

## Chapter 22 – Rewards and Opportunities

The hottest season passed on Tattooine, the dangerous heat that saw everyone running for shelter to escape the cruel suns. Rey spent evenings moving from one moisture farm to another, helping new mechanics and families set up purifiers and recyclers that would keep them all from being cooked.

Jothed sent her messages directing her on where to be, and Sarje came to check on her work. The slave sometimes took Rey to bed and Rey went with her, never complaining, all too aware of the mechanics that watched her and thought less of her. They would never know that her compliance kept them alive.

“You’re so selfless,” Sarje said, holding her in the night, playing with her hair and giggling. “Less a self, I mean.” She giggled, groping Rey’s chest in bed, and Rey could not help but respond, her legs opening to the unwanted touch.

Sarje came to see her once a week, and Rey knew that most of her employees thought that she and the slave were a couple. She let them think this. As long as Sarje kept them out of the games she inflicted on the scavenger, Rey would bear it.



With the cooling seasons coming, Jothed had promised Rey that she might relax. He brought her home to the Skywalker farm, took care of her, showered her and even took her out to some of the fancier restaurants that had cropped up in her absence. Mos Eisley had cleaned up some of its rougher edges, the danger of the place hiding deeper in the shadows, but Rey paid it little mind.

“The transition is going well,” Jothed told her, over dinner. “We’ve got an eighty-three percent market share on the moisture market on the planet, enough that we can look at exporting to certain interested parties off-world. This means so much more money, Rey – the processes that you developed are making everyone involved very wealthy.”

“Does that mean you’ll let me out?” Rey asked. She hated how hopeful she sounded, hated Jothed’s answering grin more. She let him take her hand in his, let him give her a gentle squeeze.

“Rey, you know you’re integral to the running of this whole operation,” Jothed said. “It literally could not run to the same degree of efficiency without you.”

“You’ll take care of me, though, right?” she asked. She sounded so small. She sounded pathetic.

“I won’t be here forever,” Jothed said, and squeezed her hand again. “There’s other parties that have purchased a controlling interest in our company, and they own you now. I’m going to be here to help with the transition, but you’re technically and legally their property.”

“I’m a person, not property.”

“The two are not mutually exclusive.”

Rey thought of Sarje and wondered if the slave’s cruelty had come from her slavery or if she had always been like that.

“Anyway, I thought we might stop by Vicav’s after dinner,” Jothed said, a question that was

really an order.

"I don't want to go to Vicav's," Rey whined. "Couldn't we just go home? I could... I could entertain you. Anyway you want me to."

"You will anyway," Jothed said, laughing. "We're going, and that's final."

She nodded, bowed her head, said nothing as she mulled over dessert.



Vicav's was the bar owned by one of the bigger slum-and-gang lords that had risen up in Tattooine since the fall of the First Order. Rey knew and had even been a few times, though she'd never met the owner; the food was decent and the drinks were cheap. Vicav's featured live entertainment in the form of rentable dancers, available for private shows and a little more for the right price.

Sarje was on stage when they entered, the slave shaking her hips as she slid her hands up her body, stripping the metal bra from her breasts and pulling it over her head, letting it clatter to the floor. She spotted Rey and winked, smiled as the scavenger felt herself flush and looked away.

Jothed led her to a table and sat her down.

They were overdressed for this place, Rey thought, and yet her formal wear revealed a little too much skin for comfort, especially in a place like this. She was worried by the eyes that kept staring at her. She was worried that people might get the wrong idea.

"Is she doing business?" A zabrak sat beside them, looking at her. He was small for the species but stocky with well-muscled arms, the horns on his head dull from use. His skin was a deep familiar yellow and he looked vaguely familiar to her. He squinted in the bad light of the club and snarled. "Oh, Jothed. Didn't realize it was you."

"Not a single worry, my friend," Jothed said, offering his hand. The two shook and her lover turned to her. "Rauda, I don't know if you've met Rey? She's the one who retrofitted the Skywalker farm. Rey, this is Rauda Vid – he works security for the consortium that I sold your farm to."

"Oh," said Rey. Then, "Nice to meet you."

"This is the Jedi, right?" Rauda said, grinning.

"The Jedi aren't real," said Rey, in case Sarje overheard.

"Well, whatever," Rauda said, leering at her. "Nice tits."

"Thanks," Jothed said. Rey felt uncomfortable in the silence that followed. "I heard the boss is putting in a new incentive program for his inner circle."

"I'm inner circle," Rauda said, showing off a fresh tattoo on his left forearm. Staring at it, Rey couldn't help but think that it looked like a cattle mark.

*It looks familiar,* she thought, and then very carefully tried not to think.

"Congratulations," Jothed said, putting an arm around Rey's shoulder. "Do you want to use her?"

*What?*, thought Rey.

"What?" said Rey.

"Shhh," Jothed said, pulling her in tighter. "There are people, not property, talking."

"I'd like that, yeah," Rauda said, nodding. "Business, right."

*They're turning me into a whore.*

"I'm not a whore," Rey said, shrugging off Jothed's arm.

"We're all whores for someone or something," Sarje said, slipping into their table and sitting on Jothed's lap. Rey felt herself shaking, wide-eyed, staring up at the naked slave and the slave's lips parted, curling upwards. "Why should you be special? Are you special, Jedi?"

"... no," said Rey, bowing her head.

"Just property, like me," Sarje laughed. "She might be a little bashful. Why don't I take her to a room and get her ready for you? Finish your drink and come find us, okay?"

"Okay."



Sarje took Rey by the hand, from the club and into the backrooms with their thick doors and poor lighting. She chose a door to open and pulled Rey into it, shoving her on the bed.

"If you think I'm going to-"

*and Rey was screaming, writhing on the bed, clawing at her shoulder and*

*and Sarje kicked her off the bed and onto the floor and stepped on her throat and*

*and Rey tried to push Sarje off but all her muscles and all her strength was useless and*

"You're going to do whatever we want you to, Jedi," Sarje said. Rey was choking underneath her foot, staring up the fell light in Sarje's eyes. "You're going to be passed around as a party favor. If someone wants to see you get intimate with a bantha, we'll make it happen for the right price and *you will do what you're told.*"

Rey tried to say something, said nothing, went limp.

"You better not do that when you're with someone," Sarje said, taking her foot off of Rey, letting the scavenger get up on one elbow, coughing and massaging her neck. "Active participation. Pretend that he's Jothed, or me, or whoever else you've enjoyed having up inside you. You make him think you're enjoying it, okay?"

"Okay," rasped Rey, her eyes on the ground. Sarje stalked around her, knelt down behind her, pulled her into an intimate embrace. Rey could have snapped her in half without the Force. She knew she could have. Trembling, trembling, she did not.

"You make me hurt you, Jedi," Sarje whispered in her ear, nuzzling her neck. "You know I hate having to hurt you, right?"

“...right.”

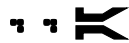
“Then be a good girl so that I don't have to hurt you,” Sarje said, nibbling down Rey's neck, pushing fingers into her skirts and cupping her, splitting her. “You can be a good girl for me, right?”

“I can be a good girl.”

The lips and fingers left her shivering on the floor.

“I'll be watching, Rey,” Sarje said, sauntering to her door. She rapped on the frame until Rey looked at her with a crooked smile. “Make me proud, Rey, and you'll get a treat.”

And then she was gone.



Rey managed to stand up. There was a small bathroom off to one side, so she went to it and threw up. She used the sink to wash the vomit from her lips and straightened herself up, tried to make herself look like she had when she and Jothed had first entered the bar.

She was moving to the bed when the door opened.

Rauda walked in, smiling at her. He didn't break stride as he moved closer, pushed her on the bed, and ripped the top of her gown off her chest.

“Nice,” he said, reaching down and groping her. Rey wrapped her hands around his wrists, considered breaking them, but she remembered – somehow, somewhere, Sarje was watching. Her hands slid up his arm, pulling him down on top of her, wanting to get this over with.

She felt his erection through his pants and shuddered.

He chuckled, using her chest to push himself back up, thick fingers mauling her breast until she moaned, his other hand working at his pants.

“You take them off,” he said, letting go of her flesh. She bit her lip and nodded, curling into a sitting position and working his belt loose, working his pants and underpants down his hips. She remembered Sarje's words – *make me proud* – and licked his erection, a long taste from root to tip.

She felt powerful when he shuddered.

It had been so long since she felt powerful.

She gobbled him down and smiled as his knees shook, as his legs buckled. She followed him down, mastering him, her lips and tongue dominating him completely as his breathing turned ragged. He was using his arms to keep himself up, almost sitting, but when she did a thing with her tongue his arms buckled and his hands stroked her hair.

“How did you learn to do that?” he panted.

Her response made him moan.

“Get,” he said, whatever was to follow lost. “G-get...”

She released him, letting his erection pop out of her mouth as she climbed on top of him, guiding him into herself. He whimpered, the strength of her crushing him, holding him, and she smiled down at him as she began to rock her hips. He was writhing, eyes closed,

**mouth open, hands clutching at anything as her ass met and left his thighs, as his head shook, as he came screaming inside her, as she kept riding him.**

***They've made me a whore, she thought, stopping on his lap, feeling him shrivel inside her. They've made me a whore.***