

Lara Croft did not know the name of the man beneath her. She didn't need to know the name of the man beneath her. For her, he was less a man and more a living, breathing sex toy. His name, who he was and what he liked or disliked were not things that Lara cared to know. She'd grabbed him because she had an itch that needed scratching, and once she had gotten what she needed from him, their brief union would end, and his very existence would fade from her mind. Such had been the case for any man who'd had the stroke of fortune to be chosen to fill the tomb raider's bed when she decided to either have some fun just prior to setting off on an expedition or returned with artifacts in hand and felt like celebrating.

She doubted that he would complain about being used and then ditched in this hotel room as soon as she'd finished with him. The man had an admittedly handsome face, in a rugged sort of way, and she could see the desire written plainly all over that face and in his eyes with each bounce she took on his cock. She didn't really care if he was enjoying himself, but it wasn't a surprise to see the lust and awe with which he watched her nude body bounce up and down the length of his dick or hear the pleasure in his moans as she rode him. She was riding him for her enjoyment, not his, but any man she'd ever taken with her for a pre-or post-expedition fuck had invariably enjoyed fucking, or more accurately being fucked by Lara.

This one had a nice dick, which he'd actually needed to prove to her before he was allowed to join her in the hotel room, and it filled Lara's cunt nicely each time that she dropped down onto him. It was definitely long enough and thick enough to get her off, provided he stayed hard long enough. She could hear and see more than just pleasure coming from him. There was desperation there too, the kind of desperation that she recognized as a man trying to hold off from cumming. Lara was going to give him even more incentive to summon whatever staying power he had within him. She leaned her body over his and stared down into his eyes, letting him see the same fierce determination that had allowed her to tackle so many life-threatening situations over the years.

"Don't you *dare* cum before I've had my orgasm." Her voice was low and dangerous. She didn't elaborate on what the consequences would be if he failed to last long enough to let her cum, and she didn't need to. In her experience, just making the demand of her temporary partner and then letting their imagination run wild as to what she might do was far more effective than any specific threat she might make. Sure enough, he nodded up at her, and she saw his throat visibly bob when he gulped. That was enough for her. She nodded in satisfaction, closed her eyes and focused on her bouncing.

It was a nice cock, so Lara was going to get what she needed if he could just hold on for a bit longer. She would get off one way or the other, because if he came before she could, she would keep him on his back and ride his face until she got what she'd come here for. But that wasn't her preference, so she really would be cross with him if he failed her. Lara concentrated on her bounces, and on the pleasure they brought her. This dick was a good fit for her.

Lara's eyes snapped open when she felt rough hands on her breasts, and she grabbed his arms by the wrist, pulled them off of her chest and pinned them to the bed. He was much larger than her, but that didn't change the fact that she was the one in control. While Lara liked hard sex, she required a more delicate touch on her breasts and nipples. These rough hands were not suited for the task, and she had little doubt that the initial grope would have been followed by graceless pawing of her breasts and tweaking of her nipples. Lara would not allow that to happen.

“I never said you could touch.” She shook her head and glared down at him. “Bad boy.” He groaned at that, and Lara smirked. He wasn’t the first man who’d given off that reaction when she’d spoken to them like that.

“You’re not the one doing the fucking here.” Lara kept his arms pinned to the bed and switched to grinding on his cock. “Until I’m finished with you, this is *my* cock, understand?” He nodded up at her, wide-eyed, and then groaned again as her hips started to move faster on him. Lara was seriously grinding now, compelled by the way this new angle let her stimulate her g-spot through her grinding. She grunted and squeezed his wrists harder, using both her hands and her hips to show him that she was the one in charge here.

She saw how hard he was fighting against himself, but Lara stared down at him, her face just above his, her narrowed eyes demanding compliance as she humped towards her climax. The treasure hunter got what she came for, because her partner for the evening managed to win his war against himself long enough for Lara’s grinding to make her open her mouth and moan as the pleasure finally hit. It was what Lara had been craving after she’d wrapped up her latest raid, and the onrush of ecstasy was everything she’d been seeking when she approached this man and bluntly requested that he prove he had a cock that was up to the task. And so he did. She would soon forget his face, and she’d never learned his name to begin with. But she would remember this pleasure.

Lara pulled off of him after she was done, aware that he had instantly begun to erupt inside of her cunt as soon as he’d been able to tell she was cumming. She wasn’t concerned about that, though. She always took ample precautions before she indulged.

“I paid for the room for the night, so you can take your time in recovering before you leave,” Lara announced. She bent to gather her clothing and supplies so she could use the shower. As soon as she was clean, she would leave, and that would be that. She’d gotten what she came for, and she would never see this man again. If she felt the urge to satisfy herself again just before or right after her next expedition, she would find a different cock to give her what she needed.