

Tomb Raider: Raw Recruit

Chapter 8

Grunt wasn't stupid, contrary to what everyone assumed. Sure, he had a face that screamed 'moron'. But that was genetics. His eyes were a little too small, a little too far apart. His head was big and block-like, bald and scarred. His body was massive, seven foot tall and packed with more natural muscle than a bodybuilder could hope to emulate.

He *looked* stupid. He *looked* like a gormless, empty-headed fool. But he *wasn't*.

Grunt just didn't like talking. And he had a tendency to stare off into space a lot – lost in thought, even if those around assumed his brain had gone to sleep. He might *look* dim. But Grunt was anything but.

When the commander had given him patrol duty, safeguarding this new Vanguard's base, Grunt's squaddies had laughed and given him their sympathies. The 'empty headed' Grunt was a go-to for higher ups – and even Grunt's own squaddies – who wanted an annoying, or unpleasant, or boring task done.

Patrolling this nice mansion while everyone else drank, gambled, and slept? Who better than Grunt?

Grunt never complained. He never questioned an order.

He always completed the tasks assigned to him.

He was the ideal soldier.

Soldier.

A smile formed on Grunt's face. Pleasant memories. A company sergeant with a stick up his ass, a snot-nosed recruit blaming his own mistakes on Grunt. Both broken and crippled by his massive fists and his freakish strength.

The perfect soldier, dishonorably discharged from the military.

Picked up by the Vanguard's.

When one of Grunt's squaddies had pissed all over Grunt's sleeping cot as a 'prank', and Grunt had put that clown in the infirmary with several broken bones and a fractured skull, he hadn't been reprimanded or discharged or disciplined. He'd gotten *respect*.

It was why he liked it here so much. The Vanguard's were home.

If they wanted him to patrol this big house, knowing full well that no-one was going to break in or attack them or anything like that, Grunt would do it. Without question. Without complaint. It was hardly the worst task he'd ever been given.

Besides, when everyone else was asleep, and Grunt was done with his rounds, he'd be able to pay *her* a visit.

Lara Croft.

The love of his life.

His grin widened as he stared off into space, remembered his first encounter with the gun-slinging goddess.

Some ancient ruins in Greece, six years ago.

The job was to collect a weird relic for some shadowy, unnamed client. A simple job, really. Or, at least, the plan had been simple. Slap some explosives on a specific wall, blast the shit out of a wall to expose a hidden chamber, then pocket anything of value and get away before any local authorities showed up.

The Tomb Raider had gotten there first.

His first glimpse of her had been during the firefight. The way she'd dual-wielded her pistols, showing Grunt and his squad with bullets, her braided ponytail whipping behind her as she sprinted for a motorbike.

He'd taken for bullets in the exchange.

And, from that moment on, he'd known.

Lara Croft was the woman he was going to marry. He'd make her his woman, hold

her close 'til she had no choice but to love him back. His sexy, violent hellcat.

When he'd heard about her joining the Vanguard...

Fate.

Destiny.

It was meant to me.

And she was here now! In this fancy mansion. A plaything for any Vanguard who'd earned the privilege.

Grunt had earned the privilege, though he hadn't claimed it.

Something about lining up behind other Vanguards, having to overheard what those ahead of him were doing, knowing those behind him would be listening to what he and his love were doing. It wasn't for Grunt. Not for him at all.

When he took Lara Croft, it'd be just the two of them.

No queue. No onlookers.

It'd be *romantic*.

Intense, passionate lovemaking.

And, when it was done, when Lara had experienced the totality of Grunt's desire, she'd have no choice but to accept it.

He'd tell her his plan, and she'd root for him.

And one day, they'd be together!

As soon as Grunt built up the funds to purchase Lara from the Vanguards.

Because, when it came to the Vanguards, that one truth was understood by all. Money was power, and everything could be bought.

All Grunt needed to do was pay the right price.

Which begged the question; how much was Lara Croft worth to the Vanguards? What was the exact number hanging above his soulmate's head? And how was Grunt going to find and collect that sum of money before someone else did?

Those thoughts were so deep and demanding that, when Grunt saw the outline of his love, he was certain he was hallucinating.

A lean, sexy figure with massive tits and a plump ass. Silhouetted against the dim moonlight shining from the window behind her. A silvery pistol in each hand, both pointed at Grunt.

He froze.

It couldn't be real. She couldn't actually be-

Moonlight reflected off Lara's pistols, illuminating her face. Her narrowed eyes, so filled with fire and passion.

A vision of deathly beauty.

It was meant to be.

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Lara aimed, the pistols feeling *right* in her hands. She didn't need to look down the sights, didn't even need to look at the target – huge as the man was. She could've looked in the opposite direction, trusted her training and muscle memory and experience to aim her trusty pistols. Even with eyes closed, she was confident she'd plat lead in the giant's thick skull.

But she didn't pull the triggers.

Too much noise, she told herself, knowing deep down that it was an excuse. But she couldn't face *that*. Not right now.

She kept the pistols levelled at the giant man.

And, desperately, she searched for an answer. A way out.

Just shoot him.

Lara tried squeezing the triggers, but her fingers didn't move.

The safety is on, she told herself. The lie easy to believe, if it meant avoiding the truth.

Her heart thundered in her chest.

I can't shoot him. The truth.

Lara gulped, stood frozen with her pistols aimed at the brute.

If I fire, it'll make too much noise. I won't be able to take them all on. A lie.

All she could do was stand there. Staring at the man as he stared at her. Neither one moving an inch. Both frozen in place, not knowing what to do or how to react to the situation.

I should run. Try to escape.

A good plan. Only her legs didn't move.

I should bargain with him. Convince him to look the other way.

Except Lara had nothing to offer that the man couldn't take for himself. And, judging by the slack-jawed expression, those dim eyes, the general look of him, the man probably wasn't all that bright. Certainly not bright enough for Lara to negotiate with.

The moment stretched out for an eternity.

And then the man tilted his head to one side, took a cautious step forward.

Every instinct in Lara screamed at her to shoot.

Her hands trembled, silvery pistols shaking in her grip.

The brute took another step forward.

"Stop," Lara tried to bark the command, but it came out as a trembling plea instead. Weak and frail. "Stay away."

He took another step towards her, and Lara's body finally unfroze. She stumbled backwards, pistols clattering to the floor. Putting as much distance between herself and the brutish man and herself as she could. Until, inevitably, her backed herself into a corner.

The man stopped a breath away from her. He was still staring at her, head tilted and eyes hollow.

"Please," Lara whimpered.

His massive hand came up, pressing under Lara's chin. He turned her head left, then right. Examining her face.

"I'll go back to my room," Lara pleaded. "I won't misbehave again."

He stared at her face.

Then, to Lara's surprise, he let go of her chin and took a step away. The man turned, began walking, stopped after a few strides. He looked over his shoulder at her.

"Come," he commanded, voice like gravel.

When he began moving again, Lara hesitated for a moment. But what choice did she have, really? She lowered her gaze and dutifully followed after the Vanguard brute. A searing flame stabbed through her chest when she walked past her discarded pistols.

The promise of freedom they'd offered, Lara had broken.

The man led the way down corridors and hallways Lara knew intimately. A million memories prodded at her, and she ignored them all. Focused instead on the brute's back, noting how easy it'd be for her to jump on and choke him out. Knowing she wouldn't. Couldn't.

When they stepped out into the chilly night, Lara shivered. Her naked skin prickled at the cold, pain stabbing at the soles of her feet as she walked bare-foot over icy gravel.

Where was he taking her?

Some tiny part of Lara dared to hope.

Maybe he was helping her escape! Maybe she'd stumbled across the one Vanguard who possessed a shred of humanity.

Only, she'd seen his face. His empty eyes.

No. There'd been no humanity there.

Lara followed him to one of the canvas trucks parked outside the mansion. A green,

military truck with the Vanguards logo painted on its sides and rear. She glanced around nervously as the man led her to the back of the truck, held the canvas open and stepped aside.

Seeing no other options, Lara let out a misty breath and nodded her head.

"Yessir," she muttered, teeth chattering.

She climbed into the empty truck, wincing at the cold metal floor. Stumbling in the darkness.

Heavy boots on metal was the only warning Lara had before the canvas opening closed and she was rendered completely blind in the dark, sharing the otherwise empty truck with a colossal brute of a man.

Lara closed her eyes, tried to calm her racing heart.

A shuffling of movement behind her made her breathing hitch. A few seconds later, she heard a plastic *snap*.

When she opened her eyes, a faint green glow filled the truck. Illuminating the wood benches on either side of the cramped space. Hay and straw and muck covered the floor, and all around, the green canvas was taut and claustrophobic.

She turned, looked at the brute.

He was staring at her. Face blank.

"Umm..." Lara could only hold the man's gaze for a few seconds before she had to look away. "What now?"

He didn't reply right away. It took him a few seconds, his peanut brain processing the simple question. "You," he said in his gravelly, grumbling voice. "And me. Here."

"Right..."

She watched in muted horror as the brute reached for his uniform's belt, unfastened it. His pants came down, boxers falling along with them.

Lara's jaw dropped open.

The man's dick was *enormous*.

Standing to attention, harder than steel and thicker even than the mountain's meaty wrists. But the sheer length of it... Lara's mind reeled at the sight of it, the implication. Feeling *that* inside her... Would it even *fit*?

"Kiss it," the brute commanded, tossing a green glowstick on the floor between them.

Lara braced herself, slowly lowered herself to her knees before the brute. She ignored the painful chill, looked up at the large man. He was staring down at her, not a hint of emotion on his blocky face.

"What's your name, uh, sir?"

The man blinked at her. "Grunt," he said.

Lara pursed her lips, not sure if he was saying his name or if he was giving her a command.

"Your name is Grunt?" She asked in a whisper.

"Nickname," Grunt grunted.

Fitting.

Lara turned her attention back to *Grunt's* massive dick. Easily the largest one she'd ever encountered.

She inhaled a breath, braced herself.

Then she leaned forward and kissed the massive cock's bulbous head. A little peck. Chaste. Innocent, had it not been a monster cock Lara'd kissed.

"More," Grunt said.

Lara nodded her head. Kissed the cock again. And again.

Little pecks to lingering kisses to audible smooching. She took the opportunity to wet the cock with her saliva, letting her tongue slide over veiny skin. Before long, her training kicked in. Months spent at the Vanguards, everything she'd so obediently

practiced, came back to her all at once.

Lara went on autopilot, her thoughts fleeing.

She wrapped her fingers around Grunt's shaft as best she could, her fingertips and thumbs refusing to connect no matter how hard she tried. Slowly, putting her hard-earned skills to use, she stroked Grunt's impressive length while pointing the tip of his cockhead directly at her face.

Part of her hooped he'd orgasm right there. Shower her with a fountain of warm jizz.

She giggled to herself.

Now *that'd* help her warm up!

A quiet voice in her mind pretended she only wanted the man to orgasm now to avoid sex with him, to be done with this 'degrading' act as soon as possible. But that little liar wasn't fooling anyone. Least of all Lara.

Looking up at Grunt, she smiled wide and opened her mouth.

The man's bulbous cockhead was too big. Lara could stretch her lips around it, just about. But her jaw strained and resisted, refusing to open wide enough to accommodate Grunt's marvellous girth.

Lara whined, muttered around his cockhead.

"Shove it in," she tried to say, the words turned into strangled murmurs by the flesh she was trying to impale her mouth on. "Fuck my face."

Either he heard and understood, or he grew bored with Lara's struggles. Grunt placed to large, strong hands on Lara's head.

She had all of half a second to brace herself before Grunt shoved his massive cock right into her mouth and down her throat. Her cock-sucker instincts kicked it, relaxing her throat and adjusting to accommodate Grunt's thrusts.

Breathing was nigh impossible. And Grunt, happy to use Lara's face as his own personal fleshlight, didn't seem to notice or care when her eyes rolled in their sockets and she started slapping his legs, begging wordlessly for breath.

Her lungs starved, burned in agony. Darkness crept in from the corners of her vision, banishing the green glow that coated everything in sight, promising sweet oblivion.

Stars were exploding behind her eyes, a long tunnel with a bright light at the end calling to her, when the man finally relented. Dragging Lara's head back, pulling his stupid big dick out of her throat and mouth.

Tears rolled down her cheeks, saliva spilling from her mouth and snot from her nostrils, as she gasped for air. The darkness retreated from her eyes, though shadows of the exploring stars remained. Lara hunched forward, lungs heaving and throat contracting.

"Please," she spluttered when Grunt lifted her head, held it in place. "I need to-"

He slammed his cock back into her mouth, back down her throat.

As he resumed using Lara's throat as a cock-warmer, it was all she could do to stay conscious. Sucking in air whenever Grunt allowed her and holding onto it for dear life.

More than once, when she was certain she'd reached – and exceeded – her limit, Grunt shoved his dick to the hilt. His heavy, hairy balls on her chin and the tip of his cock deep down her gullet.

Finally, he released her. Let her curl into a ball, a puddle of drool forming under her mouth.

She didn't dare hope that it was over.

Deep down, some wicked, twisted part of her was *glad* for it.

Grunt hadn't finished. Hadn't pumped her stomach full of gooeey, sticky goodness. He was still hard, still towering over her with that black, dimwitted expression. The only different now was that his freakishly huge dick was covered in saliva. Lubricated and ready for more.

Throat raw, jaw stiff and aching, Lara looked up at Grunt.

"Sir," she managed to choke out. "I..."

"Grunt," the man corrected.

Lara gulped, winced at the discomfort even that simple action caused. "Grunt," she coughed. "You're too..."

Big? Yeah, no shit.

He knew it, and she knew her hesitation wouldn't change his mind or make him go easy on her.

But... The thought to taking *that* inside her...

Lara shuddered.

"Maybe," she croaked. "You could... My breasts..."

Guys loved boobs. And they especially loved *her* boobs.

"Titty-fuck?" She looked up, into his heartless gaze. "If you... if you fuck my tits..."

He didn't silence her. Lara took that as a good sign, continued to plead her case.

"Cum all over my face," she practically begged. "You can mark me. Paint me. Make me yours."

A glint entered the brute's eyes. A spark of life.

"Show everyone else who I belong to," Lara said, clutching onto that flash of interest like a lifeline. "I... I can be yours! Cum all over my face!" She wiggled her chest, swaying her breasts seductively. "And my tits. You like my tits?"

Grunt's gaze lowered to her wobbling breasts, lingered there.

"All yours," she promised. "Fuck my tits, Grunt. Claim them. Claim me! You can have everything you want. I'm-"

He placed a hand on her head, scooped up a fistful of Lara's long, dark hair.

She let out a sharp, pained gasp when he used that grip to drag Lara around in a circle. Treating her hair like a dog's leash, her on all fours and unable to resist his power. Grunt had her circle him twice before twisting her hair the other way, stilling her. He kept the grip on her hair as he lowered himself to his knees behind her.

"Please," she whined. "I'm not ready..."

Yet, even as she spoke the words, her training kicked in. She lowered her head, lifted her ass. Was embarrassed to realise just how wet she was. How *ready* she was.

When the tip of his cock brushed her folds, Lara let out another high-pitched sound. One a lot more primal and eager than the others she'd made so far tonight. Her body, knowing its purpose, arched her spine. Wiggled her hips. Pushed back against the thick cock, trying to skewer herself with it herself.

Grunt pulled Lara's hair, dragging her body onto his cockhead.

"Please," Lara whined. "Fuck me!"