As was usual for the space station the atrium that ran around the entire length of its primary habitation ring was packed with aliens moving to one destination or the other. Since it had to accommodate creatures both big and small a flow was often established where those that were bigger would walk and those that needed to go in the same direction would have to follow carefully in their wake and hope that they would get close to their destination. That made Ronuk glad that he was one of those that could blaze his own trail as he stood head and shoulders above most that were there. The bull did have to be careful where he put down his thick hooves as he found the place he was looking for and had to exit the walkway, smirking slightly when he looked back and saw those that were following him scatter.

The shop that Ronuk was heading towards wasn’t a shop at all, at least not for him. It was the space station’s equivalent to an independent security force where jobs that the actual guard couldn’t deal with were shunted towards. Essentially if it wasn’t about to blow up the station or cause everyone to die of some strange alien virus it would be shunted to their location where they could get their problem solved for a price. Most of the time it was extra security detail or just adding a bit of muscle so show off someone’s influence, but once in a while they dealt with actual cases as well from drug smuggling to kidnappings and once in a while a murder or two.

Of course having a mercenary guild in plain sight didn’t exactly breed trust and safety in the general populace, which is why Ronuk smelt coffee as soon as he walked into the shop. “Morning Sal…” Ronuk said as he went up to the counter and took one of the baked goods out of the case. “Did you finally figure out the perfect batter ratio for these biscuits or can I still kill someone if I throw it hard enough at them?”

“Watch your muzzle or I’ll have you playing barista while I go out on the mission,” the ornary stallion said as he reached over and grabbed it with his cybernetic arm and gently put it back in the display case. “And it’s a scone, not a biscuit you heathen.” The bull chuckled and scratched his short hair as he watched the equine go back to the tea was making before bringing it and an electronic file with him. “Your next job, hot off the presses.”

Ronuk nodded and, after ordering something just to snicker as he watched his boss make it for him, took the file and his breakfast towards one of booths in the back. It was a missing person job, a cargo freighter that was using the station as a refueling point had let their entire crew off so they could have a good time and when everyone came back they found they were three short. That was twenty-four hours ago and they hadn’t been able to get in contact with them yet, but after the initial investigation from the station security team they couldn’t determine whether something happened to them or it was merely job abandonment which meant they weren’t going to do anything about it. It was a good job, big shipping companies usually meant big payouts since they’re willing to pay more in order to expedite service.

“Seems pretty straight-forward,” Sal stated, Ronuk looking up as the horse sat down opposite him. “Go in, find the strays, round them up, then payday.”

“Last time we had a straight-forward job Hansfield nearly got thrown out of an airlock,” Ronuk replied as he continued to flip through the personnel reports of those that he was looking for. “They do look pretty prime to be castoffs, no family tying them down and nothing other than the company… probably got offered a better job on another rig and decided to bail on their contract.”

“If that’s true then you need to hurry,” the stallion replied, blowing on his beverage to cool it down before sipping it. “We don’t have the authority to lock down freighters and that means that any second now they could be slipping onto another ship and blasting off into the deep reaches of space. Good luck Ronuk, you’re going to need it.”

“Yeah yeah…” Ronuk replied as he stood up and went to the back marked employees only. “I think I smell your scones burning.” Though he was just kidding he watched the grizzled stallion veteren immediately go over to where he had been baking minutes before. As he shook his head he got up and went back into the employee room where he would change into his uniform… which definitely didn’t include an apron.

About an hour and two shuttle rides later the bull found himself in the entertainment district that was adjacent to the stellar shipping yards, a place that was infamously known as the Rat Hole. It wasn’t the first time that Ronuk had found himself looking through the place as he put a hand against his broken horn. He had come prepared this time as he adjusted the body armor he wore over his muscular frame, taking a second to adjust himself between the legs and repositioning the plastisteel plates that protected his body. Once everything was where it needed to be he sighed and made his way into the Rat Hole to see if he could get a lead on his missing people.

The air here was stale and reeked of contaminants that couldn’t quite be filtered out from the shared air system between the docks and the district. Though it was nothing dangerous it made Ronuk have the taste of metal in his mouth as he began to scour the area. Most wouldn’t give him the time of day while others would take one look at his picture and tell him either they never saw them or they did and for the right price would remember where they were. That often lead nowhere on both accounts but he was just seeing if he could get lucky before he got to the location where the star sailors were seen last.

To say that the bar was a hole in the wall would have shined a bad light on holes in walls, Ronuk thought to himself as he pushed on the partially broken door to get inside. Immediately he was greeted with the sound of bad bootleg synth music and smell of stale alcohol as he came in and went straight to the bar where he set his rather large sword on the table. “Well hello to you too, sir,” the alien wolf said after he stopped looking at the weapon and back up at the bull. “I’d ask what you’re drinking but I have the feeling that’s not why you’re here.”

“Very observant,” Ronuk replied as he glanced around the bar to see if his disturbance caused anyone to shift about or panic. “I’m looking for a couple of people that didn’t turn up after a night of fun and frivolity. His pals said they came here looking for something to score quick and cheap, though they didn’t say exactly what that something was.”

“Lots of people come here looking for lots of different things, sir,” the alien wolf responded.

“Yeah, well let me show you the pictures first and then-” the bull paused when he saw something that was wrapped around the bartender’s neck. At first he thought that it was a standard collar, a rather common accessory that one would find on people around the station, but what piqued his attention was the eye in the middle of it. It had a reptilian pupil in the middle of an otherwise purple sclera and at first he thought it was just some sort of display or other piece of technology… until it seemed to look straight at him.

He found himself unable to take his own eyes off of it as he started to lean in closer until he heard the alien lupine clear his throat and bring his attention back to him. “You said that you have pictures you need to show me sir?” the bartender asked, Ronuk nodding and handing over the data disk that contained them. “Hmmm… you know, I think I may have seen one of these three actually going up to talk to my boss.”

“That’s great,” Ronuk replied gruffly as he tried not to maintain eye contact with the strange piece of apparel once more. “I’m going to need to speak to your boss so-”

“Come with me,” the bartender said with a grin as he started to lead the bull without so much as a prompt. As he followed him into a door with the words employees only scratched into the metal there was something off about the whole situation that he couldn’t quite put his finger on. Normally he would have to press a lot harder to talk to anyone in the Rat Hole, most preferring to keep some semblance of privacy rather than helping the authorities, but he wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Ronuk grunted slightly as he squeezed his larger frame up the rather narrow stairwell, having to go up sideways just to prevent himself from getting stuck. He had already broken one horn, he thought to himself, he wasn’t going to crack off the other one in this place if he could help it. The wolf had gone first and stood there on top of the stairs with a small smirk on his face as he commented not to worry about the paint he was likely scratching with his armor. The bull just snorted and pulled himself up the rest of the way until he finally popped out in the larger hallway that ended with a window on one side and a simple metal door that the wolf went through first.

When the mercenary got inside he was surprised by what he found; unlike the bar below the office was rather richly furnished, something that Ronuk would have never expected to walk into in the Rat Hole. What really caught his eye though as he moved forward was what looked like bondage equipment behind glass cases, all if it moving and shifting about while staring at him with eyes similar to the one he saw on the collar of the alien wolf. “It can’t be…” he said as he looked around. “This looks like… bio-bondage, but not only is it illegal but the only ones that used it were-”

“The Sskausa…” both Ronuk and the wolf turned when they heard the smooth voice of the creature that had walked into the office from a different door. The bull’s eyes widened as he watched the snake creature grin at him while moving over to the desk and sitting down at the chair behind hit. “That’s… impossible… you’re supposed to have gone extinct!”

“Well they certainly gave it their best effort,” the cobra man said as he put his elbows on the desk and gave him a fanged grin before looking at the alien wolf. “Good work slave, you may go downstairs now and make sure we’re not disturbed.”

“Yes Master Erillas,” the wolf replied with a deep bow. “Thank you Master.”

The bartender left and the bull found himself alone with the snake creature who was busy pouring a drink in two glasses. “Now onto you Ronuk,” the Ssakusa said as he slowly pushed one of the recently-filled tumblers towards him, his snout curling up in a smirk as Ronuk gave him a stunned look. “Oh, my dear bull, did you honestly think that I wouldn’t know one of your little group was going to come to try and look for the three that we took a few nights ago? In fact you could say… I was counting on it, now sit down and have your drink with me while we hash out the details.”

“Details?” Ronuk asked, feeling his body paralyzed despite the fact that he knew he was in danger.

“Of your servitude,” Erillas explained. “If we can do this civically than I’m sure we can give you preferential treatment, or…” the Sskausa gestured to some of the bio-bondage that was currently pressed up against the glass as if going towards him. “Well, I’m sure you can use your imagination.”

Ronuk’s mind reeled as he looked at the multi-hued skin of the serpentine creature, feeling himself blink several times as though that would somehow make him disappear. Everything in his mind told him this was impossible; the Sskausa were an alien species that had abilities and technology that made them particularly useful in one thing… the slave trade. When their powers were deemed too dangerous after a few of them overstepped their bounds the were declared outlaws and hunted across the galaxy. After a rather long and brutal campaign the powers that be declared that the Sskausa threat had been systematically destroyed, but that apparently was a lie as the bull found himself stepping forward and sitting down despite himself.

“How in the twelve systems does a Sskausa set up shop in the heart of space station like this?” Ronuk asked, making sure not to make eye contact with the creature since he heard that was how they enslaved people specifically. “Every security station in the galaxy knows to look out for you considering the threat you pose to people. I find it hard to believe that you’ve managed to get your trade back up and running here.”

“My my, aren’t you the willful one,” Erillas stated as he sipped his drink. “Most sitting in your position would be drooling on themselves and clinging to my every command, I think I like that. As for your inclination you would be surprised how many people missed having us in the business and how many powerful people enjoy having one of our slaves to tend to their every need.”

There was a low syllabent hissing that went with the way that the Sskausa spoke and Ronuk knew that even without staring into their eyes the creature was getting a hypnotic hold on him, feeling his thoughts begin to slow with every second that he continued to sit there. As he turned his gaze away he saw that one of the walls was actually windows that looked down into the club. It was no doubt to help Erillas pick out his next victims after his slave bartender screened them to make sure they wouldn’t be missed. He also realized that there was a potential opportunity to escape if he was fast enough, especially since his noted that he couldn’t even bring himself to think of attacking the creature.

When Erillas turned his back to grab something out of a nearby drawer Ronuk made his move, drawing his sword and pushing himself out of the seat and towards the pane of glass. With two quick motions he had cut an x-pattern into the pane before the rest of his body connected with it and caused it to shatter. His hooves hit the dance floor with a loud crack as he looked at the alien bartender before sheathing his sword and making a run out of the bar and back into the Rat Hole. As he did the Sskausa didn’t even move from his desk, his swirling eyes looking from the newly created hole in his wall back over to the display cases with the bio-bondage… one of which was now empty.

Ronuk continued to run until he made sure that he was away from the bar and that he wasn’t followed, finally ducking into an empty building that used to a drug den before a random sweep cleaned it out. Though he wasn’t sure just how far the tendrils of influence the Sskausa reached he couldn’t count on anyone at the moment. He knew the secret that they were still around which meant that he would be a target, the creature likely pulling at all the resources he could in order to bring him back in. If Ronuk could just get a message to the office he would be able to warn the others of the slavers in their midst but one of the supposed perks of the Rat Hole was that most communication devices didn’t work in the area due to the interference from the docs.

Once the bull had calmed himself down he began to look through the place for anything that he might be able to use to defend himself or to help evade capture. It appeared the raid squad was pretty through in its sweep and found nothing but garbage really. As he began to move over to the door that led to the back room however something else began to take his attention. At first it felt like someone had pushed against his armored bodysuit, but as the confused bull turned around he once more found himself alone.

He continued to stand there in the dead silence of the room for a few more seconds just to be sure there was nothing around him before moving again. He hardly got two steps though before he definitely felt something pushing against his back, only now it was between his suit and his fur! Ronuk started to panic as he felt tentacles continuing to slither down his back, pushing its way underneath the fabric as it pulled down something behind him. With no way to get at it all he could do was try to claw at the appendages attempting to slither around him, but with the combination of the suit and some sort of goo that they’re excreting there was no way to stop them.

“Damnit!” Ronuk shouted as he pressed a button on his bodysuit to quickly cause the synthetic armor to fall away from his body. It was only for the top part of the suit but it was more than enough to see what was happening to him as a shiny rubber tentacle began to slither around his sides and wrap across his washboard abs. Very quickly Ronuk realized he had made a mistake as the creature, free from the confines of its tight prison, quickly adjusted itself as more tentacles wrapped around him. He attempted to reach back and try and grab the epicenter of the rubbery things but as he did two of them wrapped around his wrist and pulled it backwards, straightening it out before binding his wrist near his waist.

Though the warrior was far from week Ronuk found himself quickly fighting a losing battle against the piece of bio-technology. Two more of the tentacles began to wrap around the bicep of his still free arm as he finally saw where it had come from. It was a bright green color that was the same as the collar that the alien wore and when he looked down at it the thing stared back with a single ominous eye. The strange creature pulled itself to the middle of his chest, taking his arm when he attempted to grab it and pulling it back, before planting itself there like a flag. The bull wasn’t about to give up though even as he felt the four rubbery tentacles on his arms weave around themselves to form into a pair of arm binders that rendered him completely immobile.

The bull stumbled slightly as the piece of bio-bondage made him squirm slightly, combined with the fact that he could no longer use his arms made it hard for him to even stand up much less walk. Ronuk huffed and flexed his arms to try and pull the tentacles apart but it was no use, whatever this thing was had a firm anchor onto his chest and as more began to push their way out it was clear that it wasn’t done yet. Already he had four of the larger ones against his shoulders and sides like some bizarre sort of x-harness and as he watched a wider, flatter one slowly lowered its way down his abs and past his treasure trail to his groin. It was then as he looked down at the bodysuit still covering his lower body that he had something that he didn’t expect… a tent in the fabric.

It must of been part of the ooze that the thing secreted, Ronuk thought to himself as he made his way to the door. He remembered vaguely that one of the ways that Sskausa kept their prey in check was through the use of arousal and pleasure as part of their biotech arsenal. It made sense, their slaves were no good to them if they died so why not use their own bodies against them? Either way as the thick ooze soaked into his fur he could feel the tentacle stretch the end of itself into a flat petal that slid its way underneath his belt.

Ronuk grunted once more as the rubbery flesh of the creature continued to caress his body even as he attempted to escape it, especially as it cupped around his groin seemed to suction around his cock. He managed to make it a few more feet before finally falling to his knees as whatever had completely encased his groin was now tickling and teasing the sensitive flesh. It took all of his willpower not to fall forwards, the bull knowing that if he fell to his side he probably wouldn’t be able to get back up as his muscles twitched from the stimulation. One small ray of hope for him though was his sword was still on his back… if he could just unsheath it and use the blade to cut the bio-bondage wrapped around his arms he could possibly get himself loose.

It took a few seconds for Ronuk to get the focus he needed, especially as he felt the same tentacle that had formed a rubbery sack around his junk was now stretching once more and sliding up his taint towards his tailhole. He flexed his fingers and bent down as low as he could without falling to try and shake the blade out of its sheath. At first nothing seemed to happen, but as he continued to lean and thrust forward he could feel the weight begin to shift. Just as he began to feel the hilt on his neck though he also felt something brush against him that caused him to freeze, his eyes widening as someone hovering above him pulled the sword out the rest of the way and tossed it to the side with a loud clanging noise.

“Careful…” the voice of Erillas hissed into Ronuk’s ear as the bull felt his entire body shuddered from the sound. “You don’t want to cut yourself, that would reduce your value considerably.”

“You…” Ronuk grimaced as he looked up to see the Sskausa smirking down at him. “How did you… find…”

The bull realized too late that when he had brought up his head his gaze had looked right into the colorful eyes of the creature staring down at him. The effect of the creature that he had felt in the office now blasted into his brain a hundred-fold to the point where every attempt to have a thought was like running through mud. He wasn’t sure how being mentally enslaved was going to feel like but he didn’t expect it to be so… pleasant. It was like he was staring into the eyes of a trusted friend he didn’t realize he had, or a lover that he had forgotten right up until that moment.

There were no more words that needed to be exchanged between the two as Erillas continued to keep eye contact with the other male while his hands slowly glided down the thick shoulders and beefy pectorals of the bull. An almost drunken grin began to spread over his muzzle as he felt those fingers stroke against every contour of his muscle, and though he didn’t hear it come out of the cobra snake’s muzzle he swore he could hear him still hissing and telling him that this was the way it was supposed to be. Soon even when Ronuk blinked he could still see those captivating, swirling colors of those eyes as mental tendrils rooted themselves deep into his mind while the Sskausa’s fingers went forward and finally undid his pants.

“I realize that with the mental fortitude that this is going to be a rather temporary situation for you,” Erillas explained as he pulled down the rest of the armored bodysuit to reveal the outline of the bull’s cock in the rubbery embrace of the bio-bondage gear that had enwrapped him. “But seeing how I can’t make eye contact with you the entire time that we’re walking back to my processing facility and I can’t bind your legs we’re going to have to go with a slightly more… inventive solution. Of course what I have in mind for you is also going to have you making a lot of unwanted noise, so I’m going to need to add a few more pieces to your gear before we leave.”

“Whatever you say…” Ronuk replied in his dazed state. “Master…”

The response put a smile on the Sskausa’s face as he leaned back and took something out of his bag and brought it up to the bull’s face. Ronuk vaguely recognized it as another piece of bio-bondage, this one he held in his hands as the sides of it opened like a flower to reveal the glistening rubber insides. It only took a few seconds for whatever it was to be pushed forward and the mask clamped over his muzzle. Normally he would have struggled and thrashed around as the edges of the hood slid itself over his head.

In his lust-drunk stupor he hadn’t seen the wiggling phallic tentacle that was inside the snout of the strange organic gas mask but Ronuk could definitely feel it as it pushed its way into his maw. As the creature began to undulate and suction itself over his head it continued to spread open the lips of his muzzle, which was the same time where the tentacle that he had forgotten about between his legs decided to dart upwards and push past that ring of muscle there. That was too much pleasure for the bull to take at once and his large frame hit the floor with a dull thud while his body squirmed. His hooves scraped against the ground as his eye-contact, and ttrance, with the Sskausa was broken.

Even as Ronuk found himself coming back to his senses he was in even worse shape than before, especially as his bound body was being stimulated by the tentacle in his tailhole. It expertly managed to massage his insides to the point where his mind and body were bristling in pure pleasure. There was nothing he could do at this point as the Sskausa took out one more thing from the pack that he had brought and put it against his neck while he writhed. Even though he knew it was probably a collar similar to the one that the wolf in the bar wore he didn’t care, especially when the Sskausa stroked his cock through the bio-bondage.

“Looks like my little muscle bull is getting himself very riled up,” Erillas cooed as he continued to stroke along his entire body. “Of course if you are able to orgasm then you might get clear-headed enough so you can start plotting some sort of escape. That’s why you’re not going to be getting any relief until I have you where I need you.”

Ronuk wriggled and groaned in response, which only prompted the tentacle inside his muzzle to pump in and out of his maw a little faster to prompt him to suck it. He felt the organic rubber thickening around his groin and not only tightened around him but also seemed to swell and padded around it. His erection began to soften despite his arousal skyrocketing from everything that the bio-bondage was doing to him. The bull knew he should have probably orgasmed by now from the stretching he was getting between his cheeks but even as he began to hump into the air with his restrained arms against his back there was nothing he could do to get relief.

When his entire back was arched into the air that was when he opened his eyes and saw the Sskausa staring at him once more and felt the intense fires of lust being stoked in him start to taper. Soon he was able to think straight enough to hear the cobra tell him to get up, but when he failed to do so the pleasure was once more ramped up to eleven. It didn’t take long for Ronuk to realize that he was being conditioned but there was little he could do but follow the lead of the other creature, which turned out to be quite literal as he saw a leash attached to the collar merged with his neck while he was pulled up to his feet. Very slowly he got used to walking in his compromised state he looked around to see if anyone in the Rat Hole was out and could help him, and though he saw a few eyes staring down at him there was no one that made any move to help.

“You see now the futility of your actions…” Erillas stated as he paraded the bound bull down the street while the tentacles in his maw and tailhole continued to stuff him with just enough pleasure to keep his mind buzzing. “I own this place and everything in it, just like I own you. Now come along, I have something very… special in mind for you.”