

## Chapter 19 – Truth in Lies

“Get up.”

There was a foot on Rey's cheek, rocking her head back and forth. She'd been sleeping on the floor, Jothed kind enough to give her a blanket while he slept with Sarje, and he'd even let her sleep in after an exhausting day of work in the fields and what Sarje called *Rey's training*.

Rey groaned – every part of her body ached and she had not gotten quite enough sleep to feel fully recovered from yesterday's torment. She looked up at Sarje and briefly considered fighting back, but her lover had gifted the slave with the same control he exerted over her for her own good.

She wondered where the last words of that thought came from and closed her eyes again, huddling into herself and shivering.

“Are you going to cry?” Sarje asked.

Rey struggled not to. She wanted to. She'd signed over the independence she'd fought so hard to build for herself, signed herself over to a life so much harder than what she'd endured on Jakku, and all for the sake of a lover that had shown her again and again that this is what she deserved.

“Cry or make me coffee,” Sarje said, rolling her heel closer to Rey's mouth.

“Coffee,” Rey mumbled, rolling herself out from underfoot and padding over to the kitchen, too aware of the too-sheer sleepwear Jothed had bought her and that he had allowed her to wear last night. It was comfortable, yes, but too revealing for Rey's tastes – not that those mattered.

She felt the fabric slither across her belly as it cradled her chest and tickled her ass, reminding her that Sarje could see all of her; that for all her supposed wealth and for all of his supposed care, Rey had less freedom than that slave that was enjoying the view.

Bustling about the kitchen, Rey felt her belly rumble as she made the coffee the way Sarje liked it. There was food and she cut some melon and prepared some meats for the slave to eat, returning to the bed with the plate and mug. Sarje looked up at her and stretched, smiling, languid while Rey stood there, waiting. The food didn't weigh that much but Sarje enjoyed making Rey wait until the plate felt like a fuel tank and her arm ached and shook.

“Hold that steady,” Sarje commanded, and Rey did the best she could. Sarje claimed the mug and Rey used both hands to hold the plate steady, which made Sarje laugh. “No one told you to do that, Jedi, but okay. You do you.” The slave claimed a piece of melon and swallowed it, then moved her juicy hand to the fabric beneath Rey's hips.

“What are you doing?” Rey whimpered, hating the weakness of her voice, hating her weakness.

“You need both your hands to hold that plate, but no one gave you permission,” Sarje answered, looking deep into Rey's eyes. “It should cost you the same thing my meal is missing – a little something.”

“What do you-” Rey started to ask, but Sarje hushed her and claimed another slice of melon,, brushing it between Rey's legs before popping it into her mouth.

“Delicious,” Sarje said, her eyes never leaving Rey's. “Now, be a good girl and hold still.”

Rey Skywalker, Hero of the Resistance, Last of the Jedi, the woman that had helped destroy the First Order and the Sith behind them, wasn't even allowed to close her eyes as the slave beneath her used the sopping mess between her legs to flavor the breakfast that had been prepared for

her. Rey couldn't help but shudder any time the cool melon pressed against and into her, couldn't help but feel a twinge of shame whenever the slave placed another piece in her mouth and swallowed.

Sarje took the last piece and forced it deeper, breaking the seal of Rey's lips before kneeling up and cupping the back of Rey's head with her free hand.

"Open," she said, and Rey thought about fighting back, thought about throwing the tray with the meat to the floor, but she'd already suffered worse than this and she would not break. Keeping her eyes open, stared into Sarje's gaze, she parted her lips, let her tongue slide out. The melon was placed on her tongue and pushed inside her mouth.

"Suck. Chew. Swallow. Obey."

Rey did as instructed.

Sarje laughed and started doing the same with the meat, splitting Rey's cleft and then splitting the meat between the two of them. Rey didn't mind so much – she'd gone to bed without much beyond Jothed's cum in the way of dinner. It wasn't until the meat was gone and she was almost full that she realized how much being here had cost her, that she no longer minded being treated like this.

She wasn't given time to dwell, however, as Sarje leaned forward, her long tongue slithering pleurably through Rey's lower lips and against her clit.

"Wha-," Rey managed, the vowel carried into a load moan.

"Keep holding that tray," Sarje commanded, the words spoken against the most sensitive parts of Rey. She quivered and managed to hold mostly steady as the slave cleaned the fruit from her cunt. Rey bowed her head and closed her eyes and moaned, her hips twitching as Sarje suddenly stopped.

"Is something wrong?" Sarje teased, the lilt of her voice brushing against Rey's clit. Rey couldn't think of anything to say, had never imagined anything like the position she was in. "Do you need to cum? Is that it?"

Rey's vision was unsteady and she couldn't think of the word she needed to say, but there was enough of her left to nod her head.

"Do you deserve to cum, Jedi?" Sarje taunted, and Rey didn't know how to answer. Sarje took the tray from her shaking hands and put it to one side. "Kneel down, put your hands behind your back. Right, exactly like that."

Rey had seen the slave hold her hands like this dozens of times, right hand clasped on left wrist, leaving her ass exposed. She felt uncomfortably warm, itchy, was sweating and needy and Sarje's hand was in her hair, her other playing with the skin along Rey's hips, between her legs, tracing the curves of her with little electric promise.

"You know the Jedi weren't real, right?" Sarje asked. Rey moaned and said nothing. "Say it. Say the Jedi weren't real."

"They were real," Rey whispered.

Sarje slapped her, hard, rocking her head to one side, and spat on her.

"Get back in position, Jedi," Sarje said, pulling her up by the hair, toying with her while she tried to kneel with her hands behind her back. "Now, tell me that the Jedi weren't real."

"The Jedi were real," Rey said. "We-"

The slap was harder this time, closer to her temple. Rey's vision exploded into phantom starfighters and she didn't get her hands in place to catch herself quickly enough. She was dazed, confused, off balance, and Sarje was still toying with her.

"Back into position, Jedi," Sarje ordered, her fingers brushing Rey's slick folds, and Rey tried to regain her position without losing those delicious fingers. "Now, you claim to be a Jedi – some weird religious cult that kidnapped children and brainwashed them into thinking they had magical powers, a cult that the Old Republic enabled to scare people into compliance. The Jedi were supposed to be powerful, invincible knights, and you claim to be one. But I've been raping you for days and I just slapped you twice and you haven't done anything about it but lie there and take it."

"You- ah," began Rey, but her words and thoughts were demolished as Sarje rubbed her clit between two sharp nails. She screamed, she cried, but she held her position.

"A real Jedi – *as if the Jedi were ever real* – wouldn't be this, would she," Sarje said. "So, tell me the truth and I'll let you cum."

"The... the J-jedi..."

"Yes...?"

Rey bit her lip, closed her eyes, bowed her head. The fingers on her right hand were digging painfully into her left arm, her hips circling the fingertips that teased.

"The Jedi weren't real."

It was a whisper that sounded like a prayer. On her knees and with her head bowed, Rey felt like she was praying to some terrible goddess.

"If the Jedi aren't real, why do you claim to be one?" Sarje asked, two fingers hooking inside of Rey, opening her. Rey gasped, eyes opening, Sarje somehow above her and staring down at her with too-wide eyes. "Is it because you wanted to be special? Tell me the truth and I'll let you cum."

"I... I lied because..." Rey doubled over, the words she was whispering cutting at something in her. She was crying but she wanted go cum so badly. "I lied because I wanted to be special."

"So... the Jedi aren't real?"

"The Jedi aren't real."

"So if you're not a Jedi, what are you?"

"I... I..."

"It's okay. Cum for me."

Rey did, screaming, her back arching and limbs shaking, strong muscles feeling like they were going to tear themselves apart. She fell back and off Sarje's fingers, twitching sightlessly, unable to stop from vibrating until her voice died. She felt hollowed, scoured, scared.

She couldn't make sense of this, what she was, but when Sarje grabbed her hair and pulled her up she followed, boneless, allowing her face to be led between the slave's legs.

Unthinking, Rey knew what she had to do.

Parting her lips, stretching her neck forward, Rey began to lick.