

## **EPISODE 10 – QUIET IMPORT**

Unkarr sat, tinkering 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 via 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 even she 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 lied. “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,” Sarje 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, Sarje 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 helplessness. 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?" Sarje 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 zabrak 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 zabrak 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?" Sarje asked.

Unkarr ignored her. The bolt was compressing itself, almost flush with the zabrak'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 zabrak 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 zabrak – Unkarr could not be bothered to remember his name – prepared to run and tell his daimyo what had been 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 the 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. 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 zabrak's face.

"Pleasure her with your tongue."

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

"I like you," Sarje 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," Sarje 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?" Sarje asked, her lips caught between an o and a smile.

"Depends who you work for."

"I accept my portion," Sarje 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.