

EPISODE 17 – DON'T SPEAK

She was naked when she woke up. Jothed let her sleep under the blankets, her cheek resting on the soft hair of his hips, the scent of him pervasive. She licked her lips, quietly slid out of bed, starring at her lover. Timid, uncertain, her eyes moved towards the closets where her clothing was kept but she wasn't supposed to wear anything that Jothed hadn't chosen for her and he hadn't left out anything for her to wear before he'd taken her to bed last night.

She hesitated, considering disobeying him, shuffling from foot to foot. She could wrap a blanket around herself, she thought, but Jothed might consider that a dress. He had in the past. Closing her eyes, accepting defeat, she turned and padded naked towards the kitchen. She'd left it spotless last night and fetching a mug for herself and some coffee was easy enough, began brewing herself some to start her day.

"You're making coffee for yourself before making some for me?" Jothed asked, voice sleepy.

She turned to look at him, pants loosely hanging from his hips as he rubbed sleep from his eyes. She was about to speak when he looked at her and-

-and the scream tore out of her throat as her vision faltered-

-and she reached for the Force but her mind wouldn't focus and-

-and she screamed and tried stay standing to jump at him and-

-and she was writhing on the floor trying to pull herself up and-

and she whimpered on the floor, tears on her cheeks, his foot tapping her cheek.

"Good morning, Rey," Jothed said, his big toe curled against her lips. "Are you ready to behave?"

She closed her eyes and sniffled and nodded and knew she couldn't risk being misunderstood, so she turned her head – *it hurt so much to move* – and took his toe into her mouth, suckling it like she would suck his cock later, and she heard him chuckle.

He helped her to her unsteady feet, her knees and shoulders shaking, eyes watering. She stumbled when he let her go and she grasped at the counter to hold herself up, then yelped as he slapped her ass and left her to finish making his coffee.

She thought about how frail he was. She thought about how she could crush him with the Force, end him with her lightsaber, how she could beat him to death with her bare hands.

"Your emotions just spiked," Jothed said, and she cringed, simpered. He was sitting, not even paying attention to her, his attention consumed by the datapad in his hands. "Is everything okay? Are you feeling an onset of hysteria?"

Hysteria. The word echoed in her mind.

"It," Rey paused, arms useless at her sides, hands curling into fists so tight that her nails were

digging into her palms. She took a deep breath, forced herself to look up at his smiling face as he turned to her with a lazy smile. "It hurts sometimes."

"Pain is how you learn, remember?" Jothed said, shaking his head. He snapped his fingers and pointed at the coffee behind her. "I'm sorry it's taking you so long. Why don't you finish my coffee and we'll see if we can do something about the pain?"

And, just like that, she was dismissed.

She couldn't even think rebellion without him knowing it. She couldn't even dream of resistance without being punished. Too aware of the pain her thoughts would bring her, she turned away from him and finished making the coffee, too aware of her naked ass shaking at him like an offering.

It bothered her, how grateful she was that he didn't take advantage of her in that moment.

She finished the coffee and brought it to him, bending low and placing it on the table, then standing back up and waiting for his next direction. He left her standing there, naked and waiting as he considered whatever it was he was looking at for minutes before he finally sampling the steaming beverage.

She hoped it hadn't gotten too cold. He would punish her if it had.

"This is good," Jothed said, smiling up at her. The cruel twist of pleasure that seeped through her at the words terrified her almost as much as the pain of failure would have. "Thanks."

"You're welcome."

He went back to the datapad, sipping at the coffee while she stood before him and waited – she hadn't been dismissed yet, but she noticed when he flipped through to her schedule for the day, wrapping around the back of her leg and stroking her inner thigh, his wrist tickling the bottom of her ass as his fingers strummed against her moistening flesh.

"Okay, here's your tasks for today, look over them," Jothed said, handing her the datapad.

"There's no space for lunch here," said Rey, studying the words while trying to ignore his casual affections.

"You'll be okay," Jothed said, finger curling up and casually brushing inside her lower lips. "You could stand to lose a few pounds."

"Okay." Rey closed her eyes and tried not to cry.

"Good girl," Jothed said, his finger slithering just the barest breath deeper inside her. "Is there anything else?"

And she looked down at him and-

-and she screamed sinking down on his fingers reaching for him and-

-and her hands legs everything failed and the Force is right there and-

-and she curled in on herself falling off of him falling screaming and-

-and she was on the ground at his feet pleading for mercy forgiveness and-

and she lay there, sobbing, while he ran a soothing hand through her hair.

She closed her eyes and swallowed, her throat raw from crying, her cheeks burnt from the salt in her tears. She pushed herself up so she was sitting, knowing better than to try and get his hand out of her hair, out of her cunt, out of her mouth. She stared at the broken datapad on the floor, shattered from her tantrum, eyes focusing on it as her lover helped her up, caught her when she fell, helped her stand again. He tweaked one of her nipples, let his hand travel up her breast, her neck, moved her chin until their eyes met.

“Now,” Jothed asked, his free hand on her hip. “Is there anything else?” She knew what he wanted her to ask. Spreading her legs invitingly, she tried to hold his gaze.

“Would you,” Rey stammered, stopped, forced herself to continue. “Would you like to use me before I make breakfast?”

“Not right now,” Jothed said, spinning her around and slapping her ass, pushing her towards their food. “And no breakfast for you today – we need to replaced that datapad you just broke.”

“Sorry about that,” mumbled Rey.

“It's okay,” Jothed said, smiling at her, his hand rubbing along the curve of her hip and ass, slapping her once more as she stumbled towards their kitchen counter. “Go make me breakfast, get cleaned up, and get to work. There's a lot for you to do today.”



It's been months like this now.

Months since Jothed had her install that thing on her breast, months and she was sliding bit by bit into becoming the woman he wants her to be. It shocked her when she reached for the Force without permission. It shocked her when he was angry with her. It shocked her when she thought about fighting back. It shocked her when he was annoyed with her. It was easier to do what he wanted, easier and less painful.

He took her out in public sometimes in her pretty new clothes and she would smile and simper and let the occasional stranger touch her, careful not to show any dismay, careful not to give Jothed a reason to punish her.

Mostly he left her to work and she thought the money was good, he told her their profits were outstanding. She thought he must be right about that – she was richer than she'd ever been and this was hard but it wouldn't last forever.

In the end, he reminded her, this would all be worth it.



And then Sarje came again.



“Rey, be a dear and get dinner for us, would you?” Jothed asked.

And this was her new reality: her presence at these meetings had transformed from passive waiting to active maid service. Jothed dressed her in a revealing gown, fabric that was soft and showed more of her than she was comfortable with. The slave wore less than she did but was more comfortable, more in control than Rey was.

Jothed had decided that if she was going to be at the meetings that he demanded she attend that she do something useful.

And so she poured wine, served food, collected their dishes, waited on their pleasure as they went over details of things she could not understand.

Sarje smiled at her often, her absent hands running up exposed thighs. Rey didn't dare do anything about these errant touches, she left waiting for Jothed to defend her.

He never did.

“This is a contract of exclusivity,” Sarje said, one hand pushing a datapad closer to Jothed for inspection, while her other groped a standing Rey's ass. “You'll find the terms more than fair, but it's all-encompassing when it comes to the machines and their upkeep.”

“It includes the engineer, I see.”

“Why would we mess with something that so clearly works?” Sarje said, her hand curling around Rey's ass to the hem of her skirt, pulling it down, down, down around her hips. “This is the most profitable moisture farm on the planet. We can use what you've built here as a model for every other farm.”

“What?” Rey asked.

“What do you think, cutie?” Sarje asked her, pulling her hemline just below her core, fingertips brushing the sensitive skin where belly became leg. “Would you like to be the model for every other moisture farm on the planet?”

“I don't understand,” whimpered Rey, struggling not to defend herself.

“The exclusivity we're being offered specifies the engineer as part of the property,” Jothed explained. “It identifies you as part of the farm.”

Rey howled and pushed Sarje away from her and-

-and staggered as she reached for the Force and the Force abandoned her and-

-and she slammed into a corner of the table hard and stumbled away falling and-

-and she tried to crawl she tried and she couldn't it hurt too much it hurt too much and-

-and Sarje was laughing laughing laughing and kicked her as she screaming and cried and-

-and it stopped, she stopped, huddled in a heap, her clothing ruined.

“Spicy girl,” Sarje said, and spit on her. Rey winced as if she'd been slapped. “We'd like you to stay on as manager, with a bonus and recognizing your shared patent of the process.”

“I'll consider it,” Jothed shrugged, looking at her. “The benefits have been pleasant enough, but I'm getting bored.”

“Fair enough. Can you transfer the sensory codes?”

“Of course. A limited share for now.”

Before they turned their backs on her, Jothed snapped his fingers and pointed at the ground by his feet. She struggled to crawl the length of their kitchen, pulling herself arm over arm. Her legs were shaking too hard to be trusted, her vision fuzzy. She wasn't sure she could stand, wasn't sure she could do much of anything, but she very badly did not want to get shocked again.

She sagged on the floor when she got to his feet. She wanted to reach out and hug his ankle, to kiss his foot until he forgave her, but every muscle in her was screaming and shaking and aching and all she could do was breathe unsteady ragged breaths.

“Rey?” Jothed asked, leaning over and slapping her cheek. She wanted to respond but couldn't. His fingers wrapped in her hair and pulled her up and she couldn't even cry about it, couldn't do anything but sob quietly. He slapped her face until her eyes focused on him. “Rey, I need you to sign here.”

There was a datapad placed in front of her.

Sarje was holding it.

Rey glanced at it, not understanding most of it, understanding only that if she signed it she would be legally acknowledging that she was part of the property of Skywalker Ranch, not a person to be respected but an object to be used as needed.

The core of her recoiled. Her body recoiled. She found strength she didn't know she had, forced herself up, reached out for the Force and-

-and fell back to the floor screaming but tried to stand on unsteady uncooperative legs and-

-and her muscles strained she could be strong but the pain was cutting through her soul and-

-and from where she knelt she managed to raise a shaking hand called her lightsaber and-

-and her arms and legs failed and she fell to the floor writhing her lightsaber in Sarje's hands and-

-and she lay on her back, twitching, sightless. The slave had her lightsaber and as she reached for

it she quickly thought better of that act and let the other slave have it.

The other slave.

Her own thoughts battered her breaking mind.

The next time they gave her the chance to sign the datapad, she did.

All her money, everything she had earned, everything she was now belonged to whomever had purchased the ranch from her lover. She was owned. *She was owned.* The device in her breast kept her from rebelling and would keep her from leaving, keep her from running, keep her under their thumbs. She would never leave this place, never know the stars again. She knew it – her entire life stretched out before her and she cried and offered no resistance when Sarje's fingers curled inside her sopping cunt.

"I think that concludes our business for the evening," Jothed said, sitting at the table, sipping at some wine. "Is there anything you'd like?"

"no," whispered Rey, and-

-and she curled herself onto Sarje's fingers as the other slave laughed deeper and-

-and she sagged on the floor, torn between consciousness and blessed nothing and-

-and the pain wouldn't let her go, the pain kept her frozen and helpless and weeping and-

-and she was cumming on the other slave's fingers cumming again and again and-

-and she lay on the ground, legs spread, body caught between heaven and hell.

"I wasn't talking to you," Jothed said, and Sarje laughed. He walked over to her and nudged her limp head with his foot, toes pushing her so that she was staring at the maniacal grin of the slave girl who still had fingers inside her.

"Oh, yes," Sarje said, drawing circles with her finger.

Rey whimpered, closed her eyes, and tried to enjoy it.