

Tomb Raider: Raw Recruit

Chapter 10

Doc kneaded the slut's tits, one at a time.

Nothing over the top – he didn't want to snap her out of the trance – but enough to prove a point. And to enjoy himself.

The Vanguard's had a few busty slaves back at their main base. But none were quite so large and perfect as the subject he had before him right now. *The* Lara Croft. The same Lara Croft that'd been a thorn in the Vanguard's side for years, who'd sent so many men to Doc's offices that he'd lost count – and those were the ones lucky enough to have survived their encounters with the famed Tomb Raider.

And yet, here she was. In Doc's office. Clad in a skimpy maid outfit that could barely contain the woman's impressive bust.

Truly, a remarkable specimen.

"You're being groped right now, aren't you Lara?" He asked.

A faint pink entered the girl's cheeks. "Yes."

"Do you feel ashamed?"

"No..." The colour spread from her cheeks, painted her whole face pink.

"Embarrassed, perhaps," Doc said. "Shy, even. Or, maybe, you're happy at the interest and attention you're receiving. But there's no shame. Because you shouldn't feel ashamed."

The girl bobbed her head up and down.

"Shame is for prudes. And you're not a prude. Are you?"

"No..." Lara answered, swaying her head slowly from side to side. "I'm not..."

Doc Slid his fingers under the top of the maid costume, where thin cloth met smooth skin. Slowly, keeping an eye on Lara's face, he pulled the cloth down. Exposing more milky white skin.

Lara barely reacted to Doc's actions. Save, perhaps, a deepening of her blush. From soft pink to cherry red. A flush of arousal?

He kept going, dragging the cloth further down Lara's ample chest, beaming when pink areola and hard nipples peeked out and popped free of their fabric prison. He didn't stop dragging the cloth down until both of Lara's magnificent breasts were fully exposed.

"There is nothing wrong with being a slut," Doc stated. "And all sluts should be shamelessly so."

He gave one of her nipples a little pinch. Testing.

Hypnosis – especially drug-fuelled trances like this – could be finicky. Lara had taken enough Vanguard dick by now that it'd be impossible for her to remember just how many there'd been, let alone how many times she'd taken any individual one. And yet, she wasn't *completely* conquered. Her mind wasn't broken yet. And thus, anything Doc said or did could trigger Lara's old self to spring forward.

Out there, in the halls of Croft Manor where Vanguard's roamed, Lara wouldn't think twice to being groped and fondled. Would welcome it, even. But here, in a trance like this, it was entirely possible that she'd react very negatively.

Not that she did.

For as strong and capable as Lara Croft might've been, her mind was as vulnerable to change and manipulation as anyone's.

"Can you feel it, Lara? The cold air on your fat tits? They're out. Exposed. Not covered in the slightest. Can you feel it?"

"Y-yes."

"Do you feel any shame? Any need to cover up?"

"No..." Her brow furrowed.

"A prude would. But you're no prude. You, Lara, are a slut."

The tiniest hints of a scowl. It was cute, really. Massive tits out, face flushed, wearing a skimpy little costume. And her mind *still* rejected the title.

Doc chuckled. "You are a member of the Vanguard's," he said.

Lara nodded her head.

"Your duties in the Vanguard's require you to sexually satisfy other Vanguard's when prompted."

Another nod. Shallower this time.

"Good," Doc grinned. "Let's put that to the test, shall we?"

The girl frowned in an echo of confusion.

Doc unbuckled his belt, stood and lowered his pants.

As he stepped close to the lounging chair Lara was seated on, Doc took hold of his cock. Pointed it at Lara's face.

"Open your mouth," he told Lara. "This is part of your medical examination."

His authority as her 'doctor' outweighed any natural hesitations Lara might've had. She opened her mouth wide, as if to allow Doc to peer inside. Instead, he pressed the tip of his dick to Lara's plump lips.

"I am also a member of the Vanguard's. That's my cock on your lips right now, Lara. What do you do when a Vanguard's member needs relief?"

The corners of her mouth twitched, unfocused eyes blinking.

"That's it," he said when he felt her tongue tickle his tip. "Do your duty. This is your purpose."

He pressed a little harder, pushed a little more of his dick into her mouth. Her tongue reacted lethargically, lapping slowly at his dick's head. Her lips pressed lightly around its girth, sucking gently.

A lazy blowjob. But a blowjob all the same.

Doc smiled, let himself enjoy this simple pleasure. As he always did, when helping Lara with her migraines.

"Sluts love to suck cocks," Doc said. "Don't they?"

Lara gave a mumbled 'yes' around his cock.

"Sluts take it up the ass and beg for more," Doc said.

"Uh-huh," Lara murmured, Doc's dick distorting the sound.

"You love to suck cock," Doc added softly. "You beg for more when a man fucks your ass. And you do a whole lot of other slutty things. Things most women – prudes especially – would never be willing to. We are defined by our actions, Lara. And your actions are that of a shameless slut."

She frowned, but kept licking him. Kept sucking.

"Accept it," he told her. "Face the truth."

Still she kept sucking. Not stopping for a moment.

If anything, she started sucking harder. More vigorously. Taking more of his length, using her tongue more enthusiastically.

"You are a shameless slut. And there is nothing wrong with that. It's who you are. A shameless slut."

Lara tried to say something, but the only sound Doc heard was a *glug*. A wet splutter. A tiny choke.

"Repeat these words in your head: 'I am a shameless slut'. Over and over again. Repeat them whenever you feel that other Lara stirring. Repeat it whenever you're thinking too much and giving yourself a headache. Repeat it whenever you see Vanguard's cock. You are a shameless slut. And be proud of it. Embrace who you are, Lara. What are you?"

The words popped into Lara's head as she walked back from the chief medic's office. And, though they caused a tingle of embarrassment to spread through her, it wasn't

an uncomfortable thought.

She was a shameless slut.

Even now, she could pick up the aftertaste of cum in her mouth; which was interesting, since she couldn't remember giving anyone head recently. Indeed, most of her visit to the Vanguard's medical professionals was a blur. She'd talked to a bored young man who acted as secretary and apprentice to the chief, and then she'd gone in to see Doc himself. After that... Nothing. Except leaving Doc's office feeling groggy.

On the bright side, her headache was gone. Mostly.

Where there'd been a stabbing pain in the back of her head, now there was a dull, numb throbbing. Not the most comfortable. But miles better than the migraine from before.

I am a shameless slut.

And there was nothing wrong with that.

All throughout her childhood, her parents and tutors had reinforced the importance of propriety. Teaching her proper etiquette, proper linguistics, the right way to walk and to eat and to talk. It'd been stifling.

And it was why she'd rebelled against it all, as soon as she'd had the freedom to do so. Her early adulthood, spent galivanting around the world, exploring long-forgotten places and acting in a very unladylike manner.

But she'd never been that *slutty*.

There'd been flings. Boyfriends. Few and far between. And the occasional passionate night spent with an enemy turned lover. But nothing extreme. And nothing worthy of the label of 'slut'.

As she looked back, remembered, a tiny pain began to form in the back of her head again. A sharp needle.

She'd never been a slut. Not really. Not until joining the Vanguard's.

The voice in the back of Lara's mind said something, but Lara refused to listen. Refused to acknowledge that shadow of her past. The prudish voice of a privileged, cold upbringing.

With the Vanguard's, Lara was safe. She was home.

More importantly, she was free to discover herself. Figure out who she really was, when all else was stripped away. Here, amongst the Vanguard's, she was discovering who she truly was.

And that, it turned out, was a shameless slut.

What would her old tutors think of her now? The crotchety old men and women who'd scolded her for slouching and for running in the corridors; what would they think if they could see who she'd become? A slut who loved sucking cock and took it up the ass like a champ – sometimes both simultaneously.

She smiled. Strode with head held high.

This was who she was. And she refused to be ashamed of it.

That night, Lara went to bed sore.

Her entire body, from head to toes, ached with satisfaction. Like muscles after a long workout, only all over. Every inch of her.

Over the last however many hours, she'd been fucked and used in every way imaginable. Fucked from behind after being bent over a desk. Slammed against a wall and ridden so hard, the brick wall left a red imprint pattern on her back and ass. Held upside down and told to blow a man while another used her thighs as a makeshift fleshlight.

She'd used her mouth, her tits, her hands, even her feet. And still the Vanguard's found new ways to utilise every curve and crevice of her body. Pleasuring a man between her forearm and bicep had certainly been a new, interesting experience.

Lara was *exhausted*.

Too tired to ignore the voice. The angry voice in the back of her mind. The voice that

refused to go away, no matter how much Lara wished it would.

They're using you. It told her.

"I know," Lara yawned, curling up on her cot.

This isn't who you are.

"Yes, it is."

This is wrong.

"Nu-uh," Lara hummed, closing her eyes.

Still the voice persisted. Poking and prodding.

Being a slut seemed to silence it. Or, at least, to quiet it enough for Lara to ignore.

Pursing her lips, she reached down.

Her pussy throbbed when her fingertips brushed over it. A tingling ache; the consequences of overuse. But it wasn't a *bad* pain. More like, it was a reminder of who she was. *What* she was.

A shameless slut.

For that's what she must be. What other kind of person would pleasure themselves through the pain, after having spent the day taking dick and trading satisfaction with so many men? What other kind of woman would still be willing for more? More pleasure, more agony, more sex...

She filled her mind with memories of the day. The faces. The cocks. Being fucked every which way. Basking in it all.

The voice quietened.

But Lara wasn't thinking of that voice anymore. She wasn't thinking about anything.

When think when she could... not?

Thoughts were burdens, and Lara had enough of those already.

She giggled, reaching with her other hand to squeeze her massive 'burdens'. Groping her tits just as roughly and hungrily as the men had earlier. Burdens they were, with how heavy they were. How much they got in the way. But burdens Lara was happy to bear.

Many minutes later, panting after a body-shaking orgasm, Lara let sleep take her. The voice tried to pipe up, warn or scold Lara about something or other. But Lara was too tired, too euphoric to listen.

Her last thought before the world went black was the same one that'd popped into her head so many times that day.

I am a shameless slut.

"She's conflicted."

George looked from Doc to the pistols on his desk. "Yes," he said. "I can see that."

Doc winced.

"She's not like the other whores," George kept his voice cool, level. "She's... Capable."

"With the medications I've been giving her, and the hypnotic reinforcement-"

"She took her pistols, was walking around the manor with them." George stared hard at Doc. "Docile sluts don't arm themselves for battle. If she'd been walking around carrying dildos, that would be one thing. But *these*?" He reached out, picked up a pistol in each hand and pointed them at Doc. "Things could have gone very wrong for us."

Doc paled, stared down the twin barrels, didn't respond.

"It seems some of us have forgotten who Lara Croft is," George sighed, setting the pistols back down. "The things she's accomplished. If she ever breaks free, realises what we've been doing..."

"That," Doc nodded to the guns, "was a blip. A small echo of her old self poking through. Nothing to be concerned about."

"So you keep telling me."

When Doc opened his mouth to respond, George raised a hand.

"You're underestimating her," George said. "We all are. She's not like her mother, and she's not like the other whores you've brainwashed. She's... Dangerous."

That was the crux of it.

The Vanguard, as a whole, didn't respect Lara. Those who'd never encountered her before, never seen her in action, didn't believe that a woman – especially such a hott, buxom one – could be as capable and deadly as the stories they'd heard. And those who *had* encountered that old Lara – and who were still alive to remember the experience – had every reason to resent and look down on her in her current form. Hard to imagine that, prior to a few months ago, 'Lara Croft' had been something of a boogie man to the Vanguard. The wraith they blamed all their failings on.

And now they had her. A caged lion that they all treated like a sex kitten. Something George was guilty of himself.

"How long until she's fully tamed?" He asked.

"Impossible to say," Doc said, glancing from George to the pistols. "She's compartmentalised her new and old personas. I am currently in the process of relegating that old persona – the Tomb Raider – to the background. How long it'll take to completely suppress it, I can't begin to guess at."

"So what, she has two personalities?"

"Not exactly," Doc shrugged. "It's more like... Regression. If I were to hypnotise you-" George narrowed his eyes at Doc, who immediately stammered, "or anyone! Anyone at all! If I were to hypnotise someone, I could have them remember a younger version of themselves – their child self, or what-have-you. We call it Hypnotic Regression. Bringing out past memories and experiences and the like. Only, with Lara, that past self is *always* out – albeit in the background."

"And you can't put it – that part of her – to sleep?"

"I could..." Doc looked away. "But that wouldn't make it disappear. It'd just make her more unpredictable. Liable to 'wake up', so to say, at any time. Keeping it awake in the background while training Lara to ignore and go against it is, I believe, a much more reliable approach."

George hummed. Tapped his fingers on the desk.

Doc wasn't a fool. The man knew his trade. George would go along with him, back him up when it came to the rest of the Vanguard's leadership. But...

His eyes lingered on the pistols. Lara's pistols.

Things could've gone very wrong a few nights ago, when the girl had decided to take them up. If not for one of the goons fucking her into submission, who knew how things might've turned out.

"This 'old Lara'. She's always awake?"

Doc nodded. "For now."

George considered that for a long few seconds. Quiet seconds – Doc knew better than to interrupt George's thoughts.

Finally, he inhaled a breath.

"I'm going to go see her," George decided, snatching up the pistols. "Go get some rest. I want you working on her more often. Every day. Multiple times a day, if you can."

"If I might offer a suggestion before you go, sir," Doc chimed as George stood.

George looked to the man, nodded.

"Bring her squad here. Part of the recent issues, I believe, are down to familiarity. This was Croft's home. The Tomb Raider part of her recognises it, feels a degree of comfort here, while the Vanguard's part is overwhelmed and lost. Bringing Croft's squad here, having them act as a beacon of familiarity for her, will strengthen the Vanguard's part of her."

"Fine," George grunted, walking past Doc.

Lara jolted awake, hopping from her cot into a low crouch. An old instinct springing out at the sound of her door opening.

She relaxed a heartbeat later, seeing who stood in the doorway.

Old, portly, affable George.

"Oh," Lara blushed, rising to stand. "Hey..."

She couldn't see much of his face, silhouetted as he was with the light behind him, but Lara noted George's raised eyebrow.

"Sorry, I was just..."

"Sleeping?" George chuckled. "Apologies for waking you, my dear."

"It's okay!" Lara stood straighter, hands behind her back. "What can I help you with, sir?"

"At ease," the man said, waving a dismissive hand. "I'm not here as a superior, Lara. I'm here as a friend. May I enter?"

The room wasn't large. In fact, it was tiny. Barely enough room for her small cot and pack. But she couldn't deny George, could she?

She took a step back, sat down on the edge of her cot and hoped there was enough room for George to sit comfortably beside her. As she moved, he followed. Planted himself down on the cot, his weight shifting the cot and Lara's balance. She leaned away, tried to give him as much space as possible.

"Ah," the older man sighed, nodding his head. "Cosy little room you've got here."

"Yes sir."

"Lara," George began, sounding serious now. "You've known me since you were little. I like to think I've been there for you, helped you when you needed it. Taken care of you."

Lara nodded her head slowly, suddenly tense.

"I need to ask you something, and I need you to be completely honest with me. It's vitally important that you don't keep anything back. I've put myself in a precarious position within the Vanguard for recruiting you, a former rival. I've put my reputation on the line for you, Lara. So I need you to tell me the truth, you understand?"

Lara gulped, nodded her head again.

"Why, my dear," George reached behind his back, pulled two objects out from where they'd been concealed under his belt and jacket, "did you steal these the other night?"

Her pistols. One in each hand.