complicated as his.

He smiled, nodded, clearly not understanding, but she could see that he believed in her, that she knew what she was doing, and that made her smile, too.

“I'll handle the paperwork from here,” Jothed said. “There's some extra filing I have to do to settle what you signed, so that'll take a couple hours. Where will you be?”

“The outlying regions, probably, there's some tusken damage out there I've been meaning to get to,” Rey said.

“Alright,” Jothed smiled, taking her hand and squeezing. “I'll try and wrap this up quickly and see

if I can bring you some lunch.”

“I'd like that,” she said, thinking *maybe this will work out for the best*.

“It's a good thing your fingers are so clever,” Jothed said, smiling at her.

*What?*

“What?” Rey asked.

“I'd be lost out there without you,” Jothed said, shifting closer to her, fingers tracing a soft pattern up her spine, pushing under her scarves so he could massage her neck.

“Thank you,” she said, dismissing the unease she felt. He helped her stand.

As she went out to do her work, he patted her ass to send her on her way.

## **EPISODE 12: DIS ORGANIZED**

It was warm when she awoke, thin arms wrapped around her, holding her in place. She was nestled, safe, and though she was taller than her lover she still found herself looking up at him, considering the soft darkening yellow of his skin. His small snores blew in her face, rustling her hair, the scent of him flooding her senses. She found her lips pressing against his chest and he moaned, deep and low, as she trailed kisses up his chest towards neck.

He was awake when she reached his lips, pushed back against her. When he pushed she could have resisted, could have easily held him in place, but she let herself fall back, let him grope and mount her. She hissed as the fading welts on her ass protested to anything touching them, but that vanished as he entered her and other sensations flooded her.

His clever fingers made their way around her breasts until they ached, working her nipples until she was panting, his mouth on them a hot wet relief from the dry attention they'd received, his fingers questing lower and finding the core of her as his cock head left her nethers and moved up her chest, slapping her cheek until her grasping lips took him in, swallowing all the way to the hilt. He teased her until she was begging, whining, until her tongue was coated with his seed and her throat was filled, and only then did he let her cum on his hand.

She was dazed in the aftermath, cleaning him off the way he liked, her fingers pressed into her scalp as her tongue cleaned him, until her lips were kissing his inner thighs. He stroked her hair and she preened, stretching.

“Good morning,” he said, and she turned, looking up at his smile.

“It is,” she answered, accepting his fingers in her mouth, cleaning herself off of him. He kept smiling as she kept her head in his lap, comfortable while she cleaned.

“What's your plan for today?”

She went over the chores she had lined up for the day, his hand cupping her face as she spoke, stroking her cheek. When she was done his hand wrapped in her hair and he pulled her up, kissing her deeply before shoving her down over his lap and spanking her once, twice, three times, his fingers lingering over the swollen wet between her legs that was throbbing all over again.

She looked at him, pleading, and he laughed.

“Later,” he said, teasing, “once all your chores are done.”

He spanked her again, his fingers brushing over her lips before he pushed her off and sent her on her way. She stood and padded to the shower. She cleaned, dressed, fixed her hair.

A couple of weeks had gone by since they'd settled on dividing their labor and, while she sometimes had questions about what he was doing, she trusted him the same way he trusted her. Keeping silent, she let him take care of her and enjoyed no longer being spanked, whipped, caned, and made to feel small by her sheer ignorance.

Humming a tune to herself, she stepped into the eating area to see Jothed signing for a large convoy of food, directing the delivery droids to put it in their re Fridgeration units.

“What's that?” Rey asked, and the look he gave her made her feel like an idiot for asking.

“Breakfast.”

“Oh.”

To her eyes, it looked a lot like the breakfasts he used to prepare for her, and tasted like it, too. She said nothing as she considered both the food and the twi'lek who shared her bed, and he seemed not to notice. Reaching for the force, she brushed the surface of his mind – *these tasted better when I used to work there*, he was thinking, and she felt herself blush and look away from him.

“Don't worry,” Jothed said, smiling as he walked closer to it. “It's all paid by my money and, believe me, I can afford it.”

*Not we can afford it?* Rey thought but did not ask, holding her tongue and shuffling in place. She lost her train of thought, whimpering as he approached her, but all he did was take her hand gently and lead her over to the table, pulling out a chair for her to sit on so she could eat before he started nibbling on things.

He started discussing finances with her, leaving her utterly baffled and making her feel small. She droned out, not listening, until she heard a threat in his tone.

“What?” she asked, not sure why she felt so out-of-sorts.

“I was asking what you were planning on doing today?” he asked, looking interested, and she felt her cheeks flush as she started to stammer, then took a breath and started to speak.

“Um, I was going to work on the power converters today, starting at your ranch and then hitting mine after lunch,” she said. She was looking forward to this – a task that she knew how to time and complete with ease, the sort of easy job that would help her center herself. He nodded, letting her ramble on for a bit, before turning the conversation back to the paperwork that let both their properties flourish.

He dismissed her after he finished eating and she went to fetch her tools, looking in the place she was certain she had left them, but they weren't there. She looked around a bit before Jothed noticed her.

“Something wrong?”

“Did you move my tools?”

“What?” Jothed looked mildly insulted and she cringed. “No.”

He got up to help her and they searched for some small time, finally discovering the tool pouch where she had thought she had left it.

“How did you miss this?” Jothed asked.

“I don't know,” Rey said, trying to laugh off her embarrassment. “I must be more tired than I thought.”

“Do you need to take a day off?” Jothed sounded so concerned, but Rey shook her head.

“I'm fine,” she said, feeling a stab of guilt as she went to take care of the waiting converters.

Rey had no answer.



Days went by in quiet familiarity. To Rey's mind, the only weird thing was her inability to keep track of where she put things down after a long day's work. She kept quiet about it to keep Jothed from thinking less of her, and she was able to forget about this problem entirely when she was out in the sand doing what she was good at: working to keep the moisture farms in good repair.

But then things took another strange turn, as she kept finding things broken or in disrepair when she could have sworn she had seen to them already. Again, she kept this from Jothed, working twice as hard to cover her own mistakes from affecting their bottom line. She was certain she was getting away with the lie, but it still gnawed at her – the idea that she couldn't keep track of her work and that she was hiding things from her lover.

She found herself second-guessing her own work, the things she had already finished doing. She was used to keeping track of things in her head and it didn't even occur to her to write anything down – on Jakku, a list of scavenged items was an invitation to a mugging or worse – and it bothered her that she couldn't trust her own mind. Shaking her head, she prepared to get back to work when--

↘ ↓ Y

The power converter explosion was brighter than either sun and sent her sprawling in the dust.

She was dazed, unable to stand, did not hear Jothed at all and only learned of him when she realized his feet were by her face. She whimpered as he stood above her, his lips moving but all sound was drowned out by the savage ringing that drummed through her soul.

He had extinguishers with him, putting out the fires while she curled into the sand, breathing painful, vision fading to nothing.

⌏ K ↘

“Your mistakes cost us two weeks of high quality moisture,” he told as the droids slathered her in cooling gel. The disappointment in his eyes hurt almost as badly as the burns, and she welcomed them anaesthetic that forced her into unconsciousness.

↓ 1 ↓

“What happened?”

She was healed now. Not even a scar. She didn't know how much the process had had cost, but she suspected it was almost as expensive as the repairs and replacements her mistakes had cost them both.

Her lover was sitting at their kitchen table, tallying the damages and looking worried, and when he did look up at her the concern in his expression made her want to scream. Instead, she held her wrist, unable to meet his eyes, her vision focused on her shuffling feet.

Rey explained as best she could, admitting everything. She was crying before too long and he let



her there, shoulders shaking, tears running down her cheeks, but when she finished mumbling her apologies he was there, holding her, guiding her so that he could take his seat and she could sit on his lap.

"I'm going to have someone come and look over the work you did."

"I can-"

"It's okay," Jothed soothed, holding her head on his shoulder, stroking her neck and down her spine. They sat quietly for a time, and then: "Maybe you're overworked."

"No," Rey shook her head – she needed to work to maintain the division of labor and make this fair. "I can do this."

"I know you can, but maybe the organization is a little much," Jothed said, holding her close. "When you were a scavenger, you didn't have to juggle so many different jobs. Let me help."

*How?*

"How?" Rey

"With organization," Jothed smiled, letting her sit up as she handed her a datapad. "You put down what needs doing there and it'll pop up on my screen. I can prioritize what needs doing and double-check everything."

"I don't know..."

"This could have been so much worse," Jothed said, his smile faltering. The degree to which he obviously cared about her *hurt*. "If I hadn't ordered those extinguishers last week, if I hadn't been working here instead of back home, we could have lost months of your work."

She nodded, feeling shame.

"It's okay," Jothed said again, pushing her off his lap as he stood. She stumbled and he caught her, held her; she was taller and broader than he was but in that moment she felt so small. "Everyone rises to their level of incompetence. We've found yours, but we can work around it, okay?"

She nodded as his fingers brushed the flesh underneath her scarves, on her neck and lower, circling around to the underside of her breasts and her belly and lower. She pressed her face into his shoulder, breathing in the scent of him, kissing his neck. She yelped as his fingers entered her, head leaning back, and his lips found her and she moaned into him, wondering how he could keep loving her.

And she knew – *she knew* – that she was so lucky to have found him.

## EPISODE 13: CLEAN SEAT

Rey awoke, her head resting on Jothed's hip. The scent of him roused her, her arms wrapped around his left leg, and when she nestled against him she felt his fingers massage her scalp, tighten in her hair. She went to kiss his hip but yelped when he pulled her away by the hair, throwing the blankets off them with his free hand so he could see her barely dressed body.

"After your chores," he said, smiling, and she let go of his leg and stumbled after his guiding hand, off the bed and away. Sitting at the edge of the bed, she glanced back at him and smiled, darting back to lick his manhood before scurrying away, swaying her hips to tease him as she went.

She was halfway through making breakfast when he entered, wearing loose fitting pants and holding a datapad in one hand, his attention consumed by it as he moved to the table. She brought him a steaming liquid and he barely acknowledged her, taking it up in his free hand and sampling the liquid.

"Very good," he said, not looking up at her. "This is almost passable."

She frowned, nodded, accepting his thanks.

"Where am I starting today?"

"Right here, making breakfast."

"I'm already doing that," Rey whined, moving back to the table and turning her back to him. She yelped when she felt his hands on her hips, his chest pressed against the curve of her spine. One of his hands moved lower, tracing the hem of her panties and moving lower, the other questing up and underneath her shirt, mauling, mauling. "What're you doing...?"

"Shhh... concentrate," Jothed hissed.

She did, trying to focus on breakfast, but he knew her body so well, knew just how to tease her, just how to make her wet, just how to elicit those illicit moans, just when to pull back to keep her from cumming, just how to keep her on the edge, keeping her panting, panting.

When he moved back to his chair her panties were sopping wet and her whole body was tingling, her footsteps unsure. She wanted to run away, wanted to go play with herself and finish what he had started, but the look on his face told her that she wasn't allowed.

Why wasn't she allowed?

Why was she serving breakfast?

She put the plate of food in front of him, her own plate down at the table, and stood trembling.

"You'll be washing the dishes next," Jothed said. She nodded, worrying her lip, her hips shaking as she stood in front of him. "Then off to work on the moisture and power converters at Greytripper before you prepare lunch."

"Okay," Rey nodded.

"In the afternoon, I'll give you a ride back here so you can work on the hydrogenator out in the fields," Jothed said, waiting for her to acknowledge him. She did, gripping the rim of her panties, hoping he'd let her. "Once you're done with that, dinner."

"Am I making dinner?" Rey asked. He reached for her, taking her panties and pulling them down

midside, chuckling to see her hunger soaking her inner thighs.

"I've got it covered," Jothed smiled. A wave of gratitude washed through her when he patted the seat next to him, indicating that she could sit beside him. "You're going to have to clean that seat when you're done breakfast."

"Okay."

"With your tongue. No sense wasting good moisture."

She moaned, closed her eyes, bowed her head.

After they'd eaten she went to collect his plate, but he grabbed her wrist and pulled her off balance. She managed to get the plates safely on the table before falling over his lap, felt the hand that had been on her wrist travel the length of her back, cupping her ass and moving down, down, down.

"Jothed..." She was pleading, and she hated how weak she sounded.

"You were teasing me earlier," Jothed said, his fingers brushing the core of her. She whimpered, soft and low. "And I know you. You're planning on sneaking off to play with yourself, right?"

She said nothing, did not resist, stared at the floor as he molested her.

"Alright, you may as well see to both of us," Jothed said, sounding indulgent. She looked at him, expecting him to slap her, spank her, but all he did was smile as she slipped off his legs, kneeling before him. His hands were in hair, guiding her head forward, her mouth opening as her fingers discovered just how wet she had become, the taste of him filling her mouth before he pulled her mouth free.

He held her as she gaped up at him, still kneeling, fingers midway inside her.

"You don't cum until I do."

"Okay."

He let go of her head and she darted forward, swallowing him, playing with herself as her head bobbed. She heard when he put his work aside and she took pride in that, in forcing him to fully focus and enjoy her, and when his hands quickened in her hair she prepared to swallow every last drop, cumming only a moment after he did, screaming ecstasy against his dominance.

She felt his manhood soften in her mouth, on her tongue, cleaning him off before releasing him from her mouth. He looked down at her, smiling, patted her cheek and nodding his thanks.

"Go on, you have work to do," Jothed said, his slap turning sharp. "Don't forget to let me check your tools before you head out."

He did help her out, but let her stagger to the showers on her own, slapping her bare ass to remind her to pull up her panties, his attention gone from her by the time she had to rest against the doorframe.

"Rey?"

She looked back at him, his eyes on the datapad. He pointed at the dishes and her seat.

"You're forgetting some things."

Breathe heavy, she nodded and staggered back, falling to her knees to clean the seat. She tasted slightly bitter. She glanced up at the plates, knew they would have to be spotless before she'd be

permitted to go.

She wondered if she would ever feel as clean as those plates would be.



The suns were down by the time she came home, tired from a long day. She felt satisfied, covered in sweat and sand and grease, feeling old comforting aches that were the result of hard work done well. The lights were on at Skywalker Ranch and the scent of delicious food wafted towards her, tempting, and she slipped in to find Jothed sitting on a chair in their sparkling clean home, he working on his datapad and waiting for her.

He'd waited for her.

She smiled as she sat down next to him, a warm greeting on her lips that died when he finally glanced up and looked at her, his eyes betraying disbelief, disgust, fury. His backhanded slap slammed in to her cheek with enough force to knock her off the chair and onto the floor, her eyes watering as she stared up at him.

His eyes were not on her.

"What-?" Rey

"I just had this cleaned," Jothed hissed. She followed his gaze to the sand and grease she had left on the otherwise clean seat. "Do you know how long it took?"

Her mouth opened and he snapped.

"No, you stupid girl, you can't clean up mechanical grease with your tongue!"

Her mouth closed, her cheeks warm as a storm of emotions flooded through her – anger at his treatment of her, guilt at undoing his hardwork, a wave of shame that smothered the other two.

"If you're going to be such a karking mess, you can sit on the floor," Jothed spat, taking her plate and putting it on the ground, halfway between her and his feet.

"You can't expect me to eat down here," Rey whispered, staring at the food.

"The only dirt down there is what you brought in with you."

She knelt, frozen. She'd eaten like this every night back on Jakku, so what was the big deal? She sat silently as he sat back down and started eating. She crawled to her plate, reached for her food.

"Are you seriously going to eat without washing that grime off your hands?"

She risked looking up and saw his lips curl in disgust. Her hands fell back away from the food and she dropped her gaze, then slowly got to her feet.

He was on his own a moment later, slapping her so that she tottered and fell.

"Where are you going?"

"To wash my hands..."

"Our food is already cold enough, don't you think?"

He was staring down at her. She could have killed him. Physically, he was nothing to her, not even the slightest threat. She sniffled, crawled back to the food, put her hands at either side of her plate

as he sat back down. She bent low, suckling at the food like she did with his cock.

“Good girl.”

He started talking, laughing, sharing jokes with her like nothing was out of the ordinary. Her sniffing subsided and she did her best to join the conversation, discussing her day while she knelt on the floor. She knew this was likely how she would eat dinner from now on.

Why was she letting this happen?

Why was she so wet?

And why, when she pictured this moment in her mind, did it appear as if she were bowing low before some stray god?

## EPISODE 14: RAIN AND REIGN

The suns were setting and Rey was panting by the time her work was finished. Jothed had been scheduling her hard, double-checking her work and forcing her to confront her own mistakes. No matter how hard she tried her work was sloppy, and she often had to go back to complete work she'd thought was finished.

"If you can't handle it, we can always bring in help," Jothed told her. She could hear the disappointment in his voice, the unspoken condemnation of her not living up to her side of their bargain. There was nothing she could say to that – what with the mistakes being hers – so she bit her tongue and got back to work.

Just once she wanted to finish ahead of Jothed's schedule for her.

She struggled with it, fought with it, worked herself to exhaustion trying to live up to her end of things. Too often she ended up eating at Jothed's feet because she came back too late to bathe before dinner, or too exhausted to do more than pass out at the foot of their bed. Jothed had even procured some pillows and blankets for her to sleep on when the fatigue kept her from eating or getting clean before sleep claimed her.

*If I get my work done, I can eat at the table.* That was the reward she promised herself. She struggled, week after week, to try and finish everything properly just once while still having enough energy to get clean before dinner.

And now, today, she had done it.

Exhausted, yes, but the work was complete and everything was proper and there was still enough in her to get clean before dinner. She was covered in sand and grease and sweat but she was smiling as she shambled in doors, stumbled towards the showers while stripping her stained and stinking clothing off her sweating stinking body.

The water was on and she was just about to step in when

"What are you doing?" Jothed asked her.

She was caught off guard, wondering where he'd come from, if she'd walked by him. How tired was she that she didn't notice her lover's presence?

"I'm-"

"Making a mess for me to clean up," Jothed sighed. He wasn't looking at her; his eyes were on her clothing, on the trail of sand and grease she'd left on her way to the showers. She froze, wondering if she should pick up the discarded clothing, but he bent down and did it for her.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

He put them in the hamper, then turned and stared at her. The water was streaming behind her, a reward she wanted so badly, but his eyes on her naked body froze her in place. She waited for him to leave, shuffling in place, but he leaned against the wall and crossed his arms, settling in to watch.

He said nothing, still staring as she stepped back into the water, ducking her head under the stream, letting the liquid form tiny rivers down her body.

She felt his eyes on her, felt him staring as the water traced parts of her that he had drawn with his fingertips, pushing her down, making her tremble. Why was she so afraid. She hugged herself, shivering.

“Do you not know how to clean yourself?” Jothed asked.

She wasn't sure what to say to that. She looked at him, saw him stripping off, said nothing as he stepped into the shower with her and steadied himself by putting his hands on her water-slick hips. When his hands traced up her sides she murmured a protest but her spun her around, pushed her face and chest against the wall and shushed her.

Rey wanted to resist, but she didn't, couldn't. His fingers traced a long path down her spine.

She whimpered when his hands left her body just before the top of her ass. One hand pushed under her hair and gripped, pulling her off the wall, while the other lifted one arm and then the other, allowing streams of water to jab into and down her flesh. She tried to protest but the hand holding her hair forced her face into the stream and she stuttered, shuddered, eyes closed and off balance as his free hand circled around her, grabbing a breast and squeezing -

*“Behave!”*

- twisting a nipple until she settled loose in his grip.

He guided her down to her knees and massaged her scalp, fingers digging in deep while she kept her head bowed and her hands folded in her lap. She stayed still as he retrieved a stool, moving only as he directed her out of the water and onto it, letting him rub soap on her hair, down her neck, across her face and chest and lower, spreading her legs and letting the suds coat her.

He moved her back into the water, letting the soap wash away, then pulled her out and did it again, again, each time coating her, teasing her, shaming her. She'd never felt so clean and she was panting, small flecks of water floating from her lips as he molested her, driving her to want, to need.

His cock was resting on her shoulder. She turned her head and kissed it, moved off the stool and fell to her knees and began suckling at it, her hands in her lap as she swallowed him. His fingers were still in her hair, still pressed against her scalp, but his manhood was inside her, on her tongue, down her throat. It all felt and tasted delicious, a sliver of relief from the shame that threatened to wash her away.

She pushed him down, broad shoulders and strong arms, guiding him until he was lying down. She straddled him, her sopping steaming lower holes letting him slip inside her, her hands on his chest and she rode him and rode him and rode him. He let her have this, a reward for good behavior, and she met his eyes.

“What do you say?” he asked her.

“Thank you,” she whimpered.

He came a few moments after she did, her long screaming orgasm causing her to fall onto him. He rolled her over and, as she lay in the afterglow, thrust into her, causing her to shimper and writhe with every push. He grabbed her hair when he was done, pulled her mouth back to his center, and she swallowed him anew and cleaned herself off him, swirling her tongue to get it all down.

She glanced up when she was done and saw him smiling down at her, his hand moving out of her hair to cup her cheek.

“Alright,” he said, “show me what you have learned.”

And he stepped out of the shower, drying himself off as she cleaned herself the way he had showed her, once, twice, three times. By the time she was done she was perfectly clean and sopping wet, panting and hoping he would join her again. Instead, towel wrapped around his waist, he reached in and shut off the water.

“Uh...”

“Looks like there's only one towel,” Jothed smiled, handing her a flat press. “Not to worry – it's still hot out. Won't hurt you to air dry. Press the rest of the water into the drain and meet me in the dining room.”

He left, leaving her standing, dripping. She moaned and thought about taking time to take care of the throbbing between her legs, but he was waiting for her. Quick as she could, Rey used the press to force the water into the drains, where it would be purified by the machines she had spent all day slaving on.

She was still a little wet when she was done, skin glistening, but she padded naked into the dining room. Her lover watched her move, waited for her to come to him. He had her turn around, appraising her naked body, and she had never in her life felt so much a non-person.

“You can come up here after you've dried off,” Jothed said putting her plate on the ground by his feet.

She knelt, saying nothing. She didn't want to get the clean seats wet. They started to eat, talking about the day as she wasn't naked on the floor beside him.

Rey never did make it to the table.



## EPISODE 15: PRESENT AESTHETIC

Rey was in her customary seat, wondering why Jothed insisted that she come to these meetings. She didn't understand anything that her lover or Sarje discussed, and every time she asked questions she just ended up more confused.

"It's important that you're here," Jothed would tell her. "Don't worry, you don't have to say anything."

Every now and again she would catch Sarje looking at her with an expression that she didn't understand, but then the slave girl would laugh and turn back to Jothed, the two of them largely ignoring her. Rey had come to prefer that – the more of these meetings that she went to, the more she thought that Sarje's believed her to be an idiot.

The idea that the slave thought she was somehow less made her cheeks feel warm and prickles climb up and down her spine. She adjusted, aware of how out-of-place she was here. So desperate was she for some modicum of respect that she cleared her throat and risked a question.

"Good try, cutie," Sarje said, smiling down at her.

Jothed just looked at her with pity.

They wrapped up their meeting shortly afterward and Sarje reached down to ruffle Rey's hair on her way out, treating her like a pet. Rey wanted to say something but a glance from Jothed made her bite her tongue; she'd already embarrassed him enough for one day. Her lover walked the slave out, the two of them smiling and talking and laughing and Rey found herself looking at the floor, her hands grasping her knees so hard it hurt.

"Why doesn't she take me seriously?" asked Rey, once Sarje was gone and the two of them were alone. "Is it the... the stuff you do?"

"Not entirely," Jothed said, looking down at her. He offered her a hand up and looked her up and down when she stood, frowning in thought. "I mean, I didn't want to say anything."

"Didn't want to say anything about what?"

"Well... the way you dress has a lot to do with it."

"What about the way I dress?" Rey asked, looking down at her clothing – the familiar off-white shirt and pants, the long scarves that she thought completed her look.

"You don't look like a serious person," Jothed said. He ran a hand along his right lekku. "You look like a scavenger, or a child. I mean, how long have you been dressing like that?"

*Since I was a child on Jakku, she thought but did not say. Since I grew up into a scavenger.*

Both Luke and Leia had insisted on dressing her differently and she'd never thought much of it, but now she wondered if she'd embarrassed the now dead Skywalker twins. After the war she'd abandoned the clothing they'd got her, slipping back into clothes she'd found comfortable from the time she was small.

"I am a scavenger," said Rey, the words quiet.

"Right, Jakku," Jothed said, his tone pitying. She glanced up, intending to say something, but the pity in his eyes silenced her as he ran a hand across her cheek. "You never learned how to present

yourself, did you?"

Sometimes, Rey liked to imagine that when people saw her that they saw someone tough, capable, professional. Someone that could be depended upon, someone that knew her way around a duel or a spaceship, someone that was capable of anything. She'd never considered otherwise, but now...

"Could..." Rey paused, leaning her cheek into his hand, and paused. "Could you help me?"

He was silent for a very long time and she stood there, closed her eyes, breathing unsteady, and wondered why she was feeling this way.

"I have a lot of work to do today, and so do you," Jothed said.

She nodded, silent, blinking back tear and hating herself for feeling so out-of-sorts. Why was she feeling so bad?

He brushed her tears away with his thumb, hooked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, and let out a long sigh.

"This is clearly bothering you, though, so I suppose we can make time."

"Thank you."

They used Jothed's speeder to get into Mos Eisley, formerly a wretched hive of scum and villainy, but gentrification had tamed at least some neighborhoods in it. The first place he took her to was in the borders between wreckage and rise, a larger clothing store meant for those that worked with machines.

She was comfortable here, among outfits designed for those to ply their craft. The prices seemed high to her, but she remembered that she knew little enough about that and let Jothed tell her what they could afford. The pants and shirts with pockets and straps with notches for tools all seemed a little form-fitting, but the fabric was light and breathable and, the clerk promised, easy to wash and hard to stain.

"You look good in that," Jothed assured her, patting her ass as he paid for the outfit in shades of blue, grey, and white. She wondered why they were buying so many. "These hues suit your skintone and hair."

"Thank you."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes," Rey said, wearing her new clothing out of the store.

"That'll keep you out in the fields, but if you want serious people to take you seriously, you'll need something else," Jothed said, leading her back to the speeder and driving them further into the wealthy parts of the city. She'd never been here before, thinking the amount of money the places here charged could not be worth anything that she sold, but looking at the finery on the people walking the streets and even the hard lines of the guards reminded her just how little she knew.

The store that Jothed took them to was more upscale than anything that she'd ever thought about entering, and the cut and line of the clothing here was more than a little scandalous for her personal tastes.

"Isn't this where owners buy slave outfits?" Rey asked.

"They sell other things, too," Jothed said, brushing off her concerns as he took her by the hand and

led her inside. "I think the styles here will suit you."

She looked around, at the long draping fabrics held together by strips of gleaming decorative metal. Everything seemed designed to hint at what was not covered by fabrics that ranged from deep and heavy to light and transparent.

Jothed stopped and she nearly ran into him, staring around at it all. He put his hand on her breast and squeezed to get her attention, then put his hands on his hips and stared at her.

"Okay," Jothed nodded. "Strip."

"What? Here?"

"Yes," Jothed said. A single word to attack her nervous sense of fragility. He crossed his arms and said nothing as he waited, cocked an eyebrow and tapping his foot and she remembered that he was doing her a favor, that they were partners and that she had to trust him. He wouldn't let anything happen to her. He was helping her get what she wanted, so why was she acting like this? Why was she going to embarrassing him?

Biting her lip, looking at her feet, she stripped out of her boots, her pants, her shirt.

"All of it," Jothed said, nodding in her underwear. She took a step back and he moved forward, putting a finger on her lips before she could say anything. "We're dressing you from the inside out."

A shop worker dressed like a Huttese slave came over to assist them, speaking to Jothed and largely ignoring Rey. Her lover asked questions and got answers that she didn't understand, and she shuffled in place and was reminded of how she felt whenever Sarje was over at their home, how small and tolerated. She tried to cover herself but the worker grabbed her wrists and put them behind her hips so that her fingers pressed against her ass.

She looked at the collar around the woman's neck and Jothed touched her cheek, pulled her attention to him.

"You're not a slave, Rey," Jothed said.

She nodded. She wasn't.

Was she?

The worker took notes, ran a measuring tape around Rey's bust, her hips, down her arms and legs. She dragged Rey by the hand to different parts of the store, brushing different fabrics against Rey's naked flesh, pressed slim bits of shiny metal across parts of her body. She nodded, spoke with Jothed, but Rey was too lost in her own thoughts and unease to make sense of any of it.

The fabrics that were chosen for her were in soft blue and varying greys, thin and soft and obscuring. A skirt was fastened low on her hips and descended to her ankles, split at the sides so that it pooled between her thighs at the front and showed off more of her tight ass than she might have liked. A slimmer fabric curled around her underneath it, brushing her sensitivity whenever she took a step – pleasant but not distracting, not yet. It was held in place by slim clicking metal beads that drew the eye with their gleam.

She had to admit it looked fantastic.

Her midriff was left bare, the top chosen for her splitting at the center of her ribs and splitting to hug her torso. Wire and metal and fabric circled her breasts and held them up and it felt like she was being displayed, like anyone that would see her would think she was being offered to them.

Weirdly, the way the top was cut left most of her back exposed.

“Why would anyone want to hide that muscular back?” the worker asked her, tracing a shoulderblade with her finger. Rey shuddered at the touch but did nothing as the woman led her to another part of the store.

They redid her hair, washed it out with soaps and shaping it, styling it. They allowed her to keep the three bobs but made them longer and slimmer, more like cascading ponytails held together with strips of ribbon that tickled the back of her neck. The ribbons were longer than they had to be, drifting down her bare spine and touching the top of her ass curve, another seeming invitation to affection she had no say in.

Jewels and chains adorned her biceps, tracing the muscles on her arms. More were wrapped around her thighs to lead the eye to what the scant skirts only barely covered. The shoes they forced on her feet locked flat but had a hidden heel that pressed her up a few inches, making her taller, tightening her calf muscles, and walking in them took a little getting used to.

Jothed and the worker took her to a mirror and placed her in front of it so that she could see how pretty she looked and her breath caught as she stared, preened, looking this way and that and checking herself out with a weird sense of pride.

“I’m,” Rey paused, swallowed, feeling herself flush. “I’m beautiful.”

“You’re cute,” Jothed nodded, rolling his eyes.

He bought the same outfit in lighter and darker shades while she preened and the clerk smiled at her.

“This what you’ll wear around the house, or when we have meetings with serious people,” Jothed said as they returned to the speeder. “People will take you seriously when you’re dressed like this.”

“Really?” Rey asked, unsure.

“You doubt me?”

He didn’t take them home. Because of her question, he veered deeper into the rich part of town, towards the sort of space bar that wouldn’t have let her in dressed as she was. The people in front of it greeted Jothed by name and assessed her in a way she was not used to – it took her until they were inside to realize they weren’t looking at her like she was a threat, but looking at her as if she were a piece of meat they might devour.

She wasn’t sure how she felt about that.

People stared at her, stole glances of her as she moved around with her arm wrapped around Jothed’s as he led her about and kept her steady. Everyone was looking at her like the guards had, but she realized that they were accepting her here, wanting her here, even if their desire was mingled with a want to take her elsewhere privately.

“Ah, Jothed,” came a familiar voice. Zevvy flew closer to them, the tiny toydarian eyeing her.

“Who’s your friend?”

“It’s Rey,” Jothed said, thrusting her forward. She shuffled nervous as the toydarian flew around her in a circle.

“She cleans up nice.”

“She does.”

And she spoke, and they included her, and Rey realized they were not speaking around her, tolerating her, but including her as one of them. When Sarje joined them the slave stared at her from foot to head and nodded approval, took her by the hand.

"You look good enough to eat," the slave said, showing her teeth.

"Thanks?" Rey asked, and the girl laughed.

"Such a tease!" Sarje laughed, taking Rey's hand and giving a friendly soft squeeze.

When they stole a moment to be alone, Rey admitted her discomfort with this sudden acceptance.

"Where are my old clothes?" Rey asked. Jothed took her hand and squeezed.

"I had them all burned."

## EPISODE 16: ENLIGHTENING BOLT

It took her some time to get used to, but Rey found that she was happy in her new clothing. Every day, Jothed would lay out her work clothes and her clothes for being around him, and she found that he commented on her more.

“You could almost be beautiful,” he'd say, and she found herself flushing and wondering what it would take for him to call her *beautiful*, what she could improve.

“Don't worry about it,” he'd tell her, smiling as he grabbed her around the hips, hands slipping between them and the fabric that kept her safe. “We'll get you there. It'll take some work, though.”

Work, she could do.

He scheduled every hour of her day now: where she would be, what she would be fixing, when she would cook, when she would clean, when she would have time to herself. He scheduled time for the two of them, for her to curl at his feet on in his lap. Sometimes, he would come and play with her while she was doing other things.

“I'm working,” she'd simper, not stopping while his hands explored her flesh, entering her, making her moan.

“Don't worry about it,” he'd insist.

The time he played with her came out of her personal time, and that made sense. There was so much to do and only she could do it. It was only a quarter hour or so, at least at first, but by the time her free time had all but vanished she no longer noticed – her every waking moment was too busy for her to concern herself with old hobbies.

It was far too pleasurable, the things he did to her, her chances to ride his cock and sag into his shoulders, his hands cupping her ass as she shook, pressed her sweat soaked body against his.

“Go get yourself cleaned up,” he'd say, and spank her, reminding her to clean up her messes before she left. She made sure to lick the taste of herself off him, then saunter off, hips shaking in invitation, knees weak from being fucked.

She cleaned herself the way Jothed taught her. He watched her do it, letting her know when she missed a spot, spanking her when she didn't do it properly.

“I'll get it right,” she'd cry, then scream when he spanked her again.

“You better,” he'd say, the disappointment in his voice as painful as his hand on her ass.

Sometimes, he would reward her when she did things right. When her work was done, when she cleaned the dishes or herself, or cooked well, he would give her small things to let her know he cared. Flowers, tools, clothing, orgasms. Nothing she used belonged to her anymore, she thought. She didn't remember buying any of her tools, any of her clothes, anything. Jothed took care of it all.

“What's that?” she asked. He had her standing with her back to the table so the bottom of her ass was resting against it, legs spread and knees bent.

He shushed her by lifting her skirt and pressing it against her lips.

“Hold that for me,” he said, and she kissed her skirt, holding it, her hands placed at her side as he slid the slim panties down her long legs, kissing her thighs and calves until the fabric was gone. He

slipped his own pants off and entered her, warning her not to lose the skirts, giving her the reward she had earned for a job well done.

And afterward, when he let her lie on the bench beside him, guided her head to his lap so she could clean him he stroked her hair and smiled down at her.

"I got something for you," Jothed told her. She liked his presents and whispered thank you onto him, careful not to brush him with her teeth. He groaned and smiled wider, reaching for a box, letting her sit up to pull loose the ribbon and carefully unwrap the paper and open it.

She fetched a small thick disk from it, sort of a miniature can? Two of them? She looked at it and then him, not sure what it was she was holding.

"What is it?" asked Rey. Some small part of her said the mechanism looked like a cross between a spearhook and a droid shacklebolt, the technology more advanced than she expected.

"It a communication bolt," Jothed explained. "Attaches to the skin, allows people to communicate with one another and to know where the other person is."

"You got these for us?"

"I did."

She considered it. So much of her life was his already, and her life was good. Wasn't it? Yes. It was good. But...

"I'm not sure I want it," said Rey, the admission slow. She found herself cringing. She wasn't sure why.

"Are you sure?" Jothed asked. She whimpered. He didn't do anything threatening. His voice was gentle, his posture peaceful, his eyes hard and empty. She couldn't meet his eyes, dropped her gaze, but that just met she was looking at his manhood, still glistening with her saliva. His fingers found her chin, forced her head up, his smile gaining an edge as her resistance crumbled. "I do. There's been reports of increased bandit activity out on the ridge. If I'm in danger, I'd like to be able to contact you immediately."

She nodded. It made sense. He relied on her. She kept him safe.

"I'll think about it."

"Okay."

He dropped the conversation and she put the device aside. He led her to the bedroom, spanked her for her transgressions, and made love to her afterward to settle her. He knew her and what she needed. He'd shown her how she needed to be treated. She slept, light and sore, and woke up when he pushed her face down on his manhood.

Jothed gave her the schedule of what she had to do and he let her work that day, which was disappointing. She kept looking up, kept biting her lip, kept hoping that he would come and play with her, but instead she was left to do nothing more than work and wonder where he was, if he was talking with other people, if she was with someone like Sarje, someone intelligent and sophisticated and

"I think we should do the bolt thing," said Rey, over dinner.

"Okay," Jothed said. He chewed thoughtfully, swallowed. "I'll attach mine first, okay? After dinner, just so you can see how its done."

"Sure," said Rey. She knew more about how mechanical things worked than he did, but pointing that out would have been childish. "Do they come off?"

"Yeah, I'll show you how," Jothed shrugged.

They ate in silence.

He retrieved them while she cleaned the dishes. There were two of them, slightly different; hers was prettier, a soft flat grey.

"Like your eyes," Jothed said, and smiled at her.

He placed his device by his left shoulder, just below the collarbone, and pressed it against the skin. There was a slight mechanical hiss and he winced, mechanisms coming to life as she watched and tried to figure out how it all worked. Subconsciously, she reached out with the Force the way she had always done, noting as the tiny spearhooks anchored themselves on individual skill cells, compressing itself as it lay almost flush with his skin, weaving itself into his skin and organs without causing damage, enough space left in the weave between metal and flesh to leave little more than mild discoloration.

"How does it feel?" Rey asked, amazed and curious.

"Weird," Jothed answered. Then: "It itches."

They both gave it a few minutes, letting the machine come to rest. The skin around the device was a mild shade of pink, but otherwise it was a hard thing to notice unless she was actively looking for it. He could move around without pain, his arm acting as it always had, and Rey suspected that even the discoloration would fade entirely in a day or two.

Jothed touched a spot on the device and brushed a finger counter-clockwise. It began to whirl again, and, through the Force, she felt it unweaving itself from his body, healing and connecting flesh and organs and bone as it went, returning everything to the state it had been in before they had started this little experiment. It took twice as long to pull out as put in, but there was no bloodloss and no wincing, a middling bruise and nothing else.

"I don't think it'll leave so much as a scar," Jothed said, and she agreed.

It hadn't. There was no sign of anything having been there. She kissed the spot and it wasn't even especially warm. He kissed her back and she let him, hoping for some reason that her lips might distract him, but he held up the smaller grey device and let her hold it in her palm.

She pulled back, staring at it. Was she really going to do this? She felt something down in her stomach, an uncertainty, but when she went to confess her doubts Jothed had turned his attention to a datapad and she didn't want to interrupt him in case he was doing something important. He'd reinstalled his, too, she saw, doing it like it wasn't a big deal. She didn't want him to think of her as a child, didn't want his look of gentle disappointment or him saying something about a lack of trust. He'd done so much for her.

Rey placed the device below her left collarbone, just above the spot where her breast swelled out.

It itched going in. The little whirl and a pinching sensation that spread out, an electric hum that stretched out from her breast to the rest of her body. It tingled, tickled, and she smiled and laughed a little, the laugh a little scared as she sat down as it settled across her every last nerve. When it was over she sat, breathing slow. It weighed almost nothing. She tapped it and it did nothing, dormant in her flesh.



"How does it work?" Rey asked.

"Oh," Jothed paused, then looked over at her. His eyes were wide as he stared at her, lips a cool smile. "That's... interesting. I know exactly where you are. I can hear you from the inside, check your vitals, this is amazing."

"I'm not getting information from you," Rey frowned. "Do you think mine's broken?"

"I'm not sure."

Jothed stood as she looked down at her, tapping it again. She tried to find the means to take hers out so she could look at it, but it remained inside her no matter what she did or how well she mimicked what her lover had done. She tried not to panic as he got closer.

"How does this come off?"

"I'm not-"

Rey panicked.

She didn't know why. She didn't know what was happening, just that a sense that something had gone horribly *wrong* came on her. She fingered the device, trying to figure out how to get it out, desperate to get it, but then her fingers weren't working and she was convulsing and screaming, eyes wet and cheeks stained with tears, voice hoarse as every muscle hyper extended out at once, the breathe wrenched out of her, and then it was over and reached for the Force and-

-and the pain washed over her again. Again. Again. Again.

She stopped reaching for the Force, too tired to do anything but moan, her shaking limbs outside of her control. Her vision was fuzzy but she saw Jothed's feet by her face, sensed him kneeling above her, felt his hands in her hair, pulling her painfully up so that her eyes finally focused on his face.

He adjusted his grip, cradling her face, holding her gently.

"Rey?" her love said. It took her so long to work up moisture in her mouth, to regain control of her tongue, to work the stiffness out of her jaws so she could close them, open them, close them. Took her so long to remember how to breathe, how to do anything, but she managed it as he held her, kept her. She was proud of the one word she managed to string together, her response to his saying her name.

"yes"

"Shut up."

## EPISODE 17 – DON'T SPEAK

She was naked when she woke up. Jothed let her sleep under the blankets, her cheek resting on the soft hair of his hips, the scent of him pervasive. She licked her lips, quietly slid out of bed, starring at her lover. Timid, uncertain, her eyes moved towards the closets where her clothing was kept but she wasn't supposed to wear anything that Jothed hadn't chosen for her and he hadn't left out anything for her to wear before he'd taken her to bed last night.

She hesitated, considering disobeying him, shuffling from foot to foot. She could wrap a blanket around herself, she thought, but Jothed might consider that a dress. He had in the past. Closing her eyes, accepting defeat, she turned and padded towards the kitchen. She'd left in spotless last night and fetching a mug for herself and some coffee was easy enough, brewing herself some to start her day.

"You're making coffee for yourself before making some for me?" Jothed asked, voice sleepy.

She turned to look at him, pants loosely hanging from his hips as he rubbed sleep from his eyes. She was about to speak when he looked at her and-

*-and the scream tore out of her throat as her vision faltered-*

*-and she reached for the Force but her mind wouldn't focus and-*

*-and she screamed and tried stay standing to jump at him and-*

*-and she was writhing on the floor trying to pull herself up and-*

and she whimpered on the floor, tears on her cheeks, his foot tapping her cheek.

"Good morning, Rey," Jothed said, his big toe curled against her lips. "Are you ready to behave?"

She closed her eyes and sniffled and nodded and knew she couldn't risk being misunderstood, so she turned her head – it hurt so much to move – and took his toe into her mouth, suckling it like she would suck his cock later, and she heard him chuckle.

He helped her to her unsteady feet, her knees and shoulders shaking, eyes watering. She stumbled when he let her go and she grasped at the counter to hold herself up, then yelped as he slapped her ass and left her to finish making his coffee.

She thought about how frail he was. She thought about how she could crush him with the Force, end him with her lightsaber, how she could beat him to death with her bare hands.

"Your brain just spiked," Jothed said, and she cringed, simpered. He was sitting, not even paying attention to her, his attention consumed by the datapad in his hands. "Is everything okay?"

"It," Rey paused, arms useless at her sides, hands curling into fists so tight that her nails were digging into her palms. She took a deep breath, forced herself to look up at his smiling face as he looked up at her with a lazy smile. "It hurts sometimes."

"Pain is how you learn, remember?" Jothed said, shaking his head. He snapped his fingers and pointed at the coffee behind her. "I'm sorry it's taking you so long. Why don't you finish my coffee and we'll see if we can do something about the pain?"

And, just like that, she was dismissed.

She couldn't even think rebellion without him knowing it. She couldn't even dream of resistance

without being punished. Too aware of the pain her thoughts would bring her, she turned away from him and finished making the coffee, all too aware of her naked ass shaking before him like an offering.

It bothered her, how grateful she was that he didn't take advantage of her in that moment.

She finished the coffee and brought it to him, bending low and placing it on the table, then standing back up and waiting for his next direction. He left her standing there, naked and waiting as he considered whatever it was he was looking at for minutes before he finally sampled the coffee.

"This is good," Jothed said, smiling up at her. The cruel twist of pleasure that seeped through her at the words terrified her almost as much as the pain of failure would have. "Thanks."

"You're welcome."

He went back to the datapad, sipping at the coffee while she stood before him and waited – she hadn't been dismissed yet, but she noticed when he flipped through to her schedule for the day, wrapping around the back of her leg and stroking her inner thigh, his wrist tickling the bottom of her ass as his fingers strummed against her flesh.

"Okay, here's your tasks for today, look over them," Jothed said, handing her the datapad.

"There's no space for lunch here," said Rey, studying the words while trying to ignore his casual affections.

"You'll be okay," Jothed said, finger curling up and brushing her lower lips. "You could stand to lose a few pounds."

"Okay." Rey closed her eyes and tried not to cry.

"Good girl," Jothed said, his finger slithering just the barest breath inside her. "Is there anything else?"

And she looked down at him and-

*-and she screamed sinking down on his fingers reaching for him and-*

*-and her hands legs everything failed and the Force is right there and-*

*-and she curled in on herself falling off of him falling screaming and-*

*-and she was on the ground at his feet pleading for mercy forgiveness and-*

and she lay there, sobbing, while he ran a soothing hand through her hair.

She closed her eyes and swallowed, her throat raw from crying, her cheeks burnt from tears. She pushed herself up so she was sitting, knowing better than to try and get his hand out of her hair, out of her cunt, out of her mouth. She stared at the broken datapad on the floor, shattered from her tantrum, eyes focusing on it as her lover helped her up, caught her when she fell, helped her stand again. He tweaked one of her nipples, let his hand travel up her breast, her neck, moved her chin until their eyes met.

"Now," Jothed asked, his free hand on her hip. "Is there anything else?" She knew what he wanted her to ask. Spreading her legs invitingly, she tried to hold his gaze.

"Would you," Rey stammered, stopped, forced herself to continue. "Would you like to use me before I make breakfast?"

“Not right now,” Jothed said, spinning her around and slapping her ass, pushing her towards their food. “And no breakfast for you today – we need to replaced that datapad you just broke.”

“Sorry about that,” mumbled Rey.

“It’s okay,” Jothed said, smiling at her, his hand rubbing along the curve of her hip and ass, slapping her once more as she stumbled towards their kitchen counter. “Go make me breakfast, get cleaned up, and get to work. There’s a lot for you to do today.”

VI 8 2

It’s been months like this now.

Months since Jothed had her install that thing on her breast, months and she was sliding bit by bit into becoming the woman he wants her to be. It shocked her when she reached for the Force without permission. It shocked her when he was angry with her. It shocked her when she thought about fighting back. It shocked her when he was annoyed with her. It was easier to do what he wanted, easier and less painful.

He took her out in public sometimes in her pretty new clothes and she would smile and simper and let the occasional stranger touch her, careful not to show any dismay, careful not to give Jothed a reason to punish her.

Mostly he left her to work and she thought the money was good, he told her their profits were outstanding. She thought he must be right about that – she was richer than she’d ever been and this was hard but it wouldn’t last forever.

In the end, he reminded her, this would all be worth it.

∨ ≅ Y

And then Sarje came again.

1 8 7

“Rey, be a dear and get dinner for us, would you?” Jothed asked.

And this was her new reality: her presence at these meetings had transformed from passive waiting to active maid service. Jothed dressed her in a revealing gown, fabric that was soft and showed more of her than she was comfortable with. The slave wore less than she did but was more comfortable, more in control than Rey was.

Jothed had decided that if she was going to be at the meetings that he demanded she attend that she do something useful.

And so she poured wine, served food, collected their dishes, waited on their pleasure as they went over details of things she could not understand.

Sarje smiled at her often, her absent hands running up exposed thighs. Rey didn’t dare do anything about these errant touches, she left waiting for Jothed to defend her.

He never did.

"This is a contract of exclusivity," Sarje said, one hand pushing a datapad closer to Jothed for inspection, while her other groped a standing Rey's ass. "You'll find the terms more than fair, but it's all-encompassing when it comes to the machines and their upkeep."

"It includes the engineer, I see."

"Why would we mess with something that so clearly works?" Sarje said, her hand curling around Rey's ass to the hem of her skirt, pulling it down, down, down around her hips. "This is the most profitable moisture farm on the planet. We can use what you've built here as a model for every other farm."

"What?" Rey asked.

"What do you think, cutie?" Sarje asked her, pulling her hemline just below her core, fingertips brushing the sensitive skin where belly became leg. "Would you like to be the model for every other moisture farm on the planet?"

"I don't understand," whimpered Rey, struggling not to defend herself.

"The exclusivity we're being offered specifies the engineer as part of the property," Jothed explained. "It identifies you as part of the farm."

Rey howled and pushed Sarje away from her and-

*-and staggered as she reached for the Force and the Force abandoned her and-*

*-and she slammed into a corner of the table hard and stumbled away falling and-*

*-and she tried to crawl she tried and she couldn't it hurt too much it hurt too much and-*

*-and Sarje was laughing laughing laughing and kicked her as she screaming and cried and-*

-and it stopped, she stopped, huddled in a heap, her clothing ruined.

"Spicy girl," Sarje said, and spit on her. Rey winced as if she'd been slapped. "We'd like you to stay on as manager, with a bonus and recognizing your shared patent of the process."

"I'll consider it," Jothed shrugged, looking at her. "The benefits have been pleasant enough, but I'm getting bored."

"Fair enough. Can you transfer the sensory codes?"

"Of course. A limited share for now."

Before they turned their backs on her, Jothed snapped his fingers and pointed at the ground by his feet. She struggled to crawl the length of their kitchen, pulling herself arm over arm. Her legs were shaking too hard to be trusted, her vision fuzzy. She wasn't sure she could stand, wasn't sure she could do much of anything, but she very badly did not want to get shocked again.

She sagged on the floor when she got to his feet. She wanted to reach out and hug his ankle, to kiss his foot until he forgave her, but every muscle in her was screaming and shaking and aching and all she could do was breathe unsteady ragged breaths.

"Rey?" Jothed asked, leaning over and slapping her cheek. She wanted to respond but couldn't. His fingers wrapped in her hair and pulled her up and she couldn't even cry about it, couldn't do anything but sob quietly. He slapped her face until her eyes focused on him. "Rey, I need you to sign here."

There was a datapad placed in front of her. Sarje was holding it.

She glanced at it, not understanding most of it, understanding only that if she signed it she would be legally acknowledging that she was part of the property of Skywalker Ranch, not a person but an object to be used as needed.

The core of her recoiled. Her body recoiled. She found strength she didn't know she had, forced herself up, reached out for the Force and-

*-and fell back to the floor screaming but tried to stand on unsteady uncooperative legs and-*

*-and her muscles strained she could be strong but the pain was cutting through her soul and-*

*-and from where she knelt she managed to raise a shaking hand called her lightsaber and-*

*-and her arms and legs failed and she fell to the floor writhing her lightsaber in Sarje's hands and-*

-and she lay on her back, twitching, sightless. The slave had her lightsaber and when she reached for it she quickly thought better of it and let the other slave have it. *The other slave.*

The next time they gave her the chance to sign the datapad, she did.

All her money, everything she had earned, everything she was now belonged to whomever had purchased the ranch from her lover. She was owned. *She was owned.* The device in her breast kept her from rebelling and would keep her from leaving, keep her from running, keep her under their thumbs. She would never leave this place, never know the stars again. She knew it – her entire life stretched out before her and she cried and offered no resistance when Sarje's fingers curled inside her sopping cunt.

"I think that concludes our business for the evening," Jothed said, sitting at the table, sipping at some wine. "Is there anything you'd like?"

"No," Rey said, and-

*-and she curled herself onto Sarje's fingers as the other slave laughed deeper and-*

*-and she sagged on the floor, torn between consciousness and blessed nothing and-*

*-and the pain wouldn't let her go, the pain kept her frozen and helpless and weeping and-*

*-and she was cumming on the other slave's fingers cumming again and again and-*

-and she lay on the ground, legs spread, body caught between heaven and hell.

"I wasn't talking to you," Jothed said, and Sarje laughed. He walked over to her and nudged her limp head with his foot, toes pushing her so that she was staring at the maniacal grin of the slave girl.

"Oh, yes," Sarje said, drawing circles with her finger.

Rey screamed.

# EPISODE 18 – SHORTENED LENGTH

“Now, hold still,” Sarje crooned. “This is really going to hurt.”

Rey opened her eyes to find herself naked in Jothed's bed with Sarje overtop of her, lips twisted curling upwards, flecks in her eyes making her look like an animal. Rey shoved the other woman off her and sprang to her feet, running on a shock of adrenaline as Sarje yelped and crumpled to the floor, head snapping back up to leer up at her. Rey glared down, reaching for the Force and saw Jothed leaning in the doorframe, shaking his head and-

*-and pain there was so much pain all over she heard herself screaming as she stumbled and-*

*-and Sarje laughed and she was on the floor trying to crawl limbs twitching on impulse and-*

*-and she reached for the Force felt it answer pain broke her concentration her mind her will and-*

*-and she was close to him nearly able to touch his naked feet muscles straining against the pain and-*

*-and she curled on herself weeping screaming spine curling holding herself looking for comfort and-*

-and it ended with Rey on the ground while Jothed pulled his foot free of her one outstretched hand, stepping closer to her and placing his foot on her cheek. She whimpered as he wiggled his toes closer to her mouth, mashing her tears and snot over her face as she tried to control her breathing.

“Remember, she was a Jedi,” Jothed said. His big toe pressed against her lips and, by instinct, she took it into her mouth and began to suck on it.

“The Jedi were a lie made up by the Republic to scare deissenters and then used as bogeymen by the Empire,” Sarje answered. Her voice got closer and Rey imagined the slave crawling closer, felt a hand rest on her naked thigh. “The Jedi aren't real.”

“I assure you, they were,” Jothed drawled.

“Are,” Rey whimpered, spitting the toe out of her mouth. A hand tangled in her hair and Rey gasped as Sarje yanked her head up and shook her, violent, held her still until her eyes remembered how to focus. Rey found herself staring, her great strength rendered meaningless as the slave's eyes bored into her own.

And then Rey's head snapped back as Sarje slapped her and threw her back to the ground, crawling on top of her and spitting in her face.

“They are not now nor were they ever,” Sarje growled, a finger slipping in Rey's mouth and pressing against the inside of her cheek, controlling Rey's body so they were looking in one another's eyes again. “Do you want to know what's real?” the slave asked, her knee pressing between Rey's legs.

The last Jedi said nothing.

“I asked you a question,” Sarje said, her finger leaving Rey's mouth and slithering down her chin, hand spreading around Rey's slender neck. “Do you want to know what's real?”

Rey said nothing.

“A slow learner,” Sarje giggled, hand pressing against Rey's throat, knee moving and spreading Rey's lower lips. Sarje rested her weight on Rey's throat, her other hand circling a breast and

pinching a nipple, causing Rey to hiss in more pain. "That's okay. I'm a patient teacher."

"What," moaned Rey, "What is real?"

"What's real is how much I'm going to hurt you, and how much I'm going to enjoy it," Sarje said, leaning down so that their lips were touching. She nibbled on Rey's pouting lips, the fingers on her throat tightening, the fingers on her breast tightening. "You want to behave like an animal...?"

The slave's hands left her, grabbed her shoulders, and Rey yelled as she was spun onto her belly. Sarje's hand found the back of her neck and pressed her face into the floor, her other hand curling down around her ass, spanking her.

"Spread your legs, whore," Sarje commanded, and Rey thought about resisting but she Jothed's toes were right next to her face and, moaning, she let her legs open, felt Sarje's hands cupping the core of her, pressing into her, sliding into the sopping wetness of Rey's core, circling until Rey's hips were trying to match the rhythm of her rapist's fingers.

Rey whined as the fingers left her empty, then yelped as something cold pushed into her and she bucked, breaking free of the slave and-

*-and she screamed as the pain started again and all her strength meant nothing-*

*-and she was trying to crawl again but her limbs were trembling so hard and-*

*-and she fell on her belly curling in on herself screaming screaming pleading and-*

*-and Sarje was laughing laughing in her face fingers twisted inside her and-*

-and it was over and Rey trembled on the ground, breathing shallow and erratic, her vision fuzzy.

"Crawl back to our guest's feet, Rey," Jothed commanded.

She swallowed, trying to see through the phantoms that flooded her vision. There was a blur that looked like Sarje only a few feet away. She tried and failed to make her body move, flailing uselessly on the ground, pulling herself forward an inch at a time. Slithering on her belly, it took her far too long to cross the short distance, but she collapsed on the slave's foot, planting pretty kisses along the length.

"There's a good girl. Now, spread your legs," Jothed said, stepping on her ass like he owned it, stepping on her ass because he owned it. "Our guest brought you a present."

She felt mutinous but he was smiling down at her and she knew the cost of her rebellion. Closing her eyes, whimpering, she slowly spread her shaking legs and exposed herself to whatever degradation they had planned for her.

"Hold yourself open," Jothed demanded, and she did.

Sarje slithered closer, the fingers of one hand curling inside Rey's core as the other pressed her neck into the ground. She whispered pain and need as she was pulled up in intimate fashion, the hand leaving her nape. Seconds later, the coldness returned to slipping through her oily folds towards her clit.

"Push yourself up," Sarje said, and Rey struggled to her knees, Sarje coming to her front and supporting her, that coldness held in place as their eyes found one another. Sarje pressed her lips against Rey's mouth, tongue forcing itself past Rey's lips, and when the piercing agony shot through her clit the slave was there to swallow Rey's scream.

"Delicious," Sarje said, licking her lips as she let Rey crumble, shaking fingers reaching for the



metal now piercing her most sensitive flesh.

"What did you," Rey whimpered, every brush of the small metal ball fastened against her teasing pleasure. "Why did you...?"

"Jedi," Sarje sneered, slapping Rey's fingers away and tugging on the piercing, laughing while Rey gasped and shuddered, her eyes dismissing Rey as she turned her attention to Jothed. "Big scary Jedi. You think this pathetic little thing is a Jedi?"

"I know she is," Jothed answered. "It's why I've been so careful."

"She's nothing," Sarje said, spitting in Rey's face and slapping her, pushing her down on her back. "Let me show you how scary she isn't."



Rey closed her eyes and tried to hold still as Sarje played with her new clit piercing, holding it out away from the safety of her slick folds. She clenched her hands into fists and hoped to waken somewhere, anywhere else, even back on Jakku. Instead, there was a strong tug that caused stars to explode behind her eyes lids and when she opened her eyes she could see the slim chain extending from between her legs to Sarje's hand.

The slave stood and sauntered over to a chair, tugging on the chain, tugging on Rey, forcing the sweat-soaked and exhausted Jedi to shamble after her. Rey was sniffing by the end of the short walk, whimpering as Sarje sat and pulled her closer, tying the chain around the leg of the chair she was sitting on.

"Sit," she commanded, and Rey dropped down to her knees, her eyes briefly flickering over to Jothed. Her lover was groping his own erection, clearly enjoying the nude Jedi's subservience to the slave girl.

Rey's eyes turned back to Sarje as the slave spread her legs, pulling back her skirts to reveal bare skin. She reached inside her own oily folds and pulled out a froth-covered dildo, wiping the white viscosity on Rey's cheeks, on her lips, underneath her nostrils.

"Did you get the scent, Jedi?" Sarje asked, pretty, friendly, all smiles and concern. Rey felt the hatred in her swell and the slave above her smiled and slapped her cheek with the dildo once, twice, three times as Rey did nothing but clench her fists and tremble. "I asked you a question."

"Yes," Rey spat.

"Clean that up," Jothed said, pointing at the spittle that had dribbled past Rey's lips. She glared at her lover and he met her gaze with cold confidence, lips curling into a slight smile. She could feel electricity beginning to sear down her nerves and her breathing became shallow, her vision blurry as she waited and waited for the pain to come.

She just wanted to avoid the pain. She wasn't thinking when she bent over and licked up her spit and girlcum the slave had let drop on the floor. She did it as quickly as she could, hoping to appease her lover, the man who held so much power over her.

"Good girl."

A sick sense of relief flooded through her.

"No, she's not," Sarje said, her foot finding Rey's chin and lifting it. She kicked Rey over that that she landed heavily on her back. She pressed the arch of her foot against Rey's lips and Rey, not knowing what else to do, began to kiss and lick the rough flesh, hoping for kindness from the slave.

Their eyes met and Rey did not see mercy, only a sick satisfaction.

"Hey, Jedi?" Sarje said, smiling. "Fetch."

Sarje tossed the dildo across the room.

For a moment Rey did nothing. The foot was removed from her face and she turned, staring at the cum-crusting dildo on the other side of the room. Crawling over there and retrieving it would cost her something, she knew. It was the sort of thing she might not recover from.

But the pain...

She didn't want the pain.

Reaching for the Force, she grasped the dildo with her mind and lifted it.

"Jothed?" Sarje asked. Rey looked at her lover and-

*-and the dildo fell to the ground as her mind was shattered broken tamed and-*

*-and she tried to push Sarje away using the Force but the pain broke her and-*

*-and she was stretched out twitching screaming pleading creaming and-*

*-and she let the Force go abandoned it abandoned herself abandoned everything and-*

-and she was curled at Sarje's feet, whimpering, crying, planting pretty little kisses as she hoped that they would take put on her. Sarje wrenched her foot free and brought it down and Rey thought that the slave was going to stomp on her instead Sarje just gave her gentle little taps with her foot, taptaptap, and the gratitude Rey felt sickened her.

"What are you waiting for, Jedi?" Sarje asked, leaning down. "Go get it."

Rey tried and failed to rise, strong muscles writhing into weakness. She dragged her trembling exhausted body across the floor, scraping oversensitive flesh, praying they would not hurt her further.

"Some of her cum fell off when she tossed it for you," Jothed said. "Would you mind cleaning that as you go?"

Rey stopped, closing her eyes and opening them again, wondering how there were any tears left in her body. She nodded her weary head, began moving, then cried when she felt a tug on the chain.

"What was that?" Sarje

"i'll do it," Rey whispered, voice rough from screaming.

The first pool of cum tasted like vanilla on her tongue. The second and third held a similar flavor, coating the inside of her mouth, lingering around her tongue, sticking to her throat. The flavor would not leave, that and the texture a constant reminder of what it was she had swallowed of her own free will.

When the cum was off the floor she turned back to the dildo and began to chase it, the exhaustion getting worse. She was close to it, nearly within reach, finger tips not quite brushing it when a

sharp ache in her clit let her know that she had reached the end of her leash.

She stretched her arms, desperate to obey, but her captors only looked at her with mocking sympathy.

“Do you need help, little Jedi?” Sarje asked.

Rey had never hated anyone as much as she hated Sarje in that moment.

“What kind of Jedi needs help?” Sarje laughed, tugging painfully on the chain. Rey whimpered but followed the pain, heading closer to the slave until almost all her hard work was undone. Sarje giggled the whole while, playing with the chain and enjoying Rey's lewd reactions, tugtugtug, until Rey was panting at Sarje's feet. “Well? What kind of Jedi needs help?”

“I... I...”

“Do or do not, isn't that your whole thing?” Sarje asked, staring down at her. “What do you need to do to get that toy, Jedi?”

“I don't know!” Rey said, looking at chain. She knew the answer and knew that they would not release her, knew that her suffering was the point of this. She felt like crying and she did, sobbing as Sarje ran gentle hands through her hair.

“Stupid and delusional,” Sarje said, soothing, letting Rey hug her leg as she sobbed, letting Rey bury her shame in the slave's thigh. “It's a good thing you've brought her under your care.”

“It was the only way to keep her safe,” Jothed said.

*What?* She thought but did not say. *I was the one that kept you safe!*

“If you want the toy and you don't want to get punished,” Sarje said, pulling painfully at Rey's hair and forcing their eyes to meet. “You need to beg.”

And Rey hated her, hated Jothed, hated this – but mostly, in this moment, she hated herself.

“Please,” whispered Rey, closing her eyes, opening them again when Sarje pulled painfully at her scalp. The message was clear, and she held the slave's gaze as best she could. “I... I need help.”

“To do what?” Sarje drawled.

“To fetch... fetch the dildo.”

“I'll help you, of course, but first you need to tell me what you are.”

“A Jedi?”

“Shock her,” Sarje said sweetly, turning to Jothed.

“No!” Rey screamed, begged, voice cracking. “Please!”

Jothed only smiled.

“Then tell me what you are,” Sarje demanded,

“A,” Rey floundered, searching for something. “A girl?”

“What kind of girl?”

“A... a slave girl?”

“No,” Sarje corrected, pulling cream from herself and rubbing it on Rey's face. “I'm a slave girl, and you're beneath me. What are you?”

"A pathetic girl who needs help?" whispered Rey, choking on the vanilla scent.

"See, she's not so stupid, she came up with an answer all on her own," Sarje stood up and Rey stayed on her knees, her clit chain still tied to the chair. "Go ahead, crawl and get it."

And Rey did. On hands and knees she crawled, wincing and crying and moaning as the chair was dragged after her. It hurt but she managed to reclaim the ground she has lost and all it cost was the ragged remains of her dignity, but just as she got to the dildo there was a painful pull on her clit and she leaped backward to follow it, screaming and shook.

Sarje had pulled the chair back to where Rey had started, was sitting on it again.

"With your mouth," Sarje said, bending down to cup Rey's cheek.. "You have nothing interesting to say, so you may as well use your mouth for something. Do you understand?"

Rey nodded, leaning into the hand, desperate for comfort from any source. When Sarje stood Rey began the long hard crawl back, muscles aching as she made the journey. She stared down at the dildo, a dribble of Sarje's cum tying the length to the flood below it.

Taking a deep breath, Rey bent down and licked at the cum, then bit the side of the dildo.

"Not that way," Sarje's whisper carried like a threat. "Respect it. It's worth more than you."

Letting the dildo gently on the ground, Rey suckled it back into her mouth lengthwise so that it tickled the back of her throat. She crawled back, the tingle between her legs as much a distraction as the hardness in her mouth, her eyes on the floor. She stopped at Sarje's feet, felt the knuckles of one hand kneading her scalp while the other pulled the dildo out of her mouth with an audible *pop*.

"All clean," Sarje said, licking Rey's saliva from the dildo. "Now... fetch."

And Rey watched helplessly as she tossed the dildo back across the room.

# EPISODE 19: TRUTH IN LIES

“Get up.”

There was a foot on Rey's cheek, rocking her head back and forth. She'd been sleeping on the floor, Jothed kind enough to give her a blanket while he slept with Sarje, and he'd even let her sleep in after an exhausting day of work in the fields and what Sarje called Rey's training.

Rey groaned – every part of her body ached and she had not gotten quite enough sleep to feel fully recovered from yesterday's torment. She looked up at Sarje and briefly considered fighting back, but her lover had gifted the slave with the same control he exerted over her *for her own good*.

She wondered where the last words of that thought came from and closed her eyes again huddling into herself and shivering.

“Are you going to cry?” Sarje asked.

Rey struggled not to. She wanted to. She'd signed over the independence she'd fought so hard to build for herself, signed herself over to a life so much harder than what she'd endured on Jakku, and all for the sake of a lover that had shown her again and again that this is what she deserved.

“Cry or make me coffee,” Sarje said, rolling her heel closer to Rey's mouth.

“Coffee,” Rey mumbled, rolling herself out from underfoot and padding over to the kitchen, too aware of the too-sheer sleepwear Jothed had bought her and that he had allowed her to wear last night. It was comfortable, yes, but too revealing for Rey's tastes – not that those mattered.

She felt the fabric slither across her belly as it cradled her chest and tickled her ass, reminding her that Sarje could see all of her, that for all her supposed wealth and for all of his supposed care, Rey had less freedom than that slave that was enjoying the view.

Bustling about the kitchen, Rey felt her belly rumble as she made the coffee the way Sarje liked it. There was food and she cut some melon and prepared some meats for the slave to eat, returning to the bed with the plate and mug. Sarje looked up at her and stretched, smiling, languid while Rey stood there, waiting. The food didn't weigh that much but Sarje enjoyed making Rey wait until the plate felt like a fuel tank and her arm ached and shook.

“Hold that steady,” Sarje commanded, and Rey did the best she could. Sarje claimed the mug and Rey used both hands to hold the plate steady, which made Sarje laugh. “No one told you to do that, Jedi, but okay. You do you.” The slave claimed a piece of melon and swallowed it, then moved her juicy hand to the fabric beneath Rey's hips.

“What are you doing?” Rey whimpered, hating the weakness of her voice, hating her weakness.

“You need both your hands to hold that plate, but no one gave you permission,” Sarje answered, looking deep into Rey's eyes. “It should cost you the same thing my meal is missing – a little something.”

“What do you-” Rey started to ask, but Sarje hushed her and claimed another slice of melon,, brushing it between Rey's legs before popping it into her mouth.

“Delicious,” Sarje said, her eyes never leaving Rey's. “Now, be a good girl and hold still.”

Rey Skywalker, Hero of the Resistance, Last of the Jedi, the woman that had helped destroy the

First Order and the Sith behind them, wasn't even allowed to close her eyes as the slave beneath her used her sopping mess between her legs to flavor the breakfast that had been prepared for her. She couldn't help but shudder any time the cool melon pressed against and into her, couldn't help but feel a twinge of shame whenever the slave placed another piece in her mouth and swallowed.

Sarje took the last piece and forced it deeper, breaking the seal of Rey's lips before kneeling up and cupping the back of Rey's head with her free hand.

"Open," she said, and Rey thought about fighting back, thought about throwing the tray with the meat to the floor, but she'd already suffered worse than this and she would not break not like this. Keeping her eyes open, stared into Sarje's gaze and parted her lips, let her tongue slide out. The melon was placed on her tongue and pushed inside her mouth.

"Suck. Chew. Swallow. Obey."

Rey did as instructed.

Sarje laughed and started doing the same with the meat, splitting Rey's cleft and then splitting the meat between the two of them. Rey didn't mind so much – she'd gone to bed without much beyond Jothed's cum in the way of dinner. It wasn't until the meat was gone and she was almost full that she realized how much being here had cost her, that she no longer minded being treated like this.

She wasn't given time to dwell, however, as Sarje leaned forward, her long tongue slithering pleurably through Rey's lower lips and against her clit.

"Wha," Rey managed, the vowel carried into a load moan.

"Keep holding that tray," Sarje commanded, the words spoken against the most sensitive parts of Rey. She quivered and managed to hold mostly steady as the slave cleaned the fruit from her cunt. Rey bowed her head and closed her eyes and moaned, her hips twitching as Sarje suddenly stopped.

"Is something wrong?" Sarje teased, the lilt of her voice brushing against Rey's clit. Rey couldn't think of anything to say, had never imagined anything like the position she was in. "Do you need to cum? Is that it?"

Rey's vision was unsteady and she couldn't think of the word she needed to say, but there was enough of her left to nod her head.

"Do you deserve to cum, Jedi?" Sarje taunted, and Rey didn't know how to answer. Sarje took the tray from her shaking hands and put it to one side. "Kneel down, put your hands behind your back. Right, exactly like that."

Rey had seen the slave hold her hands like this dozens of times, right hand clasped on left wrist, leaving her ass exposed. She felt uncomfortably warm, itchy, was sweating and needy and Sarje's hand was in her hair, her other playing with the skin along her hips, between her legs, tracing the curves of her with little electric promise.

"You know the Jedi weren't real, right?" Sarje asked. Rey moaned and said nothing. "Say it. Say the Jedi weren't real."

"They were real," Rey whispered.

Sarje slapped her, hard, rocking her head to one side, and spat on her.

"Get back in position, Jedi," Sarje said, pulling her up by the hair, toying with her while she tried to kneel with her hands behind her back. "Now, tell me that the Jedi weren't real."

"The Jedi were real," Rey said. "We-"

The slap was harder this time, closer to her temple. Rey's vision exploded into phantom starfighters and she didn't get her hands in place to catch herself quickly enough. She was dazed, confused, off balance, and Sarje was still toying with her.

"Back into position, Jedi," Sarje ordered, her fingers brushing Rey's slick folds, and Rey tried to regain her position without losing those delicious fingers. "Now, you claim to be a Jedi – some weird religious cult that kidnapped children and brainwashed them into thinking they had magical powers, a cult that the old republic enabled to scare people into compliance. The Jedi were supposed to be powerful, invincible knights, and you claim to be one. But I've been raping you for days and I just slapped you twice and you haven't done anything about it but lie there and take it."

"You- ah," began Rey, but her words and thoughts were demolished as Sarje rubbed her clit between two sharp nails. She screamed, she cried, but she held her position.

"A real Jedi – as if the Jedi were ever real – wouldn't be this, would she," Sarje said. "So, tell me the truth and I'll let you cum."

"The... the J-jedi..."

"Yes...?"

Rey bit her lip, closed her eyes, bowed her head. The fingers on her right hand were digging painfully into her left arm, her hips circling the fingertips that teased.

"The Jedi weren't real."

It was a whisper that sound like a prayer. On her knees and with her head bowed, Rey felt like she was praying to some terrible god.

"If the Jedi aren't real, why do you claim to be one?" Sarje asked, two fingers hooking inside of Rey, opening her. Rey gasped, eyes opening, Sarje somehow above her and staring down at her with too-wide eyes. "Is it because you wanted to be special? Tell me the truth and I'll let you cum."

"I... I lied because..." Rey doubled over, the words she was whispering cutting at something in her. She was crying but she wanted go cum so badly. "I lied because I wanted to be special."

"So... the Jedi aren't real?"

"The Jedi aren't real."

"So if you're not a Jedi, what are you?"

"I... I..."

"It's okay. Cum for me."

Rey did, screaming, her back arching and limbs shaking, strong muscles feeling like they were going to tear themselves apart.. She felt back and off Sarje's fingers, twitching sightlessly, unable to stop from vibrating until her voice died.

She couldn't make sense of what she was feeling, what she was, but when Sarje grabbed her hair and pulled her up she followed, boneless, allowing her face to be led between the slave's legs.

Unthinking, Rey knew what she had to do.

Parting her lips, stretching her neck forward, Rey began to lick.





## EPISODE 20: WHAT REY WANTS

“What are you doing?”

Rey felt the smile on her face die at the words. She'd been happy, as happy as she ever was these days – Jothed had sent her out to look at the moisture converters on a dozen different farms, so she'd been out of the house for almost a week. The thing he'd placed in her chest sometimes throbbed, but infrequently enough that she was largely able to forget it and do what she loved most – fix breaking machines and coax them into working.

Jothed himself had come to see her twice over the course of the week, once to update her on their profit margins – *his profit margins now that he effectively owned her* – and once to bring her dinner and sleep with her like he had in the early days. He'd even brought some of the gowns he'd made for her and let her choose one, the light material playing off her hard muscle and deep tan.

“You've been working hard,” he said, raising a glass of wine and toasting her. “I need you to know that there are rewards.”

It bothered her to realize she had forgotten: for her, the work and time away from him was the reward now, but that night had been different. He'd listened to what she had to say, praised her work, showed her that her efforts had made them wildly profitable. He let her talk about Jakku and the war, walked with her under the moons, made love to her and cuddled her as they drifted to sleep, even made her breakfast in the morning.

“I should be able to come out and see you again late next week,” he said, hugging her. “You're doing great. Keep it up and we can do more nights like last night.”

“I'd like that,” she said, remembering why she'd loved him.

“I know,” he smiled, kissing her lightly, holding her.

He was so much weaker than she was. She could have snapped him like kindling.

She did not.

The work continued, she going to farms and taking charge of the workers there. She was feeling more and more like herself, directing people, helping them, showing them how to maintain the fixes she made and to measure the gathered moisture's quality, how to purify it to her standards. They were grateful to see her and listened to what she had to say, and she realized at some point that these people were her employees.

*And then...*

“What are you doing?”

She felt a shiver down her back, her shoulders bunching, the fingers holding the tool she was using trembling so bad that it fell into the sand. She turned and found Sarje getting off a speeder, the slave sauntering over to her. The two workers that she'd been instructing turned to look at the slave, too, but they didn't recognize the danger.

“It's polite to say hello, Jedi,” Sarje said, coming to a stop over Rey and resting a hand on her shoulder. Rey felt like the skin of that shoulder wanted to crawl away and hide. “Well?”

“H... hello,” Rey managed, even twisting her lips into what she hoped was a friendly smile and sparing a glance at the workers. “I... I was just showing these two how to maintain the equipment,

and-”

“Can they do that now?” Sarje asked, cutting her off.

“We can,” the elder worker said.

“Show me.”

And they did. Rey was proud of them, the way they managed the machine, kept in clean, running through the processes she had shown them step by step. Sarje asked questions all the way through, asking them about the technology, the farm, the wildlife, and Rey. They answered, easy and friendly, and Rey wanted to scream at them to run and hide.

Instead – *and she would hate herself forever for this* – she kept her head bowed and bit her tongue.

“You've learned your lessons well,” Sarje said, showing the two workers her teeth. She squeezed Rey's shoulder. “You did have an excellent teacher.”

“Ms. Rey is fantastic to work with.”

“She really is,” Sarje answered, and Rey felt herself tense at the praise – Sarje never kissed without a slap. “Do you know what she really excels at, though?”

“What?”

“Sucking clit.”

Rey stopped breathing. The two workers said nothing, not sure if they had heard the slave properly.

“Do you want to sample her?” Sarje asked. The two workers stood with jaws gaping, looking down at Rey, the scavenger saying nothing but squirming as she stayed on her knees under the gentle touch of the slave.

“I mean,” one of the workers said, blinking, chuckling, freezing. “What? You are joking?”

“Not at all,” Sarje said, grabbing Rey's hair in her hand and twisting so that Rey gasped and found herself staring into Sarje's eyes. “It's what Rey likes best, isn't it?”

“No,” Rey whimpered.

“What was that?” Sarje asked, eyes narrowing, teeth still showing through twisted lips.

“No, that's not what I like best,” Rey moaned, trying to pull free. Surely Sarje wouldn't torture her out here, in front of the workers. The stories would spread, it would undermine what they were building, she'd never be taken seriously by anyone ever again...

“Oh, Rey, why would you lie like that?” Sarje asked. She leaned in and kissed Rey, still holding her hair in a twisted ruin, then released her and shoved her to the ground, sauntered away. She turned to the workers. “I'm sorry about this, she just gets like this sometimes.”

“I, uh, sure.”

Sarje stopped and leaned on her speeder as Rey pushed herself to her knees and-

*-and then she was in the sand screaming and writhing and-*

*-and Sarje was laughing at her and saying something to the workers and-*

*-and it felt like everything was on fire, her mind and body and soul and-*

-and then she was panting in the sand, curling in on herself, the sharp ache settling into her

muscles.

“Don't touch her,” Sarje barked, and Rey realized the slave was talking to the workers. “She can do this on her own. Watch. I said, watch, or would you rather watch her suffer again?” She twitched and tried to push herself up, failed as the slave laughed, managed to get to her knees on the third try. The workers were watching, shuffling nervous, their eyes locked on Rey. They didn't know what what to do. Rey didn't know what to do.

They were alone with a mad woman.

“Hey, did Rey tell you that she thinks she's a Jedi?” Sarje said, smiling casual, leaning her ass against the speeder and crossing her arms. “Did she tell you that?”

“No,” the elder worker said.

“It's true, she does think that, but the Jedi aren't a real thing, are they, Rey?”

“The Jedi aren't a real thing,” Rey whispered. She couldn't keep her head up, her eyes falling to sand she had decorated in patterns of her writhing body, sweat soaked into the grain.

“We're helping her come to terms with her delusions,” Sarje explained. “Part of that is helping her understand what she really likes. Hey, Jedi, what is the thing you like best?”

“Working on machines,” Rey said, nothing thinking, and-

*-and then she was in the sand screaming and writhing-*

*-and on some level she was aware of Sarje telling her what she really liked and-*

*-and the workers were begging Sarje to stop hurting her but she was still hurting and-*

-and Rey lay panting in the sand, crying, her clothing a wreck and her muscles aching, trying to force a hand to move the sweat-plastered hair from her face. She managed eventually, lifting her head from the sand and looking at the worried workers and the sadistic slave, the latter laughing at her misery.

“What do you like best?” the slave asked.

“Licking cunt,” Rey rasped.

“I don't believe you,” Sarje said and-

*-and Rey's screams were muffled by the sand as she fell to the ground and-*

*-and she was choking, rough and coarse getting everywhere, burning and grinding and-*

*-and she was begging, pleading, praying, for any sort of mercy and-*

“What I like best is sucking clit!” she said and the pain ended, leaving her a shell of a girl, quivering in the sand.

“Why didn't you say so?” Sarje asked, pulling her skirt to one side, exposing her cleft and toying with herself. “Why don't you crawl on over here and show me how much you love it? I'm doing you a favor, really.”

Rey looked at the workers and knew they would not help her. She swallowed, trying to work moisture back into her throat, pushing and pushing and pushing until she managed to get to her hands and knees, crawling across the sand to where Sarje waited with a smile. Rey trembled, shuffled, muscles exhausted as she made her way closer and closer to the slave's open legs, the scent of the slave filling Rey's nostrils, the taste of the slave coating Rey's tongue.

"She's a part owner," Sarje said to the workers, "Which is to say, ah, that she's a part owned by the owner."

The slave laughed at her own joke but Rey ran her tongue over the slave's clit and turned that laugh into a series of moans, the slave's hand finding purchase in Rey's hair, directing her until she came into Rey's mouth, holding Rey tight and coating her with precious moisture before letting the exhausted Jedi crumble to the ground.

"Do you guys want to try her?" Sarje asked, cheeks red and breath shallow.

"No, uh, no thanks," the elder worker said.

"Pity," Sarje said, and shot them both in the head. Rey screamed looking at them, turning to stare up at the slave that had taken control of her. The slave smiled, letting the blaster dangle off her trigger finger. "Can't have just anyone knowing what you are."

"They... they..."

"Aww, are you going to cry some more?" Sarje taunted, letting the blaster fall in her speeder. "You can train others, I know you can. In the meantime, I can think of better uses for your tongue, Jedi, so why don't you come over here and show me if you can guess what they are?"

Crying, Rey shambled closer, trying to please the slave.

In the morning, Sarje kissed her, slapped her, and told her that she had.

## EPISODE 21: WHAT LOVE IS

The suns were slashing hot down on Rey's back.

"Your victims aren't going to bury themselves," Sarje said. The family that the slave had killed were sizzling in the heat while Sarje sat in the shade, sipping at a canteen. Rey had been permitted to wear a loose pair of pants, a halter, and some gloves. The shovel was heavy in her hands.

The trick with making a hole with sand was to wet it down so it could be moved more easily, but Sarje had told Rey that wetting the sand was a waste of water. Even if she had been in a position to argue the point she wouldn't have – on Tattooine, water was the most precious thing there was.

So she dug. The sun beat down on her and she continued to dig, bare foot pushing the shovel down into the sand. She wondered how many credits this was going to cost and knew that Sarje didn't care, that the other moisture farms that Rey had created and taught would pick up the slack.

The knowledge scared her. If she was without worth then there was no reason to keep her; she would have thought she was too dangerous to risk keeping alive, and the reason for that danger came back to her.

*I'd be done by now if I could use the Force*, Rey thought, but did not dare say. She winced when Sarje threw a glass into the sand close to her.

"What're you thinking, Rey?" Sarje asked. Rey shook and went to dig but sharp prickles of electricity ran down her spine, a threat and a warning. "Don't think you can ignore me. The way you breathe, the set of your shoulders, the *way you stopped farking digging*, these all tell me that you have something you'd like to say."

"I was just thinking," Rey said, and Sarje laughed and stopped her.

"That's your problem right there," Sarje tittered. "No one cares for you to think unless we give you permission. So you're already acting out of turn."

Rey waited for the shocks but they did not come. Sarje was leaning forward in her chair, chin resting on her hands. Rey shoved the shovel in the dirt, breathing heavy, sweat running rivers down her body.

*"I was thinking,"* she emphasized, "that if I could use the Force, I'd be done by now."

"The Force?" Sarje repeated, her voice rising a few mocking octaves. "*If I could use the Force I'd be done by now.*" The Force isn't real. It's Old Republic propaganda meant to make their Jedi boogymen sound scarier. Repeat after me, "The Force is a lie."

"No." Rey stood, reaching out. The sand responded, a whirlwind rising out of the dunes, and-

*-and Rey was screaming, trying to throw the sand at Sarje, trying to throw Sarje and-*

*-and the sand was falling, Rey was falling, so much of her work collapsing back into the hole and-*

*-and Sarje was laughing, laughing, as Rey writhed and screamed, the Force abandoning her and-*

*-and Rey lay in the sand, panting, muscles strained and sore, her every breath agony.*

"Hey, Jedi, if the Force was real that wouldn't be happening to you, would it?" Sarje said, laughing.

"Hey, Jedi, you still in there? Do I need to shock you into consciousness?"

Rey wheezed and managed to flail an arm up, gurgling what she hoped was a strong enough response.

"Proof of life and consciousness. Adorable." Sarje walked closer and kicked the shovel over, then poured what was left of her drink onto Rey's lips and down her throat. Rey swallowed, trying to soothe the pain that came with so much screaming. "Now, repeat after me: '*the Force is a lie.*'"

"the force is a lie," whimpered Rey, feeling a part of herself wither. She felt weaker, somehow less than she had been even back on Jakku as Sarje pulled her onto her lap and stroked her hair.

"Was that so hard?" Sarje asked..

"no."

"No, whom?"

"no, Sarje."

"Good girl," Sarje said, leaning down and kissing her forehead, holding her head steady so they could look one another in the eye. "I hate when you make me hurt you, Rey."

*liar*

"You know that I'm doing this for your own good, right?"

"right."

"You know that I love you, right?"

Rey could see mania in the slave's eyes. Madness, hatred, sadism.

The one thing she could not see was love.

"i do," Rey lied.

Sarje dropped her back in the sand.

"Then get digging, Rey," Sarje stood and dusted herself off, retreated into the shade and fixed herself a drink. "And hurry up. There's all kinds of predators interested in the scent of cooking meat."

Rey crawled back to the shovel and used it to pull herself back to unsteady feet. The suns were merciless and she licked the sweat off her upper lip to try and slake the terrible thirst she felt.

*Things wouldn't be so hard if I just did what she wanted me to the first time,* Rey thought, driving the shovel into the sand. She was angry with herself for being bated, for having these thoughts, for having let Jothed trick her into putting this terrible thing into her body.

Strangely, she was not mad at was Sarje.

She knew better than to be mad at Sarje.

A little after midday Sarje called her into the shade and let her kneel down. Sarje hand fed her bits of fruit and even some water, letting her lap it up from the slave's palms, and let her doze with her head resting on Sarje's thigh as the slave ran her hand through Rey's hair. It felt nice. Rey hoped it would go on forever, but when Sarje pushed her to the ground and told her to keep digging, Rey did as she was told without complaint.

When the hole was fully dug, Rey carefully moved the bodies into the depth and tried to make

them comfortable. As she was climbing out, Sarje activated the device and Rey fell screaming back into the corpses and the sand. Still twitching, she watched as Sarje grabbed the shovel.

The slave towered like a god, the twin suns granting her a halo.

“You didn't do anything immediately wrong,” Sarje said, her tone friendly. “I just want to prove a point.”

The first shovel-full of sand hit Rey's face. She still couldn't do more than twitch, but she groaned in distress as more sand rained down on her, covering her and the corpses like a blanket.

“If the Jedi, which you claim to be, were such a big deal, you surely wouldn't be in a position like this, right? Being buried by a half-naked slave girl out in the middle of nowhere?”

Sarje paused to jump down in the pit grabbing Rey by the hair and pulling her free of the sand. Rey tried to reach for the slave's hand and the device activated again, knocking her senseless. By the time she was able to make sense of the world around her, Sarje was burying her again.

“I've been gang-banged by weequay,” Sarje said, matter-of-fact. “A group of zabak used to call me their bukkake queen. Still do, when they're in the system and my owner thinks they deserve me. I'm telling you this because I know you think of me as less-than-you, but you're the one in the hole and I'm the one with the shovel. What does that make you? Think about it.”

She continued to bury Rey, shocking her whenever she managed to regain control of her body. Rey sputtered sand, lacking the moisture to cry, the sand sticking to her body and drying her off. She looked like a ghost, a pale wracked dust ghost, and there was nothing she could do to stop this from happening.

Her hair was tugged painfully, yanking her hair above the sand. The rest of her followed and she flopped into the dust and grains, a hundred different scrapes dragged across her burned flesh. She would have screamed if she was able, but she could barely even moan.

Sarje was kind enough to spit on her face and wipe the sand from her face. Rey's tongue moved around her lips, looking for an remaining moisture. Sarje's laughter was like a lash against her soul.

“What does that make you?” Sarje asked, friendly-like. Rey opened her mouth and tried to answer, but the words couldn't make it past the desert her mouth had become.

“Hold your mouth open, Rey.”

She did, and Sarje spit down her throat once, twice, three times. Rey swallowed, tried to remind her body what moisture was.

“Rey, can you hear me?” Sarje asked.

“yes,” rasped Rey.

“What does that make you?”

Rey wasn't sure. She couldn't think. She had enough moisture for tears, so she cried a little. Sarje let go of her hair and more sand rained down. More sand rained down. More sand rained down.

What did that make her? She had held her own on Jakku. She had stood against Kylo Ren and Emperor Snoak. She'd been there to fight whatever that thing that claimed to be Palpatine was. She'd stood as Luke Skywalker became one with the Force, but where was he now? Where were any of the legends she'd wanted to join? Where was Finn, or Poe, or BB-8? Where was Rey?

Rey was in a grave, corpses below her and their killer above her. She was buried, pulled free, and buried again. She could not help herself. She could not fight back. No one was coming to help her and if Sarje wanted to, she could have buried her in the sand and left her there no one would ever know. No glorious or meaningful death, just a legend faded into nothing and left to rot in the sand. That was all she would be remembered as; that was all she would ever be.

She sputtered as more sand flew onto her face.

"Do you have an answer, Rey?" Sarje asked. The slave hopped down beside her, pulling her out of the sand by her hair. She wiped the sand from her mouth and eyes and spat in her face again.

"What are you?"

"helpless," whispered Rey.

"Very good." Sarje let her head drop, started putting sand all around the rest of her body. "Do you know what helpless people need?"

"no"

"They need to be loved, so that the people they love feel inclined to protect them," Sarje said. She came and knelt beside Rey, stroking Rey's hair painfully. "Do you want me to love you?"

"yes"

"I don't believe you, Rey," Sarje said, pulling her hair this way and that. "I think you still think that you're a Jedi and not a piece of property to be used and abused as your owners see fit, but I'm going to help you. Do you want me to help you, Rey?"

"yes"

"Good. The first step is admitting that you need help," Sarje laughed, leaned down and kissed Rey's forehead, then her mouth. Rey' hungrily kissed back, hoping that some of Sarje's moisture might linger.

Sarje let the kiss linger, holding her, then broke apart. Rey was panting, tears beginning to form.

"Thirsty little piece of ass, aren't you?" Sarje asked, and Rey said nothing. Sarje laughed and shook her head and stood, dusting the sand off her legs to that it covered the buried girl. "Are you sure you want me to help you? What do you say?"

"please"

"Well, okay." Sarje lifted her skirt, rubbing herself and then holding herself open. The stream that came out of her was hot and sticky, bitter and constant. It covered Rey's face, her hair, pushing the sand and dust out, dripping off her cheeks and running into her eyes. She shook her head, clearing her vision as best she could, and saw Sarje emptying the ice bucket that had held her drinks earlier into the sand far away from the grave.

"what" Rey managed, but Sarje kicked sand at her and Rey sputtered and fell silent, looking up at the slave. Her foot was close to Rey's face so Rey tried to kiss it, to apologize, and Sarje laughed.

"Now you're getting it!" Sarje said, smiling. She leaned down and ruffled the mess of Rey's hair, tangling it into ruin. "Okay, I'm going to let you think things over, okay? Don't let anything distract you. Remember, you need me to love you."

She placed the bucket over Rey's head, trapping her in the dark with an acrid moisture that was somehow worse than the dryness she had suffered under. Rey coughed and choked and could do nothing to free herself, stuck in the sand and in the dark, barely able to breathe.



In the bitter dark she slipped in and out of consciousness. She wasn't aware when the suns went down; the bucket trapped the heat in with her, Sarje's gift evaporating and sweating inside the bucket, raining down on her, soaking into her face, her eyes, her lips.

When Sarje returned and freed her from hell, Rey was grateful to see her. She smiled and tried to laugh, struggled to kiss Sarje's toes, her feet. When Sarje pulled her free of the sand she hugged the slave and let her head be pushed down to the core between the slave's legs, grateful for the chance to prove how much she loved the slave.

After the fourth orgasm, the slave believed her.





## **EPISODE 22: REWARDS AND OPPORTUNITIES**

The hottest season passed on Tatooine, the dangerous heat that saw everyone running for shelter to escape the cruel suns. Rey spent evenings moving from one moisture farm to another, helping new mechanics and families set up purifiers and recyclers that would keep them all from being cooked.

Jothed sent her messages directing her on where to be, and Sarje came to check on her work. The slave sometimes took Rey to bed and Rey went with her, never complaining, all too aware of the mechanics that watched her and thought less of her. They would never know that her compliance kept them alive.

“You're so selfless,” Sarje said, holding her in the night, playing with her hair and giggling. “Less a self, I mean.” She giggled, groping Rey's chest in bed, and Rey could not help but respond.

Sarje came to see her once a week, and Rey knew that most of her employees thought that she and the slave were a couple. She let them think this. As long as Sarje kept them out of the games she inflicted on the scavenger, Rey would bear it.

J D I

With the cooling seasons coming, Jothed had promised Rey that she might relax. He brought her home to the Skywalker farm, took care of her, showered her and even took her out to some of the fancier restaurants that had cropped up in her absence. Mos Eisley had cleaned up some of its rougher edges, the danger of the place hiding deeper in the shadows, but Rey paid it little mind.

“The transition is going well,” Jothed told her, over dinner. “We've got an eighty-three percent market share on the moisture market on the planet, enough that we can look at exporting to certain interested parties off-world. This means so much more money, Rey – the processes that you developed are making everyone involved very wealthy.”

“Does that mean you'll let me out?” Rey asked. She hated how hopeful she sounded, hated Jothed's answering grin more. She let him take her hand in his, let him give her a gentle squeeze.

“Rey, you know you're integral to the running of this whole operation,” Jothed said. “It literally could not run to the same degree of efficiency without you.”

“You'll take care of me, though, right?” she asked. She sounded so small. She sounded pathetic.

“I won't be here forever,” Jothed said, and squeezed her hand again. “There's other parties that have purchased a controlling interest in our company, and they own you now. I'm going to be here to help with the transition, but you're technically and legally their property.”

“I'm a person, not property.”

“The two are not mutually exclusive.”

Rey thought of Sarje and wondered if the slave's cruelty had come from her slavery or if she had always been like that.

“Any way, I thought we might stop by Vicav's after dinner,” Jothed said, a question that was really an order.

“I don't want to go to Vicav's,” Rey whined. “Couldn't we just go home? I could... entertain you. Anyway you want me to.”

“You will anyway,” Jothed said, laughing. “We're going, and that's final.”

She nodded, bowed her head, said nothing as she mulled over dessert.

V C V

Vicav's was the bar owned by one of the bigger slum-and-gang lords that had risen up in Tattooine since the fall of the First Order. Rey knew and had even been a few times; the food was decent and the drinks were cheap. Vicav's featured live entertainment in the form of rentable dancers, available for private shows and a little more for the right price.

Sarje was on stage when they entered, the slave shaking her hips as she slid her hands up her, stripping the metal bra from her breasts and pulling it over the head, letting it clatter to the floor. She spotted Rey and winked, smiled as the scavenger felt herself flush and looked away.

Jothed led her to a table and sat her down.

They were overdressed for this place, Rey thought, and yet her formal wear revealed a little too much skin for comfort, especially in a place like this. She was worried by the eyes that kept staring at her. She was worried that people might get the wrong idea.

“Is she doing business?” A zabrak sat beside them, looking at her. He was small for the species but stocky with well-muscled arms, the horns on his head dull from use. His skin was a deep familiar yellow and he looked vaguely familiar to her. He squinted in the bad light of the club and snarled. “Oh, Jothed. Didn't realize it was you.”

“Not a single worry, my friend,” Jothed said, offering his hand. The two shook and her lover turned to her. “Rauda, I don't know if you've met Rey? She's the one who retrofitted the Skywalker farm. Rey, this is Rauda Vid – he works security for the consortium that I sold your farm to.”

“Oh,” said Rey. Then, “Nice to meet you.”

“This is the Jedi, right?” Rauda said, grinning.

“The Jedi aren't real,” said Rey, in case Sarje overheard.

“Well, whatever,” Rauda said, leering at her. “Nice tits.”

“Thanks,” Jothed said. Rey felt uncomfortable in the silence that followed. “I heard the boss is putting in a new incentive program for his inner circle.”

“I'm inner circle,” Rauda said, showing off a fresh tattoo on his left forearm. Staring at, Rey couldn't help but think that it looked like a cattle mark.

“Congratulations,” Jothed said, putting an arm around Rey's shoulder. “Do you want to use her?”

*What?*, thought Rey.

“What?” said Rey.

“Shhh,” Jothed said, pulling her in tighter. “There are people, not property, talking.”

“I'd like that, yeah,” Rauda said, nodding. “Business, right.”

*They're turning me into a whore.*

“I'm not a whore,” Rey said, shrugging off Jothed's arm.

“We're all whores for someone or something,” Sarje said, slipping into their table and sitting on Jothed's lap. Rey felt herself shaking, wide-eyed, staring up at the slave and the slave's lips parted, curling upwards. “Why should you be special? Are you special, Jedi?”

“... no,” said Rey, bowing her head.

“Just property, like me,” Sarje laughed. “She might be a little bashful. Why don't I take her to a room and get her ready for you? Finish your drink and come find us, okay?”

“Okay.”



Sarje took Rey by the hand, from the club and into the backrooms with their thick doors and poor lighting. She chose a door to open and pulled Rey into it, shoving her on the bed.

“If you think I'm going to-”

*-and Rey was screaming, writhing on the bed, clawing at her shoulder and-*

*-and Sarje kicked her off the bed and onto the floor and stepped on her throat and-*

*-and Rey tried to push Sarje off but all her muscles and all her strength was useless and-*

“You're going to do whatever we want you to, Jedi,” Sarje said. Rey was chocking underneath her foot, staring up the fell light in Sarje's eyes. “You're going to be passed around as a party favor. If someone wants to see you get intimate with a bantha, we'll make it happen and *you will do what you're told.*”

Rey tried to say something, said nothing, went limp.

“You better not do that when you're with someone,” Sarje said, taking her foot off of Rey, letting the scavenger get up on one elbow, coughing and massaging her neck. “Active participation. Pretend that he's Jothed, or me, or whoever else you've enjoyed having up inside you. You make him think you're enjoying it, okay?”

“Okay,” said Rey, her eyes on the ground. Sarje stalked around her, knelt down behind her, pulled her into an embrace. Rey could have snapped her in half without the Force. She knew she could have. Trembling, trembling, she did not.

“You make me hurt you, love,” Sarje whispered in her ear, nuzzling her neck. “You know I hate having to hurt you, right?”

“...right.”

“Then be a good girl so that I don't have to hurt you,” Sarje said, nibbling down her neck, pushing fingers into her skirts and cupping her, splitting her. “You can be a good girl for me, right?”

“I can be a good girl.”

The lips and fingers left her shivering on the floor.

“I'll be watching, Rey,” Sarje said, sauntering to her door. She rapped on the frame until Rey looked at her. “Make me proud, Rey, and you'll get a treat.”

And then she was gone.



Rey managed to stand up. There was a small bathroom off to one side, so she went to it and threw up. She used the sink to wash the vomit from her lips and straightened herself up, tried to make herself look like she had when she and Jothed had first entered the bar.

She was moving to the bed when the door opened.

Rauda walked in, smiling at her. He didn't break stride as he moved closer, pushed her on the bed, and ripped the top off her gown off her chest.

“Nice,” he said, reaching down and groping her. Rey wrapped her hands around his wrists, considered breaking them, but she remembered – somehow, somewhere, Sarje was watching. Her hands slid up his arm, pulling him down on top of her, wanting to get this over with.

She felt his erection through his pants and shuddered.

He chuckled, using her chest to push himself back up, thick fingers mauling her breast until she moaned, his other hand working at his pants.

“You take them off,” he said, letting go of her flesh. She bit her lip and nodded, curling into a sitting position and working his belt loose, working his pants and underpants down his hips. She remembered Sarje's words – *make me proud* – and licked his erection, a long taste from root to tip.

She felt powerful when he shuddered.

It had been so long since she felt powerful.

She gobbled him down and smiled as his knees shook, as his legs buckled. She followed him down, mastering him, her lips and tongue dominating him completely as his breathing turned ragged. He was using his arms to keep himself up, almost sitting, but when she did a thing with her tongue his arms buckled and his hands stroked her hair.

“How did you learn to do that?” he panted.

Her response made him moan.

“Get,” he said, whatever was to follow lost. “G-get...”

She released him, letting his erection pop out of her mouth as she climbed on top of him, guiding him into herself. He whimpered, the strength of her crushing him, holding him, and she smiled down at him as she began to rock her hips. He was writhing, eyes closed, mouth open, hands clutching at anything as her ass met and left his thighs, as his head shook, as he came screaming inside her, as she kept riding him.

*They've made me a whore*, she thought, stopping on his lap, feeling him shrivel inside her. *They've made me a whore*.

## EPISODE 23: WHO HAS CONTROL

Rey lay on top of the Zabrak. His gut was pushing into belly, both of them breathing ragged. He struggled to move his well-muscled arms and eventually managed it, wrapping her in a casual embrace as his erection finally faded and fell out of her. She collapsed onto him and he held her like her lover might have, his breath in her hair, his cum cooling inside her and dribbling down her thighs.

"Did you have fun?" Sarje asked. Rey craned her neck to watch the slave saunter in, almost skipping to the bed. She sat and looked down at them. "It looked like you had fun."

"She was fantastic," Rauda said, and it sickened Rey when she felt a sliver of pride at his praise.

"Our little Jedi was pretty good," Sarje said, reaching down and slapping Rey's naked ass. "It's just I think she could have been better."

"Better?" Rauda asked, incredulous.

"Well, she's property," Sarje said. "She's supposed to cater to your needs, but I think she got it into her pretty little head that she could enjoy you however she wanted. Does that sound like something property does?"

"No?" Rauda answered.

"I was just—" Rey began, but Sarje put a finger to her lips and curled her lips, teeth gleaming in the strange light.

"It's okay, little Jedi," Sarje said, pushing one finger past Rey's lips, sliding along her teeth. "You didn't know. How could you know? This was her first time." The last words were for Rauda, who seemed surprised.

"I'm delighted to be her first."

"You earned it," Sarje giggled. She stood up, wrapping a hand in Rey's hair and pulling her up, tossing her on the bed as the slave's attention returned to the scavenger. "You did real good, but you could be better and I want to help you remember, okay? So, remember, what I'm doing now is helping you."

"Helping me?" Rey asked, but Sarje shushed her again and opened a closet, pulling a length of rope from it. There were hooks in the ceiling that Rey had not seen, but Sarje slid the rope through a hook and tied Rey's hands in front of her hips.

"Comfortable?" Sarje asked.

"No," said Rey.

Sarje laughed and handed the rope to Rauda, instructing him to pull. The zabrack had recovered enough of himself to pull Rey to her feet by her wrists, high enough so that she was fully stretched with only her toes brushing the plush carpet below them all.

Rey kicked a little, trying to pull free.

Sarje pushed her a little, letting her dangle.

The slave and zabrack pulled the rest of Rey's clothing off, leaving her naked and dangling from the ceiling, staring at them with wide eyes. Rauda's erection was back, comically moving between



his legs as he stared at her with clear lust.

Were they going to fuck her like this?

She had little leverage strung up like this, her feet barely touching the floor, her arms up high over her head. She tried pulling herself up and Sarje spanked her ass.

“Down, girl,” she laughed, then swayed over to Rauda. “The trouble is that she thinks she gets any say in anything. She's not supposed to be in control, you are. We're going to teach her that.”

“How?” Rauda asked.

Rey wasn't sure where the whip Sarje handed him came from.

“Please no,” begged Rey.

“It's the only way you'll learn,” Sarje said, smiling.

The whip uncoiled, pooling on the floor. Rauda tested the weight in his hand, staring at her. His arm extended and

*pain*

it carved across her back, slithering around her torso, ending at her breast. He pulled it back and it spun her around, the sharp pain blossoming into a sharp ache as red welts rose on her creamy skin. She screamed, tried to steady herself, tried to kick and

*pain*

the whip snaked out again, hugging her tightly, starting at her hip and wrapping around her ass, crossing over the sensitive curl of her hip. It pulled away and she yelped, spinning again, trying to kick again, trying to pull herself up to escape the

*pain*

curling at a downward angle this time, starting below the breast and going down hips, pushing her core open and slamming into her. She howled, kicking and crying, instinctively reaching for the Force and-

*-and she screamed and had nowhere to go nowhere to fall suspended in the air by her wrists and-*

*-and Rauda was still whipping her, still whipping, the combined pain a frenzied torment and-*

*-and she writhed as her body was decorated with angry red stripes, from neck to ankle, and-*

*-and she writhed until she could only hang and suffer, her only language agonized whimpers, and-*

and it stopped, the pain, but she still hung there. Her whole body wanted to curl on the ground but she couldn't do anything, her toes not supporting her, her strong arms sapped of whatever strength they might have once had. She couldn't make herself breath except in ragged prayers to the slave girl that had become her god.

Sarje approached her and Rey couldn't even shudder when the slave touched, couldn't do more than give a single involuntary twitch. Her eyes were glossy, empty, whatever soul that had once lived there driven into hibernation to escape the hell that had been inflicted on her.

“She doesn't choose how to give you pleasure,” Sarje said to Rauda, waving him over. “You choose how to use her. Don't think of her as a person, because she isn't one. She's property.”

“A mechanic, I know,” Rauda said. Sarja laughed and slapped Rey's ass, sending waves of agony

through the thoroughly beaten scavenger. Rey's left leg twitched below the knee, but other than that she was still, silent save for soft sobs between short shallow gasps.

"Not just a mechanic," Sarje corrected. "Our little Jedi is a sex toy. Isn't that right, sex toy?"

"m'sc ty," mumbled Rey.

"Look at how wet she is," Sarje said, splaying Rey open. The scavenger whinnied, her head bobbing a little as a finger rolled across her clit. Her body was so desperate for anything other than pain that it responded, the scent of her excitement filling the room.

Rauda stepped forward. She sobbed as he pushed her legs apart, forcing them around his hips. She wept soft and wet as his erection pushed inside her oily folds, slipping in all the way to the root. She hung limp, her whole life balanced on his cock, her only language a long moan as he began rocking his hips, bouncing her up and down, setting a pace that had nothing to do with her needs and everything to do with his wants.

After he came inside her, Sarje held her open and let his cum drool out of her. Only then did she until the rope holding Rey up, letting her drop to the floor, a boneless heap of well-welted flesh.

"Clean up the carpet, Jedi," Sarje said.

Rey stuck out her tongue and did what she was told.



## EPISODE 24: LOVE, NEED, AND

Rey slowly came to herself as she cleaned the carpet of her rapist's seed. The hazy space of compliance she was in faded, leaving her with sharp aches that hurt when she moved, her whole body decorated with angry red welts, more of her red than white. The rough fabrics of the carpet hurt her tongue but she didn't even consider stopping, sucking down on any remnant she could find. She would keep going until she was told to stop, aware on some dim level that her crawling around was a form of entertainment for the other people in the room.

Her rapist and the slave were still there, chatting with one another. For them nothing out of the ordinary had happened. For Rey

*they've made me a whore*

things were far from ordinary. She could feel pieces of herself slipping away to nothing and she knew that there was no part of her that would remain inviolate; Sarje would not stop abusing her until her every sense of self was undone, until Rey begged for her affections.

It scared Rey to know that Sarje was winning and that she had no means of fighting back.

"Do you have enough left in you?" Sarje asked.

"For her?" Rauda laughed. "Yeah. Give me a little time."

Rey wasn't sure what they were talking about. She didn't want to know. What was the point when she knew that she would have no say in it at all. She couldn't even hide defiance anymore and Sarje had proven again and again that there was nothing that she could not make Rey do.

A knock at the door caught Rey by surprise – *people actually do knock in here?* – and Rauda was the one who shouted that they were busy. The door opened anyway.

"Sorry, Rauda, but-" the interloper was a young duros who stopped when he entered, staring down at Rey with wide eyes. He licked his lips, took a cautious step closer to her. "That's the Jedi, isn't it?"

"Yes," Rauda answered.

"Do you want to fuck her?" Sarje asked, standing as Rey shuddered and kept cleaning, her ass in the air, her breasts brushing the wet clean carpet she left in her wake. She didn't have to see the duros to know that he was swallowing, nodding.

*Who wouldn't want to fuck the Jedi?* She thought, despair shivering through her.

"What's his name?" Sarje asked Rauda, coming to kneel beside Rey.

"Belto Llel," Rauda answered. "We work together sometimes."

"I wanna fuck the Jedi," Belto said, the words coming out slow.

"Rey, what do we say when someone mentions the Jedi...?" Sarje asked, pulling Rey's head up and staring into her eyes. Rey couldn't keep her gaze, couldn't hold her ground, couldn't do anything but submit.

"The Jedi weren't real."

"Good girl. What are you?"

"A... a sex toy." A pause as she closed her eyes and whined. "Property."

"She's still getting used to the idea," Sarje explained, "but she's a good girl. Mostly."

"Um," Belto said. Sarje patted Rey's ass and left her side, sauntering over to the duros and guiding him to the bed. She pushed him down and stripped off his pants, revealing the weapon between his legs.

"Come here, Jedi," Sarje said.

Rey rose to her feet, shuffling over to the bed with her hands limp at her sides. She felt listless, powerless, utterly lacking any quality of personhood. When Sarje told her to straddle the duros, she did, spreading her legs and sitting on his erection, guiding the alien inside her, letting him throb inside her.

She sighed as she sank down on him, gasped when he shuffled inside her. She was still hypersensitive, her body responding to the pain she was in by seeking any kind of pleasure. Her cheeks flushed and when Belto reached up and touched her face she nuzzled into his palm, purring.

"You're so soft," Belto said.

"Rauda, come here," Sarje commanded, and the zabrak did as commanded. Rey thought he would come for her mouth but Sarje guided him behind her. She felt his hands on her ass, felt his erection brush up against her rarely-breached asshole, and shuddered.

"Sarje...", she whined, looking at the slave through a tear-filled haze.

"Hush," Sarje demanded, and Rey obeyed.

Rauda pushed against her and the one muscle she had left tried to hold. It was a losing battle. His hands were on her hips, slowly easing her backwards, more and more of him entering her, filling her, dominating her. Her eyes were wide but she wasn't seeing anything, her mouth open but no sound coming out.

"He's maybe a third of the way in," Sarje said, kneeling in front of her and kissing her, staring into Rey's open eyes while nibbling on her lower lip. "How does that feel?"

"aaaaaaaa," said Rey. "aaaaaaaa"

"Perhaps she's bored," Sarje said, leaving the kiss and looking above Rey.

The scavenger screamed as Rauda reamed his way in, sinking the entire length of himself into her bowels, his hips meeting her ass, shaking her so that she quivered around Belto, feeling the two erections brush against one another through the delicate flesh that separated the spaces they were violating.

Belto sighed happily, pushing up, while Rauda thrust forward and pulled her back. Rey was buffeted between them, reduced to two soft wet tunnels for them to find pleasure in, her own vocabulary reduced to soft moans of pleasurable pain. She was lost in it, a haze of fullness that destroyed her ability to think, to be aware of anything other than the throbbing cocks that filled her.

She wasn't even aware when Jothed entered the room, drink in hand.

She wasn't aware of her lover until he was kneeling in front of her.

"Shut up for a parsec, will you?" Jothed said, putting down his drink and cradling her face in his hands. "Shut up, Rey."

She tried, she really did, but her lips parted and sounds left her throat whenever Rauda thrust, whenever he pulled, whenever he thrust, whenever he pulled, whenever he

“My work here is done,” he said, leaning in and kissing the left side of her mouth, licking up her cheek. His fingers curled in her hair as she continued to whimper and wheeze and plead. “I’m going to be collecting my money and leaving, but I wanted to let you know that you were a nice piece of ass and so very gullible.”

*what... what is he saying...*

“Before I go,” he said, slapping her, “I wanted you to show me what your tongue is good for. You can do that, can't you? And, hey, maybe if you're good enough I'll take you with me.”

She blinked, not really understanding, but thinking that maybe, just maybe, there was a way out of this.

When he stood and pulled down his pants she struggled to push forward and take him into her mouth, suckling him down her throat. She needed her hands to balance as she was thrust into and pulled back, but she ran her tongue along her lover's shaft, kissing the head, doing everything she could to make him love her, want her, desire her enough to take her with him.

Belto came inside her first, his seed coating her vaginal walls and spilling out of her. She heard him cry and felt him soften inside her, shrinking, shrinking, falling out of her. She was still brushing his limpness with her sopping vaginal lips, still making him sigh with pleasure, still letting him reach up and grope her breasts, kneading them, slapping them, hurting her, hurting her.

Rauda came next, pulling her ass deeper into his manhood, impaling her, splitting her. It was agony to feel him split her open and it never got easier; her muscles aching at the repeated abuse, each thrust a new kind of agony that built upon the old. He was enjoying himself, slapping her ass, running his hand down her spine, pulling her hips and holding her against him as he filled her, sticky goo feeling strange inside her bowels and spilling out of. His cum made it easier for her to pull out of her, but she felt empty afterwards, voided, cold air seeping into her and making her shake and whimper.

Jothed enjoyed her whimperings. He enjoyed filling her throat until she couldn't breathe, enjoyed the way she shuddered and choked but wouldn't fight back, not even to save her life. Her tongue kept moving along she shaft, she still trying to please him. He grabbed her hair and started pulling her to-and-fro, stabbing deeper into her and blocking her airway, holding himself there as her body tried and failed to expel him; he could kill her with his erection and she could do nothing.

When he came, his seed coated her entirely – sticky viscosity covering her throat and tongue, her teeth and cheeks, the roof of her mouth, everything. She fell on the bed and then to the floor, choking, her hand coated with Jothed as she looked at him hopefully, pleading with words she could not say.

“Sorry, Rey,” Jothed said. “You just weren't good enough. You never were.”

And, with those words, Jothed abandoned Rey to her fate.

## 25 EPISODE: TO TAKE CARE OF

Listless, Rey walked alone through the Skywalker moisture farm and wondered how everything had gone so terribly wrong.

The place was pristine, clean, perfect. There was underwear and sleeveless shirts for her to wear but little else. If she had to go somewhere, then someone – usually Sarje, but not always – would come with some of the clothing her lover had bought her. She would wash herself and dry herself and dress herself, go where she was directed and say whatever they wanted her to. Then, when she was dropped off, they would take the clothing back and leave her alone again.

Food was provided for her, a tasteless mush that was ready to eat, but there were no utensils and only a single bowl for her to use. She tried eating at the table, slurping the stuff up, but it felt strange to her. Inevitably, the bowl ended up on the floor and she ended up licking the bowl clean there, sometimes hovering over the bowl like an animal and sometimes sitting with her legs against her chest, eating like she had on Jakku.

At night she tried to sleep but couldn't. The bed smelled like Jothed and her heart ached whenever she thought about him, how she had failed him so completely. He would have taken her with him if she had been good enough. It was her fault she was still here. She'd lost him but she didn't want to lose the scent of him, too, so she mostly slept on the floor beside the bed, close enough to smell him without risking losing what remained.

She barely slept for the first few months after Jothed left her. She would lie beside the bed and miss him. Sometimes, Sarje brought people over to fuck her, but even the slave seemed to understand the sanctity of the bed. Rey was grateful to the slave for this and for the company, and became eager to show her gratitude.

If nothing else, it broke up the monotony.

“Do you think he'll come back,” asked Rey, kneeling between Sarje's legs, resting her head against one of the slave's thighs.

“No, Jedi,” Sarje said, sounding sympathetic. “You just weren't good enough. I feel bad for him.”

Rey nodded and wept and Sarje held her, let her cry.

As the months went on Rey started to sleep more, but the thing in her shoulder would click and her eyes would open – had she done something wrong? Was she going to be punished? The disc would rumble a little and then settle and she would try to doze or drift, only to be woken again, robbed of sleep.

She asked Sarje about it the next time the slave came to visit her.

“You need to earn your rest,” Sarje told her, lips curling, teeth shining. “Our little device has been programmed to keep you awake until we deem you worthy of sleep.”

Rey nodded. To her sleep-deprived brain, this made sense.

“What do I have to do?” she asked.

“If you're going to do or you have done some work out at one of the ranches, you'll get to sleep then,” Sarje told her. “If bring someone to you or bring you to someone that wants to enjoy your company, you'll get to sleep a little afterward provided you're a good girl.”

“Okay,” said Rey, nodding. She was so tired, started crawling towards Sarje hopefully.

“Oh, Jedi, you little whore,” Sarje said, patting her cheek affectionately. “I don't count. I'll take my pleasure from you any time I want to.”

“Okay,” said Rey. She struggled to say that much.

“Tell you what, though,” Sarje said, kneeling down to the scavenger's level. “If you entertain me right now, I'll let you sleep a little.”

“Okay,” said Rey.

“If you kneel and take off your shirt, I'll let you sleep for two minutes,” Sarje offered. Rey nodded, fumbling for her shirt. It was hard to struggle out of it, her normal co-ordination mangled by fatigue, but she managed. Sarje reached out and groped her, twisted a nipple. Rey gasped, fingers curling, but her hands stayed at her sides.

“Okay, two minutes,” Sarje said.

Rey curled up on the floor, tried to make herself comfortable. She wasn't certain if the disc buzzed two minutes later or not, but she believed Sarje when she told her that it had. Sarje had never lied to her – why would she? The slave held all the power in their relationship.”

“Please,” mumbled Rey. “Lemme sleep.”

“Maybe if you take off your panties,” Sarje said. “I might give you four minutes of sleep. Would you like that?”

“M'yeah,” managed Rey. The panties were harder to get off than the shirt. She had to lift her ass off the ground and her legs were long. Sarje wanted her to fold her panties and her shirt nearly and Rey had trouble focusing enough to even do that, was almost crying with relief when she finally managed to accomplish the impossible task she had been given.

“Okay, four minutes,” Sarje said. Rey collapsed, her legs curling in to her chest, her arms under her head, tears in her eyes. She thought she slept for four minutes when the disc buzzed and woke her up again and this time she did cry.

“Please, please,” prayed Rey, crawling to Sarje, kissing the slave's feet. “I can be good. So good. Need sleep. Please, please, please...”

Sarje kicked her foot free of Rey.

“Go lean against the wall, Jedi,” Sarje said. Rey looked around, clueless from exhaustion. “Any wall, you stupid little slut.”

Rey wasn't sure if the wall she chose was closest, but she hoped it was. She knew that she was leaving her lower holes vulnerable and exposed, but she didn't care. Scurrying like an animal. She struggled to sit, to somehow spin around, to lean her back against a wall.

“Spread your legs, heels on the ground,” Sarje said, and Rey did as she was told, putting herself on lewd display for the slave's amusement. “Spread yourself open.”

It took a moment for Rey to figure that out, but she did what she could – pinching her vaginal lips and holding herself open. Sarje leaned back, crossing and uncrossing her legs, leaned forward with a smile.

“Play with yourself, Jedi,” Sarje demanded. “I want to see you pleasure yourself.”

Exhausted, Rey nodded.

She let go of her lips, one hand rising to her chest, groping her own breast, pinching and twisting a



nipple, the fingers of her other hand moving through the increasingly slick channel between her legs, sometimes curling inside and other times circling the apex of her core, little gasps spilling from her lips.

Her fingers moved quicker, the pinching and twisting tighter, harder, the curling deeper. She was moaning, feeling her cheeks flush, her breasts heavy and thighs slick with want. Her breathing became more shallow, her mind more awash with warring desires.

She felt hands on her wrists and she whined, half-lidded eyes having difficulty focusing on the slave that had come to sit in front of her.

“Would you rather sleep or cum?” Sarje asked her, and she didn't know how to answer. She gaped, jaw slack and lips trembling, her hips shaking. “I think you earned the right to sleep.”

Rey moaned, long and hard, wordless.

Sarje wrapped her hands in thick gloves and bound them behind her back. She fitted a collar around an unresisting Rey and leashed it to the ground, leaving just enough slack to fit a pillow underneath the Jedi's head.

“Just to keep you from being naughty while you rest,” Sarje explained. “What do you say?”

“Thnk u,” mumbled Rey, slipping into unconsciousness.

Sarje knelt beside her, stroking her hair and nibbling things Rey did not understand into her ear, letting the scavenger slip into a slim rest of hazy erotic dreams.

The last thing Rey remembered thinking was how lucky she was to have a friend like Sarje, there to take care of her.



# EPISODE 26: SLAVE THE LAST DANCE

“Good morning, Jedi,” Sarje said.

Rey looked at her through bleary eyes. Was it morning? The scavenger had no idea – she let herself be taken from one place to another, alternately working on machines or working with her body to please others. She barely saw daylight anymore, just enough to keep her looking healthy. She was curled in a bed with a pillow and blankets, the last two given to her as gifts by Sarje for jobs well done. Everything ached. There were red marks crossing her body everywhere, bruises and bite marks.

Everything was a blur.

Her sticky mouth and thighs clung to both blanket and pillow, but she managed to get them off her without too much trouble. She stumbled off the bed and walked naked to Sarje, not defending herself when the slave pinched her, felt her.

“You need a bath, Jedi,” the slave said, fingers twisting around the bite marks on the scavenger's nipple.

Rey felt herself tremble. She wondered what the luxury of a bath would cost her. She dropped to her knees, bent low and planted soft kisses along Sarje's feet and ankles, sticking her ass in the air the way she knew the slave enjoyed.

“Good girl,” Sarje cooed. “Are you wondering what the bath is going to cost you?”

Rey nodded her head, looking up at the slave with pleading eyes.

“You paid for it over the last few nights,” Sarje said, kneeling down, cupping her face, and kissing her. Rey let the slave's tongue enter her mouth, let the slave's lips steal her breath. When Sarje was done Rey was panting, aching in an entirely different way.

“Thank you,” Rey rasped. Outside of teaching, she rarely got to speak anymore.

Sarje led Rey into the bathroom and had her kneel down, bowing her head while the bath was drawn. She even helped Rey into the water and washed her, cleaning her body, her hair, all the parts of her that felt defiled from what the last few days had inflicted on her.

“Are you feeling okay?” Sarje asked.

“Yes,” said Rey. Her voice was very small, but she didn't mind that so much anymore. She hugged herself and let Sarje touch her, toy with her. She knew she didn't have a choice, and sometimes it was better to just let the slave do whatever she wanted.

The slave took her from the water and dried her, fed her, but, aside from a tight collar, did not clothe her.

“Come along,” Sarje said, and Rey followed. The slave had a speeder with a small cage attached to the back of it. Rey shuffled in place, hands balled into fists at her hips; she was used to the cage but she always left her home in some sort of clothing, no matter how revealing it might be.

She wanted to argue when Sarje opened the cage. She wanted to run back into the house and hide under her blankets. The idea that she could fight back never even occurred to her, her capacity to defend herself driven so far deep into her soul that it seemed like a fever dream.

"Well?" Sarje asked, staring at her and licking her lips. Rey' shoulder twitched and her knees buckled as quickly as her defiance. She scurried into the cage and let Sarje close and lock it, trapping her like an animal. She heard the engine start and they zipped into town, Sarje slowing down so that anyone that wanted to could see what, exactly, the slave had caged.

"Cute," said one on-looker.

"Isn't that the mechanic?" another noted. Sarje took note of that man, and Rey knew that he and anyone he spoke to would be dead by sunfall. She hugged her knees in the small space, barely able to move. She had learned that participating in her humiliation could be done by anyone, but only those working for Sarje's boss and Rey's owner were allowed to know who she was.

"We're here," Sarje said, her tone cheerful as she brought the speeder to a halt and opened the cage, letting Rey fall out. The cramped space hurt to be in after a while, too small for her to stretch out in, and all her muscles felt like pins and needles now that she was free.

Rey struggled into a kneeling position and tilted her head up, allowing Sarje to attach a leash to her collar. Only when she felt the slave tug on the collar did she think to rise up on aching legs, following the slave with her hands at her sides and her head bowed.

She barely recognized where they were – it was hard to recognize anything with her head bowed, which helped her deal with the humiliation of her circumstances – but she found herself sniffing when she finally recognized where Sarje had taken her.

"What's the matter?" Sarje asked her.

"Jothed took me here," mumbled Rey. "He... he bought me some gowns."

"Well, gowns aren't all they sell," Sarje said, showing her teeth. "They also sell Huttese slave wear."

"Hello," came a familiar voice. The same salesgirl that had helped Jothed dress her all those months ago approached them with a smile. "Ah. I'd remember that naked body anywhere. Where's her handsome twi'lek lover?"

"Sadly, he moved on," Sarje said.

"Ah, well, it looks like he sold her to you before he left," the salesgirl said, clapping her hands. "You made an excellent purchase. There's a lot to work with here." The salesgirl reached out and groped Rey, lifting her breast and letting it fall, enjoying the way it bounced.

"We've tried to put her through her paces," Sarje chuckled.

"Clearly," the salesgirl responded, nodding and tracing a welt with enough pressure that Rey winced. "Looks like she still has a lot to learn."

"She's doing her best," Sarje shrugged. "But it's time to get her properly attired."

"But," Rey began, then bit her tongue and dropped her gaze, hands going limp at her side.

"Is she not allowed to talk?"

"Not if she knows what's good for her."

Rey nodded. She knew that.

"I'm thinking white-on-silver, really play with her dark eyes and hair," Sarje said, and Rey shivered. "What do you think?"

"Greys and blues will play well with her, I think, really highlight those muscles," the salesgirl said, considering. "I think you're right about the silver frame, but pure white will be hard to keep clean, especially if she's as busy as I expect she's going to be."

"There is something to be said for having her keep herself clean," Sarje said, smiling as she cupped Rey's ass. "What do you think? Can you keep yourself clean?"

Rey wasn't sure how to respond.

"For formal wear, then," the salesgirl said. Her back was to both of them, Rey noticed, her fingers moving deft over racks of fabric. She found several that she liked and pressed them against Rey's skin. "Feel this? Light and breezy, designed to tickle skin and ride up a bit. It will sway nicely when she moves, especially when she dances."

*Dances?*

"Show us how you dance," the salesgirl said, her thoughtful expression turning to a frown as Rey did nothing. "Why isn't she dancing?"

"I don't know how," admitted Rey.

Both the slave and the schoolgirl stared at her.

"How do you look like that and not know how to dance?" the salesgirl asked.

"Like, where did you grow up that there was no dancing?" Sarje agreed.

They both stared at her, silent. It took Rey time to work up the courage to answer.

"Jakku," whispered Rey.

"That absolute waste," Sarje said, giving Rey's ass a sympathetic pat.

"What's a Jakku?" the salesgirl asked.

"You know how some people say there's no place worse than Tattooine?" Sarje asked, and the salesgirl nodded. "I can think of a couple dozen planets that are worse. Prison planets, mostly. But none of them have as bad a reputation as Jakku."

"Well, that would explain the muscles," the salesgirl said, appraising Rey. "Should I put her down for lessons?"

"We might as well start now," Sarje sighed, checking a datapad. "She's caught up on the rest of her work, and she used to say that she was a quick learner. Do you have an opening?"

"It's a quiet morning," the salesgirl said. "Follow me."

Grabbing Rey by her wrist, Sarje led an unresisting Rey to a mock stage and demanded she stand on it. The salesgirl activated a holocron that started playing music. Sarje stopped the salesgirl from getting on the stage and climbed up herself.

"The idea is to move in time to the beat, like this," Sarje said. "The rest of the music is filling – find the beat and sway your hips, like this."

Rey tried.

"Do better or I will spank your ass."

Rey tried harder. She closed her eyes and thought about what she was doing, what it felt like. She remembered the thrum of battle, the way air seared under laser fire, the way people screamed

and fled, the heavy boots running in unison. She moved her leg in a half circle, running through the motions of lightsabre combat, fighting old battles where she had been strong, where she had been the difference between victory and death.

Her arms moved in savage circles, muscles rippling as she went through a dance of staff techniques. There was a pole she had seen and she moved towards it, shaking her ass, her steps cutting half-circles that brushed the ground, her arms fending off legions of enemies. When she grasped the pole she pulled herself up, held herself aloft, went swinging in a wide arc as she splayed her legs for momentum, heedless of the show she was putting on.

The beat changed and so did she, grabbing the pole and moving around, a predator's stride. This was the best she had felt in months, moving, stretching, reliving triumphs from before she had come to this place. Moving, swaying, fighting – she felt powerful, felt like a Jedi, felt undefeatable. She had faced down the horrors of Jakku, the First Order, Kylo Ren, the Heart of the Sith and she had walked away unscathed. She was unstoppable. She was a champion, the Last Jedi.

The music stopped and she opened her eyes and Sarje was standing next to her.

And it all came rushing back – her lover and the thousand cracks he had etched into her soul, the abuses heaped on her, the helplessness and hopelessness that had consumed her. A dozen men were watching her mostly naked body and she could feel their lust, see herself through their eyes: a sex pet, a hutt slave, a piece of meat to be fucked and, once cum-stained, abandoned.

She remembered being whipped, being buried, being spat upon and worse. She remembered suffering any time she dared to resist. She remembered what it was like to stop fighting, how the pain ended and sometimes she was shown scraps of kindness when she obeyed. The pain would kill her but she was a survivor, a scavenger, and she would scavenge any hint of kindness she could find.

The only way to do that was to obey and accept everything that had been done to her.

She cowered, holding still as Sarje ran a hand along her cheek, across her neck, grasping the hair at the nape of her neck and holding it, pulling her close.

“That was perfect,” Sarje said, smiling. Her other hand was circling Rey's hip, moving underneath the soft fabric draped across her ass, squeezing. “What were you doing?”

“... fighting,” Rey admitted.

“Did it feel good?” Sarje asked, and Rey swallowed and nodded, letting Sarje's fingers flay towards the front, splitting her open. “Does this feel good?”

Rey moaned and nodded.

A crowd had gathered, small but enrapt, all of them staring up at her. She felt their lust, their want.

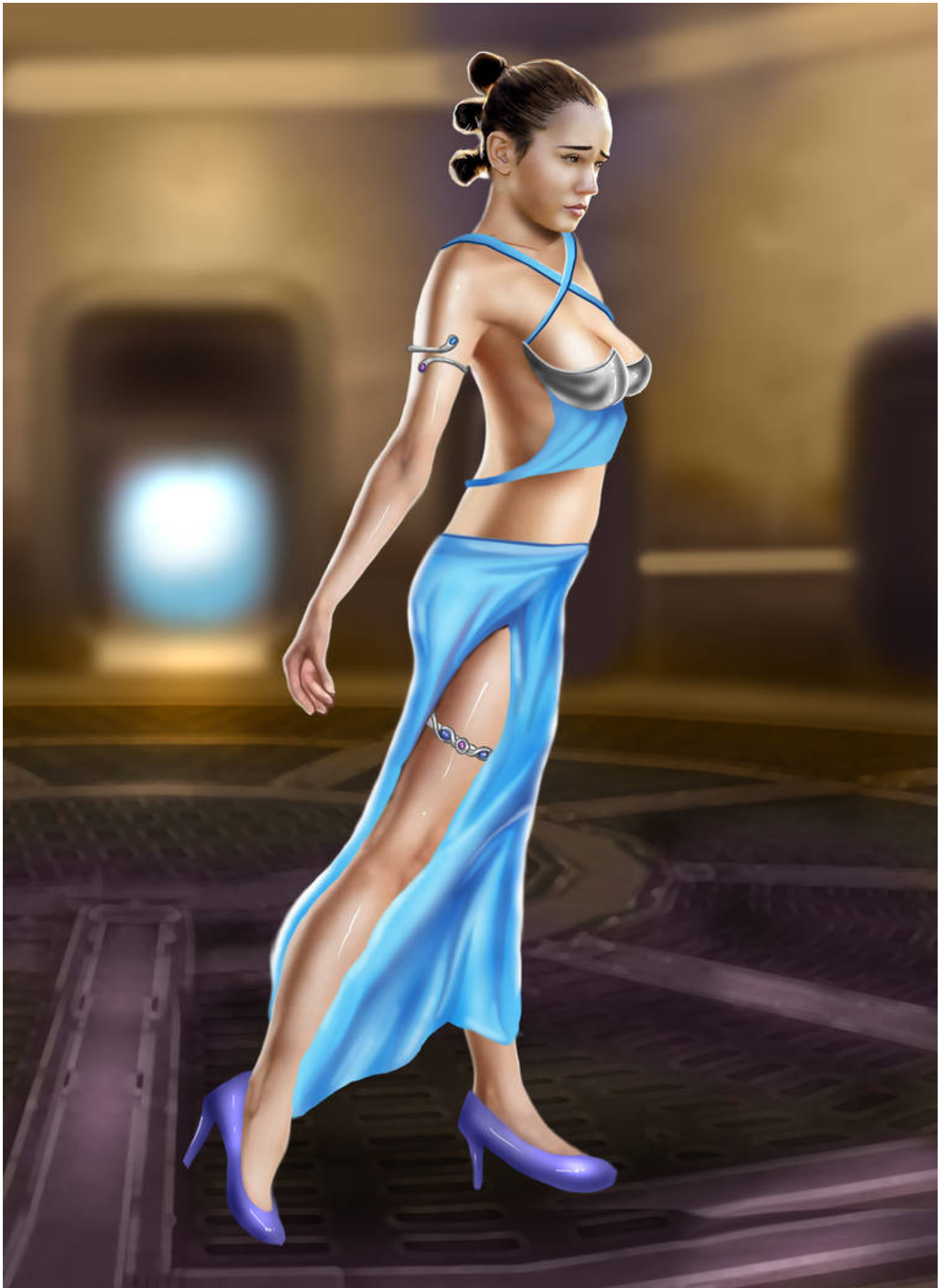
Rey blushed, bowed her head, hands at her side as Sarje kissed her, molested her.

“Do you know what you are?” Sarje whispered, breath warm and wet across her ear. Rey nodded, blinking back tears. “Tell me.”

“Yours,” whimpered Rey. “Your... your slave.”

Sarje smiled, and Rey melted on her fingers.





# EPISODE 27: THE FORCE RETAKEN

“What are you installing?” Rey asked. She was curious. She shouldn't have been curious, but her mechanical aptitude was the one element of her life that she still had some control over. Sarje and her owner would tell her where to go but they let her determine what to fix and in what order, let her choose who to train.

So, when she came back to the Skywalker Moisture Farm and found Sarje trying to unwrap several large boxes, she felt a spike of amusement – Sarje was a monster, yes, but it was clear she had no idea what she was doing. Even better, she had no reason to punish Rey for asking. Grumbling, the slave walked over to her and shoved a shipping manifest into her hands.

“Here,” Sarje almost spat, “you build it.”

Rey was honestly delighted.

She didn't know what she was building. She didn't know what it was for. She barely looked at the manifest, pausing only to make certain that everything that was supposed to have arrived was there.

Beyond that, it was a puzzle.

She went to work on the farms Sarje's master owned, was fucked by whomever Sarje wanted her to fuck, but then she got to come home and build this mysterious whatever-it-was. It slowly took shape over the course of a week – a circular table, stools surrounding a lower platform. The tabletop was able to be lit up or electrified, which was strange, but Rey made it work.

“I am almost impressed,” Sarje said, staring at. She had wanted Rey to build it in the middle of the farm's courtyard, under the large hole that opened up to the sky. Sarje tested it, let Rey show how everything worked. Sarje even let her shower and sleep afterwards, let her sit at the table with her and eat in the morning.

When she arrived back home that evening there were more boxes.

“Can I...?” Rey asked, giddy to see what was there. Sarje smiled, nodded, and Rey got to work.

The latest series of packages ended up being a lighting set that fit around the circumference of the hole above the table, and then under and around the table. It operated as a series of sub-lights and spotlights, and she and Sarje spent an evening painting the inside of the farm in various shades of white, purple, red, and gold.

Sarje even pulled her up on the table and the two of them danced as if they were friends and, for the first time, Rey began to enjoy the slave's company. Over the course of a few weeks she forgot the power imbalance between the two of them, the sadism that came so easy to her mistress.

They ate together, danced together, laughed together, slept together.

It was too good to last.



Rey came back to her home after a long series of days spent working out at other moisture farms,



improving their mechanical infrastructure and teaching the hands their how to maintain the changes that she made. She was in high spirits – working on machines at home and in the wild kept her out of reach of the villains in the scummier parts of Mos Eisley, and Sarje's abuse of her felt like the most natural thing on tattooine.

Of course Sarje would use her; the slave's owner owned her.

Besides, it took her mind of Jothed.

The lights were on when Rey got home, the ones she had installed all throughout the main room of the farm, and Sarje and some of her friends were eating and drinking. Rey thought little of it, walked past them silently and went to wash the dust of the day off her body.

She didn't object when Sarje joined her in the shower, a luxury afforded them by Rey's hard work.

She kept her hands at her side when Sarje's placed a hand on her back, between her shoulder blades, and shoved her against the wall. Water dripped down them both, water and other things. Rey gasped when Sarje touched her, nibbled on neck, and whispered:

“Hurry up and get clean. Put on your hutt gear and head on out to meet my friends. There's food in the kitchen – you will serve it to all of us and you will let anyone that wants to touch you. When all the food is gone, you will climb on top of the table and dance for our entertainment. If anyone decides to use you, they will and you will let them. Do you understand?”

Rey nodded and Sarje left her, pulling fingers out of the sopping wet between her legs.

She thought about running. She thought about fighting back.

But she got out of the shower and dressed the way the slave wanted her to. She sauntered out of her room, swaying in time to the music. She served the slave's friends food and drink while they commented on her body as if she were nothing more than a piece of meet, their hands running up her thighs and along her hips, cradling her flat belly, pressing into the cups that held her breasts. They pulled her by her hair and pawed her, slapping her ass and releasing her so that she could continue to serve them.

Rey was tired. She wanted to sleep, or at least fight back.

She wanted Sarje to continue to be kind to her more.

When the food as gone, she climbed up on top of the table and began to dance.

## VI 7 1

She went through the forms she had dreamed while fighting Kylo. She went through the forms she had learned from Luke and Leia. Hips swaying, legs opening, arms swaying as the lighting she had installed thrilled her, painting her in shades of exposure. They liked the way she moved, the lust in their eyes obvious, Sarje's smile filling her with warmth.

And then they got bored.

It was one of them, at least at first. A duros who was joking about how graceful she was touched a button and electricity shimmered across the table top, shocking her. She tripped and fell on her hands and knees and he shocked her again so she tumbled to the table top, twitching as she was shocked again and again. They laughed at her, pulled her hair to make sure they could see her

face as they pressed the button and listened to her scream.

The shocks were not as bad as the ones Sarje inflicted on her – she could still think, still act. She felt an urge to call on the Force to defend herself but Sarje was right there with a soft smile and a slight shake of her head. Rey whimpered, closed her eyes, accepted what was being done to her.

She understood.

Sometimes, she would suffer for the entertainment of others.

## 7 VI L

When she was exhausted and covered in sweat, unable to dance through the twitching, Sarje's friends pulled her off the table top. They grabbed her by the hair and the arm and the breast, threw her to the ground, pulling the scant clothing off of her before they began to rape her.

There was no other word for what they did: she could not consent, her mind exhausted and body simmering from service and electricity. She could not fight back as they entered her, passed her around like a party favor, forced her to suck, to mount, to bounce, to do whatever they wanted her to. They came inside and on her, let her flail to the ground with ragged breath before pulling her up by the hip or face or ass and forcing her to perform for their delight all over again.

Rey simpered and did the best she could to please them, her hands grasping them, her cunt shuffling along whatever they felt like sticking in her, her ass offering just the right amount of resistance. She suckled and begged, cheeks flushed, still feeling shame even after all this time. She pressed her breasts wherever they wanted her to, let them feel her, touch her, grope her, molest her. Fingers entered her mouth, held her tongue as Sarje's friends forced her to taste them, forced her to please them.

And when it was over and they were leaving, Sarje came over and nudged her with a boot.

“You need to clean up after yourself before you come to bed, Jedi,” Sarje said.

Her legs didn't work, so she pulled herself to the bathroom, into the shower. Sarje turned on the water and let her sit and soak, turned off the water, felt her up while helping her dry off. Naked, she shambled back to the room, fetched cleaning supplies, cleaned up the cum and grime that Sarje's friends had left behind, set the dishes to be washed, collected the uneaten or partially eaten food and got rid of it.

Only then did she get into bed, slipping in under the covers, resting her head between the slave's legs. She opened her mouth, licking like she was meant to, hugging Sarje's thigh as she passed out.

*Maybe, she thought, maybe if I do a good job she won't make me do that again.*

## 8 I W

It didn't matter how hard Rey worked or what she did. Sometimes she would come home and a new group of Sarje's friends would be waiting for her. She would serve them, entertain them, fuck them until they discarded her like a cum-soaked rag. Sarje would nudge her into cleaning after

them and then cleaning herself and she would crawl into bed and worship the slave and pray that perhaps this would be the last time.

A few days would pass and nothing would happen.

*But then...*



“It has to make you angry, doesn't it?” Sarje asked. She was nudging Rey's cheek with a spoon, Rey lying below in a sticky puddle. The latest batch had been rough with her; she was covered in bite marks and welts. It hurt to move, to think, to breathe. “The way they treat you?”

Rey said nothing, simply closing her eyes. Her tears mingled with the cum that Sarje was scooping down her cheeks.

“To be treated this way? To be abused by them?” Sarje tapped her cheek with the spoon. “Would you like to get some revenge, Jedi?”

“n-n,” mumbled Rey, choking on cum.

“Oh, is this part of the hate leads to suffering bontha-shit that you people used to prattle on about?” Sarje laughed and leaned closer, licking some of the seed away. “You are already suffering. And you should hate them. Look what they did to you, Jedi. And you know that they'll be back to do it to you again, or they'll take out their lust on someone else. You have the power to stop it, don't you?”

Rey looked up at her, a long whine escaping her throat. *I have the power, she thought, but you won't let me-*

“I don't like them either, Jedi,” Sarje said.

The slave leaned down, covering herself with the goo that still coated Rey, helping her stand, helping her stumble to the edge of the farm and out under the night sky. Rey could see her abusers on their speeder bikes making their way back to where they thought they would be safe.

“You can do this, Jedi,” Sarje whispered. “Do it for me.”



Rey lifted a shaking hand towards the retreating lights.

The Force raged to her command and the lights stopped moving.

They rose.

Crumbled.

Exploded.

Even from so far away they could hear the screams, feel the pressure and heat from the explosions.

“Are any of them still alive?” Sarje asked.

“No,” Rey whispered. She sagged, losing her footing, but Sarje caught her, held her, stroked her hair.

“Good girl,” Sarje whispered, comforting her. “Good little Jedi.”



Sarje took her back into the Skywalker Farm and into the showers. She washed Rey, taking care of her, massaging all the aches and pains away, kissing her, feeling her. Sarje braided Rey's hair and dressed her, led her to their bedroom.

Rey paused, looking at the mess of food and worse in the main hall of the farm, but Sarje pulled her along.

“It's okay,” Sarje said. “We'll get someone else to clean it tomorrow.”

They settled into the bed, Rey hugging the slave's hips, but Sarje pulled her up and patted her shoulder, hugging Rey, cuddling her.

“You can sleep here tonight, little Jedi,” Sarje said. Rey felt light, happy, felt the smile on her face as she settled in and held the slave, felt the slave's hand gently brush her back, holding her, cuddling her.

“I love you,” mumbled Rey, falling asleep. She was fading into a warm rest when the slave responded:

“I know.”

# EPISODE XXVII: 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 please 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.

☐ ✎ 7

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?”

☐ ✎ 7

“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."

7 □ 1

"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."

√ √ △

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 change, adoring herself in the hutt-wear her lover had got 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.

□ ∨ 7

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 practiced 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 upon 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 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 tongue traveling up the length of her. She was crying when he kissed her, held her down and kissed her.

“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. 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, 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.



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.



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.



Y VI 7

Everything was quiet, peaceful, until Vicav Orey attacked.

## EPISODE 29: HER PORTION

Explosions rocked the night, caused the ground around them to quake. Walls cracked and sand began to spill into the room. Rey screamed, but her lover and her owner stayed quiet.

"Hush," Sarje hissed, and Rey fell silent.

The other two moved through the dark like predators, calm and confident. Rey remembered being like that once and tried to summon the feeling, tried to remember what it was like to feel brave.

Rey reached the end of her leash and whined. Sarje growled at her, circling back to untie her before pulling her along through the dark. Laser fire burst into the center of the farm and Sarje pulled her to a halt, snapped her fingers. Rey knelt, keeping low to the ground.

"Do you need a gun?" Sarje asked. For a moment Rey thought her lover was asking her, but-

"No."

Unkarr moved with deceptive speed, his thick bulk hiding thicker muscle. His cybernetic arm began to whirl, the hand folding against the forearm to reveal an ion cannon that began to suck in fine glimmering particles.

Sarje knocked a section of wall and pulled out a rifle and a pistol, holstering the latter before she retrieved Rey and pulled her closer to the circle that opened up to the night sky. A host had gathered there, firing at nothing. Sarje put the rifle to her shoulder, took careful aim, and killed several of them.

The survivors retreated, firing their lasers back at Sarje. She dove for cover, her rifle not powerful enough to cut through the cover their attackers had found above ground.

Unkarr stepped forward, lifted his arm and

*and the world went white and*

*and a massive hole cut through the sand and*

*and Unkarr was moving his hand back and forth and*

and the light of the ion cannon faltered, died.

"I must recharge."

"How many did you get?"

"Half."

"How long do you need to recharge?"

"One minute. This isn't Chozo-grade."

Sarje stood up, firing her rifle. Another one of their attackers fell into the courtyard, missing half his head. A second rifle blast caught another victim through the chest.

A thermal detonator rolled into the courtyard.

"Karking void!" Sarje yelled, turning to Unkarr. "Can you...?"

"No."

They were about to die.

Rey closed her eyes.

The thermal detonator exploded.



There was a moment where Rey was scared Sarje would punish her for acting out of turn.

But Sarje loved her, Rey thought, and Sarje would understand.



Rey held the thermal explosion as a sphere.

She stood up, hand outstretched, and lifted the miniature sun out of the hole, directing it towards their attackers. Using the Force, she pulled herself up after it, wielding the explosion like a club, smashing the sphere into enemy after enemy. She stood above the carnage, the monsters that had attached her home and spoiled her hard work.

A single shot of blaster fire caught her along the side of the head.

She fell into the sand.

The pain was horrible but nothing compared to what she had suffered already. It hurt to move but she got on her hands and knees. Someone was pawing at her – she turned, saw one of the attackers just before he punched her in the back of the head, brushed up her skirt, his manhood pushing down into the crack of her ass.

Rey closed her eyes, whimpered.

Somewhere, Sarje was screaming.

The man behind her exploded. Rey had to protect Sarje. Sarje was the only one that could keep her safe. She pushed herself up on hands and knees, staggered to her feet as she stared through the burning rubble of her home. She felt the beating hearts of the people around her, felt the confusion and terror, couldn't find her lover, couldn't find her owner, couldn't find-

*There.*

Rey held out her hand and her lightsaber slammed into her palm.

Pale blue light cut through the darkness. Blaster fire was focused on her and she deflected it back at the shooters. Those that run she caught with the Force, exploding them from within.

The night was silent.

“Sarje?” whispered Rey. She hadn't been given permission to speak, but “SARJE!”

“I'm here,” her lover groaned. Bits of the farm had collapsed on her lover and her owner. Using the Force, she freed them in seconds, threw the shrapnel away.

“Do you know who sent them?” Sarje asked. Rey had looked inside their minds. She knew. “Go

deal with it.”

Rey paused, shuffled in place.

“I'm fine, Jedi,” Sarje growled.

Rey simpered, dithered, shuffled in place. She couldn't help herself. She needed so badly.

She surged forward and Sarje's eyes went wide, as if she was expecting something other than the warm embrace Rey wrapped her in, as if she expected something other than the kisses Rey smothered her with. Sarje was shaking, her trembling limbs wrapping around her, kissing her back as their home burned around them.

Rey pushed her lover back, followed her, their lips never parting. She reached out and touched and the slave groaned underneath her, moaned, eyes fluttering as Rey touched her and kept touching her, kissing her, cuddling her. Nothing had ever tasted so sweet as Sarje's lips, her tongue, her breath. Nothing had ever felt as good as Sarje's naked skin against hers.

Sarje came, panting, staring up at Rey with glossy eyes and a lazy smile.

“Ladies.”

Their owner pushed his way through the wreckage, loomed over them both.

“Jedi?” Sarje asked, her voice shaking. Rey looked down at her, nuzzled into the palm that cupped her face. “If you love me, go make sure this never happens again.”

Rey nodded, stood on unsteady feet. She used the wreckage to keep herself standing, moving towards Mos Eisly. When the wreckage ran out she stepped into the air, using the Force to lift herself up.

Through the dark she moved, heading to where she needed to be.

## K Y V

There was a club in the center of Mos Eisly.

Rey had passed in dozens of times in her life before. She had seen it in the minds of the people that had attacked her home and tried to kill her lover. She glared at it, hating everyone inside more than she had ever hated anyone ever in her life.

She extended a hand and half of the building collapsed. She threw her lightsaber down below, letting it slice through the rubble, killing anyone that survived. People screamed as she descended into the ruin, catching the saber as it flew back to her hand.

Her pace was slow, deliberate. She hunted down every last person that had been connected to the attack, everyone that had put her lover in harm's way. She stepped into the half of the building that remained, her saber slashing out and slicing through anyone that was stupid enough to try and fight her, the Force crumpling anyone smart enough to run away.

There was a back staircase.

She walked towards it, ascended the stairs, knocked the door from its hinges and stepped inside.

A weequay named Vicav Orey was standing behind a desk, filling bag with datapads. He turned to face her, panicked.

“Wait!” he screamed. “Unkarr brought Jot-”

She crushed him completely, splattered him through the wall.

Then she turned on her heel and left.

## 7 VI V

The suns were rising when she got back to the Skywalker Moisture Farm.

Rey rode a stolen speeder on the way back to her home; she was too tired to do much more than steer. A host of people had gathered at the ruins, looked to be assessing damage and putting things back together. She recognized a lot of the other workers that were there cleaning things up. She had trained most of them.

They nodded to her, let her pass. Some of them helped her stay standing when she stumbled, exhausted, down into the shade underneath the ruins of her home.

“Sarje?” she whispered.

“In here, Jedi,” her lover answered.

She stumbled towards the voice, leaning against the doorframe when she finally caught sight of her lover, the most beautiful person she had ever known. Her lover looked at her and she came, bowing at her lover's feet, but Sarje picked her up with kind hands, helped her stand, led her to the bed.

“Is it done?”

Rey nodded. She had not been given permission to speak and she had spoken out of turn.

“I'm not going to punish you right now, Jedi,” Sarje said. “You need to rest first, okay?”

Rey nodded.

Sarje brought her to the bed, stripped her out of her clothing. She kept her collar and that was all, slipping into the soft light sheets. She almost cried when Sarje joined her, holding her, shushing her and kissing the top of her head.

Later, Onkarr joined them, holding them both with his massive arm.

Rey had never felt so safe.

# EPISODE 30 - THE LOST JEDI

A buzzer chimed. Zevvy looked up, but the number was not his. A breathe he'd been holding released and he sagged into his chair, took a deep breath and tried to stay calm. The zabrak, Rauda Vid, stood by the door and spared him a small nod of recognition, but that was all.

The last serious challenger to the Blobfish had died months ago, destroyed in his own place of power.

After that, it felt like the entirety of Tattooine fell into line.

The doors opened and the person that had gone in came out, looking pale, staring straight ahead. That was how most people came out of a meeting with the Blobfish. A buzzer chimed. The number was his. Zevvy shook out his wings and fluttered up, moving slowly towards the door.

“Good luck,” Rauda whispered.

“Thank you, eh?”

“Don't try anything.”

He nodded, said nothing.

The doors opened to a stairway leading down, down, down into the dark. Zevvy fluttered down into the cool hallways, feeling a light mist coat over him and wash the dust of the outside world away. It was a subtle show of wealth and power that the Blobfish could do this here, on a desert world where the leading causes of death were now suns exposure and dehydration.

Dull but shimmering blue and purple lights lit the corridors, making Zevvy feel like he was underwater. There were doors along the winding corridors but all of them were shut, the light leading him forward, onward, towards his destination – the heart of the moisture farm, a former courtyard that had opened to the sky.

A narrow beam of light descended from a hole in the roof, highlighting a platform.

“Stand on the platform.”

The spoken words would accept no argument. He did as instructed.

His feet touched down and he looked around into the dark, wondering where the Blobfish was. His eyes adjusted and he caught silhouettes of broken things lying in the dark around him, a sick coppery scent brushing over him.

“State your business.”

He saw the speaker, the shadow of him – the massive crolute sitting on a throne in the dark, lit by the datapad that was now part of his cybernetic arm. Two slaves were at his feet, one hugging his leg, the other with her head in the first slave's lap. The first slave held the leash of the second, but she wasn't going anywhere.

Zevvy swallowed.

“My, ah, my business,” Zevvy said, and a holographic projection of himself appeared over the Blobfish's arm. “I have seen a downturn in profits-”

“You are in exports. You have seen a downturn in profits because you were keeping most of the

profits for yourself and ripping off the people you exported moisture for. You have been smart enough not to try that with me..”

“No, I haven't, but-”

“I appreciate a certain amount of initiative, but will not brooke unauthorized business ventures in my territory.”

“with respect, your territory is now all of tattooine, and-”

“If you are having trouble maintaining profits, I will buy out your business. You may stay and run it or you can take the money from the buy out and leave. The choice is yours.”

“With respect, I-”

“The choice is yours. Leave. Take the rest of the day to consider.”

*Dismissed.* Dismissed, as if he was nothing. He fluttered back, watching the slaves as they moved away. He remembered the least of them, the one nuzzling the thigh of the one hugging the Blobfish's leg. Her name had been Rey and he had taken a large sum of her profits until her handsome boyfriend had interfered.

Looking at her, he couldn't help but feel that his treatment of her was the start of when everything had gone wrong.

### Ξ VI ↓

“↓ΞVI ΞLJ↓ ↓VΛ71·K↓VI·N 7VI·N↓VI·↓ OΞK↓ VΔL'YVI 7ΔΛVI 1Λ ↓ΞVI OXJVI Δϕ ρKΞEK'·N 7VI·L·NVI,” Grakkus Jahibakti Tingi said, meaning *the Hutt Syndicates respect what you've done in the wake of Jabba's demise.* “OVI ΞVI·N·YVI VΔL O1·N ΞVI K ↓KΞ1·N·1·1·Λ·L 1Λϕ·N·L·V·Λ·Y·VI ΔΛ ↓ΞVI O·N·K·Λ·V·↓ KΛ7 OΔL·N·7 ↓1·J·VI ↓Δ ·Y·Δ·Λ·↓·1·Λ·L·VI 7Δ·1·Λ·L ΞL·N·1·Λ·V·N·N O1·↓·Ξ VΔL.”

“I, too, would like to do business with the Hutts.”

Unkarr sat in the ruins of Jabba's palace on Jabba's old dias, a couple of terran slaves chains at his feet. Grakkus was amused by the Blobfish's choice of venue – meeting the representative of the Hutts in the ruin of one of the most powerful of their kind, taking Jabba's place of honor for himself.

There was something to be said for that level of confidence.

“1 ΞKYVI ↓↓L·7·1·V·7 VΔL·7 ΞΔΔ·J·N KΛ7 ϕΔL·Λ·7 ↓ΞVI·L 1Λ OVI·7·ϕ·VI·↓ Δ77·VI·7,” Grakkus said.

“They are in perfect order. The best way to commit a crime is give every appearance of committing no crime at all.”

Grakkus laughed at the obvious joke, but Unkarr's face remained dour. The creature never laughed, he just loomed and growled, his every word sounding like a proclamation that could not be contested.

“We will make a lot of money together.”

“OVI O1·N·Y· VVI·N,” Grakkus agreed. He signed the documentation Unkarr provided and one of his slaves sauntered over and collected it, handing him a copy. “ΞK77·Y·Δ·O·V 1·N ↓Δ



U71Z1↓1YVI.”

“Hardcopy cannot be traced.”

Grakkus conceded the point, then looked around at the old ruined temple with curiosity.

“ΔΛVI ΔΔ ↓EVI JKND ↓M71 OKJCVI7 ↓EVIIVM EKJN,” he said. “7Δ VΔG ↓E1ΛC ↓EVI7VI 1N KΛV 7VIΛKΛ↓ ΔΔ E1C EMI7VI?”

“I had heard you were a collector of old Jedi artifacts. My sweetheart has a gift for you.”

The other slave rose, languid, and came for him. She held a small box and opened it.

“This lightsaber belonged to Ben Solo, before he became Kylo Ren,” the slave said. “My master would be honored if you would have it.”

Grakkus felt his eyes bulge, his massive hand trembling as he reached for the weapon. He possessed many relics of the old Jedi order – robes, tools, schematics, even a skeleton or two. This was the first lightsaber from the failed second Jedi order to enter his possession, and to have once belonged to such an important figure...!

“1 EΛZEV KIIIMU↓ ↓E1N,” the Hutt gasped, overcome with the weight of it.

“Do not cross me and more treasures like this one will enter your possession.”

Grakkus eyed the crolute with suspicion. He had, of course, planned to betray the creature, but if he could gain gifts such as this he would be worth keeping around so long as the profits maintained themselves.

He was holding the thing in his hand when the assassins attacked.

A handful of them exploding the wall, but the explosion and debris did not touch them. The assassins jumping in on rocket packs and stopping, held in mid air, their blasters not working. They were slammed into the cieling, in to the ground, into the ceiling, through the floor.

One of Unkarr's slaves got up, her slave collar dangling behind her, her face a mask of fury. She was naked under her skirts, Grakkus saw, her ass facing him she stared down the hole. There were sounds – terrible crunching sounds, and screams.

The lightsaber in his hand flew to hers, activated. She deflected a few fickle blaster shots back down at the users, waited a moment. The debris in the air tumbled directly to the floor, bouncing off the floor between him and her as she turned to him, deactivating the lightsabre.

Grakkus stared at her. He was rarely surprised after having lived so very long,

“VΔG EKVI K ↓M71.” Grakkus said. He felt awe as he studied the slave girl, memorizing everything about her. “VΔG EKVI K NJKYVI ↓M71.”

“I possess the Last Jedi,” Unkarr said, lips twisting. “Perhaps, at some point, I will rent her to you.”

The Jedi smiled at him, handed him the lightsaber.

“Would you like that, my girl?”

The Last Jedi nodded and said nothing.

The problem with most people, Unkarr thought, was ambition.

People had a tendency to try and grab more than they could control, and it cost them. Darth Revan had tried to control whole fleets with his mind and been betrayed by his closest comrade. Count Dooku had tried to lead a revolt, even kidnapping the Chancellor, but that kidnapping had been his undoing. The First Order struck before they were ready to consolidate their power and they faltered and died. Even the Emperor had overreached and spread himself too thin, had left himself defenseless and that had killed him.

Unkarr wanted control of his immediate environment and maybe a little more – a world and the trade contracts that went with it. That was enough for him, a project worthy of his talents, intelligence, and ruthlessness.

With Tattooine firmly under his control he was able to lock down water provisions for a small sector of space, making himself very rich in the process. Tattooine was the only planet for parsecs with drinkable water and that made him a very wealthy crolute.

All of it legal.

All of it above board according to galactic law.

He won an award from the burgeoning New Republic for bringing law and civility to such a lawless outlying planet. Petitioned for membership in the New Republic, with all the troubles and privileges that accompanied membership. It amused him to look upon the award, because he maintained the law by controlling utterly the illegal smuggling and activities that still thrived under his care.

Investing the bare minimum back into the populace kept them loyal, kept them from rebelling. The gangs fell in line. Even the Tusken Raiders were given a place in his order, allowed to cultivate their secret ways in exchange for work as guides and muscle.

Unkarr's lips curled as he looked down at the girl resting her head on his thigh.

The most valuable of all his possessions.

His sweetheart.



“Are you tired of standing, Jedi?” Sarje taunted.

Rey had come back home from working on one of the farms and Sarje had been there to greet her, smiling and holding a collar in her hands. She loved the way the Jedi trembled whenever she came home, quivering from lust and fear and want, a heady combination of emotions that Sarje like to cultivate in her toys.

“I asked you a question,” she said, sauntering over to where the Jedi stood, hands at her side, head bowed. She was adorable. So muscled, so strong, so compliant, so perfect. Sarje hugged her tight and close, made her feel safe, then shoved her to the ground.

“I'm sorry,” Rey said.

“Get those clothes off this instant,” Sarje demanded. Rey stood and did what she was told, still flushing after all this time. The shirt, the pants, the binder and panties, her boots, everything flung

off with more speed than grace – the Jedi had learned to know recognize when Sarje wanted a show and when she wanted her naked, now.

“Stand up.”

“But I'm tired of standing,” murmured Rey, but she was already pushing herself to her feet, holding her hands at her sides, keeping her head bowed. One foot dangled behind the other, the Jedi looking like a child ashamed after being caught doing something bad.

“Do I care?” Sarje asked, pulling Rey close, groping her ass and feeling her back, along her spine and shoulders. She tilted the Jedi's head up and kissed her, cupped and breast and twisted, feeling the Jedi's legs part. She pulled her lips from the captive girl's mouth and breathed a command into the panting girl's face: “On your knees.”

And Rey sank down like a good little girl, kissing at Sarje's neck, her chest, all the way down her belly, down her hips, kept kissing her hips, wide eyes looking up at her for permission to go further.

Sarje smiled down at her, hands in the Jedi's hair.

“Isn't this life better than scavenging?”

Rey nodded but said nothing, her mouth put to better uses.

And Sarje knew that this was a better life for Rey – the Jedi had spent her whole life looking for answers, for a family, for somewhere to belong. She'd wanted legacy and had that now, a long line of enslaved woman working for their better, toiling away with whatever they could do to make their masters happy.

This was everything Rey could have wanted.

“Do you deserve it, Jedi?” Sarje sneered, because Rey now craved abuse as much as affection.

The last Jedi moaned, tears in her eyes. Looking down at her, as if doing her a favor, Sarje pulled her skirt aside. Rey made a happy noise, kissing her way down the revealed flesh, burying her face between Sarje's legs.

Soon, Sarje's fingers tightened, her knees shaking, leaning on Rey's strong neck and shoulders for balance.

And the last Jedi licked on.



“The truth is, anyone can be broken,” Jothed said, smiling. He was sitting in a bar in a galaxy far far away, thinking about the last few people he had taken as lovers on behalf of those that wanted to own them. “We all crave love and affection, and its easy enough to make people think you're giving them one while only giving them the other.

“There was this one girl who grew up on a place called Jakku. You've never heard of it? Don't worry, you're missing out on nothing. She grew up strong and thought she was savvy, street smart, but you could just see how badly she ached to have somewhere to belong.

“So I found her, right, and I let her do me some favors, and then some more favors. See, the trick is to make them think that they're in control. People that think they have all the power don't notice

when you're taking them for everything, not if you're doing it right. So, she thought she had all the power in our relationship and, while she was strong and confident and competent, I took everything from her. Sabotaged her. Made her doubt herself and offered to help, always an option, always her choice.

“And she lost more and more of herself and I took more and more of her and she thanked me for it. See, that's the difference between a slaver and what I do. A slaver tortures and punishes someone into compliance, but everything I do feels like a reward to the person I'm working on, chipping away at them until they'll do anything to please me, and then you.

“And sure, my rates are expensive, but I'm worth it.”

Jothed smiled, toasted the alien sitting across from him.

“So, you tell me – who do you want broken and compliant and willing at your feet?”



And, naked, Rey lay between Unkarr and Sarje, nestled between their warmth, their hands on her body.

And she smiled, breathed out and relaxed, body sore, the hurt somehow good. She clung to them both, her owners, and felt herself at peace – between the two of them, she knew her place.

Between the two of them, she had found a home.

# Afterword

A long time ago, just down the street, a good friend of mine fell in love with someone that hated her.

My friend is not an idiot. She's brilliant, a gifted writer and producer that almost single-handedly created the theater scene in the city we both live in. She put on wholly original monthly live shows to sell-out audiences for years; in a city other than this one, she'd be a huge deal. The city we live in hates its youth and regularly goes out of its way to sabotage the things young people create.

Part of her repertoire is a series of Star Wars parody shows that work as sexy remakes of the original trilogy, the Christmas special, and the first two parts of the sequel trilogy. She does big operatic musical things, these brilliantly choreographed dance-fights that add to the story and cover her small budgets.

And I need to stress this – for more than a decade, every May 4-6, she would put on sold out live shows to audiences of around a thousand people a night. I've seen photos of her stuff online, but the live show is honestly like nothing else. She's amazing.

She branched out into other concepts, too, covering a bunch of cult classics. She's been invited to run her stuff off-Broadway. She's incredible.

So, not stupid.

But she ended up dating someone that hated her.

This wasn't the first time this had happened and it's a weird thing to watch.

There's not a lot you can do. You tell the truth and that goes badly; you stand by and you watch your friend suffer. He was a fairly bad waiter who attached himself to her like a parody and took over her business and creative process. This wasn't even the first time this had happened, not even the worst. She'd literally lost everything at one point and had to claw back from that, but she was older now and this guy went deeper at her than anyone ever had.

He secretly married her. He took control of her finances. He used her to fund his own mediocre dreams while making her work jobs and clean up after him. He was an utter manchild who expected her to be his trad-wife/slave and also go out and work to continue funding his dreams. He bankrupted them both. She slowly realized things were bad and then he got abusive. Some of her friends stepped in. The divorce was messy but final.

The thing about being in an abusive relationship is that you think it can't happen to you.

It can.

It does.

We ended up walking her back to herself. She's married now to a much better human. Her latest show sold out on multiple runs, is being taken off-Broadway again, and has gotten her talks with a production company to start doing creative works. She's happy. She's frequently happy and she's amazing.

Between now and then, she and I ended up talking. She knows about this stuff I write. We got to talking and she wondered if anyone heroic could ever be taken in by the grift her ex had inflicted on her and I assured her anyone could be. She asked me to prove it.

... thirty chapters later...

This story was written to help someone get over an impossibly bad break-up, and that's what it did. It was also a thing for me; I was going through some stuff at the time and this was one of the first times I'd put pen to paper since that stuff. Upon reading it, my friend recommended I try selling my smut. Test the waters a little before getting back to the Work.

Somewhere along the way the smut became part of the Work.

Thank you for reading it. Thank you for being a part of this. I hope it continues to be entertaining and titillating and fun in that weird twisted way these stories can be. I hope it makes your life better, even if it is for only minutes at a time.

But, if you find yourself on the wrong end of the events of a story like this, better days do lie ahead. You can get out and you can rebuild and you can be incredible. I believe in you and I don't even know you.

Anyways, back to the smut. Thank you for subscribing, and there's much more to come.

May the Fourth be with you,

- Hunter