**Thrill of the Hunt**

**Chapter 1: Chasing a Trophy**

The air had a faint smell of powder and blood, a smell not unfamiliar to the Summoner’s rift. Yet another battle was taking place there.

The hunter was tracking his prey. Rengar, the famed vastayan trophy hunter was looking for a good catch. That day, the noxian leader Darius was among the champions fighting in the Rift. His head would make a most prestigious trophy.

It was true that Rengar’s main area of expertise was chasing dangerous beasts around the realms, but making down a man such as Darius was work more than most creatures. He also fancied himself a more than capable fighter. After all, he too was a champion at the rift.

The vastayan had his own methods for tracking other intelligent beings. Speacially those who used tools, and in the case of Darius, the famed king was well known for handling large weapons to obliterate his enemies’ bodies. Indeed, the noxian’s weapon was impressive, but sometimes there was something as “too big” when it came to tools for killing, specially in the middle of a jungle. Tracking him from the broken branches and cutting marks his axe left when he moved was a sure method to find him.

He chased and chased. The rift was big, but even if it took him days, he would surely find his prey.

Sometimes the track went cold. Some areas allowed for better freedom of movement, so there weren’t any marks of Darius’ armor or axe around. Sometimes, not even his heavy armor left any traces on the hard terrain.

And yet he always found a track back. Sometimes, it was a track of bodies laying around. The vastayan laughed.

*“Oh, I do like a good challenge”*

While others trembled to see what their future opponents could cause, Rengar’s blood instead warmed over and mover, as if he was boiling. It was his own body calling for the upcoming battle. Calling for the glory of the next time he would taste the sweet flavor of battle, he would hear the body of his enemy breaking and tearing on his weapons.

He roared.

Yes, he could feel the adrenaline filling him. He would have to be careful, avoid many attacks, employ clever tactics. Yes, this was the true feeling of a hunter about to catch his most wonderful prey. And it felt damn good.

He stretched his muscles. His heart beating strongly. He laughed a bit.

* Soon, I can let all my race unleash upon a true worthy prey — He whispered to himself.

As he moved however, he could hear something. Of course, he wasn’t alone in that jungle, there were more champions alongside him and his prey.

* Hah, more variables to make this…interesting — He murmured.

He let his camouflage engulf him as he carefully advanced. He knew one thing at least; he didn’t need any annoyances getting in his way. Whatever came to clock his path. He would crush. He smiled. Or maybe just tear appart slowly.

The vastayan wasn’t the only one hunting however.

As much as Rengar pieced Darius’ tracks together, there was another one after the same trail. One who had much in common with Rengar himself, but in a strange way, the wolf known as Warwick. The blue beast was too looking for the perfect catch that day. A catch who was marked by death, a catch whom he could unleash all his fury on.

Darius was a perfect target for this. Warwick could smell it on him, the stench of blood. That foul scent that engulfed all of those who partook in the business of death. Yes, he knew the Noxian leader was far of a stranger to it. That was good, he would soon learn that was goes around, eventually comes around, even if it was in the form of a terrifying blue beast.

He could feel it, the blood, delicious blood in the air and it would take him directly to the best opportunity to strike.

*“You should make sure your victims splash less”* He thought.

With his legs moving quickly and his eyes focused on finding his future meal, the wolf man moved around the rift. As he advanced however, he caught another scent. This one too, was covered in a foul and strong smell of blood. He could also smell his readiness for battle.

The wolfman readied his muscles and his bones. If that beast wanted him, he would have him, oh he would have more than he could ever handle.

The blue wolf pounced.

*“That camouflage isn’t going to save you”*

But right as he arrived to his prey, he had to slide to the side quickly narrowly avoiding the hunter’s weapon.

* Well well well…someone’s fast — Rengar spoke as straightened his back.

His towering figure produced a shadow over the Wolf who was keeping his head down, looking for a good point of attack.

The vastayan looked at the attacker. He recognized him. The magnificent beast-man knew that for sure, his foe would fall before him, no matter who he might be. This time however, he was facing yet another magnificent beast-man, although one of very different nature than him. He knew him as Warwick.

A creature unlike any other, some said he was born, not from nature but from the makings of a maniacal genius. Rengar couldn’t say if that was true, but he could say one thing, he was unique. Not another specimen, not another man like him anywhere else. A true perfect, precious trophy.

* Seems I found an unexpected trophy here. Darius would have to wait until after I take you — Said Rengar with confidence.
* Hah! So, we’re competing for the same prey I see. Well, you are out of your league, hunter — Warwick mocked — But if you want to fight, guess I can make space in my schedule to tear your head apart.
* We’ll see…

Both trackers looked at each other’s in the eyes. They were tracking every movement, any twitch of their muscles, looking for the perfect chance to strike.

Warwick examined his opponent. Such a large and powerful-looking beast. He could see the strength in his muscles, his health reflected on his radiant skin. His outfit clearly hosting a variety of dangerous tools he could use in combat.

Warwick smiled. The hunter was a specimen to appreciate for sure, he soon would end his endless hunt however. Right there. The hunter would become the trophy.

Rengar on his part, moved his eyes all over warwick as well. Such a perfect creature to catch. His perfect form and powerful display demonstrated that if someone did create him, they had certainly done a very good job.

But he would end that experiment right then and there.

The opponents roared as they jumped to battle.

**Chapter 2: A passionate battle**

The beasts clashed with one another. The wolf’s claws marked the vastayan’s arm skin with a quick slash. Not deep enough to truly injury and stop him however and soon warwick was pushed away with a headbutt.

Rengar then pushed his knife forward but Warwick blocked his attack, putting a hand against his shoulder and then quickly biting his forearm, causing the white beast to drop his weapon. Rengar roared in pain slashing at Warwick’s arm and pushing the wolf away.

They both stared at each other panting. They had to watch each other’s movement carefully.

*“I’ll have to wrestle him down”* Rengar concluded, now that his knife had fallen into the tall grass.

Soon the vastayan kicked the soil, dirt splayed upwards and he used this chance to jump onto his prey. Warwick avoided him narrowly but soon had his leg pulled. Rengar then jumped on his back pulling the wolf by the neck and then pressing his arms on him, chocking his canine foe as he attempted to bring him down.

Warwick reacted with fury attaching one claw to his arm, trying to break his armguard. He seemed to be unsuccessful. Still, the wolf couldn’t give up, so he decided to try something else. Elbowing Rengar didn’t seem to work as he kept moving his body back. That weakened his hold for a small amount of time but kept him still trapping Warwick on it.

Warwick had to keep him close. The wolf then moved his hand down grabbing the thigh of the vastayan hunter and moved it upward. His palm encountered Rengar’s firm buttocks. He squeezed and pulled down there. It was firm enough to do so.

The hunter couldn’t but get distracted by this sudden intrusion as Warwick clawed at him, causing a tear in his legguards.

* What the…

The momentary distraction was enough for the wolf to be able to push back with his shoulders, freeing himself from the chokehold. As the hunter fell down, Warwick jumped on top of him.

The wolf’s attack was vicious, tearing down Rengar’s shoulderpad. The hunter wasn’t going to just let himself be beaten down however. He tried to push the beast and keeping him at arm’s length, but warwick continued advancing towards him. It was a dangerous situation. He could already feel shallow wounds opening up beneath his fur.

Trying to throw the wolf away he moved his hand, reaching through the body attacking him. Inadvertently he arrived at Warwick’s crotch. His hand could feel the large tool the wolf was packing there. He was indeed quite the specimen.

But he could always dissect him later. Rengar pressed on the wolf’s tools stopping his attack and taking the chance to push his chest and throw him away. As Warwick fell a couple meters ahead, Rengar was able to take a small breather.

The Wolf shook his head, recovering from the clash against the ground. He stood up and once again both opponents looked at each other.

* I’ll tear you apart! — He threatened.
* Come on wolfie, do your worst!

They still panted for a bit, shaking their heads to get into the fight once more. Soon enough, the rivals advanced at each other again, this time however Rengar swung with his clawed arm. Warwick had to avoid him.

The wolf was fast but he wouldn’t get away, Rengar slashed with fury, his movements precise and well trained. Warwick dodged and jumped away but soon Renga’s own jumps would follow behind.

Warwick of course wasn’t just on the defensive. While he needed to keep his distance more because of his shorter reach, he too was swinging against his foe intending to catch him in his clawed attacks.

Attack after attack, they moved avoiding each other and trying to get the other one first. They roars and snarls echoed through the empty jungle. They had now forgotten their initial target as the battle got more heated. It was a contest to see which one would get a good strike first, like a beautiful, war-torn dance waiting for the perfect strike. There was no one else to focus on now.

* You are fast, but fast won’t save you — Asured Rengar
* Neither will all your so-called experience, hunter, you are now hunting beyond your ability — Replied the wolf.

Soon enough Warwick decided to go for a bolder offense, rushing at him but this allowed Rengar to quickly sidestep and swing at him from a more advantageous angle.

* Dammit! — Cursed the wolf.

He barely managed to block the attack but the hunter was at least successful in tearing down his armguard.

Once more Rengar followed soon in his attack but he had fallen into the wolf’s trap. As warwick dodged, the vastayan felt his weapon bury into a tree’s trunk. His attack was fierce enough to nail his claw against the plant but that had impeded him remove the blades.

The wolf attacked quickly, pushing the vastayan back and down, causing his trapped blades to break.

* Curse you! — Roared Rengar.

He could now see the base of his weapons still attached to his hand but the actual blades were broken. He narrowed his eyes, perhaps she had been underestimating the wolf.

Still, despite Warwick’s lead, Rengar had quickly recovered and gotten into a fighting stance. Once more the wolf couldn’t do much about his enemy’s position and had to stand back looking for a good side to strike.

* I can kill you without my weapons! — Assured Rengar.
* Actions speak more than words — Replied Warwick.

Right then the wolf jumped over the vastayan pushing him down, but this time his hold was not strong enough. Rengar was able to push him to the side and roll above him. However, his balance gave out and then the wolf reversed the position.

Over and over they continued rolling trying to keep the other pinned. Warwick pulled from Rengar’s fur and in turn Rengar pulled the wolf’s whole body.

The hunter’s strong arms kept the wolf pressed against him, intending to hurt his back. He could feel everything from the wolf in that position, including once more his crotch and his impressive tool, pulled and pressed against his.

Warwick could feel the same, it was an uncomfortable position to be in as his back was forced down. He roared once more moving his arms to Rengar’s hips and pulling his leg. His clawing ended up tearing apart Rengar’s legguards.

* Arg! You bastard!

As Rengar tried to keep Warwick from destroying his armor, the opportunity allowed for the wolf to release himself. During the movement, Rengar punched him back.

The hunter stood up; his now naked crotch fully visible to everyone.

* You little piece of shit, you’ll pay for that!

Shamelessly, he jumped onto warwick again trying to grab the wolf to keep him down. The beasts defense was strong however. The hunter knew the way to attack however, as he had discovered before. A weakness in the wolf’s defense.

The vastayan’s hand moved down grabbing the wolf by the balls.

* Heard dogs dislike this uh?

Warwick snarled.

* You are the one who are defenseless there! — He declared.

Quickly he moved his hand to grab Rengar’s cock. Rengar roared. As he held the vastayan, the wolf could feel the stickiness and warmth of the hunter’s penis. Certainly, a mark of his excitement during battle. That was good, Warwick too could feel his blood boiling and his heart pounding.

* You bastard!

He insulted Warwick soon pulling away at the wolf’s pants.

Instinctively, Warwick released Rengar’s penis and moved his hands towards his pants to protect them. The brutish pull of Rengar as Warwick tried to jump back caused the garments to break down however, causing a long tear from the crotch through his right leg.

* Dammit!

With his pants unusable now, he knew the pieces of cloth would just get in the way so he finished tearing them down and threw them to the side.

Rengar spat in the ground and smiled.

* Guess we’re doing it like old warriors did
* Man to man, no armor, no weapons — Agreed Warwick.
* Hah, you are still my prey.

Rengar removed his remaining pauldron an straightened his back, once more reading himself for battle. Warwick shoo his head and stretched his arms, doing the same.

They both launched at each other. Rengar’s weight got the upper hand as he landed on top of Warwick, his leg pushing the wolf’s to the side. Warwick however bit at Rengar’s neck, causing the Hunter to back momentarily.

The Vastayan was quick to attempt his tried technique but as his fingers caressed Warwick’s cock, the wolf stopped him by the forearm.

* Not afraid to go for low hits uh?
* It’s a fight, not a sport after all — Explained Rengar.

Warwick couldn’t but sport a smile as he too struck back, this time it was him grabbing Rengar by the crotch as the hunter roared.

* Well then, I too will play dirty.

Warwick’s cock was too long to protect however as Rengar was able to grab a hold and pull him. The veiny red rod was strong, stronger than any beast’s Rengar had hunter before. He could feel the sticky sensation of Warwicks fluids in his hand.

* Getting excited uh?
* That’s what battle is for — Replied Warwick.

Soon, the wolf bit him again but the vastayan threw him away.

They soon approached again to resume their fighting, wrestling against one another, trying to outdo the other and keep each other in check in holds. Their panting was getting heavy and their fur was getting stickier as they continued on. Their flesh feeling hotter and hotter as the battle raged and neither of them dared to give an inch to the other.

* I’ll tear your other eye out! — Yelled out Warwick.

The wolf clawed at Rengar’s face as the strong male dodged.

* I’ll stuff your head to be a trophy for the ages! — Assured the Vastayan

Warwick fell to the ground as Rengar jumped on once more but Warwick’s legs pushed his chest. The vastayan pulled him by the legs falling back with him. As he tried to pull his leg down once more, they rolled over one another.

Warwick ended up facing Rengar’s lower half. There he could fully see it, his cock, large and strong, seemingly coated in precum. The smell was overbearing. It wasn’t blood, it was another type of fluid, one that made Warwick admittedly curious, un another way.

The wolf was known to give in to his instincts. This was no killing but wasn’t any different.

Before Rengar realized, he felt a long, rugged tongue moving across the length of his penis. He looked down to see Warwick as the wolf’s tongue returned to his mouth. He was disconcerted but didn’t say anything.

The distraction allowed for the wolf to kick him back, but before he could strike again, Rengar elbowed him against a nearby tree. Then rushed to pin his legs there. If was now the hunter who found himself facing Warwick’s lower half.

It wasn’t the first time he had done so during that battle. But it was the first time his head now had another idea. He knew Warwick wasn’t attacking right then. As if expecting something. Rengar delivered.

Neither of them was sure what to do. They just reacted by instincts.

Warwick pushed him away with his leg, and then jumped onto Rengar again, but this time, it wasn’t to claw at him. He pressed the hunter’s shoulder back and they both stared at each other’s eyes for a few seconds.

Their mouths closed in as the each other’s tongue curled up around one another. They weren’t thinking, it was the natural progression of their exciting battle into a full display of their desires.

As Rengar was below him, he could feel the mix of their saliva falling down across his mouth and lips. Soon he pushed Warwick to the side and now it was the wolf living that sensation.

Warwick pushed him back and his teeth closed into Rengar’s neck. This time the bite was different however.

Rengar roared as if moaning, as his hand once more traveled to Warwick’s crotch. Soon enough he was caressing the precum-coated penis of the wolf, this time it was getting larger and large as it stood firm and strong.

* Not bad — Whispered Warwick, clearly enjoying the treatment.

He pushed Rengar against a rock and had him pinned there. Soon enough he left his nose guide him down towards Rengar’s cock. His tongue once more licking down the hunter’s cock which just like his’ was engulfing, becoming soon a large strong mast.

He licked the flavor of vastayan precum. It was a different sensation to what he had adventured himself to before. The wolf’s big jaws opened to welcome the hunter’s cock as he begun to fellate him deeply.

Rengar roared pressing down Warwick’s head. His arm clenched against the wolf’s shoulder pressing and causing some blood to run down his blue fur. Still Warwick didn’t stop. That was good, Rengar didn’t want to.

The wolf was more encouraged to move his long tongue around the majestic penis of the hunter. Being of course careful with the teeth. Still, he let his spiny molars caress the hunter’s cock, making Rengar release another roar of pleasure.

Soon he felt himself pressed against Rengar’s crotch again, this time harder, further. Rengar pulled him by the ears and controlled the movement, fucking now Warwick’s face. The wolf let his tongue savor the sticky penis as it got hotter and hotter and soon enough ready to splash.

And so, it did.

His thirst was satiated this time, not by blood, but another manly fluid. Like a pup sucking on a source of milk, he swallowed Rengar’s production. Allowing some of it to run down his mouth, staining his fur, making it as white as the hunter’s.

Rengar looked down at Warwick panting, his legs weaker than before. His heart pounding rapidly as he released. He looked at the mess that he had done of the wolf, and the beast smiled at him.

Soon he was pulled down by the chest and onto the ground and he felt Warwick position himself behind him. Rengar knew what was coming.

Warwick stuck his nails at Rengar’s broad shoulders. His cock completely erect, it looked around finding the Vastayan’s anus. Soon enough he was ready to penetrate the hunter with a very different type of lance that he would be used to. And so warwick did.

The wolf’s penis entered quick and unforgivingly. Rengar roared as his sphincter was pushed open and soon enough the big wolven rod was inside him. It was a new sensation, but one he welcomed. The heat of the battle seemed to only keep him wanting more and more.

Warwick too got excited pushing in and out hard as he pulled on the vastayan’s mane. Once more his jaws bit Rengar as they both grunted in pleasure. Their bodies collided over and over with as much force as they had been before when the battle raged on.

Rengar reached back with his hand pulling Warwick with force causing their faces to be next to each other. Then they both were able to stick their tongues out to lace with one another as the wolf continued to fuck the hunter.

Warwick reached down, masturbating Rengar as he fucked him hard and rough. The wolf’s over hand stuck on the vastayan’s wide chest.

Rengar then bit on Warwick’s ear as he could feel the wolf going harder and harder like a beast. Then he felt it, something even bigger was shutting his rectum. The wolf’s knot was not well entrenched into him. Rengar roared, it was a painful but also delicious feeling.

Warwick howled and as if possessed he then started moving his hips harder and harder and faster until he was fully in control, pulling at Rengar’s shoulders. They both roared into the air and two seeds were released at the same time.

One into the vastayan rectum and the other into the ground. They stayed there, panting for a few seconds until the knot started deflating and warwick fell back.

They didn’t say anything, just enjoying the post-climax as their sore bodies were unable to move anymore.

And then a sound echoed through the Rift.

* Oh shit — Said Rengar.

The current battle was over.

Light covered their bodies. And they gave each other one last look. They would find themselves in battle again soon enough.

And thus, the champions were transported away at their usual worlds. Both had gotten some very different type of trophy that day.