**Full Name:** Lana Lasombra
**Age:** 32
**Species/Phenotype:** Futa/Dickgirl
**Personality:** Manipulative, Prideful, Disdainful.
**Occupation:** Hypnotherapist/Crime Boss

**Place of Birth:** Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. USA

**Early Years:** Lana was born into a broken household, her mother was often incarcerated in jail for the majority of Lana’s childhood, leaving her to be raised as an only child by an alcoholic, violent father. Only allowed to go to school she was then kept in the house for the rest of the day, she had her own room with a lock on the door…on the outside.

Her father would open the lock only to occasionally feed her and sometimes would forget if she had annoyed him earlier that day or if he was in a drunken stupor. Lana was left with only her mother’s books left in the room, it had a bed, a storage chest, a window and the shelves where the aforementioned books were.

Her mother being as much a poor criminal minded person as her father had interests in skullduggery and the books reflected that, Lana could escape for a time in the likes of Sun Tsu ‘The Art of War’, Machiavelli’s ‘The Prince’ and books about Crime. It was during these times she learned that she was only happy when she was alone, with her self, absorbing knowledge and that the development of the self was the most important quality a person could possess. Other things reinforced this into her early development.

Such ‘other things’ were her father, a short tempered man who would often for seemingly no reason not hesitate to come into the room to severely kick the shit out a little girl, his daughter, little Lana leaving her a blood soaked and battered mess. Crying...she soon learned, was at best useless...and at worst encouraged another blow. As a tiny little futa/dickgirl she was defenceless against the aggressive onslaughts. So it was she learned that even the most closest of people are capable of hurting you.

When drunk of course there were always beatings but alongside the drink came another, repeated event. Her father would often remark on the resemblance she had to her mother...and would treat her so. The sound of her fathers zipper was to her a frightening things as much as his fist. Her tiny, innocent body ravaged sexually by her own father, leaving her back passage leaking with the mixture of semen and a little dickgirls blood. So it was that Lana learned it didn’t matter who a person was, what their relationship to you was. It was pure will that decided a persons fate. She resolved to develop herself into being the strongest, so she would never again have to endure.

Since resistance was useless and encouraged aggression she learned to fake responses that produced the results she wanted, though each thrust brought her pain, she gritted her teeth and instead learned to moan instead. It was over quicker, and who was truly in power then? She learned that one didn’t need to be physically strong, one need only pull another's strings to get what you want.

**Teen Years:** Lana’s teen years were marked with her development of her body during puberty, being a futa/dickgirl, she inherited the strength, agility and speed of one. Such traits marked her out even further from everyone else and school and educational life made her suffer at the hands of bullies who taunted her, like her father did, for being a ‘freak’. She soon learned to silence these by using such abilities when necessary, but such brought her attention that she didn’t want. Thus she set out to learn more about herself and her abilities, through research of archaic legends, in numerous languages both current and ancient, as well as modern medicinal journals she learned that as a futa/dickgirl she had the ability to use her pheromones to seduce ordinary men and women and that the repeated ingestion of futa/dickgirl semen (in any orifice) lowers the will repeatedly until the subject is an unthinking zombie, fully loyal to her but able to follow only the most basic of commands.

Such were the abilities she used at school, on both staff and student alike in order to stop the bullying, since she realised that to fully zombify them would again create unwanted attention, she was subtle, inseminating just enough into the vagina’s and anus’s of her victims to maintain a slavish devotion to her but keeping them capable of appearing to function normally.

Yet it was the zombification technique that she would use later on...One day, her father entered her room and attempted once again to rape her...unsuccessfully. She was on her feet before the zipper was down and with futa strength as well as a childhood of rage and neglect she punched him, breaking the side of his jaw and wrenching 5 teeth from their individual sockets, bleeding, in pain, he looked up at his daughter, he had been a father...he had taught her something. That night she showed him just how much she had learned…and so at last, it was his turn to learn to be bleeding, in pain, with his cries unanswered.

Eventually for him, and just for him she zombified him, removing the last vestiges of his will and leaving only a husk capable of the most basic of tasks. It amused her to see her former abuser made docile and subservient, carrying out her every task in the house, working and giving her everything. It would not last forever though, even he had his uses.

It all came to a head one night when her mother was released from Prison, her mother was horrified to come home and see a docile, emotionless man, the man she perhaps ‘loved’ being fucked by her own daughter while she giggled, as he slowly slipped off her semen stained loins Lana regarded her mother with a smile and said “Oh mother dearest, why so frightful? After all...” she smirked “...I’m half you”.

A few months later, two dazed, docile and emotionless people, a man and a woman were spotted at a busy intersection, several cars passing by at high speed, without warning….they stepped out into the road...and were no more.

Elsewhere at the same time, a blonde teen was sitting in a wine bar, happily sipping the claret she obtained from a thrall bartender, for she was underage. Sipping this drink as she watched the news report she glanced at some paperwork on the table and smiled. “To our lovely daughter we leave everything we possess to you...” was inscribed upon the last will and testament of her parents.

With the house, car and everything in her name she resolved to do that which she found peace in, furthering her knowledge and playing with the weak willed people. To that end towards her later teen years she put the property out for rent, using the added income to supplement her learning, for she had recently enrolled into higher education to study hypnotherapy. Something which she hoped would bring her both of her enjoyable hobbies.

**Adult Years:** She completed her degree with top marks, following on from this she established her hypnotherapy company, starting first with a small clinic, she slowly enthralled at first minor officials and people, gradually expanding until she found herself cavorting with top political, military and journalistic figures.

It was at such an event that she obtained the first defence contract from the military, and eventually other militaries across the world, for mind control was a profitable venture. She expanded the company through several fronts to include Pornography, Drugs Trafficking, Human Smuggling, Prostitution and sex clubs and arms dealing. Having made many enemies Lana threw herself into fitness and martial arts as a defensive measure and, as a precaution found and hired Katya, a Russian Mercenary, well known for professionalism and a loyal but cold nature.

As with all people, she eventually set her sights on enthralling Katya, only for her pheromones to not work! This had never happened before, and then she felt something...intense dread, the hair raising feeling of intense and imminent danger, an instinctual feeling of unease and terror. She started to sweat and perspire. This had never happened before! She had NEVER encountered this before...Lana apologised, Katya only looked at her, smiled and said “You cannot help being what you are shark”. So it was that Lana began a friendship and working relationship with Katya, intrigued, mystified and terrified of her, but the greatest conundrum for Lana, was she could never figure out why...

**Trivia:**\* Lana is fluent in several languages including Old Norse, Sumerian, Egyptian, Latin, Hebrew & Russian.

\* As a futa/dickgirl like Emily and Kyra she has pheromones but cannot control them, thus like, the other two, people find her charismatic and attractive and are more partial to her requests.

\* Her official MENSA tested IQ is 148

\* She has many officials in many industries as thralls under her control.
\* Her Penis is officially 10.2 inches and is as thick as a man's wrist.
\* She has a particular fetish for cuckolding people by fucking their spouse.

\* Her favourite food is Mcdonalds fast food, which she often works off by screwing the workers on their breaks.
\* Her favourite drink is Red Wine.

**Ideology:** Lana is viciously individualistic herself and expects anyone of worth to also be also, she has little time for community or any type of group over individual based ideologies. For Lana to rely on anyone else, for food, shelter, money or any necessity of life is weakness and laziness, thusly she hold to the idea that the masses of people should be ruled, by people like her, and that there is an elite that holds to the idea of true individuality.

For Lana the concept of Race, Sex, Nationality are but illusions, but nevertheless useful ones with which to keep the populace distracted and divided. Let people proclaim a certain group to be ‘privileged’ or ‘kept down as victims’ or anything else, for Lana the individual matters. She recognises no such concept as borders or nationality and embraces the idea of globality, but unlike those with noble intentions she uses this to weaken tribal loyalties within these groups.

Thus Lana politically funds both sides of any argument usually also placing certain placemen/women in place just in case she needs to nudge as appropriate, she expects similar behaviour from other ‘elite’ people, in her opinion those of strong will and individualistic. This to her is a great and glorious game, but for her and her elite it doesn’t matter whether you be a king or a pawn, being the hand that moves the piece is the most important.

Though she sees them as rivals she has great respect for those who are self reliant and will hold to no barriers in what they want. The person who wants to fight but will not put their wife and child on the line, nor their pets, their babies in cradles on the line and everything they have are deluded masses of no more than to be playthings. It is for this reason she quickly changed her opinion of Katya when discovering, to her fascination that she could not use her previously used techniques to enthrall her. A mutual respect thus arose, but as always Lana is ever watchful. Still if there was anyone to whom she would have even the smallest trust for…

For Lana the idea of being forced to do anything she doesn’t want to is a personal attack, thus she opposes taxation upon the grounds that it is theft of her money, likening the idea to that of being robbed by a mugger, and the provision of a service no matter how ‘moral’ in return is still not a justification. “If I take your money from your wallet and buy a sandwich with it and give it to you, is that not theft?” is something she once said upon the subject.

Lana, due to her upbringing, holds no illusions when it comes to the idea that it is better to rely on oneself than others, if even her own parents could do the things they did then it is only a matter of time before ‘friends’ do the same. Lana posits that to be ‘good’ requires the weakening of oneself and is in fact the true evil, for it not only weakens the self but also encourages others to be dependant upon such a person. Said person will not acknowledge the self rightous feeling in their belly is the only reason they do such things, nor she posits is this ‘good’. Lana believes truthfully that her way is in fact ‘good’. Whilst Emily would happily give money to a beggar, Lana would no doubt ignore, kick or ride them. The giving of the money weakens the person, makes them addicted to the self righteous feeling and furthermore encourages the beggar. By kicking him or otherwise one can educate the beggar as to their place in society, dispelling any illusions they have about human ‘goodness’ whilst also showing that it is through conflict that power comes. She has no interest in directly helping others understand her ideology, she is too busy living it and relying upon herself, she believes that by doing so she can lead by her actions and those who observe her can emulate such methods. Why not more elite to play the game? The same players can get boring sometimes.

Thus Lana is very Machiavellian in her philosophy, anyone who has read ‘The Prince’ will understand to much a degree the ideology she follows. Money, Power, Titles, these are things by which a person is measured. Strength matters only little, for even an idiot can accumulate these things if they so chose. Thus oddly Lana would hold as much respect for a criminal underboss as she would for a President, would hold the pope to be as worth as much respect as the devil. All have accumulated money, power, titles. Such people are the elite, and she has no time for the pretensions of other opinions that express otherwise.

For this reason Lana does what she does. The lessons she has been taught can dispel the emotional illusions of society, and usher in an age of true chaos, the understanding that is by ones will and power (not just physical strength) one finds stability. There is no race, no nationalities, no sexes, no illusions. There is only those who struggle and those who do not. Lana attempts to impart this to the young Kyra, oddly for the first time, doing so directly and taking a direct interest in her life as a mentor.