

Tomb Raider: Raw Recruit

Chapter 6

Lara, disarmed and naked, on her knees, surrounded by men. All she could do was lower her head, accept what was coming.

"Submissive slut, ain't she?" One of the men chuckled.

"That's Vanguards training for you," another grunted. "Can you believe *this* used to be a respected archaeologist?"

"A stripper, maybe. A pornstar. But archaeology? No way."

Lara's face heated. Her past life – raiding tombs and recovering relics, fending off wild animals and wilder mercenaries – flashed before her eyes. A dream of a dream, so distant it barely felt real.

"Where are the rest of 'em?"

She pursed her lips, refused to answer – and not just because she didn't *know* where the rest of her squad was. But, it turned out, the question hadn't been directed at her.

"Made a deal with their squad leader," the man directly in front of Lara said. "We get to spend the next few hours with this whore and, in return, we let them 'win' the game."

"Bullshit! No matter how tight that pussy is, it ain't worth losing this–"

"Of course it's not," the enemy squad leader barked out a laugh. "Soon as we're done with *her*, we're gonna grab the flag and go win. Pussy and prizes, it's the Vanguards way!"

A mixture of half-hearted cheers and chuckles went up.

All Lara could do was stare at the ground in defeat.

Every inch of her was exposed. Protective mask gone, collar removed, boots and socks discarded. Kneeling on a dirty concrete floor, tit throbbing from the paintball shot point-blank into it. The enemy squad had set up little lanterns, illuminating the small bunker.

"Lara Croft," the enemy squad leader smirked. "You don't recognise me, do you?"

She looked up at him.

Still wearing his paintball mask, it was impossible to make out his features – save that he was a young man with dark hair.

Slowly, she shook her head.

"Fundraiser," he said. "Two years ago. Some charity bullshit thing. You were in this tight black dress, all dolled up and sexy."

Lara frowned. Try as she might, she couldn't recall the fundraiser. She'd been to so many over the years, they all just blended together in her mind.

"My mother introduced us," the enemy leader said. "Thought maybe I could woo the free-willed Croft heiress."

Blank. No recollections came. Too many socialite introductions, too many potential suitors quickly dismissed.

"You barely even looked at me," the man said, grinning under his mask. "Made up some excuse to avoid talking to me. I swore then, I'd fuck you one day. Put the uppity, arrogant, *bitch* Lara Croft in her place."

He stepped towards her, pointed the barrel of his paintball gun at her unprotected face.

"Open your mouth."

Shaking slightly, she did. Opened her mouth as wide as she could.

Getting shot in the tit had *stung*. Her eyes were watering from the agony that was *still* there. Getting shot in the face? Lara didn't want to find out how much *that* would hurt.

"Suck it," the man commanded.

Lara blinked, looked at the paintball gun's barrel.

Hesitantly, she lifted herself to its height, leaned towards it, wrapped her lips around the barrel.

One of the other guys let out a groan.

"C'mon! Do we *have* to toy with her? Why can't we just fuck her and have fun?"

"Shut it," Leader snapped. "Be glad I'm letting you fuck her at all. Speaking of which, get in line all of you. I'm first, y'all can figure out who's after."

The next minute passed with a surprising lack of argument. Everyone knew their squad's pecking order, it seemed. Lara tried not to think about that too much, nor how many 'turns' each man intended to take with her.

She put all her focus into the barrel instead.

Sliding her lips along it, licking around the narrow width. It wasn't like sucking a cock – something she'd become quite adept at recently. The barrel was too thin, too long, and too hard. It felt wrong in her mouth. Cold and hollow. But the threat of it pushed her on, urged her to keep doing the best job she could.

At any moment, the man above her might pull the trigger. And Lara did *not* want to find out how *that* would feel.

"Look at her go!" The Vanguard's laughed.

"Enjoying yourself?" Their squad leader asked with a smirk.

She hummed, nodded her head, looked up into his eyes.

Whatever he saw in hers made the man's smirk widen into a full, toothy grin.

Slowly, he dragged the saliva-coated barrel out of her mouth, dropped the paintball gun to the floor. Then he reached for his belt and unbuckled it, dragged his camo pants and boxers down. His cock sprang out, big and hard.

"Kiss it," he commanded.

Lara obeyed. She leaned forward, closed her eyes, and gave the tip of the man's cock a gentle peck.

"Fuck, I'm gonna enjoy this," the man chuckled. "Go ahead, slut. Suck it. Blow me."

Lara gulped. And, as she'd been trained to, she obeyed.

She groaned as he thrust into her, head lowered with loose hair falling around her face.

She was on hands and knees, getting fucked from behind.

A heat haze had settled over her mind, smothering all other thoughts. There was just this, the moment. The cock stirring up her insides. The weight on her chest, her huge tits swinging like pendulums. Her ass bouncing with every thrust. Hot, sharp tingles jolting through her – up and down her spine.

In the back of her mind, she registered the men talking and laughing. Calling her names that her addled mind couldn't understand.

All she could do was moan and mewl, accept her fate.

This was who she was. What she existed for.

The more the man fucked her, the more her hips swayed back to meet him. The more her pussy gave itself to his cock. She cried out, begged for more, moaned incoherently.

And when the man stopped – leaving a warm, parting gift deep inside her – another replaced him.

After an hour, her bare knees and elbows were bruised. Her spine screamed at her from the unrelenting exertion. Her neck sagged with the weight of her head. She lost track of where she was for a few moments, wondered why the concrete floor was so wet – only to find her face pressed into a puddle of her own drool.

By the time the last man had finished inside her, Lara was certain she'd been there for days. Weeks. But no. It'd only been an hour, hard as that was to believe.

As he pulled out of her, Lara dropped to the floor, curled into a ball. Her body drenched in sweat, her poor pussy leaking cum. She felt like she could almost drift out of

her body, look down at herself and the mess they'd made of her.

Approaching boots drew her attention.

"Ready for round two, slut?"

All Lara could do was groan in reply.

"Holy shit!" Someone laughed. "I think we broke her!"

"Now there's something to brag about. Breaking *the* Lara Croft."

"She's not broken," the squad leader barked, silencing the other men. "Bitch is too tough to break from just that."

He knelt down beside her, brushed the hair from her eyes.

"Ain't that right, Lara?"

"I..." Her voice was raw, strained. "I'm..."

"How many Vanguard's do you think you've killed over the years?" The man asked. "Running around in your tank tops and short shorts, shooting wildly with those pistols of yours. Bet you never even thought about it before, have you? But it's true. You've gotta have a higher body count than any of us."

He grabbed her face, forced her to look at him.

"In more ways than one. How many different men have you fucked in your life? Was the great Lara Croft always a slut, or has her body count skyrocketed since joining the Vanguard's?"

She couldn't answer. Her brain tried counting, tried remembering, but she came up blank.

"Bet you regret not giving me a chance now, don't you?"

She opened her mouth. No words came out.

The man's eyes narrowed. He snatched a discarded paintball gun from the floor, pointed the barrel at her bruised tit.

There was a hiss of gas. A scream.

Sensation flared like a hot knife, radiating out from the impact. A point-blank shot to her tit.

Lara screeched, adrenaline flooding her and giving her energy. She clutched her abused breast, covered the new paint blotch there with her arms.

"There!" The man barked. "A lil' more alive now, huh?"

"Oww!" Lara sobbed, backing herself into a corner, still on the ground. Covered in muck and sweat and cum.

"Want us to go easy on you?" The enemy leader asked with a gleam in his eye. "All you gotta do is play along. Be our good lil' slut for a bit."

The adrenaline in her veins, it awakened something.

A memory of dual-wielding pistols, being shot at and returning fire. She scent of blood and sweat and oil in the air, the crisp taste of copper, the smell of burnt chemicals filling her nostrils.

It was the memory of a fighter. A winner.

Every muscle in her body tensed up, body ready to surge to life with lethal intent.

Flashes of her disarming these men, snapping necks and breaking bones. Of putting every one of them on the ground – in it – while her ponytail flailed about behind her and...

And the cum they'd pumped inside her pouring out.

That one image pulled her out of the fantasy with force.

Even now, she could feel the white goo running down her thighs.

She couldn't take these men down. What was she thinking? How would she even be able to move with her massive tits flailing around, let alone fight? Why would she *want* to? This was just a game. A test. A Vanguard's tradition.

So these guys had gotten a little carried away with what they were doing. So *what*? She'd been defeated. This was her punishment. It was only fair.

Lara let out a sigh. Shook her head.

Slowly, she rose to her feet. An agonising experience, with her knees and muscles as beaten and exhausted as they were. But she managed it, and noticed several of the men reaching for discarded weapons as she did.

Odd. Why would they do that? Surely they weren't scared of *her*.

Lara glanced from one man to the next, meeting all their eyes in turn. Then she bowed her head to the group at large. Prostrated herself as best she could.

"I'll play along," she said, throat feeling like sandpaper. "I'll be your slut. Until the end of the test."

"Hah!" Their leader barked. "That's what I like to hear."

"Give us a dance!" One called.

"Come suck my dick!" Another shouted.

"Bounce!" A third laughed.

"Shut it!" Their leader ordered, silencing them all. "Lara, you're going to satisfy my squad to the best of your ability. It'll be good practice for when you become one of the Vanguard's sex helpers, so be sure 'n' put your heart into it."

Vanguard's sex helpers? Lara's eyebrows knit together. *One* of them? What was-

"Get over here!" The leader commanded.

Lara snapped back to reality, rushed to obey.

"So, who gets first ride?" One of the squad asked.

"Me, obviously," the leader scoffed. "When I'm done, y'all can do what you want. Gangbang her or whatever. Fuck it, I bet this slut would love a dick in all her holes at the same time."

Lara shuddered, the image spinning in her mind. She let out a faint whimper. She knelt before the squad leader, head bowed.

He slapped his dick across her face.

"Bet you crave it, don't you?" The leader said, tapping her forehead with his cock's head. "The unbreakable, unstoppable Lara Croft – craving dicks like she's a fuckin' addict."

"I..." How was she supposed to respond? What did they want to hear her say? "Yes... I crave it."

She prostrated herself, ready to accept her place.

But the dicks never came. No gangbang started. She closed her eyes, trembling, waiting. She heard the men around her shifting and laughing, heard them lining up. And then chaos. Boots thundering into the bunker, the hiss of paintball guns firing, cursing and cussing and shouting.

Old Lara would've fought. All new Lara could do was hit the deck and curl into a ball, protect herself from the attack. Even so, several paintballs punched and cracked her exposed skin – her ass and back and legs.

It was over in seconds.

"Motherfuckers," someone swore.

"No fair!" Another whined.

"You're all eliminated," a familiar voice spoke up. Brock, her squad leader. "We win."

With the stinging pain across her body, it took Lara a long few moments to understand. Too long.

Her squad had stormed the bunker while the enemy had been distracted by her. They'd gunned down the enemy squad and won the game. And all they'd had to do was let the enemy have their way with Lara for a little while – long enough to let their guard down.

Her squad had reneged on the agreement, just as the enemy squad had. It was the Vanguard's way – victory at all costs.

And, in doing so, they'd won the test.

All it'd cost them was throwing her to the wolves.

"Lighten the fuck up," Brock snapped. "So you got fucked a lil'. Ain't nothing new for you, is it?"

"No sir," Lara answered, eyes on the floor.

"Hell, if you thought *that* was bad, just wait 'til basic training is over..."

What *would* happen when basic was over?

She didn't ask. It wasn't her place to ask annoying questions. She'd find out when it was time for her to. Only...

"Sir," she said in a barely audible whisper. "What are sex helpers?"

Brock stared at her for a long moment. She could feel his hard gaze on her. Then he tilted his head back and barked out a laugh.

"Shit, I thought you knew!" He chuckled. "But how would you? You've been too busy cookin' and cleanin' and fuckin' to find out. Lara, a 'sex helper' is what *you're* gonna be. After basic training is over, me 'n' the guys are gonna be Vanguarders, but you're not coming with us."

"I'm... not?"

"Of course not!" Brock laughed. "We can't take a dumb cunt like you on missions. You'd be *way* too much of a distraction in the field. No, Lara, you'll be shipped off to the Vanguarders main compound."

Her heart thundered in her chest.

"That's where all the helpers are," he grinned. "A whole bunch of women just like you. Obedient, loyal fuckdolls trained by the Vanguarders. That's where you're gonna spend the rest of your life, Lara."

They were going to separate her from her squad...

A sharp pain shot through her chest, her heart.

She let out a gasp, her eyes beginning to water.

"The fuck are you crying for, slut?" Brock sneered. "You're gonna love it there. All the dick you could ever want. And me 'n' the boys will visit whenever we can, have some fun with you and the other 'helpers'. I know who my favourite is, for sure..."

There was something in the way he said that, like it was an inside joke, something Lara didn't know or understood but was somehow about her.

"But look, that ain't gonna be for months yet," Brock continued. "We've got plenty of time to break you in and have our fun with you. And to get rid of those last pieces of your old self – don't think I haven't noticed those little looks you get, like you want beat the shit outta me and the guys."

"I don't-"

"Not right now," Brock smiled. "But sometimes."

Lara pressed her lips together.

"You're like a wild street cat," he said, stepping closer to her. "We're taming you, but you still have those moments where the wild side of you shines through. Just remember, you're a house cat now. A pussy cat. You can't hunt anymore; you need *us* to feed you instead. And, in return, you're gonna give us all the affection and attention you have to give."

"That's dogs," one of the squamates grunted. "Cats are assholes."

"She gets the fucking point!" Brock snapped at the speaker before returning his gaze to Lara. "Don't you?"

She nodded her head quickly.

He raised a hand, cupped her bruised tit.

"Those fuckers really did a number on you, huh? Well, it'll be healed in a few days. And, thanks to you being a distraction, we won. I think that deserves a little reward!"

Lara glanced up, eyes wide. "A reward, sir?"

"Of course! You took one for the team. I think that deserves something in return."

"I- I don't need a reward, sir," she flushed. "I was just doing... just doing..."

“Just doing what, Lara?”

“My job, sir...”

Lara lay awake that night, Brock’s arm slung over her as he slept. No matter how long she kept her eyes closed, sleep refused to come until, finally, she gave up on it entirely. She stared up at a blank ceiling, thoughts swimming in her mind.

Old Lara, New Lara. Vanguard. Adventuring. Home.

But she didn’t have a home now. Not a mansion, at least. She’s signed that away to the Vanguard. And true, the Vanguard was her home now, but it wasn’t the same...

Images of the bunker, the men surrounding her, her helplessness, floated behind her irises.

And, to her shame, her body reacted to those memories.

Heat flared between her legs, glowing and tingling, demanding her attention.

The two halves of her warred. One side disgusted and angry, the other submissive and desperate. She began sliding a hand down her body, wanting to touch herself and enjoy the pleasure of it fully. But, as her arousal grew, so did the shadow in her mind. The silhouette of her former self.

A pistol in each hand, braided ponytail swaying in the wind, a pair of shades concealing her rage-filled eyes.

“No,” Lara found herself whispering.

Her hand stopped moving, didn’t slide any lower than her tummy.

“No,” she swore again as the blanket of sleep finally came. “I’m not... going to...”

And, as quickly as she’d come, she was gone.

Lara fell asleep with her squad leader’s arm draped over her, his cock squeezed between her thighs.