

Tomb Raider: Raw Recruit

Chapter 4

The boots were a kindness she didn't deserve.

Her squad had told her as much, in much more cruel words. But that was their job. To make sure she understand. She *was* a burden. She *was* holding them back. She *didn't* deserve comfort.

The boots were the only part of her special uniform that didn't fit the rest.

Combat boots. A camouflage print bikini. The outline of a dick painted on her cheek. A red target on her ass. The words 'Vanguard property' drawn onto her flat tummy with an arrow pointing to her crotch. And, of course, her dogtags – attached to the collar around her throat.

It jingled with every step. Every bounce.

Running laps with the guys. Falling behind, as always. Weight down by her huge, bimbo tits and her big, round butt.

Letting the squad down, even now.

She redoubled her efforts, sprinting as fast as her weak body would allow. Her tits flying about, long since having fallen out of her bikini top. Weights that slowed her down, threw her off balance. Her back screaming at her, her legs screaming even louder. Her lungs had it worst though – aflame with agony.

Still, she kept pushing on. Kept going.

For as long as she could.

When she tripped, fell face-first in the wet mud, she heard the onlookers bark cruel laughter.

Other squads, instructors, superiors.

Reminding Lara of her weakness.

Thank you.

In their mockery, they were teaching a valuable lesson. Letting her know *just* how inferior she was. And that was a *gift*. Being who and what she was, she *needed* to be reminded. Needed to be put in her place.

Beneath men.

She pushed herself up onto hands and knees, gasped for breath.

Her sides ached, pain shooting through her with every inhale and ragged exhale. The wet mud on her face and chest slowly dripped from her, returned to the ground beneath. As revolted by her as everything else.

Lower than dirt.

One of her squad members had told her that once. That she was 'lower than dirt'. And here she was, proving him right.

As she regained her breath, Lara looked to the sky.

And was greeted with a bucket of cold water to her face.

She was knocked back, gasped at the icy chill, jerked on the ground before forcing herself to sit up again.

"You're fuckin' filthy," Brock's voice cut through the air. "Get yourself cleaned up. If I find a single spec of mud in my food..."

He didn't finish the warning. Didn't need to.

There wouldn't be dirt in the man's dinner. His or anyone else's. Lara would make sure of that. Today, she swore, she wouldn't need to be punished. She'd be a good squad member. She'd be a good girl.

The maid costume fit her body snugly. Hugging her curves, showing them off with all the subtlety of a strip club.

Black corset and skirt, white frills and straps, a black thong and no bra. Atop her

head, a simple maid tiara. Around her waist, a tiny white apron. High heels and stockings for her legs. Black and white lace gloves for her hands.

It'd taken a bit of convincing for her to be willing to put the thing on, originally. She was here to be a soldier, not a maid!

Oh, how silly she'd been.

She wasn't *either*. Too weak to be a proper soldier. Too stupid to be a proper maid. What she *was*, was a member of the *family*. Like old Winston back home; the Croft Manor's aged butler. Not related to the family by blood, but family all the same. And if *Winston* could serve the family, yet still be treated as a part of it, why not *her*?

She wanted to be part of the family, didn't she?

That'd been the truth that'd compelled her to don the costume that first time, and every time after it.

Really, it was nice. A cute little costume to remind her how close she and the squad were. How important she was to them and how much a part of her life they'd become.

As she loaded food onto a little trolley, humming happily all the while, she made sure each plate looked perfect.

Nothing wrong. No dirt, nothing missing.

A perfect dinner for her squad!

So far, so good. She'd definitely get through the rest of the day without any fuckups. For once.

She was careful as she pushed the trolley through the camp, smiling and waving at all the men catcalling her, pointing at her and laughing, making rude sexual gestures. They were simply reminding her of her special place in the camp. The sole female Vanguard recruit! What an honor!

As she entered the squad's sleeping quarters, every meal intact, she basked in the insults they hurled at her.

It was a common thing in military and paramilitary forces. Breaking down new recruits to remold them into something *better*. All those insults they were throwing at her? It was to make *her* better. They were *helping* her.

And she loved them for it.

Lara grinned wide, ferried dinner to the men and gave a big curtsy to them – making sure to go low, lean forward plenty with her head bowed. They liked it that way the best.

"Cow tits!" One barked. "What took you so long?!"

"Probably busy sucking off the cooks," another grunted.

"Cunt," Brock grunted – using Lara's special squad nickname. "Where are the drinks?"

"I prepared them earlier," Lara beamed, striding over to the trunk that used to be for hers. She opened it up to reveal the iced beer bottles inside. "They should be the ideal temperature for you, sir!"

Brock scowled.

"Beer?" One of the squaddies whistled. "Who'd you have to fuck to get your hands on that?!"

"No one," Lara said, shaking her head quickly. "I traded for them."

"Bullshit," Brock snapped. "You've got nothing to trade, 'cept that loose cunt of yours."

"I made a deal," Lara beamed. "With the higher-ups. We get weekly beers and better provisions, and all I had to do was sign away ownership of some Croft assets. No biggie!"

"What assets?" Brock asked, eyebrow raised.

Lara shrugged. "I dunno."

A few of the guys burst out laughing. Probably just overjoyed about the beers and

extra provisions.

"Jesus Christ," Brock shook his head, smirked. "You're one stupid bitch, ya know that?"

"Yes sir!" Lara answered happily.

She served each of the men their meals, getting groped and fondled as she did. A spank here and a flick there. And, determined not to mess up, Lara let none of it bother her. She didn't drop any of the plates, make any mess at all.

As the guys began to eat, she got on with her pre-meal task.

Lara got onto her knees, began servicing each of the men with her mouth. Wrapping her slut lips around their cocks one at a time, sucking and stroking them with trained vigour.

Her job was simple: Make all of them cum before they finished eating.

Drink their cum as a protein snack and wait for them all to finish, so she could have her own dinner.

Whenever her jaw began to ache, her lungs burned for oxygen, she reminded herself of her goal. Her dream. To go a whole day without fucking up. And that – being a worthy member of the squad – was *everything*.

She couldn't slow down. Couldn't allow herself to stop.

As a heavy load of cum shot down her throat, she fought down her gag reflex and took it. Continued sucking on the fat cock until it was drained. Then she let it deflate.

"Damn, she sucks like a vacuum," the guy she'd just drank groaned, his now-floppy cock spilling from her mouth and siding down her chin to dangle limp. "Natural born whore, this one."

The words – a rare compliment – sent a tsunami of pride coursing through her. She beamed, moved onto the next cock in line.

"Whores take payment," one of the other squaddies chuckled. "Cunt here is too stupid to be a whore."

Once upon a time, Lara might've argued that.

Why? Lara didn't know. So much of how she used to be – undisciplined and arrogant, an uppity bitch – was a mystery to her now.

But she was aware of it, in the back of her mind. A few months ago, she'd have denied the factual statement.

Even if she'd wanted to now, the new cock in her mouth would've prevented it.

She slammed her face back and forth, taking the tip of the man's cock as deep down her throat as it'd go. Assaulting it from all sides with her tongue and lips and mouth. Fucking her own face along the impressive meat.

When he was done, she moved onto the next, and the next.

Brock, the last of the group, was just setting his fork down when his cock finally exploded delicious white into Lara's mouth. Wave after thick, gooey wave. Lara drank it all down hungrily, not wasting a drop.

"Sloppy," Brock said, putting his hand on her head and holding it in place, giving her head a few lazy thrusts. "But you're starting to get the hang of it. I wonder how many cocks the great Lara Croft deepthroated before joining the Vanguard's."

Not many. Not *any*.

She'd have said as much, if not for Brock's cock occupying her mouth.

Only when his balls were sucked dry did the squad leader stand up, his cock dragged out of Lara's mouth in one smooth *plop*, was Lara permitted to eat.

The rest of the squad left the building, and Lara collected their plates. Scooped their cold leftovers into one pile. Began eating.

Lara dreamed she was at home. In the past.

She knew she was dreaming, somehow. Her mind was foggy, the world beyond the

dream nothing but a hazy memory.

Where was she?

Lara looked around, felt a sense of familiarity. Of something more that only clicked into place when her eyes fell upon a portrait of her parents.

Home. She was *home*. Croft Manor.

As soon as the realisation hit her, a bit of her confusion vanished. That sense of familiarity expanded into one of comfort and belonging. She was home after so long away!

Away where?

She couldn't recall. One of her adventures, most likely.

Lara wandered through the mansion, moving from room to room without direction.

Until she heard the banging.

Coming from the downstairs. Near the kitchens. The same metaling *bang bang* repeating over and over, growing louder each time. Like the thumping of a beating heart.

Heart pounding to the rhythm of the metal banging, Lara headed in the direction of the noise.

Dread grew in her chest with every step she took.

Until she stood shaking before a large, metal door.

The walk-in freezer.

Lara gulped.

Whatever was trapped in there was *loud*.

Slamming something metal against the door. Over and over, faster and faster.

"Winston?" Lara called, knowing full well the person within wouldn't be able to hear her. "Is that you?"

It wasn't the first time the old butler found himself trapped in the freezer. And that tray he carried around all the time... That *could* be what was making the sound.

Slowly, already knowing she was going to regret it, Lara pressed the button beside the metal door. Releasing its lock, opening it. Releasing whoever – or *whatever* – was trapped inside.

White mist poured out as the door swung inward. A blinding cloud that hid the occupant.

Until she stepped out, brandishing two heavy pistols.

A woman clad in denim short-shorts and a green tank top, a sports bra visible beneath. Brunette, with a braided ponytail hanging over one shoulder.

Lara Croft.

A perfect mirror of her.

Which was raising its pistols right at her.

Lara spun, leapt over a counter just as gunshots sounded behind her. She sprinted, fled as fast as her legs would carry her. Deeper into the mansion, the *pop pop* of gunfire giving chase behind her.

And so the chase began.

Lara sprinted, panting and – for some reason – letting out hot, breathy moans. Her body heating from the exertion. Tingles spreading through her; tickling her skin, numbing her mind.

The dream world shook and trembled all around her. The walls of Croft Manor collapsing into a dark, hazy mist.

Then she felt it.

A hard cock squeezing inside her.

Lara jolted awake, mouth opening to shout out.

Only to find a hand clamped over it.

"Shut it," Brock's voice sounded next to her ear. "You'll wake the others. And if they're awake, they'll all want a turn too. You don't want that. Or hell, maybe you do..."

Others?

Oh.

Her squad. The guys. She was in their little barracks.

It all came back to her. The Vanguard's, basic training, her sleeping arrangements. Her weird dream quickly fading to nonmemory.

Behind her, Brock shifted his hips closer. His cock sliding deeper.

Oh!

His dick was inside her.

She blinked, relaxed.

Started slowly moving her hips, sliding herself on his shaft.

"Slut," Brock breathed into her ear. "You like that?"

She nodded her head as best she could with Brock's hand holding it in place.

"Expect this every night from now on."

His hand slid off her mouth, moved down to grip her throat instead. His other hand, Lara couldn't help but notice, was between her legs. Tying with her clit as his cock squeezed ever deeper inside her.

"Bet you've never had one as big as me before, have you?"

She shook her head, bit her lip to keep from gasping.

"Don't worry, Cunt. You'll be getting it plenty in future. Every day. Every night. You're a Vanguard's fuckdoll now."

The cot's springs creaked beneath them.

At first, it was quiet save for the soft groaning of the cot. But, as it went on, Brock seemed to care less and less about waking the others. He gripped Lara's hips, started truly thrusting into her. Had her grip the cot's mattress as he rose, rolled her onto her knees and *really* got to pounding her.

Around them, the guys woke one by one. Climbed out of their cots and got themselves front-row seats to the show.

"Look at her face," one snickered. "She's loving it!"

And she was.

She was servicing her squad leader. Following an unspoken order and doing her best to do it well. She bounced her body back to meet every thrust, taking Brock's big cock to the hilt and squeezing down on it, milking it with everything she had.

"Fuck, she's tight!" Brock groaned. "Uptight prude pro'ly never got laid! Shit's crushing me!"

"Dibs next," one of the guys piped up.

"Fuck that," another grunted. "I woke up first."

"Bullshit, you were still snoring when I got outta bed."

"Shut it all of you!" Brock snapped.

Lara shut her eyes, focused on her job.

Taking care of the squad's needs.

"Fuck me," she moaned, knowing it was what her exes had liked to hear. "Fuck me!"

"What do you *think* I'm doing, dumbass?" Brock growled. "Someone fill this whore's mouth with cock. I don't wanna hear another word out of her."

The rest of the squad were all too happy to obey.

Her pussy ached as she strode through the camp, smiling at every man she passed. Glad to be providing them something nice to look at.

What guy didn't love a bikini-clad slut with enormous tits?

Her messy ponytail bounced as much as her rack did.

As soon as she stepped into the command building, she saluted the front desk and the nerdy-looking Vanguard sitting there.

"Lara Cunt," she said, slapping hand to brow, side-kicking her boot and standing

stock straight – ignoring the breast jiggle. “Answering summons, sir!”

“Uh-huh,” the secretary said, eyeing her up and down – for a good while – then pointing at a closed door to the left. “In there.”

She saluted again, walked to the indicated door and opened it, stepped into the office.

She’d been expecting an officer to be waiting there. Perhaps even the camp’s commander – the man who she’d made the provisions deal with. But the man she saw sitting behind the desk took her completely by surprise.

“George!” She cried out, rushing to the desk.

The older man smiled, leaned back in his borrowed office chair, ran his eyes over her.

“Lara,” he said, nodding to the chair opposite him. “Sit, please. Let’s not waste any time.”

“Waste time?” Lara blinked, moving to the chair and sitting. “Geroge, what’re you-”

“No, no,” the older man said, shaking his head. “I’m not ‘George’ anymore, Cunt. I am a Vanguard Commander, and you aren’t even a Private yet. Address me with due respect or I’ll have you publicly flogged for insolence.”

Lara’s eyes widened. She bowed her head quickly, heat blossoming across her face.

“S-sorry, sir. Commander. I didn’t mean-”

“I know,” George said, voice softening. “I simply had to remind you of your place, Cunt. Something you’ve been learning all about ever since you got here.”

“Yes sir.”

“I must say,” he continued, rising from his chair and rounding the desk. “Usually women put up more of a fight. I was expecting Lara Croft to have held out a lot longer. If I’d know you were this susceptible to Vanguard mani- Vanguard *methods*, I’d have used them on you a long time ago.”

Lara didn’t know how to respond to that. Or even if she was supposed to. So, she did the thing she’d been taught women were meant to do. She remained silent.

“Ah well,” the man smiled. “No use crying over lost time. What matters is that it’s happened. You’ve learned where you belong.”

He placed a hand on her shoulder. Same as he’d done plenty of times before. A comforting gesture. A little squeeze of reassurance.

Only this time, his hand didn’t come away alone.

“Your mother would be so proud.”

Thumb hooked under a bikini strap, he slid his hand off her shoulder.

“Let’s see what *e/se* you’ve learned here, my dear.”

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw George’s other hand reach for his gut. Heard his belt latch coming undone.

“Your father? Well... He never really did understand...”

George stepped around her, gently tugged down the other should strap of her bikini.

“His loss, as they say,” George said, harsh glee entering his voice. “My gain.”