

## **EPISODE 12 – DIS ORGANIZED**

It was warm when she awoke, thin arms wrapped around her, holding her in place. She was nestled, safe, and though she was taller than her lover she still found herself looking up at him, considering the soft darkening yellow of his skin. His small snores blew in her face, rustling her hair, the scent of him flooding her senses. She found her lips pressing against his chest and he moaned, deep and low, as she trailed kisses up his chest towards his neck.

He was awake when she reached his lips, pushed back against her. When he pushed she could have resisted, could have easily held him in place, but she let herself fall back, let him grope and mount her. She hissed as the fading welts on her ass protested to anything touching them, but that vanished as he entered her and other sensations flooded her.

His clever fingers made their way around her breasts until they ached, working her nipples until she was panting, his mouth on them a hot wet relief from the dry attention they'd received, his fingers questing lower and finding the core of her as his cock head left her nethers and moved up her chest, slapping her cheek until her grasping lips took him in, swallowing all the way to the hilt. He teased her until she was begging, whining, until her tongue was coated with his seed and her throat was filled, and only then did he let her cum on his hand.

She was dazed in the aftermath, cleaning him off the way he liked, his fingers pressed into her scalp as her tongue cleaned him, until her lips were kissing his inner thighs. He stroked her hair and she preened, stretching.

“Good morning,” he said, and she turned, looking up at his smile.

“It is,” she answered, accepting his fingers in her mouth, cleaning herself off of him. He kept smiling as she kept her head in his lap, comfortable while she cleaned.

“What's your plan for today?”

She went over the chores she had lined up for the day, his hand cupping her face as she spoke, stroking her cheek. When she was done his hand wrapped in her hair and he pulled her up, kissing her deeply before shoving her down over his lap and spanking her once, twice, three times, his fingers lingering over the swollen wet between her legs that was throbbing all over again.

She looked at him, pleading, and he laughed.

“Later,” he said, teasing, “once all your chores are done.”

He spanked her again, his fingers brushing over her lips before he pushed her off and sent her on her way. She stood and padded to the shower. She cleaned, dressed, fixed her hair.

A couple of weeks had gone by since they'd settled on dividing their labor and, while she sometimes had questions about what he was doing, she trusted him the same way he trusted her. Keeping silent, she let him take care of her and enjoyed no longer being spanked, whipped, caned, and made to feel small by her sheer ignorance.

Humming a tune to herself, she stepped into the eating area to see Jothed signing for a large convoy of food, directing the delivery droids to put it in their refrigeration units.

“What's that?” Rey asked, and the look he gave her made her feel like an idiot for asking.

“Breakfast.”

“Oh.”

To her eyes, it looked a lot like the breakfasts he used to prepare for her, and tasted like it, too. She said nothing as she considered both the food and the twi'lek who shared her bed, and he seemed not to notice. Reaching for the Force, she brushed the surface of his mind – *these tasted better when I used to work there*, he was thinking, and she felt herself blush and look away from him.

“Don't worry,” Jothed said, smiling as he walked closer to it. “It's all paid for by my money and, believe me, I can afford it.”

*Not 'we can afford it'?* Rey thought but did not ask, holding her tongue and shuffling in place. She lost her train of thought, whimpering as he approached her, but all he did was take her hand gently and lead her over to the table, pulling out a chair for her to sit on so she could eat before he started nibbling on things.

He started discussing finances with her, leaving her utterly baffled and making her feel small. She droned out, not listening, until she heard a threat in his tone.

“What?” she asked, not sure why she felt so out-of-sorts.

“I was asking what you were planning on doing today?” he asked, looking interested, and she felt her cheeks flush as she started to stammer, then took a breath and started to speak.

“Um, I was going to work on the power converters today, starting at your ranch and then hitting mine after lunch,” she said. She was looking forward to this – a task that she knew how to time and complete with ease, the sort of easy job that would help her center herself. He nodded, letting her ramble on for a bit, before turning the conversation back to the paperwork that let both their properties flourish.

He dismissed her after he finished eating and she went to fetch her tools, looking in the place she was certain she had left them, but they weren't there. She looked around a bit before Jothed noticed her.

“Something wrong?”

“Did you move my tools?”

“What?” Jothed looked mildly insulted and she cringed. “No.”

He got up to help her and they searched for some small time, finally discovering the tool pouch where she had thought she had left it.

“How did you miss this?” Jothed asked.

“I don't know,” Rey said, trying to laugh off her embarrassment. “I must be more tired than I thought.”

“Do you need to take a day off?” Jothed sounded so concerned, but Rey shook her head.

“I'm fine,” she said, feeling a stab of guilt as she went to take care of the waiting converters.

Was she fine, really?

Rey had no answer.



Days went by in quiet familiarity. To Rey's mind, the only weird thing was her inability to keep track of where she put things down after a long day's work. She kept quiet about it to keep Jothed from thinking less of her, and she was able to forget about this problem entirely when she was out in the sand doing what she was good at: working to keep the moisture farms in good repair.

But then things took another strange turn, as she kept finding things broken or in disrepair when she could have sworn she had seen to them already. Again, she kept this from Jothed, working twice as hard to cover her own mistakes from affecting their bottom line. She was certain she was getting away with the lie, but it still gnawed at her – the idea that she couldn't keep track of her work and that she was hiding things from her lover.

She found herself second-guessing her own work, the things she had already finished doing. She was used to keeping track of things in her head and it didn't even occur to her to write anything down – on Jakku, a list of scavenged items was an invitation to a mugging or worse – and it bothered her that she couldn't trust her own mind. Shaking her head, she prepared to get back to work when--



The power converter explosion was brighter than either sun and sent her sprawling in the dust. She was dazed, unable to stand, did not hear Jothed at all and only learned of him when she realized his feet were by her face. She whimpered as he stood above her, his lips moving but all sound was drowned out by the savage ringing that drummed through her soul.

He had extinguishers with him, putting out the fires while she curled into the sand, breathing painful, vision fading to nothing.



“Your mistakes cost us two weeks of high quality moisture,” he told her, as the droids slathered her in cooling gel. The disappointment in his eyes hurt almost as badly as the burns, and she welcomed the anaesthetic that forced her into unconsciousness.



“What happened?”

She was healed now. Not even a scar. She didn't know how much the process had had cost, but she suspected it was almost as expensive as the repairs and replacements her mistakes had cost them both.

Her lover was sitting at their kitchen table, tallying the damages and looking worried, and when he did look up at her the concern in his expression made her want to scream. Instead, she held her wrist, unable to meet his eyes, her vision focused on her shuffling feet.

Rey explained as best she could, admitting everything. She was crying before too long and he let her, shoulders shaking, tears running down her cheeks, but when she finished mumbling her apologies he was there, holding her, guiding her so that he could take his seat and she could sit on

his lap.

"I'm going to have someone come and look over the work you did."

"I can-"

"It's okay," Jothed soothed, holding her head on his shoulder, stroking her neck and down her spine. They sat quietly for a time, and then: "Maybe you're overworked."

"No," Rey shook her head – she needed to work to maintain the division of labor and make this fair. "I can do this."

"I know you can, but maybe the organization is a little much," Jothed said, holding her close. "When you were a scavenger, you didn't have to juggle so many different jobs. Let me help."

*How?*

"How?"

"With organization," Jothed smiled, letting her sit up as she handed her a datapad. "You put down what needs doing there and it'll pop up on my screen. I can prioritize what needs doing and double-check everything."

"I don't know..."

"This could have been so much worse," Jothed said, his smile faltering. The degree to which he obviously cared about her hurt. "If I hadn't ordered those extinguishers last week, if I hadn't been working here instead of back home, we could have lost months of your work."

She nodded, feeling shame.

"It's okay," Jothed said again, pushing her off his lap as he stood. She stumbled and he caught her, held her; she was taller and broader than he was but in that moment she felt so small. "Everyone rises to their level of incompetence. We've found yours, but we can work around it, okay?"

She nodded as his fingers brushed the flesh underneath her scarves, on her neck and lower, circling around to the underside of her breasts and her belly and lower. She pressed her face into his shoulder, breathing in the scent of him, kissing his neck. She yelped as his fingers entered her, head leaning back, and his lips found her and she moaned into him, wondering how he could keep loving her.

And she knew – she knew – that she was so lucky to have found him.