

## **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 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 dissenters and then used as bogeymen by the Empire,” Sarje answered. Her voice was a seething hiss 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, fingers spreading around Rey's slender neck, pressing down, making Rey wheeze. "Do you want to know what's real?"

Rey whimpered but said nothing.

"A slow learner," Sarje giggled, hand pressing deeper 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 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 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 between Rey's legs, 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 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 nothing 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 else, anywhere else, even back on Jakku. Instead, there was a strong tug that caused stars to explode behind her eyelids 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 sniffling 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 sopping 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 so 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 pity 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 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.

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?"

*"L... L..."*

"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,"* whined Rey, 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.

"n-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 had lost and all it cost was the ragged remains of her dignity. 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 to the slave, 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.