

Clara Loft and the Jade Statue – the short story adaptation: A Tomb Raider Fanfiction –
FINISHED

Note: This story behind this is courtesy of a dialogue by the Undertow user, T0mcat.

Beware of occupational hazards.

The sun shines brightly overhead above the horizon in the cloudless blue sky, and there are only three things that could be heard on an unnamed island in the Pacific Ocean – the chirping of exotically colored birds, the wet stomping of boots upon the muddy ground, and the chopping of vines and leaves off of their stems from the calculated waving of a machete. It is here that we see the attractive archaeologist, Lara Croft, tear through the jungle with a look of determination and academic passion on her face. *I've just got to find that Jade Statue before Nick does. Then, we'll be seeing who owes the other dinner tonight.* She smirks to herself, confident in knowing that indeed she will be the first to find this mysterious jade statue – a statue known to the local people as the Jade Statue of Fertility.

Long forgotten is the name of the god this statue is dedicated to, but its effects are unforgettable and irresistible. It has been rumored that she who performs the ritual to unlock the statue's power will be granted great power over the whole island nation, and a prosperous, long life. Lara, in particular, has chosen to go on this perilous search for this statue out of good will and academic interest; for years, the people of this island have found themselves in a state of population decline and famine, such that now only scores remain. Once Lara performs the ritual, she has full intention of restoring the island nation to its former glory and taking the statue to a museum once all is said and done.

She sports a teal, tank top shirt, short brown cargo shorts, military-style boots, dark-grey fingerless gloves, her signature twin handguns in their twin leather holster, and a small backpack containing ammunition and knives, among other necessary gear, and an earpiece for fast communication. All of this, perfectly emphasizing her brown, braided, ponytail hair, smooth, tanned skin from her time spent under the sun, a deliciously round, well-shaped rump not too big, nor too small, chocolatey brown eyes, and equally round, large, yet supplely firm breasts that bounce perfectly in sync with her movements.

After about eight more minutes of quietly trekking through the jungle, she finds her objective. She looks up at the statue, and sees a large, nude, impressively muscular man with a bald head. He firmly stood in the dirt ground, and his facial expression was similar to that of the

famous Statue of David by Michelangelo – composed, and with a piercing gaze to the ground. Its height was at least seven feet.

“Well, Nick. Here it is. I finally found the Jade Statue of Fertility.”

“Good for you, Lara. I'm still looking for a way out of this damn cave,”

Nick says in a stressed, panting tone.

“Aww, are you upset that I won the bet that I would find the statue first?”

“No. It's just so dark and stuffy here. By the way, be careful. That shaman did warn that the statue has a certain effect on anyone near it, especially women.”

“Oh, Come on, Nick. You actually believe that perverted tosser?”

“Better safe than sorry.”

“Psh. Yeah, right. Well, I'll report to you later, Nick. Let me know if you find anything else interesting. Lara out.”

I suppose to his credit, the shaman kept staring at my boobs the whole time. Lara sighs, then proceeds clear away all of the moss and dirt off of the statue to prepare for the ritual. *So, what does this ritual involve anyway?* Once she's at the final spot, she cleans that up and finds a mysterious stone tablet written in hieroglyphics at the statue's feet.

“Hmm, what does this say? Ah yes; ‘To free the magical force of the Jade Statue of Fertility, one has to take in and polish his Mighty Rod of Power.’ What the...polish his Mighty Rod of Power? This can't possibly mean...”

She swallows in slight nervousness, and her mouth begins to feel dry, while even more beads of sweat run down her body. *Ugh, you've got to be kidding me. I have to literally give a blowjob to a statue?* She moves her eyes to stare at the statue's rather large dick. *Well, the tablet's not wrong. His dick is...mighty, for lack of a better word. It must be at least thirteen inches.* And then, her mind quickly returns to the task at hand, and she finds herself blushing.

“God damnit, Lara! You're a world-renowned archaeologist! There's nothing you wouldn't do for the sake of academia!”

And his cock...it looks so... she feels her panties become more moist than usual. She shakes her head to return to reality.

“Ugh, I need to get my head out of the gutter. I just need to call Nick. I mean, come on. I have to give this statue a blowjob! That sounds like utter rubbish.”

Reluctant, and not wanting to do what she clearly has to do, as indicated by the stone tablet, she calls Nick once again.

“Hey, Nick. It’s me, Lara. I need some help in understanding this tablet.”

“Sure, Lara. I’ve got nothing else to do except keep moving through this godforsaken cave.”

“Ahem.” She clears her throat. “There’s a tablet on the statue that says this: ‘To free the magical force of the Jade Statue of Fertility, one has to take in and polish his Mighty Rod of Power.’ And then there’s this sort of icon of a woman taking his...err... ‘rod’...into her mouth and down her throat. I mean, there’s got to be some other way, right? Nick? Nick?”

She then hears Nick burst into laughter. It is loud and maniacal, a laughter from him she had not heard in years.

“I’m sorry, Lara. This is just too funny. Anyway, there’s no doubt about it. You’re gonna have to do it. No wonder the shaman said that only a woman could do it.”

“Nick?! You can’t possibly mean —”

“Ah shit! Sorry, Lara. Something just came up. I gotta go. Anyway, just get the ritual over with before dark, or else the village is gonna be pissed. Nick out.”

“Wait!”

And with that, Nick was out. Lara kicked the ground in frustration. *Damnit! Do I really have to do this?! I’m a world-renowned archaeologist who’s on the front cover of National Geographic! Not a bloody whore!* She takes a deep breath to compose herself, and takes a long gulp of water from her canteen.

“Well, let’s just get this over with before anyone catches me.”

She gets on her knees and places her hands on the statue’s hips. She, at first, blushes and looks away in utter embarrassment. But her heart beats at the same time in ever so slight excitement. *Am I feeling excited? Could Nick really be right about the effects...ugh, what am I saying? It’s rubbish. I’m just nervous about getting seen. I just need to...* Lara takes a deep breath and then another gulp of water from her canteen to quench her dry mouth. She then takes off her gloves and puts them in her pocket.

“Well, here goes nothing.”

She opens her mouth, sticks out her tongue, and begins licking away at the tip of the statue's massive cock. *Lick, lick, lick, around the tip, tip, tip...come on, Lara, stay serious. You're a world-famous archaeologist, not some teenage girlie giving her first blowjob.* She then spits on her hand and begins stroking the jade cock.

“There we go. It's getting nice and polished already. I guess all it really needed was a good, old-fashioned spit-shine.”

However, those two minutes she spent stroking the rod were to no avail.

“Oh, come on! Nothing yet. I guess there really don't have any other choice, then. Fuck it.”

She continues stroking the mighty rod slowly, from the tip to the root as the tablet specified, and giving the tip a lick every few strokes, swirling her tongue around the tip. Finally, she proceeds to take the rod into her mouth, fully engulfing the tip. *From tip to root, from tip to root...* She closes her eyes and then moves further and further down the rod before finally taking half of it down her throat, and then pulling back to breathe.

“Bloody hell, you really are mighty.”

she says breathily.

After a couple gasps of air and another gulp of water, she engulfs it down her warm, wet mouth again, slathering her tongue on its underside, and feeling both the rod and her nether region become more and more wet. *Come on, Lara. Stay focused, not turned on.* However, despite her mind telling her to resist the statue's tempting nature, her body simply gave in, and she felt herself becoming hotter and wetter with a growing sense of lust. *This is so weird. I'm getting turned on from blowing a bloody statue.* She then began to pick up the pace, bobbing her head faster and slathering her tongue on the jade cock until finally taking the whole of it all the way down her hot, wet throat. *Holy shit...did I just...I never cease to amaze myself.* Suddenly, she hears Nick on her earpiece, which brings her out of her lust-filled amazement at herself.

“Hey, uh, Lara. You sound like you're really enjoying that statue's company.”

“What? No! That's rubbish, Nick. I just want to make sure that I'm doing this ritual correctly.”

“Yeah. That must be why you're moaning while deepthroating the statue's mighty rod. I can still hear you; you know?”

“N-No...I mean yes? I don’t know Nick. Just don’t disturb me. And why the bloody hell are you listening?”

“I’m just making sure you’re safe. We’re partners, aren’t we? Well, anyway, I’m back at the village now. Again, hurry up with the ritual and be done with it before dark. Nick out.”

Ugh, bloody git. I just want to get this right. She then dives her head right back on the jade rod again, moving fast and deep on it, and lightly rubbing her teeth on the underside. She also begins to drool more, both out of lust and excitement. It drenches the rod and dribbles down her chin and towards her lovely boobs. After about several more minutes of continuous, sloppy sucking, Lara pulls back to breathe, and there are numerous strands of her saliva that connect her with the jade cock.

“Fuck, I don’t know what’s happening to me at all. I just can’t stop,” she says breathily.

“And why has nothing happened yet?”

Maybe I should try licking his bollocks? After all, what's breakfast with just sausage and no eggs? She then moves further down below the rod to the statue’s balls and proceeds to lick and suck on them. *There we go, and then perhaps we try this.* She places her right hand on the rod and strokes it as she sucks on the balls.

And then suddenly, the statue makes its move – without Lara even noticing, it grabs the back of her head with both of its mighty hands and proceeds to thrust itself all the way down Lara’s throat. Her eyes dilate with great horror, while she gasps in shock. *Holy fuck! What’s it doing?!* After going all the way down her throat, the statue then violently thrusts in and out if it, making Lara choke and gag. *Shit! This is trap! A booby trap! And I fell right for it! Damnit Lara! Rule number one of archaeology; be wary of booby traps! And of all times, you fall for one right now!* The statue continues its merciless assault on her mouth. Even when Lara attempted to bite it to get herself out, it was to no avail, and only resulted in more thrusting down her throat. *Ugh, of all the ways I die in my field of work, I die from giving a blowjob to a fucking statue. Fan-fucking-tastic!*

More and more torrents of her saliva trickle out of her mouth, down her chin, and onto her breasts. Her breath becomes increasingly ragged and heavy with each hard thrust as her heart beats faster and faster out of fear for her life. The statue notices the large torrents of her saliva, pulls itself out of Lara’s throat, and pushes her to the dirt ground, leaving her panting, sweaty

mess, soaking in her own drool. *Oh no. What's it gonna do to me next?* The statue makes a vertical tear down her tank top shirt, exposing her supple breasts, which were as tanned as the rest of her flawless skin. It then forcibly places itself between Lara's breasts and uses them to give itself a sloppy, wet titfuck.

"AHH!!!"

Lara screams in outright horror as the statue forcibly thrusts itself in and out between her supple, succulent tits.

"Ahh! Help! Anyone! Please! Get this fucking thing off of me!"

No one hears her. After all, she is in the middle of a jungle, several miles from any signs of civilization. *I just need to get my gun...* When Lara attempts to grab one of her guns on her left holster, she then immediately loses all feeling in her limbs, becoming completely immobile.

"Shit! I can't control my arms now?! What the fuck?!" *I have to call Nick. There's got to be a way I can regain control of my arms and call him.* After several more thrusts, the statue completely cums all over her breasts and face, leaving her even more of a mess than she already is.

"Gah! it's so much!"

After cumming all over her, the statue uses a sort of telekinetic ability to make Lara get on her hands and knees, positioning herself into the doggystyle position. And then it effortlessly rips off her shorts and fucks her pussy with equal vigor.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck! I-I can't handle any more...ahh!"

The statue feels Lara's pussy twitch as it reaches closer and closer to climax. Lara eventually unleashes a torrent of her own cum all over the jade cock, and the statue then cums in response.

"Ahh!" She shouts, and the rainforest finds itself in a state of temporary silence.

Meanwhile, she finds herself completely broken, both mentally and physically. Her eyes are rolled back in an orgasmic daze, her mouth is open with her tongue sticking out like a passed-out dog, her breath is heavy, as though she desperately gasped for air from the intensity of their fucking, and her body feels heavy from her post-orgasmic state. It indeed was what the French termed "le petite mort" for her – the little death. She then raises her left arm to her left ear to call Nick with her earpiece.

"N-Nick? Nick...do you...do you read me? Nick?" She calls while panting heavily. Nothing.

And then it hits her with the impact of an oncoming bus. *Oh fuck! Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! No!!! The battery's dead?! The battery's fucking dead?! She mashes the button to call Nick in a desperate attempt to be saved, but to no avail. This is it. I'm all alone! The great Lara Croft – fucked to death by the Jade Statue of Fertility! What a way to go on the fucking job! This has got to be the most ingenious booby trap ever conceived by the human race. I knew I should have listened to that shaman.*

Less than a second later, she feels her body go stiff and numb. *Oh no...not again!* Her body straightens itself out, and she lies flat on her back on the muddy ground with her arms at her sides. She's completely nude from the statue's rather vigorous pounding earlier. Above her, the sun begins to set below the horizon, while the moon rises into the sky, making the whole scene a beautiful combination of lush green from the rainforest below, orange, and purple. However, this was nothing more than a beautiful setting in a hellish scenario that was the complete ravaging of the unfortunate Lara Croft. Luck had indeed run out for the poor archaeologist. No longer was she the silky, brown-haired, tanned beauty that came in with curiosity and academic passion. Now, she was merely a pathetic whore to a booby trap – a cum receptacle to be later disposed of upon the expiration of her usefulness.

I'm completely done for. This is it. She closes her eyes, and accepts her ultimate fate. Upon opening them, out of the corner of her right eye came forth at least over a dozen monkeys, their eyes clearly showing that they too were lustfully hungry.

“No! Not this! No more! No more!”

She desperately pleads to the statue to not allow her to be further ravaged by the animals of the jungle, but the statue merely stands still, its face still maintaining its composed expression.

“No!”

One by one, the monkeys pounce on her to have their way. And that was all.