

EPISODE 6 – A TALE OF JAKKU, ACT 4

“**□VI ƎΔLQ7 8VIO ↓ΔV ƎΔ7 VΔLQ. U717J,**” Teedo told her, tossing her the junk he and his people had found. His words meant 'we have found new toys for you, girl.' The Teedo were not my favorite scavengers, more about quantity than quality, and I knew it had always bothered them that Rey alone earned as much a portion as they did together. “**ƎKQVI ↓EVI ƎΔ7Q.**”

'Make them work.'

She scowled and said nothing, collecting the discarded technology they had gathered and cleaning it as best she could.

Their irritation was obvious in the way they kept her undressed and how they treated her: my sweetheart wore rags around her hips that barely covered anything. The bottom curve of her ass was constant displayed and she hated it, blushing furious whenever any of them grabbed her. They did frequently, molesting her as they willed, shoving her head down and fucking her in whichever hole she hated more.

Her chest was likewise covered by a scant rag tied under her arms, doing nothing to cover the bottom of her breasts and providing no protection from their wandering hands. They groped her as they liked and there was little she could do about it, not then. As she cleaned one of them wandered closer to her and started playing her with flesh, enjoying the mewling sounds she made, the shake of her hands, the ache of her.

She might have fought back if she were able. Her last little bits of clothing kept her from doing so. A heavy chain belt was fixed at the top of her hips, and through it ran a smaller chain that connected to manacles on her wrists. The chain gave her enough slack to almost extend one of her arms from her torso, but they could pull it tight with little difficulty and lock both her wrists to her hips.

Her ankles had a similar set of metal bindings, two circlets with a small chain that didn't quite give her the full confident stride she had developed under my care. This, too, could be pulled tight to lock her ankles together, with the slack an easy connect to her waist.

Lastly, a simple collar rested around her throat, the chain leash letting her wander from the leader's bed to almost anywhere inside their little home, but able to be shorted at a whim. They had her cook, had her clean, had them sort their findings, and used her as they wanted. They beat her when she disobeyed and let her rest when she was a good girl.

They thought she was helpless and tamed.

My girl was so much more than they could have hoped to handle.

I know for the first week she expected me to come for her. I could see it in the way she would look at the entrance to the derelict ship, the way she would look around and whisper my name. I could see it in the look she gave the entrance whenever she heard someone enter and in the way her face fell whenever she saw it was Teedo and his people returning from their day's adventures while she slaved away for them.

Not that they left her unsupervised. There were Teedo who stayed behind to do the cooking and cleaning, but they quickly gave all their tasks to the girl they had captured. They would spank her for not working to their standards, or spank her whenever the urge overtook them, but she learned she was abused less when she worked her hardest. Between her daily chores, they taught

her to dance like a Huttese slave whore, shaking her hips and presenting her breasts, and they laughed and coddled her when she did while and birched her with stiff wire to correct her form.

My sweetheart had always been graceful. She took to these lessons quickly, still expecting me to come and save her. I could see over those first weeks that hope die, and she gave into despair, becoming their slave in truth for a time: doing her work, dancing for their entertainment, ending every night explaining to her captors what the technology they found actually did before a lengthy rape where the whole colony drilled her into unconsciousness. Then, they'd drag her limp body to the foot of the bed and pull her wrists together, fasted her bound ankles to her belt, and leave her to wait for her new life to continue.

She crawled out of her despair after the first month of this treatment to try and save herself.

Her efforts were predictably clumsy:

The first time they caught her slipping out of the collar and shuffling across the sands. She barely made it out of the wreck's shadow before she was spotted, and the Teedo left behind walked after her with their stiff wires. She panicked and screamed as if anyone would care about her suffering, and they whipped her shins and her calves until she fell over.

“**QEVITVI K7VI VDL VDA1A7?**” one of them asked, meaning 'where are you going.'

“Home,” she whimpered, and they all laughed at her.

“**VDA EDLVI, JEVIA,**” one of them told her, meaning 'go home, then'. I believe she dreamed of the home that had already been stripped of every little thing she had thought was hers, but she would deal with that trauma later. She crawled back while they whipped her ass and back until she was back inside their broken ship.

As she lay on the ground, panting, her ass and back covered in purpling welts and slim red lines, they fastened the collar back around her neck and kicked her.

“**VVIJ EKIBI JDA OAD7I, V17J,**” the one that had caught her said, meaning 'get back to work, slave'.

She did.

My sweetheart was clever enough to wait until she had healed some before going again. This time, she made it just a little further, but they caught her and pulled her chains tight, binding her hands between her hips and her ankles tight to one another, then left her soft skin out in the cruel sun for the day.

When Teedo and the others came back, they were brought to where Rey was red and sweating, cooked from the inside out.

“Let me go,” she begged. The assembled Teedo laughed at her.

“**QEVITVI 7D VDL OKAV JDA VDA?**” the leader asked her, meaning 'where do you want to go.'

“Home,” she whimpered.

They laughed at her.

She was made to crawl back to the ship, being beaten with the thin stiff wire the whole while. It took her the better part of an hour to do it, nudging herself forward, her legs useless, her hands unable to do anything as the cord bit into the back of her thighs and calves, bounced off her supple ass, curled into her soft soles. She was weeping by the time she got back to the wreckage,

but Teedo pushed her head into the sand as she squealed and shook and told her

“**EVU7 7A EVI KVVADOM7 EK7C EDLV,**” meaning 'beg to be allowed back home'.

“Please,” she sobbed, “I just want to go back home.”

“**7 7DA7 EVN1MYM VAL7,**” he said, and they dragged her back out to where they had first caught her.

They continued to beat her and it took her a little longer to shuffle back, her breasts and belly marked by the thick sands and the whole of her back a drawing of pain. She was shaking, vibrating, her skin steaming from heat and agony. She cried and tried to curl in on herself but they kept beating her, kept forcing her forward, and when she finally got there Teedo again pushed her head into the sand.

“Please,” she cried without prompting, “Please, I want go home with you. I belong to you. Please, please, I just want to go home, I'll never run away again, please...”

Even I believed her.

They took her inside and made her identify the things they found. They made her serve them food and then fucked her senseless before tying her to the side of the leader's bed, like a pet. They cleaned her wounds and kicked her away the next day, made her slave away for them, and when she hissed in pain from the beating they'd given her she told them it was her fault and she bowed her head and accepted their words and their abuse.

It started some months after she healed: while sucking on Teedo's cock, she asked if she could help them make a greater portion. The leader slapped her and asked her if she was asking to leave home and she shook her head, begged no, kissed his feet.

“No, no, I am home, I want to be here,” she said, her tongue and lips on his feet, working their way up his calf. When her head was between his thighs and she was kneeling, looking up at him, she continued. “I can help you find better pieces of technology, the sort of thing the Blobfish gives greater portions for... if you want me to.”

“**K7M VAL7 NKVM77 VAL77M N7K77M7 7EK7 LN?**” he asked, hands in her hair, meaning 'are you saying you're smarter than us'.

“No, no, but I used to... I used to... cheat,” she said, her eyes wide, and I loved the look in her eyes as she debased herself before this idiot and his kin. “I can show you how.”

“**NEAO LV,**” he allowed her.

She asked for a writing implement and they gave her one – she started sketching the sort of things that she would look for, the engines and computers that allowed starships to function. They started looking for interpositive transponders and bournelli convergenator and the other pieces of technology that my sweetheart knew I favored. For her knowledge and their efforts, they earned more portions, and they even started giving her more than scraps. They made her work and entertain them still, but they would treat her better – letting her clean herself, letting her sleep unbound, becoming more lax in her captivity. She didn't try to escape and she obeyed them all without questions, even fucking them back whenever they raped her. She slept in Teedo's bed now, nestled in his arms, suckling his cock to awakesness in the morning before he and his people ventured off to find the treasures she had identified.

Raping a willing girl was so much more enjoyable for them that they didn't even notice when she failed to put all her tools away, or when she left projects for the morning. She started putting

together broken pieces of technology, making them work, earning the Teedo ever more portions. With her knowledge and their numbers they were becoming wealthy. They thought she was content, but she never fooled me.

They stopped questioning the sorts of treasures she sent them to find, drunk on the riches her knowledge earned them and the way she let them penetrate her, use her until they were satisfied whenever they wanted, the way she hungrily helped them abuse her. They never wondered about why she wanted a 68-vender-6 from a TIE shuttle or a Stickels' Burn from a crawler; it was likely they did not know what those things did, or why they might be valuable, or why my girl might want them.

She fucked them with such gusto when they found both that I wondered if she truly had come to enjoy their affection.

The moons were high when she did it – a delayed pulse from the 68-vender-6 woke the Teedo up by re-activating the wreckage's systems, causing the ship to go haywire and the alarms to sound. In the chaos, a second delayed pulse from the Stickels' Burn overloaded the systems and caused them to spark into flame, setting the Teedo's things on fire.

No one noticed when she snapped the leader's neck with her chains. No one was paying attention when she grabbed the arc cutter she'd left out to cut herself free of her chains. The few that noticed her walking out and got in her way found that the arc cutter could burn through flesh as easily as steel. She'd set aside some bits of tech for herself and a bag to put them in and got out while her former captors were panicking, leaderless, their riches burning away to nothing.

In the morning, she stood naked in front of my stand, the collar and chains gone, covered in ashes and blood. She presented the small bag to me and I took it, considered what she had to offer.

“One quarter portion,” I told her, and she nodded, accepting her portion without question.

She has learned.

A quarter portion was enough to get her clothing, some food, base tools along with her new arc cutter. She would hitch a ride with some of the poorer crews to some of the outer wrecks and rebuild her life, or what passed for it. She struggled to make new weapons and find a new home, and the Teedo tried and failed to recapture her sometimes, but she set traps and places to hide and her life continued as it had before.

But never again would she question my authority.



“She let some of them live?” Belto asked, surprised.

“It wasn't about revenge, kid,” Rauda said, standing and shaking his head. “It was about sending a message.”

“You have learned,” Unkarr said, showing her teeth, and the zabrak shivered and nodded. He would not forget the lesson in the story, and he doubted Rey ever did, either.