

Tomb Raider: Raw Recruit

Chapter 9

Heaven and Hell.

It wasn't that Lara was torn between the two. More like, she was experiencing both at the same time. In their entirety.

Heaven. Blissful, all-consuming pleasure. Her purpose being fulfilled as much as her pussy was. Grunt's massive cockhead spreading her hole wide, the pressure sending lightning bolts of ecstasy jolting through her body. Tense and tight, wanting more and more and more – until the only thing left in her life was cock. In her pussy and ass and mouth, between her fat tits and slapping her face and in her hands. To be surrounded and used and owned like a good little slut.

And Hell. The agony of being speared open by such a massive, ugly dick second only to the utter humiliation of defeat. Realising that some part of her, and not a small part, *wanted* this. *Needed* it. All those years fighting and winning, of struggling and persevering and carving out her own place in the world. Only to be reduced to *this*. Lara hated it. Hated *herself* for the betrayal.

And still Grunt's cock pressed into her, ravaging her tight hole. And her tiny body accepted it, pushed itself backwards onto that monster cock.

"Fuck!" Lara half-screamed, half-whined. "Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!"

She bawled her fists, gritted her teeth.

"Fuck me!"

Lara heard the words coming from her own lips, but couldn't tell if she was shouting at Grunt to do it or just swearing at the pain and pressure and pleasure.

All she knew was, a moment later, Grunt did exactly that.

His cock, slowly claiming Lara inch by inch, stopped. Held still for a long, agonizing moment. Then slammed forward.

Lara felt him hit something hard, felt a stabbing, screaming pain. Her eyes rolled in their sockets, stars exploding in her vision. A sharp gasp cut through the air, more animal than human. And, all at once, Lara's body went rigid.

She'd never felt so *full* before.

It was like she wasn't even human in that moment. She felt like a doll, a toy, an *object*. A hole that'd been filled beyond capacity, stretched out and deformed and broken.

The moment lasted a lifetime. The world frozen around her.

Then Grunt pulled back, slammed forward again.

Lara's entire body jerked, jolted by pain and cock both.

Another powerful thrust.

Another sharp gasp laced with agony.

More stars exploded in Lara's vision. Her mind reeled and, if not for who she was, Lara wouldn't have passed out from the pain.

Instead she *took* it. *Embraced* it.

"Fuck me!" Lara howled as Grunt started thrusting in earnest, slamming into her with enough force to bruise and batter her helpless body. Her plump ass bounced and rippled every time Grunt buried himself balls-deep inside her, her thighs wobbling along with her butt. "Yes! Fuck me Grunt!"

The logical part of her mind submitted, fled.

All that remained was Vanguard's Lara. The toy. The slut.

The Lara that *belonged*.

Face on the cold, metal truck-bed. Hands bawled into fists, fingernails digging into palms so hard they drew blood. Her back arched to give Grunt easy access to her holes. Knees bearing the brunt of each thrust, scraping on metal as Grunt pounded away at her. Even her heavy tits, pressed as they were to the cold metal, were subject to the brutality

Grunt was gifting her.

Lara groaned and begged and pleaded. Not for the man to stop, but for him to keep going. Keep fucking her.

"Grunt!" Lara gasped, gyrating her hips and basking in the sensation of that massive cock pressing against all her most sensitive places all at the same time. "Fuck me, baby. Please fuck me!"

The man only grunted in response, kept thrusting.

Lara purred, braced herself.

Disappointingly, the bulky man lacked stamina. Though he had yet to cum, his thrusts had slowed down. Rather than grunting as he fucked her brains out, he was now panting with exertion.

Lara took the initiative.

The voice in the back of her mind whispered something about taking Grunt's weapon, using it on him, commandeering the truck. Lara ignored it as easily as she ignored the cuts and bruises.

No, Lara had a *far* better plan.

She rolled over onto her back, keeping Grunt's massive cock snug inside her. The man paused in his thrusting, surprised. Lara used that to her advantage, wrapping her legs around the man's waist and pulling herself up. Abs tensed, tits wobbling, she sat up and straddled Grunt, pushing him gently but firmly onto his back.

"Don't cum," she breathed, bracing her hands on the man's wide chest. "Until I say so."

The man's eyes widened.

Before he could respond, Lara lifted herself up and brought herself back down. Sliding along Grunt's impressive length.

His mouth opened as he stared up at her and her massive, bouncing tits. A groan slipping past his lips when Lara impaled herself on his cock, taking it to the hilt as releasing a high-pitched moan.

"Yes!" Lara purred as she rode him. "Good! Right there!"

Grunt, for his part, remained motionless. Allowing Lara to ride him to her heart's content.

"God, you're big!" Lara bit her lip, smiled down at him. "Do I feel good, baby? Do you like my pussy squeezing you?"

As she spoke the words, she clenched herself around him.

"You've got the best cock here," she giggled, looking at him and following his gaze to her chest. "Do you like them? My big, fat titties? They're all yours..."

Old Lara stirred. The tiny ember of rebellion igniting.

"Do you want me, Grunt?" Lara asked, voice husk. "Do you want me all to yourself?"

"Yes," the man groaned.

"Do you want me to be yours?" She continued, warm energy coursing through every inch of her. "Do you want me to be your woman, Grunt? Only yours?"

"Yes!"

"Then do it," she commanded, picking up her pace. She could feel his massive cock convulsing, twitching. Fell it with every part of her poor, stretched hole. "Claim me! Make me yours!"

The man gritted his teeth, shut his eyes. Holding back for as long as he could.

"Cum for me, Grunt!" Lara said. "Fill me up!"

He groaned, tensed, froze.

A single second passed, stretched to two.

Then Lara felt it.

The cock twitching inside her. The sensation of something hot pumping into the

deepest parts of her. Filling her up, just as she'd ordered.

The sensation triggered something in her and, an instant later, she was climaxing too. A howl of pleasure filled the truck, Lara's body trembling and shaking and vibrating with energy until it all fled. She collapsed atop the man whose cock was still in her, her pussy milking it as she panted into his chest.

Lara closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, she was alone in the back of the truck. Curled up on the cold metal truck bed, surrounded by canvas, a sliver of morning light spilling in through an opening. Her body was drenched, skin prickled from the chill.

She looked down at herself, the scratches and bruises, the sticky mess that'd leaked from inside her and dried on the floor beneath her.

Grunt was gone. Not surprising. He'd have duties to see to.

Lara yawned.

She'd see him again, she was sure.

Her sore pussy twitched at the thought.

Lara smiled, sat up.

She had her own duties to take care of.

Something was wrong with the Vanguard's.

Lara's instincts were telling her that. Her senses couldn't pick up on exactly what, but she was *certain* something was wrong. Really, *really* wrong.

The more she tried to think on it, the more her mind fogged and dulled and ached, robbing her of focus.

Something was wrong. But she couldn't say *what*.

She kept that thought in her mind as she donned her specially made French maid outfit. A tight black corset with white frills that squeezed her breasts beautifully, a short black skirt with white trim, a comically small apron that barely extended beyond Lara's flat tummy. Cuffs and gloves, stockings and thong.

Something was wrong, but *what* was it?

Lara fastened the maid bonnet to her head, frowned.

That feeling. Like she was forgetting something...

The answer felt so close. Like a word on the tip of the tongue, just waiting to be recalled. When she finally figured it out, she knew, it'd seem like the most obvious thing in the world. But that only made the lack of an answer all the more frustrating.

What was she- *There!*

A smile split Lara's lips and she snatched up her black leather collar, dog-tags jangling from it. The last piece of this particular uniform – one of several she'd been assigned.

That was a good sign, wasn't it? Having multiple, different uniforms?

Most of the Vanguard's Lara has seen only owned the one uniform. Multiple copies of the same uniform, maybe. But the majority all wore mirrored military-style fatigues. Whereas Lara had a half-dozen different, unique uniforms to choose from.

There was her 'casual' clothes – a white tank top and denim shorts, with a pair of combat boots. Much like the clothing she'd worn before becoming a Vanguard's recruit. When she'd been given the 'casual' set, she'd been told it was for 'nostalgia' and to 'remind everyone of her fall' – whatever that meant.

Then there were her military fatigues – a camo-print bikini and high-heels combo. A collar for her dog-tags. And, of course, a combat belt with holsters for her dildos and pouches for lube bottles and various other items suited to her particular duties.

A few maid sets, of various shapes and styles. One that exposed her chest for hot, gruelling summer days. One that was waterproof for heavy-duty use. One that was bright pink instead of black, and extra frilly and lacy to boot.

Best of all, unless given an order to wear a specific outfit, it was Lara's choice what she wore! What other Vanguard's had that freedom?

Maybe *that* was what felt so wrong.

She had too much freedom for a recruit. The Vanguard's were giving her special treatment. Preferential treatment.

Hopefully that didn't cause any resentment.

But no. That wasn't where the feeling of wrongness was coming from. At least, Lara didn't *think* it was.

She frowned, shrugged.

She'd figure it out eventually.

Until then, she had a job to do.

So off she went, to clean Croft Manor and service its inhabitants.

Since the night spent with Grunt, Lara hadn't seen the man at all. A lot about that day was foggy, and there were a lot of holes. But Lara was surprised the big man hadn't come to see her again. He'd been fun! From what Lara remembered, at least.

While she was dusting an antique set of cabinets that'd seen better days, a man slapped Lara's ass.

She'd yelped, blushed, bowed her head to the man.

He'd grabbed her tits, called her names, then laughed and walked away. Probably busy – or else he'd have spent more time with Lara. She couldn't help but wonder what had dragged the man away.

A few minutes later, a few more Vanguard's showed up. Taking a break from their construction duties.

Lara was all too happy to aid them in relaxing.

Three men. Three dicks. Three holes.

Afterwards, she'd gotten a migraine and gone to see the Vanguard's chief medic.

"There are two Laras," the man said, his voice sounding impossibly distant, yet clear and confident at the same time.

"Yes," Lara nodded her head slowly. Her entire body felt both heavy and weightless. Like she was deep underwater. "Two Laras."

"Vanguard's Lara, and Tomb Raider Lara. Isn't that right?"

Again, Lara nodded her head. And, again, her head felt too heavy to do so. "Yes. That's right..."

"These two Laras. They're at odds. They want different things. They have different dreams. Tell me, what does Vanguard's Lara want most of all?"

"To do her duty," Lara answered, eyebrows scrunching. "She wants to make the Vanguard's happy. To serve. To obey."

"That's good. Very good." There was scratching, a pen on paper. "What about the other Lara? What does she want?"

"To kill you," Lara answered. Her heart beat a little heavier, a little faster. The fog around her mind lifted a shade. "All of you. All the Vanguard's. Burn you all to the fucking ground... Stop you and-"

"You are part of the Vanguard's too," the man interrupted, taking hasty notes. "If Tomb Raider Lara wants to kill all the Vanguard's, that means she wants to kill Vanguard's Lara too."

"No," Lara shook her head slowly. "Not me. Not us. She wants... She wants..." Lara tried to think, to finish the sentence. But the fog was so thick. She tried pushing through it, felt the fog begin to dissipate. "She wants..."

"Easy," the man said. He started tapping Lara's wrist, a rhythmic pattern, like a beating heart. Only slow. Steady. Calm. "Listen to my voice. Just mine. No-one else's. It's just me and you here. No one else. Listen to my voice..."

Lara obeyed. Listened. Felt her heartbeat slowing, matching the rhythm the man set. The fog grew thick once again.

"That's it... Just me and you..."

She let out a breath, all tension vanishing. She was with the doctor. She trusted the doctor. This was for her own good.

"Tomb Raider Lara is bad. She wants to hurt you and all your new friends. She wants to take everything away. Tomb Raider Lara is evil. We shouldn't listen to her, should we?"

Lara shook her head. "No..."

"Vanguards Lara is happy," the man said. "Vanguards Lara has purpose. She has a home. She belongs. Vanguards Lara is the only Lara that you should listen to."

Her head bobbed up and down slowly.

"But just saying it's true isn't enough. Thinking it isn't enough. You have to prove it. To yourself. To the other Lara. You have to prove just how committed you are, just how happy being in the Vanguards makes you. You have to show her – show yourself – that this is where you belong."

"How?" Lara's face scrunched. "I... I don't..."

"First thing's first," the doctor said. "No thinking. Thinking just leads to questions and complications and difficulty. It's much easier to just... not. Not think. Not worry or question. Women don't need to think, do they?"

Lara frowned. That felt *off*, but she couldn't think – couldn't question why.

"Say it, Lara. Women don't need to think."

"Women," she said, eye twitching. "Don't need to think."

"There are two types of women in the world, Lara. There are 'prudes' and there are 'sluts'. Prudes think too much, and that ruins life for them. Nobody likes prudes. Everybody loves sluts. And you want everybody to love you, don't you?"

Lara's brows narrowed. "Yes..."

"You don't want people to think you're a prude, do you?"

"No..."

"What you need, Lara, is to stop thinking. Stop worrying. You've been doing such a good job at it recently. Life's been good these last few days, hasn't it?"

Lara pursed her lips, slowly nodded her head. "Mostly..."

"Mostly?" The man paused. "Ah, yes. Your migraines. You've been thinking too much, worrying too much. That's why you keep getting migraines, Lara. Women don't need to think."

Instinctively, she wanted to deny it. But no words came. No thoughts. No arguments. All she could do was sit there and accept the words.

"You're having trouble fully being a slut," the doctor said. "It is a consequence of societal failings. Prudes and weak men have turned the term into something derogatory and insulting. But, in truth, there's no shame in being a slut. No shame in admitting to it. No. In reality, accepting what you are will bring you happiness and contentment."

"I'm not a slut..."

"That's Tomb Raider Lara speaking. We don't listen to her, do we? She's a bad person. We go against what *she* says."

"I'm not... I'm..."

"Shhh. Tomb Raider Lara believes in female empowerment. She believes women should be able to do what they want sexually, free of judgement and condemnation. Even she is against slut-shaming, isn't that right?"

The voice from deep down answered. "Yes."

"There's nothing wrong with a woman choosing to be slutty, is there?"

"No," the deep voice said after a brief hesitation.

"It's completely fine if a woman wants to be a slut, right?"

“...Yes.”

“There’s no shame in it?”

“No,” the deep voice sounded quieter, so Lara took over. “There’s no shame in being a slut.”

“If *you* chose to be a slut, there’d be nothing wrong with that. You should feel no shame in being a slut.”

Lara heard the words. Didn’t know what to think about them. Didn’t think at all. The deep voice mumbled something, but it was far too quiet for Lara to hear. Besides, she wasn’t supposed to listen to that voice anymore. It was a bad voice that said bad things.

“You’re not a prude, are you Lara?”

“No,” Lara answered with a shake of her head. “I’m not.”

“And, if women can only be one of two things – a prude or a slut – that, by process of elimination, would make you a slut. Isn’t that right?”

“Um...” Lara couldn’t think. Couldn’t work through the problem with that question. Couldn’t even tell what the problem was. “Yes.”

“And there’s nothing wrong with being a slut, is there?”

“No.”

“If – hypothetically speaking – you *were* a slut, it’d be wrong for you to feel shameful about it. You shouldn’t ever feel ashamed of your sexuality, should you?”

“No.”

“On the contrary, you should feel shame/less about it. No shame at all. The best kind of slut to be is a shameless slut.”

Lara nodded her head, didn’t speak.

“Now, I know you have your reservations about being a slut. Mostly stemming from that other part of you, the other Lara. But we don’t listen to *that* Lara, do we?”

“Nu-uh,” Lara shook her head.

“She’s a bad person. We go *against* her.”

“Mm’hm...” Lara nodded.

“Those reservations about being a slut. What if I told you there was a way to prove to you, once and for all, that you’re a natural born slut? Would that make things easier for you?”

“I... I don’t know...” Again, the fog was beginning to clear.

“Don’t worry,” the man said. As he did, a weight settled on Lara’s chest. One of her breasts. A weight that, a moment later, shifted. Fingertips gently kneading her soft tit-flesh. “Just listen to my voice, Lara. Relax and listen. And I’ll show you just how much of a slut you really are.”

The deep voice said something. Lara ignored it.

The man continued to speak, continued to lightly grope Lara. And that voice, Lara *did* listen to.