

EPISODE 14 – RAIN AND REIGN

The suns were setting and Rey was panting by the time her work was finished. Jothed had been scheduling her hard, double-checking her work and forcing her to confront her own mistakes. No matter how hard she tried her work was sloppy, and she often had to go back to complete work she'd thought was finished.

“If you can't handle it, we can always bring in help,” Jothed told her. She could hear the disappointment in his voice, the unspoken condemnation of her not living up to her side of their bargain. There was nothing she could say to that – *what with the mistakes being hers* – so she bit her tongue and got back to work.

Just once she wanted to finish ahead of Jothed's schedule for her.

She struggled with it, fought with it, worked herself to exhaustion trying to live up to her end of things. Too often she ended up eating at Jothed's feet because she came back too late to bathe before dinner, or too exhausted to do more than pass out at the foot of their bed. Jothed had even procured some pillows and blankets for her to sleep on when the fatigue kept her from eating or getting clean before sleep claimed her.

If I get my work done, I can eat at the table. That was the reward she promised herself. She struggled, week after week, to try and finish everything properly just once while still having enough energy to get clean before dinner.

And now, today, she had done it.

Exhausted, yes, but the work was complete and everything was proper and there was still enough in her to get clean before dinner. She was covered in sand and grease and sweat but she was smiling as she shambled indoors, stumbled towards the showers while stripping her stained and stinking clothing off her sweating stinking body.

The water was on and she was just about to step in when

“What are you doing?” Jothed asked her.

She was caught off guard, wondering where he'd come from, if she'd walked by him. How tired was she that she didn't notice her lover's presence?

“I'm-”

“Making a mess for me to clean up,” Jothed sighed. He wasn't looking at her; his eyes were on her clothing, on the trail of sand and grease she'd left on her way to the showers. She froze, wondering if she should pick up the discarded clothing, but he bent down and did it for her.

“Thank you.”

“You're welcome.”

He put them in the hamper, then turned and stared at her. The water was streaming behind her, a reward she wanted so badly, but his eyes on her naked body froze her in place. She waited for him to leave, shuffling in place, but he leaned against the wall and crossed his arms, settling in to watch.

He said nothing, still staring as she stepped back into the water, ducking her head under the stream, letting the liquid form tiny rivers down her body.

She felt his eyes on her, felt him staring as the water traced parts of her that he had drawn with

his fingertips, pushing her down, making her tremble. Why was she so afraid. She hugged herself, shivering.

“Do you not know how to clean yourself?” Jothed asked.

She wasn't sure what to say to that. She looked at him, saw him stripping off, said nothing as he stepped into the shower with her and steadied himself by putting his hands on her water-slick hips. When his hands traced up her sides she murmured a protest but he spun her around, pushed her face and chest against the wall and shushed her.

Rey wanted to resist, but she didn't, couldn't. His fingers traced a long path down her spine.

She whimpered when his hands left her body just before the top of her ass. One hand pushed under her hair and gripped, pulling her off the wall, while the other lifted one arm and then the other, allowing streams of water to jab into and down her flesh. She tried to protest but the hand holding her hair forced her face into the stream and she sputtered, shuddered, eyes closed and off balance as his free hand circled around her, grabbing a breast and squeezing -

“Behave!”

- twisting a nipple until she settled loose in his grip.

He guided her down to her knees and massaged her scalp, fingers digging in deep while she kept her head bowed and her hands folded in her lap. She stayed still as he retrieved a stool, moving only as he directed her out of the water and onto it, letting him rub soap on her hair, down her neck, across her face and chest and lower, spreading her legs and letting the suds coat her.

He moved her back into the water, letting the soap wash away, then pulled her out and did it again, again, each time coating her, teasing her, shaming her. She'd never felt so clean and she was panting, small flecks of water floating from her lips as he molested her, driving her to want, to need.

His cock was resting on her shoulder. She turned her head and kissed it, moved off the stool and fell to her knees and began suckling at it, her hands in her lap as she swallowed him. His fingers were still in her hair, still pressed against her scalp, but his manhood was inside her, on her tongue, down her throat. It all felt and tasted delicious, a sliver of relief from the shame that threatened to wash her away.

She pushed him down, broad shoulders and strong arms, guiding him until he was lying down. She straddled him, her sopping steaming lower holes letting him slip inside her, her hands on his chest and she rode him and rode him and rode him. He let her have this, a reward for good behavior, and she met his eyes.

“What do you say?” he asked her.

“Thank you,” she whimpered.

He came a few moments after she did, her long screaming orgasm causing her to fall onto him. He rolled her over and, as she lay in the afterglow, thrust into her, causing her to whimper and writhe with every push. He grabbed her hair when he was done, pulled her mouth back to his center, and she swallowed him anew and cleaned herself off him, swirling her tongue to get it all down.

She glanced up when she was done and saw him smiling down at her, his hand moving out of her hair to cup her cheek.

“Alright,” he said, “show me what you have learned.”

And he stepped out of the shower, drying himself off as she cleaned herself the way he had showed her, once, twice, three times. By the time she was done she was perfectly clean and sopping wet, panting and hoping he would join her again. Instead, towel wrapped around his waist, he reached in and shut off the water.

“Uh...”

“Looks like there's only one towel,” Jothed smiled, handing her a flat press. “Not to worry – it's still hot out. Won't hurt you to air dry. Press the rest of the water into the drain and meet me in the dining room.”

He left, leaving her standing, dripping. She moaned and thought about taking time to take care of the throbbing between her legs, but he was waiting for her. Quick as she could, Rey used the press to force the water into the drains, where it would be purified by the machines she had spent all day slaving on.

She was still a little wet when she was done, skin glistening, but she padded naked into the dining room. Her lover watched her move, waited for her to come to him. He had her turn around, appraising her naked body, and she had never in her life felt so much a non-person.

“You can come up here after you've dried off,” Jothed said putting her plate on the ground by his feet.

She knelt, saying nothing. She didn't want to get the clean seats wet. They started to eat, talking about the day as if she wasn't naked on the floor, kneeling beside him.

Rey never did make it to the table.