In a League overflowing with big-dicked bullies, cold-blooded assassins and outer-space monstrosities which seem to work off the pounds from eating humans and raping them, it was a wonder two bubble-headed, blonde bimbos like Lux and Ezreal had managed to find each other. Goodness knew there was no shortage of heavy-chested hussies who could use a blonde footstool and his spunky, quick-shot micro-dick, just like there were plenty of sweaty, nasty, oily brutes who'd take any opportunity to cram their bulging pricks to the hilt, unprotected in that fine sweet-sixteen Demacian pussy.

Somehow, the two beauties had avoided wandering directly into the lion's mouth and instead fallen adoringly into each other's arms, snuggled blissfully together in the middle of the hellish barroom brawl which called itself the League of Legends. Whilst shrieking monsters and musclebound men pummelled each other into the dirt for tower control, those “Best Buddies™” were skipping lackadaisically through the fields and making flower garlands for each other’s hair.

One could be forgiven for mistaking those two dick sucking lip-blessed honeys for brother and sister. They were both wispy and petite, with just one pair of B-Cup titties to share between them.

On top of that, both had big blue eyes as wide and soulful as lost lambs. Though admittedly, the girl’s had a strangely crazed edge to them at times. Both had lush blonde hair that framed clear, fresh faces. They each had washboard tummies that were a delight to stroke and pet ... At the end of the day, the biggest difference came down to what a conqueror would be rewarded with when he or she anchored their slim ankles over their equally petite shoulders. You know where this is going.

By dint of having a cute, pink pussy with velvet lips and sizzling, exceptionally tempting insides, Luxanna was off the hook right from the get-go. It might not be the thickest, deepest or even the plumpest, but it was perfectly capable of wringing a bestial mate’s prick bone-dry.

She could make it fit, wincing and gasping past the sparks of pain- if it meant she'd get a pat on the head, and a careless bout of demeaning praise later. Being a good girl was so important, after all.

Ezreal wasn't so lucky. He had a svelte, slender penis, cute as a button, but woefully inadequate for anything else but being show-pony material. In short, it was little more than a boy-clit, fit only for being tied up with a cute little bow- and poked fun at. Maybe if Lux had been born a boy, she'd have been similarly afflicted with exactly the same sort of pale pink penis fit only for a prepubescent child. But, her budding breasts excused her, her lack of testosterone a charming feature.

… And not a crippling inadequacy.

To make the sissy male's cheeks flush all the more, Ezreal's butt seemed to be interested in more than making up for the shortcomings of his cock. That rear was fat and plump, whilst his masculine assets were severely diminished, like a cute effort to be noticed, to be found useful in at least some fashion. Both girl and faux-girl had deliciously plump badonkadonk behinds, with pink puckered assholes as sensitive as any pussy. Ezreal couldn’t help but moan and flush a deep shade of red whenever Lux prodded and poked at his sensitive pucker ... All while having some of the strongest orgasms of his vapid, aimless little life.

It made the young explorer feel guilty, knowing he was cumming his brains out and drooling on himself like a pig just from Lux's admittedly rather impressive butt-fingering technique, while he couldn't even bring her to a toe-curling high by grinding his hips against hers, railing her with his woefully small pecker. He'd love to see that kind of braindead, giddy, grinning look on her face one day ...

Unfortunately for him, that furtive wish was about to be fulfilled.

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Few fit the description of “hulking, oily beastman” better than the jungler who had been catching Lux’s pretty boyfriend up over and over again the whole match. It was impossible to forget the speed and ferocity with which the beast had snared, leapt upon, and brutally savaged him to the brink of death almost nine times running. Even now, the predatory leonine brute was sizing up the pair of them as they loitered about, fondling each other in their river bush, just off of bottom lane.

Ezreal was laid out on his back. One of his boots was all the way off, his clothes rumpled and smelling of the grass. His legs twitched occasionally whenever the girl straddling him gave him cause to squirm. The blonde, tattooed cutie was wearing his regular League outfit, tattered jeans, undershirt, jacket and mantle.

Lux was sitting astride her boytoy, thick thighs trapping his legs. Her head was down, red lips glued to soft pink, innocent little tongues squirming together. It was hard to tell where one silky mop of blonde hair ended and the other began. She was dressed appropriately for the warm weather, having cast aside her armour. The teenage Demacian was stripped down to just her shiny black bodysuit, the plunging neckline letting those cute breasts of hers wobble where they pleased. At first she'd pumped that luxurious bottom against Ezreal's pole, but had shifted her weight to smother his tenting pants once the stimulation got too much. Boys and their boners... They were just so silly~

"Haaa... We've got so many people watching us, silly," she whispered in his ear. She gave it a little nibble right after. "If go getting a cute little stiffy without everyone seeing what a pervert you are!"

"But you're rubbing your butt on it! Haahhhh..." Ezreal huffed, his face burning bright red.

Lux's Mega Milk grin got a little wider. "Stupid, horny boy~" she cooed. "You're so stiff and you don't even know what to do with it! Giggle~"

Rengar’s remaining blue feline eye narrowed as he took in the toned, svelte form of the girl - his nostrils flaring in anticipation of having her at his feet. She had snared and given him a bloody nose on every attempted ambush so far, displaying a wit and canny ability that her companion lacked entirely. She would make a fine trophy, he rumbled internally. And the “boy-man” an adequate rag.

The thrill of the hunt flowed through him as he surged out of his jungle’s tri-bush, catapulting around the rock wall which had concealed his approach, and surging towards the pair. Undoubtedly, they thought themselves still safe- despite the hidden ward tucked away in a corner of the reeds. Rengar hurled his bolas, the weighted netting twisting roughly around Ezreal’s arms and legs, pinning him to the wet, muddy shallows of the river.

The beastman let out a triumphant roar, a deep, guttural, primal thing that was enough to make any woman’s thighs quiver and shudder with sudden need.

The pair barely had time to untangle and try to climb to their feet. The boy-toy in particular couldn’t muster so much as a single spell before he found himself lost in a tangle of thick fur- his stomach exploding with pain as the wind was violently driven from his sails. The hulking, heavily armored beast had gut punched him.

As the air poured back into his lungs, his brain suddenly flooded with brutally masculine pheromones. Ezreal sluggishly began to comprehend that his skull was pinioned beneath the brute’s armpit. The scent was violent, manly, and insidious. It burned into his brain an instinctual, mewling submissiveness that was all but impossible to ignore, given it was riding the coattails of life-giving, if sickeningly muggy air.

Rengar held him there firmly, grinning ferally up at Luxanna, until the boy’s struggling petered out. He released him, letting him thud casually into the riverbank as one of his massive, musky feet mashed across his cheek and face, grinding the opposite side of his head into the dirt. He leered at Luxanna, beckoning to her with one set of wicked claws. “Come here, woman. I have won you from this man, and I demand your obedience. Now.” He seemed to swell and grow larger as he rumbled this order, his mane truly glorious, and his size daunting to say the least.

A little squeak of fear just barely made it past Luxanna's moist. trembling lips. Eyes as wide as saucers trailed up that supremely masculine body, lingering on his bestial musculature each step of the way.

"Nnn ... Nnn ... W-Wait ..." she blubbed, a giddy smile crossing her face as she gazed up at him. She clasped her fingers together under her chin, searching for the words that might save her.

"Heehee ... Ummm ..." One of her arms went limp, while she touched the other to those decadent, full lips of hers.

"Wow ... You're really strong, aren't you?" Lux whispered. Her voice cracked slightly as she processed the reality of her predicament.

The part of her that was still a good girl listened to the words now tumbling out of her mouth and made her flush, her cheeks turning a light shade of red as she warmly buttered up the inhuman monster. “Please be unconscious, Ezreal,” she thought, wishing he couldn’t hear her sensual words. But not enough to stop herself from letting the lurid praise continue to spill from her lips. She couldn't help wanting to suck up to Rengar. After all, she'd done her best to protect Ezreal and he'd still left her on her own with this brute. One musk bomb had been all it had taken to reduce him to a shivering mess.

A dark thought crossed her mind. The same girl who had taken huge amounts of coaxing from Ezreal to even let him fumble blindly around her hot-spots was hit by the realization that she could save herself. She looked down at the gut-punched, wheezing heap on the ground and realized an almost magical way out had been opened to her. A bypass that let her avoid a savage beating and goring from the incredibly manly beast before her.

That hot slit between her thighs had opened a special-access door which was firmly closed to her crushed boyfriend.

She didn't even have to publicly paint herself as a traitor. From the murky mists of her pussy-driven mind, a mystical phrase began to take shape. They were words that would let her turncoat pussy take the shape of this beast's mighty dick while she remained pure as the angels themselves. It was perfect.

The adept sorceress took a step towards the monster, casting a long shadow over her boyfriend’s prostrate body. With silky, small fingers writhing in anticipation of seizing fistfuls of the fur behind his neck, she lidded her eyelashes seductively, and let the words come to her slippery, deceitful mouth.

Her eyes trailed up that magnificent tuft of fur to his braid, and finally his single, burning eye. She winsomely bats her eyelashes at the beast, shameless and bold. "I'll do anything you want ... If you spare my *cute* little boyfriend's life."

That’s what Ezreal was. Cute. Adorable. Helpless.

Lux's fingertips danced across her heaving chest. Her heart raced and her breaths came faster as she looked up at the towering monster’s body. Her body responded entirely by instinct. Lux hooked her slender fingers beneath the scanty collar of her jumpsuit - pulling it sensually down to partially expose her petite breasts, inviting the hunter to stare to his heart's content. She wanted him to look! She wanted him to stare and get hard! "My boyfriend, he … He means *everything* to me.” She let out a sultry giggle, batting her eyelashes alluringly.

Her little pact with the devil had been made. That eager cavern between her thighs was driving her to do something really wrong!

The beast eyed her carefully for a few moments, huffing the air- as if to smell her lies on the wind. Apparently satisfied with her offer, he reached out with his gauntleted hand and drags her closer by the small of her back. Sheathing his machete, the other massive clawed hand took hold of the much smaller woman’s rump, kneading the firm flesh between those powerful furred digits. They wandered callously between her legs, a small prick of his claw all that was really needed to puncture the jumpsuit. In a slow, smooth motion, he carved a slit between her legs that ran the length of her cunt and arse.

A hungry growl hissed from his steaming maw, Rengar’s fingers massaging and roughly teasing at her pert asshole while his good eye wandered over her half exposed form. A lovely prize. A mostly untouched maiden to ravage. And with such magical prowess in hand …

He gave her mostly-clothed ass a hard, possessive smack - the firm crack of the impact likely audible a lane away. Stepping back, he took his foot off of the young man’s head, and gestured to him. A smug expression flitted across his face as he demanded, “If he means everything to you as you say, then you will establish to him his new role. Help me ingrain this into his feeble mind. That you are my woman. And that he is simply chattel on the side.”

He waved his hand dismissively, pointing to his crotch. “Present yourself to me on all fours, with your head over his meagre package. Tell him how much you adore being a beast’s woman, while I take you.”

Luxanna's large, baby-blue eyes slowly dropped from the feline male's broad chest. The light of love went out of her eyes, naked feminine arousal turning to a look of concern.

Lux's gaze lingered between the two men for a moment. The Demacian beauty looked silently into the grasses waving lightly in the wind, eyes dark and unseeing.

The corners of her mouth were turned downwards as she looked, just for a moment, to be having second thoughts. The pretty little blonde honey turned back to Ezreal, and that look of sympathy she'd worn just moments ago puffed into thin air. Completely vanished, replaced by the waggle-tongued little devil gal who'd been grinding thin air just seconds ago.

She hip-swayed over to Ez-baby and leaned over him where he was still laying in the grass. He was slowly stirring to life again, and was just about to sit up when Lux pinned him back down. "Steady..." she said, with another little giggle.

Lux's flat chest touched up on Ezreal's one as she climbed on top of her. He could just see the corners of her face peeking out from the blonde locks hanging down on either side. She positioned her tummy on his just so, her upraised ass waggling like an animal in heat directly over his face. She bounced her full behind from side-to-side for Rengar, invitingly shaking her puss.

Her sex-sleeve was small and pretty, the full pink lips still able to be sealed together in the classic "Peach" appearance. She was old enough to fight on the Fields of Justice, yet somehow hadn't taken a single writhing beast cock to the hilt yet! Quite the feat in this hotbed of girl-hunting monstrous shafts! It was a nice surprise to find a pussy that wasn't already stretched-out and ruined by the abusive punishment of the monster cocks that ruled over empty-headed girls like her.

Sitting atop that perfectly-formed mound was the honey's soft asshole, a pink, lightly-twitching orifice just as pretty as her pussy. A few claw-scritches along her over-developed butt would be more than enough to tease it open, and turn it into just another cock-tunnel for the monster to slake his lusts on.

Lux giggled as she lay atop Ezreal, wiggling her ass for her mate. "I'm sorry, baby... He maaaade me..."

A little trickle of tinkling laughter escaped her mouth as she drummed her fingertips on the growing bulge inside his pants. "You weren't strong enough to protect me, heehee. But I don't hate you... Just lay back and let Lux take care of ~everything~."

Another pair of sharp smacks rung out as the beast fore and backhanded the callous little skank’s padded asscheeks, rumbling in a manner that seemed more like a chuckle than anything threatening. He had reached between his legs, and pulled away the long black loincloth that concealed the mess of cloth and light plating that concealed his bestial manhood. Even through the plate, it was easy to see the outline of those magnificently fat bollocks hanging low beneath the burgeoning mass of flesh inside that sheath. The scent of musty, stale masculine odor was strong as he reflexively bucked his hips at the sight of Luxanna’s exposed pussy, the beast practically raring to take her.

Instead, he sneered as he proudly took hold of her long golden locks, yanking her hair back as if he were steering a crazed horse away from a cliff’s edge.

A truly beautiful cry escaped the young maiden's mouth as her head was yanked up and back, scalp enveloped by Rengar's leathery palm. The dazed cutie's tongue shot out of her mouth, pink lips upturned into an impish smile. "Ooooh! Ooooh!"

She was immediately silenced by his leaden tone as he spoke again. Lux looked back at him out of the corner of her eyes like a frightened, horny animal, a grinning rictus locked onto her face. She wheezed loudly through her nostrils, so scared she could barely move. Clear juices oozed down her thighs as she sweated like a dumb little piggy.

“Woman,” he growled, his voice taking on a much more authoritative tone.

“I told you to tell him how hungry you are to be a whore for a beast. You seem to have misheard.” He laughed, wrapping her hair into a knot around his fist as he roughly digs his clawed thumb into her tight pucker, twisting it about. “Or do you want to be punished?”

He let his hand fall away from her pliant, cute little ass and instead began to peel away the layers of armoring that protected his crotch. He slowly revealed the scraggly grey and white pubic fur that ensconced the obscene bulge of his sheath, and those sweaty, steaming balls. As they hung little more than a foot over Ezreal’s face, they dripped their noxious payload of pungent sweat across his face- seeming to sway and throb hypnotically as Rengar ground his swelling bulge between the traitorous woman’s asscheeks. “Go on then, woman. Worship my manhood. Flatter me.”

"Haahn! I don't have a choice, do I?" Lux asked, tongue lashing her chops. The flat-chested, baby-faced Luxanna was eating up his rough treatment.

Lux gave her thick thighs a squeeze, trying to wring out the tension aggrieving her body so. She smothered Ezreal's cheeks in soft, creamy flesh.

Between her legs, Ezreal's nose was fully subjected to the smelly den of her pussy. He got one final whiff of her lovely, perfumed scent before Rengar's odious cat-cock lumbered heavily into the space between them, leaking cum and sweat and filth all over his dainty face and her made-for-sex behind. It cut off the flow of air between his nose and her body, making the space between the lovers congested. It was clogged up to capacity by the furred beast's worm-veined sheath and pendulous, sloshing nutsack. "Nnn..." he whined. "Nooo..."

When Ezreal slowly came back to reality, Lux's cute voice was speaking out again, tormenting his soft heart with ruthless words. "He's going to fuck me now, Ezreal... Mmhm~ Rengar's going to take his dark, veiny dick and make a mess of me. Eek!"

She allowed her drool to flow freely as her brain steadily turned to mush, anything more complicated than animal instincts dripping out her ears. It splattered on Ezreal's belly one drop at a time as she got comfy, humping herself up against the male's body. "Do you understand, Ezreal? Heehee~ You were lucky to get to have my pussy for as long as you did, but... Neither of us can really say it made you much of a man in the end, did it?"

She continued to rock her hips in arousal. There seemed to be no end to the deluge of vitriolic words spilling from the angelic-looking blonde’s mouth, each vulgar statement topping the one before it for sheer depravity. "So it's time to say bye-bye to it... But, mm, you had a good run, didn't you? But my body developed to entice men like him, too, so it's time to fall by the wayside, Ezreal!"

She was clinging to Ezreal as tightly as she ever had during their lovemaking, but now it was to brace herself for her beast-lover's earth-shaking fucking. "I'm... I'm sorry, heehee~"

Ezreal looked up at her, a look of relief fluttering to his eyes. Despite the outrageous situation, he couldn’t help but feel his heart grow warmer. But as quickly as his heart was soothed, it was suddenly pierced with knives all over again.

"It's o-okay, I under - " he began. He wanted to help the delirious girl through the pain she was obviously feeling, but he couldn’t even get through the first sentence before she suddenly cut him off!

She reached behind her and spread her ass-cheeks for her bestial lover, while lashing her tongue across her lips hungrily. "Sorry you were born a man that is! You'll, mmhmhmh neeever understand just how good it feels to have a pretty pink pussy in a world full of bulls like him! To constantly have a target painted on you!”

Her filthy-hot grin widened. “And knowing... no matter what, they’re plotting to split it open from morning until night, devilishly planning to bust our slits wide open and use our bodies to bring them lots of pleasure! To dump litres of their musky white spermatozoa inside us!” She shuddered from head to toe, lost in adulterous fantasy.

Lux raised her pink-painted fingernails and gave her fat, jiggling ass a whip-crack slap right on the cheek. Her fingernails dimpled the skin, digging deep into her useful girl-flesh. With her other hand pressing a fingertip into her cheek, she looked back at Rengar and squeaked in her cute little voice: “Unf. Bring it on, Rengar. I’m ready!”

As that deluge of vitriol continued to spew forth, the beastman’s prick began to lurch slowly out of its sheath. At first, all that could be seen was the jet black, vaguely canid tip. But that quickly changed as the rest of the cockhead surged out. What looked like sharp, small nubs and spines seemed to dot the upper portion of the length, promising to scrape and scratch at the girls’ svelte insides in a way that Ezreal never could have hoped to with his measly little cock. To be fair to his tender heart, it was hardly as if the lily-livered child would have ever wanted to.

Each new burst of sadistic praise of the hulking, stinking beast over her soft-skinned former lover seemed to coax more of that ebon prick out of Rengar’s steaming sheath, his hips grinding roughly against hers as he slid the monstrous thing against her drooling gash, wetting it with her own juices. “Hnnnh,” he growled, as the vein-riddled length bulged and throbbed headily between her thighs, hot enough to be more than a little uncomfortable against her tender cunt.

He reached down with his free hand and took hold of that proud girth, jerking back and shaking his hips to drag the burgeoning knot out of his sheath in turn, the cock flopping down far enough for the cockhead to dangle mere inches from Ezreal’s mortified face.

Rengar looked down at him with an expression that vaguely resembled a twinge of pity. If this slut hadn’t simply caved in at the first whiff of a beast’s cock- they might have stood a chance of being worthy prey. As it was, they were just a whore and a rag. Almost a pity.

Almost.

The beastman huffed, sneering at him as he let the tip of that magnificent prick smack him on the chin, dollops of thick- syrupy pre lacquering his chest along with his beaus’ cunt-juices. “You may yet discover the joys of being a woman, whelp. Provided you show you know your place like this craven slattern.”

He shifted his hips somewhat, rearing back- and poking the canid tip of his magnificent length against her asshole, grinding it in a scant few millimetres as he roughly seizes both of her wrists in both hands, letting her face and chest mash in between the boy’s thighs. “Beg,” he snarls, a feral grin warping his already bestial features.

Ezreal could scarcely believe his ears. He didn't want to believe his ears!

The foul creature loomed over the lovers like a personification of sin itself. Rengar was an inhuman, evil beast, with a cock like a slimy black tentacle born straight from the Void itself, who had no right to demand such a vulgar act of Luxanna. She was a good, behaved girl who could have lived her whole life innocent and happy, without becoming a drugged junkie to bareback beast corruption.

He whispered something, just barely audible at first. It was only when Rengar and Lux leaned a tiny bit closer that they could make out the little hiss of breath that signified the end of their chaste relationship, and the spreading of Lux's long, supermodel-like legs for beasts, and beasts alone.

"Don't make her beg," he whimpered in a voice so quiet it almost didn't survive the winds whipping through the field. "Just let her fuck herself on it... Please, sir, I can't take seeing her begging to consume your huge, dirty cock."

He was silenced momentarily as Lux shifted her flush, soft buttcheeks. His view of Rengar was blocked out as everything was rendered dark by big bubble booty. She giggled. "Shhhh... Don't embarrass yourself, honey~ Heehee! Bullies like Rengar don't have much patience, so... Mmm... Just be a good boy and you might get something nice!"

“Lux, your body won’t be able t -” He was silenced as she shifted her booty all the way over his face. Lux giggled again, rocking back and forth.

"Maybe I don't care what happens to my body anymore," she purred. She trapped Rengar's shaft under her chubby rear end, pinning it in the space between her pussy and Ezreal's face, flushing the twink's nostrils with the stink of pubic hair and dried semen. "Please, Rengar. Please *fully* devote yourself to destroying the debutante body of one of Demacian's finest aristocratic maidens. Mm!"

She squirmed in Rengar’s tight grip, like she wanted to lean all the way back and kiss him! "Let's begin the Breeding Show! It's time to make the perfect love idol of the Fields of Justice into beat-up, broken, shattered used goods!"

Clear fluids seeped from her velvet sex-sleeve onto his veiny rod, leaving it sticky and shiny. She nosed the tip against his member, inviting his semen to take a long overdue swim with her teenage ovums. "My nasty body matured just for this moment, so do me quick! Ezreal could pass out at any moment, heehee, and I knoo~ooow you don't want him to miss a second of this!"

Staring down at her with an unimpressed, but at least marginally satisfied expression, Rengar began to violently rock his hips into the vapid blonde idols’ own. The head of that fat cat-beast prick ground into her asshole at a record pace, gouging past the sensitive ring of muscle and grinding around inside of that taut passage. He grunted, jerking her arms back roughly, straining her shoulder muscles and wrenching her sockets at an awkward and painful angle. He was using them as leverage as he rocked his hips forward, and side to side, his barbed cock scraping her sensitive, tender asshole as the head drove deeper.

“You have a flair for the melodramatic, cow.” His voice was flat, but coloured with a building and mind-consuming lust as he began to get a taste for how tight the young woman was. “I suppose I got what I asked for, asking a puffed-up national idol to beg.” He grinned, releasing the girls’ hands as he shifted his bulk, laying over her back and grabbing her shoulders with his clawed digits. He grabbed them hard enough to leave little gouge marks as he dug his feet into the muddy riverbank. “Now at least, I get to hear my fresh, vapid little cunt squeal.”

Ezreal, forgotten now as the beast’s mind began to fog with animalistic hunger to rut and ruin, was treated to the sight of Rengar’s length at full mast. Easily a full thirteen inches long, including the monstrously swollen knot- and a little short of three inches at its’ thickest. The knot itself was this disgustingly fat thing, throbbing and vein riddled at the base of his monstrous cock. A best guess would place it as over five inches in girth. How the slim girl was expected to take such a thing was beyond even Rengar. But he’d make it happen with time. And savagery.

“Scream, prey!” The beast roared aloud as he slammed that black spear into her taut asshole, rocketing that sharp-tipped length deep into her at an awkward initial angle without a care for her well-being or enjoyment. He rocked his hips back just as quick, before jackhammering forward again, those barbs tearing at her lovely insides. Again, and again that black prick shot into her deepest recesses, the sheer strength and cruelty of the monster above her speeding the process of breaking in her cute little ass much farther along than would have been possible with any other beast.

A consistent torrent of disgusting sweat dripped from Rengar’s thighs and balls as those furred testes swung about with each crushing thrust. The hunter snarled, sinking his teeth into the blonde’s locks and tugging her head back roughly again and again, like a lion shakes its’ smaller prey to death with its jaws. The entire weight of his incredible bulk weighed upon her, pinning her beneath the arduous sexual assault with no chance of wriggling away for a moment’s respite whatsoever ….

With her face buried in Ezreal's crotch and Rengar's fat beast-dick buried right up her pliable, sensitive asshole, Lux was as good as dead to the world. Eyes rolled back, mouth hanging open and mindless howls emerging from deep within her belly.

She was almost completely limp, the only sign she was even still conscious being the way her hungry butthole suckled at him, inviting the next dose of suffering painal that she felt with every inch of her slender frame. "Auuuuhhh! Auuuuhh!"

She sounded like the little girl who'd bitten off more than she could in the playground, and was now crying for mommy. Not at all far from the truth~

She couldn't have possibly been prepared for this. She'd grown jealous of the older beast-sluts among the League and the way they waggled their hips as they went off to mate with monsters, but she was going straight to the deep end of the pool right from the get-go. Nidalee, that decadent, dusky whore, had fucked countless animals and creatures before straddling this monster. Miss Fortune had bedded a hundred men or more before moving on to the freaks that stalked the Rift's jungles. Other girls like Shyvana and Rek'Sai had supernatural endurance that protected them from breaking into pieces the moment Rengar pounced on them and fucked his way inside.

What did Lux have? The pain tolerance of a kitten, and half the brains. Her overstimulated mind could only process so much at once, whether it was the hot fur of the beast blanketing her body, or his drooling and growling in her ear as he rode her. She could faintly hear Ezreal trying to say something to her, telling her not to lose her mind, but it was being crushed under the force of the most painful insertion of her life.

As tears streamed down her face, the spritely champion had never felt so grateful. Even as her body was burned up to make fuel for the hunter's lusts, engaging in sex she might not survive, she knew she'd made the right decision. Ezreal could never break her like this. As she found dark, seedy buttslut pleasure amidst the fiery pain, she succumbed to it, drooling like a stuck piglet. She even came to love the pain. It was something her boyfriend-replacing breeding bull had seen fit to gift her with, and she took pride in it, empty-headed little cutie she was.

Lux tightened up and squealed as her pussy trembled in orgasm around nothing, her asshole seizing up around his member and begging him to fire off his disgusting, bubbly seed. Her pupils rolled all the way back into her skull, until only the whites remained.

Those mangled, drool-matted locks flopped onto her back and wildly around her face as the beast let out a feral howl. His arms slid back as that gargantuan knot swelled and throbbed- urethra pulsing in preparation for the vile load that was about to gush forth from those huge, pulsing balls. He snarled, gritting his teeth together violently as he dug those clawed thumbs into the edges of her asshole, digging them in and cruelly wrenching that passage open even farther. He put his entire weight into his shaft, and those bulky hips of his.

There was a subtle noise, almost like a balloon being dragged across someone’s cheek - or something much too large being sucked through a straw before the knot simply sunk into that cavernous asshole, annihilating any chance the girl had of being satisfied by a human cock again. Rengar groaned at the feeling of having such a tight passage squeezing and stretching out around his bestial cock. He grinned ferally as he began to pant, almost snarling as he felt himself peak inside of the girl.

Rengar lifted his left leg, sweeping it over her back and twisting his sweaty, testosterone-flooded form around. In unison, his monstrous cock seemed to twist her asshole around in a corkscrew motion- the knot slowly working halfway out, and stretching the edge of her hole out almost a full five inches. His colossal, stinking balls rested on her asscheeks now, their heaviness reminding her shattered mind of just how virile the creature rutting her was. As if the twenty nine jets of thick, turgid spunk up her ass wasn’t enough- swelling that cute belly of hers with its incredible weight and thickness.

Even now, his orgasm hadn’t faded, still drooling a constant flow of off-white nut onto her ex-boyfriend’s face as Rengar let his bloated, slimy cock slide out of her ass, and smack casually across his chin. He hunkered down, resting his steaming, muggy balls and vile cock over the twink’s visage, smothering him under that manly stench and feminine aroma. Rengar reached back and gave Luxanna’s ass a casual spank, before gruffly ordering the cuck beneath him to, “Clean me, cockrag.”

Lux went limp on top of Ezreal, completely and utterly defeated by the ravager's monster-cock. Ezreal shifted under the posterior parked atop his face, looking up at the behemoth beast around his gigantic, knotted cock.

That member was simply too vile and filthy to be compared to a human's shaft. Thick globs of stinky semen were still slathered up and down the shaft. A perverse image of a rolling pin covered in bubbly soap-suds came to Ezreal's mind, not too far at all from the object in front of him in appearance at all. The member towering over him let off a foul odor that made him beg for the sweet release of an unconsciousness that never came.

“Y-Yes, sir...”

He began to lean forward, fighting the urge to vomit. He recoiled instantly as a volley of semen fired out of Lux's ass, splattering across his face and adding to the load already caking his pretty-boy features. He gagged and leaned forward again, pushing through the next few blobs that exited her rear end and plopped onto him.

He had to work quickly, or the steady flow of worship on that pungent erection would put its semen production through the roof and lead to Rengar firing off even more cum! Lux's pussy had been spared so far, but Ezreal didn't want to be responsible for loading that noxious, extra-dirty dick with enough ammunition for five or six more cumshots, or her pussy -would- be busted.

Despite knowing this, he still recoiled at the foul taste. Rubbing away inside Lux's ass had wiped a reasonable share of the grime and muck away, but it was far from clean. Ezreal's tongue touched down on the veiny member, and he tasted his sweet girlfriend's body on that overwhelming male member. He pursed his lips and kissed it, as if saying goodbye to the fading memory of Luxanna's innocence.

Ezreal got to work.