**Chapter 4**

Wringing her hands nervously Felicia headed back into the room. Carly was still lounging on the couch where she had left her. Felicia didn't dare look at the television yet, she needed to stay awake to monitor what happened and she was sure that a single glimpse of the Snake Goddess would be fatal. After all it was Carly she needed to go under watching the film.

Felicia had thought hard about how to get her next test subject. Someone she could trick into watching the movie to see how they would react. The very nature of the black and white B-movie meant she couldn't casually bring it up with her friends. Besides if anyone she showed it to happened to say something to Ariel or Beth the two would know that she'd been experimenting with the dangerous film. But the Snake Goddess was still coming after her, trying to control her. And no doubt the villain was after her friends as well. Discovering the truth behind the brainwashing was the only way to stop it, which meant creating more victims of the snake queen that she could study.

Every now and then Felicia would realize that this seemed counter-productive but the thought would pass after she came, the orgasm and suspicions vanishing from her memory. She had to save her friends. Which meant trying to understand the film by watching another girl become enslaved. And that's how she settled on Carly.

The two shared a film study course, an elective Felicia had taken for some breathing room after all of her dense science courses. Unfortunately Miss Fontaine revealed herself to be an even worse taskmaster than her professors. With a selective taste in films meant to make her seem sophisticated the young teacher subjected her class to the most arthouse of all arthouse films. If the plot was disjointed, the camera work incoherent and the language anything but English Felicia had no doubt been made to watch it and write a paper on it. And if your analysis of the film differed from Miss Fontaine's you were chastised in front of the entire classroom for your inability to understand true art of filmmakers.

Carly was a junior on the soccer team, hardly ever seen out of the school's blue and white jerseys. She and Felicia were almost polar opposites, the muscular girl spending most of her time at the gym or out with friends. Her hair was kept in a short pixie cut that could be made to appear stylish with hardly any time needed at all, which was good considering Carly kept her sights squarely on her athletic achievements. She was aiming for the Olympics, but even she understood that the frumpy looking girls hardly made the cover of cereal boxes.

Yet despite them having nearly nothing in common, they shared a mutual hatred for the highbrow film class. The two would always buddy up on assignments, using past papers written by one of Carly's teammates who had taken the strict teacher before. The essays still had Miss Fontaine's scathing remarks in red ink, harsh wounds that none the less told them exactly what the teacher wanted to see. Felicia had been afraid of being accused of plagiarism, but considering how vain the teacher was she was no doubt unconcerned about how many identical essays she received so long as they all complimented her excellent stylistic taste in films.

She'd told Carly about an extra credit assignment that Miss Fontaine had extended to them for their low grades. Considering that she never handed out extra credit Carly should have been suspicious, instead she latched onto the opportunity. After all if Miss Fontaine was so worried about their grades that she'd do the unthinkable and try to help them then her grades really must have been abysmal.

The low budget adventure film was hardly the teacher's style, but considering it was black and white and boring Carly easily bought it. They'd went over to her dorm to watch it, choosing a time Felicia knew her roommate would be out at her own softball training. She needed no distractions, everything to be perfect.

Felicia had stuck through the movie for as long as possible, trying to keep her nervous energy under control. Had to clamp down on her tapping feet and keep her hands steady. An alarm on her phone went off, alerting her that the Snake Goddess would appear on screen in two minutes. The redhead ducked out to take the 'call' from her friends and holed herself up in the bathroom, trying not to hyperventilate.

This was real. It was actually happening. She was really serving Carly up to the will of the Snake Goddess on a silver platter. Of course there was guilt even if she didn't know the athlete very well. Tricking anyone into becoming a mindless slave seemed like a dirty trick, but she didn't have a choice. Besides, with the information she got from testing the control out on Carly she'd surely discover a way to free them all from the curse. Everything would work out in the end.

Felicia's hands unsnapped the button of her jeans, a hand slipping in. But she quickly yanked it away, scolding herself. It didn't matter how fucking horny doing this made her she couldn't masturbate at a time like this. Not out of a fear that it would be wrong to get off on betraying someone, but simply because Felicia couldn't afford to lose track of time. She'd honestly come to appreciate the value of regularly cumming in her investigation. The orgasm would clear her mind, rid her of pesky doubts. Gave her the conviction to do what was needed. Simply knowing she'd be showing the movie to Carly had allowed her to cum four times that morning.

As she was ready to give in and let her hand rub her pussy for just a few minutes her phone buzzed in her pocket, the vibrations perfectly teasing. But it meant that the villainess would be out of the scenes for a ten minute gap while the heroes went after some boring idol. Honestly Felicia had thought it was brilliant of her to focus on watching the scenes without the snake goddess to time the plot, extrapolating the scenes from whenever she went into trance appearing as gaps in between.

She emerged from the bathroom, unable to hold back her nervous energy now. What would Carly be like? Would she have given in instantly, already deep in trance? Or would Felicia find the last traces of consciousness fading as Carly gave in completely. At least there was no chance she could trigger Felicia by repeating the mantras out loud, she wouldn't even know what they were. She'd be an entirely fresh slave, the orders of the Snake Goddess pure in her mind. Felicia turned the corner and froze in shock.

Laid out sideways on the couch was Carly, feet dangling over the edge as she tossed popcorn into the air to catch it. She threw Felicia a small wave, eyes still bored and watching the screen. "There you are, thought you might have fallen in."

"N-no, I had a phone call."

'Didn't hear you talking," Carly said without conviction, still trying to force herself to stay awake and watch the slow paced film.

"I was texting, I mean. With my friends." Felicia was still trying to understand what had gone wrong. "Did you pause the movie?" she asked hopefully.

"Nah, you said to just let it play."

What the hell? Why hadn't she been enslaved?

Felicia stumbled over to the couch and dropped like a lead weight, nearly knocking over the bowl of popcorn. Carly snatched up the bowl before it fell but Felicia was oblivious, mind racing. "So what did I miss?"

"Not much. The evil witch lady behind it all showed up, honestly the only person to give a decent performance. Way she was hypnotizing the boring blonde lead I thought it would have gone full girl on girl for a minute there." Felicia nodded silently, so Carly went on. "Made her into a slave, told her to go back to the others and trick them into coming to the village so she could brainwash them too." Carly thought for a moment then snapped her fingers. "Maybe it is going to be a lesbian thing. Fontaine's going to see it as some progressive piece in the restrictive fifties, some gay rights thing rejected by the mainstream. She loves giving us crap movies like that."

"Sure, maybe that's it." Felicia gulped. "How-how'd she hypnotize the girl?"

Carly raised an eyebrow at her.

"Maybe it's some kind of hidden message about…" She struggled for a plausible lie. "Something," she finished lamely.

Carly nodded as if she understood perfectly. Most of their film analysis was snatching at straws anyhow. "Did something with her eyes. Making her stare into them, telling her that she had to obey her words or her will." Felicia shivered, a voice whispering the commands in the back of her mind. But somehow it sounded quieter, muted.

"And there was a cheesy spiral on the screen for a couple of minutes. Really over the top but then again I think they were just doing it as filler. I think Miss Fontaine really misfired on this one, but who knows with her batshit crazy tastes."

"So the Snake Goddess didn't hypnotize you?" Felicia asked honestly, pleadingly.

Carly sat up and smiled before putting on a fake blank expression and raising her arms like a zombie. "Yes Snake Goddess, I will obey your words. Make me your lesbian slave girl."

Felicia forced herself to smile while inside she was screaming for answers. It was alright for Carly to joke about it but she had no way of knowing the hypnosis was real, that the Snake Goddess was real. Felicia did have to obey her every word. She'd been turned into a lesbian slave girl. Had followed everything her Mistress asked of her. So why wasn't Carly hypnotized?

Carly was too busy to notice her confusion, laughing at her own joke. She turned to the TV and waved her hand at Felicia to get her attention. "There you go, that's the evil bitch there."

Felicia turned and saw the Snake Goddess appear on screen, draped in her clinging white gown as she strode past her kneeling slaves by the riverside. But this time Felicia really saw her. Not with any spiral appearing in her mind or voices hissing seductively in her ears. It was just an actress. An extremely hot actress with a large chest and deep black hair, but still completely normal.

The redhead blinked in surprise, realizing she could still think. The Snake Goddess was there, but she hadn't gone into trance like normal. But then, that was what was supposed to be normal. Hypnosis wasn't real. Mind control wasn't real. Felicia licked her dry lips, forcing herself to face the blasphemous truth. The Snake Goddess wasn't real. Just a film character.

But all the times she'd went into trance over the last few days, woken up and finding she'd been manipulated through the movie. Felicia realized it might have been a nervous breakdown. Hell, being convinced you're under the spell of a movie character registers as a psychotic break.

Ariel! She'd been hypnotized too. And Beth. Felicia wasn't crazy, that night something had happened to all three of them. But whatever it was, Carly had just proved that it wasn't a movie villainess secretly controlling them. Felicia melted back into the couch, trying to come to terms with this momentous change. But it meant they were free, at least. However she might have psyched herself into believing it Felicia could watch the boring movie as nothing more than a bad cheesy film. Maybe facing that fact would be enough to snap Ariel out of it too, though she seemed to be coping fine with it in her own way. And Beth hadn't been affected after that night either.

Felicia let out a sigh, feeling the horrible weight of fighting the Snake Goddess slide from her shoulders. There wasn't a need to save her friends anymore, they were already free. Best not to even mention how worked up she'd gotten over it. Felicia realized she had a mountain of assignments waiting for her back in her room. Not to mention getting back to her job to make up for all the money she'd spent on video editing supplies. But all of it seemed worth it knowing her life was back to normal.

The Snake Goddess didn't exist so the threat was over.

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Beth shook with exertion as she willed the orgasm forward, fingers working her clit sore but she had to cum no matter what. In her mind she repeated the mantras she could only half remember, swore her life to serving the Snake Goddess if only her all powerful mistress would let her slave cum.

But once again whatever pleasure she'd managed to build up slipped away and she went crumbling down off the cresting wave as it melted away. Beth swore angrily, taking her hands away to give her body time to recover. She'd been rubbing at her pussy for over an hour, the lips red and sore from the abuse. Her tits had it worse. The tiny girl was certain her small breasts would show bruises tomorrow with how roughly she'd been groping at herself. Gingerly she removed the clothespins she'd stuck on her nipples, hoping making things a little kinkier would have helped.

She been down on her knees masturbating. Had taken a leather belt and used it to spank her ass as best she could. Beth had groveled to the imaginary Mistress, kissing the floor and pleading for relief. But nothing she did would help her cum. At this point she was certain it was all in her head. But then that's where the Snake Goddess was hiding, Beth almost able to feel the dominant sorceress slithering within her thoughts. Picturing her was the only thing that helped her get close. That and…

And Ariel. Beth blushed, surprised she still had any heat or blood left to flow after the failed masturbation. It wasn't even picturing herself fucking her friend that helped Beth get turned on. Or fantasizing about her friend surrendering to the Snake Goddess, though that had gotten her close too. Even Felicia appeared in some of the fantasies but apparently Beth just wasn't as into redheads. Somehow the thought of only just kissing Ariel, or being able to hold her hand as they walked to class was enough to get her engine roaring.

Had the Snake Goddess really given her a schoolgirl crush on her best friend? Or had the hypnosis just knocked loose some emotions that had been hiding under the surface? Beth hardly wanted to deal with the reality of it, but her sexual frustration had become entirely too unbearable.

After exhausting herself and every improvised sex toy she could get her hands on Beth had come to two final conclusions. The only thing that would finally allow her to climax was watching the film again and going into trance for the Snake Goddess. Or she'd be able to cum if she admitted her new feelings for Ariel and the two slept together. Maybe sex wasn't even necessary for it. If she only expressed her honest feelings and got that weight off of her chest then maybe it would remove the mental block that was stopping her from cumming. Beth just needed to tell Ariel that she loved her.

Beth got dressed quickly so she could head out to Ariel's dorm. She knew for certain she'd never be able to admit her honest feelings so all that was left was to think of how to sneak in and steal the tape for herself.

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A few minutes later the tiny blonde was knocking on the door nervously. Whatever excuse she had prepared for Ariel escaped her when Felicia answered the door instead. With the redhead having spent all week locked up in her room simply seeing her out in the open had thrown Beth off.

"Oh, hey Felicia. How have you been?"

"Pretty good. Sorry I've been MIA, I had a lot of coursework for my classes." Felicia stepped back to let Beth in but she noticed how the redhead averted her eyes as she spoke. For a moment Beth had the crazy idea that maybe the Snake Goddess had affected Felicia as well. But there wasn't a chance of that happening. Beth was the suggestible one, it's the only reason the movie had hit her so much harder than it had ever seemed to hit Ariel. With her sharp mind Felicia had probably never even given the movie a second thought.

"Don't worry, I know what that's like. Is…um, Ariel here?"

Felicia gave her a curious look as the girl's voice cracked, sounding like a smitten schoolgirl asking about her crush. Thankfully Felicia seemed to brush it aside as she picked up her backpack.

"She's at her lit class. Which is your class too, right?"

Beth blushed and put on her best innocent face. "I'm feeling kind of sick so I took the day off. I just came by to get some notes from Ariel. For another class I missed this morning. Cause I'm sick."

"Right," Felicia said skeptically, then shrugged. "You do look kind of out of it today. Hope you feel better."

Beth smiled and tried to ignore the slight insult at her looks. Then again she'd spent the entire morning masturbating and edging so she probably could pass for having a bug.

"I'm heading out to go study but you can stay here and wait for Ariel if you want. I'd stay and chat but I've got a lot of work to make up."

"I thought you'd spent the last few days doing schoolwork?"

Now Felicia was the one to act guilty, quickly averting her eyes. "Yeah, that was all for one class though, a big assignment. So now I have to focus on the rest." She gave the tiny blonde an almost pleading look, hoping she'd believe the lie. Beth would have said something but then again she was standing here lying too.

"No problem, hope the assignments go well."

"Me too," Felicia said relieved. As soon as the door shut Beth raced to Ariel's room, shaking with excitement. Her heart had practically been beating against her chest like it was a punching bag, the fear of being caught terrifying yet exhilarating her at the same time. The shame of what she was doing. But none of that mattered. Because she had to find the tape, find her Goddess.

Beth went through the shelves, cursing herself for thinking that they'd leave the hypnotic tape out with her other films. She started going through her dresser drawers, turning bright red when she opened one to find herself staring at Ariel's underwear. Like a horny teen her body went into overdrive. Wanting to stop herself before she did something stupid Beth quickly shut the drawer. It occurred to her that maybe Ariel had snuck the tape in there to keep it safe, but Beth resolved to leave that as a last resort. Giving into the temptation of the Snake Goddess was bad enough, but going through Ariel's underwear seemed to be taking things too far.

But a few minutes of futile searching was starting to drain her patience. Her legs were trembling, pussy wet and eager to be played with again. She didn't feel sore from how she'd abused her body earlier. Simply the idea that she would be breaking in to find the tape, violating her friends trust so that she could submit to her Goddess. The devotion her need had instilled in her would surely please the evil queen.

Giving up on checking the closet Beth left Ariel's room and tried Felicia's door but it was firmly locked. The thin girl considered trying to pick the lock but gave up on the idea on the basis that she didn't have a clue how you were supposed to do that. She went back to check over Ariel's room yet it was proving hopeless. Any space large enough for the VHS tape to be hidden was empty.

She dropped to her knees, close to tears. It wasn't fair. Beth didn't want to be some horny slave, she'd never agreed to being brainwashed like this. But now the constant need was driving her mad and if she didn't give in soon she was afraid of what would happen. Sniffling Beth had to admit that she had no choice. She would have to ask her friends if she could watch the tape, knowing what they would think of her for giving in.

Beth borrowed a tissue and dabbed her eyes, trying to think of how disappointed Ariel would be in her. As she tossed away the tissue she stopped, noticing something rolled up behind the trashcan. Gingerly she enrolled the poster and found herself staring into the eyes of her goddess. Beth whimpered excitedly, expressing her sheer joy as if she were a trained dog seeing her owner once again.

The image of the snake queen was clearly blurry since Ariel had ordered it custom from a copy shop, blowing it up from a picture she found off the internet. Even holding it in her hands Beth was able to see how colors blended together unevenly, large pixels blurred making the lines. But it was the Snake Goddess, her Mistress. Even in the hazy image she felt the instant pull within her mind, the need to please her.

Beth ran to the wall and snatched up some thumbtacks off of the desk. Luckily for her four of them were sitting right on the top. Then she realized that these were no doubt the ones holding the poster up in the first place. Ariel must have stripped it down once she'd realized how the film had hypnotized her. Even with the overwhelming crush she had on the shy girl Beth thought to herself how stupid she must have been to taken it down. Committed an act of sacrilege against their mistress. No doubt she was scared of the power the character had over her, the poster a constant reminder of her submission. Beth was scared of what the movie character had done with her as well. But that fear only proved that it was her place to submit.

Smiling giddily Beth found the tiny holes in the wall. Methodically she laid the poster in position and returned the pins to their rightful place. Returned her Mistress to her rightful place over the girls. Beth backed away, staring in rapture. When she reached Ariel's bed she allowed herself to fall on her ass. Instinctively she knew this was where Ariel sat when she masturbated, because it afforded you the best view of the Snake Goddess. And at this distance she was magnificent.

Across the room the once blurry poster now appeared perfect, everything coming into focus as her Mistress smiled down at her servant, one hand stretched out invitingly. Red lips smirking in victory, as if she were witnessing the girl's submission herself. Beth smiled as she realized how slow her thoughts were moving. She might have described it as being drugged, but Beth had plenty of experience there. This was so much more pure. Her thoughts becoming fuzzy and clouded as the mantras to the serpent queen hissed in her ears.

Beth unzipped her shorts, sliding them out from under her. She hadn't bothered with panties after she'd run out of dry pairs. But Beth figured her Goddess would approve of the sight. Lifting her legs in the air Beth left the shorts around one ankle, letting them hang on sway as she began pleasuring herself.

Beth stared at the enormous breasts of her Mistress, licking her lips eagerly. She wanted to kiss them, grind her face into the dominant woman's cleavage. Submit herself entirely to the body of her queen, whatever she desired. Fingers plunging into her Beth moaned. Having spent a week masturbating Beth had thought she'd become well acquainted with pleasure. But simply performing for the Snake Goddess had enhanced everything as Beth knew it would. Her Mistress provided this sublime pleasure. And in return she only had to sink deeper and surrender.

"I must obey your words," Beth moaned eagerly.

"Your will compels me to obey." Thumb sliding over her wet clit, making her hips shake.

"Serving my Mistress is the greatest honor of my life." Legs trembling as she kept them up in the air.

"I devote myself to your desires in all things." Beth could feel it, so close now.

"All must come to love the beauty of the Snake Goddess." So fucking good.

"Your slave will carry out your will."

"Beth? What are you doing?"

Beth's smile dropped a fraction, but she was too far gone to care much. What was she doing? She was serving her Mistress as she was meant to.

"Beth, stop that. Please."

Why would her Mistress want her to stop? She was so close to cumming. But she had to obey no matter what. So Beth dropped her legs and stopped teasing her clit, collapsing back against the bed. Her head was swimming through pleasure and her thoughts were still slow in coming. Even if she hadn't cum this was the best she'd felt all week.

"Can you hear me, Beth?"

"Of course I can," she answered dreamily.

"Beth wake up!"

She blinked, breaching the surface. Beth groaned, vision blurry as if she'd snapped out of a deep nap. But fuck that had felt good. Beth sat up now, smiling happily. Until she saw Ariel standing in the doorway, stunned at the sight of her friend masturbating on her bed. Beth froze, hands flying to her crotch to try and hide her pussy from view. How the hell was she going to explain this?