

What you wish was in the new season 11 items

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What you wish was in the new season 11 items

by [YMPPBGH33](#)

Summary

A new item in the shop for female champions only, only 99 gold: a mystery elixir, no one knows what it will do until you drink it! (But given the context, you can probably guess what it does.)

Sigh. I wish gas station dick pills worked like this...

----- *Part 1* -----

“HughhhghnnnnNNN, you like it, don’t you, you bimbo slut!” Leona moaned as she relentlessly ground her taunt, muscular frame against the voluptuous Miss Fortune lecherously. “I love seeing you strut around, shaking that fat ass, taunting everyone in the vicinity and now you’re all mine!” She had Fortune flat on her face, on the ground, while she pressed down against her from above. She’d taken an advantageous 2v2 and killed Fortune’s support Nami relatively easily, but a misplay cost her her adc Sivir. Which left her to fight Fortune herself. Or fuck. Or maybe a fuck-fight, Wanderlei-style?

After beating Fortune down easily and disarming her, she chugged the new potion quickly, and her vision instantly became clouded. She wanted Fortune. She wanted those fat tits, that flowing red mane, those juicy creamy legs, that bouncy, luxuriously fat ass that was barely contained by her tight pants. Immediately she descended upon her prey, ripping away with a starving warrior’s strength and gusto at her already-revealing clothing. She roughly manhandled Fortune, pinning her down mercilessly on the ground and unhooked her own codpiece, allowing her still-rapidly growing cock to pop out and see the light of day.

Leona wrapped a hand around Fortune’s bright red hair, yanking her head back roughly, earning a yelp of pained surprise. She nested her thick, twitching member in the generous valley of Fortune’s asscrack, reveling in the heat as she hotdogged her victim.

Fortune's eyes widened in surprise. She knew about the new potion, and secretly looked forward to being fucked by a hot bitch dosed up on it, but was amazed at the size and sheer *weight* of the juicy girlmeat grinding against her butt. "L-Leo, please, go slow, I don't think it'll f-fit-ARGUGHHHHH!!" Her words twisted into a throaty scream as the sunshine stud mercilessly plunged the entire length into the slutty captain's velvety cunt, stretching it out far wider than she'd ever experienced with ordinary men. "ARUGHHGHH ... Leo, slow slow dOWN... It's to mUCHHHH!" Fortune yelped out her pleas with gasping breaths as her core was viciously invaded. "You're ruining meeEEE!"

"Shut up, you fucking whore," Leona grunted, pounding deep into her fucktoy. "You know you love this!" Leona moaned throatily as Fortune's wall clenched hard around her bulging shaft. "Gods, your cunt's so fucking tight! A real surprise, considering how much cock you've taken, skank! Am I right? Don't pretend you don't enjoy getting eyeraped by everything with a pulse! You can't be wearing pants that tight for your own comfort." Leona brought her hand up and roughly spanked Fortune's gorgeous ass, cracking down hard on the rippling flesh, leaving dark red handprints as she abused her fleshy rear. "Fuck, I just can't get enough of this ass. Half your body weight must be your butt alone!" She kneaded the fat, juicy fuckmeat with her hands, clawing at it hungrily.

The pirate hunter moaned like a harlot at the rough futa-dicking and ass-worship, completely over acting like this wasn't the great fuck of her life. "L-Leo, oh fuckkKKKK! YES, pound me harder! MORE! FUCK MEEE!" she shrieked, begging for her lover.

"MMMmmm... that's more like it, you juicy little slut ... keep moaning just like that," Leona picked up the pace, slamming into Fortune's sopping pussy with the strength of an industrial jackhammer. Fortune's body quaked under Leona's strength and power, woefully unprepared for the blistering fast and powerful warrior's sexual prowess. The mighty blond's monstrous slab stretched Fortune's tight pussy walls further than anyone she'd ever even remotely experienced, and the slut could feel her mind slipping away, disappearing under the mind-breaking pleasures Leona was forcing onto her. "Be honest with me," the beautiful blond

muscle shark leered. “How often do you pay your crew with your body? Do they ever split some extra loot with you, and in return ... ?”

“T-They ... they fuck me,” Fortune stammered, confessioning her sluttiness to her new master with gasping breaths. “During the day, I’m their captain, but at night ... I-I’m their bitch.”

Fortune’s crew numbered at just under a hundred, minus a few that refused her ‘deal’ for whatever reason, leaving her with over 80 men to please. She would usually get around draining 20 cocks a night, spending hours and hours with her men, fucking her every hole, again and again, while she desperately tried to get off a few more however she could: handjobs, footjobs, tittyfucks, armpits, every inch of her skin was used as a cumrag. Her soldiers, loyal to her as always, made sure she never lacked orgasms, fucking her into blissful delirium and chained orgasms. She’d be gangbanged into unconsciousness every night without respite, left to lay mindlessly in a puddle of cold semen, for weeks on end. After hours of intense dicking from every direction, she’d be allowed a few hours sleep before it would all begin again the following morning. Fortune, between gasping breaths, described all of this in great detail to her sunny lover.

Leona’s lust only grew as Fortune detailed more and more of her sexual history. Stories of being thrown in prison, only let out after sucking off every guard in the building. Of being stranded on a mysterious island and fucked by big-cocked, demonic women. Of being captured and gangraped by Gangplank’s entire crew, and enjoying every last second of it all. Leona realized just what sort of semen demon laid under her, and she couldn’t resist unloading into her any longer.

“F-fuck, I’m gonna bust,” Leona gasped for breath, exerting herself greatly. “Get ready, bitch, I’m gonNA KNOCK YOU UUUUPPP!” She roared, hiltering her pulsing slab of girlmeat balls-deep inside the red-head, feeling the dubious cockhead prodding deep into her waiting womb as surges of hot cum squirted from the tip forcefully.

“YES, YES, F-FUCKING CUM INSIDE MEEEE! I’M YOUR’S, I’M YOOOOOUR’S!” Fortune’s voice joined Leona’s in a cacophony of screams and moans as she felt the giant girlcock unloading inside her. “OH GODS, I-IT’S TOOOO GOOOODDDD!”

With each forceful twitch of Leona’s swollen girth, another throbbing load of hot girlcum splashed into Fortune’s pussy. So full she was that dribbles of cum began leaking out, even as Leona was still pumping the last of her load. “Ohhhhhh ...” Leona moaned, pressing her head into her lover’s back, grinding her face against her soft skin. She felt her rock-hard cock soften and shrink, before flopping out of Fortune’s well-fucked pussy. Absently, she nibbled on the soft fatty skin of Fortune’s smooth back. “I’m gonna have to buy a few more of these potions ... if every dumb slut in this rift is as good as you ...”

Still delirious, Fortune’s mind cleared of everything except getting railed by Leona’s monstrous shaft. “Hughhghnn ... more ... please, fuck me againnnn ... knock me up, breeeed meeeee ... I want your cock... againnnn...”

Leona sat back, stroking her limp and rapidly shrinking shaft in disappointment. “Sorry Sarah, but it seems each potion is only good for one use-”

“Then take this,” Sivr said, coming from behind her and shoving another potion in her face.

Leona looked up in surprise at her adc, shown up back to lane freshly stocked with more futa potions. From the tree trunk hanging from her crotch, it was obvious Sivr's already taken a dose and was just waiting for the opportunity to move in.

Leona graciously nodded, before popping the cork and downing the bitter drink in one swig, eager to be endowed with a hard bitchbreaker again. A sharp, but minor pain ran through her crotch, signaling its arrival, and she picked up the slim redhead with ease. One smooth motion and Fortune was pinned between the two, gigantic cocks grinding against her swollen pussylips and hotdogged in her ass. Sivr's slightly shorter, but girthier length prodded Fortune's sopping, gaping cunt, while Leona pressed her well-lubed cockhead against her asshole.

“Oh gods ...” Fortune whimpered. “I'm in love with your huge dicks ... just stop teasing me, please, j-just fuck me already!” The incredible heat of being sandwiched by two sexy futas was too much for the bounty hunter, and she quivered in anticipation.

“Let's give her what she wants. Every bit of it!” Sivr snarled, and roughly shoved her entire thick length inside Fortune's pussy with impressive force. A splooge of Leona's previous

ejaculate was forced out, replaced by Sivr's juicy meat gouging out Fortune's guts.

"Yes, let's," Leona agreed, before sliding her cock into Fortune's asshole with equal force.

The two domineering women adjusted for a second, as Fortune howled from being roughly double penetrated by the biggest cocks she'd ever seen. Her knees weakened and buckled almost immediately, and she was being held upright solely by the rockhard girlcocks lodged deep inside her holes. If she thought Leona fucking her pussy felt good, it was nothing compared to having a second depraved dickgirl fucking her at the same time.

"ARUGHGHHhh ... IT'S TOO MUCHHHH! I-I CAN'T TAKE THISSSS!" the slutty pirate hunter shrieked in mind-breaking orgasm as she was messily double-penetrated. Fortune's eyes rolled into the back of her skull and her back arched involuntarily best she could with Sivr and Leona pressing her torso in place. "AHUGHGHH! T-TOO GOOOOOD!" The mind-breaking orgasms kept coming, crashing through Sarah as her lovers continued their blistering pace, fucking her into oblivion. Overwhelming bliss shot through her nerves as rough, muscular hands groped every inch of her body. Sivr took a liking to her fat, bountiful ass, grabbing and pawing for large handfuls of soft fuckmeat, leaving stinging spansks against the rippling flesh. Meanwhile, Leona was taken with her fertile tits, roughly twisting her nipples while fondling the generous tittlesh, earring yelps of surprise and twitching reactions down the rest of her body. The two pairs of hands molesting Fortune were rough, the scarred hands of hard women who'd worked all their lives, but women nonetheless, and the telltale womanliness sent billows of bliss blowing throughout the redhead's body.

“Hughghhhnnnn,” Fortune moaned dumbly, no chance at forming coherent thoughts at this point. “I’m your bitch ... you person cumdumpster ... fill me up, again and again, I’ll take it all ... I’ll sit and farm a lane, just to buy more potions for you to fuck me with ... oh gods, I want to be your baby-factory just the two of you...”

“A real slut, isn’t she,” Sivr grunted. “I’ve dreamed of filling this tight pussy. Masturbated to the thought of it. But now, with this potion ...”

“Me too,” Leona agreed. “Take her back to our quarters after this... keep her for a few weeks ... imagine waking up every morning and emptying your balls into her while you brush your teeth ... keeping her under the table between us while we eat breakfast ... her licking your entire body clean in the shower ...”

Sivr grinned. “I like the way you think. Keeping a personal cumslut to keep my balls drained sounds pretty fantastic.” She slapped the redhead, prompting more depraved moans. “Sounds good, doesn’t it, whore? Spending your days doing nothing but being a girl-toy for us to use?”

“Oh yessss ... I’d l-love to ... as long as you keep fucking me with those fat cocks ... I’ll do anything ...” Fortune moaned, her legs wrapped tightly around the bandit’s ass, locking herself into a breeding position. “I’m just a dumb whore that loves huge cocks ... please use me as much as you’d like!”

“I hope you enjoy a few little brats suckling on those tits, cause I’m not gonna allow your womb to be empty until you’re 40 and shriveled up!” Sivr’s eyes flashed dangerously and she picked up her pace, feeling her orgasm approaching. Of course her threats were empty, the magical cock she’d been imbued with had no reproductive capabilities, but Fortune didn’t know that. Besides, the last thing a nomadic bandit queen needed was to pay for child support. Sivr shuddered mentally at the thought of magic-wielding child support lawyers with teleportation abilities joining the legions of ripped-off merchants and jilted conquests chasing after her lovely butt. No, a few quick pump-and-dumps, and she’d be tired of Fortune’s used and abused cunt anyhow. Like any woman of esteemed taste, she found making sluts to be much more fun than actually maintaining them.

“Gods, this ass is tight! And so fucking thick and fat... it’s so fucking perfect ... I could fuck this thing all day long...” Leona couldn’t hold herself back and joined in the dirty talk. “If you’ve got any more potions, Siv, you should really give this ass a try...” She grunted loudly as Fortune’s sphincter clamped down rhythmically. “Are you close, darling?”

“Y-yeah,” Sivr gasped for breath, forcing every last drop of energy into breeding the delirious mewling redhead. Sweat dripped from her hair and ran down her face, the hazy musk filling the air and driving all three women mad with lust. “I’m j-just about t-there...”

“Then fill this bitch up. Show her her place!” Leona spanked Sivr’s ass suggestively, encouraging her lane partner. She could feel Sivr’s cock throbbing, desperately wanting to release, even through the layer of flesh separating Fortune’s pussy and asshole. “Give her your babies!”

Sivir tilted her head back and moaned throatily towards the sky as she came, busting rope after rope of thick, sticky semen into Fortune's abused womb. Her cock throbbed powerfully, releasing hot spurts each time, mixing with Fortune's love juices and the remnants of Leona's creampie into a gooey mix of hot, sweaty lust. As her support grabbed and fondled her ass with lovely roughness and seemingly limitless strength, Sivir only came harder, moaning at her lover's gestures. Fortune let out a series of screams as she was filled for the second time, and Leona cursed as the walls of her sphincter clenched to unbelievable tightness as another orgasm crashed through the pirate hunter.

Sivir fell backwards, exhausted. With nothing supporting her, Fortune and Leona also crashed to the ground in a heap on top of her. Without a moment's hesitation, Leona, with her warrior's conditioning, immediately ragdolled the smaller redhead back up into a rough doggy position, before continuing to rearrange her guts with her monstrous, still rock-hard shaft.

"...Shit, you still ... haven't finished?" Sivir asked, between hard breaths. "Do you ... ever get tired?"

"This ass is really something else," Leona grinned, spanking Fortune's buttocks hard, loud cracks ringing through the still air as she fucked it. "But I will soon. In the meantime, why don't you get a feel for those nice, juicy, cock-sucking lips of hers?"

“Good idea,” Sivr shuffled herself down slightly so her softening cock was lined up with Fortune’s face. “C’mon bitch, clean me up nicely and I’ll use another potion for your ass.”

Without hesitation Fortune eagerly threw her face against the desert queen’s crotch, vigorously kissing and licking at her meat. She slobbered and drooled messily, degrading herself to being a cock cleaner even while her ass was still being fucked.

“Mmmmmm ...” the desert bandit breathed, eyes closed in bliss, ears relishing her sun-stud partner and dumb red cum-rag’s moans as the rough buttfucking continued. “I could definitely get used to this... You like the sound of that, don’t you? You really think you could fit both of us in your ass at the same time?”

Fortune looked up at her, still with a mouthful of wet cockmeat and nodded enthusiastically. Sivr simply chuckled and patted her red hair. “Good girl...”

----- *Part 2* -----

“Look at you...,” LeBlanc grinned, running a finger along her prey’s neckline. A thick criss-cross of ethereal chains bound Syndra from head to toe, while a sigil of silence locked her from speaking or spellcasting. Her mouth was open and obviously trying to hurl threats and

obscenities, but no noise came out. “Just a perfect, silent, obedient puppet for me to play with...” LeBlanc cooed. Her hands ran down Syndra’s body, eventually reaching her navel, before going even lower. “A beautiful little thing too...” she whispered as her fingers trailed off Syndra at the hip.

“Am I going to have the pleasure of being your first?” LeBlanc gazed upon her prey with a flutter of eyelashes. Syndra’s murderous stare confirmed nothing, but LeBlanc mockingly cooed in delight. “I’m honored. I sure hope I live up to expectations ...”

A small potion and a few minutes passed by, and LeBlanc’s massive cock sprung from under her skirt. She stroked it a few times. “Wow, this potion’s really good. Maybe you should try it sometime,” she teased, leaning her face less than an inch from Syndra’s. “Who would you grow a cock to fuck?” She bit her lower lip seductively. “Me, I hope...”

She leaned in just a bit further, grazing her lips against Syndra’s in a teasing kiss before pulling away. “No. I shouldn’t mix business with pleasure.” She repositioned around the bound sorceress and patted her generous rump instead. “In a way, me breaking your ass will be doing you a favor,” She murmured, leaning in close and prodding Syndra’s rear entrance with her thick member. “You’ll still get to tell everyone you’re a virgin, won’t you?” LeBlanc rested both hands against Syndra’s bountiful hips, roughly grabbing handfuls of soft flesh, bracing her body in position. “Personally? I think virginity is overrated. Deflowering a virgin is a bit like eating really greasy fast food: it doesn’t really feel great in the moment, but in a half-hour I’m gonna wanna do it again.”

Slowly, the deceiver sunk inch after inch of her bulging shaft into Syndra's tight depths. It was slow, painful going for the dark sorceress, each inch feeling like it was being carved from her assflesh. An absolute lightweight regarding sex in general, Syndra was ill-prepared for her first time being with a monstrous girlcock taking her anal virginity. Her head shook, her entire body straining hard against the chains holding her in place. Eyes screwed tightly shut, her mouth hung open in a silent scream as she was violated.

LeBlanc's heavy balls spanked Syndra's pussy lips as the hung futa lodged herself all in. "Ohhhh... f-fuck, you're tight... never had an ass this good before..." she moaned, savoring the intense heat and tightness of Syndra's rear entrance clamping down like a vise around her throbbing girlcock. Her hands ran even more roughly around her slim waist and juicy thighs, filling her grasp with handfuls of Syndra's luscious flesh, incredible sensations running through both their bodies throughout. "Gods..." LeBlanc grunted, slowly pulling herself out before plunging back in. Her girthy meat filled out Syndra's amazingly tight ass very well, plugging her up completely. "I'm going to enjoy this ..." LeBlanc picked up the pace, hilding herself balls-deep with each hard thrust, hot, cum-laden scrotum slapping against Syndra, readying her for the dizzying load she'd receive soon.

But not too soon, as LeBlanc abruptly stopped and pulled out. "A nice start, but you don't seem like you're having much fun," the trickster sighed. "Let me give you something to play with." A short incantation later, and a second LeBlanc stepped out of the first and took her place in front of the trapper sorceress. The clone, just as hung as the real thing, adjusted the interweaving of magical chains, bending Syndra's torso down until her head was at crotch level. Her murderous gaze instantly softened in surprise as LeBlanc Two slid her juicy meat deep into her mouth, and LeBlanc Prime once again hilted herself in her backside.

Now two pairs of hands were available to abuse her supple body. One of Leblanc Two's hands yanked hard on her long white hair, allowing herself deep access into her throat. The monstrous shaft pugged all the way down into and past her esophagus, triggering her gag reflex again and again. The other hand cupped her neck, squeezing gently, feeling the bulge of her cock pulsing through Syndra's lovely throat. Even as she retched and choked violently

on the invader, LeBlanc Two cared not at all and continued to violate her mouth, roughly continuing her vicious facefuck. “Such a soft, delicate face ...” the copy cooed. “Such a pleasure for me to be the one to ruin it...” Syndra’s glowing pupils glazed over with tears that ran down her soft cheeks and her makeup ran with it, drawing dark lines of depravity down her face. LeBlanc Two’s face, enraptured by the ecstasy of Syndra’s throat massaging her shaft, twisted in depraved bliss. LeBlanc Prime simply couldn’t hold back anymore. She mentally connected to her clone, and the two leaned forwards together, locking into a deep, messy kiss. Even as clone and original roughly plowed both ends of the bound sorceress, their faces met in selfcestual lust.

LeBlanc enjoyed making and fucking her clones. With no limit to the body magic she could manipulate, she could settle even the depths of her sinfulness. She found something about her own face irresistible, though not in a narcissistic way if that’s even possible, and loved engaging in lusty oral entanglements with her clones. On occasion, she would even order her clones to chain and gag her, blissfully fucked from every angle with no ability to resist her own advances. Huge, magical orgies with a dozen magically cloned dicks to pound every one of her holes for hours and hours on end. But now the feeling of doublefucking her rival mage blew all her previous excursions completely out of the water. Without body magic creating a fake penis, she would experience every sensation her clone experienced. It’s impossible to explain to someone without experiencing it themselves, but LeBlanc really felt like she was fucking Syndra’s mouth and anus at the same time. Doubling the pleasure, both LeBlancs wanted nothing more than to dump their thick loads into the sorceress.

“Hughhghnnn ...” both LeBlancs let out a chorus of lewd moans, signalling their rapidly nearing release. Being mentally connected, both reached their peaks and came simultaneously. LeBlanc Two used her hands to shove Syndra’s delicate face as far into her crotch as she could, long, messy pubic hairs clogging up her nose. Hot gooey loads surged through the shackled sovereign, who could only choke soundlessly as torrents of hot semen splashed down her throat, filling her belly. The futa potions generated great helpings of inert cum, clogging up her backside completely. As the throbbing members unloaded deep into her body, Syndra trembled, feeling hot cream coating every inch of her insides. She’d never experienced anything like this at all before, but the mind bending bliss of being filled up like this was scary. The sticky, bittersweet goo resting deep in her bloated belly and the soreness of her abused rump left only one thought in her mind.

More...

As both LeBlancs pulled out, strings of cooling semen still connecting their softening cocks to their respective fuckholes with wet *squelch* sounds, they stepped to her sides and continued pawing her creamy body. The ethereal chains binding Syndra rattled as she struggled against them weakly, and LeBlanc, sensing what she wanted, dismissed the ones binding Syndra's arms with a snap of her fingers.

Immediately, Syndra's hands reached out and long, elegant fingers, unmarred by even an hour of manual labor in her life, wrapped themselves around the LeBlancs' respective cocks.

LeBlanc Prime looked down at Syndra's face, red with maddening desire and lust, but also mixed with shame at turning so easily, and stuck her hand against that pretty face. As Syndra eagerly licked and sucked on her fingers, sticky with her own juices, LeBlanc uncorked another girlcock potion, much to the sovereign's visible delight.

"No one can resist me, especially women like you..." LeBlanc waxed absently, before downing the potion. As her shaft sprung to attention once again, ready to take Syndra's last fresh hole, she murmured another incantation and 5 more clones appeared, all with monstrous, rock-hard cocks at the ready and surrounded the purple sorceress.

Syndra drooled and trembled, virgin pussy dripping in anticipation as 7 hung futas closed in on her. As the first cocks entered her, she moaned silently around her gag.

“You’re going to be here for a long, long time, my dear,” LeBlanc Prime whispered as she claimed Syndra’s dripped sex for herself. “Until *we*’ve had my fill ...”

----- Part 3 ----- (Snuff warning)

“I’ll fucking teach to you run around up here!” Riven, having finally hit her power spikes, engaged and easily won the all-in against Vayne. The Night Hunter knelt unwillingly in front of the Exile, her crossbow broken into pieces in front of her, while Riven kept a firm grip on her by her hair, ready to deliver humiliation only Noxian blood could.

“I’m gonna fucking ruin you. I’m going to fuck your pretty little ass so fucking hard you won’t be able to get out of bed for a week!” Riven whispered harshly into Vayne’s ear. “Back in the Crimson Elite, I must’ve raped a hundred young Demacian girls. Every last one was like you: all bright and strong. And every last one went back to Demacia broken. We raped them stupid with broom handles and sword hilts. We tied them up in the stables and had trained horses and dogs breed them for days. You’re dripping just thinking about it, aren’t you, slut?”

The hunter looked up at her captor, trembling in fear, springing the bullied swordswoman into action. Riven slapped her, hard enough to leave a painful welt across Vayne's cheek, sending her tumbling to the ground on her back. Tears leaked from her eyes and she tried crawling to her feet, but Riven pounced on top of her, mounting the smaller woman with ease.

“Where do you think you're going, bitch? You opted into this matchup, didn't you? Not so fun anymore, is it?!” With that, Riven tore into and ripped apart Vayne's bodysuit, spilling her tits and pussy out into the open air. “No underwear, huh? Just that much of a little exhibitionist slut, I guess. Wonder how many times a monster's ripped this thing apart and pounded this little pussy Probably the reason for this getup anyway. *Ohhhh look at me! A poor defenseless night hunter who's tripped and fallen! Oh please don't come and rape my brains out while I'm downnn!*” Riven mocked her captive and popped a futa potion.

“Well, here I am,” she grinned as she pulled aside her loincloth and the stiff bitch-breaker sailed to a painful full mast. It was long, girthy, veiny, and absolutely ready to fuck. Without another moment's hesitation, Riven pried Vayne's legs apart and slammed herself balls-deep in a single thrust.

“Fuck! G-gods, this feels so ... so fucking good! This is what men feel when they fuck us? S-shit, I almost don't blame them for being so fucking horny all the time. I'd fucking rape the shit outta me if this is what it fucking felt like!” Riven cursed, and began thrusting in and out of Vayne's creamy cunt. “You fucking whore. At least a dozen big monster's been in here already, right?!”

Vayne desperately shook her head, trying her best to slip free, but the muscular warrior easily kept her slender frame pinned.

“Liar! Don't fucking lie to me! Know your place, bitch!” Punishing her new slave, Riven punched her in the stomach, driving the wind out of her lungs. She was going to beat her

black and blue in return for the smashing the melee champion had to endure earlier. With one hand wrapped tightly around Vayne's neck, greatly restricting her breathing and choking her out, the other slammed mercilessly into her face and body. Blow after blow, leaving welts and bruises. Vayne groaned through bruised lips. "Shut up, slut! SHUT! UP! YOU! STUPID! HOLE!" Riven grabbed her by the forehead and slammed her face-first into the ground with each word, until weak whispers of breathing were the only sounds Riven could hear.

"That's better..." Riven purred, continuing to jackhammer into her prey with vicious speed. "Don't pretend I'm the biggest you've ever had ... everyone knows what you're doing during those *night hunts*. C'mon, you little cum-toilet, what's the biggest monster that's ever raped you?"

Vayne's mind, clouded by Riven's big dick, struggled for an answer. Riven was right, of course. Vayne was nothing more than a hunter for big monster cocks. Sure, she'd intended to slay a werewolf that first night, but after having her virgin pussy knotted by a throbbled red wolfcock and pinned beneath a muscular monster for a night before being brutally raped in every hole by the entire pack, she'd changed. Now she prowled exclusively for the largest beasts and demons she could find, begging them to fuck her brains out, moaning like a whore as they did so. She frequently woke up in the morning in a puddle of cold, crusty cum with her clothes ripped to shreds and her entire body aching from being fucked so violently.

Riven was wrong about one thing, however. When Renekton, Hecarim, and Warwick ripped through her soft, womanly figure and hosed her down with a gallon of monster semen, it definitely wasn't rape. She loved every moment of it, and actively pursued the biggest, nastiest monsters to breed with. At some points, even sneaking into the royal stables and guzzling loads from 18-hand stallions all day failed to sate her depraved lust for bigger and bigger cocks. Truthfully, Riven's forearm-sized girlcock was rightdown small compared to what she was used to, but the vaginal reconstructing mage she'd worked with had done her job well: she was a nice, tight fuck, even for simply a regularly monstrous cock like Riven's.

As her pussy was fucked and her body was beaten, Vayne let out quiet moans and squeals of pleasure, whipping Riven into a higher state of frenzy. Even as her body accepted the harsh beatings, the pleasure of being treated like a piece of mindless trash excited her to no end and

she loved every second of it. She never thought a mere human could make her feel this way, but the way Riven beat and fucked her rivaled even her darkest experiences, but still the slutty hunter wanted more. “Ohhhhh Yessss, moreeeee, fu-GLAGHHGH!” she screamed as Riven, frustrated, simply resorted to punching her in the face. Vayne’s nose made an audible *crunch* as a single hard swing shattered it. Her lip bled, as well as cuts opening all around her face, tears streaming out of her rapidly swelling eyes as Riven took advantage of her new opening. She even dropped a few hard elbows, but stopped. She didn’t want Vayne to lose consciousness, after all.

Looking at Vayne crying in pain and genuine suffering tipped Riven over the edge. “I’m close, slut, and so are you, judging by the way you’re milking me. The question is, will you be able to cum-” her eyes sparkled dangerously. “-before you run out of air?” she finished and suddenly wrapped both hands tightly around Vayne’s neck. Her thumbs pressed hard into her windpipe, squeezing it shut entirely. It was very clear now, Vayne would die with Riven’s cock inside her if she so chose.

The slutty markswoman’s eyes widened in fear and panic. She weezed painfully as her rib cage muscles strained to pull in oxygen. The oxygen deprivation, real panic and fear was too much, and she came, hard, losing bladder control and spraying herself shamefully. Sure, Vayne’d died on the Rift before, many times, but being beheaded or impaled or burned alive had become practically mundane at this point. Being viciously raped and asphyxiated to death by another woman was new, though, and her panicked instincts did little to help her preserve oxygen. Her eyes practically popping out of her skull, her head swimming and unclear, unable to focus on anything that would get her out of the situation.

At the same time, Riven feasted on the smaller woman’s fear and panic. She leaned down, sociopathically pressing her soft, calm lips against Vayne’s bloody, frantic ones, feeling her teeth bloodied and loosened from the pounding. Eyes wide, Vayne tried bucking her head upwards, but with Riven’s muscular arms holding her down by the neck, it was merely an exercise in futility. “Hmmmmmm...” Riven sultrily purred as she kissed the choking woman, greatly enjoying her suffering, licking away at Vayne’s quivering face. “Ohhhh, babe, I’m gonna cum... you want it inside, don’t you? You love the idea of being my warm condom, don’t you? You useLESS CUMDUMP!” Her mocking voice reached a peak as she came. Thick loads of womanly cum flooded Vayne’s well-fucked pussy, but her body was already beginning to shut down. Her last sensation before her eyes and senses shut down was Riven moaning as she unloaded inside her victim. With her rolling orgasm, Riven’s finger’s didn’t

relax around the dead Vayne's throat, but actually tightened. As she came off her high, Vayne's skin was already starting to change color.

Riven chuckled as she held Vayne's limp corpse up by the hair and shoved her cockthroughout it, cleaning some of the excess semen and juices off with the dead woman's hair. Finally sated, she kicked the cooling body into the river and continued her work in the top lane.

Some minutes later...

"You're looking a little timid there!" Riven taunted from behind the minion line.

"Sh-shut up!" Vayne tried to focus, and not remember her last humiliating death by sexual asphyxiation. Of course, she had no chance, already lost the mental battle, and was powerless once Riven flashed on top of her. Only a few seconds later, she was once again on the ground, underneath the sadistic warrior. Her bodysuit was torn to shreds again, and sinewy hands spread her bountiful asscheeks apart as hard girlcock pounded into her, this time in her prim asshole.

Riven bit down hard into her shoulder, enough to leave a painful red mark. "No one's coming to help you. You're going to die here as I rape you. Again. Again and again. 5 times at least. 5 times I'm going to rape you until you think you're going to die. And then you're going to die, for real. The only question is: how? What do you think? Maybe I'll blindfold you and make love to you all sweet and gentle, but at any second I'll chop your head off. Wouldn't that be exciting? Or maybe I'll cut off all of your limbs and bounce your limbless torso on top of me. Or disembowel you and cum into your guts? Gouge out your eyes and fuck the holes? Peel off your scalp and gag you with your own hair? Cut off your hands and shove them into your vagina and asshole? Learn to enjoy it, whore, because it's not about to stop..." As Riven listed the disgustingly sadistic tortures that could only come from a sick, twisted mind that browses /r/guro, Vayne, wide-eyed and trembling, could only lay under her and

endure, silently praying with whatever was left of her mind for her jungler in shining armor to appear.

He wouldn't, of course, because Vayne banned his hover in champ select. On a serious note, snuff becomes a lot less unsettling when you realize your waifu/character literally dies a dozen times every league game, sometimes absolutely horribly. No one ever considers what the fuck is actually happening in a league game, do they? Trundle and Cho'gath vore you, Brand and Ignite burns you alive, True Damage Ekko makes you listen to his music, Urgot impales you with a drill and drags you into a meat grinder; a sight so disturbing it causes even gods and demons to flee in terror, the list of shitty deaths just keeps going. Hell, what happened to poor Vayne just now probably wasn't even top 5 most horrible deaths in that game alone. So this isn't actually that bad, in the grand scheme of things.

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