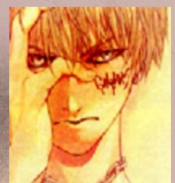


STAR WARS
THE FORCE RETAKEN



EPISODE XXV
TO TAKE CARE OF
STORY BY HUNTEROPERA
ART BY BALTHAZARDRAGON



EPISODE XXV - 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, running a hand through Rey's hair. “You just weren't good enough. I feel bad for him, having had someone like you.”

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 I bring someone to you or bring you to someone that wants to enjoy your company, you'll get to sleep a little after 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 neatly 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.