



# ***THE BEAST'S CALL: HEAT OF THE HALF-BREED***

**A LEAGUE OF LEGENDS SMUTFIC  
BY @EFFTHEWRITER**

**- Content Warning -**

This story contains:

Futanari, cock worship, half-dragon dick, size queen,  
big penetration, size difference, belly bulge, mindbreak

**All characters are 18+ unless stated otherwise.**

This is dedicated to all the people who still follow me on  
Twitter even after I've decided to shitpost a lot  
more between content releases.

Lux could feel her heart slamming against her chest.

The girl wasn't inexperienced. She did have a few escapades with Demacian soldiers, and even a temporary fling with a certain chained mage, but they all had left her with a certain feeling of emptiness inside, something she could never really describe.

But now, face to face with the half-dragon's secret, she knew exactly what it was.

Maybe coming to the party wasn't such a terrible idea after all.

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"Oh, Ms. Crownguard, you're looking fabulous tonight!"

"Luxanna! How you've grown! Let me take a closer look at you!"

"Positively gorgeous! Please send my regards to your family, Ms. Crownguard, for I have longed to see them for what feels like ages now!"

Lux could only smile and nod as she was assaulted by the guests the moment she stepped into the castle's main hall. She was never one to crave attention, making those formal events an even bigger bother.

It was the same exact thing since she was but a child: family members she had never heard about, political allies who only showed up when they needed assistance, completely unknown folk who just wanted to fall into the graces of her family and, her least favorite, wannabe suitors from rich families around Demacia.

To be fair, it wasn't completely their fault to be attracted to her. Lux was truly a ray of light in that hall, from her golden hair to her aquamarine eyes. In that evening, her sun-kissed skin and petite body were clad in what could be described as a work of art from the Crownguard tailors, a long indigo dress speckled with silver constellations, a brooch of her family's shield shining like a star on her chest.

She was beautiful, but annoyed. Unlike the parties she attended as a little girl, however, now she could at least drown that frustration in sweet, sweet wine.

“Welcome, Ms. Crownguard! Please, let me pour you something special. This is one of the few remaining bottles of the Durand’s most secretive batch! The undeniable acidity of the grapes that year led to a result that excelled in its mouthfeel-

“Oh, yeah, yeah, I see...” she replied to the man at the bar, cutting him off before gulping down the whole glass at once, a decision she would quickly regret. Whatever that guy was talking about conveniently didn’t mention anything about making her mouth feel as dry as the deserts of Shurima as soon as she swallowed it.

“Erm...” she stammered, dragging her own tongue across her mouth, wondering if she would ever be able to produce saliva ever again “Do you have anything with more... fruity notes, perhaps?”

All those lessons in wine tasting didn’t really develop her palate, but at least showed her how to ask for something that didn’t taste like death.

“O-Oh, y-yeah, most definitely, ma’am!” said the man, searching for another bottle before filling her cup again.

The girl thanked him before turning around and doing some sightseeing. It was like *deja vu*. She could hear the boisterous laugh of the knights, retelling the same stories she had heard about twenty times each. There was also the whispering of maidens, looking at those same knights, followed by whispering directed at those maidens coming from other maidens, and so on and so forth. She just wanted to go home and take off those heels. At least the wine was sweet, flowing plentifully even without her request for a refill.

She did the math in her head of how many more people would have to greet in the party for her family to count it as an actual public appearance, but something caught her eye before she could come to a conclusion.

Away from the usual hubbub of the knights, eager to tell their stories and display their medals, was another figure in formal attire, leaning against a wall, wearing a scowl Lux wish she could show in public. It took a second for the girl to recognize her, as the last time they met, the circumstances were a lot different.

She could still remember that day. Every step that woman took turned everything around her into ash. Even her own Demacian allies seemed intimidated by her, her violet skin clad in bright red armor, her claws shining like the insides of a furnace. Their eyes only crossed for a split second, but it was more than enough to make the young Demacian’s heart skip a beat.

Even outside of combat, Shyvana’s presence was still remarkable. The half-

dragon seemed to project an aura which deflected people from her, maybe why she decided to put herself in a corner. The Demacian formal attire looked good on her, though. The navy jacket and its gold trimmings fit well with her complexion, and the long, thick braid her hair was tied on gave her a much more composed look, even with the sideswept bangs still covering her forehead.

But it wasn't just that. There was something about her that Lux found hard to describe, like something permeated the very air in that hall, drawing her to the half-dragon.

Was it the pale, full lips adorning that angular face? Or how she still had a beautiful and feminine figure with those hips clearly showing through the blue slacks? Or was it her eyes, mysterious like burning embers, looking directly at her after the dragon noticed she was leering?

Lux couldn't hold a gasp, turning around with her face completely red.

"More wine, Ms. Crownguard?"

The girl simply nodded, still trying to process what happened.

When she finally regained the courage to turn around, Shyvana wasn't there anymore. Her eyes scanned the room, only to catch a glimpse of her leaving through the courtyard. Even on those clunky heels, she decided to give chase.

"Ms. Crownguard! How good to see you! You see, I've been trying to contact your fami-

"That sounds like an absolutely delightful conversation, but forgive me, I need to attend to something!"

Lux managed to disentangle herself from that overly touchy old man and left the hall, but not before downing whatever remained in her glass, quickly swapping it for a full one from a waiter's tray.

Thankfully, the woman hadn't left. Leaning with her arms against one of the castle's railings, her violet skin looked even more beautiful under the moonlight.

"Shouldn't you be breathing down Jarvan's neck right now, Dragonguard?" said the girl as she approached, chuckling.

Shyvana turned around slowly, her eyes putting a stop to Lux's stride.

"Shouldn't you be busy circlejerking with every other noble family in this

country?" she replied with almost a snarl.

"O-Oh, I mean..."

The dragon girl scoffed, and began to turn around again, but was interrupted by Lux's voice.

"I'm sorry. I really am! I'm just... Not good at this whole 'formal' thing and tried to break the ice with a joke..."

"Hmph, really? You seem to fend off just fine by yourself in there" she replied with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, yeah, I mean, it was drilled into me since I was a kid... You end up learning one day, there's even classes for this sort of stuff. I hated them so much!"

"I thought the kind of people who needed such guidance were... Well, dragon hybrids adopted into the Demacian army. What a surprise"

The half-dragon's lips contracted on what Lux could only see as a hint of a smile, the first of its kind, much like Shyvana herself. Her heart beat faster. She couldn't keep herself from approaching the woman. Even in heels, she towered over her, the noble girl barely reaching her chest.

"You're Shyvana, right?" said Lux nervously, her hands unsure of how to grip her glass "We've fought together in the past, but the battlefield wasn't a great place for introductions. I'm Lu-

"Luxanna Crownguard, youngest of the Crownguard family, little sister of the captain of the Dauntless Vanguard, honorary Mageseeker, what else?"

"H-How do you know all that...?"

"Demacia is still wrapped in the webs of noble families. Knowing who you shouldn't mess with because of their bloodline, even if they don't deserve to still have their limbs attached, is important to an... outsider like me"

Lux thought of all the things she was allowed to do, just because of the family she was born into. She was even allowed inside a fault with centuries of magical tomes after flashing her family's shield.

"That's... unfortunately true. You can call me Lux, by the way"

"Alright then, 'Lux'. At least you seem aware of how this place works, huh?"

"Maybe we have more in common between us than anyone else in that hall"

"Well, you are still a noble, bu-

Shyvana's words were cut short by Lux's lips.

Her glass slipped through her fingers, the thin crystal reduced to shards on the courtyard's stone floor. Standing at the tip of her toes, she didn't know exactly what she was doing. She wanted to blame it on all the wine that flowed through her, but her attraction was something a lot rawer, like she physically could not keep herself from doing it.

Shyvana's lips were rough and warm, but felt just right against hers, soft and glossy. And so was her tongue, as she discovered only mere seconds later as she breached the walls of the half-dragon's defense. The way it slithered around and embraced her was just too much. She pressed her body against hers, and felt the strong, powerful embrace pull her even closer. Her entire body felt like it had embers inside, transforming the chilly night around her.

Her hands drifted down, passing through her chest, her hard belly, then quickly finding their way even lower. Lux usually didn't take the first step, but it was almost like there was something guiding her there.

The loose-fitting slacks made it hard for her to get a good feel for it, but as soon as she blindly grasped it, she felt heat. Not only that, but she could barely wrap her hand around it. Her second attempt has intercepted, making her gasp.

"What do you think you're doing?" said Shyvana, the powerful grip of her claws stopping Lux by the forearm.

"...I wanna see it"

It was more than a need than a want.

The half-dragon sighed, looking up as if she was doing the math if the risk was worth the reward.

"...Not here"

—

The loud sounds of the party were distant, only a background noise as Shyvana locked the door behind them. The vineyard's shed wasn't the most romantic place in the world, nor the most well lit, and also not the place where she would like take a noble like Lux, but it would have to work. The girl didn't seem to mind it either, as her perfumed lips attacked the half-dragon again while her hands worked through her jacket, faster than she expected.

"How many of those have you taken off...?" she asked, impressed with the girl's

deft fingers.

“This is the first one, actually, but I’ve helped my brother put them on before, he just can’t handle the small buttons...”

Once her jacket was off, it was only a second until her undershirt was tossed to the side. Shyvana’s body made Lux gasp. Her large shoulders tapered down to a surprisingly slim waist, which made her hips look even bigger, not to talk about her chest, a more than modest size topped with dark nipples. That femininity contrasted beautifully with the structure of her half-breed muscles, the v-shaped abdomen bulging out, her strong arms and the rough, calloused hands topped by obsidian claws. It was a combination of beauty and ferocity that Lux’s brain was having trouble processing.

“Not to your liking, huh? Don’t worry, I get that a lot” said Shyvana with a fanged grin.

“N-No, not at all, you’re... beautiful...”

“And am I the only one who’s gonna take anything off here?” she replied, hiding how embarrassed she was by the compliment.

“Oh, don’t you worry about that!”

Lux was also very skilled at taking off her own dresses, not because of any perverted reason, just because it was the first thing she did the second she got home. She fired a naughty grin at Shyvana, her fiery eyes widening at the sight of the lady’s body.

The petite proportions were perfectly distributed around her, and the white undergarments almost disappeared against her pale skin. She seemed as delicate as a flower, but the training she had gone through did show, as she was supple and athletic. Her usual modest attire seemed almost designed to hide her curves, too, as the half-dragon would never have guessed the noble would have hips like those.

“Now, you’ve promised me that...”

“Yeah, I know, I know... Just... remember. ‘Half-breed’. Don’t make a scene if you see something... different down there”

Lux was holding her breath, but nothing could have prepared her for what she saw once the dragon stripped off the last of her clothes. Something inside her was set ablaze.

Shyvana truly was made of two entirely different halves. It certainly resembled, at least structurally, what she would expect to find between someone’s legs, with a long shaft ending in an enlarged, dark crimson cockhead, tightly hugged by a violet foreskin,



only letting the tip out. She even had a pair of testes held tight by dragonskin beneath it.

But that's where the human resemblance ended.

Instead of a smooth length, it was entirely covered in multiple, wide, scale-like ridges that went from its very base to just underneath its head, covering the underside, its side and top on that menacing, throbbing scale mail.

And the size. By The Protector, the size.

Lux knew what she was in for when she couldn't even fit it in her hand before, but she would never have thought something like that was possible. She would struggle to hold it even with both hands, as its thickness made her own forearm look like a twig. Even worse, the big, scaled ridges had a slight outward curve, making it even girthier at those sections.

And its width definitely wasn't compensating for its length. It jutted out Shyvana's body, and even placed on such a tall specimen with muscular and wide hips, it almost looked too big for her, curving upwards in menacing fashion.

Lux fell in love with it.

It took a few seconds for her to come back to reality, but she knew what she had to do, going on her knees without a word between the two.

"That's a much better reaction than running or screaming..." though the girl was too entranced by her maleness to even notice the comment.

Her hands reached for it, slowly but surely, almost as if she was approaching a wild animal, but she was more than glad she did. Shyvana felt hot to the touch, not an aggressive sizzle, but the pleasant heat of a campfire. But, just like gentle flames in a cold night, it would still burn you. Each throb felt like the crackling of stone and wood, reminding her of the dangers of its power.

It wasn't just the heat, either. Her whole skin was rugged, almost leathery, a roughness she didn't understand at first, but welcomed nonetheless.

The girl's delicate fingers felt its whole length, little by little, getting to know those intimidating curves and shapes. She brought her face to it, letting its balmy temperature make her skin glisten with sweat, her porcelain-like complexion contrasting with the

bestial roughness of that thing. The half-breed scoffed in disbelief, watching that graceful doll handle something as gruesome as her mast.

But the instinct guiding Lux demanded more and more of her, and she would not stop until she was fully satisfied. On her knees to better service the dragon, Lux was almost going cross-eyed as her length was more than enough to cover her from chin to the top of her head.

She was just a completely different beast. Even the smell was something else. Instead of that musty, stale odor, it emanated a virile, raw scent that she couldn't help but fall in love with. She couldn't resist, nuzzling her face against it and feeling its heat make her skin glisten.

To Lux, oral was more of a formality than anything else. Something she did because she was asked to, a mere step on the way, but now she wanted nothing more than to have that thing inside her mouth.

"Still sure you wanna do this?" asked Shyvana, watching the stunned girl freeze in front of her.

The blond girl didn't answer, just acted. Her sensitive tongue recoiled from the heat, but that didn't discourage her, licking it from bottom to the top and getting used to that sweltering mast. Even her taste was singular, a pleasant sourness that dominated her mouth, filling her whole.

There was simply no way she would be able to devour that whole thing. Even the more experienced partners Shyvana could find in seedy whorehouses (or, at least the ones who didn't react with terror or the aforementioned screaming and running) struggled to fit it all inside them, but what the girl lacked in technique, she made up for with enthusiasm, burying her face in Shyvana's crotch with all she had.

She felt the scale-like ridges throb in her mouth, filling it completely even though she was barely a third of the way down, pressing against the insides of her cheeks. Her tongue danced erratically, swirling around the half-breed's cockhead, even pressing itself against the underside of that leathery foreskin, feeling the bitter taste of dried-up sweat fill her mouth.

But Shyvana knew she wanted more. Lux was, after all, still a noble, and nobles would never be satisfied with just a portion of something. They would want everything

for themselves, and she would more than happily oblige, just this time.

Lux could feel that fiery grasp on her, the dragon's claws more than enough to fit her entire head in one hand. The dominant grip made her expel all the warm air from her lungs in excitement, an ill-advised reaction, as the girl would quickly learn she would need every molecule of oxygen she would get.

As much as she wanted to be a cruel mistress, the half-dragon was merciful. She moved her hips and hand with as much grace as a beast like her could. Lux's eyes widened under the newfound pressure. She wanted it, but was it even possible?

Her lustrous lips were sliding more and more towards Shyvana's base, tightly gripping those ridges, then feeling them slip inside her mouth and ram into her palate. It did sting, but the bliss she felt once more of the half-dragon was inside her made it all worth it. The woman let Lux go back just enough for a few ridges to rub against her lips, then pressed her again, the girl's mouth making smacking, lewd sounds to swallow it all over again.

The monumental girth was only one of that cock's facets, however. Lux could feel the uncomfortable poke of its length at the entrance of her throat. Its curved, menacing shape also meant it wasn't meant to surreptitiously slide into its victims, it was meant to destroy them, and the poor noble girl would soon find out how would that feel.

Lux prepared to take a breath, expecting the dragon to let her go, but instead she was met by a buck of her hips. There was no going back now.

Shyvana wrapped her claws around her neck, almost snapping the girl's necklace in the process. A powerless whine could be heard coming from her throat, but that didn't stop the half-breed at all. Lux's eyes widened, her blue jewels trembling in panic as she felt more and more of Shyvana slipping inside her. She felt like she would just be asphyxiated by that thing, but somehow she also felt like it belonged inside her.

The blond girl couldn't contain the choking sounds as it felt like her body was trying to fight back against that invader for her. The fat bottom of the curved cock was finally sliding inside her throat, an unnatural shape that simply didn't belong there, being squeezed and pushed back instinctively, but it didn't matter: the half-breed didn't stop for a single second. Even though Shyvana's size was way too much for her, every second with that monster cock throbbing against the insides of her throat made her white lingerie get progressively more stained between her legs.

The half-breed couldn't contain a somewhat sadistic chuckle when she saw Lux's entire body shudder as the tip of her nose touched her crotch. The girl could barely breathe, Shyvana's hot pre sliding directly inside her stomach, her jaw sore and dull, but her eyes told a completely different story. They looked at the pair of smoldering embers on Shyvana's face like she was begging for more.

"Don't worry, little noble, I'll give you what you want" she said, feeling the girl's sweat-laden body shiver.

The warrior slowly softened her grip, sliding Lux's mouth off her cock, feeling her lips glide through all those bumps all over again and, while feeling the girl gasp for air with just the tip of her shaft in her mouth, plunged herself in again.

Lux made an ugly choking noise, sputtering spit over Shyvana's crotch. Her throat was stabbed in one single movement, all of those creases of Shyvana's maleness aggressively caressing her insides, ramming their way in and making the girl's throat bulge outwards.

She couldn't contain herself. Her crystalline juices ran down her thighs, ruining her underwear.

Sweat and tears made the carefully applied makeup run across Lux's face, but the girl didn't mind, her hands wrapped around Shyvana's thighs, almost as if she wanted to bring her in more, even though that monster violated her face, filling the tiny shed with wet noises as the girl's mouth leaked saliva like a lubed fuckhole, choking her and sending cockjuices even out of her nose.

The grip of her claws tightened, leaving red streaks over the noble's pale skin as she pumped. Her tight sack rubbed against the girl's chin. Lux could feel the half-breed's movements become faster and rougher, and yet, if she could even speak, she would ask for even more. She only realized it might have been too much for her when it was too late.

She expected movement again, but Shyvana put her in a headlock, then she felt it. A strong, quaking throb that felt like a roar inside her throat. Soon enough, it poured.

It felt like lava, unbearably hot, dense, sticking to the sides of her throat as it ran down. Her nails dug into Shyvana's purple skin. It then came in like a torrent, a volume

that made the half-breed's cockhole wink as it exploded inside Lux's mouth, making the girl cough and dirty herself with strands of her semen, running down from her chin into her body.

And yet, through strained gulps, she took it all in like a blessing, her eyes rolling into her skull as she was overwhelmed by its stifling stench. The almost curdled texture dominated everything in her , from the pits of her stomach to the surface of her tongue.

When Shyvana released her, she coughed, sending some of her seed onto the floor, but then she looked up. A smile. Sticky ropes of the dragon's semen adorned her face better than her family's heirloom jewelry could, hanging from her lips and even oozing from her nostrils.

"You should wear that more often" the dragon said, looking at the sorry state of the girl "But you better clean up before going back to the party, or-

"Who said anything about going back?"

Shyvana raised her eyebrows as Lux approached her, still on her knees, snuggling against her spent crotch with her face. She didn't have words to express how much of a primal need she had, so she hoped the half-breed would understand.

As much as she loved the feeling of the girl's skin against her, she had to step away, but only briefly. With a single sweep of her arms, she cleaned off a table, sending pieces of unfinished wine barrels to the floor. Shyvana lifted Lux like she was made of paper, placing her on top of that dusty wood.

Lux shuddered. All her first times with different partners had been slow, intimate, their bodies coiling together as their eyes connected. But this was much, much different.

Shyvana placed her on the table on all fours, taking care to spread her legs just a bit more. She could feel the stale air of the room against everything on her intimacy, exposing herself completely for the dragon while she couldn't even look her in the eyes.

But she didn't mind it at all. For someone of Shyvana's size, she would do that and much, much more.

The girl was startled by a slap on her cheek, making her white skin redden as her butt jiggled.

"I guess not only the nobility's steeds are grain-fed, huh?" said Shyvana with a satisfied grin, looking at the girl's curves, then getting in a good grope with her claws. Lux was slim, but certainly plentiful where it mattered.

"Let's see what else you're hiding" she continued, snapping off the girl's underwear with single clawed digit.

Even though Lux wasn't the dainty and sheltered girl people liked to portray her as, what laid between her legs was the perfect image of that. She looked virginal, her white skin only betrayed by a timid pink glimpse in the middle, her whole crotch almost completely devoid of hair, only adorned by a blond, trimmed crown on top.

This only prompted Shyvana to investigate further, her fingers spreading her lips apart to show how wet the noble truly was. Even under the shed's poor lighting, the girl glistened more than the jewels she wore. She looked beautiful, but the half-dragon also wanted to know how she tasted.

Lux couldn't contain a subdued moan as the half-breed's reptile-like tongue entered her without warning or ceremony. She danced inside her, feeling satisfied as the girl's hips trembled against her face.

The blond wasn't used to being treated like this in her one night stands. Yes, she was guilty of treating oral as an obligation, but only because her partners never returned the favor with the same enthusiasm. Having Shyvana so close to her, her warm skin nuzzling against her most intimate spot as that appendage explored her, it was almost enough to push her off the edge.

Almost, as the half-breed made sure to not cross that line yet, pulling back, licking the girl's juices from her lips.

Lux's breathing was erratic, still wanting more, almost cursing the dragon for teasing her like so, but her breathing quickly turned into a gasp as she felt that sizzling piece of dragon meat right against her.

"Are you sure you still want to do this? It's not too late to back out, little girl..."

"Y-Yeah" was the only word she manage to stutter out, every ounce of her attention enraptured by that thing between her legs.

"Oh, all those years of royal education and you can't even ask for something properly? What a shame..."

Shyvana's words were coated in a shade of scalding malice. She had nothing

against Lux personally, but she was still a noble.

“P-Please...”

“Please what...?”

“Please... Please just fuck me already!”

“As you wish, *my liege*”

The air inside Lux’s lungs was expelled in a wince. With her powerful claws grasping at her hips, Shyvana didn’t hesitate in parting the girl’s lips with her scaled maleness, who welcomed her as well as she could at first, hugging her tightly in pinkness, drenching her in colorless juices.

It felt searing hot inside Lux, hot enough to make her body instinctively buck away as if she had been singed by live flame, but she could not escape from the half-dragon’s clinch. And even then, it was just the very tip, and Shyvana wouldn’t let her escape without giving the noble a thorough display of her might.

She pressed on, and just her bestial girth was enough to make Lux lose whatever sensitivity still remained in her legs. Her knees scraped against the table’s unfinished wood, but she couldn’t even feel it, every throb inside her overwhelming any other possible thought.

The roughness of Shyvana’s skin didn’t go unnoticed, either, the almost abrasive dragon leather making itself known inside Lux. Her sopping wet pussy only got messier and messier, her body instinctively making itself smooth and slick for the half-breed’s harsh penetration.

And then she was struck by that feeling again.

Those ridges.

She had felt them deep inside her mouth, but her brain was too busy processing everything else to remember them until that point.

Each of those scales made Shyvana even girthier, forcing the pink between Lux’s legs to stretch itself wide to accommodate her, giving her just a moment of relief once a section had slipped in, only for it to resurge against the walls inside her, touching spots that could never be reached or stimulated otherwise, all of it repeating itself as Shyvana pushed further inside.

But that was just the beginning.

“T-That thing is... gonna break me...”

Shyvana’s ridges curved outward, making it so she would gradually stretch Lux on the way in, but that also meant that, on the way out, the girl’s poor hole had to take all of it at once, making her demure flesh go wide, and even be pulled back while sticking to Shyvana’s cock when the half-breed moved her hips back.

Of course, the knight knew exactly what she was doing, even taking her time as she pulled out, making sure Lux felt every section of her ridges with all of her body, the girl’s toes curling as her tight hole was violated in ways she never had known possible. Even the most subtle of Shyvana’s movements made tiny moans escape between her teeth.

“Hm, if I knew noble girls were this hungry for cock, I would have done this much sooner...” said the dragon, a smirk coloring her face.

The girl would like to protest that claim, but she was too busy shuddering with Shyvana’s massive cock reaching uncharted depths inside her. Her hips bucked, but this time in the opposite direction, as if her body was possessed by a depraved craving, wanting more and more of that throbbing monster.

Even that dreaded scale mail had turned into pure anticipation for her, with each forceful thrust from the half-breed making her bite her lips, waiting for one more piece of that ridged cock to slip inside her, giving her a pleasure that was only rivaled by the prospect of it being pulled out to stretch her even further.

Shyvana’s movements followed an unhurried but steady rhythm, like the beating of a war drum before the storm, conquering Lux’s territory inch by inch, each thrust getting farther and farther in, until her final scale was devoured by the noble.

Lux’s body was enveloped by a fever high, her neat hair now sticking to her face, beads of sweat dropping into the wooden table as she gasped, her cheeks and even her armpits rosy and flush.

Her voice cracked into distorted moan. The half-breed’s cockhead breathed right against the entrance of her womb, making the juices inside her sizzle in delight. It was never supposed to go that far, that deep. She could feel it pushing against her belly, an



uncomfortable, almost bizarre penetration.

But it felt so right.

So right that her body had finally crossed that threshold Shyvana had denied her before, the incoherent sounds of her voice joined by a wet wave from her crotch, warm and sticky, the same color as the champagne served in the party.

“Finishing so soon, my lady? You should brace yourself, because I’m nowhere near done with you...”

The half-breed’s words barely reached the girl’s ears, feeling like they were traveling underwater. She wouldn’t need to listen, however, as she would soon feel it more than any sentences could explain. The drums had stopped, as it was finally time for Shyvana to show Lux her furor.

The noble was forcefully dragged out of her stupor as the dragon dislodged herself from her depths in one fell swoop, sending a shock through the girl’s body. Her arms went limp, making her fall with her elbows on the table, pathetically trying to recompose herself, only to be struck down again as Shyvana pierced her.

Her supple ass jiggled as she was slammed by Shyvana’s muscular hips, her manicured nails helplessly scratching the table as her voice broke into loud moans, a sound only superseded by the lewd, gushing noises made by her own pussy, the gap between Shyvana’s ridges pumping air inside Lux, her tightness promptly expelling it in wet, vulgar dissonance.

“T-Too big... You’re gonna... Split me in h-half... Hng!”

It was definitely too much for her. Even a faint outline of Shyvana’s monster cock was visible, bumping inside her belly. Her body wasn’t made to take something like this, but she didn’t care, she wanted it, she needed it.

As much as she was overflowing with desire, Lux’s performance was selfish, her body almost entirely limp, being used like a fucktoy by the tight grip of Shyvana’s claws, which only lessened for a moment as the dragon reached out to the girl’s hair, pulling it back to get a good look at her face. If only everyone else could see Demacia’s darling like that, her makeup running down her face as she screamed and drooled all over herself, her expression indistinguishable from a drugged up Zaunite junkie.

Though through that selfishness was an undercurrent of almost instinctive desire, as if Lux's body was fighting not against, but in favor of Shyvana, gripping her tightly and pulling her back in, a factor that was slowly eroding the dragon's own stamina, the cracks finally showing as her precum leaked thicker and fuller than ever before.

Lux's instinctive movement was the only thing that remained in her body, her limbs soft, making her lay prone on that table as Shyvana used her.

"You're really going to make me do all the work, huh? How stereotypical..."

The half-breed's sentence sounded malicious, but it was covered in self-satisfaction, knowing that she was responsible for the girl's downfall. She climbed onto the table, her hips now above Lux's, thrusting down with all of her force, now aided even by gravity.

"So... big..." were the only words that left Lux's lips between the dull, pained moans as the new angle made sure to hit an assortment of new spots inside her, going even deeper than before, her clear liquids now pooling underneath her, trickling down the shed's table.

Shyvana grabbed her by the scalp, pulling her head back, her once crystal clear blue eyes now cloudy and unfocused, strands of saliva dangling from her chin, being reinforced by more of her drool every time the half-breed bottomed herself inside her.

Even the girl's perfume, a discreet floral tone lingering on her skin, was now overwhelmed by the raw smells of sweat and every other liquid her body was pouring out, filling the tiny shed in a hazy mist.

She was on the brink of passing out, and it would be but a natural reaction to having something colossal like Shyvana's cock being shoved inside such a diminutive body, now smothered by the dragon's muscular shape, her slender legs shaking under the pressure of powerful thrusts.

But somehow she was still there, wanting, her hips still pointed upward, wordlessly begging for more.

"What's that? Your lips are moving, but no words are coming out, just moans and nothing else..." whispered the dragon, her gruff voice right against Lux's ears.

“H-Hng... I... I... love... I love your f-fat fucking cock!”

Each word seemed strained, as if her brain had to actively fight to be able to form coherent sentences, a broken sound that greatly pleased Shyvana.

“Oh, is that so? I’ll give you something else to enjoy, too...”

The half-breed’s hips crashed down like flaming rocks of magma freshly expelled by an active volcano, her heat making Lux’s perspiration dissipate, going even faster than before, making the table underneath them rattle and whine, until a final smack made the thick ridge at the base of her cock go deep inside Lux.

Lux’s voice split in half, a silent moan as her eyes rolled upwards inside her skull. It felt like a punch inside her deepest places, the half-dragon’s climax causing a geyser of cream to slam against the back wall of her womb, a place that wasn’t supposed to be reachable, much less attacked like this.

Shyvana’s cock grew even thicker to expel that dense, unbelievably hot load, feeling like boiling honey inside Lux. It was a sensory overload, the girl’s body trembling frantically as it tried to respond to being violated like that, its only answer to that being releasing every ounce of liquid she had in her body through her nether, squirting all over the table as her nails dug into her pale palms.

The half-dragon’s hips twitched with every squirt, driving her deeper, her swollen cockhead making out with the entrance of Lux’s womb, each intimate attack breaking the girl even more.

As Shyvana pulled herself out, Lux’s now reddened intimacy still stuck to each of her ridges in a sort of melancholic goodbye, breaking into a gloopy, lewd sound as the gaping hole released all the air and seed pumped inside it.

The woman got down from the table, taking a moment to appreciate her work as her semen joined Lux’s juices on the waterfall down the table, her body limp aside from a couple of twitches.

She walked around, grabbing her still stiff maleness, its ridges now doused in her own feral orgasm. Wiping the girl’s hair off her face, she nuzzled her cock right against it, dirtying her skin. She didn’t have much time to admire that view, however.

Lux’s eyes seemed like they had regained some life, looking up at Shyvana as her mouth opened, her tongue cleaning off those strands of cum clinging to her sectioned

cock.

“I thought you would be out of it by now... You should get some res-

“More, p-please...”

“Huh, what was that?”

“I want... more... Again, please...”

“Heh, I appreciate your enthusiasm, girl, but you’re more beaten than a squire on their first day, and I don’t wanna be held responsible if anything happens to a Crowngua-

Lux’s eyes, almost if they could see through that piece of dragonmeat laying on her face, gazed into Shyvana’s.

“I need your big dick inside me, now!”

The half-breed could only muster a scoff.

“So be it”

Shyvana took it almost as a challenge. If she little girl wanted more, she would have more.

Despite the resolve in her voice, Lux’s body was still weaker than watery Demacian beer. Shyvana would have to take matters into her own hands, quite literally, too.

With as much ease as she had cleaned that table before, Shyvana picked up the girl, slinging one arm beneath her belly and lifting her without any sort of strain, Lux’s body looking like an oversized doll next to the half-breed’s imposing height and amazonian frame. With the same ease she flipped her around, immobilizing and exposing the girl in an debauched clinch.

Her arms swung around the girl’s knee pits, lifting and pressing Lux’s back against her chest, Shyvana’s fingers interlocking behind her neck, leaving her legs spread wide open, her feet up, her toes barely holding on to her heels. Even though Lux had no pretense or even chance of escaping, Shyvana’s grip was tight, holding her in that humiliating pose, her overflowing hole straddling against her erect cock.

“I would say it’s not too late to back down, but I don’t think you’re too interested in that, right?” said Shyvana, looking at Lux’s face, her eyes fixated on that monster between her legs.

Even with its upward curve, its bizarre length reached way further than Lux’s

belly button. Shyvana's hole was oozing her pearly pre like a hungry beast drooling at the sight of prey.

"N-No, please... I need it..." she stuttered between deep breaths "Give it to me..."

"Give what, little girl?"

Lux stammered for a second, as if a last shred of dignity tried to stop her for uttering anything else.

"Ruin my pussy with your monster cock, please!"

The dragon barely waited for her to finish, lifting her up and impaling her with that bestial shaft.

Lux's face was distorted in pain, but only for a fraction of a second, her trembling and fearful eyes almost dissolving into its whites as the squelching sound of her hole being pushed to its limit hit her ears.

The girl was much more welcoming now, easily devouring over half of Shyvana right at the first stroke, her semi-transparent nectar running down and filling the half-breed's ridges, washing it clean from their previous encounter.

Even if Lux's hole wasn't more accepting now, there was nothing she could do, as the movement of Shyvana's hips worked in tandem with her arms, forcing the girl down on that monstrous appendage. She didn't seem to mind, however, as each swing of Shyvana's body was met with a debased moan, tiny squirts flying through the air instead of simply making a mess underneath her.

It was a pathetic sight. Lux's tongue was lolling outside of her mouth, the restrained moans she tried to hide now loud enough to fill the shed, punctuated by the noises of Shyvana's hips slapping against her, the wetness of both sweat and cuntjuice making them louder and lewder. Of course, that only motivated the half-dragon more and more.

The girl's eyes weren't lost anymore, but only because Shyvana gave her something to focus on. The very shape of her cock surging on the girl's belly, the freakish penetration warping Lux's body from the inside, a bump appearing whenever the hilt of her cock kissed the noble girl's pussy. In turn, Shyvana watched her with a smile, her blue eyes almost crossing each other, staring at that outlandish bulge as her cunt creamed itself, the stream falling down the half-breed's cockscapes now thicker and

whiter, sticking in webbed strands that soiled their crotches.

“Enjoying the show, huh? I bet there’s nothing like this in those upscale productions or opera houses nobles love to visit...”

Every word Lux uttered was strained, almost punctuated, as it was hard to speak when every thrust of Shyvana’s hips punched the air out of her lungs to accommodate such unnatural dimensions.

“Yes... Yes- Ugh- Big... cocks... are... so... fucking... good!”

Lux had lived a lie. How could she ever expect to be satisfied by anything as puny as all of her past lovers? The way a massive cock filled every nook and cranny inside her, went deeper than anything she had before... How was she denied that pleasure for all this time?

The violent throbbing, sweltering warmth, suffocating musk, thick seed and, most of all, the sheer and raw size. Lux had tasted the forbidden fruit and could not go back.

Thankfully, her partner was more than willing to sate her new, depraved craving.

Shyvana’s thrusts grew harsher and faster, caring less and less about the girl’s wellbeing with each passing second. Her moans filled her ears, and her pink lips gripped her tight as she tried to pull back, it was enough to show her she should not stop.

Even if she wanted to, it would be hard to put an end to her assault now. The cracks had begun to show in her grunts, and even if she flexed her taint with as much strength as she did her biceps and thighs, she wouldn’t be able to contain herself.

Clinching the girl even harder, she speared the girl with her cock. The womb kiss turned into a forbidden penetration, the tip of her obsidian cockhead slipping into Lux’s deepest place, ready to flood it directly with her draconic cum.

The girl filled the tiny room with a howl of pain and pleasure, her eyes becoming almost entirely white as she was filled by Shyvana. The scalding waves of dense spunk made the little bump on her belly even more distinct, now becoming redder as it was pumped full, a pleasure she had never though possible.

Her body wasn’t supposed to accommodate something like that, but it did, the torrid heat of the half-breed’s breeding juices melting every last line of defense, turning even the girl’s mind into a messy sludge. Unrestrained, her bliss peaked even harder, a

torrent of squirt unleashed, making an arc of brackish fluids flowing from her abused cunt, soaking the shed's wall in stinking sex juices. The peak held itself into a nasty plateau, as every throb from Shyvana's cock pumped her fuller and stretched her harder, reigniting that flame until her well had ran dry and her voice was coarse and spent.

Lux's limbs went from stiff to completely soft, Shyvana having to lift her up to remove the girl from her dick, her pussy now leaking the dragon's copious seed onto the shed's floor. The girl's face was a sweaty mess, her gaze blank, eyelids uneven and half-closed, as if her brain had shut off before it could even tell her body to close her eyes.

Her perspiration-laden chest still rose and fell, softly and weakly, a gentle view contrasting with her beaten, impregnated fuckhole and askew, drooling face.

"Tsh, you're really gonna pass out on me now? At least I think we didn't ruin your dress..." said Shyvana, carrying Lux's sleeping body like a princess.

Her lips did seem to form a smile, though. A satisfied, genuine expression of someone who was finally whole and fulfilled.

Shyvana laid the girl's powerless body onto the table again, taking care to avoid the messy spot they've made. Despite her loathsome state, she slept with an almost tranquil look, leaving the half-dragon to worry about how they would leave that place undetected.

In that peaceful moment, Lux could never imagine the consequences of answering the beast's call.

## OMAKE

Hello! If you're reading this, first of all, thank you for supporting me via Patreon or Gumroad, it really helps.

Did you know that there's people out there playing League of Legends that weren't even born when the game was released? Hopefully I made you feel as old and decrepit as myself when I realized that.

Anyway, League of Legends, am I right? Even if you haven't played it already (which is doubtful, but I commend your efforts), you probably came across its plentiful R34 content out there, and I'm glad to add to that pile, as this piece was a delight to work on.

The reference to Twitter shitposts in the dedication wasn't only incidental: the original idea for this fic appeared when I was just babbling about Soraka's horsecock on social media, as one does. It soon turned into a conversation about beast dicks and, well, here we are.

I'm also happy with the commissioner's choices for the chapter. Shyvana was one of my favorite champions to play while I still partook in that godforsaken game, and writing something that leans on her feral side instead of just turning her into a red-haired animu girl is very pleasing.

This is also the first piece of what might be a series of stories and I can't deny I'm very excited to tackle a project with more continuity to it. I mean, this was inspired by a Soraka shitpost, it would be a shame if she wasn't featured in it, right?

Thank you very much for the support!  
**F (@effthewriter)**



A big thank you to all of my patrons! I wouldn't be here working as a writer if it wasn't for them.

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