

## Tomb Raider: Raw Recruit

### Chapter 3

How long had she been here?

Days? Weeks? Months? Years?

When she tried to think back, her mind fogged over. Robbed her of the clarity she'd once taken for granted.

It felt like a long time. A lifetime.

The same routine, the same situations, endlessly repeating to the point that they all blended together. Only... were those all different days? Or the same day playing over and over again in her mind?

Her head throbbed when she thought about it.

So she stopped thinking about it.

Focused on her tasks instead.

She carried a tray laden with food. Bowls overflowing with spicy stew, the aroma of it wafting into Lara's nostrils and making her stomach rumble. Her mouth watered, and the temptation to set the tray down and claim one of the bowls for herself was strong.

*The squad comes first.*

There wasn't enough for the whole squad. One bowl was missing, and Lara was under no illusions as to who'd be going without.

If she was lucky, the rest of her squad would give her their cold leftovers. If not, she'd have to make do with stale bread and crumbs. It'd all depend on how well she completed her task, how thankful the others were of her effort.

Head held high, she strode into their small, shared barracks.

As always, the group was gathered around Lara's cot. Dirty boots on her sheet and blanket, her pillow used as a makeshift towel to wipe away their sweat and grime. Unsanitary, certainly. But pride blossomed in Lara's chest at the sight.

It was, after all, *her* cot they chose. *Her* space they gravitated towards, liked to spend time near.

A sure sign that they saw her as a teammate.

She approached them, smiling wide.

"Jugs!" One of them called. "About time!"

"Hurry it, Bimbo! We're starving here!"

"Dumb cunt," she heard one mutter loudly.

The words slid off her like water on a non-stick pan. No hurt or offence. Just total acceptance.

In a world of men and testosterone, this kind of talk was to be expected. Braggadocios and challenging; all of them eager to prove they were *real men*. That they felt comfortable including Lara in their bluster and masculine peacocking was a source of joy for her.

It'd all clicked one night as she'd been staring up at the ceiling, unable to sleep. Understanding coming to her in the dead of night.

Ribbing each other, mocking jabs, it was all a part of being a man in this environment. They were *supposed* to make rude comments at each other. It was, in a weird way, how these tough men bonded with one another.

Them calling her names, mocking her, insulting her. It was just their way bonding with her too.

"Don't got all day, Slut," Brock snapped.

Lara beamed with pride.

"Yessir," she said, quickly setting the tray down on her cot and taking a step back.

In moments, the men were slurping down their meals. Spoonfuls of stew shovelled into hungry mouths, with the occasional 'accidents' leading to even more mess and stains

on Lara's cot. Not that she paid much attention to it. Back straight, chin high, she stood at attention as the men ate. Waited for her next command.

"Jumping jacks," Brock said between mouthfuls. "Make those tits bounce, Croft. And don't stop until I say so."

Lara hopped into motion right away, launching herself into sets of star jumps without hesitation. Commands were meant to be followed, not questioned. It was one of the hard lessons she'd had to learn here.

Independent thinking was the bane of an organised force.

Unquestioning obedience was her duty. Her purpose.

She bounced on the spot, the guys openly staring at her heavy chest. Smirks and laughter were her reward for the exercise, little comments about her 'udders' and intelligence – or lack thereof. Heat spread through her.

The more she jumped, the more her tank top hiked up her body. Each bounce of her large breasts tugging the cloth further and further askew.

First her flat, toned stomach came into view. Then underboob. Then a stray nipple.

Her chest began to ache. The constant bouncing of her heavy chest. Then the rest of her body; limbs tired from training earlier began to throb with the effort of jumping. Minutes ticked by, Lara's breath growing ever more ragged.

"How long 'til the whore is ready to bounce on cock?" One of her squad mates asked.

"Not much longer," Brock promised. "The drug's in full control now. Give it a few more days, and she'll be nothing but a mindless slave."

"Don't know if I can wait 'a few more days' chief. Look at her! How am I supposed to wait when I have to look at *that* every day?"

"You'll manage," Brock grunted. "No *action* until I get the green light. Understood?"

"Yeah, yeah," a grumbling reply came. "I got it."

Something about the conversation hit a nerve. Summoned up some forgotten emotion that burned inside Lara's chest. What the emotion was, she couldn't quite remember. And why she was feeling it was even more of a mystery.

The guys were just bantering. That was all.

"Croft," Brock snapped.

"Sir?" She panted, continuing her star jumps.

"Your top is getting in the way," he said. "Lose it."

"Yessir!"

Still jumping, she clutched at the flimsy garment and tugged it over her head, dropped it to the floor. Naked from the waist up, she continued jumping. Breathing heavily, sweat beading on her brow, tits dancing wildly.

"Do you know why I make you exercise more than everyone else?" Brock asked, eyes flicking from her face to her chest.

"No sir!"

"It's because of those fat tits," Brock said, setting his empty bowl down on the cot. "You weigh more than a girl your height should, and it's not because of muscle mass. Those funbags are weighing you down. Holding you back."

The words entered Lara's mind, hung there.

She couldn't find any flaw in the logic. Certainly, there'd been many times in her life that her large bust had made things difficult.

Perhaps her breasts *were* holding her back.

"And you're holding the squad back," Brock continued. "You're the slowest of us. The weakest. The stupidest. It's to be expected. You *are* a woman, after all. A dumb girl who wants to play with the big boys, but just ends up ruining all the fun."

"I'm," Lara gasped, the aches across her chest slowly shifting to sharp pain as skin slapped skin. "I'm sorry, sir."

"Sorry for what?"

"I'm sorry for..." Lara gulped, panted. "For holding you back."

"Repeat after me," Brock commanded. "I'm Lara Croft and I'm a stupid whore with fat tits."

"I'm Lara Croft," she gasped. "And I'm a... a stupid whore with... with fat tits."

The men chuckled, leered at her.

"And don't you forget it," Brock said. "From now on, whenever you come last in a race or exercise or *anything*, we're going to punish you for it. Keep coming last, and the punishments will keep getting worse. One way or another, you're going to be useful to this squad, Croft. If it's on your feet or on your back is up to you."

"Y-yessir."

Just before light's out, Brock came to Lara's cot.

She was just about to climb in, get comfortable for the night, when he kicked the cot's frame. The whole thing toppled onto its side, blanket and pillow sprawling out on the cold floor.

"Your cot's a mess," Brock sneered.

"I- I'm sorry, sir."

"Sorry isn't good enough," Brock snapped. "Look at all that filth! Stains and dirt and god-knows what else. Do you think that's a healthy, reasonable way to live? Sleeping in filth?!"

"No sir!"

"So long as you're on my squad, you will *not* be sleeping on a bed that'll make you sick. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir!"

See, a little voice in her head said. *He really does care.*

"Unfortunately," Brock continued. "We don't have a spare bed to replace *that*," he pointed at the overturned cot. "So tonight, and until I can arrange for a replacement, you'll be sleeping on my cot instead."

Which begged the question; where would *he* be sleeping?

The thought of him roughing it on the ground while she had his comfy cot made Lara's chest swell with appreciation. It wasn't so long ago that she'd have rejected the notion, insisted that she be the one to sleep on the ground. But, since coming here, she'd learned an important lesson about her place as a woman amongst a group of strong men. A lesson reinforced daily. Who was *she* to question *them*? If this was what Brock had decided, it was *right*.

The man looked at his watch, shook his head.

"Light's out in fifty seconds," he called out loud. Then, to Lara, he spoke quieter. "Come on then, best get comfy while the lights are still on."

At first, Lara was confused as she followed Brock to his cot. Surely, he wasn't showing her where it was. She was dumb, but not *that* dumb. Was she?

But, when he lifted the blanket and climbed onto the cot, got comfy, Lara realised what was happening.

They were going to *share* the cot.

She hesitated, some ancient part of her mind stirring.

"Twenty seconds," Brock barked.

Lara launched into motion, driven by her will to please and to obey. She climbed under the blanket with Brock, tried her best to get comfortable. But, in the cramped space, it was impossible.

These cots were barely big enough for one person, let alone two.

"Stop moving around," Brock snapped at her.

She froze, went limp.

Brock squeezed in close behind her; his chest to her back and his hot breath on her neck. When something solid prodded her backside through her shorts, Lara shuddered despite herself.

For long minutes, nothing happened.

The situation she was in prevented her from sleeping. Every time she closed her eyes, the image of a hard cock prodding her backside sprang into her mind. A wild flurry of emotions bounced around inside her. Uncertainty warred with arousal, fear wrestled with pride, loathing was crushed under the weight of joyful and unexpected love swelling her heart.

When a rough hand touched her arm, Lara flinched.

Brock's fingers squeezed her elbow, slid past it and around to her firm tummy.

Her breath caught, heart pounding.

*He must be asleep.*

A little whimper poured from her lips when the hand moved again, pressing into the underside of a breast.

The man's fingertips dragged across the soft flesh, drawing rough lines as they explored her tit. When his palm pressed over her nipple, his fingers digging into her as he roughly groped and squeezed her breast, Lara let out a loud gasp.

"S-sir," she breathed, embarrassed by the quiver in her voice. "You're... you're touching my..."

"I let you sleep in my cot," his voice snarled into her ear, sharp and quiet. "And you have the gall to *complain*?"

"No... I mean... I'm sorry, sir," she shrank in on herself.

"You should be *thanking* me, Croft."

"I..." She breathed, gulped.

"Well?!" He demanded in a harsh whisper.

"Th- thank you, sir."

"For what, Croft?"

"For sharing your cot with me, sir."

"As long as you're in my bed," the man snapped, "you're mine. My property. My fucking *body pillow*. Got it?"

"Yes sir," she whimpered.

"What are you right now, Croft?"

"Your body pillow, sir."

"Exactly," Brock whispered, glee filling his dark voice. "If I want to touch my body pillow, I will. If I want to hug my body pillow, I will. If I want to *squeeze* it, I damn well will. Understood?"

"Yes sir..."

"Thank me," he said.

"Sir?"

"Thank me for letting you be my body pillow."

Her voice caught in her throat, heart pounding like a sledgehammer on her ribcage. Eyes open or closed, all she could see was darkness. And the images her mind filled that darkness with. Hard cocks. Delicious, beautiful cocks.

"Thank you for letting me be your body pillow, sir."

"That's all you are, Croft. A pillow. A doll. Property. It's all you'll ever be. Don't you ever fucking forget it."

"Yes sir," she panted, heat coursing through her.

"The next time you have the audacity to complain," Brock promised, "I'll *give* you something to complain about. You'll carry your own weight on my squad, Cow-Tits. And you'll take responsibility for your fuckups."

She trembled, jolts of electricity sparking from the tips of Brock's fingers, his palm.

They coursed through her, spreading heat and tension and tingling numbness to every inch of her body. As he roughly kneaded her tit, manhandled it, it was all Lara could do to keep from moaning out loud.

"Make no mistake, Lara Croft," Brock breathed into her ear. "If I wake up with a hard-on tomorrow because of you, *you're* the one who'll be taking care of it. Got it?"

"Y-yes," she managed to answer through clenched teeth.

"Good. Now shut the fuck up. I don't wanna hear another word from you for the rest of the night. Body pillows don't talk."

Brock woke up with an erecting.

Truth be told, Lara wasn't sure if he'd woken up and gotten it, or if it'd been there all night long – poking and prodding her poor butt. Either way, she knew what she had to do.

*I caused it. I have to fix it.*

It was about taking responsibility for herself. For her presence amongst these men.

A woman training with men? The idea was laughable. Silly. As if she'd *ever* be able to keep up with them. Not only did she belong to the inferior sex, but she was burdened with a body that was made for breeding – not for fighting or exploring.

Facts that'd been drilled into her until she'd had no choice but to face the truth of them.

Her being on this team, it encumbered the others. Made their training and testing here all the harder. If they failed to make it into the Vanguards, it'd be *her* fault.

The *least* she could do was help them where she could.

It made so much sense to her as she stared at the fat, sturdy cock standing tall before her.

This was her place on the squad.

This was something she could be good at.

*This* was how she'd prove herself.

Her delicate hand reached out, dainty fingers wrapping around the base of Brock's tower.

The sensation of touching it only solidified her belief.

How could she have never seen this before?

More than any priceless treasure she'd held, more than her prized pistols, *this* felt right in her hand.

She stroked slowly at first, marvelling at the impressive beast in her grip. A specimen of man-meat that had her salivating as she stared at it. But, when Brock snapped at her, told her to 'get on with it', her amazement gave way to duty.

"Yessir," she said, leaning over and spitting on it.

Lubricant for her handjob.

Pulling her head back, leaning away for the cock, proved surprisingly difficult. Her natural instinct was compelling her to move her face – her mouth – closer to it. She resisted the pull, continued with the task she'd been given.

Brock had told her to jack him off. Not to blow him.

Her nipples tingled, stood out sharp as diamonds.

She was topless, of course. What use did she have for clothes? They'd just get in the way.

"Finally doing something useful for once," Brock grunted, laying back and closing his eyes. Enjoying the sensations.

"Yes sir," Lara said, glowing with pride.

"Don't sound too happy," Brock snapped. "You're terrible at this. How many handies have you given before?"

"Not many," Lara answered, lowering her head. Her pride disappeared in a puff of shame. "Only a few, sir."

"Fucking useless," Brock grunted. "Bet you're shit at sucking cock too. Knowing the great 'Lara Croft', I wouldn't be surprised if you've never even blown a dude before. Cunt like you probably thought she was too good to slurp on cock."

Her face warmed, the shame blending with arousal in a weird mixture that had her breathlessly panting – suffocating under the heat of both.

She'd given head before. Albeit not a lot.

The Lara of the past hadn't liked the taste. Hadn't been able to *appreciate* it. She'd treated it as a 'reward', a sacrifice she'd make to satisfy a lover's fantasy. *That* Lara hadn't understood. Could *never* have understood.

Giving a man head wasn't a 'sacrifice', it was an *honour*.

One she silently wished Brock would allow her one day.

"Bet you've never taken it up the ass, either," Brock added with a humourless chuckle. "Don't you worry, slut. We'll fix *that* soon enough."

Lara bit her lip, let out the tiniest moan.

"By the time we're done with you," Brock continued, his breathing a little heavier. "Lara Croft won't be anything but the Vanguard's personal plaything. You actually thought you could be one of us..." He barked out a laugh. "Fucking moron."

Become one of the Vanguard's? Was that why she was here?

Lara couldn't remember.

And, in the grand scheme of things, did it really matter?

*Here* was where she belonged.

She inhaled a sharp breath, leaned forward and began fondling Brock's balls with her free hand.

This was where she belonged.

And she wasn't *nearly* skilled enough yet to earn her place.

No. She needed to learn. To train and practice. She needed to dedicate herself completely to her role.

She'd never played with a man's balls before, never treated handjobs as anything but a chore until today. But this wasn't a chore. It was her *responsibility*.

Lara squeezed Brock's cock, massaged it, breathed hot air along its length. Teasing and pleasing it in every way she could think of, learning from Brock's reactions what worked best and improving upon it.

Until, at last, his cock pulsed.

Burst after burst shot into the air, came splattering down onto his abs and groin, large blobs landing on her hands.

The man tilted his head back, let out a contented sigh as Lara continued to massage the shaft slowly. Squeezing out every drop of cum until it was soft in her hands.

She stared at the aftermath with a contentment that went far beyond Brock's. A reinforcement of her life's purpose.

"Well?" His voice said eventually, bringing her out of her joyous oblivion. "What're you waiting for?"

She blinked, looked to her squad leader.

He narrowed his eyes at her.

"This mess ain't gonna clean itself, is it? Lick it up."