

Tomb Raider: Raw Recruit

Chapter 5

Lara stirred awake, her dream of sprinting through a jungle cut short. For a long few moments, confusion clouded her mind. The animals attacking her in her dream melded with the hands groping her body so that, for a brief few seconds, it was slithering snakes she felt coiling against her skin.

The haze faded quickly, however.

Her eyes blinked open, eyelids heavy, and took in a familiar darkness. The vague shapes of sleeping cots and trunks in a large, cold room.

There was a blanket atop her. And, under that blanket, there was someone else. A heavy presence that radiated heat and power. A presence that Lara was able to recognise immediately.

Brock. She was sharing a cot with Brock.

Rough fingers dug into her tit-flesh, fondling and squeezing with no regard to Lara's comfort.

When he pinched a hardened nipple, she gasped. Had to cover her mouth lest she wake any of the others. Disturbing them from their hard-earned rest would've demanded punishment. Heavy, hard, repetitive punishment.

Hands over her mouth, there was nothing she could do but endure her squad leader's attention.

One of his hands groped an oversized tit. The other slid down past Lara's toned tummy, fingers hooking under her specially assigned military thong – which peeled away from her damp crotch with a burst of tingling excitement.

Lara bit her wrist, shut her eyes tight.

And, when she felt Brock's cockhead pushing between her legs, all she could do was accept it. Open herself for him. Shift a little to give him the best access possible.

A minute later, the cot was squeaking softly in the dark barracks. Lara doing everything in her power not to gasp and moan aloud.

Not that it mattered.

One by one, the others slowly began to wake.

Half a dozen men, fit and strong, gathered around the cot to watch Lara Croft being fucked.

She stopped trying to remain quiet.

Her gasp cut through the barracks, followed by a chorus of moans and high-pitched groans.

Somehow, her hands ended up on cocks.

Her mouth would've too, if not for Brock's hand. No longer mauling her tits, it'd risen to her throat – began squeezing and choking her. No doubt, her squad captain was trying to help her keep the volume down. He must not have noticed the others were already awake.

And yet, he didn't act surprised when he came inside her, pushed her off his cot and onto the floor – watching as the rest of the squad claimed her, took her to a different cot for her punishments.

Lara went willingly. Accepting her sentence.

It was her fault, after all.

What kind of squad-mate woke the others up doing the night?

She deserved this.

Lara winced.

So many bruises. So much discomfort in certain sensitive parts of her body. And all of it deserved.

"Not much left," she told herself. "Just a lil' more and I'll be done. Just a little more..."

She'd swept the barracks floor, had washed the concrete with soap and dried it up. Cleaned it to the best of her ability. The walls too. She'd tidied up the cots, cleaned all the sheets, made sure everything was neat. Now all she had to do was polish every spare pair of boots, do a little dusting here and there, then head over to the kitchens and begin cooking their meals...

The rest of her squad were out; practicing drills and running laps, spending time at the firing range.

Things that were far beyond Lara's expertise.

Her place was here. Keeping the barracks clean, washing clothes, cooking food. Taking care of her squad's needs.

It was where a woman belonged.

A spike of pain flared in her heads. Like someone had stabbed a hot poker into her brain. Agony one moment, gone the next.

She blinked, shook her head.

Where had *that* come from?

Lara shrugged it off and got back to cleaning.

She whistled a little tune, lost herself in the task at hand. A simple task – polishing boots. It wasn't anything exciting or intense, certainly. Not like the life she'd once lived. The life she could barely remember, wasn't even sure if it was real or just some silly dream her brain had tricked her into believing.

Lara Croft, an adventurous treasure hunter? Braving wildernesses, delving into long-forgotten ruins, defeating wild beasts and trained killers alike. All without breaking a sweat.

No, that *couldn't* be real.

As if to prove it to herself, she looked down at herself.

Humungous boobs bound up in a tight corset. A sleek, slender frame that seemed far too fragile for any extreme activities. A body that'd be far more at home in a strip club than on some wild adventure.

She shook her head, chuckled.

"I need to stop letting my dreams trick me," she said to herself.

What next? Were her dreams going to trick her into believing she was some kind of bad-ass survivalist? Or twist her brain so much that she'd start believing magic and myths were real?

"Gotta grow up," she scolded herself.

Which was ironic, given she was the oldest member of her squad.

But then... If she hadn't done all those things, gone on all those adventures, what *had* she been doing for most of her adult life? Where had all that time gone, if not raiding tombs and delving in dungeons?

"Huh..." She hummed when no answer came. "I dunno..."

She shrugged, got back to polishing boots.

Too much thinking. That was her problem.

Women shouldn't think nearly so much.

No wonder her brain got those sharp stings every now and then.

Duh! She was overworking it!

"Cunt!" Brock called.

Lara hopped to her feet immediately, practically sprinted to where he and the other guys were relaxing. Around a campfire, the moon and stars above, the sounds of laughter and crackling fire filling the air.

The closer she got, the more she felt the campfire's warmth. It wiped away the

chilliness that'd been coating her, inviting her ever closer to her squad.

"Sir!" Lara saluted.

Several of the men laughed at her, mocked her salute.

Had she done it wrong again? She'd have to practice more...

She held her hand to her breast, waited for Brock's acknowledgement. Which he held back, smirking at her.

"Show us your tits!" One of the others barked out.

Lara hesitated. Should she obey, or wait for Brock's word.

"At ease," Brock finally said, tapping the tree leg her was sitting on. "Come, sit here."

With butterflies in her stomach, Lara moved to obey.

Warmth bathed her, the fire just in front of her. She took her seat next to Brock, her hands gripping the hem of her maid skirt. She looked forward, eyes on crackling logs and floating embers.

"We were just talking about our childhoods," Brock said, putting an arm around her shoulder. "Me? I was Vanguard from birth. My old man's upper brass. Ever since I learned to march before I learned to walk!"

Lara already knew. She'd been listening to their conversation from her spot a few feet away, in the cold dark.

"Robby over there," Brock pointed. "He grew up in some rough neighbourhoods. Joined the army as soon as he was able, but got kicked out for putting another cadet in the infirmary."

"Fucker disrespected me," Robby grinned. "What else was I supposed to do?"

"Lucky for him, the Vanguard's aren't limp-dicked pussies like the army. We *want* ass-kickers."

As Lara glanced to him, Robby flashed a cruel grin at her.

"Morgan over there spent his childhood in juvie after another. Parents disowned him, threw his fat ass out on the street--"

"Hey!" Morgan barked.

"But did that stop him? Hell no!" Brock raised a beer bottle to Morgan, who sat a little straighter. "Vanguard's picked him up outta prison, saw the potential in him. He's a fighter, see? A *winner*. Just like the rest of us!"

A cheer went up around the campfire. Lara adding her own meek voice to it before blushing and looking down at her bare knees.

"Since you're part of the squad," Brock continued. "I figure you should join in. How did the *amazing* Lara Croft grow up? What did the squad's cumrag have to endure growing up?"

She blushed, kept her eyes on her knees.

"I..." She gulped. "My father was a lord..."

The murmuring and merriment around the campfire died. Everyone staring at Lara. Judging her. Waiting.

"I grew up in a mansion," she admitted, knees trembling. "My family is – was – rich. I've never..."

"Never had to fight for anything in your life," Brock finished for her, a sneer in his voice. "No beatings. No abandonment. Little princess Lara here had everything she ever wanted handed to her on a silver platter, ain't that right Cunt?"

"I..." She gulped, face smouldering hot. "My parents died..."

When she'd been just a child, barely old enough to remember them, both her parents had been on a private flight. A plane crash. No survivors found. One day they'd been there, and the next her parents had been lost forever.

Her chest throbbed. Heart clenching.

"Even better!" One of her squaddies barked out a laugh. "No one to tell her 'no'."

Access to all those millions with no parental oversight. No wonder the bitch is so entitled!"

"I'm not-"

"That's right," Brock chuckled beside her. "Your dad *did* get merc'd. I remember my father telling me about that..."

Merc'd?

"My mother was on the same-"

"Bet Cunt's mommy was a fine piece of ass too!" Morgan piped up. "Apples 'n' trees 'n' shit."

"She is," Brock said, coughed as he glanced at Lara. "*Was.*"

"You'd know!" Morgan smirked.

"So Cunt," Brock said, shooting a quick glare at Morgan. "What was it like, growing up with a silver spoon?"

"And a stick up your ass!" Robby added.

"I don't-" Lara gulped. "I'm not sure... I..."

All around the fire, men booed.

What did they want to hear? That it'd been lonely? Quiet? Soul-crushing? That she'd felt trapped and empty and-

A cool calm washed over her. The pain in her head she hadn't even noticed disappeared.

"It was great," she said, voice airy. "I had this super useful butler who'd take care of everything for me. I got to do anything I wanted, go on holidays anytime I felt like it..."

That was it. That was the reality.

She hadn't been an archaeologist, an adventurer travelling to the world's most secluded and dangerous places. She'd been a *tourist*. A rich, obnoxious, unbearable tourist. Throwing her parents' wealth away on silly trips to make herself seem more interesting.

Her mother and father must've been rolling in their graves, watching her squander everything they'd built.

Good thing she'd signed everything over to the Vanguard. The Croft wealth was in *much* better hands now.

And, just like that, a weight left her shoulders.

"I was a spoiled brat," she told her betters. "A bitch."

"Were?" Brock said pointedly.

"Am," Lara corrected. "I *am* a spoiled bitch."

Several of the squad's men chuckled.

"But I'm getting better!" Lara promised them. "I'm learning! I won't keep being a brat or a bitch or anything. I'll be a proper woman for you all."

"And what does a proper woman do, Croft?" Brock asked.

"She takes care of her men, sir!"

"So get to it," he smiled, patted his lap.

Lara grinned, hopped to obey.

It was a bumpy ride. Made all the bumpier by relentless thrusting.

Riding cock in a moving vehicle was definitely an experience.

Lara did the best she could, refusing to ask the question that hounded her. Bouncing around inside her skull, demanding an answer. She didn't need to know. Not yet. And Brock would tell her when she did. Until then, her job was to keep the squad happy.

So that's what she did.

With her mouth, with her pussy, with her ass.

They groped her, slapped her naked chest, tugged on her nipples, spat on her and slurred at her. And she took it all, just like she'd been taught.

Enduring hardship and coming out stronger. It was the Vanguard's way.

And Lara was owed a lifetime's worth of hardship.

Finally, the canvas truck came to a stop. The military vehicle's engine cut off with a stutter, the vibrations ending with a whimper from Lara's deepest parts. She practically toppled off Brock, curled up on the truck's metal floor.

"Get up cunt," Brock grunted as he stood, stowing his cock away. He gave her a not-gentle nudge with his boot. "Today's an important day, and I won't have you slacking and fucking it up for the rest of us. On your feet. Now."

Lara struggled, pushed herself up, wobbled.

Somehow, though, she managed it. Stood up straight and gave her commander a salute.

"This way," Brock grunted, walking to the back of the truck and hopping off onto the dirt road beyond. "Follow me."

The other men followed, Lara dead last – as was proper.

She jumped down onto the wet road, mud splashing up her boots and onto her bare legs. Save for her camo-print thong and dog-tag collar, and her well-worn boots, she was naked.

The others, she couldn't help but notice, were clad head to foot in combat fatigues.

What sort of training were they in for?

She shook her head quickly. Answers would come when the time was right. No asking stupid questions!

The squad marched off the road towards an old, abandoned building. Pure concrete with faded paint. An abandoned outpost of some kind? With an empty flagpole extending from its flat roof.

Brock strode inside, and the squad followed.

Lara blinked as she crossed the threshold, going from the bright daylight to a dark, windowless interior. It took a few moments for her eyes to adjust.

When they did, she saw the table.

The masks drew her attention first, but before she could look more closely, she saw the row of guns.

Paintball guns.

"This is a little game Vanguard recruits play. The squad who joined before us will be coming to get our flag, we have to fend them off. They're at the end of basic training, we're half-way through it. When we're at the end, we'll do the same with the squad that just joined. It's a tradition."

Lara's eyes moved from the paintball guns to a large, folded up piece of cloth. The flag?

"Rules are simple," Brock continued. "For every time you get shot, you owe the Vanguards a hundred push-ups, sit-ups, squats, and laps around the training field. Get shot five times and you're out of the game – in addition to the five hundred of each exercise. Defenders – that's us – win if we eliminate all the attackers, or if we make it to dawn tomorrow without losing the flag. Attackers win if they eliminate all of us or if they give the flag to one of the judges. Any questions?"

"Sure," Robby grunted. "Which one of you gets first watch while I'm fucking the princess?"

Lara blushed, looked to Brock.

"Get a mask and gun," Brock snapped. "I have no intention of losing this. Winning team gets a special prize."

"Oooh," Morgan said. "What's the prize?"

"Gear up," was Brock's only response.

And so the squad did.

Every man picked up a mask and gun, along with plenty of extra ammo and gas canisters for reloads. When Lara stepped up to the table, put on her own protective mask,

she instinctively snatched up two of the remaining paintball guns – one in each hand.

Then she looked down at herself, realised the only thing she had for a holster was her tong – which certainly wouldn't hold the weight of a single gun, let alone two.

And so much exposed skin...

Best to avoid getting hit if possible.

Easier said than done.

Several of the others started laughing, a few of them pointing at her and her near nakedness.

"Croft," Brock barked over the laughter. "I've got a special job for you to do. One even *you* can't possibly fuck up."

"Sir!" Lara snapped to attention.

"Listen up..."

Lara ducked behind a tree, heart thundering.

The only warning she'd had of their approach had been the snapping of twigs and rustling of forest underbrush. The whole enemy squad was approaching her position, and she was all alone.

Worse, the snapping and rustling had stopped the moment she'd ducked behind cover.

They'd seen her.

She shut her eyes, let out a breath.

And, for a few marvellous minutes, the old Lara Croft reemerged. Years of experience taking hold of her body, guiding it. Instinct and muscle memory pushing her newfound incompetence aside.

No new noises from the enemy group. But they'd definitely seen her, of that she had no doubt.

Which meant they were sneaking towards her. Probably fanning out to attack from multiple angles. Which meant... Her head flicked from side to side.

There and there.

The best angles on her current position.

She waited, inhaled a breath.

And, the moment a figure entered her vision, she attacked.

Two shots, one from each gun.

She kicked off the tree without waiting to see if she'd hit her mark, just in time to avoid being shot herself.

Skipping backwards nimbly, peppering the enemy squad with fire while dancing between cover. Adrenaline pumping through her veins, fire in her lungs. She ducked to cover, leaped up a ledge, fired more shots behind her.

"Fuck!" A gruff voice shouted after her. "Bitch got me!"

"Get her! Up there!"

Paintballs flew past her, some coming dangerously close. But none hit. And on she went, spraying shots wildly in the enemy's direction as she made her hasty retreat.

There it was, just through the trees!

Was it her imagination, or was that their team's flag flowing beautifully in the breeze?

She spun on her heels, fired off a few more shots only to realise she was out of paintballs.

No way to reload. She had to get back to the outpost!

Lara tossed the guns aside, sprinted in a zigzag across the dirt road. She almost slipped, her boots squelching in the mud. But she held her balance! Kept going!

Just a little further!

The rest of her squad would be in there, ready to spring their ambush and-

She burst into the building only to find it empty.

The rest of her squad wasn't there.

The table was empty too. They'd taken the guns with them.

But...

A paintball struck her bare ass.

It *hurt*.

Lara stumbled into the small outpost, darted to the other side of the enclosed space.

No way out but the door she'd just come through. Weaponless. Defenceless.

She spun just in time to see the first of the enemy squad enter the building.

Another followed. And another.

Until eight Vanguard men surrounded Lara.

"Got'cha," one of them snarled. "Nowhere left to run now, bitch."

Another, smiling behind his mask, raised his paintball gun and shot her in the tit.

As Lara cried out, fell to her knees cradling the purple blotch on her otherwise pale skin, the enemy squad leader stepped forward. There was a matching purple stain on his mask, right between the eyes.

"That," he hummed, "looks like it hurts."

Lara looked up at the man with wide eyes.

"Three more shots to eliminate you, right?" He asked, his eyes twinkling in the darkness. "But, I suppose we don't *have* to eliminate you..."

He made a show of looking her up and down.

"I'm sure you could *convince* us to go easy on you. What d'ya say, beautiful? Wanna... *negotiate* with us?"

Lara bit her lip.

Her old instincts fled in shame.

And the new ones took over in full.