

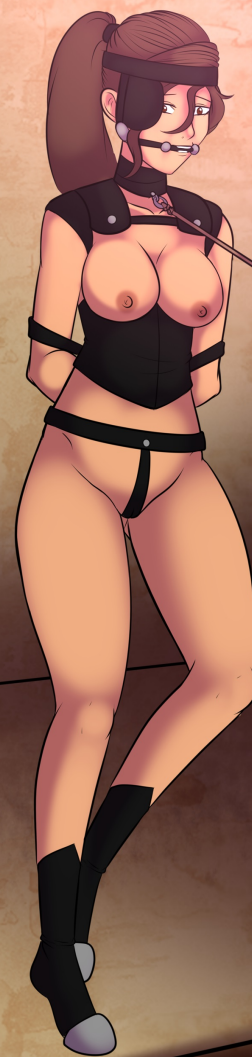
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REINS OF THE

TOMB RAIDER

- REMASTERED -

Chapter 9 : Early Training

The next weeks they were full of entertainment for my dear friend, and of many great learnings for Lara Croft.

As predicted, the Croft woman proved to be a fighter. The reality of her circumstance and the branding had shaken her, but she recovered much of her spirit in the time she was left to heal.

“She's smart,” James told us, me and Ivo and Drasha. “You need to watch her. If you give her any chance to escape, she'll take it.”

Drasha just smiled and nodded her head, and we smiled with her. How could we not? We knew that there would be no such chance, not now or ever, and as the weeks they progressed Lara's mind was claimed by what was being done to her. The old freedoms meant nothing in the face of the reality she lived.

Every morning, Drasha would come to her and bring her out of her stable. She would then smile and write three digits on the Tomb Raider's forehead with a marker, and tell Lara what they were.

“Your name, it is Zero Three Nine today,” Drasha would tell her. There would be three new numbers every day. Any response Lara made to another name or to a different set of numbers would see her punished. Soon, we could see Lara struggling with the numbers, trying to remember them from one day to the next – Seven Seven Two, Five Zero Eight, Eight Seven Three. Drasha would tease her with her old name or old numbers when she was tired, looking for any chance to punish her, and after the punishment had been applied Lara's lessons would continue.

The first lessons were the easiest ones, but also the most important for Lara's new life. She was taught how to eat with the bit trapping her tongue, how a feed bag could be attached to her jaw. By raising her head, she could get chunks of a specially modified grain into her mouth, which she could chew and then swallow. The mixture was dry tasting, not unpleasant but very dull. These grains were genetically modified, containing all of the vitamins and nutrients that she would ever need. It also gave her the benefit of not needing to void her bowels often, though the means of doing that was a lesson, too.

Three times a day, Drasha would remove the plugs in Lara's holes and allow her to empty herself. Lara was forced to perform in public, and at first we could see her blushing furiously, fighting her natural impulses. All her life, she had been taught to behave like a civilized woman, but such teachings were meaningless and counter-intuitive to the animal that she now was. Lara had tried to resist at first, hoping to hold onto some scrap of dignity, but Drasha was fierce with her whip and soon a weary Lara had given up, and given in, and would empty herself as instructed.

After her first and last voidings, Lara would be taken to a special place for cleaning. Her harness would be used to lock her in place, connections to neck and shoulders holding her torso, her ankles strapped to the ground and spread so that none of her was hidden. Her bindings would be worked loose and off, her arms caught and stretched far to either side. Only once all this was done would the very naked woman be scrubbed roughly by stable hands. Lathered to a soapy mess, she would then be rinsed off via hose, left sputtering but cleaned til sparkling.

Chemicals had been applied to her body everywhere below the neck that would kill of all offending hair. James had made a request for this and Ivo had been happy to secure the chemicals, Drasha happy to apply them. The result was itchy skin, but Lara did not know that this was anything other than the soap that was used to clean her. Drasha believed her mind would be gone by the time she might have noticed, and she and Ivo struck a wager over this possible awareness. A week of the application ensured Lara would never grow hair below her neck ever again.

Sometimes, when the bit was removed from her mouth, she would try to speak. Such efforts were met

by a whipping, then proper punishment once she was redressed and before her lessons began.

“It is important you understand this thing,” Drasha would say, brushing the whip along Lara's cheeks. Their eyes would meet because Drasha would force such while pinching Lara's nipple. “Animals do not speak. I know you would like to say you are sorry, but animals do not apologize. They are corrected, and then their training continues.”

Drasha was liberal in her application of the whip. Lara learned to respond to the reins, turning this way or that, stopping upon command. Her normal grace was stymied by her limited vision and the boots at first, but as she became accustomed to the weight and arch her movements took on a languid quality that I could see my friend enjoying.

Yet, that was not enough for Drasha.



“There is a way that animals such as yourself are expected to walk,” Drasha told Lara. “You will learn

it.” And so Lara learned to bring her thighs up to a ninety-degree angle from her torso with every step, her calves expected to do the same. Drasha's whip flicked out, dancing along Lara's ass and thighs with every infraction. Where James or Ivo or myself found perfection, Drasha found adequate effort. Her praises for Lara were few, but when they did come they were often accompanied by a sugar cube.

It was fascinating, to watch Lara's eyes flicker with gratitude at that gift, and then the self-hatred that would inevitably follow.

And so Lara learned to cantor, to trot, to jump and preen. The stablehands attached a cart to her hips and repurposed her hands from behind her to the poles connecting her to the cart, so that she could better lift and move the weight behind her. Drasha used the reins and the whip to keep Lara's attention on her paces around the tracks.

This was her life now. Early morning feeding, voiding, cleaning. Five hours of movement directed by Drasha, unable to see anything save what was directly in front of her, learning to trust her trainer. Lunch, voiding. Another five hours of lessons and learning, movement, all directed by Drasha. Late evening feeding, voiding, cleaning. Locked in her stable to await morning, her head locked and bowed and facing the monitor below her.

Every lesson Lara endured was caught on video. The videos were then shown to her in the stable. Earplugs were fitted into her ears, whispering softly that she was a good animal when she listened, and spiking loudly whenever she was bad. In this way, even sleep was made a reward for the former Tomb Raider. The more tired she became, the more she struggled to be good so that she could sleep and not make as many mistakes the next day.

During the animal's second week of training, one of the stablehand's fingers lingered on Lara's flesh. I was surprised it had taken that long. Lara looked outraged as the man fingered her dripping cunt, massaged her breast and hips, pulled back her chin and licked her throat. Soon, all of the stablehands were touching her, spanking her firm buttocks, knuckles against her vaginal cleft. Lara kicked and spit and struggled, but Drasha would whip her for her efforts, let them play with her, and then punish her once they were done.

“You are an animal, Nine Seven Zero,” Drasha explained to the gasping Tomb Raider. “You are to be used as your owners see fit. Perhaps I can help you with this lesson?”

Drasha had Lara locked on her knees, but had Lara's bit removed. Stripping off her own pants, she slathered herself in honey and forced the Tomb Raider's face into her crotch. Lara resisted at first, but the offering of honey was too much for the taste-deprived woman, and soon was licking Drasha clean. Her trainer smiled, wiping her cum on Lara's lovely face.

“Leave it,” she told the stablehands. “Add your own markings, then dress her. Perhaps the next time you toy with her before cleaning, she will behave herself.” Three weeks of this treatment passed before Lara submitted to the casual touchings without flinching, but her eyes, oh, her eyes were still alight with helpless fury.

James watched, entranced, as the stablehands then took it one step further. There were five of them, and every morning they would strip the former Duchess of Arlington and mount her, then decorate her with their seed. When she accepted their affections, they cleaned her and sent her to her lessons. If she showed any sign of defiance, they would send her to her lessons marked, and Drasha would punish her before her lessons began.

All of this treatment became routine, and within three months Lara had finally grown to accept it.

“It will not be much longer now,” Drasha cooed, brushing the helpless girl's hair as her tongue worked its way around Drasha's core. Their eyes met, Lara unable to look away from the woman that had

tamed her. “Very soon your training will be complete, and then the ten years of your sentence will begin.”

Drasha stiffened, then, as Lara brought her to orgasm.

Then, smiling, Drasha dressed herself and took the Tomb Raider out for another day of lessons.

