

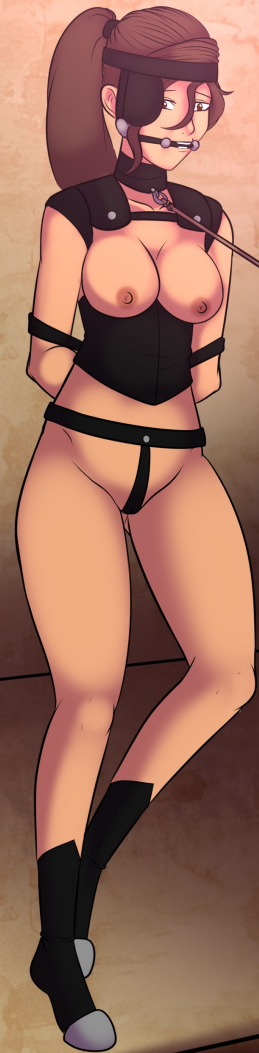
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REINS OF THE

TOMB RAIDER

- REMASTERED -

Chapter 3 : Under Rein

It is quite a sight, to watch the lovely Countess of Arlington led to a waiting cart. Another pony will pull that one – the Croft woman has yet to be trained, but it is interesting the way she so clearly struggles with both her sudden change in status and the throbbing between her legs caused by dildos that move inside her with every movement.

James chuckles a little, to see the proof of her arousal dribbling down her leg.

“Where are they taking her?” James asks. The man that Lara gave a black eye to fastens her reins to the back of the cart.

“Why, to Sirgeof, of course,” Ivo responds, clasping his back with a wide grin. “To Drasha.”

“Who's Drasha?” James asks. “I'm not... it's not that I don't respect your choices, but Lara is dangerous. Willful.”

“It is being taken care of,” I tell him, looking over his head at my cousin. “If you wish to check in...?”

“No, no, I trust you,” James says. “It's just... well, could we watch? From here? Just to make certain that everything goes according to plan?”

“Yes, of course,” Ivo says. “You are like family, my dear friend. You have fought the winters with us.”

“Besides, here is the best place to watch from,” I add. “Drasha says it is important for criminals to be separated from their old lives, especially in the early days, especially when they are willful.”

Ivo and myself have tasks to take care of, but watching Lara is the task of James – he is her ambassador, and what else does an ambassador do other than look in on wandering people from home? So he checks to make certain that she is treated fairly on her journey. Ivo and I have seen such travels before, so we know what will happen: the guard will take Lara from Candover to Sirgeof, through the rugged and rocky landscape of glorious Parmistan.

A full day is required to make the journey, and Lara struggles along as best she can. The hobble and boots limit her stride, but she is in excellent shape and manages to keep up with the beat the other criminal sets by his feet. Still, by the end of the day she will be glistening with sweat like any other criminal in our system, her cheeks flushed, her obedience compelled by the unwanted pleasures of sex.

She will be too tired to fight when she finally arrives at Sirgeof, a town that is more a stable. Built in 1379 as the Gregorian Calendar measures time, it is a wooden town that has seen much in the way of innovation, especially in the past few decades. The only marble in town is a fountain, where from the goddess Poena can view all that transpires in the place that was built in her honor.

It is doubtful the poor Countess of Arlington will notice these things as she is taken to her cell – a small walled space, three foot squared with a seven-foot ceiling. It is a shame, as the craftsmanship of the statue would appeal to one with her interests.

James will wonder where and how she is supposed to sleep, and will be surprised when they strap her harness to the ceiling and pull her reins straight and down, fastening them to holes in the posts of her room. This will lock her head so that she can only look down. With the blinders, she can only see what is directly in front of her. A screen is there, but it is silent for now.

Her hobble will then be fastened to the ground, and she will be left to try and sleep. Most criminals do not sleep their first few nights, not until exhaustion claims them, but this is a prison and they are criminals: they are not supposed to be comfortable.

Later, James tells me that the man she gave a black eye to gropes her ass on the way out, and she tries

to lash out but can barely move.

“I recognize the turn of her hip,” James says. “She was trying to kick him.”

We review the footage, Ivo and I, and we agree with his assessment and let Drasha know.

“Thank you,” Drasha says. We speak to her on Skype, a lovely woman with strong shoulders and a crooked smile. “I had heard that she might be one of the willful ones. That's why she's not eating tonight, to help break her in, to help her understand her place.”

“Excellent,” I say. “Now, about the other thing?”

“Your gift?” Drasha asks, and her smile widens as she looks at our dear friend. James looks confused, so Drasha explains it to him as Ivo and I beam and clasp our dear friend on the back. “An animal needs to be owned, and your friends have seen to it that the owner of this Croft woman is you, James Berners. As such, she must be marked with your sign. A brand or a tattoo on her ass or flank.”

“Ass,” James says, flustered. He looks at the two of us, then back at the screen. He swallows as he sees another picture of Lara Croft helpless in her cell, her ass facing us. Her hips are one of the few things she can move, and they circle as Lara tries and fails to make herself comfortable. “I don't want her to see it until I want her to.”

“That will not be a problem.” Drasha nods, wishes us well, and leaves.

“Women are best at training women,” Ivo says. “And Drasha is best at training everyone.”

“Your Lara may be willful,” I tell my dear friend, “but in a contest of wills Drasha will always win.”

We stay to watch what happens next. It is morning when a bleary-eyed Lara Croft is unstrapped from the ceiling and left to stand on unsteady feet. Her reins and hobble are untied from their posts, and Lara is led out of her cell, then stumbling down a long hallway to the outside runnings of Sirgeof.

Her typical grace has been stymied somewhat by her bondage and exhaustion, but the sway of her hips and her exposed flesh is still enticing to the eye. I can see how taken my dear friend is with the woman that now belongs to him.

She is taken out further, into an enclosed area by Drasha, who uses Lara's reins to pull her over to a post, then bends her over at the waist. Lara wails and protests as best she is able with her tongue trapped by the bit, the dildos in her ass and cunt pushed deeper inside her glistening sex as she is bent at a ninety-degree angle.

A post is placed underneath her neck and her collar is fastened to it, her hobble then tied to the post. Lara is now helplessly bent over, but is still struggling to find some way to free herself. She does not know what is coming next – how can she? – but she is scared, and the animal sounds she makes are proof of that.

“Hello, Lara,” Drasha says. She walks around the Tomb Raider, letting her nails trace the edges of the bound woman's haunches, spine, shoulder, neck, and cheeks. She pulls up a chair and sits in front of the Countess of Arlington, yanking her head up by the hair with one hand so that they can look one another in the eye. “My name is Drasha, and I am the last person that will call you by your name for quite some time.

“You probably have many questions, and I will answer some of them. This is not to say that you will be given a chance to speak, as those days are either behind you or in front of you. I will merely tell you the realities of your life now, Lara, and I recommend that you listen. I will not repeat myself.

“I look into your eyes and I see a fierce intelligence and strong will. It would take such to come to our country, to break into the Village of the Damned, to commit the crimes that you have been found guilty

of. So, Lara, let us be clear right from the start: I respect your intelligence and your will, but I will still break both.

“First, you must understand that I control all the things that you do. I will train you to walk, I will train you to eat. You will shit and piss when I will it. You will sleep when I decide you have earned it. You are a criminal, Lara Croft, and you will be treated as such.

“You will be whipped to help correct your mistakes when your training begins, and I will whip you. You will be rewarded when I feel you have accomplished something with a quality that I deem adequate, like so.”

As she explains, she lifts up a small remote and pushes a button. The dildos in Lara's lower holes come to life, massaging her aching muscles, and we watch as Lara's resolve melts in her panting, eyes glazing over. Drasha yanks her head up and pushes another button and Lara screams, her body going taut and writhing, her eyes sharp and wide and tearing.

“You will be punished for your defiance,” Drasha says, releasing the button. “That is but a taste. Eventually, when I deem you worthy, you will be given a new name. Your owner has chosen Countess, but that is a present you must earn. For now, you will be assigned three numbers, three different numbers every day. If you respond to Lara or a previous number, you will be punished. I would ask if you understand, but understanding is secondary to obedience, Lara.”

Lara nods her head, wary and weary, and is punished for doing so. She tries to scream, tries to kick, tries to free herself as Drasha holds her head with one hand and the button with the other, shocking Lara in her most sensitive places until we think she must pass out. Only then does Drasha release the button.

“I told you, one-nine-six, that you are not to respond to your old names or numbers,” Drasha says. The sounds Lara tries to make might be some attempt at a simpering apology, but Drasha and the rest of us know such sounds are meaningless. There is only right and wrong behavior, and the latter is to be punished. “You are a smart one, Lara. Let your mind focus on the training to come and the numbers that are your name.”

Lara shivers but does not respond. Instead, she sags in her bondage, coated in sweat and still twitching, her head hanging limp. Drasha smiles, ruffling the suffering woman's hair.

“There is one last thing, one-nine-six,” Drasha says cupping the Tomb Raider's cheek and patting it playfully. “You are an animal, a piece of living property, and you must be branded as such.”

Lara's eyes go wide at this and she tries to struggle again. Drasha lets her – it is important that the Countess of Arlington learn that she has no choice in this or anything else now. It is only when she is exhausted that Drasha claims the branding iron from a nearby fire.

It is a small brand, barely a square inch, made in the house coat of Faringdon. Ivo is proud to have found the coat-of-arms, and James laughs to see it. I do not think he fully believes that the Croft woman is now his until the brand is applied to her pristine backside, until Lara screams and screams and sags when the brand is removed.

A healing salve is then applied to Lara's new decoration, and finally the shattered and sobbing animal is led back to her cell and properly settled therein.

“There, there,” Drasha coos, brushing Lara's hair in a soothing manner. “We'll let that heal for a few days, take that time to teach you how to eat and drink. Then your training. And, remember, when you have pleased me with your training, your sentence will begin.”

Drasha leaves her, then, and Lara's shoulders slump as she tries to curl into herself to cry.