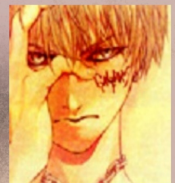


STAR WARS
THE FORCE RETAKEN



EPISODE XXIII
WHO HAS CONTROL
STORY BY HUNTEROPERA
ART BY BALTHAZARDRAGON



EPISODE 23 - WHO HAS CONTROL

Rey lay on top of the zabrak. His gut was pushing into her 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 mouth and curled her own lips, teeth gleaming in the strange light.

"It's okay, little Jedi," Sarje said, pushing one finger past Rey's lips, sliding flesh 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 zabrak 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.

“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 in a soft language of 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 her, 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 untie the rope holding Rey up, letting her drop to the floor, a boneless heap of well-wetted flesh.

"Clean up the carpet, Jedi," Sarje said.

Rey stuck out her tongue and did what she was told.