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The Property of Raging Pythons

by [Lara V Cataluna](#)

June 1999

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Lara is completely annoyed with her obnoxious neighbors who consist of aspiring bandmembers with a taste for playing their loud music well into the night. One night, after watching a video rental she wasn't supposed to watch, she finds herself compelled to obey orders from her hated neighbors - and they make sure Lara works real hard at her apologies for being such a bitch to them. Will her real heartthrob, her handsome yet authoritative boss, manage to save her from the "Raging Pythons?"

[Part 1](#) (6001 words)

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Author: Lara V Cataluna

Story: The Property of Raging Pythons

(1 of 2) [→](#)

The Property of Raging Pythons

Part 1 of 2

A Story By

Lara V Cataluna

(NC, MC, Humiliation, M+/F, Strip, Gang-Bang)

* * *

Disclaimer : Read No Further If You Are Under The Age Of 18 Or If You Are Offended By Graphic Descriptions Of Sexual Activity. All Characters, Situations, And Locations Are Purely Fictional.

I WRITE THESE THINGS FOR ONE PURPOSE ALONE: HEARING FROM READERS!!! SO PLEASE BE KIND AND LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINK... THANK YOU...

To my knowledge, there is no band called Raging Pythons, any Club called Fortuna Doll-House or any prominent Stuantuns.

* * *

Characters:

Tommy, Mike, Brandon, Jeremy: Members of the Raging Pythons

Charlie: Psychology student from the Blockbusters

William Richard Stuantun III: Lara's boss

Sandra: The stripper (limited appearance)

Nicole: Charlie's girlfriend (very limited appearance)

Valerie: Lara's friend (very limited appearance)

* * *

Lara parked her BMW, stepped out of the red car and walked towards the entrance to the apartment building, sipping her Diet Coke. She was happy to make it back home before midnight for once. Her boss, "William Richard Stuantun III", a fourth-generation lawyer in his family, was very demanding. Lara knew she could take it, though. She had proved everyone else she wasn't no ordinary Beverly Hills princess, having finished college with honors and now a second year law student in the Ivy-Leagues. Of course, she was aware her great body, sexy smile and references from her prominent family had been influential in landing this impressive internship but she knew she was good enough to wheel and deal with the best of Wall Street lawyers. Just this afternoon, Richard had told her she did an impressive job with the trial brief and sent her home early. So there she was riding on the elevator with a movie from Blockbusters. She checked herself on the mirror, noting she still looked very attractive even at 7:00 PM. Her skirt was maybe a little too short but she had a small crush on "William Richard Stuantun III" and she enjoyed teasing the 33 yr-old corporate lawyer.

As 24-yr old girl stepped out of the elevator, she heard the music. "Shit!!!" she swore. She hated the guys next door. The apartment building had a mixture of students and professionals, but most residents, even the students, were rather well-to-do. But the four college juniors next door to Lara rented a single apartment. And they made a lot of noise. Apparently, they had a rock band, which greatly irritated Lara. They kept playing every night, very loudly and very irritatingly. She hated their music. And she hated immature college students, even though she was herself in college just two years ago. Weekends, of course, they always threw a party, making even more noise than the weeknights. Most neighbors were sick of the "Raging Pythons" but it was Lara who kept calling the Management and the

Cops to keep them under control. Finally, they were persuaded to stop practicing after midnights. Nevertheless, there was a strong animosity between Lara and her neighbors, especially since last Saturday, when she had the Police break-up another party at 3:00 AM. They had gotten into a shouting match the following morning, and Lara was rather upset the Police didn't find any of the dope she was sure the "Raging Pythons" consumed in their parties.

The trashy music was loud but she was in no mood to quarrel with these losers. She hated trailer park white-trash and she was glad she hadn't had to deal with too many of junkies like these in College. They were just like any other small-time college band, playing in local pubs for petty change and hoping to become the next big-time rock band like Motley Crue or the Metallica. Lara couldn't stand their tattooed, pierced bodies and reckless attitudes. If the assholes of "Raging Pythons" didn't shut the hell up by midnight, they'd be receiving another visit from the local Police.

She shut the door behind her as she entered her apartment. After resting in the Jacuzzi installed for her, she took a quick shower. Putting on her PJs, she seated herself on the leather couch, ready to watch her movie.

* * *

Charlie picked up his bag from behind the counter, ready to leave. The 26-yr old student was working towards his Ph.D. degree in psychology, while earning some extra cash working at the Blockbusters.

He looked in his Bag, and with fear in his eyes he yelled for the other guy working at the cashier.

"Hey, Martin, hey!!! Dude, what the hell happened to the videotape in my bag??!! There was a tape, here, in my Bag. Did you touch it?"

"What? Yeah, I figured you were just returning it, right? A customer asked for "Out of Sight" and that was the only copy! Dude, you had to see this hottie! I mean, she was sizzling hot! I couldn't possibly reject her!! It's too bad she's out of my sight!" he said chuckling.

Charlie just stood there, his fists clinched in anger, not knowing what to do with Martin. "You fool!" he yelled, surprising some of the customers. "You fool! I was supposed to... I was supposed to take that tape to my girlfriend tonight."

"Dude, cool down!! You already took that darn tape home, yesterday! I mean, we can't refuse the customers because you will watch a tape with your girlfriend!"

"You don't understand... I had to take that tape home yesterday because I had to... do something. Oh, never mind, God dammit!! Who the hell rented it out?"

"This hottie..."

"Christ, what was her name?? Not 'hottie' was it?"

"Well, check on the computer moron!!!!"

As Charlie headed for the computer, he swore once again. There had to be at least 20 copies of "Out of Sight" rented out.

* * *

Lara pushed play, she was glad the guy at the Video-store managed to find a copy of "Out of Sight", after looking around for 10 minutes. She didn't like the way he had kept looking at her breasts but, hey, a great body did have its advantages.

As the movie started, she noticed strange saddle circles beyond the images, but didn't really mind it - maybe she could demand a refund for the lack of quality in the image!

Little did she know, there were messages flashing through the screen, messages she could not see with her eyes, messages that nevertheless registered on her unprotected mind:

"You will obey... obey... obey..."

"you must obey"

"you can't help but obey"

"you have no control over your body"

"your body must obey orders"

* * *

Lara woke up with the noises coming from the other side of the wall. At first, she couldn't figure out where she was. Then she saw the TV screen, now empty. "Oh God" she murmured, looking at the clock. She must have fallen asleep watching the movie. It was past midnight, and the assholes were still playing their music. She hated them. Getting on her feet, she deliberated what to do. Call the cops?

Then she heard loud knocks on her door... no, somebody was knocking on the next door. She walked over, looked through the eyehole. There were two cops at the next door. "Oh, well" she thought. "Somebody beat me to the punch! Perhaps, one of the neighbors downstairs." She walked back into the living room. The music had stopped. She made her way to the bedroom, getting ready to go to bed, changing into her electric blue chemise and lace panties. Lara was a frequent shopper at the Victoria's Secret. She felt so good going to bed in sexy lingerie - and she knew she'd soon be slipping her fingers underneath her sexy panties, thinking of "William Richard Stuantun III"!

* * *

"Tommy, come on, man!!!" cried Brandon, trying to restraint his friend.
"You're god damn drunk!!!"

"So what? I'm gonna have a word with that uppity bitch!!!"

Jeremy joined Brandon, trying to stop the drummer of the group from heading for Lara's door, all the while Mike kept laughing, and trying to stand on his two feet in his drunken state. "Dude, Tommy's wasted" he yelled, doubling over in chuckles.

Tommy was banging on Lara's door in earnest, despite his friends trying to stop him. Even though he was very slim, Tommy's tattooed arms were quite strong.

"Open the door" he screamed. "Open the goddamn door!!!"

Lara, awoken by now, stood on the other side of the door, huffing in fury.

"Go away" she screamed, "I'll call the Police". Yet, as she said this, her hands unlocked the door, opening it wide. "Why did I open the door" she wondered, outraged at herself. "I didn't wanna do that".

And then she realized the situation: Here she was in her undies, standing in front of her neighbors. The guys, including Tommy, looked at her with shock. "Man" said Jeremy. He could feel his cock trying to burst out of his jeans. She was a bitch for sure, but a damn fuckin' hot bitch!

It was a moment of silence as the guys were overwhelmed with the sight before them. Then, finally, Tommy took notice of the phone in Lara's hand - "hey, don't call the Police" he exclaimed. This made Lara push the off button on the cordless phone.

Mike joined his friends, who were amazed at the young sexy thing before them, not quite sure why Lara opened the door in her undies. "Hey, bitch!" he laughed. "You look hot!! Do you always get the door in your panties?"

"No!!!"

In panic, Lara made an attempt to shut the door.

"Hey, don't shut the door" exclaimed Mike - which stopped Lara. She was in despair trying to command her body, but she just couldn't shut the door and couldn't understand why.

Tommy was confused, why hadn't she closed the door? Why had she opened the door in her underwear?

"So, why are you in your panties, then?" asked Mike.

Lara answered despite trying to shut her mouth: "Because you told me to open the door. And I was in my underwear when I heard you say 'open the door' ".

The Raging Pythons looked even more confused now.

"Soo, why do you not shut the door?"

"Because you told me not to!". Lara couldn't believe what she was saying, but she could sense it was the truth - really, why had she done these things?: Because she was told to! She couldn't help but obey, and she couldn't understand why. And her mind screamed, why was she revealing this to these jerks?

The Raging Pythons, juniors at college, were entirely baffled, now thinking they have to cut down on the hash and booze.

"Soo, why do you do everything we tell you to?" asked Tommy, still confused despite the grin on his face.

"I don't know, I can't help it". Lara wanted to cut off her own tongue for saying these things. "Please, leave me alone..." she said on the brink of crying.

"You can't help it?"

"No, I can't help it..."

"I don't fuckin believe you, you snotty bitch!!" protested Brandon, unable to comprehend what exactly was going on. "It's a bunch of bullshit!"

"Well, here's the test" responded Tommy. "Take.. well, what the hell is your name, bitch? I don't even know your name!!"

"Lara... Lara Cataluna... Please, stop this..."

"Take off your panties, Lara!!"

"Noo, no, don't... you can't make me..." whined Lara, as she realized her hands gripping the waistband of her panties. She wasted an inhuman amount of will power to stop herself but her body had a mind of its own as she slid down and stepped out of her panties. She held her electric blue

panties in her fist. She could feel the cool air on her naked pussy and ass even though her chemise was long enough to cover her bottom. Her entire body was shaking in embarrassment and fear.

The guys were rather pleasantly shocked:

"Holly shit, dude!!!!"

"What the fuuuckkk!!!"

"I don't fuckin' believe it!!"

Lara wanted to disappear into thin air, her face crimson red in humiliation and her heart pounding in fear.

"Dude, why is this bitch doing everything we say?"

"Who cares man? She just does... And it's time our snotty bitch of a neighbor learned some lessons in neighborly conduct" responded Tommy. He turned to Lara, still doubtful of his apparent power over his annoying yet gorgeous neighbor.

"Walk over to our apartment" he commanded to Lara.

As Lara began walking across the hallway, she continued pleading "please, no!"

"Shut up, Cunt!!". Tommy's order silenced Lara who headed on her naked heels towards the door of her neighbors' usually loud and smoky apartment.

Tommy gave her a light spank on the ass as she walked by: "That's right, bitch!"

* * *

Lara walked into the apartment, with her heart racing in fear and shock. Her mind was in a frenzy of panic, she felt like she would faint. Lara had never been so scared in her life. She couldn't open her mouth, speak up, stop her body from obeying their orders or resist in any way despite her best efforts. The beautiful young woman felt like she was on the verge of madness, all

her free will was snatched away...

"Stand in the middle of the room" ordered Tommy, apparently taking charge. The other members of the Raging Pythons were silent now, unable to believe what was going on: Here she was, their uppity, bitchy, "I don't take no-shit" next-door-neighbor, Miss Beverly Hills, the proud Prom-Queen walking into their apartment in nothing but a flimsy chemise, obeying their orders like a slave!!!

Lara stood in the middle of the living-room, now tears freely flowing from her eyes. "Oh, stop crying, you stupid bitch!!" commanded Tommy - Lara stopped weeping. She had never been in her dreaded next-door-neighbors' apartment, and she could observe very little in all her horror: The walls were covered with posters of Rock bands, the shades were shut, the lights were dim, there were alcohol bottles and cigarettes all over the place. There was a bar located at one side of the room with a couple of bar stools. She could barely notice the huge music-set next to the TV, guitars and other musical instruments lined up against one of the walls.

Tommy seated himself on the couch, lighting up what seemed like a hash roll-up. The others also took their seats, their eyes fixed on the girl. The chemise barely covered her ass and pussy. There was an awkward silence, no one knowing what to say or do, despite the growing tension. It was finally Tommy who, once again, broke the silence: "OK, Miss Ice-Queen, lose your undies".

Lara looked at Tommy with pleading eyes, wanting to speak. But she couldn't speak a word, as her shaking hands gripped the hem of her slip and pulled it over her head, tossing it on the floor. Her face turned crimson red as she stood completely naked in front of her dreaded neighbors, hearing their whistles, chuckles and mocking comments.

"Put your hands behind your neck, arch your back and spread your legs" said Tommy. As Lara assumed the revealing position, she could barely control her tears. The room was silent again, the Raging Pythons still unable to comprehend their newly-found power over this stunning girl. The

posture left nothing to imagination, easily exposing her shaven pussy and pushing her firm tits forward.

Suddenly, Brandon jumped on his feet, rushing into his room.

"Where you goin', man?" asked his friends, as they kept their eyes fixed on the naked form in front of them. Soon, Brandon was back with a camera in his hand: "Dude, I don't know how long this bitch's gonna act like this, but we gotta keep some memoirs".

He flashed the camera multiple times, taking naked pictures of Lara. Her whole body was tense and shivering in humiliation, as her dreaded neighbors recorded her nudity, laughing and mocking her.

Quickly losing their awkwardness, the guys were on their feet, getting ready to play with their new toy.

"Wait a minute" said Tommy, swinging his long oily hair, a cigarette still in his mouth. "As I said, this bitch really needs to be put in her place!! Lara, go fetch one of those stools".

Lara quickly walked over to the bar, her breasts juggling in her nudity. She grabbed a stool, carrying it to the middle of the room.

"Now, bend over the stool, grab the feet of the stool and spread your legs wide".

Lara bent over the stool, assuming the position. "You may speak now" informed Tommy "But keep your voice low and submissive", which resulted in a wave of desperate protests from Lara who first shouted profanities at them, which seemed amusing to the Raging Pythons since she did all her swearing in the submissive tone of a harem slave, and then began pleading to the trailer-trash she so deeply despised. It was all useless though, as Tommy unbuckled his thick leather belt, doubling it in his fist. Despite his slender body, his tattooed arms were muscular and strong.

"I'm gonna teach you a lesson in humility, bitch! You'll see who's in charge around here!!"

"What are you doing, man?" asked Jeremy, playing with his beard.

"He's gonna spank the spoiled cunt" responded Brandon, getting ready to take more pictures.

"Yeah" laughed Mike, now holding a bottle of JR Daniels. "Beat the cunt!!".

"Dude, this is getting out of hand!!!!"

"Oh, shut up you little wuss or I'll beat you first! Now, Lara, here's the deal, goddamit, stop crying! No crying, you irritate my ears bitch!! I'll spank you twice as bad if you don't stop crying. I don't wanna hear you begging. Well, actually, no, I do wanna hear you begging, you little cock-teasing yuppie bitch! So, when I start beating your ass, I want you to beg for forgiveness. Tell us how much you love our music, how sorry you are for being such a bitch, I wanna hear you saying we can make all the noise we want!!"

With that, Tommy moved behind Lara, making sure his friends, who were all seated on the couch behind Lara now, had an unobstructed view of the trembling girl.

"Here it comes bitch". Lara heard the camera flashing again, as her whole body tensed up for the painful smacks. "10 strokes for you, cunt":

SMACK!!!

The first blow drew a painful scream from Lara who began pleading and apologizing instantly: "I'm sorry, so sorry, please forgive me, please I'm begging you, please!!! I love your music!!! Your music is wonderful, you're the boss, play it as loud as you want!!! Please, don't, I'm begging!!!"

As Tommy kept smacking the whimpering girl, his friends cheered and laughed, encouraging him to beat her, amused with Lara's humiliating salvo of apologies and pleas. The girl begged in shame "please, no more, it hurts!!!", and her apologies were now genuine and desperate: "I'm so sorry, so sorrry, your music is wonderful, play it as loud as you want, whenever you want!!!".

Lara's face was deep red because of the unbearable pain and shame. She

was getting spanked!! She was completely naked, bent over a bar stool, and getting a spanking from the same neighbors she had quarreled with so many times. The same wanna-be-band-player loser college kids she had despised and quarreled with had her naked, bent over and were spanking her like a little girl as she was forced to beg and apologize continuously.

Despite the whimperings of the girl, the beating continued:

SMACK!!! SMACK!!! SMACK!!! SMACK!!!

Finally, Tommy stopped the beating, walking back to his seat. Lara had angry red strips all over her ass.

"Stop whining and assume your previous position" ordered Tommy.

Lara once again stood firm, her face facing her next-door-neighbors, her legs spread apart and her back arched to push forward her already firm tits. The sobbing girl's face was almost as red as the bright marks on her ass.

"Now" said Tommy, unzipping his pants, "it's time you learn what snotty spoiled little bitches like you must do to be forgiven!!!...".

* * *

Lara got on her knees, looking at Tommy's huge cock. She couldn't believe the size of the cock on the drummer. She felt complete rage, and humiliation, as she was ordered onto her knees, in front of the sleazy band members. Despite her efforts, despite the incredible amount of will-power she tried to extract from her mind, her mouth parted, her tongue licking the head of Tommy's cock

Lara did her absolute best as ordered even though this was only the third time she was giving a blow-job, a sexual activity she wasn't particularly fond of. And she knew it was merely the start - the Raging Pythons, lost in a frenzy of joy and wanting to make the best out of their good fortune, attacked their subdued neighbor like prison inmates, getting blow jobs and pushing their hard cocks into her soft pussy, using her body in so many ways they had obviously imagined countless times as they had

seen her in the elevator, in the parking lot, or when she was arguing with them furiously...

Luckily for Lara, the Raging Pythons didn't last long, even with the seconds. An-hour-and-a-half later, she was lying on the floor exhausted and emotionally wrecked, cumm dripping from her mouth and pussy, her beautiful face covered with python juice...

* * *

When Lara woke up the next morning, she was covered in dried cumm. It was Mike who woke her up, and he wasted no time before giving her instructions:

"Wake up, bitch! Rise and shine. It's a big day today, we'll go shopping. So, go to your apartment, and masturbate until you're on the verge of orgasm. No cumming, though. Then take a cold shower, do whatever you do to look your best, and put on one of your power-suits. No bra, no panties. And take your purse with you, you'll spend money like a crazy girl today."

Lara's naked figure walked across the hallway, her heart skipping a beat in fear of being seen like this, completely naked and dried cumm all over her silky skin. Her door was open from the night before, and she made her way in.

Half an hour later, she was back in her neighbors, looking like the sassy beauty she usually was. Mike checked her out with hungry eyes, wanting to strip and fuck her again, right then and there. The way she was freshened up, it felt as though nothing had happened last night and their snotty neighbor was every bit as untouchable as before. But he decided against having his way with the daring beauty, having a long to-do list for the day.

"Lara, when I - we - ask you a question, you will answer it completely and truthfully! You are not allowed to remain silent, or hide any secrets. You have no privacy. Got it?"

"Yes"

"Master... You will address us as 'Master'! Got it?"

"Yes, Master".

So, Lara, are you horny?" he asked.

Despite her best efforts, Lara answered the question: "Yes, I am very horny, Master"

"Why?"

"Because you told me to masturbate and stop right before I cumm. And I did that. Master"

"Good girl. You'll stay horny all day, playing with yourself periodically. Got it?".

"Yes, Master"

Mike couldn't hide his smile: Their snotty next-door-neighbor was now their sex-slave.

"Brandon!!" he screamed, calling for the guitarist. Brandon showed up with a cigarette in his mouth, Lara's car keys dangling in his hand.

"Let's go. Can't wait to see what kind of speed this bitch's fancy BMW makes..."

Lara was seated in the back. "Unbutton three buttons on your blouse" ordered Mike, prompting the girl to reveal a deep cleavage, her nipples barely covered under her blouse. "And play with yourself. Keep yourself on the edge of cumming".

They made it to the mall in 15 minutes, with Brandon breaking several speed limits on the way. They walked through the mall, Lara following the two guys from a few steps behind like a slave-girl. Her pussy was on fire with lust and she had to give it a few rubs every once-in-a-while, to keep herself horny as ordered. Her face turned even a deeper shade of red, as they made their way to "Victoria's Secret".

Soon, the two Band members were comfortably seated on two chairs, as a red-faced Lara, dying in humiliation, modeled for them in a wide variety

of sexy lingerie, ranging from thongs to babydolls. This strange group and Lara's shameless display caught the employees' and customers' attention, who joined in watching Lara's show in the middle of Victoria's Secret. Lara was dying in shame as she was made to change into one revealing lingerie after another, clearly getting her orders from the two "punk-rockers" comfortably seated, as other customers - all females - watched her display with amusement. She would not be able to contain her sobs, had she not been ordered not to cry. She heard one of the salesgirls telling another one with a giggle: "She must be their 'Bitch' ". She overheard a middle-aged woman murmuring to her friend: "What a whore!!". She was praying she wouldn't see anyone she knew.

Finally, Mike and Brandon settled on a number of revealing lingerie, opting for the most daring items. Lara used her Gold Amex to pay the hefty bill as she did her best to avoid eye-contact with the bemused cashier.

As the odd group made their way to the next stop, Lara was painfully aware of the stares on her jiggling breasts. Every man, without exception, took a peek at her deep cleavage and shaking bust. Lara's heart raced in fear as she realized Mike and Brandon were walking into a tattoo-parlor. She followed them into the shop, having difficulty catching up in her high-heels. A fat, bearded man with a beer can in his hand greeted them. He apparently knew Mike and Brandon. They had a silent chat with the fat man, and he opened the curtain leading to an adjacent room. Lara, featuring big scary eyes, was led into the room. "Don't you make a sound" warned Mike as he joined Brandon who was sipping from a can of Budweiser offered by the shop-owner.

They watched TV as the man operated on Lara in the other room. It took half an hour before the man got back, announcing he was done with Lara.

"Yeah? Send her in, man" exclaimed Brandon. And Lara was sent in the room, her upper body completely naked. The first thing that caught attention was the golden colored rings pierced on her nipples and the loose chain attached between them. But there was also a tattoo right underneath

her stomach button, which was also pierced. The tattoo read "PROPERTY OF RAGING PYTHONS".

Just the existence of this tattoo was enough to send her tortured mind into a wave of outrage, humiliation and fear. The small gothic letters permanently marked on her tummy made the undeniable truth more obvious than ever. She couldn't deny the full effect of what had happened to her. She was, indeed, the property of these assholes. She was the property of Raging Pythons - her despised neighbors. She was their slave, and they could do anything, anything at all, to her.

"Cool" reacted Brandon, and Mike announced his pleasure with the fat tattoo-man's handi-work: "Good job, dude - good way for her to remember her place!!"

"Well, Lara, thank Bob" requested Brandon.

Lara turned towards the grinning man and muttered in a cranking voice: "Thank you, Bob!"

Brandon was not satisfied however. "No, bitch, you need to watch your manners - Bob is Sir to you!!"

Lara's blood boiled with anger, she was certain she was quite superior to this fat-ass, alcoholic loser - but she was powerless to do anything about it. "Thank you, Sir" she corrected herself.

"Go get dressed" ordered Mike, an order that made Lara glad, running away from the eyes of the men, especially the fat slob she was forced to refer as "Sir".

When she came back, Mike instructed Lara to pay the man. Lara opened up her purse, taking out her credit card.

"I don't take no credit cards" Bob objected.

"You don't? Oh well... Do you have any cash Lara?"

Lara checking her purse responded: "No, I don't, Master." She usually made a point of carrying very little cash. "Oh, well" she thought, "they'll have to pay for it!"

"Well, then, you'll have to pay Bob in a different fashion - Get on your knees and give Bob a blow job".

As Lara's face turned pale, Bob featured a wide happy grin.

"Ask Bob nicely, ask for permission to suck his cock!!"

Lara got on her knees before Bob, and again asked in a cranking voice: "Sir, can you please allow me to suck your cock?"

Bob laughed. This certainly was better than his usual fee. Here she was, a drop-dead gorgeous girl, kneeling in front of him, asking for permission to give him a blow-job. And he could sense this was no ordinary girl, he had no idea what she was doing with these punks, but the lady was classy no doubt - which amused him further, thinking some uppity classy bitch would be taking his cock in her mouth like a cheap slut.

"Sure" he said. "Since you insist..."

Bob unzipped his pants and produced a fat cock, much like his owner. Lara shut her eyes in shame as her mouth parted despite her best efforts and Bob's filthy sweaty cock entered her mouth. She felt the head of Bob's cock on her tongue and her tongue started swirling automatically. Her nostrils were filled with the odor of the fat man's sweat as her tongue began tickling and teasing the hardmeat in her mouth.

Realizing how Lara's eyes were closed, Mike warned her: "Lara, open your eyes and look at the man - make eye contact!"

Lara felt the man pushing against her throat as her eyes were directed at the moaning face of the man. She relaxed her throat muscles, allowing for the invading cock to push through her throat. She couldn't help the gagging and slurping sounds she made as her head bobbed back and forth; Bob's cock retrieving back to the entrance of her throat, and then plunging forward again, until Lara's pretty nose was buried in his pubic hair and his heavy balls rested on her chin. This lasted for a few minutes, as Lara kept looking up all the while moving her head back and forth, praying no one would come into the tattoo-shop. Soon, she felt the cock in her mouth

tensing and prepared herself for the final degradation. The man's cum hit the back of her throat and the slimy substance began sliding down to her stomach as Bob warned the submissive girl: "Don't you spill a drop!!".

As the trio walked out of the tattoo-shop, Bob informed Brandon and Mike, he'd be willing to accept this form of payment for any tattoo-job they may need in the future.

Next, they took Lara to a famous costume shop in the mall, where Lara was fitted into a very suggestive French-Maid uniform, barely covering her upper-thighs and featuring a deep v-neck. They even purchased a thick collar, to go with the subservient maid uniform.

After that they headed for the parking lot, with Lara following closely behind, shopping bags in her hands and her nipples slightly hurting because of the piercing. The incredible lust in her pussy was shameful, but she remained extremely horny, occasionally playing with herself over her clothes.

* * *

They drove to a part of the town Lara had never been to before. Mike parked the car in a deserted parking lot behind a large building. Lara noticed a back-door with a pale print on it: "Fortuna Doll-House".

"One of the most outrageous nudy-bars in town" informed Mike. Realizing the terror in the girl's eyes, Mike continued: "Now, now, don't you worry your pretty head. We won't make you dance for herds of men in a sleazy club like this - well, not today, anyway. We are here to meet with Sandra, a very talented show girl. You'll just spend some time here, practicing with her. I don't imagine she'll turn you into an overnight sensation, but I'm sure you can pick up some of the techniques - it ain't rocket science. So, Sandra should be here shortly. It's 1:45." He turned to Brandon, the muscular tall guitarist of the band: "Brandon, we're here early man, Sandra is supposed to be here at 2:00."

"I know" responded Brandon. "There's a purpose for it". He was

unbuckling his jeans. "Ever since we moved next to this bitch, I wanted to strip her and fuck her pampered ass right on the hood of her fancy BMW. So, now I get to do it. Lara, loose all your clothes and bend over the hood of your fancy little BMW. Keep the heels on."

Soon, Lara was once again completely naked, and bent over the BMW, waiting to be fucked by one of her noisy neighbors. Her body trembled with the humiliation of being completely naked in a parking lot in the daylight, about to be painfully fucked leaning over her own car.

"Hurry up" demanded Mike, "Sandra will get here soon"!

Brandon rubbed his penis all over Lara's ass with one hand while pushing her down with the other. Then, he suddenly leaned forward and jammed it into her asshole. The blonde girl jolted her upper body off the hood and shrieked. Brandon was unable to force his penis all the way into her tight ass on the first thrust so he grabbed both of her biceps and rammed his pelvis forward. Lara's shrill cry echoed throughout the parking lot as Brandon pummeled her rectum with his hard cock. Finally, he succeeded in stuffing his dick completely into the young woman's asshole. Lara lay on her car, stunned, her breasts crushing against the hood, as she was raped in the ass.

The guitarist continued to thrust into her, brutally pressing her into the harsh metal surface of the car. He got a hold of the chain attached to Lara's nipple-rings and pulled it back with each push forward. Lara grunted with each push, her mind was swimming from the pain in her ass and breasts. Finally, she felt Brandon launch one final thrust into her ass as he shuddered with orgasm. Her young and aching asshole was then flooded with her tormentor's semen.

Brandon took a step back admiring the naked girl's writhing body. As he pulled up his pants, Brandon noticed the Saturn driving into the parking lot. "Put your clothes on" ordered Brandon.

It was Sandra, a brunette working at the Fortuna Doll-House.

"Hi" said Sandra greeting the guys, as she checked out her panting

student for the day.

Mike said "How you doin?", acknowledging the woman. "It's like we talked before. She'll be with you for six hours, you'll teach her to dance."

"Sure!"

"And I'll pick her up at 7:00 this evening. Any questions?"

Sandra looked at Lara, the beautiful young woman was obviously embarrassed and distressed. She didn't seem like the kind of girl who'd be dancing for living, she looked more like a businesswoman in her suit.

Sandra just had to ask:

"What's the deal with her? Does she want to learn dancing or what? She doesn't seem too eager..."

"She's our sex slave" said Brandon with a snicker. "Don't worry, she'll do anything you say".

Sandra had no idea why such a beautiful, classy-looking girl, would be hanging out with these punks, let alone be their "sex slave". But she'd seen enough weird people to believe anything was possible. And keeping her curiosity to herself always helped.

"Alright" she said. "We're game!"

Mike turned to Lara: "Lara, you will do everything she says - no disobedience!"

Sandra smiled. She'd be making good money with this, but maybe she'd enjoy it as well! Young, well-dressed, rich, classy women, women like Lara, always looked down on her, dismissing her as a cheap slut. Now she'd be the one in charge, putting down this high-class bitch: "I hope she's a hard-worker and a quick learner!" she commented to the guys.

Mike smiled: "Don't you worry! If you find her the slightest bit less than extremely enthusiastic, feel free to discipline her".

Sandra looked at the scared girl with a wicked grin on her face. She made a mental note to spare some time for a little pussy-licking by her

student.

As the two girls disappeared into the building, the BMW sped away.

(1 of 2) [→](#)

Story: The Property of Raging Pythons

Author: Lara V Cataluna

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Author: Lara V Cataluna

Story: The Property of Raging Pythons

[←](#) (2 of 2)

The Property of Raging Pythons

Part 2 of 2

A Story By

Lara V Cataluna

(NC, MC, Humiliation, M+/F, Strip, Gang-Bang)

* * *

Disclaimer : Read No Further If You Are Under The Age Of 18 Or If You Are Offended By Graphic Descriptions Of Sexual Activity. All Characters, Situations, And Locations Are Purely Fictional.

I WRITE THESE THINGS FOR ONE PURPOSE ALONE: HEARING FROM READERS!!! SO PLEASE BE KIND AND LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINK... THANK YOU...

To my knowledge, there is no band called Raging Pythons, any Club called Fortuna Doll-House or any prominent Stuantuns.

* * *

Characters:

Tommy, Mike, Brandon, Jeremy: Members of the Raging Pythons

Charlie: Psychology student from the Blockbusters

William Richard Stuantun III: Lara's boss

Sandra: The stripper (limited appearance)

Nicole: Charlie's girlfriend (very limited appearance)

Valerie: Lara's friend (very limited appearance)

* * *

Lara was taken back to the Raging Pythons' apartment after her long practice. Mike, who had picked her up alone, told Lara to play with herself on the way back, ordering her not to cumm as usual.

"We're having a party tonight" informed Mike. The word "party" sent a cold wave of fear through Lara's heart. "You'll be the main entertainment, of course!"

Once back, she was ordered into her apartment, to take another shower, to prepare herself and to put on the ridiculously small and revealing French-Maid uniform, and to wear her biggest high-heels - all after another masturbation of getting herself at the edge of orgasm, which, in her incredibly horny state, took merely a few seconds.

As she dressed and applied proper make-up, she was dying in shame and anxiety, she hated what she was doing but she couldn't bring herself to disobey. She looked at herself in the mirror and with great disdain she saw the kind of male-fantasy she abhorred. A French-Maid, the ultimate creation of male sexism, a young beautiful submissive female, dressed to underline her subservient status, ready to cook, clean and serve and then, as though all that was not enough, to be used as a personal sex toy, to perform sexual services. And now here she was, Lara Cataluna, destined to be a high-paid successful lawyer just yesterday, now dressed in a kinky Maid uniform, ready to serve the very next-door neighbors she couldn't stand. She was their slave, their source of sexual amusement, perhaps forever.

She walked over to the apartment next-door. The music was as loud as ever.

Half an hour later the party animals started showing. Soon, the apartment was crowded and Lara was busy serving beer, squeezing through men with a tray in her hand. It was all college guys, some looking like the

Raging Pythons themselves, many others looking like typical fraternity party animals. As she delivered mugs of beer she filled from the cags in the kitchen and passed around the bowl of chips, she felt hands all over her body. It was obvious everybody knew about her, having a sexy maid going around serving beer and chips certainly could not be the norm in this bunch's parties. Lara could not tell how much they knew, but there was no doubt they understood she was there at the pleasure of the guests, to serve and to do as she's told - all evidenced by pats on her ass, hands going under her tiny skirt or touching her breasts, and eyes fixed on her pushed up breasts or swaying ass, clearly contemplating whether they would also get to sample this beauty. Walking around and doing her maidly work was made even more difficult on her six inch heels, with continuous probing from the increasingly drunken guys around her. They apparently enjoyed their power over the nervous young woman, rapidly giving orders, watching her swaying her ass as she hurried back and forth on her high-heels, trying to respond to all requests.

There were even other females in the party, which made her feel even more degraded. These punk sluts - featuring all kinds of rings, tattoos, funky hair colors much like the hosts of the party - were sipping their drinks and chatting with the guys, as she was running around in a demeaning outfit, serving these snickering females - girls without half the brains or looks she had, just a couple of dormitory sluts.

It was past midnight, when an exhausted Lara heard the dreaded announcement from Tommy. "Ladies and gentlemen, now it's time for our very own strip-dancer".

She was escorted back to her apartment by Mike who ordered her to put on her most authoritative power-suit. Quickly she dressed, and they made their way back to the party. Tommy made another announcement: "So, finally here she is, ladies and gentlemen, a very mean lawyer, now a fabulous stripper, our haughty neighbor, Lara Cataluna!!".

Lara walked into the middle of the room, as everyone cheered and whistled. She was dying in shame, knowing her clothes would be coming off

and she'd be dancing in the most lewd, provoking ways she could, displaying her completely naked body to everyone in the room.

She walked through the crowd, hearing all the degrading catcalls. This was the most humiliating experience of her life. The Raging Pythons began playing their song - she'd be stripping to the very tunes she had hated for so long. She hardly stopped the tears on her eyes, having been expressly told to watch that by Mike. Here she was, in the same suit she had worn for her first interview, and she was about to strip out of it for the amusement of a bunch junkies and college low-lives. But having no choice other than obedience, she began performing, her shapely body moving around provocatively.

As she kept stripping and dancing, her clothes flew away piece by piece, first went the jacket and skirt followed by her snow white blouse, and then her bra and panties. When she was finally completely naked in front of everyone, her face was burning in shame, all the mocking cheers echoing in her head. She felt so incredibly helpless and humiliated, being entirely naked among others who were fully clothed and comfortably watching her nude body. The presence of other females made it all the worse, feeling her more degraded than ever. As her body swung and shook, keeping up with the tune, she also realized the camera was rolling, permanently recording her terrible humiliation. Then, she realized guys were getting very anxious, many of them openly playing with their cocks over their pants. This scared her to death, looking around and seeing more than 20 horny guys, their eyes fixed on her naked body as the few females in the room laughed and encouraged the men.

Soon, Tommy stopped the music. "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure this little shameless cock-teasing slut has made you all hard - and frankly if she caused you fellas to get a hard-on, it is her responsibility to take care of it."

Chants of approval were shouted by all the guys, and even the punk-bitches applauded in amusement, apparently enjoying this high-class high-priced "law-student"s humiliation.

Soon, the guys were moving on her, but it was Jeremy who stopped them. "Wait one minute" protested the solist. "This place ain't no brothel" he said chuckling. "Her place is!".

Lara was escorted to her own apartment, along with all the drunken eager guys, and the camera.

Soon, the beautiful girl was placed on her back on the rich oak coffee-table in her livingroom. The tabletop was too small for her body so her head and buttocks were over the edges. Most of her weight was supported by the small of her back. She was arching her back to relieve some of that pressure, and that pushed her tits upward like an obscene offering. Tommy took the lead, placing himself in front of the girl and pushing her sexy legs against her belly, and pushing apart her bent knees. Lara still had her spiked heels and her collar on. Another guy got on the other end of the table, taking out his stiff prick. She could see the big ugly cock just inches from her face. In the last 24 hours, she had done this, against her will, more than she ever had. And she still hated it. As she watched helplessly, the man approached her until his cock tip made contact with her closed mouth. She felt him applying further pressure, trying to gain entry.

Tommy suddenly entered the naked gorgeous girl and forcefully grabbed her tits. He started thrusting in earnest, prompting the girl to start moaning loudly. Lara's shrieks gave the guy at her head the opportunity to plunge his cock into her open mouth. He then reached down and grasped a hand full of her long silky blonde hair and pulled hard, bending her head back over the edge of the table.

"Do a good job, whore!" ordered Mike. Obeying the order, Lara began licking the cock in her mouth, and she relaxed her throat muscles, allowing for the penis in her mouth to push deep. She was serving the cock in her mouth like the most expensive of hookers, compelled to please to the best of her ability.

Lara knew this was only the beginning of an all-night gang-bang. She could see the guys all around her, their hands on their crotches. The girls

were jocking and laughing at Lara, perhaps feeling much superior and confident because it was Lara who was the slut, not them.

The gang-bang lasted six hours, with most participants going for seconds, and the camera rolling.

It was 5 A.M. when Lara was finally allowed to sleep, only after cleaning up all the mess she made, licking everyone clean.

* * *

The following day, she was awoken by Mike again. "Wake up, sweetie" he yelled mockingly. "Get up and take a cold shower, and do it quick!! Then come back here only in your new thong panties and high-heels."

20 minutes later she was done with her shower and came down to her livingroom in her panties. Despite everything, her nakedness still made her shiver in humiliation. She couldn't believe it was less than 36 hours ago when this nightmare had started.

Mike seemed to be the one designing the activities. He brought the tape from the previous nights, featuring Lara stripping, getting spanked, fucking and sucking cocks. He placed it in Lara's VCR. "Now, darling, take a seat on that nice big leather chair. Strip out of your panties and place your legs over the arms of the chair. That's right, just like a big slut, which is what you are now! And you'll play with yourself, watching how everyone fucked you last night! No cumming, though! Play with your tits, as well. Squeeze those nipples. And smile at the camera every now and then, will you?" He had placed the camera on a tripod, next to the TV, as he had said these. Lara would be watching last night's gangbang on TV, and she'd be filmed while playing with herself at the same time.

"So have fun, as we go through all your stuff!!"

As Lara began masturbating, the Raging Pythons made their way to her bedroom, with the full intention to inspect her personal belongings.

When they were back in the living room, Lara was sweating like a pig,

fingers jamming into her pussy at most a few strokes at a time now that she was on the verge of an orgasm.

Tommy was chuckling, holding a big vibrator in his hand. "Look what we found, Lara!! You naughty bitch, I would never expect a proper girl like you to own this monster thing..."

"Yeah, so why don't you show us how you use it, huh?"

Lara's trembling hand picked up the vibrator from Tommy. She was dying in shame, the vibrator she had ordered... it was meant to be private, even ordering the damn thing had been so embarrassing for her. She had used it only in the bathroom, almost fearing it would undignify the other rooms in her apartment. And now she was being asked to fuck herself with it, in front of her dreaded neighbors.

Soon, the black monster was turned on, humming like an industrial engine, buried in her pussy.

"Oh, you can cumm now" informed Tommy. "In fact, you're not allowed to stop before you cumm three times".

It took Lara less than 20 minutes to cumm three times, with the humming vibrator ramming into her pussy non-stop as the guys watched and cheered her up. Despite her constant moaning and panting, one could still see the horror on Lara's face. She was watching her rape on TV as the monster vibrator sent waves of guilty pleasure through her body. She was made to lick her vibrator crystal clean after each orgasm. The taste of her own juices in her mouth made her wanna puke but she managed to control herself.

After this spectacle, Mike produced something which almost made Lara faint in panic. They had her diary.

"Lara, it's a very interesting habit you have, keeping a diary! I can't wait to read all this stuff. Especially, who is this Richard guy, huh? Stunning fantasies you seem to have about him!!"

They all laughed at the humiliated girl. "Who is this William Richard

Stuantun III?"

The buzzer rang just as Lara answered "My boss, Master".

"Who the hell is this?"

"I... I don't know, Master" answered the panic-stricken girl.

"You stupid bitch, go figure out who the hell it is!!"

Lara gladly got off the chair, rushing to the intercom.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's Richard. Let me in!!".

Is this the William Motherfuckin' Third?" asked Mike.

"Yes, Master"

"Well, buzz him in!!"

"Oh, Richard, come on up!!"

As soon as Lara said those words, her heart skipped a beat, she couldn't let him see her like that!

"Lara, go take a super-quick shower, dress nicely and get back here, don't worry we will find a way to keep your boss busy!!"

When Mike opened the door he was faced with a tall, strong, sharp looking man in his early thirties. His suit screamed he was a lawyer, and his manners were formal and authoritative even though he didn't look like a stiff. He was obviously surprised to see somebody else in Lara's apartment, much less some hippie.

"Oh, come on in" smiled Mike - he hated lawyers. "We're Lara's friends, she should be here soon, she's just taking a shower".

"Really?" responded William Richard Stuantun III. He envisioned the blonde's naked body, as he had so many times in the last month. She certainly looked like the greatest fuck he'd seen in a long time - but he couldn't figure out why she'd be hanging out with these low-lives...

Richard took a seat on the couch, waiting for Lara, looking at the band

members with barely concealed disdain. He chose to make some calls with his cellular phone rather than making small talk with Lara's friends.

Jeremy, Brandon and Tommy had no idea what the hell Mike was up to and they were worried about it. This asshole of a lawyer looked like he could just chew up their ass and they didn't want any trouble. It certainly wasn't helping that they knew Mike had been drinking a bottle of whiskey as he went through Lara's belongings and did not necessarily have any planning going into his actions.

A few moments later, a nervous Lara showed up in a business suit, almost trying to avoid Richard's eyes. She simply hoped there weren't any clues around that could reveal what was going on just before Richard came up.

Richard didn't enjoy doing this, especially in front of her fiends, but he concluded he had no other chance:

"Hello, Lara. I just stopped by to see what's going on. You didn't come to the office yesterday and didn't show up this morning either. So, I was wondering if you intend to continue with your internship. We do expect our associates to call in the case of absence!"

"I'm so sorry, Richard. I've been..."

Mike cut her off, his drunken state now more obvious: "Oh, she's been entertaining us, Richie boy!!"

"Entertaining you??" Richard looked at Mike with obvious animosity. He knew smart-asses like this; and he also knew how to put them in place.

"Ohh, sure, Lara loves entertaining people!" He tossed the diary over to Lara. "In fact, it seems she'd love to entertain especially you! Lara, Hon, why don't you read out loud that section from just three days ago - the part you talk about all those nasty nasty things you wanted to do with your boss!!"

Feeling uncomfortable with the bizarre situation, Richard took out a Cigar. "Nobody minds, I trust?" he asked as he lid his Cigar. "And can anyone tell me what the hell is going on here?"

"Ohh, the truth, Mr. Hot-Shot lawyer? Well, Lara is our little sex kitten now, she is our slave! Isn't that the truth Lara?"

"Yes, Master" Lara said in a cranking voice.

"Well, then, I shall leave you and your sex kitten alone" said Richard as he got onto his feet.

"Oh, wait, please, it would be a shame if you left before hearing all the nice things Lara wrote for you".

Richard knew he was supposed to leave - no self-respecting gentleman would stay any longer in this mess. But he was curious. Besides, he knew he'd be firing Lara as early as tomorrow morning - that was a shame, of course, he liked Lara.

"Well, then" said Richard, nodding his head.

With Mike's encouragement, Lara began reading in a breaking voice, her heart tightening with the incredible humiliation. She wanted to die and disappear into thin air. She read her dirty fantasies from her Diary, about how she had the "hots" for William Richard Stuantun III; how she had masturbated so many times thinking of Richard, how she had buried her vibrator in her pussy imagining it was Richard's hard cock, how she had fantasized of Richard calling her into his office for blow-jobs.

As Richard listened to the humiliated girl's revealings he could feel his cock getting hard with the images. Lara was finally done after 10 minutes of this spectacle and Richard didn't know what to do, his self-confidence visibly shaken and his eyes avoiding the looks around him.

"See how much she likes entertainment!!" chuckled Mike. "And let me tell you, Richie, this bitch can really suck a cock! Well, actually she didn't fare any better than a Nun up until recently, but with the practice she got the last two days... she would put any hooker to shame, let me tell you. And with a Bod like this, man, she screams entertainment!! Too bad, she now belongs to us slugger."

Richard inhaled his Cigar deep and leaned forward, until his face was

inches from Mike's. "Listen, slugger, you probably think I'm a faggot in a suit. Let me tell you what I think. I could break your neck, break your nose, chop up your fingers and shove them up your ass so easily, you have no idea. So, you look like the kind who enjoys playing a little guitar - if you wanna play your guitar with your limp dick for the rest of your life, I suggest you try me!! Come on slugger, give me an excuse, any excuse to turn your face into a bloody pulp. Do you have the balls?". William Richard Stuantun III completed the verbal assault by blowing smoke in Mike's face.

The tension in the room was almost unbearable. Mike desperately wanted one of his friends to help him, but it seemed they did not have the balls, either.

Mike mumbled something like "cool it, man".

That's when the buzzer sounded again and there was a knock on the door shortly after that. Brandon got the door this time. There was a young man at the door. "Aah, I was looking for a Lara Cataluna??"

Brandon didn't know what to say. He opened his mouth to send away whoever this person was - they seemed to have enough activity in their hands with William Richard Stuantun III inside. But before he could say anything, he heard Richard yelling from inside: "Oh, come on in!"

He was on his feet. "I was just leaving anyway. It must be one of your masters, Lara. Go ahead and play your games. Just don't come back to the firm".

Charlie overheard Richard's words and a wave of panic rushed through him.

He stepped into the apartment, pushing away Brandon.

"Dude, wait just a second"!

Richard looked at Charlie with the same animosity. "Who the fuck are you?"

Charlie saw Lara, and knew instantly that this had to be Martin's "hottie".

"Listen, please take a seat, don't leave, I'm gonna explain everything to you, to everyone!"

Richard looked at the young man. He certainly felt something out-of-the-ordinary was going on and this guy claimed to have answers.

"Alright" he said. "Make it quick!".

"Lara" said Charlie. "You're Lara, right?"

"Yes" said the sobbing girl.

"And am I right about this - you've been compelled to obey orders?"

"Yes".

Charlie sighed. "Can..." He looked around, he imagined any one of these people now had the power to direct her actions.

"Could somebody please send her to her room, or something?"

Brandon ordered Lara to her room as Richard and the Raging Pythons were once again seated. Charlie stood before them, feeling like a seminarian about to address his audience. And he didn't quite know where to begin. "So, here's the deal" he began...

* * *

He talked about how he had spent all his research on hypnosis and mind-control. How he had developed a technique based on subliminal messages. And how the tape he had prepared was rented by Lara even though he had meant to use it on his own girlfriend.

He answered their various questions: How come she obeyed only the Raging Pythons? Because the subliminal messages had conditioned her to obey the first people she had contact with. And she had contact immediately with all of the Raging Pythons. In his case, he had planned to be alone with his girlfriend when she watched the tape.

How come she had not tried to escape, seek help? There had been special subliminal messages which stopped Lara from running off and

seeking help.

Was it permanent? It could be undone, once again using subliminal messages. And, whatever conditioning was given to her, it had to be refreshed every now and then.

"So, what now?" asked Tommy.

Richard laughed. "What now? Let me tell you what now! All five of you are going to jail. You will be sucking big black cocks in jail just three moths from now, I guarantee you that!!"

"Come on, wait a minute, man" begged Charlie. "Isn't there anything I can do for you? I can re-program her mind..."

* * *

William Richard Stuantun III had the perfect wife. Young, beautiful and respectful. At 34 he was 10 years older than his young wife and he preferred it that way. Lara was indeed gorgeous. She had dropped out of Law School, to be the wife, as every proper wife would do. And now she was the ideal wife, focusing all her efforts on keeping her husband pleased. On the outside, she was still her usual haughty self, patronizing everyone except her husband. At home, it was a different story. She was a maid in the living room, a cook in the kitchen and a whore in the bedroom. Her mind was always preoccupied with pleasing her husband, whom she feared very much. She was perfectly obedient, never defiant - always doing as she's told, never doing anything without asking for permission. She knew her powerful husband frequently cheated on her of course, but she had no problem with that. No man, much less somebody as powerful as William Richard Stuantun III, could be expected to limit himself to one woman, even if his wife's looks could rival any supermodel's. Lara spent most of her days shopping, tanning and working out in order to keep herself at the top of her form. She knew her place, she was always a scared little wife, fearing failure to please her man. She always dressed seductively, running huge bills on Victoria's Secret and Fredricks of Hollywood among other posh brands - bills Richard gladly

paid. She always awakened her husband in the morning with a gentle blow job and in the evening greeted her husband at the door in sheer lingerie. There was nothing she wouldn't do of course, anything that caught Richard's fancy was fair game in the bedroom and Lara was expected to watch Playboy TV and read the most outrageous sex magazines to improve herself and find creative ways to entertain her husband. Richard certainly enjoyed his new married life, having found a proper bride at last. And Lara could only be grateful for having been claimed by such a powerful man...

* * *

Charlie ringed her girlfriend's door in pure excitement. It had been two months since the whole episode about Lara Cataluna had been resolved. He had never imagined that his successful techniques would actually cause him so much trouble. But it was all taken care of now, the Raging Pythons were scared death about possible legal action so they had forgotten all about it, especially since William Richard Stuantun III decided to finance their first ever recording. Richard had also confiscated all the videotapes and pictures, making sure there were no traces of his beautiful wife's shameful episodes. And as for Lara, Charlie was sure she was on her knees, sucking her husband's cock like her life depended on it, scared of not getting a perfect 10 for her efforts. And it was time to finally do what he had intended originally.

Nicole opened the door. She looked great in her plain jeans and T-shirt. Charlie looked at her full lips, he couldn't wait to see those lips engulfed around his hard cock.

"Soo, honey, did you finally watch 'Out of Sight'?"

"Yes, thank you for bringing it to me! It was excellent, the tape's image wasn't very clear, but I really enjoyed it!"

"Oh really" Charlie grinned. "Well, then, get down on your knees and start sucking my cock"

"Whaaat???"

"On your knees, bitch! It's about time you learned giving blow-jobs"

Nicole slapped Charlie across the face. "What do you think I am, huh? Your private whore? You little limp-dick asshole!!"

Nicole was kicking and slapping Charlie now "honey wait, no, sorry, I'm sorry..."

She was pissed: "I told you I don't do oral sex. And who the hell are you calling bitch?"

Charlie couldn't figure out what on earth was going on. Something was very wrong...

* * *

Lara was at home, having sent Richard to work after a perfect 10 blow-job. She was watching TV when the phone rang. It was Valerie.

"Val, how are you?"

"Well, how you doin' you little tease?"

"Oh, shut up".

"When are you coming to visit me?"

"Don't know. When Richard allows me to!"

"Uhhh! "

"Oh shut up, you're just jealous !"

"Well, you still didn't tell me how you finally managed to lock him..."

"Do you really wanna know? And do you have the time?"

"Yes, I do!!!"

"It's a long story, Hon..."

Author: Lara V Cataluna

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