

Chapter 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, coaxing 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?" Sarja 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 it 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."

"Miss 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?” Rey 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 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, not thinking, and

and then she was in the sand screaming and writhing and

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,” rasped Rey.

“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...”

“Aw, 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.