

Inbetween Missions

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Inbetween Missions

by [Avalonious](#)

Summary

Sure, Star Guardian missions can be exciting and all that, but what happens in the down time between missions? How do our Guardians balance their cosmic duty with the pressures of everyday life - school and rent don't pay for themselves! And lets not forget that the team captain draws her magic from sex and needs to be constantly recharged after every mission, who knows just latent desires in her team will rise?

Notes

First time writing since I was a kid, let me know what you liked or didn't like and what worked for you or didn't work for you!

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 1

----- *Soraka* -----

Ahri barged through the front door, her kick slamming it wide open. She sassily flipped her vibrant blonde hair over a shoulder of her pristine Star Guardian uniform and raised a hand to the side of her mouth, singing out to the living room, "We're *hooo-oome~*"

A moment later, Sarah and Syndra followed her into their apartment, each carrying a white backpack in their arms with trim dyed the same color as the slightly torn and dirtied Star Guardian uniforms they wore.

"Could you *be* any louder?" Sarah complained, kicking her scuffed shoes off at the doorway. "I don't think the people three floors down heard you."

Syndra threw her backpack over her shoulder and with her patented *Here we go again* sigh, and she made a beeline for their room as Soraka entered, struggling with the weight of both her and Ahri's backpack.

The Starchild fought to raise an arm high enough to reach the light switch while the blonde's trimmed backpack hung off her elbow, but Soraka managed to flick the lights on. The ceiling bulb reluctantly flickered and buzzed to life, and the Unicorn regarded the girls' dismal living room situation.

The first thing that drew the eye was the clutter - empty soda cans, dishes, red plastic cups, pizza boxes, alcohol bottles, smelly blankets and dirty clothes littered the furniture and floor; creating a junk minefield that the rest of the team would rather delicately navigate than clean up.

A slightly stained couch wide enough for only three people sat against the stairs leading to the second floor, facing an empty wall while an overflowing bookshelf was shoved in a far corner near the balcony door. There had been much discussed plans to buy a big screen TV to fill the empty wall space, but Sarah and Ahri had constantly clashed over the issue of payment, much to the endless irritation of Syndra. Ahri argued that every team member should pitch in equally but Sarah insisted she wanted to buy it herself so she could take the

television with her when she moved out. Syndra didn't care about who owned it, she just wanted one to catch up on her shows with her boyfriend and play video games. Soraka didn't mind who owned it either, in fact she didn't even really need or want one. She just hated the discord that plagued Sarah and Ahri when the topic came up and the following petty argument that would inevitably break out.

In her own mercifully clean corner was Soraka's favorite bean bag chair tactically placed right next to her small bookshelf, overflowing with her favorite romance and fantasy novels. During the morning, the sun was *juuuust* high enough to stream in through the window, giving her perfect reading light. Her collection extended beyond the bookshelves and intruded onto the top of the bookcase, the floor next to the bookcase, the nightstand in her room and also underneath her bed. The Starchild knew she should upgrade to a newer and bigger bookshelf model that could actually contain her library, but she was too attached to the current one to sell it.

The library on display contained almost entirely kid friendly stories with some of her favorite, *ahem*, raunchy adventures hidden in the corners, the most risque of which she kept close to her bedside for use late at night behind closed doors. Soraka had too many R rated novels to hide in her room so she kept some of them on her bookshelf, hidden in plain sight, knowing that the other girls would likely never touch a book anyways. Most of her collection contained fables concerning beautiful princesses in ivory towers and her white knight who would save the day; whereas the ones she hid in her room were either more concerned with the events which took place in the princesses's bedroom with her daring knight the evening after the rescue or they were concerned with the princess and her, uh, *antics* with her astoundingly handsome captor. Her current novel was particularly juicy: it detailed the capture of two princesses of neighboring warring kingdoms who were initially fierce rivals but had begun morphing into tender lovers as they plotted an escape together. Soraka nearly began salivating in apprehension of tonight's chapter, which had been promised to be *particularly* saucy by the incredibly sexy cliffhanger from the night before.

Whenever Soraka felt pent up and needed release, which was almost nightly ever since she joined the team, there was nothing she loved more than to slowly work herself up with careful touches and caresses over a long reading session until she was ready to explode from the sheer need for release. Her habit had caused her no end of anxiety, however, as she now dreaded poorly timed knocks on her door more than death itself. Assuming that her roommates even *did* knock, one time Sarah barged in and had almost caught the Starchild riding her folded pillow.

With an annoyed click of her tongue, Soraka once again repressed that particular memory and turned her attention back to the living room.

Taking center stage of the apartment was the cluttered dining table, the clutter on it divided neatly into two halves. One half was eternally filled with dirty dishware, half finished homework and food wrappers, the other half clear except for a set of cards, personal placemats for every member of the team and a few piles of betting chips. Soraka heaved both backpacks she was carrying onto the messy half and breathed a sigh of relief, maneuvering around the table to the fridge for a bottle of her favorite hard soda.

Soraka sipped her cold drink and cringed at the memory of move-in day when the team had to resort to magic to float the enormous table up four flights of stairs and Syndra had to compress it just to get it through the front door. Soraka had been on lookout for any stray occupants who might catch them using magic, but fortunately no one had seen. Months later when the team had gotten properly settled, the girls had tried to sell the table multiple times but as soon as the buyer learned that they would be responsible for getting the beast out of the building, they would inevitably back out.

The Starchild shrugged internally. At least the thing was good for playing cards and drinking games. None of the girls except Sarah knew how to play cards and all the card games she dealt involved betting chips, lots of alcohol, clothes coming off, vibrators being used and occasionally sexual favors. Soraka could still vividly remember the taste of Janna's Everclove lipstick when the woman had stayed the night after a particularly rough mission.

Soraka snapped out of her reverie as Ezreal thundered his way downstairs, dressed in civilian clothes and descending the stairs two at a time until he took his usual shortcut by leaping over the hand railing halfway down.

"Welcome back, ladies", he drawled as he swept past Sarah who was grabbing her own drink from the fridge, and slung his backpack onto the table to begin shoveling his notebooks and spare papers into it. "How'd the mission go?" He asked, distracted.

Sarah glanced down at the tears and dirt smears on her uniform and opened her mouth to complain, but Ahri cut her off. "All too easy, as usual", the Kitsune bragged as she sidled up next to the boy, jumping on the table and stretching her pristine figure luxuriously, her arms held behind her head in yet another attempt to steal his attention.

Ezreal ignored the display next to him like he always did, but Soraka found herself gawking at Ahri's breasts when the Kitsune arched her back whereas Sarah stared daggers at the fox girl from across the room.

The blonde haired boy checked his phone and couldn't hide his smile as he found a chat message from a pink recipient waiting for him.

Ahri angrily *hmph'd* in response, pulled out her own phone as if she had suddenly received her own urgent chat message and promptly ignored him. The boy turned his attention back to his study materials and reminded the room absentmindedly, "Don't forget we have a test on theoretical magipysics tomorrow morning."

Ezreal's smile faded as he removed a particularly raunchy lingerie bottom from the top of one of his notebooks and tossed it into Ahri's lap with a raised eyebrow of accusation. The Kitsune refused to turn her gaze from her phone and her shoulder shrugged the accusation off with a tiny disinterested motion as if to say, *Wat'cha gonna do about it, huh?*

Ezreal sighed and zipped his backpack closed, slinging it over a shoulder.

"I'm gonna be heading over to Beta team to ah, study with Lux. You girls good for tonight",

Ezreal asked as he made for the door, striking a masculine pose. "Or do you need a man in the house to keep you safe?"

Sarah snorted at his declaration of manliness.

"Hey Casanova, you dropped your condom", She teased.

Ezreal's body language immediately changed as he panicked to check the floor behind him. "What? Where? It was in my back pocket..."

His voice trailed off and his cheeks flushed a cute red, thoroughly embarrassed. "Real funny. Yeah, laugh it up", he grumbled as Sarah tried and failed to hide her smirk behind a red plastic cup. Soraka and Ahri both giggled, glanced at each other and giggled even harder.

Ezreal straightened his collar and stalked out of the apartment with hunched shoulders, mumbling "...Get no respect around here..." to himself as he made for the elevator.

Ahri ogled his butt as he left, and then had a thought.

"Hey", she asked after him. "How did you know that underwear was mine?"

Ezreal turned to answer without thinking, "I've seen you in it before."

A blush hinted on Ahri's face. "*Ahh~*", the Kitsune cooed. "So you *have* been checking me out, *my my~*"

Ezreal flushed an even deeper red and he marched away, refusing to dignify that with a response.

Ahri smugly shouted after him, "Don't forget rent is in three days!" Without turning around, the boy gave a mock two finger salute and called back, "Aye aye, Captain."

Soraka went to close the door after him and took a swig of her drink. She had just enough time to appreciate his butt before he vanished around a corner down the hallway. *It's not the best ass ever*, she decided as she swung the door closed, *but the way it fills out his tight pants is pretty dang cute*.

A smug smile lit Ahri's face and the Kitsune sashayed past Soraka, her hips rolling perfectly from side to side, stirring something hot and horny in Soraka's chest.

The blonde fox stopped directly in front of Sarah, forcing the red haired girl to make room. Ahri bent down to get at the fridge and her skirts hiked, giving the Starchild a lovely view of the way Ahri's lingerie failed to cover her delicious ass. As the Kitsune rummaged through the fridge, Soraka felt the sudden urge to plant her face in that creamy ass and she had to bite her finger to try and quell the rising heat inside her chest. Ahri straightened, tossing her hair over her shoulder with a confident motion, and Soraka felt suddenly light headed as a pulse of heat rolled through her. Her eyes darted back towards the Kitsune's lovely ass but she licked her lips in disappointment when Ahri's red skirts hid her butt from view again.

Sarah glared as Ahri popped the seal on the last can of beer with a satisfying *hiss*, took a long swig and emptied it in one go.

"Would you look at that", the Kitsune trilled to no one in particular, tossing the empty can in the trash, and pointedly not making eye contact with the red haired girl next to her. "He called me '*Captain*'."

Soraka felt the atmosphere climb a few degrees and hid behind her drink, her heart thundering at Sarah's darkening expression.

"Of course he did", the red haired girl seethed. "We do all the work and take all the risk while you steal all the attention and all the credit. Just like a good little leader should."

Ahri turned on her and leaned her torso just inside Sarah's personal space, strands of her perfect blonde hair falling out of place in front of her eyes, her cat ears standing tall. "If you have something to say" the Kitsune snarled, her feline irises narrowing and her pointed incisors creeping past her lip. "Then say it."

Shivers ran down Soraka's spine as the confrontation seemed to cause the temperature of the room to rise even further, and she instinctively made herself smaller.

Sarah finished her drink and set it on the counter but instead of cowering like the Unicorn, the red haired girl leaned forward to meet Ahri head on.

"Let me spell it out for you then" Sarah sneered, "You fucked up. We almost lost team members because of your incompetence. *AGAIN*."

Ahri snarled and leaned in even closer, their noses nearly touching and Soraka noticed that this caused the Kitsune's sizable chest to press into Sarah's.

Soraka raised a gloved hand to her own breast and saw her arm had broken out with apprehensive gooseflesh. Her mind wandered, and after a moment of dull pleasure the Starchild abruptly realized she was absent-mindedly groping herself, an unmistakable pokie forming between her fingertips. Soraka blushed a deep red and immediately crossed her arms over her breasts to hide evidence of her arousal, trying to ignore how fantastic the fabric felt as it pushed and pulled at her suddenly sensitive nipples. The Starchild shook her head in embarrassment, clearing her clouded mind, and turned her attention back to the silent standoff between the two girls. The girls were still locked into their confrontation, eyes clashing with the intensity of raging thunderstorm, and thankfully neither girl appeared to have noticed Soraka pleasuring herself.

The moment between Ahri and Sarah stretched, and Soraka found herself wishing that the girls would suddenly begin making out, but the Kitsune spoke and broke the Starchild's daydream.

"I had to make a choice, me or you." Ahri growled, her fangs hanging over her lower lip, her

lilac irises narrowed to tight catlike slits. "I made the choice because I knew you could handle two Gazers at the same time. That *SHOULD* have been child's play, but I guess that puny level of voidling is too much for someone with *shit aim* like you."

Sarah's eyes flared and she drew herself up to her full height, puffing her chest out as Soraka gulped audibly. The last student who called Sarah a poor shot had been beaten so badly that she had to have study lessons brought to her hospital bed for weeks.

Ahri gasped as the Kitsune's bust was overwhelmed by Sarah's, and Soraka's heart skipped a beat at the sound as butterflies raced around her stomach. The Starchild's mind swam with images of the two girls being overcome with passion and drawing the Unicorn into a saucy threesome.

The red haired girl used her two inch height difference to force Ahri have to look upwards to meet Sarah eye to eye. "They weren't Gazers, you dumb *slut*" Sarah spat, ruining the Starchild's reverie. "They were *Catchers*. If Soraka hadn't been there to clean up your mess, I might be Leviathan chum right now."

Doubt crept into Ahri's face for a moment but it was replaced by rage as Sarah continued, "Even a tenth rate Guardian washout can tell the difference between a Gazer and a Catcher; you might not have fucked up if you weren't too busy daydreaming about sucking cock all the time."

Ahri ground her fangs in frustration and both girls rounded on Soraka, the weight of their attention falling on her like a heavy blanket and despite her arousal the Starchild shrunk in on herself, suddenly wishing she was anywhere else.

"Is this true?" The blonde fox demanded. Soraka gulped and took a swig of her drink to stall for time but eventually had to answer.

"I was going to tell you when we were flying back but I never had a chance to bring it up", the Starchild muttered shyly, refusing to meet Ahri's piercing lilac eyes. "You made me carry your stuff on the way back, so I couldn't catch up..." Soraka trailed off, desperately looking anywhere except at the Kitsune.

Ahri's expression melted from righteous anger into insecure doubt, and the Starchild's chest pulsed with a sudden desire to cradle the cute Kitsune's head in her lap and stroke her golden hair.

"I..." Ahri stammered, her cat ears pressing against her skull defensively. "There was...."

The blonde fox deflated, and she made to back away from the bustier red haired girl but Sarah pushed forward until she pinned Ahri against the wall.

Soraka breathlessly moaned, this was about to be a scene straight from one of her novels.

Smelling victory, Sarah opened her mouth to unleash the final verbal assault that would

confirm the kill.

"It's not Ahri's fault, you know" Syndra abruptly interrupted in her monotone voice.

Both Sarah and Ahri spun at the sudden appearance of the violet haired girl. Syndra moseyed past the girls to the fridge with an empty glass and filled it by emptying the last dregs of a filtered water pitcher.

Soraka's pointy ear twitched in irritation as Syndra placed the empty pitcher back in the fridge.

"Not the mission, I mean this argument." Syndra paused to sip at her cool water. "There's so much out of balance magical energy in here that it feels a few degrees hotter all the way in my room. Ahri blew through a ton of energy sealing the Void Tear today so her reserves are probably dry. Emotions will naturally be running high, she's subconsciously enhancing them so she can feed off them. If you both kept your tempers in check, you'd have noticed."

Ahri closed her eyes and took several deep breaths. Soraka felt another pulse of heat reverberate through her body and she enjoyed the way that the Kitsune's breasts heaved in and out. Sarah backed off and crossed her arms under her breasts, propping them up nicely. "Easy for you to say", the red haired girl complained. "You're not the one who's being played with."

After a moment's delay the Starchild felt as if the temperature of the room dropped a bit, not back to normal, but closer than what it was and she found herself thinking clearer as well. Ahri's body and mannerisms and the possibility of sex with the Kitsune no longer consumed all of Soraka's attention. She finished her drink to help cool her head.

"Now girls, isn't that so much better", Syndra said in the precisely same tone of voice. "I'm going back to my room."

"Not so fast", Sarah interrupted. "If Ahri is out of juice, then we're breaking out the cards and getting her fed so this drama can be done with. I'm not dealing with her attitude flaring bullshit all night." Ahri pouted and made an annoyed sound as if to say *Don't talk about me as if I'm not here* but Sarah ignored her and continued, "Loser is the scapegoat and has to feed the fox, while the rest of us get on with our lives."

Soraka's heart leapt at the mention of cards, and she was hit by a sudden vivid image of desperately trying to focus on a hand of cards as a pair of lilac feline eyes smugly stared up at her from between her leggings underneath the table, waves of pleasure crashing into her in tandem to each of the Kitsune's eager licks.

Soraka nodded vigorously in agreement to Sarah's proposition, her knees touching and her gloved fists clenched at her chest, her breathing ragged as she barely kept herself together.

Syndra paused at the doorway and her eyes swept up and down over the Starchild, taking her in. "We won't have to play for it today, I think. Soraka's almost already there so we might as well volunteer her for 'Ahri Duty'."

Ahri turned her attention to Soraka, and her cat ears focused with intent. Ahri regarded the state of the Starchild and through her Empath sense, Soraka briefly felt the Kitsune use magic to prod her to get a bead on just how turned on the Unicorn really was. Soraka felt distinctly through her Empath magic the smug decision of a predator to pursue the prey it just found and she gulped nervously.

Ahri licked her lips, clearly liking what she was seeing, and the Kitsune's eyes glistened. The temperature in the room suddenly seemed to rise dramatically and Soraka's breath caught in her throat while her heart thumped excitedly. Ahri stalked confidently to her new victim, the Kitsune's wide hips rolling perfectly from side to side.

The blonde fox sidled up to her and the Starchild was acutely made aware of the way Ahri's hip felt against hers and the way the side of the blonde fox's breast felt pressed against her own. Soraka's mind clouded up again and the Kitsune's cleavage must have been a mile long because she was suddenly lost in it.

Ahri casually slid an arm around Soraka's shoulder and with a single finger tilted the Starchild's chin upwards so Soraka's gaze was directed from Ahri's breasts to her face. Soraka settled on staring at the Kitsune's slightly pursed and deliciously full lips.

"My eyes are up here, darling" Ahri purred, her lilac irises sparkling playfully.

The dam in Soraka's mind burst, and she was flooded by images of a thousand different ways she could kiss or touch Ahri, and her mind swam in apprehension of how good each individual feeling would be. Overwhelmed, the Starchild somehow managed to sputter a high pitched, "Um."

The Kitsune saved both of them from Soraka's strangled attempts at conversation by pulling the Starchild into a deep kiss. Lightning arced through Soraka's body and she involuntarily broke away from the Kitsune's lips, releasing a mewl of pleasure until Ahri closed the kiss again, this time sealing it with some deep tongue.

----- *Sarah* -----

While Soraka was being swallowed into Ahri's embrace, Sarah forced herself to calm down from her own encounter with the Kitsune. She'd never admit it out loud, but she was about two seconds away from either killing or kissing that stupid cat eared animal. It was a good thing she was wearing a thick bra today or else her arousal would have been as obvious as Soraka's.

Sarah made for the respite of her own room, leaving behind the sound of sloppy wet kisses and Soraka's cute giggles of approval at whatever Ahri was doing to her, but the red haired girl found herself pausing in Syndra's doorway.

Syndra was laying on her bed staring at her phone which lay in her lap, a stream playing of a shirtless man, his well sculpted torso laced with scars and his face hidden behind a dark mask trimmed with red cloth, who was in the midst of performing various stretching poses while a shadow image of himself mirrored his actions.

Sarah couldn't help but notice that his flexibility was impressive, *very* impressive.

Before Sarah's mind could wander too far, Syndra glanced up at the red haired girl disturbing her peace and pulled an earbud out, gracing Sarah with an expertly raised eyebrow that gave a silent but very clear and accusative *Can I help you?*

Sarah ignored her attitude. "Ahri closed a void tear all by herself?" The red haired girl asked skeptically. "You're not shitting me?"

"She wasn't alone", Syndra replied, turning her attention back to the man on her phone. "I was there. I had to keep a Catcher off her that had already come through but she worked on the tear itself."

Sarah searched her memory, back to a more pleasant time when she and Ahri were the new recruits on a different team. "Weren't we specifically told not to do that kind of magic? That the spell required could backfire horribly unless you're specifically trained for it. I thought procedure was to retreat and return with someone like Lux or Janna."

"Oh absolutely", Syndra confirmed. "I told her that we should have gone immediately for reinforcements while you and Soraka held the line. She refused my advice and decided to cast an advanced spell that she'd only ever seen secondhand, which on failure would have turned her brain to scrambled egg."

"Why?" Sarah asked. "How was closing *this* void tear *that* important?"

Syndra met Sarah's eyes with dead weight. "The Prophet was on the other side. He was only seconds away from crossing over."

Sarah's jaw dropped and a cold feeling hit the pit of her stomach. "If he got through - and we had to fight - there's no way that all of us could have taken him..." She trailed off.

Syndra couldn't look Sarah in the eyes. "The way things were, our only option would have been to run. But there wasn't enough time to coordinate with you two."

Sarah's mind raced. "Even if we all had fled, right then, there's no way all of us could have gotten out of there." An unwelcome but familiar lump formed in her throat, an old dread rearing its ugly face. "We would have had to leave someone behind."

Syndra nodded gravely. "At least one."

Sarah tried to ignore the vivid memories that threatened to spring back up, the feeling of the wet tears that had once streamed down her cheeks as she and Ahri fled from the cries of two teammates and the shrill laughter from the darkness that was dragging them away. She shook her head and pushed the memories away, continuing her original thought.

"And when Ahri saw this, she could have ran away with you to get an early lead on the rest of us." Sarah said. "But instead, she went towards the tear to try and close it. She made sure that she would have been the first casualty if she casted too slow or fucked up the spell. And if she failed, you would have had enough time to get to us and get out."

Syndra grunted in non commitment, her focus returning to her phone.

Ahri learned from last time, and decided to sacrifice herself instead of leaving a friend for dead. And I chewed her out for it. Sarah decided she'd have to spend some time re-evaluating what she thought of the team Captain and turned to leave. The red haired girl paused at the doorway.

"Open or closed?" Sarah asked, indicating the door.

"Closed", replied Syndra as the man on her phone stretched his legs into a ridiculously deep split. "Our glorious leader can be a screamer."

----- *Ahri* -----

Ahri pushed Soraka into a wall and broke their kiss, panting for air. A single strand of saliva hung between her and Soraka's tongue as both girls paused for breath.

"Nnnh~", The Starchild made a pleading sound and Ahri felt her face twist into a devilish grin form. She planted a trail of kisses leading from Soraka's strawberry tasting red lips up to her cheekbones and then around to the Unicorns long and sensitive pointed ear; a known weak spot. Ahri buried her nose in her lover's gorgeous turquoise green hair and took in Soraka's peculiar scent, that of fresh cut roses, which happened to be one of the Kitsune's favorites.

As Soraka squirmed from the sensation, a delicate sigh edging past her lips, Ahri mused on how quickly her own numb cunt was getting aroused.

There was nothing she loved more than feeding on the Starchild. The greatest drawback to her Kitsune magic was that her magical well of energy was based off of life force. When she emptied her reserves, Ahri found it impossible to deny the whims of her Kitsune side, and an empty Kitsune's most base impulse was to feed on someone's life force to replenish herself. After coming home exhausted from a long day of trials and tribulations she needed to replace her magical store of energy, and the emptier she was, the harder and deeper she pulled from whatever source she found.

She could technically pull from others in a non sexual manner, inflating their expressed emotional energy and then drawing lightly from the shared emotion, but that shit was coppers in the bank compared to how much magic she got while draining from a lover in the middle of a good fuck. Knowing that she shouldn't draw too much magic from others, Ahri would try to pull lightly from someone's emotions with the intent to give herself a mere drop or two of magic energy to satiate her Kitsune desires. Inevitably, the attempt would backfire as the tiny amounts of pleasure her Kitsune nature derived from being magically fulfilled teased Ahri into pulling more and then even more.

If she ever succumbed completely to her Kitsune nature during a good fucking, there was the very real risk that she could pull too deeply from her lover with deadly results. More than once the Kitsune had woken up with a corpse in her arms and a broken heart. Disgusted with herself, she'd once let her limitations drive her to a life of isolation.

Until she met the Starchild.

Somehow, Soraka's Empath magic intertwined with her own unique Kitsune magic to allow them to connect on a whole other level, like a sound wave resounding with another perfect pitch to achieve an exponentially greater harmony.

Feeding through this new channel was unimaginably more filling than draining emotions or life force from fucking. This connection allowed Ahri to drink from Soraka deeply and constantly as she was draining from their magical harmonic resonance, not directly from the Starchild's life source.

Over time and with *LOTS* of practice with Soraka's surprisingly nice bod, Ahri honed her skills and learned how to separate magic from mind and body - even when she was in the middle of a good fuck. She could finally take on any lover she chose, without any risk of murdering her lover. For a time, Ahri took to her bed literally anyone with a pulse to share her new gift of connection, well earning herself a reputation as a promiscuous lady of the night; as well as increasing her repertoire of toys and techniques.

Ahri had also learned something more than just how to repress her deadly side during her countless practice sessions with Soraka, however.

She had learned that Soraka was really fucking good at sex. Like *REALLY* fucking good.

The Starchild was completely inexperienced when Ahri found her and despite hours upon hours of sharing beds together Soraka remained an absolute amateur above the sheets. The helpless girl didn't have a dominant or flirtatious bone in her body. Yet somehow, once they began making love, Soraka knew from their very first how to kiss and caress to bring Ahri's body to the edge in seconds, causing the Kitsune to cum with barely a touch or a whispered word.

There was a several month break where they didn't see each other and during that time, Ahri's sexual tastes had completely changed from her exotic experiences with new partners from Ionia all the way to Bilgewater. She had returned in triumph, ready to finally outlast Soraka and bring the Starchild to orgasm first. Ahri's efforts were rewarded with partial success, she learned that if she kept momentum going and was aggressive, refusing to give Soraka a chance to reciprocate, then she could bring the Starchild close, very close. But the instant Ahri paused for a breath, the Unicorn would lovingly swoop in and quickly bring the proud Kitsune to her knees, begging for release.

It really pissed Ahri off.

Soraka yelped in pain as the Kitsune's flash of rage caused her to bite too hard, leaving a fang shaped indentation in the sensitive flesh of her lover's pointed ear. Ahri pulled back from her thoughts, and cupped the Starchild's face in her hands, giving the girl a quick consolation kiss on her cute button nose. "I'm sorry, darling", Ahri soothed.

The Kitsune returned her focus to Soraka's long pointy ear and it twitched as Ahri nipped playfully, adjusting her bite so her fangs hurt just hard enough to force a reaction, without causing actual pain.

As Soraka's body undulated against Ahri's, the Kitsune could feel through her magic that Soraka would be weak to a line of nibbles leading down her neck. Following her magical sixth sense, Ahri directed her attention to a perfectly placed series of kisses and bites on the Starchild's neck and was rewarded with a sequence of cascading gasps. The Starchild threw her head back, exposing her delicate neck to the Kitsune, and Ahri took full advantage, lavishing even more affection upon her victim.

"*Mmm*", Soraka inhaled. "*Ahh, hahh, nnh, ah, ahhh~*"

Soraka's hands wandered to grasp Ahri's hips and the blonde fox gasped in surprise as the Starchild's knee somehow found its way in between the Kitsune's legs, the girl's thigh stimulating Ahri's cunt through her lingerie.

Her mind swimming from the sudden throbbing arousal between her legs, Ahri mirrored Soraka's hand motion and traced her hands down the girl's tiny waist to her wide hips and then took it further, probing underneath the Unicorn's trimmed white and turquoise skirt. Her hands grasped at the Starchild's leggings, and Soraka's legs shivered in invitation to her touch.

"Ahh - mmph!"

Ahri stifled a moan by biting into the Unicorn's throat when the Starchild's thigh rubbed deeper, accidentally brushing against the Kitsune's clit. At the same time, Soraka's gloved hands moved from Ahri's hips down to her ass and began expertly massaging the voluptuous flesh between the Starchild's palms. Ahri closed her eyes and moaned as the Starchild's digits pulled her ass cheeks apart, and Ahri could feel her cunt lips open wide in response. Soraka's hands then released, and Ahri felt her ass cheeks swallow the string of her thong, the fabric yanked taught over her clit in a most pleasant way. As Ahri's hips shifted, she could feel her lingerie gently push and pull at her sensitive nub and she felt a deep moan building in her throat. Her eyes shot open and she mewled in surprise as Soraka abruptly slapped her ass, the sharp pain racing through her like a bolt of lightning, and her whole body bucked for a moment. The sudden impact nearly made the Kitsune cum, but pride dictated to Ahri that she furiously get a hold of herself and bring this dumb green haired slut to orgasm first.

Ahri had to take a moment to pull back from the intense whirling in her chest and the throbbing of her own cunt, and drew her focus back to her hands that were perched on Soraka's shapely legs. As the Kitsune's fingers explored further up Soraka's inner thighs, Ahri's hand crossed over from the fabric of the Starchild's high white leggings and gently caressed the skin of Soraka's soft thigh.

"Ah", Soraka's breath hitched. "Ahhh, mmm, mmmm....!"

The Unicorn's gloved hands suddenly lost their focus, and instead of kneading the Kitsune's butt and teasing her asshole they loosely gripped Ahri's thighs and held their place. Ahri's cunt pleaded for more stimulation, but her pride demanded that the Kitsune not give in. Reveling in the tiny purrs the Starchild made, Ahri snaked her fingers higher and was rewarded with an unmistakable wetness dripping down Soraka's inner thigh. Ahri's own cunt ached in sudden empathy.

Ahri pulled her hand back up and displayed her coated slick fingers for both of them to see, a single strand of clear viscous liquid connecting the gap between her middle and index fingers like webbing. She caught the familiar sweet musky scent of Soraka's sex wafting through the air, and her mouth watered.

"My my~", Ahri cooed. "You're already soaking, darling. And I've barely even started."

The Kitsune ignored the butterflies fluttering in her chest and the tingling between her legs and used her Kitsune sense to probe into Soraka's arousal. A smug smile lit her lips as her

magic told her Soraka felt the same, but even more intensely. Ahri put her cocky face on; she had decided long ago that she had to look cool in front of the Starchild.

The Kitsune casually drew her hand to her mouth and made a show of sucking her wet fingers clean one by one, as if she was tasting the last morsels of flavor from a particularly delicious dinner. Ahri didn't need her magic to recognize the sudden burst of arousal in her lover as the Starchild shivered in response to her teasing. The Kitsune winked with a deliberate lick of her lips and cleaned the last of the astoundingly sweet liquid from them.

"De-licious", Ahri purred seductively. "An appetizer for things to come."

She wasn't lying, Soraka actually tasted fucking delicious. The thought struck her with a sudden pang of jealousy. After the act, her own lovers had, of course, claimed that her cunt tasted fine, but no one had ever boasted that Ahri had tasted *great* or been more excited than normal at the prospect of giving her head, like how she got excited when she thought about eating out Soraka.

It's so unfair, Ahri thought, pouting. *Even Soraka's CUM tastes better than mine.*

The latent Kitsune magic swept in, and that spark of jealousy fanned into a sudden wildfire of anger.

With an "Eep" from the Starchild, Ahri growled and aggressively pulled Soraka in for another deep kiss and guided the Starchild backwards towards the couch. The Kitsune's fingers wormed up into Soraka's skirt folds, the throbbing between her own legs momentarily forgotten as the fire burning in her chest swept through her.

Guided by the Unicorn's whimpers, Ahri found her target: the soaking wetness between Soraka's thighs. The Kitsune's fingers snaked their way up the Starchild's thighs towards their goal, and Soraka pulled back from the kiss to find the breath to moan. Ahri leaned her forehead to touch the Starchild's and licked her lips, savoring the way her lover's eyes were screwed shut and the tremble in her gasps as the Kitsune's hand wormed higher. After drawing it out as long as she could to torture her victim, Ahri marched her fingers to her lover's sex, but they were interrupted by a piece of clothing that denied entry. Soraka's moans pitched high and then dropped low as the Kitsune's fingers explored the cloth covering Soraka's sex, searching for a way in.

Ahri suddenly was hit with clarity as her hands recognized the underwear Soraka was wearing. It was a gift Ahri had given her last summer, a snug side tied bikini bottom, paired with a cute frilly top. The garment hadn't been *THAT* revealing by the Kitsune's standards, but the reserved Unicorn had been mortified at the mere prospect of showing the skin that any bikini demanded and had opted for a conservative one piece instead; her shyness helped along in no small part with the endless teasing of Ahri. The Kitsune had assumed that Soraka had thrown it out long ago.

The Kitsune smiled at the memory, the rage in her chest dwindling to ashes and blowing away, and the blonde fox leaned forward to kiss the quivering Starchild who meekly melted into Ahri. The Kitsune's hand moved away from Soraka's sex, which the Starchild protested with a whine that Ahri quickly silenced by another kiss and some tongue.

The fox's fingers tenderly caressed either side of the Unicorn's wide hips, which rocked side to side as Soraka backpedaled towards the couch. The Kitsune traced her fingers over her lover's soft skin higher until they reached the tiny fabric knot perched high on either side of Soraka's waist that held the garment between her legs tight. Ahri deftly grabbed a loose string with one hand and pulled, unraveling the knot in a single motion and with her other hand she tore the loose garment straight off her lover, tossing the soaked fabric carelessly over a shoulder.

Soraka gasped in surprise and she stumbled, one of her thighs pleasantly finding its way between Ahri's legs again. This time Ahri listened to the voice between her legs, and ground her wet cunt up and down Soraka's thigh, her lips aggressively meeting the Starchild's.

Both girls savored the taste of each other before they mutually broke the kiss, their mouths an inch away, both struggling to find breath.

The Kitsune's chest labored with hot and heavy gasps as she slid her wet sex up and then down Soraka's thigh, and Ahri felt lightning arc through her. Her cunt throbbed, and the Kitsune suddenly realized Soraka was about to get her to cum first again - she had even tricked Ahri into somehow most of the work for her! The Kitsune pulled her aching cunt away from the Starchild's thigh and her fingers once again crept to the tight gap between her lover's legs. Soraka broke the kiss with a deep groan of anticipation, her arms folded around Ahri's neck as the Kitsune's fingers played with the sensitive skin in her lover's soaking wet thigh gap.

"Mmmm", Soraka breathed. "*Ahhh, hnnnn, ohhhh~*"

Soraka's hips thrust as Ahri slowly began sliding two fingers up and down the slick gap between the girls thighs, massaging the wet skin. Her fingers traced their way to the Starchild's clit, and Soraka's entire body quivered at the touch.

"Ahhh", The Unicorn trembled. "*Ah- AHH!*"

Ahri flicked Soraka's tender nub with her thumb, her fingers poised to enter Soraka's pussy but the Starchild reflexively pulled the Kitsune's face into her breasts, spoiling Ahri's focus. At the same time, the back of Soraka's knees hit the armrest of the couch and she tumbled backward into it, pulling Ahri on top of her. Soraka yelped in surprise as the girls tumbled onto the couch.

The Kitsune blinked and found herself lying on top of her lover, face-down ass-up, Soraka's thighs parted around her waist and the blonde fox's face buried between the Unicorn's titties.

With an overwhelming strength of will, Ahri resisted the urge to loudly motorboat the Starchild, and instead opted for classier kisses on Soraka's exposed cleavage.

"Ahh", Soraka moaned as Ahri nestled herself. "*Nnnh, ohh yes, ahhh... h-heh.*"

Despite a sad whine of protest, Ahri moved her hand from Soraka's soaked pussy in order to pull the top down from the Starchild's dress.

With an almost exaggerated flopping motion, Soraka's boobs popped out of her tiny dress top and Ahri couldn't help but scowl in jealousy.

Like an idiot, Soraka had opted to use the *Beautify* enchantment baked into the Star Guardian dresses to reduce her breast size while wearing it instead of making her boobs larger like literally every other female Guardian. Apparently smaller boobs were '*more functional in a combat scenario*' and '*had a tiny increase in mission success*' but Ahri wasn't buying it, surely the Starchild had some malicious ulterior motive.

Syndra definitely used the enchantment to increase her boob size at least as much as Ahri, and the Kitsune decided that Syndra needed the enchantment growth way more than she did. Sarah, however, *claimed* that she didn't even need to use it at all, but there was no way to be sure unless you pulled the dress off yourself and watched the enchantment be dispelled from up close. Someday in the future, Ahri was determined to know for certain.

Soraka sighed huskily and her chest heaved, giving Ahri even more titty to work with. The Kitsune lavished her kisses towards Soraka's exposed nipple in concert with the Starchild's crescendoing gasps, and Ahri had to fight off the throbbing in her cunt as Soraka dry humped her through their skirts.

With every lusty breath from Soraka, Ahri could feel herself getting wetter.

"*Ohhh, mmm, that's good, ah, ah ahh AHH~*", Soraka whimpered.

The Starchild placed a gloved palm on Ahri's forehead as if to fight off the Kitsune, so Ahri caught Soraka's hands, controlling them by interlocking her fingers betwixt the Unicorn's gloved ones and strong arming the Starchild into submission while she closed her lips over the Unicorn's nipple.

"*Ahh!*" Soraka wailed. "*Ah! Ahh! Mm! Ahh!*"

The Starchild's torso rose and fell, and her back arched in response to how Ahri's tongue flicked the Starchild's nipple. The Kitsune experimented and was smugly pleased when she learned that she could elicit a moan from the Unicorn by rolling the nipple with her tongue like *THIS* -

"*AaaAH!*"

- and could make Soraka's chest buck by sucking on it just like *THIS* -

"*Nnmph~*"

- the Kitsune would have kept going but Soraka's legs locked behind Ahri's hips, and one of her thighs accidentally pulled on the lingerie bottom beneath the Kitsune's hiked skirt, causing it to draw the fabric roughly across her clit.

"*Ohhhh fuuuck*", Ahri couldn't help but moan. "*Mmmmm~*"

A single strand of saliva connecting her tongue to the Starchild's nipple, and Soraka thrust her hips again, making the fabric pull tighter across the Kitsune's cunt, driving Ahri wild.

"Ohhhh~" The Kitsune gasped. "Ahh! Fuck! Ohh fuuuck!"

The overflowing lust in Ahri's cunt threatened to consume her as each of Soraka's thrusts ruined her focus even more.

Soraka gasped loudly and arched her back, dragging Ahri's attention back to the Starchild's sizable chest as the Kitsune once again found herself with a face full of Unicorn boobies. Ahri decided that Soraka's other titty had gone unloved long enough and with a long, slow lick that bathed Soraka's first nipple from tip to base and forced a cute squeal from her lover, the Kitsune explored the rest of the Starchild's exquisite tits.

Ahri finally settled on the Unicorn's other nipple and quickly latched her lips over the Starchild's red nub, eliciting delicious mewls of pleasure as the Kitsune lolled the tip around the inside of her mouth with her dexterous tongue.

Soraka's entire body squirmed, her arms thrashing against Ahri's grip and the Kitsune released the Starchild's gloved hands. Ahri's mouth briefly left Soraka's nipple as the Kitsune shifted her weight, allowing Soraka to settle into the couch properly. Ahri then pulling herself directly on top of the Starchild, her palms resting on either side of her lover's head, matching her cunt to Soraka's pussy. The position would have aligned both girls titty to titty but Ahri hunched over so she could keep tasting the Starchild's nipples. Ahri's thighs straddled Soraka, so in response the Unicorn locked her hoofed legs behind the Kitsune's waist, and Ahri found her wet muff pressing very pleasantly against Soraka's sex in their mating press.

"Ahhh", Soraka moaned, throwing her head back and resting her arms above her head to roughly grip the armrest of the couch, her large tits rising with each deep breath. Ahri sucked, her tongue flicking back and forth over the sensitive nipple and she felt the full body shiver that rolled through her lover's body.

"Mmmmm...Nnnnnh..." The Starchild moaned deep and low, and Ahri could feel the vibrations coursing through her lungs.

Soraka closed her eyes, body squirming as her hips pushed into Ahri's, her sex smoothly rolling into the Kitsune's cunt. A few stray blonde strands of hair fell in front of Ahri's eyes as the Kitsune's lost her composure, and Ahri felt her mouth hanging open as an unmistakable groan began building in her core. Soraka moaned louder again, and her chest bucked, her back arched to perfectly present her tits to Ahri. The Kitsune obliged, determined to get Soraka to cum first if it was the last thing she did, and Ahri closed her lips once again over the Starchild's delicious breast, this time tasting her own hair as a few dangling blonde threads snuck into the corner of Ahri's mouth.

Soraka's shoulder blades clenched, and the motion pulled the Unicorn's nipple to drag lightly against Ahri's fang. The Starchild's eyes shot open and she yelped in surprise, her gloved arms snapping down from above her head to wrap around Ahri's head at her chest, and the Kitsune could feel with her magic a sudden shock of thunder roll through Soraka's body as the Unicorn's body bucked into the her own. Soraka's pussy pressed smoothly into the Kitsune's clit, and Ahri was nearly brought over the edge from the sensation alone.

The moan building in her threatened to blossom into a full throated scream, but Ahri silenced it by nestling her head between Soraka's breasts, a tiny whimper escaping her lips.

The Kitsune focused entirely on holding back the rising waves of arousal that were growing in her cunt with escalating intensity and she couldn't help but let a shaky moan escape her throat as she weakly fell into Soraka's embrace. Ahri's body quivered and her eyes glazed over as she put all her strength of will into resisting the rising orgasm that threatened to overflow out of her.

Soraka tenderly cupped her gloved hands around Ahri's cheeks and brought the Kitsune's face to her own. Ahri's hazy gaze flickered uncertainly between the Starchild's gorgeous emerald irises until Soraka's fluttered closed, the Starchild pulling the Kitsune into a delicate but meaningful kiss. Ahri closed her eyes as she melted into Soraka, overpowered by her lover's fresh cut rose scent while the Starchild feathered her with kisses.

The Unicorn's body shifted again, but instead of a desperate bucking spasm it was a slow and purposeful dance that started from Soraka's shoulders and rolled its way down through her breasts all the way to her hips, the movement only ending when the Starchild felt it was over. Ahri was acutely aware of the way Soraka's tits pressed into her own, and even though the feeling was muted through the fabric of her own dress it still felt fucking *FANTASTIC*. Their kiss deepened, and Ahri felt herself succumbing as her cunt nearly flooded from the sensation of Soraka grinding her own pussy into the Kitsune's.

A guttural gasp forced itself out of Ahri's mouth as she broke the kiss in desperation, her tongue sloppily hanging past her lips, messy strands of her hair clinging to the side of her mouth and more strands drooping over her eyes, as her breath came in deep ragged gulps. The Kitsune worked herself onto her elbows, breaking a few saliva strands that connected her tongue to the Starchilds and she tried to form a coherent thought, her pride demanding that she pull herself together but the voice had to fight not to be drowned out as her cunt begged and pleaded for release.

Soraka craned her neck upwards but Ahri grabbed the Starchild's gloved wrists and forced them down, arching her back to pull away from Soraka's seductive tender kisses. Soraka shifted below her, unhappy with being denied a kiss, and the Starchild squirmed in protest against the hands holding her down.

The Kitsune tried to arch her back to pull even further away, but an iron tension formed between her shoulder blades and held her in place as Soraka's squirming pressed their tits together. Ahri couldn't help but close her eyes and hold in a breath as she paused to savor the feeling of her nipples being drug back and forth through the dress fabric. Ahri's cunt screamed at her for release, and the Kitsune cut a moan off by biting her lip and drooping her head, her golden hair falling around her shoulders like a waterfall.

The pause was a fatal mistake, and Soraka took advantage of her pause to lean up into Ahri, closing the kiss again. This time, she did it with *passion*, the Starchild confidently making love to the weakly protesting Kitsune. Ahri whimpered into Soraka's mouth as the Starchild's tongue invaded her, and Ahri felt her shoulder blades clench as she desperately fought off the arousal that was spilling out of her.

The Kitsune broke the kiss again and she braced herself even higher up on her palms, keeping her grip on Soraka's wrists, locking her elbows and pulling her mouth beyond the Starchild's reach. She briefly noted the delicious feeling of how this position put her tits right in Soraka's face but just as quickly she shoved the pleasant feeling down. Lightning bubbled up again inside her as Soraka's pussy clashed with Ahri's cunt, and the Kitsune's body bucked in response to the sheer agony of denying her own orgasm.

"Ohh nooo", Ahri moaned huskily. "Not this time, ohhh fuck, not yet, ohhhh~"

Ahri dimly felt teeth pulling on her dress top, and she obliged by leaning into her elbows and propping her tits out further. After a moment, the top was pulled down and her nipples stood at attention in the slightly chill air. Ahri mastered herself despite the pleading of her aching cunt, and shuddered as she rolled her hips into Soraka, smothering her clit again.

"Hahhh~", Ahri sighed. The sensation was nearly unbearable, but as long as it was Ahri initiating the motion, she could somehow keep a cap on herself and possibly get Soraka to cum first.

"Ohhh," Ahri moaned, her breath coming in and out with same timing of her thrusts. "Ohhh, fffuck, nnnnmh, aaahhh - AH!"

The Kitsune's eyes shot open, yelping as she felt the Unicorn's mouth close around her tit. Ahri bit her lip, tasting loose hair strands clinging to the corner of her mouth, and her elbows quivered as Soraka flicked her tongue over and around her sensitive nipple. Ahri nearly toppled over, but she stabilized herself by releasing one of Soraka's hands and bracing herself on her palm. The Kitsune threw her head back, her golden hair whipping over shoulder, her tits exposed perfectly to her lover.

"Nooo~", The Kitsune begged, one hand clenching Soraka's wrist in a death grip the other grasping a handful of couch cushion. "Nonono, please, nooo, AH!"

Soraka's freed hand had somehow snaked its way to Ahri's soaking wet cunt and her fingers were toying with the entrance, teasing her by rubbing slow circles around the lip of her cunt.

"Ohhhhhh", Ahri throatily groaned. "Please, ohhhhhh fuck, ohhh - AH!"

Soraka suddenly thrust two fingers inside her, and with aching slowness drug her fingertips on the walls of Ahri's cunt as the Starchild drew them out.

"HnnnNNH!" Ahri's sigh turned to a sharp gasp as Soraka's fingers entered her again. And again and again.

"AaaAH, ooooOH, mmmNNH, oohFUCK!"

Ahri's hips shook with each impact of Soraka's plunging fingers and the Kitsune's thighs tightened around her lover. With every precise motion Soraka made, Ahri's body clenched up even further, the tension she had been holding back was like a dam spewing water from a thousand cracks, about to burst. The Starchild worked her mouth in tandem, ringing the

Kitsune's tit with her teeth, her rough tongue flicking out just as her fingers pumped into Ahri's slick cunt.

Ahri's moans cascaded as Soraka maintained her assault, keeping the pace of her fingerfucking consistent. The Kitsune would get a tiny grasp on herself, but then lose it a breath later when Soraka's fingers entered her again. Ahri tried to cheat and draw her magic in to repress her overflowing lust, but the spell blew away in the wind as Soraka's teeth nipped the Kitsune's tender titty. The Starchild shifted her hand slightly so her thumb could caress the nub of Ahri's cunt while her fingers pumped in concert, and Ahri felt herself slip over the edge. With every flick and every thrust, Ahri screamed and begged in protest, but her throbbing cunt didn't listen.

"*Ohfuckme*", Ahri whimpered, her resolve shattered, her body a slave to the waves of lust cascading through her. She bucked and squirmed with every thrust of her lover's fingers.

"Ohfuckme, ohfuckmeohfuckfuckFUCCCKK, OH FFFFUCK MEEEE~"

The Kitsune wailed as her body spasmed, her back arching to an impossible angle, her cunt clenching almost painfully around Soraka's fingers as she exploded in ecstasy. Her scream was broken sporadically with hiccups as her lungs failed her, all the tension in her previously clenched muscles draining out and pure pleasure rushing in.

Ahri revelled, her mind blank as she let the animalistic ecstasy run its course through her body, quivering and shivering as the orgasm tenderly caressed her.

When Ahri lazily came to some moments later, she realized she was still straddling Soraka, and the Kitsune shifted her hips slightly, her cunt rubbing smoothly against the Starchild's again. A spark of jealous rage lit in her chest as she realized she had once again been unintentionally sexually humiliated by Soraka, but it was quickly drowned in the sea of ecstasy that Ahri was swimming in. As the Kitsune extended her sixth sense to see just how close the Starchild was to cumming, she felt the Unicorn abruptly reach her own orgasm beneath her, seconds after Ahri had just come down from her own. Ahri snarled in frustration at the girl beneath her.

The Unicorn bit her lip, her eyes closed, her chest bucking and her perfect tits bounced, tiny shy gasps sneaking out from between her lips while her body writhed and squirmed between Ahri's legs, the tiny feminine sounds a stark contrast to the shrieking racket Ahri had been unable to suppress. One of the Kitsune's ears twitched in irritation.

Despite herself, Ahri used her Kitsune sense to deliver precise kisses and caresses to the Starchild so Soraka's orgasm was brought to even greater heights. Soraka's hips bucked into Ahri's hand as the Kitsune brought her hand to the treasure between the Starchild's legs. Ahri was rewarded with more choked gasps as she slid her fingers inside Soraka up the the second knuckle. The Kitsune could nearly hear the Unicorn's heartbeat thundering as she led a trail of kisses from one side of Soraka's neck down to the girl's collarbone and then up to the opposite side where Ahri nestled in, contenting herself with gentle nips and bites against the Starchild's sensitive flesh.

Through her magical connection, Ahri tried to brush off the secondhand arousal she was getting from the gasping, quivering Unicorn beneath her but the Kitsune's soaking cunt demanded more. Her tits lightly pressed into Soraka's chest and the Kitsune was unable to keep herself from gasping as the post sex tenderness ached in her breasts. She'd have to be careful when bedding down, the sensation of the blanket might be enough to slip her over the edge again. Soraka mewled even louder and Ahri's soaked cunt begged for another release - she'd already lost after all. What was the harm in just one more?

Absolutely ridiculous, Ahri thought shakily to herself, straightening up once the girl beneath her had been reduced to a shivering, gasping mess. She brushed stray golden strands of hair back, trying in futility to force down the excitement burning in her and regain a fragment of her lost dignity. *Soraka may have won this time, but I will not give her the satisfaction of beating me twice in one night.*

The Kitsune felt through her magic a sudden spark of playfulness and glanced down just in time to catch Soraka wrap her lips around Ahri's tit one last time. Ahri's eyes widened and lightning arced through the Kitsune as the Unicorn grazed Ahri's tender nipple with her teeth and flicked her tongue over it delicately. The fox groaned pitifully, trying to fight off the amplified delicious feeling, but her throbbing cunt overpowered her. Ahri threw her head to one side and almost stifled a moan by biting a shoulder as Soraka's free hand began toying with the fox's other nipple. The Starchild rolled the tip around in her pinching fingers, then gently pulled, stretching Ahri's tit as the Kitsune let out a whimper in protest that swelled to a sudden shaky scream, her hips bucking as wetness surged from her cunt.

Ahri's body erupted with a shotgun blast of ecstasy, but her exhausted lungs could only pathetically mewl as the Kitsune fell off of the Starchild deeper into the couch, trembling with pleasure. Ahri curled up and rode her second wave of orgasm next to Soraka, her gasps of fading pleasure echoing through the living room interspersed with the Starchild's quieter sighs and shaky breaths. Ahri simply lay there, the scent of both girl's sex mingling in a most pleasant way.

Ahri watched Soraka's as the Unicorn shakily came down from her own orgasm, and mentally cursed the Starchild out for humiliating the proud Kitsune once again.

Soraka blinked up at Ahri, her dark lashes fluttering over iridescent emerald eyes, and when Soraka's face lit up in pure happiness, the Kitsune couldn't help but smile back, the envy vanishing. The girls giggled with each other and nuzzled noses for a moment, both of them savoring the joy they just shared.

Eventually, the moment ended and Soraka made to leave, standing up from the couch.

Or rather tried to stand, as she braced herself on the armrest her legs wobbled, her knees knocking together like that of a newborn deer, a clear viscous liquid dribbling down her leg.

Ahri got up and flipped the couch cushions, then clambered back on. The Kitsune closed her eyes and stretched luxuriously, claiming the couch as her sleeping territory tonight. After rolling to this side and that, curling up over here and then over there Ahri found the perfect sleeping position.

And of course the instant she found this cozy golden territory, she also realized that the room was just a smidgen too cold to sleep without a blanket.

The Kitsune agonized painfully over the existential question of whether to get up to retrieve a blanket but lose her comfy place or not move from her perfect spot but stay chilly all night. Ahri wrinkled her brow in frustration, but suddenly a woolly blanket was tossed over her. It covered her from neck to toe, and after a moment's adjustment from her mysterious benefactor, the blanket left her shoulder exposed, just how she liked it. Her nose twitched and she picked up the distinct fresh cut rose scent of Soraka, intertwined with the subtle aroma of Ahri's sex.

The Kitsune purred smugly, snuggling into the blanket.

"Did you feed enough off me?" Soraka asked, delivering her final check in for the night. "I brought you some water."

Without looking, Ahri raised her arm and dipped into her now overflowing well of magic. The water bottle Soraka was holding out was pulled across empty air and landed in the fox's open hand with a satisfying wet slap. The Kitsune let herself begin to drift off, utterly satisfied.

After a moment, her cat ear twitched as Soraka feathered a kiss on it.

"Goodnight", The Starchild whispered.

The proud Kitsune didn't allow herself to visibly respond to being tucked in, but she couldn't stop her purrs from becoming unmistakably louder.

Ahri heard Soraka make her way to the stairway, then struggle up one stair at a time, and her chest swelled with an odd sense of pride at how hard it was for her lover to simply walk after having been fucked so well by the fabled Kitsune.

Ahri drifted off to a warm and comfortable sleep, plotting her revenge.

I'll get you next time. Next time I'll bring out the toys and... get you nice and drunk...bet you'll love this rope tie I learned in Bilgewater...

Ahri yawned, feline incisors gleaming in the darkness.

Yeah. Just you wait, Soraka.

Quarantine

- Ahri -

Ahri settled deeper into the couch.

The Kitsune yawned, her messy ponytail flopping over the shoulder of her unwashed sweater and she flicked a thumb over the screen of her phone, refreshing her timeline for the third time in an hour.

The blonde fox idly scrolled down without focusing on the screen, half absorbing the information displayed. Text posts and silly captioned images flew by with every flick of her thumb.

Quarantine got me like...

2 Days into Quarantine vs 2 Months...

Me when my bf comes over after Quarantine is lifted...

The Kitsune eyes glazed over even further. These posts were barely a half hour old and she'd already seen them more than once. Her canine ears twitched in annoyance, but a moment later they perked to attention when Ahri found a fresh comment thread to lurk in.

When I find the patient zero slut, the caption stated, interposed over a picture of a cartoon character strangling another cartoon character.

Dumb bitches, Ahri thought, a smug smile curling her lips. A common misconception making the rounds on social media was that the virus plaguing Valoran City had been caused by an STD passed from a Void creature.

She knew from *thorough* experience that it was impossible to contract an STD from fucking a Voidling, the difference in biology was simply too vast to allow for it. Their tentacle appendages were pleasingly similar to male human anatomy, but their manner of actually reproducing was completely different; closer to mitosis or replication than reproduction. For them, sexual activity was simply another way to feed off of magical essence, similar to how Ahri refilled her Kitsune well of magic.

That's a bad comparison. Ahri decided, wrinkling her nose. *When THEY feed off sex, it's gross. But when I feed, it's fucking hot.*

Scrolling further down her phone displayed the same old shitposts that the last two refreshes gave her, so the Kitsune gave up, sinking deeper into the couch, her bare legs splaying out

wide. The motion caused Ahri's messy grey sweater to bunch up around her chest, drawing her attention to a few questionable food morsels that were perched on her titties. The blonde fox briefly distracted herself by nibbling on a chip crumb but quickly spat it out when she realized it was several days old.

Ahri drew in a breath to sigh, but a sudden jolt of pleasure rushed through her, as intense as a sudden gust of winter wind - the kind that made her fingers tense up, her toes curl and her breath hitch in pleasant surprise - and shivers ran down her spine. The feeling coincided with a sloppy wet slurp from between Ahri's thighs and the Kitsune's sigh turned into a quivering moan. A trickle of pleasure flowed through her as she felt a line of stimulation drag itself up her cunt, and the glorious feeling cascaded into a surging river as the sensation began toying with her clit. Ahri threw her head back, her stained grey sweater pulled tight against her chest, her breath forced out in a shaky gasp. She sucked in air through her clenched teeth, and felt the unmistakable feeling of orgasm begin swirling like a whirlpool in her core. One hand released its grip on the couch and placed itself on the source of the pleasure between her legs, the Kitsune's fingers running through deep turquoise-green locks of hair.

Soraka lavished Ahri's pussy with another sloppy kiss. The Unicorn's tongue plunged deep into the Kitsune's folds while Soraka's thumbs pulled her lover's tenderness wide open. The Starchild's iridescent emerald eyes glanced up to take in Ahri's reaction, and pleased with what she saw, Soraka's lashes fluttered closed, the Unicorn focusing herself entirely on partaking of the sweetness between her lover's legs.

Ahri's breath hitched and her back arched, Soraka's sensual stimulations eliciting a throaty moan from the Kitsune. The moan pathetically devolved into a staccato rhythm of high pitched mewls when the Starchild's textured tongue expertly dragged across sensitive spots Ahri didn't even know she had. The Kitsune's hand wound itself deep into the Unicorn's luscious green hair as the blonde fox held on for dear life.

Fffuck, fuck fuck, mother FUCKER that's good, Ahri thought. Ohhh, ohh Goddess, I'm already about to cum. Quick Ahri, distract her.

"*Ahhh*, have you seen this shit? All the uh, *hnnnh*, the Void hate?" The Kitsune asked as she scrolled through her phone with her free hand, as if the words she spouted would quell the arousal rising inside her. Soraka listened but didn't respond, one of her long ears twitching as she continued her exquisite simulations.

Ahri opened her mouth to speak, but her breath caught in her throat every time the Unicorn's writhing tongue squirmed inside the Kitsune's tender folds.

"*Haanh* - Lucky no one knows about th - *hnnh* - the thing in our pantry. Janna would - *mmmm* - Janna would KILL us if she - *nnnh* - if she knew."

Soraka's only response was an agreeable *Hmmm* as she shifted her hand position inside Ahri's naked thighs, the Starchild's thumbs pulling the Kitsune's flower open wider, allowing deeper access into Ahri's sex. Soraka arched her back, exploring this luscious new territory eagerly, her tongue thoroughly slathering the new depths before the Unicorn's mouth latched over the Kitsune's clit.

"*Ohh. Fffuck.*" Ahri huskily whispered, her lungs clenching in her chest as her lover lapped up the wetness dripping from her sex. The Kitsune's phone buzzed with a chat message and Ahri hid behind her device like a shield. It was from Ezreal who had posted a selfie in their group chat of him picking the flower that he'd use to ask Lux out.

Seeing the boy sparked an unbidden thought into Ahri's foggy mind. The apprehension of how good Ezreal's dick would feel in her right now struck her and the Kitsune nearly drooled at the thought, assisted by a particularly thorough lick from the lover between her legs.

Ahri shook her head, trying vainly to clear the cocklust from her mind, and instead shakily typed *Good Luck!* in reply. It took her nearly three agonizing tries to spell the simple message correctly as Soraka kept distracting Ahri with the way the Unicorn's sensual tongue never stopped sliding in and out and around inside her.

As perfect as a juicy dick sounded at the moment, Ahri had promised herself not to interfere with the boy's doomed one-way crush the minute Ezreal had confided in her about how he felt about Lux. Luxanna was a smart kid - too smart to start a relationship when she was still figuring out her duties as team captain, whereas Ezreal was the kind of boy who thought *pace yourself* meant *never*. The boy was determined to tell her how he felt today to force a yes or no, and was without a doubt going to get shot down. Ezreal was on the fast track to his own heartbreak and despite Ahri urging him to slow his pursuit and wait until Lux was ready, he seemed determined to crash and burn.

Relationships are all so irritating, Ahri thought, exasperated. *He has no idea how many sleepless nights I spent dreaming about how I could have fucked his brains out. If not for his stupid feelings, I could be sitting on his nice fat cock RIGHT NOW.*

Irritation exploded like a wildfire in her chest, and the Kitsune snarled, pulling Soraka's head deeper into her and she crossed her legs behind the Starchild's neck so the Unicorn was locked in place. Ignoring the muffled *Mmph's* from between her thighs, Ahri rode Soraka's tongue, rolling her hips into the Starchild's face, drowning the anger burning in her chest with the lust surging from her cunt.

Ahri made a displeased sound, her lips curling into a pout when Soraka withdrew her tongue from deep inside the Kitsune's soaking sex, but the fox then hummed in pleasure as the Starchild's rough pink muscle caressed Ahri's clit. Soraka's fingers disentangled themselves from inside the blond fox's legs and her hands wound themselves around the outside of the Kitsune's thighs, easing Ahri's legs to a slightly higher angle on Soraka's shoulders and allowing the Starchild better access to the sweetness between the blond fox's legs.

With a flourish, Soraka's tongue stroked a wet circle around Ahri's clit, teasing the Kitsune's nub from every direction. Soraka repeated the motion several times, but in between gyrations she would hold for a pause, and only after an aching moment had passed would the Starchild's tongue lave Ahri's bud with another rolling massage.

A bubbling giggle forced its way from the Kitsune's throat as Ahri screwed her eyes shut, and she bit a knuckle, enraptured in the sensation of overflowing pleasance. The blond fox's

thighs clenched around Soraka's pointed ears as the Starchild's tongue coaxed more wetness from the Kitsune's pulsing cunt, and Ahri groaned in reflex as she felt the surging orgasm just a breath away.

But Soraka didn't indulge her. The Starchild's tongue nestled delicately around Ahri's clit, teasing the Kitsune's aching sex and maintaining her previously set slow pace. Ahri made a desperate sound and thrust her hips but the Starchild ignored her, prolonging the slow torment instead of providing the quick satisfaction that Ahri so desperately needed.

Soraka tantalized Ahri with a delicate spiral of her tongue, and the Kitsune could do nothing but moan as her body undulated in reflex to the shivers that raced through her. The Unicorn would then pause for an aching heartbeat, and the blond fox's core would tense up as lances of tension speared through her, a quivering gasp forced from Ahri's mouth as her lungs clenched tightly in her pounding chest - and then sweet release would come rushing in as Soraka undulated her tongue around Ahri's sex. But before the Kitsune could lose herself completely, the Star child would pause for a tender beat and the tension rushed in again, spearing Ahri's body from every angle. The Kitsune squirmed desperately in protest of the aching torture, a fresh whimper escaping from her chest.

Ahri whined even louder when the Unicorn finally gifted her the lavishing she needed. With every fresh flourish of Soraka's tongue, Ahri's bravado evaporated. The Starchild weakened the proud Kitsune with another writhing wet kiss, and then another, and another. The blond fox threw her head back, her lips hanging open, her drooling tongue lolling from side to side. Another throaty moan was forced from the depths of the Kitsune as Soraka snaked her tongue around Ahri's tenderness in a tangle, the Starchild expertly coiling her rough pink muscle this way and that.

The Kitsune's proud facade dropped entirely and she mewled pathetically in submission, wordlessly begging for the Unicorn to grant her release.

Soraka acquiesced with a giggle, her mouth closing over Ahri's clit and the Starchild was rewarded for her efforts with a spurt of clear, viscous liquid. The Kitsune buried her face in her shoulder to hide a wild moan when the Starchild *fucking FINALLY* began sucking on her tender bud.

Ahri's eyes shot open in surprise as something wet and warm entered her cunt. A quivering scream escaped the Kitsune's throat as the feeling filled her up, and just as quickly was withdrawn.

Ahri glanced down just in time to see Soraka pull two sopping wet fingers from her pussy and then plunge them back in, sucking on the Kitsune's clit at the same moment that her fingers entered. Ahri moaned, cunt reporting an identical sensation to that of getting fucked by a cock, and the Kitsune half closed her eyes, staring at nothing, suddenly adrift in a sea of pleasure.

Her phone buzzed again and the image of Ezreal forced his way into her hazy mind, the boy standing before her, buck naked and erect. She tried to resist, but she couldn't stop the thought of him from straddling her, the tip of his cock teasing her entrance just so.

Every motion that Ahri felt Soraka's fingers make was mirrored in the way the image of Ezreal moved, as if the sensations she felt were actually being caused by the boy in her head and not the girl between her legs. Ahri gasped as she felt Soraka toy with her entrance and the Kitsune's image of Ezreal began to slide his tip into her in the same way Soraka's fingers inched inside. The Starchild abruptly thrust her fingers, and in Ahri's mind her visage of the boy surged into her.

Lightning struck her chest at the contact, and Ahri threw her head back, heaving with gasping breaths as Ezreal plunged deeper and deeper into her powerless body, every pump of his strong hips accompanied by a shock of electricity that tore through her body. She howled as his member thundered into her again, and again, and again. Ahri's body shuddered as jolts of lightning raced through her neck, her fingers, her chest. The Kitsune screamed and grasped Soraka's head between her legs - first to try and push her lover away but then to hold the girl in place. Ezreal's image overpowered Ahri completely, and she surrendered to it.

Soraka's fingers made a wet noise as they probed even deeper into the Kitsune. Ahri whimpered, her cunt throbbing with nearly painful intensity in response to the sound. With her eyes closed, the wet smack of the Unicorn's hand against the blond fox's entrance fueled Ahri's delusion even further her mental image of Ezreal brought to even greater clarity with the skilled oral massage given by the Starchild between her legs. The Kitsune's body quivered with every fluid caress of Soraka's tongue, and Ahri's mind was driven into overdrive as she gave in to the mental image of the blond haired boy fucking her.

Ezreal's visage pulsed into her, deeper than ever before without her resistance, the image matching perfectly with the thrusting sensation given by the lover between Ahri's legs. With every thrust of his cock, her body bucked, her head whiplashing back. The Kitsune went limp, without the strength even to cry out as the Ezreal in her head used her like a fuckdoll, his hips slapping her own with the satisfying wet retorts made by Soraka's hands. With every wet *slap* he rammed his cock deep into her, and with every wet *slap*, Ahri felt her entire body tense further and further like a compressed spring. Ahri desperately tried to hold herself back, and threw her head to the side, burying her nose in the couch.

The faint but unmistakable fresh-leather scent of Ezreal filled her mind, and it was just too much for the Kitsune.

Ahri screamed as white-hot electricity raced inside her, her body spasming as the feeling of lightning arced through her, starting from her sex and curling to her fingertips and toes. The Kitsune quivered as the storm passed through her, leaving a shivering mess in the wake of the thunder that had ravaged her tender body.

Ezreal slid his cock out from inside her, and she could almost see that trademark cocky grin of his and Ahri moaned quietly, blinking her hazy half lidded eyes. Soraka's luscious green hair sprang into focus, the girl inspecting her fingers coated in Ahri's wetness before she sucked them dry one at a time. When the Starchild caught the Kitsune staring, Soraka winked while licking a finger clean and Ahri felt her heart flutter.

The Kitsune released a satisfied sigh, but her shaky lungs made the simple sound stutter in the air as she mentally prepared to reciprocate. Ahri had long ago established a strict order of

operations for fucking a guy, and the last thing she always did was suck him off. The Kitsune smacked her lips, absentmindedly preparing herself for her messy blowjob before remembering with disappointment that she hadn't actually been fucked by a cock just now. A pavlovian horniness began to cloud her mind, and Ahri found herself apprehensively salivating at the thought of sucking off a dick that had been slathered in cum; her cunt pulsing with the familiar desire.

The blond fox grumpily sank into the couch, a pout forming on her lips, wallowing in her want for something that wasn't available.

Soraka stood and stretched luxuriously, the motion allowing Ahri a moment to appreciate the way the Starchild's full chest filled out her tank top and then some. The stretch pulled the bottom of Soraka's shirt up, briefly exposing the Unicorn's tight stomach as well as the thong that was perched high around the Starchild's wide hips. The Kitsune couldn't help but lick her lips at the delicious sight. Soraka turned to leave and Ahri snuck in a final glimpse of the girl's juicy barely covered ass before the Starchild's long locks of green hair obscured the lovely view.

The blond fox idly considered casting another Charm spell and going for Round Two until her stomach grumbled and Ahri suddenly remembered she was starving. She recalled that she had been in the process of making some kind of plan to acquire food, but the scheme had immediately slipped her mind when Soraka had walked by in that delicious tank top/thong combo. A moment of convincing combined with a subtle Charm later, and the Starchild had been persuaded to take that sweet, sweet position between Ahri's thighs.

The blonde fox stood on shaky legs and made her way into the kitchen, passing by the pantry door that had been closed for the better part of two months, plastered from top to bottom with discount police tape and 'Do Not Open' stickers. She threw open the fridge door before remembering that the reason she had dispatched Ezreal in the first place was to go on a food run. Last night the fridge had been completely cleaned out by the girls when they'd gotten spectacularly drunk and the munchies had struck in full force.

Whoopsie.

Ahri checked the freezer. A desolate landscape of liquor bottles and chunks of ice greeted her, but no food. The Kitsune idly inspected the bottles. *Freljord vodka, another Freljord vodka, Demacian gin, one more Freljord vodka, half finished Fireball, and a month old Bilgewater whiskey. No leftover wine of course. I don't think a wine bottle ever survived more than one night here.*

Well, she sighed, at least we won't go thirsty.

The Kitsune grabbed the whiskey and examined the murky liquid that swirled inside. Ahri didn't recall trying this particular brand before. It was a favorite of Sarah's, and the girl always tried to challenge someone to a shot competition but the rest of the apartment never wanted to touch the stuff. The Kitsune didn't personally know much about shelf lives or how to properly keep alcohol but the whiskey in her hand was probably fine; the girls usually used Lux's older brother as a consultant for anything regarding hard liquor and Ahri was pretty

sure he had said it was okay to freeze.

With the thought of Lux came a surge of anger that made the Kitsune bare her incisors. Ahri popped the stopper off of her bottle with a satisfying *splunk* and angrily took a quick swig. The drink hit her like a mouthful of paint, and the Kitsune scrunched her nose in distaste, trying not to gag at the foul taste and the smell that was somehow worse. It didn't go down any easier, and almost a minute later Ahri was left smacking her lips in a desperate attempt to get rid of the aftertaste.

"Is everything okay in here?" Soraka inquired, her concerned cute head poking around the doorway.

"*Yuuup*", Ahri choked out. "Just, *akh*, just fine."

"Are you drinking Bilgewhiskey?" Soraka asked, glancing at the bottle in her hands. "I thought Sarah said not to do that without-"

"*Ehh*" Ahri waved the Starchild's concern off and raised the bottle to her lips again. "I'm a big girl." The Kitsune took a heavier shot and immediately began spluttering again, her chest burning in pain with the volcanic aftertaste.

"*Ahri!*" Soraka exclaimed. "It's barely four o'clock! Take it easy!"

"Why should I?" Ahri complained, her heart suddenly heavy. "The only guy Star Guardian in this hemisphere is slobbering all over our sister team's captain who doesn't even want him right now! It's *totally* unfair!"

Soraka opened her mouth to say something and she made an odd expression, but after a moment she withdrew into herself instead.

Weird, Ahri thought. *This is usually the part where she becomes the Voice of Reason.*

The Kitsune lost her train of thought when footsteps tromped from the above floor and down the stairwell. Sarah rounded the corner in the same unwashed sports bra and black sweatpants she'd been wearing for the past week. "Goddess, I'm *BORED*", the red haired girl complained, throwing herself on the couch.

"Ah, *FUCK*", she exclaimed, immediately leaping back to her feet. "*Ahri!*" Sarah shrieked as she wiped a wet spot from her midriff. "At least flip the cushions if you're going to cum on the couch like an animal! Fuck's sake, that's disgusting!"

The Kitsune raised an eyebrow and took another swig of the whiskey and coughed while Soraka flushed a deep red and hurried to fix the problem. "Sorry!" The Unicorn made her usual apologies to no one in particular, her long ears pointing down as the girl tried to make herself as small as possible. "...Sorry..."

Sarah stalked up to Ahri and threw her red hair over her shoulder, the uncombed jungle cascading around her shoulders and down her back in messy red knots. Sarah stared her down, trying to provoke the Kitsune. It probably would have been intimidating, but the way the girl propped her arms underneath her chest drew attention to her sizable bust.

Ahri's head suddenly swam, and the Kitsune decided it was the drink that made her friend suddenly look so fuckable, and that she didn't normally find the way Sarah sassily stuck one juicy hip out so attractive. Ahri's instinct was to make a biting retort, but instead she held the bottle of whiskey out as a makeshift peace offering. Her head suddenly swam, and the Kitsune's mouth moved without her mind's permission.

"I have no idea", Ahri murmured. "How you drink this swill without choking."

A grin curled the corner of Sarah's mouth. She'd clearly been expecting a sour attitude and a bitchy response, and couldn't help but smile at Ahri's unexpected and sloppy attempt to make amends.

"It helps to have good taste", the red haired girl replied as she accepted the gift. "You might try it sometime. Maybe then you won't look like a complete virgin when you down one fucking sip."

"Hey", Ahri pouted. "I've never had this shit before. You've already built a resistance to it. It's not fair."

"Wanna build that resistance", Sarah's eyes sparkled. "With some shots?"

Ahri's canine eyes narrowed.

"Fuck. Yeah." The Kitsune growled.

Soraka poked her head out from behind Sarah. "Are you two drinking already?"

Ahri sashayed over to the enormous cluttered table and called back, "Not you two. Us *three*."

"And we're not just drinking like alcoholics", Sarah intervened before the Starchild could back out. "We're playing a game, it's like a team building exercise!"

"Exactly", Ahri jumped in. "Don't you want to be a good teammate, darling?"

"Well, I mean, yeah." Soraka frowned. "But I don't see how this -"

"Sush, dear" Sarah silenced her by placing a playful finger on the Starchild's lips. "It's game time now."

Ahri swept debris off the giant table to make room for three places, the clutter noisily landing on the floor as she immediately stole the closest chair. Soraka shook her head at the mess, but Sarah punched the air. "*Chyessss*", the red haired girl crowed, claiming the farthest seat. The Starchild begrudgingly followed, seating herself between both girls. "Will Syndra be joining us?" Soraka asked, glancing over her shoulder towards the purple haired girl's room.

"Nah," Sarah replied, slapping a can of ginger ale on the table next to the whiskey bottle. "She left for her boyfriend's earlier, said she's spending the night."

"Well, we shouldn't get too wrecked then," Soraka said. "Ez... I mean, the food will be back soon."

Ahri noticed that the Starchild's odd expression returned and the Unicorn's long ears flicked when she mentioned the boy's name.

Sarah didn't seem to notice. "It'll be dark before he gets back and I'm bored," the red haired girl said. She leaned under the table, ruffling through her bag and audibly clinking glass together. "In the meantime, what's the worst that could happen?" Soraka raised her eyebrows and rapped her knuckles on the table. "Knock on wood", the Starchild muttered.

"Alright!" Sarah exclaimed, placing a row of various shaped and colored shot glasses on the table. "Pick your glass!"

"*Ooh, ooh!*" Soraka immediately snatched her favorite cutesy pastel colored cup, trimmed with a delicate pattern of white flowery lace-like carving. "The Pink Drink for me!"

Ahri pretended to consider the options as if she also wasn't going to pick the same one she always did, and palmed a transparent glass that had a permanent sexy red lipstick kiss inked onto the rim.

Sarah grabbed a simple white glass that had the words *Cheers, Bitches* scrawled in playful scarlet cursive on one side.

The Kitsune cleared her throat, returning everyone's attention to the game at hand. "Let's start with something simple: Never Have I Ever. If you're the only person who has done what someone else just said, that's a shot!" Ahri lined up the glasses and began pouring. Sarah cringed when the Kitsune overfilled the first shot and liquid spilled onto the tabletop. The red haired girl snatched the bottle from Ahri's hands and finished the job, expertly leaving the other two shot glasses with a picture perfect amount of whiskey.

"I'll start then since you stole my bottle," Ahri pouted, sticking her tongue out at Sarah. "Never have I ever gotten into a fistfight."

"That's a cheap hit, you know I'm the only one here who's done that" Sarah complained, downing her drink in one gulp. Ahri grinned smugly, waiting for the red haired girl to choke or embarrass herself like Ahri had done earlier, but Sarah smoothly refilled her glass, giving the Kitsune no satisfying reaction; as if to her the harsh drink was on the same level as a cool glass of water.

"Your turn Soraka", the red haired girl purred. The Kitsune narrowed her eyes, an ear twitching in irritation.

"*Hmmm*," Soraka thought out loud, oblivious as always to Ahri's machinations. "Never have I ever... cried while listening to music in public."

Ahri and Sarah glanced at each other and then back at the Starchild, neither girl reaching for her drink. Soraka blushed a deep crimson. "Really?" She mumbled. "Just me?"

"I never cry in public, dear," Sarah cooed. "Bottoms up."

Soraka's brows knit in determination and she took a deep breath, throwing back the whiskey shot. Barely a moment passed before the Starchild began sputtering, followed by Ahri's giggles of amusement. Sarah slid the girl the ginger ale that she had prepared for this moment, and Soraka nodded her thanks through teary eyes as she sipped at the chaser between coughs. Both girls patiently waited for the Starchild to compose herself. The Unicorn glanced expectantly at Sarah who shook her head.

"A self-shot means you go again, dear." Sarah explained. "House rule." It took Soraka a moment to think of a new, riskier question, and the Unicorn paused shyly before she spoke, still coughing.

"Never, *akh*, have I ever kissed two boys..." Soraka paused. Both Sarah and Ahri raised an eyebrow as if to say *Oh, is that it?* while Soraka flushed a deep red and mumbled the last half of the thought in embarrassment. "...at the same time..."

It was a surprisingly risque question from the Starchild, and the Kitsune leapt at the opportunity to look like the bad bitch that she was. Ahri tossed her blonde ponytail over a shoulder and confidently emptied her shot without a second thought as if to say *Two boys at once? Those were teenage years, baby.*

It still tasted terrible and even though the shot hit her chest like a punch to the gut, Ahri was able to shrug it off. The aftertaste burned and she desperately wanted to beg her red haired teammate for her own chaser, but the Kitsune's pride demanded she act like this hard liquor was utterly beneath her.

Across the table, Sarah raised the drink to her lips, but paused. After a moment of thought, she set the full shot glass down on the table and shook her head. Ahri narrowed her eyes in suspicion and leaned forward, bracing herself on an elbow.

"Iss that sso." The Kitsune sneered, slurring her S's ever so lightly. "Rrreally. You *haven't* fucked two guys at once? Then what about those Targon twins you're so fond of bragging about -"

"Tegan and Matthias?" Sarah smirked, fondly recalling one of her most proud evenings. "Oh, Tegan and I made out plenty. But Matthias never actually kissed me. *His* tongue was busy," the red haired girl daintily crossed her legs, "elsewhere."

Ahri's jealousy flared, but she suddenly felt a surge of emotional energy begin to cloud the room and instead of responding to Sarah's boast, the Kitsune turned to the Starchild. At Sarah's comment, Soraka's jaw had dropped, and her cheeks were burning red. Ahri could almost feel the girl's embarrassment rolling off of her like a wave of heat. *Ooh*, The Kitsune thought. *Oh, this could be FUN.* Ahri's eyes sparkled playfully.

"Your question Sarah," the Kitsune declared. *The mood is getting risque, ask her a sexy question, ask her something DARING,* Ahri thought.

"Mmm," replied the red haired girl, either failing to pick up on Ahri's mental message or ignoring it. "Never have I ever... danced to music alone in an elevator."

Ahri almost snorted in derision at the softball question. Sarah was clearly playing a different game than the Kitsune was. *Fine*, Ahri decided. *I'll play along. Just this once.*

Soraka raised her glass, expecting the Kitsune to join her, but Ahri adopted a shocked expression instead.

"Ooooh, Soraka the *partygirrrrl*~" Ahri teased.

"Show us some moves, girl!" Sarah encouraged.

Soraka downed her shot, and nursed her ginger ale while bobbing her shoulders from side to side in rhythm. With more cheering from Sarah, Soraka raised her arms above her head, bumping to a beat. Ahri thoroughly appreciated how the motion confirmed that the Starchild wasn't wearing a bra beneath that tank top. Soraka giggled and the cute noise stirred something hot and horny in Ahri's chest, the Kitsune suddenly struck by the sudden urge to leap across the table and bury her face between those perfect tits.

Ahri hiccuped and used a single finger to repress the urge by toying with her lower lip. She needed a surefire question that would hit both girls, an ace in the hole. "Never have I everrr..." She slurred proudly, a smug grin lighting her face. "...had a crush on a teammate!"

That's both of you idiots, take a shot. EVERYONE has got the hots for me.

Soraka blushed so hard that Ahri could almost feel the heat across the table, but to her dismay Sarah actually laughed out loud to her face. "Nice try, hot stuff", the red haired girl drawled. "You know how to move and you've got that rockin' ass, but a *crush*? Nahhh."

Anger, self pity, lust, and a dozen more emotions flitted through Ahri in under a second. "You're *mean*", the Kitsune pouted, nursing her wounded pride. The blonde fox threw her arms around Soraka's neck and nestled cheeks with the Starchild. The hug gave her a chance and the Kitsune took it, arching her back and very intentionally smooshing her tits into the Unicorn's.

"At least 'Raka appreciates me." Ahri stuck her tongue out at Sarah.

"Huh?" Soraka asked, distracted. "Oh, a crush on *you*? Sure, I mean, yeah, I think?"

Ahri withdrew her embrace at the sudden betrayal, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

"Who else would you have a crush on?" Ahri demanded.

Soraka blushed again, hunching her shoulders and she folded her hands in her lap guiltily. The Starchild bashfully avoided eye contact and didn't make a sound.

Ahri's sluggish mind raced as fast as it could, and she suddenly remembered the odd looks Soraka had been making earlier. The squeaky hamster wheel that was Ahri's brain slowly spun and after a moment, it finally lit the 'idea' lightbulb with an almost audible ding. Her feline ears perked up as the realization struck the Kitsune.

"*Ezreal?!* " Ahri shouted.

Soraka's eyes went wide and she somehow flushed an even deeper red before the Starchild hid her face in her hands. Sarah snorted in disbelief but did a double take at Soraka's reaction.

"*Ohh. My. Goddess*", the red haired girl gasped. "Our precious baby has her holy mind in the gutter with the rest of us sluts!" Sarah playfully ruffled Soraka's hair. Mortified, the Starchild downed her shot and laid her face on the table, hiding her muffled coughs behind her arms.

"This sucks though", Sarah complained, struck by a sudden thought. "He's got the hots for Lux the Lightbulb on the other team, so we get stuck with nothing."

"Nahnahnah", Ahri interjected. "Don't you see? This is just what we *need*. 'Raka is our *in*!"

Sarah pursed her lips, confused.

Ahri continued. "That idiot is gonna ask Luckshawna out tonight -", Soraka's head whipped up at the slurred statement, her lower lip trembling, tears forming at the corners of her eyes. That thought had clearly been eating at her for some time.

"But itsh okay", Ahri slurred, patting the teary eyed girl on the head. "Becush she's gonna shoot 'em down, and he'll be all sad 'n shit. Now, me or Sharah would make a move and one of us would get him and only have time for a rebound fuck or two but then the other would get all jealous and the team would fall apart from drama."

Sarah nodded in agreement.

"But!" the Kitsune exclaimed. "If '*Raka* makes the firshst move, then there's no problem don't you see! We can all take turns and share the toy!"

"We can all be", Ahri held Soraka's hand and then grabbed Sarah's hand from across the table, pulling the three of them together into a makeshift huddle.

"*Fuckbuddies.*"

Sarah nodded, enraptured at the idea. Soraka was less sure.

"I don't know", the Starchild said. "I don't really see how that follows at -"

"It's simple, dear", Sarah interrupted. "If Ahri or I claimed him first, then we would never share with the team. But if he's hooking up with you, then who cares if someone borrows him for an evening or two? If he belongs to you, then really that means he belongs to the whole team."

Soraka shifted her shoulders, suddenly self conscious. "But what if I don't *want* to share -"

"Sh, sh, shush", Ahri interrupted, placing a finger on Soraka's lips. "It's all coming together, shee? All we need to do is get you and Ez to hook up! Then none of that relationship stuff matters!"

"Yeah!", Sarah agreed. "Unless, Soraka, you don't want to hook up with him..."

"No, I *do* want to", Soraka muttered. "It's just... not that simple."

Ahri cackled. "Of *coursh* it's that simple", the Kitsune pushed. "You just gotta put some moves on him, girl! He'll be eating out of your hand in no time." Ahri's eyes glazed over and she shifted in her seat. "And after *that*, he'll be eating my -"

"*A-hem*", Soraka coughed. "That's the thing. I can't - I, I'm not good at flirting with cute people...or even talking to them, really..."

A silence fell over the room.

"Ah shiet", Sarah swore. "She's right. That is a hurdle."

"Nahnahnah", Ahri interrupted. "She doesn't need to flirt with him. We can skip the whole 'relationship' bullshit. We just need them to fffuck. And to do that, we just need to get them to go through a *crisis*. Shomething exciting. Shuspension bridge theory. Or whatever."

"How do we do that, though?" Sarah pondered. "We're in the middle of a *quarantine*. We can't take on dangerous missions for at least another month."

The door swung open and Ezreal entered, his collared shirt still only mostly buttoned up and messily tucked into his tight jeans. He noticed the girls at the table, tossed his face mask in the overflowing trash can, wiped his eyes and made for the freezer to grab his own drink.

"Sso", Ahri continued, not changing the volume or tone of her voice. Soraka panicked, making silent and desperate *Cut the video feed!* gestures, but the Kitsune ignored her. "Why don't we release the beast in the pantry."

"*Ooooh*", Sarah cooed, her eyes lighting up dangerously. "Now *there's* an idea."

Soraka blanched at the suggestion. "What?!" the Starchild exclaimed. "How is that gonna solve anything? That's a terrible idea!"

"I love terrible ideas", Ezreal said with a forced smile. Soraka squeaked and nearly leapt to the ceiling in surprise. The boy pulled up a chair next to her and positioned it backwards, leaning the backrest into his chest as he unscrewed the lid from a Freljord Vodka. "What are we talking about?"

Sarah waggled her eyebrows at him. "*Stuff*", she giggled. The red haired girl shifted her

shoulders from side to side coyly. Confused, Ezreal glanced at Ahri but the Kitsune only winked at him in response, unable to hide a predatory grin.

"Rrrright", the boy said, taking a swig of vodka. Sarah mouthed the words *Don't mention Lux* at Soraka, but switched to whistling innocently when Ezreal eyed her suspiciously.

"We were talking!" Soraka interjected desperately. "About ideas to, uh, um, get rid of the Voidbeast in the pantry?"

"Mmm", Ezreal acknowledged, and swallowed his mouthful of vodka which the boy immediately followed with a full body shiver. The movement puffed his chest out for a moment, and Ahri loved the way his shirts were always juuuust unbuttoned enough so she could clearly see his exposed neck as well as a glimpse of his chest muscles. The Kitsune's cunt suddenly throbbed at the thought of running her hands under that shirt, tracing her fingers over the ropy texture of his abs. She bit her lip as she imagined tasting him, her mouth planting kisses on his firm chest, her hand pulling on his belt buckle -

Ahri's attention was abruptly refocused when he took another swig of straight vodka and made a noise. "*Bwah*. I actually did some digging on that creature earlier. Did you know that when that kind of thing doesn't feed on emotions, it expands until it fills whatever container it's in, and only reduces in size once its gluttony has been satisfied? We are really gonna have to deal with it sooner or later before it causes a scene."

"I wouldn't mind satisfying that thing", Ahri purred, her eyes hazy.

Ezreal screwed up his face at the thought. "But all the tentacles", the boy said. "*Yecch*."

"Hey", Sarah declared. "Some of us *like* tentacle stuff." Ahri nodded in firm agreement, fist bumping the red haired girl. "Don't you kink-shame us", the Kitsune pouted.

Unsure of how to respond, Ezreal hid behind the vodka by raising it to his lips, and made a pleading *Please save this conversation* sideways glance at Soraka. This was not the first time that a strategic discussion about Void creatures had been hijacked by tentacle appreciation. The Starchild cleared her throat.

"Anyways", Soraka asked. "How do you stop it from feeding? Doesn't it form psychic connections and keep draining until you're dead?"

"Yeah, apparently if it touches you physically then it makes contact mentally at the same time and forms a kind of parasitic emotional bond. It then tries to reverse engineer the proper physical stimuli in order to get you in the right emotional state so it can leech off that bond. My source was a little vague on the specifics on how the whole 'breaking the bond' part goes", Ezreal frowned. "The creature charms your mind to make you like it more than you should, just like our Captain does -"

"- It's not even the same thing at all-", Ahri inserted.

"- and then once it fools your mind, it tries to fool your body. The creature's body fluids are a

natural aphrodisiac, so it tries to make as much physical contact as possible -"

Sarah waggled her eyebrows and mimed a blowjob, her cheek bulging as she pushed her tongue into it. "You can say *that* again."

Ezreal wisely ignored her. "- so if you touch too much slime, you get turned into a physically pleased but mindless doll that the creature will mentally leech off of until eventually you just go braindead. There were reports of victims being saved after several days, all the way to just under a week of being fed on, who all made a full recovery. I guess it takes a long time for the process to be anywhere near lethal."

Ahri leaned to Soraka and slur-whispered, "Several days of being a fuckdoll with no drawbacksh? Thish whole 'victim' thing is sounding better and better." Soraka tried not to smirk at the lewd comment, she really did.

"Quiet in the peanut gallery", Ezreal declared without looking at either girl. "You can physically separate the victim and the creature, and at some point the mental tether will break, but then the creature will just keep expanding until it fills all of the space it could theoretically occupy, or until it encounters a new target that it can feed off of. The only recorded way to shatter the connection properly so it reverts to its original size is to show, and I quote, an outward sign of an inward bond."

Sarah frowned, perplexed. "What the fuck does that mean? Like a chemistry molecule kind of bond or what?"

Ezreal threw his hands up in defeat. "Ya got me. The source just says that once the creature is shown 'that bond', the parasitic connection is severed and it reverts to its default golf ball-ish size. When that happens, we can recapture it in a smaller container, and then toss it back in the Nether when convenient. Until then, I say we leave it as it is until we're ready to deal with it."

"Sounds like a plan", Soraka agreed.

"Yeah", Sarah sighed. "I guess that makes sense." The red haired girl's stomach audibly grumbled. "Oh, hey Ez, did you bring back any food after you...asked...out...Lux..." She trailed off.

Heavy awkward silence draped over the room and smothered the playful atmosphere like a thick comforter on a candle.

Ahri's chest burned with rage, and a fang crept past her lip as the Kitsune failed to keep a snarl from her face. She turned her head slowly and glared daggers at Sarah, internally screaming *don't mention Lux, you dumb motherfucker are you CRAZY. You haven't killed the mood, you've MURDERED it!* The red haired girl wilted under the Kitsune's furious gaze.

"Shit. The food." Ezreal brushed his nose with a thumb and turned away. "I forgot. My bad."

Soraka leaned in, sensing the sudden sad mood shift in the boy. "Hey, are you okay?" She asked.

"Yeah." He cleared his throat, hiding his eyes under his bangs. "Yeah, I'm fine, I'm just a fuckup who can't even do a simple food run right." He smiled ruefully. "Excuse me, ladies." The boy suddenly stood and stalked to the balcony, closing the sliding glass door roughly behind him.

Soraka stared wistfully after him.

Ahri punched Sarah in the shoulder, hard. "Nishe going, you dumb bitch! Sho much for easy cock!" the Kitsune slurred angrily.

"Hang on, we can still salvage this", Sarah said, nursing her shoulder. "We just need Soraka to talk to him and get him in the right mood!"

Ahri roughly pulled the Starchild to her feet, and looked her dead in the eyes to convey the seriousness of the situation. "Thish, ish your one chance to seduce him!" The Kitsune declared, shoving her towards the balcony. "Go get ush shome free dick, girl! We're counting on you!"

"Me? Alone with... *Seduce?! W - w -what do I say? How do I -*" Soraka stammered.

"We don't have time to coach you on how to talk to boysh!" Ahri nearly screamed. "He'sh pulling out his *phone*! Quick, before he textsh Lux again, kiss him! Or shomething!"

"W-w-wait", the Starchild flushed red from her cheeks all the way to her ears. "Do I *talk* to him, or d - do I *kiss* him?"

Ahri slid the balcony door open and pushed Soraka outside before immediately sliding it closed behind her.

"*Phew*", the Kitsune breathed, dusting her palms. She returned to the table and grabbed the bottle of whiskey, throwing back another mouthful.

Odd. Thought Ahri as she smacked her lips. *The more I drink, the better it tastes.*

The Kitsune took her seat opposite Sarah and glanced at the balcony where even her delicate canine ears failed to make out the muffled conversation. The red haired girl refilled her shot, then raised her glass in victory to Ahri. The Kitsune clinked her bottle to Sarah's glass and both girls tapped their drinks on the table before downing their shots.

Sarah thumped her fist on her chest twice and burped as Ahri tried and failed to suppress her own hiccup. The Kitsune sighed smugly as her vision swam most pleasantly.

"Crisis, averted."

Author's note:

This was originally the first half of a single chapter, but I've been dragging this out for so long I decided just to chop it up, post what I have done and release the rest later as a two parter when I finally get around to finishing. Hopefully it won't take nearly as long to pump out Chapter 3 as it did for Chapter 2.

The funny thing about overcooking a project like this is how the direction you thought you were going in can change completely. This series was initially just going to be about simple Soraka x Ahri lesbian encounters, but since then I've decided to try branching out in a few other directions to see what sticks. Regardless of what flavor of the month fetish rolls through, my long term goal for this series is to try and keep the tone (mostly) wholesome and (mostly) vanilla. Feedback is very helpful in this regard.

Thanks for reading.

Tangled Trouble

Chapter Summary

Okay you get an update. As a treat

Sarah stirred in her seat on the couch, irritated. She was *just* failing to make out Ezreal and Soraka's muffled voices filtering in from the closed glass doors that led to the apartment balcony. She squinted, but the glass was so filthy from years of being unwashed that it was impossible to lip read or even discern basic body language. The moving outlines of the duo outside shifted and rolled in opaque motions, like a blurry movie projected over stained glass. Sarah closed her eyes and tried to listen, but her drunkenness made her mind wander before she could parse their dampened sounds into meaningful patterns. She chewed on a fingernail, anxiety already setting in.

There was no doubt in the gunslinger's mind: her grand plan for a situationship with the Star Guardian boy had fallen apart. She now realized how foolish she had been in misjudging Soraka; even though the boy had just been shot down by Lux and was in the optimal mindset to accept a rebound one night stand, the girl was far too bashful to directly proposition Ezreal into a friends-with-benefits situation. It was such a waste, tonight had presented a unique opportunity for Sarah to lay claim to something that she and Ahri had both coveted for some time. Ahri and Sarah had tug-of-war battles over *everything* - everything except Ezreal. It was unspoken consensus that if one of them seduced him into a relationship that the other would steal him back, starting an arms race of one upping between the two girls that would inevitably lead to the mutually assured destruction of the team. The genius of tonight's improvised plan was that Soraka was golden neutral territory that anyone could claim. The Starchild loved to share what she had, so if *she* initiated the fuckbuddy situation then it would be child's play for Sarah to leech off of her to get to Ezreal; and more importantly, Ezreal's dick.

Well, it *would* have been child's play.

Bright muted colors flashed several times through the dirty glass, furrowing Sarah's brow. It was the telltale signal of Soraka activating, deactivating, and then reactivating the crystal gem embedded in her collar. Why the girl wanted to suit up in her Star Guardian uniform, suit down, and then suit back up again in short succession was positively mystifying. Far from a call to arms, such a display implied the girl was either showing off or stumbling over herself. Knowing how easily the healer lost her composure, the second option was far more likely.

What is that idiot doing out there ? Sarah wondered. Soraka knew irresponsible uses of magic were forbidden on Valoran campus. If a teacher, or First Star forbid Lux's older brother, saw Soraka's display then it could spell serious trouble for the team. There was always a small

risk of the girl's secret identities as Star Guardian being discovered, and if *this* was what exposed them Sarah was going to be *LIVID* .

Shaking her head, the gunslinger spat her half chewed fingernail slice. It vanished into the thick folds of the carpet. Drunkenly, Sarah mulled over her near future. It was a simple fact that the team had been letting their training and overall discipline slip. Her gut said that Ezreal would use this fresh rebound from heartbreak to double down on devoting all of the group's free time to combat practice and schoolwork. Interpersonal relationships among Star Guardians were *technically* taboo but after tonight, any chance of one-night stands and booty calls with the blonde boy were sure to go out the window for good.

Such a shame, Sarah reminisced, stretching out luxuriously over the messy couch. *And he was looking fine today*. Her heart skipped a beat as she visualized the folded sleeves of his collared shirt that exposed his slutty forearms. Sarah had always loved Ezreal's swimmer build. She'd never been a fan of the grotesque, bulky muscles of a bodybuilder. His overall frame was a little twinkly but still bulgy in all the right parts - thin, but toned with pleasantly broad shoulders. And his arms - *ooh*. Sarah shivered. He had *just* the right amount of visible veins that drew the eye when he flexed. The room spun and Sarah's mind swam in a surge of drunken intensity. Her fingers twitched with the grating need to run her hands over the firmness of his skin, to drink in the texture of his strong arms and drag her nails in furrows down his back. Sarah sighed helplessly, her imagination running wild. She bit her lip as she settled deeper into the couch. Her hand nonchalantly worked its way under her black sweatpants and in between her thighs. A gasp flitted out from her lips as she massaged herself tenderly.

The pile of beanbags stirred and Ahri's feline ears perked up, peeking over the top of the couch. "Need a hand?" the kitsune's giggling voice offered. Her speech flowed with a noticeable drunken slur. "I've got two to spare."

The thought was immediately tempting to Sarah. She and Ahri had been rivals for longer than they had been friends - owing largely to their combative history of both aiming for the title of 'baddest bitch on campus'. Being sworn into the Star Guardians and placed directly into a subservient role under Ahri had nearly made Sarah forfeit their competition, but the gunslinger was far too stubborn to accept a loss that didn't come on her own terms. Ahri had always been too scared to pull rank on her and Ezreal's introduction to the team had only intensified their scheming and petty conflicts. The competition between the girls had been fierce, to say the least. And now, a peace offering? The gunslinger's mind raced as she considered the Vastayan's proposition. Given the history between them, Ahri was surely making some bold 4d chess move at Sarah's expense.

The Vastaya pulled herself to the top of the couch. The simple motion made Ahri's head hurt. Her brain sloshed back and forth in her alcohol filled head like a basketball in a bathing tub.

Ahri's mouth watered as the smell of lust radiated scrumptiously from her archrival; the scent bolder and more inviting than one of Soraka's famous fresh baked pies wafting from the oven. Ahri could normally resist the thought of feasting her Kitsune hunger on Sarah for the sake of her own ego, but just now her inhibitions were at an all time low. Ahri felt her Vastayan magic bubble over the threshold she normally contained inside herself. Instead of being directly concentrated and highly tangible, the charm spell wafted out from her in an unfocused haze, saturating through the air of the apartment like a rolling fog. The Kitsune's senses sharpened as the magic flowed, her vision pulling Sarah's faint freckles into crisp focus along with the unmistakable blush on her cheeks. Ahri's ear twitched, reporting a subtle rise in tempo of the red head's heartbeat. A predatory impulse shot through her and Ahri indulged in it. She licked her lips, her tongue running over her exposed incisors. Ahri straddled her prey.

Sarah's heart fluttered as Ahri's dilated eyes roamed over her, the Vastaya's gaze coming to a rest on the gunslinger's thighs and the hand between them. Ahri held herself over Sarah with unnatural poise, clearly drawing from her Vastayan grace. Time slowed as the blonde Vastaya went in for a kiss.

Sarah's mind raced, and her heart pounded fearfully in her chest. But why? This ought to be her moment of victory, right? Ahri had let herself be seduced, which made Sarah the winner of their competition. Then why was Sarah suddenly so bashful? Where was her usual smug superiority? Something about this situation was clearly wrong, and she needed to bail. Besides, she was way too good for Ahri. Yeah, that was it. Sarah ran a disdainful eye up and down her rival's appearance. Ahri's hair was greasy plus her pajama hoodie was unwashed. And, come to think of it, her breath *stank*. The gunslinger may have earned a promiscuous reputation, but she also had *standards*.

Sarah halted Ahri's advance by placing a single finger to the Kitsune's lips. "Nah. I'm good." She took a cooling breath, feeling the heat drain out from inside of her. The gunslinger's finger pushed Ahri further and further until the kitsune fell backwards over the rim of the couch, sprawling onto her bean bag pile. Ahri rolled around in a drunken tangle of limbs, fighting to right herself.

Another deep breath quelled the rising fire in Sarah's chest. The heat of the moment had gotten to her, that was all. Besides, she didn't really like other girls *that way*. Sure, she had errant erotic thoughts about other women. And *maybe* she had played around with Soraka more than once - but who on their team hadn't? Whatever attraction she had felt just now was nothing but the novelty of convenience. Sarah had refused Ahri's advance for no other reason than because it reinforced her own superior position in their dynamic, plain and simple.

Sarah felt the kitsune's glare, and sure enough Ahri was huffing out her cheeks, insulted by the rejection. The gunslinger ignored her, reveling in the obvious aggravation she had caused

her rival. Irritation and annoyance were much safer feelings between the two of them than whatever questionable impulses had just been raised. Satisfied that she had squared away whatever fleeting thoughts had just arisen and that things had returned to the status quo, she put the hand between her thighs back to work. Sarah closed her eyes and returned to fantasies of a shirtless Ezreal, this time concocting an imaginary storyline where she seduced him away from an evil and conniving visage of her Vastayan teammate.

The Kitsune growled in frustrated anger and stumbled to her feet. She found balance by drawing on her magic reserves and floundered her way into the kitchen. Ahri grabbed the first bottle she saw and brazenly poured it into her open mouth, but was only rewarded with a few drops of foul smelling liquid from the empty container.

“Jus’ who do you think you are,” Ahri accused the empty bottle. Her grip tightened with such force that her knuckles turned white. “Think you’re better than me?!” She hiccupped and threw the bottle into the trash with force, expecting a loud and satisfying shatter of glass to match the violence of her temper. Instead, the plastic bottle *thwumped* harmlessly into the canister.

The Vastayan sniffed back tears as the universe utterly failed to gratify her wrath. The unjustness of it all flowed through her and she found anger quickly draining away leaving anguish in its wake. Within the space of eight seconds, Ahri had flitted from jealousy to righteous wrath to indignation to melancholy. The Vastayan sniffed daintily. “I dun’ need you. I don’t need you at all. I got...I got...” Ahri glanced around, looking for some form of validation. Her gaze settled on the police tape-sealed pantry door, slightly bulging from containing the tentacle monster inside. She broke out in a lopsided grin, her incisors pressing into her lower lip.

“Ooh, I got something *better* .”

Ahri strutted across the kitchen and ran a razor sharp finger nail down the seam of the door, effortlessly splitting the thick tape that held the door shut. The wood bulged outwards as she broke the magic seal, fully freeing the force that was pressed up against the far side of it. The kitsune opened the door and stood to the side, allowing the creature to cross the threshold.

A mass of rolling pink-red tentacles fell to the floor with a wet *splurk* . With a flash, a rainbow light emanated from Ahri’s leather collar as an emergency activation spell triggered at the close proximity of the Void creature. When the polychromatic light faded, her unwashed pajamas were replaced by her flawless Star Guardian attire. Even without a mirror handy, Ahri knew the magic had applied immaculate makeup, undone several weeks of self inflicted neglectful damage to her hair and even painted and fixed her fingernails - despite the Vastayan absentmindedly chewing on them during long droughts of boredom. Drunkenly, Ahri allowed herself a celebratory twirl and tugged on the skirt trim. She loved the skirt

length. It was a little short - but it was a cute/sexy short, not a slutty short; unlike those nurse costumes she had convinced Soraka to wear with her for Halloween. *Those* had been slutty short.

Ahri drunkenly rolled a gloved finger through the skirt fabric. Unlike those cheap knockoff nurse costumes, the Star Guardian uniform was fabled across the galaxy. They inspired principles of pride, purity, honor and virtue and were a constant reminder of a higher calling. But in Ahri's slovenly state, those wholesome values meant nothing to her right now. The unholy thought of being violated, of succumbing to her most disgraceful urges despite wearing such noble and dignified regalia made her salivate. Her Vastayan eyes sparkled with hedonistic glee. This was the opportunity of a lifetime.

"Hey big guy", Ahri teased, nudging a lone fleshly limb with her heel. "Remember me? I helped put you in that cage." She nodded her chin at the pantry that the creature had spent the last several months trapped inside.

The mass of flowing tentacles dragged itself to her feet, a smooth wet rope wrapping around her ankle. The kitsune shivered at the touch.

"I'm gonna take that as a *yes*", She purred.

Ahri knelt over the creature, feeling its various appendages probe up her ankles. She giggled drunkenly at the sensation before reaching down into the rolling mass. A particularly thick tentacle brushed her hand and she brought it up to her mouth, cradling the length as it spilled out against her chest. Blissfully, the Vastayan kissed the dome headed tip with an exaggerated *mwah*. The feeler twitched and pulsed in response, the throbbing motion reminded Ahri vividly of an erection held against her face. The kitsune purred as she proudly surveyed the marks left on the tentacle by her vibrant lipstick. The limb rubbed into her cheek playfully and she instinctively took a deep whiff of the phallic organ.

In Star Guardian circles, the Cock vs Tentacle debate had been an eternal one. Both phallus' had advantages (for example, tentacles were *far* superior at foreplay) and both had disadvantages (for example, cocks tended to come with the baggage of being attached to a man). Ahri's preference for dicks came down to three factors: one, Void creatures had dogshit aftercare. Two, she hadn't met a tentacle that was capable of a creampie and most importantly three, the smell of sex. The scent of Void genitalia was tragically lacking. It wasn't just this tentacle creature in particular either, Void aroma in general tended to be bland like cheap deodorant when it was noticeable at all. Her enhanced Vastayan sense of smell synchronized with her pheromones and added immeasurably to Ahri's enjoyment of sex, but when it came to being fucked by Void monsters their tasteless smell always left her unsatisfied. Compared to such placid sterility, the savory musk of a juicy cock was an undeniable aphrodisiac. Still, Ahri was nothing if not adaptable and she refused to allow a milquetoast aura to ruin what was otherwise sure to be a pleasant experience. She had a job for this new toy of hers to do.

The Kitsune flirted with her large plaything, two handed the limb and bringing it in for a sloppy kiss. She teased the dome headed tip with her tongue by inviting it *just* past her lips - and then slipped herself away from the length before it could fully wriggle into her mouth. Frustrated, the creature would surge itself further into her grip only to be denied again and again.

Distracted by the provocation of her new plaything, Ahri didn't notice when the greater writhing mass below anchored her feet firmly. Tendrils of varying thickness began snaking up her ankles with a purposeful slowness, binding her in place.

Unaware and unperturbed, Ahri ran her tongue over the surface of her toy like a popsicle. She was only satisfied when a good foot and a half of its length was thoroughly coated with saliva. The Vastaya giggled drunkenly as she felt the appendage writhe in her hands, the limb trembling with apprehension. Her heart pulsed against her chest as the creature's unmistakable desire for her radiated with such sheer intensity that it seemed to take on a suffocating physical presence. Despite how early in foreplay they were, Ahri found her breath coming in short and heavy gasps. The Kitsune had magical limits and could only absorb so much intense emotional energy. But with the sheer bulk of radiating lust coming from the creature, her magical wellspring didn't take long to fill to the point of overflow. For nearly all her life Ahri had trained herself to work with a constant deficit of magic for the safety of those around her, and now found she was completely unprepared for the abundant surplus she was drowning in. Ahri fought for breath, her chest rising with exertion as if performing a workout while the surrounding air was soaked in heavy humidity.

The Vastaya shivered and drew the tentacle in for another kiss on the tip, but the creature surged in her grasp with astonishing strength. Ahri's eyes widened in surprise and she gagged in shock as the length wormed past her lips, inside her mouth and over her tongue, pressing for the back of her throat. The Vastaya squirmed, nearly cumming on the spot, her knees locking together and her pussy throbbing. She mewled helplessly, the submissive sound muffled around the limb. Meekly, she struggled against the length that writhed inside her mouth. With a strangled wet gurgle she locked her grip and heaved, drawing the head back out from behind her lips. She coughed wetly and sucked down desperate breaths, her chest heaving. Sloppy thick strands of saliva dripped down her chin and hung in the air, connecting her lolling tongue to the meaty tentacle as it struggled to return to the wetness inside her mouth. The tendril pressed against her full lips in a writhing demand, and in her weakening state she barely managed to hold it at bay. Ahri moaned against the appendage.

Goddess it's been far too long, Ahri thought. She was so horny that she'd nearly cum just from a quick facefuck. The Vastaya quivered, her heart sinking as she reassessed her situation. The initial idea had been to use the creature as a living dildo for her own pleasure, but the script was flipping on her and she was now finding herself helpless to stop *it* from using *her* as a fuckdoll. Ahri's heart fluttered as she realized she could barely keep it at bay and it seemed to be growing stronger by the second.

The Vastaya whimpered in protest as the tentacle pulsed through her grip and back towards her mouth with unwavering vigor. She fought against it with all the strength she could muster but no matter how hard she tried to force it away, the creature was always just a little bit stronger than her. Despite herself, Ahri found the thought of an unpreventable deepthroat enticing rather than scary. She whined feebly as the tentacle relentlessly forced itself past her weakening defense, the thick length inching closer and closer to her open panting mouth and lolling tongue.

Ahri's eyes shot open and she nearly leapt out of her skin as a slimy sensation suddenly snaked up her inner thigh. Glancing down, the Vastaya gaped in despair. While she'd been

preoccupied with the single tentacle that was trying to fuck her face, innumerable ropy strands had been writhing up her thigh high boots and forming layered binds. The mass of the creature had completely enveloped her up to the knees, anchoring her legs solidly in place. The more she squirmed, the more her bonds tightened, restricting her movement. Any hope she had of fleeing was already lost and she hadn't even realized it. Ahri couldn't see them but she could feel a number of even longer tendrils sneaking up underneath her skirt frills - along with a single extremely girthy tentacle. Her pussy throbbed at the thought of being fucked by the thick length as the smaller limbs snaked higher up her sensitive flesh.

Oh, dear Goddess help me. Ahri prayed. *That big one feels like it's thicker than my wrist.* The large, thick feeler groped into her thigh gap and slithered between her legs, brushing against her panties. The Vastaya failed to repress a gasp as the length slid in loops around her thighs, the writhing stimulation somehow finding all of her most tender areas. She squirmed in denial of the overwhelming pleasant sensation, but the thick tendrils binding her legs tightened and pulled. Ahri whined, forced onto tiptoe. She would have moaned, but was robbed of breath when the ribbed texture dragged its length against her clit. A shudder raced through her body like a bolt of lightning, burning from the tips of her ears down to her toes. She whimpered, the overstimulation short circuiting her mind, and instinctively she relinquished a hand from the tentacle at her mouth to hold the new one between her legs at bay.

Immediately, the dome headed length at her lips overpowered her broken defense and invaded her mouth. Ahri choked wetly, tears coming to her eyes as the meaty tendril surged into her mouth. Her pussy pulsed, the wetness dripping down her thigh as the tentacle dominated her tongue.

Gagging for breath, she weakly fought against the lower limb between her thighs but couldn't stop it from sliding her panties to the side. Ahri groaned, fully aware of her fragile situation as her knees were slowly but surely pulled apart by ropey binds. One hand per tentacle was not enough, she needed both merely to hold one of the girthy limbs at bay. She would have to permit one of the invasions in order to stop the other. Ahri released her grip on the facefucking tentacle for better advantage on the one below, allowing the creature full access to her throat.

Instinctively her tongue explored every inch of the limb sliding in and out of her mouth. The length pumped in a smooth rhythm, the tempo punctuated by muffled wet gags from the Vastaya. Her lips overflowing with wetness, Ahri was helpless to make any sound other than the metronomic *gluhk, guhg, ghlk* retorts of her facefucking. Her pussy throbbed and drool dribbled down her chin.

She fought against the length between her thighs, squirming for leverage despite her restricted movement. The Vastayan's eyes widened as she felt the dome head line itself up against her entrance. She couldn't push the tentacle head away, so instead she pulled it further into her thighs. The textured phallus slipped through her pussy lips and along her taint. Her heart pounding, Ahri guided the length further and further into her thighs. Her skirts lifted as the head slid out behind her ass. The rest of the length writhed in protest and Ahri groaned deep in her throat as the ribbed tentacle ground against her clit. Her knees squeezed together

and her cunt threatened to explode in climax. The Vastayan rolled her hips in waves as she desperately rode the bucking tendril like a cowgirl on a bronco.

Meanwhile, the girthy length at her face swelled against her lips. The creature allowed Ahri to be distracted by the sensation between her legs before refocusing her attention back to her mouth. Ahri convulsed in sudden panic as she realized over a foot of the length was coiled up against her lips, but she was powerless to stop the tentacle from surging into her mouth in a sudden burst.

The Vastayan came in a crescendo as the creature fucked her face. Ahri had always prided herself on luxuriously selling a loud sexy orgasm, but the combination of being utterly lost in the moment and the thick tentacle stuffing her mouth prevented her from making any noise. Her eyes rolled back and it was all she could do to keep breathing while the girthy phallus slid in and out of her mouth in a confident tempo. Her thighs clamped painfully around the tentacle between her legs, her muscles clenching and unclenching as fresh wetness coated the tendril. She went limp, quivering as her hips rolled against the lurching feeler. The girthy length pushed itself down her throat, deeper and deeper and Ahri could do nothing to stop it.

Gluhg, she gurgled wetly. Bubbles of white wetness trickled out over her lips. *Glurhk, guhg, ghlk*.

Her existence reduced to sheer ecstasy, she floated away in an out of body experience. The Vastayan felt her legs give out and she collapsed, surrendering herself completely to the creature. Dimly she was aware when the tentacle throat bulge stopped against her collar, embedded with her personalized Star Guardian crystal gem. Angry at the resistance, the creature surged deep into her mouth and she felt the leather around her throat break with a sudden *snick*. The handcrafted jewelry that Ahri had shown off countless times, the gem that was cut with absolute purity and had been carefully woven with intricate spells to mark her as a proud Star Guardian, fell to the floor in silence.

The tendril embrace guided her to the floor where she rested, face-down and ass in the air facing the mass of tentacles. A warm dull tingling pulsed through her when she felt a ropy limb dip into her navel and wrap around her waist. Tentacles spiraled up her arms and legs, ensuring she had no possible hope of escape. Ropes of varying length slid inside her uniform, tearing the fabric and restricting her movement completely.

The familiar large phallus pulled back her skirts, brushing against her entrance. The dome headed length teased her center, undulating slowly and building up against her folds. Ahri shivered in anticipation, her back arching at the sensual touch. The Vastayan's mouth moved on its own, obediently suckling the tentacle that maintained the facefucking. Her wet gagging continued - *gllk, mhlk, ghulk*, in a responsive rhythm. Ahri felt her tongue idly work the length as it slid down her throat.

Between her thighs, the girthy tentacle bulged into her all at once. The binds around her waist pulled her hips into the surging thrust, inviting the dome headed limb even deeper inside her. Ahri came again, this time with a muffled mewl as the girthy limb bottomed out inside her. Her muscles clenched and spasmed from the intensity of her climax. She tried to writhe and squirm but her binds held her forcibly in place. Aside from a slight trembling in her waist and the clear liquid gushing out from her pussy, it was nearly impossible to tell she came at all.

Ahri's orgasm did nothing to dissuade the creature's tempo as the thick tentacle fucking her continued its relentless assault. The Vastayan felt herself fading even further into mindlessness as another climax rose deep inside her core.

Even when she could have acted, the thought of calling for help never occurred to her.

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