

Riven stood before the visage of a girl who had gone soft; once hardened flesh had softened and smoothened, fingers trailing down the supple skin of a stomach that lacked any definition. Her shirt, removed, lay crumpled on the bench at her side, Riven's gaze scrutinizing every inch of her bare torso in her mirrored image. Her lips pursed, her movements lethargic and thoughtful, a certain melancholy in the way the tips of her fingers danced across her pale belly. How had she let it get to this point? Even her tan had gotten a tone lighter, most of her time since returning to school spent indoors. Half of her free time was spent studying, and the other half was devoured by that damned fox. Some part of her wanted to blame herself, instead of Ahri, though. Though she had half the opportunity, she also had half the drive to pursue her old training regimen and return to form—though at her core she longed for the days of the dopamine earned by a hard day's sweat.

She didn't realize how much she missed it until now. Her eyes trailed up and met her own gaze in the mirror, and the frown that soured her expression. It wasn't too late to start, but her old methods of training were crude at best; no purpose or motive, just working the farm and swinging her sword day in and day out.

“Shit.” The word left her lips and her eyes narrowed—not for the image that stared back at her, but the door that swung open over its shoulder. Nidalee prowled into the room with a towel over her shoulder, brown flesh glistening under fluorescent lights. But of course she wasn't alone in here, a contemplative moment in solitude was too much to ask. Emerald eyes found Riven immediately—drawn first to Riven's ass, as naturally as Nidalee breathed, but snapping up to meet the mirrored image staring back at her. She sauntered forward without missing a beat.

“Me-ow~” Nidalee murred, already peeling off her black crop top and letting her bosom bounce free without restraint. Perfectly identical and perky mounds of flesh, sweat beading down her cleavage. Riven's eyes trailed down over them, but settled instead on the chiseled abdomen underneath. How did Nidalee manage to stay in such good shape? She only ever observed Nidalee fucking or hunting for something to fuck. “Someone looking for a shower buddy?” Nidalee asked with a lick of her lips, sliding a hand down over the prominent bulge in her skintight shorts and caressing the outline of her shaft in full view of the mirror. Her thumb toyed with the waistband of her shorts, tugging it just low enough to reveal a few inches at the base of the length, a visible vein prominent as it swelled with intrigue at the half-naked set of holes she's stumbled onto.

She hovered near enough now that Riven could feel every warm breath against the nape of her neck.

"How do you do it?" Riven asked, tilting her head as her eyes scoured Nidalee's perfect form. "Keep your form, I mean. What's your routine like?" Nidalee arched a brow, the sexual energy she radiated dissipating at such an earnest and unbothered question. But a slight smile still danced across her lips in intrigue. She stepped forward and slid a hand over Riven's stomach, sharp nails tickling the flesh. It was an understatement to say Riven was apathetic about the sudden touching; far too used to being grabbed and fondled by now. "I'm in the gym as often as I can manage and it's not enough. I worked a pretty tough job during my expulsion and it got me into form, but I don't know how to get it back." Riven spoke plainly, unphased even as Nidalee's hands slid back to grab her hips. The soft embrace of breasts pressed into her back as Nidalee leaned in for an embrace, and an unmistakable hard-on mashed against her ass.

"Poor thing..." Nidalee hummed, a chuckle humoring Riven's predicament. A thoughtful pause followed, Nidalee glancing up and catching Riven's gaze. "Mmh... I could show you my routine if you want, though I can't guarantee anything..." Nidalee trailed off, considering something. "...For a price." She smirked, baring her prominent canines in a toothy grin.

There was a natural, brief silence that followed as Riven's brow furrowed and her lips tugged down in a firm frown. An expected response that only had one natural conclusion, Riven could already envision what horrible things Nidalee would attempt to coerce out of her in exchange for this facade of coaching.

"I'm not doing that," she bluntly turned the offer down, already able to feel Nidalee's hips wiggling against her ass. But was it such a bad idea? There had been a moment of consideration that Nidalee seemed to catch onto, tilting her head onto Riven's shoulder.

"No, not that," Nidalee chuckled. "If I wanted that then I'd be helping you destress from your workout already... Though we still could, if you wanted." Riven couldn't help but roll her eyes, a sharp exhale escaping her in an exaggerated show of disapproval. "I'm talking cash. Fifty upfront, twenty after each session. You can get your sugar foxy to pay your way, can't you? Though, maybe don't tell her I'm the teacher..."

Nidalee turned her head to breathe her offer right in Riven's ear, making Riven flinch back and break free from the tense little embrace.

"Fifty upfront, and how about I don't spend the entire time bitching you out every time you try to grope or dry hump me?" Riven crossed her arms over her chest, a firm counter-offer with a confident glare backing it. She knew Nidalee didn't really want the cash—this was all just posturing before the fact, probably to lure her into some false sense of security. This was always only going to end one way. The emerald gaze that stared back at her glimmered with excitement, a knowing grin not even trying to hide the fact that she was definitely going to be doing all of that and then some.

"Am I that obvious?" Nidalee purred, turning to walk back to the nearby bench. She sat back and peeled out of her gym trunks, with little reservations about freeing her half-erect cock from the strained cloth. Riven gave it a cursory glance, catching an eyeful of that meaty length drooping between toned thighs; even partly flaccid it was massive, Nidalee's swelling arousal making it quiver all the way down to the hefty, smooth nuts that hung from its wrist-thick base. Fuck—she was staring. Riven yanked her locker open to shield herself from the view she'd let herself be drawn to. "I'm not a very good teacher anyways." Nidalee conceded with a half-sigh, standing up and walking around to Riven's side, the barrier easily defeated. She stood with hand on hip, body arched slightly to the left, exposed and with an air of immense self-confidence, not giving Riven much anywhere else to look. By now the shaft had plumped up to full-mast—a turgid twelve-inches of cock-flesh just inches from slapping across Riven's hip. "Of course, if you'd like to join me in the shower, we could waive the cost altogether..." Nidalee chuckled, the keen eyes of a predator wandering over Riven's figure, tongue running over her sharp canines. But Riven pulled a wad of cash from the locker and shoved it into Nidalee's hand before she could continue the thought.

"As if," Riven grumbled and slammed the locker shut, hurriedly pulling on her blouse as she walked with brisk pace towards the exit. It was a miracle Nidalee hadn't just shoved her headfirst into the locker and slammed her ass then and there. "I'll see you tomorrow afternoon, text me the details later." Riven shouted as she paused at the door, hand on the knob. "And I'm stomping your nuts into dust if you try to turn this into some stupid 'sex is the best exercise' thing, got it?" Riven stood firm in her stance, but her heart raced in her narrow escape of the cougar's claws.

“Oh...?” Nidalee asked. But even without looking Riven could feel the smug little grin playing across Nidalee’s lips just by the infliction of that one word. “I’ll have to build a whole new routine from scratch then... Darn~” Nidalee chuckled. Riven rolled her eyes. What a dumb response. She yanked the door open and stormed out. It had been a little close for comfort, and even now Riven had no clue why she was really going through with this. She wanted to believe Nidalee had the capacity to want to help, and wasn’t just a hormonal ball of animal desire all of the time—only most of it.

Well, she knew that was hoping for a lot anyway.

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“You’re late,” Riven scolded, her voice flat. It was anticipated from the start, but it still gave her every excuse to be hostile. She stood poised with hand on her hip and a disapproving glare, watching as Nidalee strolled onto the track field in school uniform. “And you didn’t even bother to get changed.” There was a want to make an effort to make peace with this whole thing; to give Nidalee the benefit of the doubt and not spend their whole time together in a hostile mood. But it proved harder than expected, unable to stop herself in spite of her best intentions. Something about Nidalee just frustrated her to no end.

“Put away the fangs, tiger,” Nidalee chuckled, her voice a playful lilt as she made some kind of clawing gesture at Riven. Emerald green eyes took in the sight of Riven; plain clothes highlighting her athletic form, a crop top that hugged her tan bosom and gray jogging pants that sat just above broad hips in an appealing framing of Riven’s flat stomach. But Nidalee’s eyes were drawn a little more north, the cleavage presented by a low-cut neck and breasts hoisted by the hard-working load-bearing spaghetti straps of the top. Nidalee strolled onto the patch of grass at the center of the track, letting her bag slide off her shoulder and into the dirt with a thud. “You could’ve started without me...” Nidalee paused, approaching Riven front-and-center. “Of course, unless you were hoping I’d be here to help you stretch.” A playful little smirk danced across her dark lips, sliding a hand up Riven’s arm to her bare shoulder.

“Gross,” Riven sighed and slapped Nidalee’s wrist away. Not even two minutes into their meeting and she was already getting handsy. “So that’s it? Run laps?” she asked with the arch of a skeptical brow, annoyed but not surprised. You get what you pay for—and she paid for a mistake, a gnawing feeling in her gut not letting up for a moment.

“What, were you expecting me to come out here and pump you with steroids or something?” Nidalee chuckled, undoing the buttons of her blouse. A black, sporty crop top of her own was hidden underneath, the white shirt discarded on top of her bag. Her skirt slid down her toned thighs to reveal a matching pair of compression shorts—which Riven only lended a cursory glance before getting an eyeful of dick bulge. “Though I do have a protein shake I could feed you, if you'd like something before we start...” Nidalee chuckled, running a hand down over the outline of her shaft.

Riven snapped her head away and walked for the starting line of the track, her jaw tightening. By this point it would be a miracle if she ran even one lap without getting pounced and stuffed. She grunted, dismissive of the offer.

“Oh, lighten up,” Nidalee rolled her eyes and followed after, slipping on a pair of sneakers from her bag. She bounced up to the lane next to Riven’s. “I didn’t think you were such a prude. Surprising, considering,” she snorted. Riven gave Nidalee an impassive side-glance, watching as she started the process of stretching. Arms reached for the sky, a low groan escaping with the release of tension in her joints, toned limbs flexing with deliberate motion as she dipped low and traced her hands over her shapely calves. That was something, at least. Riven mirrored the motions, spine arching forward as she reached her hands for the afternoon sun. Maybe this wouldn’t be a total waste after all, if she was just careful to observe rather than listen.

“Did your tits get bigger?” Nidalee asked, glancing up at the hint of underboob beneath Riven’s crop top. The moment was short-lived. Riven’s arms shot down, crossing them over her bust.

“I’m done,” Riven shook her head. This wasn’t going to work, she couldn’t tolerate being around this damned cat and her shit-eating grin and smug sexual harassment. Nidalee shot an arm out and caught her by the wrist before she could walk away.

“Don’t be such a whiny little bitch,” Nidalee gave only the most compelling of reasons to stay, pulling Riven back onto the track. “At least run a few laps first. Just because I can’t help but appreciate a nice pair of jugs doesn’t mean I’m not taking this seriously,” Nidalee promised—and it was in a way that was surprisingly honest, at least in part. Riven was already exhausted from just about all of this, but let out a weary sigh and

took her starting position at the track once more. An all too telling grin spread cheek to cheek across Nidalee's face, taking a few steps back to give Riven some room. "Good girl," she praised. Riven had no reaction to give, just a disapproving glance. "Start running laps, I'll watch your form." Nidalee offered, hands on her hips.

Riven started running, knowing at least that Nidalee would definitely be watching her form.

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Riven stood exhausted at the end of the track, hands on her knees, sweat dripping from damp hair and glistening on her heaving bosom. Thirty minutes of laps around the track was all she could manage before she was winded, drawing her water bottle to her lips and taking a deep swig. Her legs wanted to give out and her chest wanted to cave in with every burning breath. It felt fucking amazing. Nidalee approached in stride from the bleachers.

"Nice bounce," Nidalee commented. Riven didn't have the energy to even muster a glare, finding a seat in the grass and pushing her hand through her sweat-slicked hair. "And nice run, too. Serious, you should get a sports bra or something," she chuckled. Riven glanced up in time to catch a serious eyeful—a blatant tent bouncing towards her face at the front of Nidalee's shorts.

"Is that all you ever think about?" Riven grumbled, glancing up to lock eyes. In a silent answer, Nidalee slid her hand down along the shape of her bulging length through the elastic cloth and palmed her shaft.

"Well, if you don't like it, you can always get up and run a few more laps..." Nidalee cooed, a sarcastically sympathetic pout on her face, already reaching for the waistband of her spats. Sex with this bitch was almost a big enough motivator to inspire second wind; Riven tried to climb to her feet, but staggered back down into the grass. It was too much. Her legs were like jelly, she hadn't recovered enough to make her escape. Nidalee tugged her pants down; not even the sight of that bare, aching length springing free in her face was enough to get her off the floor.

"So you were planning this from the start?" Riven asked, a defeated sigh resigned in her fate. It wasn't a surprise in the slightest, she'd weighed this inevitable outcome heavily in the pros and cons in her head before setting her alarm to head out here. Nidalee reached down and

brushed the sweat-slick bangs from Riven's brown eyes, tilting her head as she observed an expression that was entirely stoic.

"Nope," Nidalee answered, plain and simple. She grabbed her girth by the base and started to stroke, that throbbing mass of girl-meat casting a long shadow over Riven's face. Riven winced at the musk she caught in the cool autumn breeze. "I got the idea around the fifth or sixth lap while watching those big, sweaty tits of yours bounce around." Nidalee purred, pushing Riven back onto the grass. She dropped down to her knees and straddled Riven's gut, her cock resting flat across that bare stomach. Riven could feel it throb in anticipation, its hefty weight and intense heat burning a hole in her gut. "Had to resist the urge to jump onto the track and chase you down then and there, but it's far smarter for a predator to catch her prey after it's taken the liberty to wear itself down, don't you think?" Nidalee grasped the hem of Riven's crop top and yanked it up, letting those hefty, sweat-glazed breasts bounce free—taking one in hand firmly while grinding her dick across Riven's abdomen.

"So you just have the self-restraint of a dog in heat, then." Riven grimaced back at Nidalee, who was lost to such insults as she crawled back along her plaything's body to snag her fingers into those gray sweatpants. They peeled down Riven's hips and around her knees with ease, exposing the plain white panties underneath. "Seriously though? Right here in the open like this?" Riven tilted her head forward, watching Nidalee's green eyes flit upwards to match hers—dipping her head forward to plant a playful little kiss on Riven's stomach. It was a pointless question, she knew they weren't likely to be found out here at this hour. The school didn't even have a track team anymore.

"I'll be quick," Nidalee promised, the bridge of her narrow nose brushing over tender skin as she slid herself along Riven's figure, a trail of kisses and little licks making their way up to heaving cleavage. Riven shuddered at the attention to her belly, unable to deny the eroticism that Nidalee's practiced motions dripped with. Her panties slid down her thighs and that thick, brown shaft rubbed across her slit, the rounded tip finding its way to prod against her pink folds. Nidalee grasped her by the waist, thumbs pressing into her tummy, as the glans pushed into the snug grip of her pussy. Fuck—it was so big. Riven let out a low groan, head tilting back and staring into the sun overhead.

"Fuck you..." Riven spoke with a spiteful bite behind her words, but there was little effort to resist. It was stretching her open; and it felt so fucking good. Nidalee gave a knowing smirk as she dragged her tongue up

along the inside of Riven's breast, gleaming the sweat from its surface, bucking her broad hips forward until she buried the whole damned monster into Riven's pussy. Riven grabbed clumps of grass in her fists and squeezed her thighs firmly around Nidalee's waist, moans vibrating from her throat with each eager little pump of that thick cock smashing into her walls. Her chest bounced wildly without restraint.

"I don't know why you care so much about getting back into shape, you know, I love this tight little body of yours as is..." Nidalee purred, sliding a hand down Riven's hip and taking a handful of supple thigh-meat. Riven's legs came up and squeezed around Nidalee's flanks, ankles hooking together in a submissive embrace. Nidalee slammed down harder, balls slapping into taut lips and wobbling cheeks. "Mmfh..." She moaned as her lips latched onto the teat of one of Riven's breasts, teeth grazing the sensitive nub as she pawed at the flesh with firm kneading motions. Riven clenched her jaw, stifling her moans. Again and again, all the way to the base, Nidalee pausing just for a moment to grind her crotch into Riven's cunt each time she bottomed out, before drawing halfway back and slamming in again. A slow, but thoroughly rough, process, Riven's head reeling from each furious buck.

It didn't continue long like this. Nidalee was true to her word, a steady increase in pace built in no time at all—before long her thrusting became shallow and aggressive. Her balls went taut against Riven's ass, a sharp grunt escaping Nidalee from behind a wild grin, throwing her head of dark hair back and emptying a hot, thick load directly into Riven's folds. Riven squeezed her legs tighter around those muscled hips, Nidalee digging her claws into pliable flesh as she growled in bliss. She pulled out of the weak lock of Riven's legs, which were little more than spaghetti at this point, letting her cunt drool seed into the grass and dirt below. With a final, firm slap of Riven's ass, Nidalee stood up and tucked her softening cock back into her shorts.

"Well, that's my exercise for the day," Nidalee remarked with a satisfied little sigh, wiping the sweat from her brow. "Meet me in the weights room tomorrow. I'll try to be on time." She chuckled, sauntering over to her bag and picking it up by the straps—leaving Riven alone to contemplate exactly why she was even considering showing up tomorrow, too.

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But she did. Riven couldn't really explain why, or what she expected to change in an evening's difference. At the very least Nidalee was already there this time, pedaling one of the cycling machines with a shine of a fruitful workout glistening on her skin. Riven supposed that was an improvement. She dropped her bag in the corner and approached.

"There she is," Nidalee glanced up, her legs halting and the mechanical whir of the machine slowing to a crawl. She slid the towel off her shoulder and wiped the beading sweat from her brow. "I was starting to think you weren't gonna show," she chuckled. Riven found that ironic—considering yesterday she would've said the same thing about Nidalee.

"Thought about it real hard," Riven admitted, her vacant expression contemplative. She was still thinking about it too—it wasn't too late to turn around and just leave. Nidalee stood up and placed a hand on the small of Riven's back, walking her across the gym floor to the weights.

"You lift?" Nidalee asked. Riven scooted ahead and out of Nidalee's reach, taking a seat on the bench and looking over to the barbell. She didn't. Though her sword was pretty heavy. Even now her arms were still the most defined of her remaining muscle, but even that had grown softer with her lack of use for strong arms. Strong legs were more required in her current day-to-day activities.

"Sort of. Not like this," Riven answered after a moment of consideration. She shrugged, and let her gaze wander away from Nidalee for a moment to look over the size of the weights. There was a lingering expectation for Nidalee to make a crude joke as a follow-up, keeping watch on her out of the corner of her eye. A 'lift these' remark was her first guess.

"I didn't mean your chest," Nidalee quipped. Riven cursed herself for not thinking of that one first. Clever. "So no experience then. We'll start slow. Lay back and I'll spot you," she offered, taking a step back and gesturing for Riven to get under the bar.

"Fine," Riven agreed. Some part of her hoped the worst part of it was done and over with after yesterday, and they could proceed with a more cordial relationship. Maybe even some sort of kinship could blossom from mutual understanding and workout routines. She leaned back, angling her head to look up at Nidalee—

—and, in a surprise twist that no one saw coming, she was met with a swelling bulge in Nidalee's baggy gym shorts. Nidalee glanced down with a smirk that betrayed her intentions, no effort to hide the growing strain in her pants.

"Do you mind?" Riven frowned, a narrow gaze watching Nidalee without a trace of amusement behind her dark eyes. It was about to be another exhausting day.

"Something wrong?" Nidalee asked with an innocent tilt of the head. She waited, expectantly, and Riven rolled back her eyes and redirected her silent resentment towards the hard-on bobbing right in her face—only inches away. "Ooh, sorry. Don't mind that..." Nidalee chuckled. But that was easier said than done when she made no efforts to stop flaunting it, even subtly shifting her hips forward to draw it ever closer.

Riven's nose wrinkled in a spiteful sneer beneath the shadow it cast over her face. But she was already here, and the alternative was spending an afternoon with Ahri and dealing with more of the same. She went ahead and grabbed the weights and started, in spite of the looming presence of a throbbing bulge. It took all of three reps before Nidalee let it brush her cheek, leaning further over her face. The musk flooded her headspace, nostrils flaring as she tried to steady her breathing and taking in only the scent of sweat and sex. The tent raked over her face, Nidalee leaning forward with a hand on either of the poles that propped the barbell up, letting the twitching mass rest across Riven's increasingly agitated expression. It twitched in ever-increasing excitement, the stiff length stretching the loose-fitting cloth taut until it peeled several inches from her slender waist.

"Isn't this a bit dangerous? If I drop this..." Riven grunted. It was much to Nidalee's amusement, a satisfied cackle audible above her, Nidalee reaching down to slide a hand over Riven's throat. Riven begrudgingly set the barbell back into place, unwilling to risk the dangers of being spotted by a perverted predator.

"Sorry, I really can't help myself, you know," Nidalee feigned an apologetic pout, but she was already toying with the waistband of her shorts. She tugged down just as soon as the barbell clanged back into place, letting her shorts slide off of the sweat-slick shaft underneath. Her cock sprang free and slapped across Riven's face. Heavy nuts rested over a furrowed brow, furious eyes no longer able to see anything but turgid cock-flesh. "How about you help me out with a quick tongue bath and we

get back to work, hrm?" Nidalee chimed, sliding a hand up to peel back Riven's top. Bountiful bronzed breasts bounced free, Nidalee's greedy hand taking firm purchase on one while the other gripped her cock by its base. Her fist slid back and forth along the shaft, swaying and rubbing it over Riven's agitated face.

It took a moment, but a reluctant tongue slid out and lapped at Nidalee's salty sack; coating the smooth surface in her drool, an annoyed little groan escaping her soft lips as she took one of the hefty orbs into her mouth and suckled on it in obedience. Riven knew she wasn't going anywhere at this point—getting it over with was easy enough. Nidalee purred, pulling her shaft up in hand to stroke the full length in self-indulgent bliss, back arched backwards and hips pressed forward to mash her sack over that skilled tongue. The scent and taste of a long workout imprinted on Riven; but she didn't hate it. A moan quivered from her mouth, only becoming more passionate the longer she tongued Nidalee's sweaty nuts.

"Such an obedient slut..." Nidalee purred her praise, pulling away after several moments of sloppy ball-polishing with a strand of drool bridging the gap to those pink lips. Riven panted softly, watching from below as Nidalee leaned forward and lined up the tip of her aching cock with her glossy cock-suckers. She submitted immediately and sealed her mouth around the bulbous tip, cradling the cusp with her tongue. She readied her throat, relaxing every muscle in her body—just in time as Nidalee's hips plunged forward without any delay, sinking enough shaft down Riven's stretched jaw to bulge her exposed neck. Fuck, she was so fucking big. Riven sucked in her cheeks and clamped her eyes shut as she saw those nuts swing for her brow. "That's it... Take it nice and deep." Nidalee bit her lip and wrapped her slender fingers over Riven's throat, thumb stroking over the prominent cock outline. It was just another few thrusts before Riven was kissing the base, spit-coated sack resting against her face. Nidalee bucked her hips wildly, swabbing Riven's throat without relent, huffing and cooing with excitement as she happily plunged away at those lush lips.

"Mmfh.. Glk... Gllgh..." Riven gagged and moaned, alternating with every thrust—and sometimes both. By now deepthroating like this was as natural as breathing. She could taste every inch as it slid across her flattened tongue. Her arms wrapped around Nidalee's legs, dragging her nails over sculpted thighs, coaxing a shaky groan from Nidalee's throat.

“Good girl... Just a little more...” Nidalee smirked and hunched forward, bracing herself over her plaything’s heaving bosom, balls slapping into Riven’s face with aggressive pumps of her broad hips. Her cock swelled and twitched against the grip of that sucking throat, Riven’s fingers clenching tight as she braced herself to take every inch slamming into her jaw. Claws dug into the bench, Nidalee settled into a comfortable pace of drilling that bulging gullet; emerald eyes fixed on the sight of the cock-shaped imprint running down the length of Riven’s throat. Riven could only wonder how long before spunk would fill her gut—but Nidalee pulled back entirely and let her cock flop across Riven’s face with a wet slap.

“Mmfh...” Nidalee groaned, a few more humps of that glistening shaft smearing spit across Riven’s cheeks for good measure. She pulled back, resting her knees against the bench, reaching down to idly stroke her throbbing mass of girl-meat with one hand while the other toyed with Riven’s chest. “Want me to keep going?” she asked with a knowing smirk, running her tongue over her teeth.

“Hahh...” Riven gasped for air, her eyes wet, lips puffy and slick with bubbled spit still bridging the gap to that throbbing slab of flesh. “Finish yourself off,” she managed to grumble back in defiance. Nidalee tightened her grip on Riven’s chest and pressed firmly down on it, nipple pinched between index and middle finger.

“What fun is that?” Nidalee sighed, lifting herself up on top of the bench and sliding her shaft between the sea of pale cleavage before her. It was a snug fit after she braced those supple breasts together around her twitching girth and began to thrust away—sack resting over Riven’s gasping mouth and nose, choking her on its scent and bouncing between her lips. There was a hesitant moment before Riven lapped at it, understanding her position wasn’t one with much agency, letting her eyes shut as she bathed the surface in her drool and let her hot breath wash over it. Nidalee bit her lip and buckled forward, fleshy slaps of her hips into wobbling tits echoing through the otherwise empty gym.

“Mmfhnn...” Riven moaned, an involuntary reaction to having her chest handled so crudely. Nidalee’s hands were so rough, and her chest was always so sensitive with how much attention it got... She was so helpless like this, trapped under this stupid... fat, sweaty cock. But she was soaked through her gym shorts, thighs squirming together just from this. Nidalee was as selfish and brazen as they came, and she just couldn’t help

how turned on she was. It was exhilarating in a lot of ways; all of which she despised, on some level.

But she didn't have long to reflect on it. Nidalee pulled back with a low groan, dragging her cock back over Riven's neck and sliding her hand down along the length of her shaft. Even before Nidalee started stroking Riven had let her jaw drop, sticking her tongue, eyes half-lidded in caution of what was to come. She pulled her hands up and grabbed her own chest, as if seeking to fill the absence of Nidalee's touch, hoisting up her tits and massaging them in erotic display, wordlessly begging to become a canvas for Nidalee's seed.

"Oh fuck... You're so fucking hot~" Nidalee grunted, her stroking furious. She didn't disappoint, humping into her hand as thick ropes of white shot out and splattered Riven's chest and face. Pearly fluid rolled over bronzed skin and painted her skin in streaks of thick, sticky white. Riven released a ragged moan, shuddering with each splash of hot spunk. The volume was almost overwhelming—running down Riven's neck and pooling between her tits, Nidalee finally signaling she'd run empty with a sigh of pure relief and bliss.

"Attagirl," Nidalee praised, letting her softening cock slap over Riven's face a few more times. She squeezed out a final dribble of seed from the cusp and stepped away, letting it drag and then droop between her toned thighs. "I think I need to go shower after that one. How about we pick this up tomorrow, hm?" she chuckled and pulled back up her shorts, waltzing over to her bag and stuffing her things back into it without a care for the cum-soaked mess she'd left Riven to bask in. Riven sat up and shook her head, idly toying with the seed that cooled on her bosom.

There was no opportunity to protest—by the time Riven had collected herself Nidalee was already gone.

Bitch.

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It had been a few days since Nidalee had contacted Riven. At first Riven was almost relieved that she was being flaked on, some part of her willing to lose the fifty bucks if it meant washing her hands clean of the whole mess. But underneath that surface level relief was some deeper, gnawing annoyance. Was she upset with herself for trusting Nidalee in the

first place? No—even more frustrating was that she knew her disappointment was because Nidalee had seen her as disposable, even with the perfect pretense to continue to lure Riven out for more sex. Riven would've gone, despite her groaning and bitching, like the idiot she was. The idea that Nidalee may very well have just gotten bored with her was a distraction that plagued her thoughts for the following few days, until a text came through simply asking Riven to meet in the gym for a sparring session.

There was a skip in Riven's step, undeniable but prompting serious self-loathing from the girl, as she arrived at the double-doors to the wrestling room. She took a deep breath and stepped inside, to where Nidalee was already stretching. Nidalee turned, hands on her hips, and arched her back forward, pushing out hips with an already prominent cock-shape bulging the front of her elastic shorts.

"You know this is the one thing I can actually beat you at, right?" Riven dropped her bag and kicked off her sneakers, walking over towards the mat. Nidalee rolled her eyes.

"I'm sure," Nidalee chuckled, her confidence unshaken. Riven walked over to the opposite end of the arena, and Nidalee assumed a well-practiced stance. It was no sooner than Riven mirrored the pose that Nidalee pounced forward with a fluid motion. She was all legs and lithe muscle; and it made Riven feel clumsy in comparison as she tried to react—dodging to the side and wrapping her arms around Nidalee from behind. Nidalee slipped out from the embrace with a little effort, grabbing Riven by the wrist and flipping her onto her back with a loud thud.

That hurt.

Riven wheezed for air, limbs splayed out wide on the mat, staring back at the shadow that now loomed over her. Nidalee stood with a coy smirk, eyes slowly leering over every inch of Riven's body. She waited for it with bated breath, able to feel a pang of desire in her crotch. There was no escape, now. It always shamed her how perverted her body had become, to be put into such a vulnerable position equating to a yearning for what was to come. But Nidalee didn't mount her, instead extending a hand—which Riven took, with some doubts to its earnesty, and pulled herself up.

"Again," Nidalee re-assumed her original position. Riven considered saying something, baffled by the extreme lack of any funny

business, but returned to her end of the mat without a word of protest. Nidalee flung herself at Riven again, Riven a little more prepared this time. She dodged to the side again, Nidalee's forward momentum unable to be steered with precision, but this time aimed to shove back instead of grapple. Her arm caught Nidalee's midriff and attempted a throw—only to be met with an unexpected level of strength and control. Nidalee didn't budge back, but instead caught herself and wrapped arms around Riven's torso and lifted her off the ground.

It was a jarring sensation to be yanked into the air with such momentum, the world flipped upside-down briefly before Riven collapsed onto the mat. Once more she was left staring up at Nidalee, who's expression was a self-satisfied smirk in her convincing display of dominance over Riven's failed arrogance.

"Fine, you win," Riven sighed, better equipped with an understanding of the true extent of Nidalee's power. It had little to do with actual strength; a balanced core and reflexes were more than enough to topple Riven's crudely forged strength and might. Not like she'd practiced much hand-to-hand combat anyways. This was some seriously ego-crushing foreplay, half-expecting to open her eyes to the sight of Nidalee already in the process of stripping.

But she wasn't, leaning forward and extending her hand again.

"Again," Nidalee repeated. Riven was confused now, eyes widening with the dawning understanding that this wasn't some thinly veiled excuse for physical contact and raw anal. She accepted the gesture once more and stood on wobbly legs, already able to feel just how sore she was from getting thrown down twice.

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Things continued like this for some time. In the end Riven had only been able to win once in two dozen attempts, having managed to trip Nidalee in the initial attack—something Nidalee adjusted for in the subsequent lunges and never allowed Riven another opportunity. By the end of it Riven was aching from head to toe, her hair a sweaty, matted mess, rubbing her lower back just above the tailbone. Nidalee was unphased, as cool and cocky as ever.

"You didn't do all that bad," Nidalee chuckled. Riven knew she was just trying to be polite, she totally sucked, but at least she felt she'd

learned a few things. She pulled herself to her feet, offering no more than a grunt of acknowledgement in return, and crossed the room to where her stuff was. “Hey,” Nidalee called after. Riven paused, turning to look over her shoulder with an impatient frown. It was hard to shake the feeling of being upset; disappointment with herself, and a gnawing annoyance with Nidalee for some reason.

“What?” Riven asked, tracking Nidalee’s movements out of the corner of her eye, still wary of another attempt on her ass.

“Where you running off to so fast? I thought I’d invite you back to my dorm for some drinks,” Nidalee offered with a charming smile. Riven scoffed, half-rolling her eyes, but couldn’t suppress the little smile that found its way to her lips; in equal measure amusement at the reaffirmation that Nidalee’s mind was still one-track, but also something else that brought her a little tingle of joy. She tilted her head down and hid her face, not wanting to give Nidalee the satisfaction. “I’m sure you could do with an outlet to unwind, hm?” Nidalee suggested as she closed the distance, sliding a hand over Riven’s back.

“In your dreams,” Riven dismissed, but found herself considering it anyway. She pulled her bag up over her shoulder and straightened her back, not pulling away from Nidalee’s gentle touch. “But I won’t say no to drinks,” she conceded, taking the lead and pushing through the double-doors to the gym. Nidalee chuckled behind her, trailing close behind—but not without giving Riven a playful swat on the ass on the way out.

Riven didn’t protest.

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Evening rolled around by the time they were back at Nidalee’s dorm, Riven unwinding back on the couch with her hair undone and a bottle of wine in her hand. There was a lingering uncertainty as to why, exactly, she allowed herself to become so carefree like this around a sexually charged predator. Maybe she was just resigned to fate; if you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em—or maybe, with enough alcohol in her system, she was just ready to admit it was pretty fucking hot being lusted after by a stud like Nidalee.

“You sore?” Nidalee asked as she watched Riven flinch while sitting up. Riven could only nod in response, her face twisted as she



pressed down on her lower back and arched her torso forward. Her neck rolled, and she could hear a few vertebrae pop back into place.

“Getting thrown on my ass a few dozen times while I’m this out of practice really did a number on me...” Riven groaned. Nidalee stood up and walked over to the other end of the room, fiddling around in the drawer of her nightstand.

“Undress and lay on your stomach,” Nidalee instructed, her back turned. Riven took a deep swig from the wine bottle. It was so nonchalant—but Riven found herself complying anyways, peeling off her sweaty crop top and tossing it aside.

“I don’t think fucking my ass is gonna fix anything,” Riven protested with an inquisitive arch of her brow, shuffling her shorts down her toned thighs and letting them drop to the floor. She’d stripped down to nothing but her thong, quick to flatten herself against the couch cushions to conceal her bare bosom as Nidalee turned around. She laid herself flat, chin resting on her folded arms, her heart-shaped ass sunny-side up with nothing but the flimsy string of her underwear wedged between her perfectly sculpted cheeks.

Nidalee only hummed a response and set down a small bottle of what looked like massage oil on the coffee table, throwing a leg up over Riven’s thighs and straddling her ass. Riven squinted at the bottle, unable to make out what it was from the corner of her eyes, but relaxed under Nidalee’s weight expectantly. The cap of the bottle popped off and cool, golden liquid poured out over Riven’s shoulder blades.

“Ooh!” Riven gasped. The sensation was shocking, but not unpleasant; the oil tingling on her skin as it slid down her back in thin rivers cascading over tanned skin. A shudder shot down her spine as Nidalee applied pressure to the small of her back, sliding her hands up and over the smooth surface of flesh and spreading the oil in an even coating. “That doesn’t feel all that bad...” Riven murmured, her voice a half-mumble as she settled the side of her face against her wrist. Nidalee bit her lip, rolling her palms over the tight muscles around Riven’s shoulders.

“Someone’s tense...” she chuckled, digging her thumbs deep into the valley of Riven’s spine. Riven let her eyes flutter shut, toes curling, feeling those hands slowly trailing further and further south. It was inevitable that Nidalee’s fingers grazed over her ass, spreading oil over her

curves with a greedy fondling that coaxed a soft groan from Riven's lips. It was hardly subtle what Nidalee really wanted—but the massage itself really did feel like it was helping, so Riven reluctantly let it slide without protest. Fingers indented the supple flesh of her thick cheeks, Nidalee not shy about openly groping and sliding her slippery hands all over the pillowy mounds, glazing the bronzed skin with a gilded shine. Riven bit her lip, feeling her cheeks grow hot, hiding her head in her arms as she focused on the touch of strong and sensual fingers.

It wasn't long before, without fail, Nidalee rolled her hips into the soft cushion of Riven's ass. A telltale bulge had twitched to life between her legs, pressing a firm indent into doughy flesh, and even through the thin barrier of Nidalee's sweats could Riven feel its heat against her skin. Nidalee slid a finger under that flimsy string of a thong and pulled on it, peeling it aside, tracing her thumb over the tight little pucker conceal between those mounds of oiled up wobble-meat.

"Fuck..." Nidalee growled under her breath, licking her lips as she ran her hand over the back of her bulge and giving it a squeeze. Riven could feel Nidalee's weight shift, able to predict with precision when she would feel that thick length flop free from the tugged down waistband of Nidalee's trousers. Her back arched, pushing her bubble butt back against that turgid length, feeling the heft of the shaft laid flat across the cleft of her cheeks. Nidalee gripped it firmly, stroking slow and patiently, occasionally swinging the length down into those glistening cheeks with a 'thwap' of her meaty length striking the supple flesh. Riven could feel how hot and hard it was, throbbing against her skin; pre-cum already drooling in a steady trickle onto the small of her back. God it was so fucking big. Riven kept returning to that thought, thankful to hear the squelch and schlick of oil as Nidalee jerked off across her fat ass—at least it'd be lubricated.

"You like this ass that much, huh?" Riven breathed, her face burning red with an insistent yearning. At least she could blame it on the wine. She wiggled her hips back, cheeks rippling with the gesture, clapping her cheeks back into Nidalee's pelvis and stroking the valley of her ass across that slippery girl-cock.

"Ooh?" Nidalee purred, amused by the shift in attitude from her partner. She drew her hips back; the bulbous tip prodded into Riven's waiting entrance. "Eager for once, hm...? You want me to pound this ass so hard you can't walk straight for a week?" She thrust forward—and it slipped, bouncing right off of that pucker and producing another wet slap

of Nidalee's hips against wobbling, oily cheeks. Riven groaned, shaking her hips again in impatient invitation. "Such a needy little slut..." Nidalee teased, grazing the head of her cock up and down the crack of Riven's ass like a paintbrush. The tip found the hole once more; and this time Nidalee hunched forward, flattening herself over the girl's prone body, one hand braced against Riven's shoulder while the other still grasped and stroked her length slowly across that waiting entrance. Riven was getting impatient, pushing her ass back against that teasing length.

"Come on already..." Riven mumbled. That was all the more Nidalee needed to hear—hips pushing down and impaling that clenched pucker around her thick girth, grip tight around the base of the shaft as she guided inch after inch of her monster into Riven's asshole. Riven groaned, forehead pressed down against her arms, and Nidalee growled with delight.

"Fuck, you're so tight... You're really trying to milk me dry, huh? You love this, don't you?" Nidalee purred. She was barely half-buried in Riven's backdoor, but Riven was already losing control—her breathing ragged and broken, her cheeks scorching hot. Nidalee pushed herself all the way to the base, bottoming out with her taut sack flattened against those oiled cheeks. Nidalee pressed her body up against Riven's back and wrapped her arms around the girl's torso in a snug embrace, slowly setting into those wobbly cheeks with aggressive thrusts.

It wasn't long before Riven found herself limp as a ragdoll, mewling in bliss as Nidalee pounded into her ass raw. She could feel that throbbing shaft so deep, ramming into her with a force that stretched her guts so fucking good—able to feel it bulging her belly a few inches each time those hips slammed into her from above. She was being mounted like a wild animal—not that Nidalee was functionally much different than one—and all she could do was push her hips back into every thrust and submit to the intensifying pounding of the cougar's hips.

"How does it feel to get this tight little ass of yours bred?" Nidalee huffed and growled like a beast in heat, savoring every tight squeeze and spasm around her invading length. She bucked harder into Riven, the meaty slap of their bodies crashing together echoing with each thrust, wrapping an arm around Riven's throat and squeezing down lightly. The slight choking sensation made Riven's toes curl, eyes rolling back with a stupid grin across her lips. She could only writhe under Nidalee's sturdy frame, throwing her head back into Nidalee's shoulder and bringing her hands up to clutch the bicep constricting her neck. The inside of her thong

was slick with juices, her neglected cunt yearning for attention—but Nidalee’s hand found her chest instead, an oily palm kneading the malleable flesh like a stress ball.

“Hahh... Harderrr... Fuck me harder!” Riven slurred out; disoriented in equal parts by alcohol and pleasure. The pace picked up, Nidalee cursing between every gasp and grunt, sinking deeper into Riven’s ass without restraint. Riven could feel that thick shaft straining, swelling with its imminent climax. Riven bucked back and whined like a bitch in heat, overwhelmed by the electrifying sensation of being so utterly and thoroughly used, so stuffed full of Nidalee’s meaty cock—she didn’t realize she was already in the throes of orgasm. She clenched hard around that massive shaft, sucking it in like a vacuum; and was rewarded with a sharp grunt from Nidalee’s tightened jaw, a thick wad of spunk bubbling from her bulbous tip and flooding Riven’s sphincter. Riven’s body twisted, held firmly in place by the arm gripping her neck, Nidalee’s thrusting ceasing with one final slam downwards. Her nuts twitched with each powerful spasm through her cock, Nidalee growling with an exhilarated grin plastered across her face.

“You greedy fucking slut...” Nidalee huffed, rolling her hips a few times as the last few ropes of seed spilled into Riven’s guts. She drew back, dislodging her glistening cock with a wet pop, and let it slap over those trembling cheeks. She sat back and gripped both mounds in either hand, spreading them to admire her handiwork—chuckling at that twitching, cream-stuffed asshole. Riven was too worn down to move, collapsing further a sweaty heap on the couch, unable to resist as she felt Nidalee’s hands creep down her hips and haul her up and over. Her limp frame was flipped with ease, Riven gasping at the sudden rotation, landing with a thud on her back—and gawking immediately down at the raging hard-on standing at full attention still between her legs. One leg awkwardly dangled off the cramped spacing of the couch, resting her knee against the coffee table’s ledge, the other hauled up over Nidalee’s shoulder with ease.

“We’re not done yet...” Nidalee chuckled, stroking her cum-stained cock across Riven’s exposed gut; her flat tummy smeared with drooling seed and drying oils, a final drop of spunk squeezed into the crook of her bellybutton. “We both know how bad you need this... You won’t be satisfied until I’ve stuffed every hole with every last inch of my cock,” Nidalee murred, peeling Riven’s thong from her hips and sliding it all the way off, tossing the useless garment aside. “Already so fucking wet for me...” Nidalee groaned, gripping her shaft by its root and slapping the underbelly of the shaft against those glistening lips a few times, Riven

whimpering softly as she lifted her hips and pushed them back into Nidalee's waist. Nidalee lurched forward, dragging the hefty tip down across those waiting folds until the tip met the entrance. She pushed inside without pause. Riven bit her lip, body tensing on reflex, her second leg hauled up over Nidalee's shoulder with a firm grip placed on her either thigh. Nidalee's juicy, primal cock pushed deep into her pussy, balls nestled against her crotch, the cougar hunching forward and lifting Riven's hips a few inches off the couch cushions.

Without restraint Nidalee drilled down into those eager folds, as if picking right back up where she left off with renewed vigor. She slammed down with jackhammer-like intensity, shallow thrusts bashing the tip of her cock into Riven's aching womb, balls bouncing wildly with each forceful thrust. Riven's legs dangled and bounced uselessly over Nidalee's head—being folded further forward until her knees pushed back into her own shoulders as Nidalee fucked her imprint into the couch cushions. It was violent and animalistic, and it hit all the right spots as that fat bitch-breaker rearranged her guts with no inhibition. Nidalee's growling was more like a guttural roaring, her breath hot against the side of Riven's face—who in turn was speechless, moaning for more in desperation, her voice breathless as her heaving bosom struggled keep up with her ragged panting. She clenched her eyes shut, throwing her head back into the edge of the couch, in this moment wanting nothing more than to continue to be used and stuffed like a cock-sleeve by that monster of a cock.

"I'm gonna stuff this womb of yours all fucking night... Gh..." Nidalee grunted, sliding a hand up Riven's torso to grapple with one of those bouncing bosom; nails digging in hard enough to pinch. Riven didn't care, the pain only added to the toe-curling bliss—and the slap to the side of her breast that followed produced a squealing yelp from her quivering lips, making her cunt tighten up even more around that impossibly thick rod. She was no longer able to string two thoughts together, interrupted persistently by the inclusion of thoughts of the cock crushing her womb—fixated on its every throb and thrust. It twitched inside of her, Nidalee's staggered grunts growing more effortful. With a final, furious buck of the hips, Nidalee's seed flooded Riven's uterus, hot and gooey ropes flooding those inner walls. Nidalee threw her head back and growled, leaning in and burying her mouth against the crook of Riven's neck, dulling her moans on the exposed flesh with teeth clamping down hard enough to bruise. The climax seemed to last an eternity, every second out with another spastic buck and swivel of the hips.

But just as soon as it had seemed to end, Nidalee's hips barreled down again. She resumed, cum squishing around as it spilled out around her girth, pushed out by the thrusting of her hips back into Riven's crotch anew. Riven had no clue how she could ever keep up with this, on the brink of consciousness—but pushed her body back into Nidalee's on instinct. She had a long night ahead of her.

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The buzz of a phone in Riven's bag on the other side of the room led into the muffled tirade of an understandably annoyed Ahri—who had spent the night with no hole to stuff full of her kits. Riven, of course, could hardly make out the distant complaining from underneath the meaty clap of hips drilling into aching body—which was now sore for strictly different reasons than their sparring session the night prior. Nidalee was a beast in every sense of the word; even as the sun peeked in through the blinds of the dormitory window Nidalee continued, relentlessly and with enduring stamina. Riven lost feeling in her legs long ago—fucked in every angle and position imaginable over the course of hours, Nidalee lifting and twisting her body with ease like a human sex-doll. Her every hole was stuffed, her face was marked with pearly seed, her bosom dripped with sweat and spunk, her ass was red from countless spankings, and even her feet and armpits had been glazed at some point.

“Doesn't your dick ever get sore?” Riven groaned, Nidalee once more settling into the forward hunch of a steady mating press. She got a smirk and a chuckle in response. By now Riven had any delusions of wanting to be claimed by Nidalee jostled out of her head—having completed the circular arc of going from arrogant and annoying, to sexy and thrilling in her dominance, and now back to obnoxious. Riven just wanted to go home and get a shower and some sleep. Twenty-four hours of it.

“Don't worry about me...” Nidalee chuckled, still finding the energy to be insufferably cocky as she pistoned down into Riven without pause. Riven squirmed with weak efforts to push Nidalee off of her—but only succeeded in slipping further underneath those muscled hips. “This is all about your endurance training. You paid for this, remember~?” Nidalee chimed.

“I told you I— mmfh—” Riven's protest was sealed by Nidalee's lips mashing against her own, her face grasped firmly between both hands with thumbs clutching her jaw wide open. Nidalee all but tried to suck off

her face, a sloppy wet tongue lapping at her parted lips a few times before shoving itself into Riven's mouth with a hearty groan. This was definitely not what she paid for, but at this point Nidalee was just going to say and do anything she felt like anyways. Riven's body went lax, accepting fate, eyes fluttering shut as she reciprocated the kiss—sucking on Nidalee's tongue obediently and mashing their lips together firmly. An appreciative moan rumbled up Nidalee's throat, thrusting slowly as she focused full attention on swapping spit with her plaything—hefty claps of her nuts into wobbling cheeks from above only audible sparingly, seconds apart. Riven's moans grew in fervor, an attempt to entice Nidalee in wrapping things up sooner—attempting to sound far more eager than she was.

It produced results fairly quickly, Nidalee's thrusting more erratic with each passing moment. Hips sped up in intensity, breaking the kiss with her tongue hanging from her jaw, strands of spit connecting their lips. She breathed hot and heavy, slamming down hard enough that Riven was certain the couch would break in half underneath them—the Nidalee's bucking unrelenting. Her balls tightened, pulsing as the next in a long line of countless loads flooded Riven's pussy, which had long since been reshaped to every vein and bump along Nidalee's shaft, pumping her full once more with gooey seed. She groaned loudly, throwing her head back and squeezing Riven's tits tight enough to leave an imprint in the tender flesh. She remained taut, letting excess spunk bubble and spill out around her trembling girth into the forever ruined couch cushions.

Nidalee stayed buried like that for a while, hips bucking occasionally as if to make sure she was totally drained, before pulling back and falling back onto the far end of the couch. Riven's body went limp, unwilling to obey her even if she wanted to scramble away, fucked so hard and for so long that she was certain to have some sort of permanent limp in her step and probably had lost a fair few brain cells. But, unsteady as she was, she managed to sit up, a cursory glance in Nidalee's direction revealing that her would-be coach's exertion had finally caught up with her. Nidalee snored, finally passed out, half-draped over the armrest of the couch. Her cock still managed to prop itself up in a half-erect state, seed leaking from its tip.

Riven was, frankly, surprised Nidalee's nuts were still plump and round—and not disheveled husks of their former selves. As silently as possible she shifted to her feet, stumbling forward a few steps like a babe learning to walk, supporting herself with whatever furniture she could slap her hands onto. It took several moments longer than she'd ever care

to admit to reach her bag and clothes, ready to pull on her top and shorts and peel out before Nidalee could wake back up—

—only for her phone to buzz again in her bag. She froze; sure enough, hearing a roused yawn from behind.