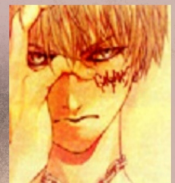


STAR WARS
THE FORCE RETAKEN



EPISODE XXVII
THE FORCE RETAKEN
STORY BY HUNTEROPERA
ART BY BALTHAZARDRAGON



EPISODE XXVII – THE FORCE RETAKEN

“What are you installing?” Rey asked. She was curious. She shouldn't have been curious, but her mechanical aptitude was the one element of her life that she still had some control over. Sarje and her mysterious owner would tell her where to go and what to fix and in what order, but they let her choose how to fix it and who to train.

So, when she came back to the Skywalker Moisture Farm and found Sarje trying to unwrap several large boxes, she felt a spike of amusement – Sarje was a monster, yes, but it was clear she had no idea what she was doing. Even better, she had no reason to punish Rey for asking. Grumbling, the slave walked over to her and shoved a shipping manifest into her hands.

“Here,” Sarje almost spat, “you build it.”

Rey was honestly delighted.

She didn't know what she was building. She didn't know what it was for. She barely looked at the manifest, pausing only to make certain that everything that was supposed to have arrived was there.

Beyond that, it was a puzzle.

She went to work on the farms Sarje's master owned, was fucked by whomever Sarje wanted her to fuck, but then she got to come home and build this mysterious whatever-it-was. It slowly took shape over the course of weeks – a circular table, stools surrounding a lower platform. The tabletop was able to be lit up or electrified, which was strange, but Rey made it work.

“I am almost impressed,” Sarje drawled, staring at it. She had wanted Rey to build it in the middle of the farm's courtyard, under the large hole that opened up to the sky. Sarje tested it, let Rey show her how everything worked. Sarje even let her shower and sleep afterwards, let her sit at the table with her and eat in the morning.

When she arrived back home that evening there were more boxes.

“Can I...?” Rey asked, giddy to see what was there.

Sarje smiled, nodded, and Rey got to work.

The latest series of packages ended up being a lighting set that fit around the circumference of the hole above the table, and then under and around the table. It operated as a series of sub-lights and spotlights, and she and Sarje spent an evening painting the inside of the farm in various shades of white, purple, red, and gold.

Sarje even pulled her up on the table and the two of them danced as if they were friends and, for the first time, Rey began to enjoy the slave's company. Over the course of a few weeks she forgot the power imbalance between the two of them, the sadism that came so easy to her mistress.

They ate together, danced together, laughed together, slept together.

It was too good to last.



Rey came back to her home after a long series of days spent working out at other moisture farms,

improving their mechanical infrastructure and teaching the hands their how to maintain the changes that she made. She was in high spirits – working on machines at home and in the wild kept her out of reach of the villains in the scummier parts of Mos Eisley, and Sarje's abuse of her felt like the most natural thing on Tattooine.

Of course Sarje would use her; the slave's owner owned her.

Besides, it took her mind off of Jothed.

The lights were on when Rey got home, the ones she had installed all throughout the main room of the farm, and Sarje and some of her friends were eating and drinking at the table she had built. Rey thought little of it, walked past them silently and went to wash the dust of the day off her trim taut body.

She didn't object when Sarje joined her in the shower, a luxury afforded them by Rey's hard work.

She kept her hands at her sides when Sarje placed a hand on her back, between her shoulder blades, and shoved her against the wall. Water dripped down them both, water and other things. Rey gasped when Sarje touched her, nibbled on neck, and whispered:

“Hurry up and get clean. Put on your hutt gear and head on out to meet my friends. There's food in the kitchen – you will serve it to all of us and you will let anyone that wants to touch you. When all the food is gone, you will climb on top of the table and dance for our entertainment. If anyone decides to use you, they will and you will let them. Do you understand?”

Rey nodded and Sarje left her, pulling fingers out of the sopping wet between her legs.

She thought about running.

She thought about fighting back.

But she got out of the shower and dressed the way the slave wanted her to. She sauntered out of her room, swaying in time to the music. She served the slave's friends food and drink while they commented on her body as if she were nothing more than a piece of meet, their hands running up her thighs and along her hips, cradling her flat belly, pressing into the cups that held her breasts. They pulled her by her hair and pawed her, slapping her ass and releasing her so that she could continue to serve them.

Rey was tired. She wanted to sleep, or at least fight back.

She wanted Sarje to continue to be kind to her more.

When the food as gone, she climbed up on top of the table and began to dance.

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She went through the forms she had dreamed while fighting Kylo. She went through the forms she had learned from Luke and Leia. Hips swaying, legs opening, arms swaying as the lighting she had installed thrilled her, painting her in shades of exposure. They liked the way she moved, the lust in their eyes obvious, Sarje's smile sending shivers alongside her sweat.

And then they got bored.

It was one of them, at least at first. A duros who was joking about how graceful she was touched a button and electricity shimmered across the table top, shocking her. She tripped and fell on her

hands and knees and he shocked her again so she tumbled to the table top, twitching as she was shocked again and again. They laughed at her, pulled her hair to make sure they could see her face as they pressed the button and listened to her scream.

The shocks were not as bad as the ones Sarje inflicted on her – she could still think, still act. She felt an urge to call on the Force to defend herself but Sarje was right there with a soft smile and a slight shake of her head. Rey whimpered, closed her eyes, accepted what was being done to her.

She understood. Stood up. Danced until the next shock came.

Sometimes, she would suffer for the entertainment of others.

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When she was exhausted and covered in sweat, unable to dance through the twitching, Sarje's friends pulled her off the table top. They grabbed her by the hair and the arm and the breast, threw her to the ground, pulling the scant clothing off of her before they began to rape her.

There was no other word for what they did: she could not consent, her mind exhausted and body simmering from service and electricity. She could not fight back as they entered her, passed her around like a party favor, forced her to suck, to mount, to bounce, to do whatever they wanted her to do. They came inside and on her, let her flail to the ground with ragged breath before pulling her up by the hip or face or ass and forcing her to perform for their delight all over again.

Rey simpered and did the best she could to please them, her hands grasping them, her cunt shuffling along whatever they felt like sticking inside her, her ass offering just the right amount of resistance. She suckled and begged, cheeks flushed, still feeling shame even after all this time. She pressed her breasts wherever they wanted her to, let them feel her, touch her, grope her, molest her. Fingers entered her mouth, held her tongue as Sarje's friends forced her to taste them, forced her to please them.

And when it was over and they were leaving, Sarje came over and nudged her with a boot.

“You need to clean up after yourself before you come to bed, Jedi,” Sarje said.

Her legs didn't work, so she pulled herself to the bathroom, into the shower. Sarje turned on the water and let her sit and soak, turned off the water, felt her up while helping her dry off. Naked, she shambled back to the room, fetched cleaning supplies, cleaned up the cum and grime that Sarje's friends had left behind, set the dishes to be washed, collected the uneaten or partially eaten food and got rid of it.

Only then did she get into bed, slipping in under the covers, resting her head between the slave's legs. She opened her mouth, licking like she was meant to, hugging Sarje's thigh as she passed out.

Maybe, she thought, maybe if I do a good job she won't make me do that again.

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It didn't matter how hard Rey worked or what she did. Sometimes she would come home and a new group of Sarje's friends would be waiting for her. She would serve them, entertain them, fuck them until they discarded her like a cum-soaked rag. Sarje would nudge her into cleaning after

them and then cleaning herself and she would crawl into bed and worship the slave and pray that perhaps this would be the last time.

A few days would pass and nothing would happen.

But then...



"It has to make you angry, doesn't it?" Sarje asked. She was nudging Rey's cheek with a spoon, Rey lying below in a sticky puddle. The latest batch had been rough with her; she was covered in bite marks and welts. It hurt to move, to think, to breathe. "The way they treat you?"

Rey said nothing, simply closing her eyes. Her tears mingled with the cum that Sarje was scooping down her cheeks.

"To be treated this way? To be abused by them?" Sarje tapped her cheek with the spoon. "Would you like to get some revenge, Jedi?"

"n-n," mumbled Rey, choking on cum.

"Oh, is this part of the hate leads to suffering banthashit that you people used to prattle on about?" Sarje laughed and leaned closer, licking some of the seed away. "You are already suffering. And you should hate them. Look what they did to you, Jedi. And you know that they'll be back to do it to you again, or they'll take out their lust on someone else. You have the power to stop it, don't you?"

Rey looked up at her, a long whine escaping her throat.

I have the power, she thought, but you won't let me-

"I don't like them, either," Sarje said.

The slave leaned down, covering herself with the goo that still coated Rey, helping her stand, helping her stumble to the edge of the farm and out under the night sky. Rey could see her abusers on their speeder bikes making their way back to where they thought they would be safe.

"You can do this, Jedi," Sarje whispered. "Do it for me."



Rey lifted a shaking hand towards the retreating lights.

The Force raged to her command and the lights stopped moving.

They rose.

Crumbled.

Exploded.

Even from so far away Rey could hear the screams, feel the pressure and heat from the explosions. She felt their heartbeats, their terror. She felt the moment it stopped because she chose to make it stop. The fire died down to nothing and the night was quiet again.

“Are any of them still alive?” Sarje asked.

“No,” Rey whispered. She sagged, losing her footing, but Sarje caught her, held her, stroked her hair.

“Good girl,” Sarje whispered, comforting her. “Good little Jedi.”



Sarje took her back down below the farm and into the showers. She washed Rey, taking care of her, massaging all the aches and pains away, kissing her, feeling her. Sarje braided Rey's hair and dressed her, led her to their bedroom.

Rey paused, looking at the mess of food and worse in the main hall of the farm, but Sarje pulled her along.

“It's okay,” Sarje said. “I'll get someone else to clean it tomorrow. Come to bed.”

Rey nodded, let herself be led by the hand. They settled in the usual way, Rey hugging the slave's hips, but Sarje pulled her up and patted her shoulder, smiling as she pulled Rey closer, cuddling her.

“You can sleep here tonight, little Jedi,” Sarje said. Rey felt light, happy, felt the smile on her face as she settled in and held the slave, felt the slave's hand gently brush her back, holding her, cherishing her as no one ever had.

“I love you,” mumbled Rey, drifting into sleep. She was fading into a warm rest when she felt the slave's smile in her hair as the slave responded:

“I know.”