

**Jake Bondage, Galactic Bounty Hunter
in**

Slaves

to the

Sparkkin

Also Starring

Sara Bondage

Ash Wednesday

Aiden Shade

Diana DiNero

Sherri Smythe

and Apocalyptica

Author's Note:

This installment of the Jake Bondage: Galactic Bounty Hunter series will mark the end of the existing set of stories. For those of you who have been following along, you know that Jake's ship was scuttled by Apocalyptica and he and his crew have been taken prisoner by these vicious & ruthless slavers. Well, I have decided that, should Jake find a way to get himself and his crew free... the result should be a somewhat NEW series... a Post-Apocalyptica series, so to speak.

What this means is that the Jake Bondage: Galactic Bounty Hunter stories will be able to be divided up into two categories... Pre and Post Apocalyptica. For any of you who are new to the series and are just now reading, the Pre-Apocalyptica stories in this universe, leading up to this story, are:

Charlize: Birth of a Kettaran Legend
Ash Wednesday and the Drew Quick Affair
Diana DiNero: Gun for Hire
Commander Sherri Smythe in Devastating Doublecross
Showdown on Silit
The Kinky Kitty Affair
Trouble in the Huma System

...and all of these stories lead up to this... the enslavement of Jake and his crew at the hands of the evil and dangerous Apocalyptica. Excited, yet?

After "Slaves to the Sparkkin", there'll be a bit of a break in this story series... during which time, the direction that the new series will take will be decided on and mapped out. Jake will need a new ship... some new crew... and the tone of the stories will be markedly different, as you will see... if you decide to tune in.

Now, I don't want to give anything away, so I'm gonna leave that right there... but I do encourage you, if you enjoy the JB:GBH Universe, to let me know what you think about this turn of events. I'm always interested in feedback from the readers. I now return you to the credits... already being rolled.

W I T H :

Lauren Kink

Ashley Smythe

Jennafur

Brooke

Holly

Rivka

Lynn

Clara

and Charlize

**Produced by:
Jake Bondage**

**Written by:
Jake Bondage**

Chapter One

Jake Bondage trudged through the bowels of the Nova Ghost flanked by two heavily armed guards and led by a genetically engineered cyborg enforcer. Of course, the truth was that Jake really didn't have any choice but to follow along, as he was being tugged along by a leash, and his bondage denied him any chance at resistance. The bounty hunter's only attire, besides chains, was a black pair of shorts that resembled briefs, but were, in fact, quite nefarious in design. The only real clue to this on the outside were the two chains from his wrist cuffs, which disappeared into slots on either side of where his manhood rested beneath them.

Jake's wrists were held in check by his sides due to these chains, and the matching ones which went behind his back. These ran through a ring on the back of the belt around his waist, then down the back of the briefs. One didn't need much imagination to figure out that he was not going to be in any hurry to pull against his bonds. Like it or not, Jake Bondage was helpless, and it was clear from his face that he didn't like it at all.

Of course, he could not voice his displeasure, as his mouth was silenced by a gag that literally covered the lower half of his face... from the nose down. He didn't need to say anything, though. His eyes told the story. His back, criss-crossed with angry red stripes from where he had been whipped mercilessly, also told a story, but it was more a testimonial to his ordeal than his state of mind. As he followed his captor around corner after corner, through the vessel, he caught the eye of many of the crew members, who watched him being led past like some sort of trophy. He figured, in reality, that was what he really was to them.

They got on a lift and went up several decks. He tried to pay attention to the exact number, but it was hard with the pain he was still feeling from his whipping. They had quite literally beaten him senseless, and his vision was even still blurry. Jake had hoped to be cognizant enough to get an idea of the layout of the vessel, having suspected he would be taken to their real captor after he refused to submit despite the severe lashing he took. The agony was merely too great.

When they stepped off the lift, it was as if they were on a different ship, altogether. The halls and corridors he had just been led down were dank and drab with dark grey walls and a very cold feeling to them. This antechamber was resplendent with décor and design, and appeared almost like a throne room in an imperial palace. Jake couldn't believe what he was looking at. Straight ahead of him, there was a raised dais with an awesome view of space from the chair that sat atop it. It was high backed and ornate, and the captive bounty hunter was not the least bit surprised to see the evil

Apocalyptica sitting in that chair, grinning at him as if to gloat wordlessly over his captivity.

Beside the chair knelt Rivka, looking both devastatingly sexy and amazingly sullen. Her waist was encircled by a golden belt, to rings on which her ankles were chained, forcing her to remain in her kneeling position. Her attire was at once revealing and tortuous, as it was reminiscent of harem clothing, but denied her any top, save for the bells dangling from her clamped nipples. Gold bands on her wrists were chained to matching ones on her upper arms, left to right, and vice versa, behind her back, though Jake could only see the result of these bonds and not the chains themselves. Her small but pert breasts, capped with light brown nipples, were thrust forward by the arch of her back. Her head was down, though, as were her lovely green eyes.

“She's beautiful, I know,” Apocalyptica said, stroking the kneeling girl's hair. “Much lovelier this way than the way you kept her, don't you think?”

“MMMPPH!” Jake tried to be defiant, but with a tug, he, too, was put on his knees before their captor.

“Impotent rage, slaveboy,” she chuckled. “Let me ask you... how do slave Sherri's panties taste?”

“MMMPPH!” he grumbled, only to be kicked by the cyborg.

“No, no,” Apocalyptica laughed. “She *used* to be 'Commander Smythe', slaveboy. She *used* to be your girlfriend. Now, she's my little slavegirl... a fucktoy... and I'll decide if and when she even wears panties. Obviously, she's not wearing them right now, is she, slaveboy?”

Jake didn't reply. Now, he was looking down. Every time she called him 'slaveboy', her voice conveyed her victory and dominance over him. He knew she was right. Sherri, like he was hers, now. Just another toy in her collection. As he tried not to accept this, despite its inevitability, she twisted the mental knife in him.

“That's right, slaveboy. She's just another slavegirl... like your daughter... and your niece...”

Jake tried to rise, but was sharply struck by the cyborg's boot and fell back to his knees. He was trembling with rage and struggled, briefly, with his bonds, until his face looked pained and he winced and groaned from the results. Apocalyptica looked pleased at his frustration with this humiliating and uncomfortable predicament. She stroked Rivka's hair as she contemplated her next barb, then rudely snickered.

“At least your daughter and your niece have those big, juicy tits. Must run in your family, eh, slaveboy? Got anymore big-boobed bimbos at home that I might like turning into simpering sluts?”

Jake did his best not to react.

“Another daughter, perhaps? Another niece? A sister?”

He kept his head down, refusing to acknowledge her.

“Oh, come now, Jake,” she pressed. “You must have someone else in that big breasted bloodline of yours. Your little girlfriend has her sister Ashley... and another, she told me about under... duress...”

Jake grunted into his gag, growing more perturbed at every reference to Sherri's mistreatment at this slaver's hands. She picked up on it and pressed the issue further.

“She does have a talented tongue, though. My men tell me her mouth is quite pleasing, but I'm sure you already know that. I'm thinking I'm gonna have to find out for myself...”

“MMMMPH!” Jake growled and tried to rise, but was pushed back to his knees and found his manhood yanked hard.

He fell forward onto his face with a thud, and groaned.

“I so love your impotent rage, slaveboy,” she purred, rising to her feet. “Let's take you to join your former crew. I want to see for myself how you react to seeing their... accommodations.”

Jake was yanked to his feet, by his arms, which tugged him hard, again, and caused him to wince and moan loudly. He was none too pleased with her tone, and he certainly didn't wish to see his daughter, niece, and lover being tortured, but he did want to see that they were safe and alive. Apocalyptica left Rivka kneeling helplessly and walked down the steps of the dais to stand in front of her captive. He glared at her angrily, but dared not move. There was nothing he could do but endure this humiliation, but he didn't have to like it. She, on the other hand, was quite obviously relishing every moment of it.

“Your reputation was obviously exaggerated, slaveboy,” she said as she mockingly rubbed his crotch. “I seem to have you by the balls.”

Ash Wednesday struggled in her bonds as she hung, suspended, from the Iron Tree. Topless in a pair of what looked from the outside like panties, she found that the very solid manacles and fetters held her in position quite rigidly. She couldn't gain any leverage against them at all.

“You really don't have to do this,” she said to the guard who was completing her preparation. “I'm not gonna tell you anything.”

The guard went about her business, totally ignoring Ash. This bothered the captive, because she couldn't gauge her reaction to her words. Though the uniform clung tightly to what was quite obviously a female body, the head and face were concealed in a helmet. Silently, she began connecting wires to small studs on the outside of the helpless woman's panties. These wires ran down to a box on the floor between her spread legs.

“Really,” Ash tried again. “You don't have to do this. I mean...”

The guard pressed a small button on the device she wore upon her wrist, and a pair of clamps on a chain began lowering from the top of the frame she was suspended from. She stopped them right about level with Ash's collar bone.

“Uh, wait a minute,” the captive struggled a bit. “Where are those... no, come on... those aren't going on my...”

The guard stepped up onto what appeared to be a metal box so she could reach the suspended girl's breast and seized it in her left hand, the clamp in her right.

“Uh, shouldn't that be lower?” Ash asked, wincing as her left breast was literally pulled up to the clamp. “God, no... no... come on... at least, if you're gonna put those on me, lower the... OW!!!”

Ash Wednesday's left nipple was trapped by the biting metal clamp and it tugged her massive breast upward by the tender flesh. The guard was walking to her other side, stepping up onto another of the metal box-looking steps.

“These really hurt,” Ash appealed to her sympathy. “Look, you've got those things inside my... well, you know where they are...”

The guard began pulling her right breast up to the clamp.

“For God's sake, PLEASE!?!” Ash begged. “Don't do this! How can you help her do this? You're a woman, too, right? PLEASE!!!! OOWWW!!!”

The second clamp bit down and Ash was now in agony. She writhed and struggled and cried out as the merciless clamps tortured her. If this show of torment had any effect on the guard, she did not let it show. The busty bounty hunter's pleas and whimpers and wails seemed to fall on deaf ears. She'd have loved to be rescued right about then...

“Please no!” she shook her head, her tortured breasts jiggling as she did. “Don't leave me like this!”

The guard turned and walked out the door.

Sara Bondage knelt in the torture chamber. It was much like the one her cousin was in, but she was being kept separate from her. She knelt up on her knees uncomfortably, her ankles crossed, tied, and lashed to a rope around her waist. She was secured to a metal beam by bands of steel that held her neck and wrists. Her hands were each about the same distance from her head, and it was not quite perfect for her arm length. Her elbows were bent and her forearms bent back toward her body.

Unlike her cousin, she wasn't naked, but she had a feeling that situation wouldn't last. As she knelt alone in the room, she tested the strength of her bonds, but it was clear that she wasn't going anywhere. Glancing down at her body, she scowled again at the fact that, despite her captors dressing her in a tank top, they had pulled it up so her bra was exposed. Essentially, she was in a pink bra and panties, with lacy trim and a black rose made of ribbon between the bra cups and atop the panties. It was obviously a matched set, but why she'd been dressed in it, she didn't know.

As she knelt there, she pondered this, and where everyone else was, and why she was being left here alone, and why she hadn't been interrogated, yet. There was a lot to wonder, plenty of time to think about it, and frustratingly few answers. It wasn't like Sara wasn't aware that her captors would likely strip her topless, but why dress her in this, then pull up the shirt? Why not leave her topless to begin with? What was their game? Still, she didn't mind the cover, even if she knew it was likely only temporary.

Struggling again in her bonds, she called out.

“Hello? Can anyone hear me?”

That was another thing that bugged her. She wasn't gagged. Not that she wanted to be gagged, but why didn't they? Typically, the gag was only skipped when the captor wanted to hear the captive scream. Was that the goal, here?

“How long are you gonna leave me here, like this?” she asked aloud. “Do you think you scare me? You don't.”

Jake Bondage was led along down the corridors of the ship, unaware of precisely where his captor was taking him, but hoping it would be, at least, to his daughter. She'd been through a lot in the past month or two, and he was really hoping the strain wasn't getting to her. As they pulled him along, he happened to glance in the small window on the large metal door of one of the rooms they passed. Within, he swore he saw Sara kneeling in her underwear, chained to a beam. He tried to get a better look, but they pulled him along quicker.

“Keep walking, slaveboy,” Apocalyptica said without even turning around. “There's nothing you can do for that cow of a daughter of yours. She's my toy, now.”

“MMMPH!” he protested as they continued dragging him along.

She'd said she was taking him to his crew, but when they reached the end of this hall, the door opened to an empty room. In the middle was a large table with straps for restraining a prisoner. He'd a feeling that prisoner was him.

“Sedate him and strap him down,” his captor ordered. “I'll be back to begin breaking him. I've got a busty, kneeling slut waiting to amuse and entertain me.”

She strode out as he struggled and screamed into his gag. Soon, though, a shapely female guard clad all in black stuck a needle in his arm and he saw the room begin to spin. It was no trouble at all for them to guide him onto the table and he whimpered as he watched Apocalyptica leaving to do who knew what to poor Sara.

Chapter Two

Sara Bondage knelt in her cell and occasionally struggled against the heavy straps holding her wrists to the beam. It was futile, but she couldn't just kneel there in submission. She had to fight it. As she did, though, her breasts bounced in her bra and she realized she was putting on a show for her captors.

"Fuckers," she grumbled under her breath.

"Not yet," Apocalyptica said, striding into the room with a pretty brunette female guard in tow. "But I promise you, we'll get to that."

"No thanks," Sara said defiantly. "You're not my type."

"Well, you're certainly mine," her captor sneered. "Look at those tits. Yes, in fact, let's get a better look at those tits."

"Uh, no, that's really not necessary..." Sara shook her head as they approached her. She felt her bra unhooked. "Come on!"

The straps were unfastened from the back of the bra and it was peeled off her, leaving her large breasts exposed. Apocalyptica handed the undergarment to the guard.

"You know what to do with it, Holly," she said.

"Put it back on me?" Sara asked, watching the brunette leave with her bra. "What the fuck? What is it with you people always taking my bra off?"

"Look down, you dimwitted cow," Apocalyptica insulted her. "The answer should be pretty obvious."

"You want to see big breasts, go look at your own in a mirror!" Sara spat.

"No, thanks," her captor laughed. "I like watching yours jiggle when you struggle so sexily in your bonds. Go on, struggle for me."

Sara knelt there, defiantly, refusing to move.

“And those cute little nips of yours,” Apocalyptica went on. “So tiny, on such big tits. Here, let's see if I can help make them more... proportionate.”

The slaver pulled two things from a pouch on her belt and Sara's eyes went wide.

“What are those?” she asked. “Come on... no... what the fuck... what are you doing?”

Apocalyptica licked the first one and then semi-screwed it onto Sara's left nipple. It was a big suction tube, and it pulled her nipple out painfully and dramatically.

“OW!”

“There, that's more like it, no?” she taunted, starting on the other one.

“I get loose and you're a dead woman,” Sara panted, the pain in her nipple excruciating as a second tube was applied. “OW ! FUCK!”

“I told you, slavegirl,” Apocalyptica tweaked the tubes, making Sara wince. “That comes later.”

“Oh... damn... fuck... ow!” Sara tried to shake the tubes off, but they clung to her imprisoned nipples.

“That's my slavegirl,” Apocalyptica smiled, enjoying the show. “Shake those things.”

As much as they caused her great discomfort, Sara was not going to be a source of her captor's amusement. Not if she could help it. The tough bounty hunter knelt topless in bondage, looking down at the suction tubes tugging her nipples painfully erect. This situation was dire, she knew. Her father had gotten them out of some tough ones, before, but this one seemed impossible, even for him. She'd have to endure being treated as a slavegirl and a sex toy for who knew how much longer... maybe the rest of her life.

“You're a bitch,” she said defiantly, then cringed as Apocalyptica suddenly flogged her bare breasts for the infraction. She knew her punishment was just getting started. “OW!”

Diana DiNero checked her bonds for the hundredth time and found them still inescapable. She was helplessly trapped on the device and she was none too happy about it. Like the others, she hadn't been gagged, and she, too, knew this was not a good sign. They either had questions they wanted answered, or they intended to torture her, and wanted to hear her scream. Neither option made her optimistic. With frustration, she thrashed in her captivity and growled.

“LET ME GO!” she demanded.

At first, it hadn't been fun, but it had been tolerable. Now, helplessly strapped to the poles of this apparatus, she could neither move nor stop anything her captors decided to do to her, and the utter desperation of her situation was setting in. It was like psychological warfare, torturing her with the dreaded anticipation of torments to come.

“UNCHAIN ME!” she demanded, but there was no reply.

Diana tugged on her bonds in frustrations and growled and scowled and spit. It wasn't even because she was on display in just a pair of panties that she was upset. No, she was pissed about that, but it was the position she was in, so vulnerable and exploited, that was truly irritating her. She knew that she was likely to be flogged in this position. She knew that she could be fondled and could do nothing about it. What she most hated, though, was that she could have far worse done to her like this.

“DID YOU HEAR ME?” she shouted. “UN-FUCKING-CHAIN ME!”

The door opened, and Diana strained forward in her bonds, trying to see who was coming in as Apocalyptica strode towards her.

“Ah, Diana,” she said, reaching for the blonde's breast as she did her best to pull away from their captor. “I'm sorry I kept you waiting...”

Diana suddenly wished that she was still waiting, alone.

Jake Bondage lay on the cold table, strapped down by wrists, ankles, and the chains coming out of his humiliating shorts. At least his manhood, trapped in two rings with chains leashing him by

it, was covered. Still, with the chains pulled taut to the sides of the table, he was aware of his predicament as soon as he awoke. His erection pressed hard against the shorts, too, embarrassingly.

“Mmmph!” he grunted into his gag as he opened his eyes to discover something draped over his face.

His nose told him something about it. It smelled like Sara. He knew his daughter's scent, and as his eyes focused, he realized that his daughter's bra had been laid over his eyes. The shapely guard was still there. He could see her through the straps of the bra.

“You're awake,” the guard stated the obvious. “Good. Mistress Apocalyptica has been waiting for you to wake up.”

“MMMMPH!” he protested, trying to move his head to shake the bra loose, but discovering that his neck was also pinned down.

“It's your daughter's bra,” the guard said. “The Mistress wanted me to put it on your face.”

“MMMMPH!” he shook his head, vainly trying to dislodge it.

“She left me orders to remove your gag if you agree to answer questions.”

Jake didn't want to answer questions, but he did want the gag out of his mouth. Seeing no choice, he nodded his head. The brunette guard, who had her face partly covered so he couldn't tell if she was as attractive as she seemed, leaned over him and unfastened the gag. As she pulled it off, he saw the plug that had been in his mouth, muffling his speech and making him feel like he was being violated.

“Thanks,” he said, weakly, with a raspy sound to his voice..

“Don't thank me,” she said. “I have been ordered to ask you some questions.”

Then, surprisingly, she mouthed something to him and whispered very quietly.

“We're being watched.”

“Ask your questions,” he said, trying to gauge her motives for telling him about the

surveillance.

“What's your name?” she asked.

“You know my name,” he replied.

She held up a small remote and pressed a button on it. Jake felt the chains attached to his cock pull in both directions and grimaced. It stopped a second later.

“You must answer each and every question, regardless of whether you think we already know the answer.”

“All right, all right!” he gasped as he felt the increased pressure.

“What is your name?”

“Jake. Jake Bondage.”

“Very good. What are you, Jake?”

“I'm a Bounty Hunter,” he said.

The guard pressed the button and Jake felt his unit being tugged hard, again.

“FUCK! OW!” he grimaced.

“What's wrong, Jake?” she asked.

“You know what...” he stopped, realizing his error. “My, uh... you... the chains are tugging my cock!”

“Very good. Now, what are you?”

“Uncomfortable,” he snickered, then quickly said. “A prisoner. A prisoner.”

The guard still pressed the button. Jake felt like the chains were digging into his thighs and tugging his manhood down to the table.

"A slave?" he asked, remembering what Apocalyptica was calling him,

"A slaveboy," the guard said. "Good. What's on your face?"

"Sara's bra," he sighed.

"And who is Sara?"

"My daughter," he said.

"She flat-chested?" she asked.

He could see she was reading from a prompter in her hand.

"No."

"So, she's...?"

Jake sighed.

"Busty," he scowled.

"And why is her bra on your face?"

"You put it there," he replied, then groaned as the chains tightened down again on his cock leash. "OW! Ow... UH... because you took it off her?"

"Close. It's on your face because it's not on her..."

"Chest," he said, then grimaced as the damned chain tightened. "Tits! Tits!"

"OK, now, put it all together and say it. Get it right... the next button push could severely damage you."

Jake sighed. This was humiliation torture. He knew it. The worst part was that they were using his own daughter against him. It's not that he hadn't expected they would, he was just hoping they'd

try some less effective things, first. He took a deep breath.

“My name is Jake Bondage. I'm a slaveboy, chained by my cock, with my busty daughter Sara's bra on my face... because it's not on her tits.”

Jake was mortified, but heard the brunette guard giggle a bit. The smell of Sara was still all he could sense. He hoped his compliance with the humiliating order would get the bra removed from his face.

“Remember that,” she said. “There'll be a test.”

She pushed a button and the leash on his manhood loosened some. He breathed a sigh of real relief. Then, she removed the bra from his face and rested it on his chest.

“What are you doing to my daughter?” he asked.

“Nothing,” she replied. “I've been assigned to keep an eye on you. Mistress Apocalyptica, herself, is seeing to your daughter's discomfort.”

“What is she doing to her?”

“Well, I obviously can't see, from here,” the guard said. “But, if I know the Mistress, you don't want to know.”

“What about my niece?”

“I haven't seen her,” she said. “As I said. I'm assigned to you.”

“To torture me? Question me? Stick my daughter's bra over my face?”

“Well, no,” Holly replied. “Though, yes, that last part is accurate.”

“I don't suppose you could let me go?” he asked, quietly.

“No, sorry,” she replied. “That's not possible. I can, however, do this...”

Holly pressed the button on the remote...

Chapter Three



Sherri, Ash, and Sara were utterly humiliated as they were led through the ship corridors of the Nova Ghost. Their panty-clad bodies were restrained in inescapable bondage harnesses that kept their arms pinned to their sides and their hands uselessly bound at their waists. As if she were being cute, Apocalyptica had stuffed ballgags matching their panties in each of their mouths. Their bras had been taken. Sara still wondered what had happened to hers.

Of course, even the panties they currently wore were not theirs. They were put on them by their captors. None of them was particularly amused by their predicament, but none of them could do a damned thing about it. As they walked along, all three lightly tested their bonds, seeing if any minor mistake had been made restraining them. None had been. Eventually, after being paraded past many men and women of the ship's crew, they reached a door that Apocalyptica stopped at. Pressing a button, she walked in and stood, smiling.

"I hope you all like your accommodations," Apocalyptica laughed as she stood by the door in the large room. "I had this put together specifically to allow me to display my favorite collection of bound bounty hunters..."

The three were led in, a guard on each of them, grasping an upper arm.

"You three are my centerpieces... Jake's girls, so to speak."

"MMMPPH!!!" Sara protested.

"Mmmph..." Sherri moaned.

"You're my star attraction, slavegirl," Apocalyptica chuckled, tweaking Sherri's nipple as she tried to pull away. "You're little body is going on that apparatus there. I bet you can figure out what the one in front of it is for..."

Sherri looked at what she was talking about and suddenly didn't resist her fondling and pinching of her breast, because she was horrified at what she was looking at. A metal frame with obvious places for her wrists and ankles that would leave her in a very vulnerable and exposed position rested in the center of the room on the far side. To either side of what would soon be her humiliating prison was a metal post that was bent and had a spot for a girl's neck to be locked into. Sherri knew right away that Sara and Ash would soon be locked into these things, forced to look up

as their bodies were on full display.

Lining the walls to the left and right were other members of the crew, already locked into their own displays. All were kneeling in the same position, Their backs were arched backwards, with their breasts prominently displayed. Along the left wall were Brooke, then Lauren, then Rivka, and Sherri's own sister, Ashley, knelt up close to where she would soon be. Along the right wall were Clara, Lynn, Diana, and Aiden. Sherri noted that even though Aiden had no breasts to thrust forward like all the women did, his back was still arched. Every one of them was ring-gagged, and they all grunted as the three were led into the room.

It was only as she was being led to the middle of the room that Sherri noticed the two Kettaran prisoners, Jennafur on the left, and Charlize on the right, against the far back wall, near the corners. As Apocalyptica sat in her chair and pulled Sherri to her knees beside her, Sara was being placed on the display to the left and Ash was being secured to the right one. Sherri was being made to watch. As humiliating and scary as all of this had been, this moment, on her knees and watching the complete and utter helplessness of the entire crew being enforced, was a moment of total despair. They were all slaves, and she doubted anything could get them out of this. She was doomed to spend the rest of her days in chains.

She watched as Jake's busty daughter and niece were locked to their display apparatus and then pawed and fondled as they mewled into their gags. When the two were secure, it was obviously time for her to be locked into her own humiliation. Apocalyptica brought her forward and she was unlocked from her harness, just as Ash and Sara had been. Guns were trained on her and she had no choice but to allow herself to be lifted and locked to these bent bars. When she felt the last restraint lock on her limbs, she was in the air, her legs spread, crotch thrust forward, small breasts jutting upwards, and entire body vulnerable and on lewd display. She whimpered, but knew it would do no good.

"Very nice," Apocalyptica went back to her chair and sat, getting a good view of the petite girl's crotch. "Cut off her panties, and bring the slaveboy in. I want a show."

Sherri began to cry as she felt her blue panties being cut from her completely accessible crotch by a leering guard. Her clean-shaven slit was now on display, and she blushed as she knew that the entire crew could see her, if they struggled hard enough to look. She was even more aware that the rack in front of her would likely soon restrain Jake, with his face hovering directly over her bare pussy.

Jake Bondage awoke from yet another drug-induced slumber to find himself still chained to the table, but with Sara's bra back over his face.

“What the...?” he tried, futilely, again, to shake it off. “This, again?”

“Yes,” Holly pressed the button, obviously, because Jake felt his manhood being tugged by the chains. “You know what you have to say.”

“Am I going to wake up with my daughter's bra on my face every damn time I wake up?” he asked.

The cock-leash tightened more.

“No. Sometimes, it may be your niece's bra.”

Jake didn't like the sound of that, but knew there wasn't anything he could do about it. He also knew what he had to do to get out of this situation.

“My uh...” he fought to remember exactly what to say. “My name is Jake Bondage. I'm a slaveboy... uh... chained by my cock, with my busty daughter Sara's bra on my face... uh... because it's not on her tits. Titties. Uh... is that it?”

“Yeah, that'll do,” Holly said, removing Sara's bra from his face and setting it aside.

“Seriously, is that necessary?” he asked. “Every... OW!”

She was tightening his leash.

“Speak when spoken to, slaveboy,” she said, though he detected her tone was not as harsh as it could be.

“Fine, ok!” he relented, causing her to reverse the chains and give him more slack.

“Now, I have a question for you,” she said.

"I thought you weren't going to question me?" he asked, then realized he probably shouldn't have.

"One question is not questioning," Holly said, ignoring his infraction. "Do you know how to pleasure a woman with your tongue?"

Jake eyed her apprehensively, not sure what to make of this. Was he going to be made to lick his daughter? His niece? What sort of trap was this that she was laying for him? Still, she held the remote, so he knew he had to answer.

"Of course," he said. "Yes."

Holly smiled, and even though the top part of her face was still shielded in the helmet-mask she wore, he thought he saw a glimmer in her eyes.

"Good," she said, walking to the wall and pressing a button on a control panel, there.

Jake did not know it, but she'd just turned off the cameras in the room. He watched her as she walked around behind him until he could no longer see her. When next she entered his field of vision – prone as he was on the table – she was naked from the waist down and climbing up onto the very table to which he was restrained. She straddled his head, then lowered her crotch to his face.

"Lick!" she commanded, and pressed the button on her remote.

As his cock was tugged, Jake began to pleasure the guard...

...he licked and nibbled and teased and did all he could to arouse her...

...and then the door slid open.

"What the...?" the lead guard entering gasped.

Holly was so enraptured in the feeling that she didn't notice them right away, but three new guards had entered... one male, two females. The male guard was obviously of higher rank than any of the three of them, including Holly. He did not look amused.

"Sorry, Sir!" the brunette scurried to get off Jake's face and get dressed. "Sorry!"

“Get dressed, guard,” he said. “You will help us escort the slave to the Mistress, then report for punishment. I’ll oversee it, personally.”

“I’m sorry, Sir. Please don’t...”

“That’s an order!” he barked.

“Yes, Sir,” Holly sulked.

Jake’s head was filled with questions. What did Apocalyptica want with him? Why was he being brought to her? Would he finally get to see Sara? Ash? Sherri? What unspeakable humiliation did the dark Sparkkin slaver Mistress have in store for them?

And one other question found its way into his subconscious, too...

What was going to happen to Holly?

[...to be continued]

Credits:

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Disclaimer:

The characters, settings, situations, and just about everything else in this story are fiction. If you couldn't figure that out, you shouldn't be reading. Seriously, it takes place aboard a starship. What part of fantasy didn't you get?

Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is wholly coincidental... except in such places as where I have intentionally based a character on a real person. In those cases, it's obviously not coincidental. Names have been changed to protect the innocent (or the not so innocent) and, of course, again... it's fantasy.

No slavegirls were harmed in the making of this story... except, perhaps, in their imaginations.

This story is intended for mature audiences, or, at least, those above the age of 18 (regardless of maturity level). It is rated R, by me, and R stands for Ravishing. I hope it is entertaining for you and that you enjoyed Reading it.

As always, comments are welcome. I look forward to reading what you have to say. Suggestions are welcome... but this story is pretty much complete in my head, so I cannot promise requests will be honored.

Thanks!