

Russell sighed, wishing, not for the first time, that he had a better gaming laptop as the load screen ticked impatiently by. Bad enough he had to deal with lag on the regular just to play LOL. It always pissed off his teammates to the point that he was told to get the fuck off, or even worse threats if their side was losing.

But in this match, he'd accidentally misclicked his character selection and didn't have time to change it before the game started. He was stuck playing as *Rengar* of all characters! It was bad enough he'd bought the character to try, but now he *hated* him!

There really weren't any redeemable qualities for the character in Russell's eyes. The character was furry bait, for starters. Though the game called the race the *Vastaya*, they were nothing but glorified furies, anthropomorphic lions, some horrid mix between human and feline.

Russell wasn't the biggest fan of furies. They were, for lack of a better term, creepy as fuck. He didn't really know what they got up to behind closed doors, or, worse, open ones. He figured that the reality was even worse than he imagined. Besides, he *hated* hugs!

Worse than attracting real-life furies was the lore that the designers came up with for the character in-game. Though the *Vastaya* had some semblance of society, they hunted live prey, mostly killing for sport rather than to eat. The whole damn lot of them, Rengar no exception, thrived on collecting trophies, mostly the gross body parts of their kills. Rengar's whole fucking thing was that he was trying to get some sort of revenge on Kha'Zix and take his body parts for a trophy. *Predator* rip-off, much? He couldn't imagine anything duller than only caring for murder and trophies. It was so monotonous!

Bad enough that he couldn't enjoy a character for the aesthetics. Russell preferred the human characters, especially some of the more attractive women models, or the alternate skins they came in. Hell, any of the human characters in the game were decent enough to play as. A big, hulking lion man was far from his preference.

Almost worse than having to look at a furry avatar was listening to his god-awful voice lines. Russell didn't much care for the growly way the character enunciated everything. It took no talent on the voice actor's behalf; anyone could talk in a deep voice with the reverb in the background to make it sound like a cat. But the lines themselves grated on his nerves after only a few minutes. How Rengar wanted to rip his prey apart, carry their trophies back to his den, and just the way the character growled, in general, was annoying.

Not that some of the other characters, like his rival Kha'Zix, were any better. But at least some of the insect-man's lines were funny. He used more imaginative ways to talk about murder,

with puns, and the like. It was like the person who made Rengar was a twelve-year-old with a blood and gore fixation!

Needless to say, Russell had put down the character months ago with no intention to ever play as him again. The few times he had tried to play the character were enough by far. But to have misselected him by trying to click on Nidelle just as one of the other players had chosen her, fuck! He didn't want to quit the match and lose points, so Russell figured he would suffer with Rengar.

A crack of lightning from outside startled him for a moment, but Russell wasn't worried. Well, unless the power went out. He actually wanted to *win* some matches tonight! Not that he was any good playing as an assassin. The character was just too slow and bulky for Russell to get the hang of, even if he liked to play mid-jungle. He would have to be carried for sure!

The character's first line was "Tonight we hunt," making Russell groan at the stupidity of it. He figured he would at least get to the jungle, try and snipe some kills as was his goal. If he could manage using such a shitty character, that was!

The storm outside was raging now, the rain pattering against his window as Russell tried to drown it out with the sounds from the game. His team was behind, Russell's own ineptitude likely one of several factors for it. He had managed to get some kills here and there, but mid was struggling, taking resources from top and ultimately pushing them all back. It was only a matter of time before they lost the match.

Russell was getting more than a little pissed at this point. Not only did he have to deal with this subpar character, but the toxic player attitude from his teammates was really starting to get to him. His only reprieve was that none of them were using voice chat; otherwise, he might start getting *really* depressed from the harsh comments of people who didn't know him outside the internet.

He was nearly about to rage quit when the crack of a nearby thunder boom made him pause. It was right over his house from the sounds of things. Russell was about to unplug the computer, only now concerned that he had no surge protector. Yet, his meager effort was to be in vain. A spark emanated from the power cord before he could grab it, making him pull back with a suddenness born in fear.

But it was too late. His hand was close enough to the cord that he felt the lancing pain of the surge spreading through his body. Too late, he tried to pull further back, but it was as though his body was frozen in place. The lightning rushed through him, shocking him down to his core, where he was sure that his heart would stop beating.

Yet, it seemed to have the opposite effect on his heart as it began to race, making Russell close his eyes from the overload. He could not see anything, but the sensations running through him were far more intense than they had a right to be. It felt as if he was being pulled outside of himself, sucked into a black void as his heart beat faster and faster. It was akin to being pulled along with a rollercoaster ride, only much faster, more completely. And there was little left for him to do but be taken along for the ride as eventually his soul, his essence, was pulled into nothingness...

It was the sounds that first aroused Russell's consciousness. It was as though a myriad of birds and bugs were screaming in his ears, yelling at him in an annoying cacophony. He hadn't heard birds this annoying since he'd lived in the country in his youth. He used to hate being where the birds screamed at each other for sex at 5 am each morning. It was so maddening, he couldn't get any sleep, especially on nights where it was so hot that he couldn't stand to have the window closed.

But these were not the songbirds of his youth. For one thing, there were far too many of them to be dismissed as the robins, chickadees, or jays that lived in his state. These were tropical birds if his ears weren't mistaken. There were far too many species for even the area he had grown up in, much less where he lived in now, in the city.

For another thing, why the hell were they so *loud!*? It was as though each and every one was screaming in his ear, yelling at him in an ever-ending chorus. It was maddening! No wonder he had woken up. No one could sleep through that!

Russell wanted to open his eyes, to try and rouse from wherever he had found himself, but an ache in his head made it impossible. He winced a little, the pain akin to a migraine that prevented his focus. It resounded through him, as though his body had been thrown through a washing machine. The agony of it was almost as maddening as those damn birds!

Russell tried to rack his brains for the last thing that had happened to him. Something, anything that could explain his current state of being. Surely, he hadn't been that injured from the shock, if that's what it was that put him in that situation. It was the last thing he recalled. No, that wasn't true. There was something else, a sense of floating away, of entering a void and coming out the other side of...what?

Russell breathed in, getting ready to force himself to stand up when something caught his attention. Something *stank* to high heaven, something that reminded him too much of BO and a

men's locker room. It was like a thick musk was hanging in the air all around him, as though he hadn't showered in several weeks!

The more he breathed in the heady perfume, the more Russell became aware that it was practically bathing in it. The cloying stench was impossible to escape as much as he could the own underlying scent of his body. It was as though he was lying in something emitting the horrid aroma. To Russell's slow realization, it was evident that scent might be coming off *him*!

Had he rolled in something? Or had he simply passed out and woken up days later, awash in his own fluids? That didn't seem right. But what else could cause the smell? Gamer that he was, there were days that he went longer than he should have without a shower. But none of those times made him reek anything like this! It was as though he had been camping, living in the woods for weeks at a time and not bothering with any semblance of a bath.

Yet, even the rank BO did little to drown out the other smells of the world around him. The entire place *stank*, earthy scents he associated with hot and humid temperatures. They reminded him too much of rot and decay and the sickly sweet cloying scent of flowers. Russell started feeling dizzy, his head swimming from the miasma of odors that threatened to overtake him.

Russell did his best to close himself off from the scents and sounds, wishing to pass back out into another dream or nightmare. Yet, it was nearly impossible to shut his nostrils off completely. It took some time, but he was able to pick out some individual scents. The odors of animals, or what he assumed were such, made him confused beyond understanding. At least he could tell what they were, unlike everything else that was bombarding his senses!

Another quality within his own wretched stench made Russell a little nervous as well. It reeked of death and decay, a coppery, metallic taste akin to biting his lips. It was the scent of blood, only more rank, more...*present*. It was as though he'd rolled in something dead, something bloody, and that odor clung to him now!

Russell tried to right himself, desperate to find the source of the abhorrent aroma. It couldn't be coming from him, could it? Was he perhaps injured? No. Russell felt no pain, no aches to indicate that any blood was coming from him. What the hell was going on?

To his surprise, his body seemed difficult to move, heavy and unwieldy as he tried to stand. It was as though he was wearing someone else's skin, and could not work the body that he found himself in. Yet, there was a power there, a liquid grace and ease that he found himself wrapped in, as strange as it felt.

Slowly, Russell was starting to become aware that, the entire time, his eyes were closed, a subconscious reaction to try and drown out the world around him. Part of him wanted to keep them closed, not ready to reveal the reality that he currently found himself in. The other part needed answers to some of the questions that had been plaguing him for the past few moments as he tried to come to terms with this bizarre situation.

Slowly, carefully, Russell forced his eyes open, vision blurred as he struggled to take in the world. His right eye opened wide, sunlight pouring in and forcing it to wince shut again. But his left eye seemed stuck, the muscles to move it absent. There was a darkness in both eyes, although only one carried the vestiges of that bright light. What the hell...?

Trying to glance downward this time, Russell slowly opened his right eye, blinking a few times to try and remove the ache that had been bothering him. Something green and brilliant flashed before him, and it took a few moments of adjustment to try to bring the image into focus. Even then, with his singular open eye, it was almost impossible to make out simpler shapes. Russell struggled with that ache in his head, as though the effort was sending waves of pain through his skull.

Yet, the more he concentrated, the more that shapes started to come into focus. To Russell's surprise, he realized he was looking at a fern of some kind, the brilliant green almost offensive to his sensibilities. It was massive, slapping him in the face as it dangled in front of him.

It took Russell a few more moments of blinking to realize how *sharp* the contours of the fern were. It was as though he was looking through a magnifying glass, the level of detail far beyond the human vision he had worn all his life. Slowly, Russell started to realize that the colors of the thing were diluted, a deeper green than he'd ever seen on a plant before. It really did seem like he was looking through the eyes of someone else. Someone that had a different spectrum of vision than Russell could have ever imagined possessing!

The sight of his arm in his periphery drew Russell's glance back downward. A massive, padded glove covered his right hand, stretching all the way up to his elbow. But it was the sheer size of his arm that had Russell concerned. It could have easily taken three of his former lanky arms inside of it. And where the skin became exposed under the armor, it seemed to be a dirty white, sporting fur rather than the pale skin he'd expected. Whatever it belonged to, this was clearly not Russell's arm.

Pulling his other hand towards it, the sight of his finger gave him pause. His massive, sausage-sized fingers were coated in those same, coarse white hairs. But, instead of nails, the tips

seemed to be adorned with black, gnarled claws, weapons that curved into deadly crescents. They looked more like the paws of some massive beast than human fingers!

Perhaps worse was the device attached to the glove on his left hand, set just above his wrist. Ending in two sharp claws, it seemed to be a spring-loaded contraption, designed to extend as a weapon. The image was familiar, but Russell couldn't quite place where he'd seen it before.

He wanted to rub his chest and body, feeling the heavy armor-like clothing covering him and irritating the fur underneath. He seemed to be *covered* in hair, as though this body wore a coat of it! Yet, the sound of running water hit his ears, and Russell was drawn towards it, hoping to see his reflection. He had to know what was going on!

The sight of his mammoth arms, the weapons adorning his one hand, the strange senses. All of those were starting to paint a picture that left Russell shivering. As impossible as it was, there was no denying the sights and sensations coming from his body. At best, it was the most vivid dream that he had ever experienced. But the sensations, smells, and sounds were far more detailed than any dream he could imagine having.

Moving forward, Russell felt himself nearly pitch over, as though he was unexpectedly walking on tiptoes. It took him a few moments to realize that he was *indeed* walking on the balls of his feet, his heels stretched upward and making him top-heavy. More tentatively this time, Russell moved forward again, not wanting to fall on his ass. It took some effort, but soon, his strides felt more natural and he was able to make decent headway. The power in his legs allowed him to move far faster than normal, though that was hardly the most concerning thing about the whole ordeal he found himself part of.

Worse was the thing behind him that had twitched at the prospect of falling over. It sat like a rod on his backside, a new appendage that swished back and forth to help him to right himself. Russell had a good idea of what exactly it was. He decided, for now, to keep it completely still, not wanting to confirm what he believed was bobbing behind him.

His footsteps were nearly silent as he made his way in the direction of the water. The blurriness of his vision had abated somewhat, at least enough that Russell could make out the world around him. It did seem like he was in a jungle of some kind, as though it was a world far removed from that which he was familiar with. But, there was no time to concern himself with such things. Not when the body he found himself in was clearly not his own!

Bracing himself, Russell made his way to the water's edge, not wanting to touch his face lest he pass out from the shock of what he might find. He was starting to get a hunch, as impossible as it was. But, he was not prepared for the visage that greeted him in the waving

waters. It was hard to make out the features with his eyesight and the waves moving as they were. But, the memories of months and months of gameplay quickly filled in the gaps.

His hair was massive, long, and flowing down into a beard that stretched thicker than even his face. Every inch of it was twisted into a series of braids, golden clasps holding them in place on the ends. His facial hair stretched down towards his short crotch suit, which was also made of leather and brass as the gauntlets on his arms.

His chest was adorned with the same leather-studded armor, a belt holding it up around his left shoulder. His right shoulder was clad in with a massive, shield-like piece, the bones of what appeared to be some sort of animal accenting the top pointed into spikes. He couldn't see much of his chest or stomach under the armor, but it seemed massive, packed with thick muscle like the rest of his frame.

His groin was covered with a leather loincloth, held on with a thick leather belt, and met on the right side with a metal patch covering his upper thigh. His legs were equally massive, covered with the same white fur that seemed to adorn the rest of his body. Boots came up to his knees, proving his lower legs protective coverings. Yet, his digitigrade feet were bare, thick paw pads touching the ground under stubby toes and thick claws. They appeared to be the paws of a lion for all intents and purposes.

It was soon easy to see why his stance was so awkward with how massive his heel was. At first glance, it seemed to be a second joint, only his anatomy had shifted to promote his digitigrade posture. The length of his heels almost matched that of his calves, providing balance when he walked. Strangely, given how quickly he had gotten here, it seemed like it was more efficient than his human gait.

Curiosity winning out, Russell allowed his muscled body to turn, seeing the thing that he knew was hanging off his backside. Behind him were four feet of thick, ropey lion tail, covered with the same white fur as the rest of his body. The tip was adorned with coarse hairs, leaving an expected tuff. The appendage felt as though it had several joints of articulation, though Russell was afraid to try moving it, lest he find himself unable to wake from the dream and realize he truly had a tail like some sort of *animal*.

But what really scared him was his facial features. His ears were long and pointed, twitching with muscles underneath as they responded to the calls of the forest. His nose was pink and flattened, flared to drink in the scents all around. One blue eye blinked at the reflection, the other covered with a leather strap with some sort of golden gem. Face stretched into a muzzle, he pulled back gummy lips to reveal pointed, blood-stained fangs. He had a face like a lion-man's. A face that was all-too-familiar.

“RRRRuurrrrKK! RRROOO!” Russell growled at the implication of what he was looking at. It appeared, for all intents and purposes, that he was a real version of the game character Rengar! There wasn’t even anything of himself in the beast, no trace of the man that he once was. He was Rengar in body, as though he had been swapped with a being from another world.

Was that what had happened? It seemed like an impossibility. But there was no denying what he saw on his face. That surge of electricity must have been the cause, but how? There was no way people simply swapped with video game characters, did they? Surely not!

Russell tried to rationalize what was going on. He seemed to be in the real world, not a synthetic one like the video game’s graphics would have him believe. It looked and felt and *smelled* real, just as real as the one he had come from. A little *too* real, given the pungent body odor coming off his Rengar’s body. Sweat and stink and something that might have been blood. Even his *breath* was rank!

Worse was the fact that it was *Rengar* of all characters that he had swapped with. Why couldn’t it have literally been *anyone* else? Well, not anyone, perhaps. Any of the male human characters, maybe. Not that he wanted to be a video game character, stuck in what he previously assumed was an imagined world. But, of all things to be, he was stuck as a stinky, furry, bloodthirsty lion-man!

“RRRROOOO. I RRRRANT BE RRRENGAR!” He whined, his voice coming out growling and snarling. He truly sounded like the damn cat-man from the video game!

Reaching up with his massive hands, he started rubbing his longer jaw, trying to stroke at it in the vain hope that he might be able to fix his voice. What he wouldn’t do for a cough drop right now!

“RRRH CAN’T I SPPPEAK RRRRIGHT!” He growled, annoyed that the terrible voice was coming out of his mouth now. He sounded just like that shitty voice actor who did Rengar, and he couldn’t alter his tone to sound remotely like his own voice!

“I RRRRROOONNNTT RRRRANT RRRHIS!” He yelled, raging at the sky or whatever force swapped from his human body.

Even as he screamed his frustrations, Russell could feel something in his mind, another presence there that made him shudder. He did his best not to think about it, but the more he tried, the more that it seemed to edge at the fringes of his psyche.

Russell became immediately fearful; was it Rengar in his mind trying to take control? No, that didn't seem to be the case. His was the only mind in there. There were no memories or anger at being taken over. Instead, the stirrings he felt were akin to urges, deep-seated desires that kept gnawing at Russell's mind. He wanted, no, *needed*, to...what?

The sound of something rustling in the distance made Russell freeze. He knew, deep down, he had to be quiet. He didn't want the thing to hear him. Or *smell* him. Russell wasn't sure how, but he quickly found that he was upwind of whatever he was hearing. He knew that the thing wouldn't be able to smell him. And that sat well with whatever instincts seemed to be present along with his human mind.

Lowering himself down, Russell found himself creeping towards the source of the sound that was captivating him. A thick, heady scent hit him then, one that made his mouth water. It was the scent of a prey animal, the scent of *food*. It elicited a rumbling in his stomach, one that spoke of hunger. He had eaten decently in recent weeks. But a good predator was always aware when food was around. And he could still eat more.

As Russell crept forward, the sight of another weapon on the ground caught his eye. It was a twin-clawed thing, a close-range weapon to accent his own claws. He picked it up, realizing how *unnatural* it was to be holding such a thing. Even though it fit in his grasp, Russell couldn't ever imagine wielding such a thing, or even knowing how!

Still, the instincts flaring up could not be ignored. Gripping the weapon tight, Russell was compelled forward, creeping through the brush until he found the goal he sought. It was almost intriguing enough that Russell allowed himself to get into the moment. Nothing in his human life had captivated him as much as this scent, the sounds of chewing, of grazing...

Though Russell hated the idea of what he was, what he was doing, it felt *right*. He could not deny how *elated* his body seemed to be. His heart was beating faster now, almost thumping in his chest at the idea of the hunt. Adrenaline pumped through his veins as every part of his body prepared for the kill. Russell was simply along for the ride, the needs in his body too great for him to ignore.

He could smell the creature's distinct odor as he melded into the trees, the sensations natural as he crept closer and closer. The instincts were strong, simply leaving Russell along for the ride. Salivating once more, he pulled apart the last of the leaves to spot his prey. They were large, quadrupedal that Russell recognized as razorhides. Something out of the game's lore. They were dangerous in their own right. And his instincts were telling him to hunt and kill them?

Too late, the wind turned, and Russell's rank scent started to waft towards one of the beasts, who turned his head in a look of confusion. Its odor was still in Russell's nostrils, a change in the nuance enough to spur his hunter's instincts. It was a stink of fear, of lack of confidence. It was one that sat well with the sensibilities of the body he was in. He *liked* the stench, the odor that prey gave off before the hunt. It left the cat-man elated!

Before he had the chance to think rationally, Russell was on the beast, moving with a speed that was unmatched by any abilities he'd previously possessed. He was hungry, but it was more than that. He was excited, foaming at the mouth for the notion of battle. He wanted desperately to feel his weapon dig into the hide of the beast, to taste its blood. It was maddening, his need to hunt and fight!

Too late, rational thought started to leak back into Russell's head as the thing charged him, a fusion of rage and fear in its eyes. Russell felt himself freeze at the thing that could rend him apart as ran at him with frightening speed. He could not want this. This wasn't a fight he could win. He was going to be slaughtered, trampled!

Russell's new reflexes were the only things that kept him from being stomped upon as the massive, plated beast ran past him, exhaling angrily as it tried to defend itself. The scent of blood hit Russell's nose ten-fold just then, a harsh metallic odor that threatened to overwhelm him. He hadn't realized it, but the slightly more vulnerable underside of the thing had scraped along the blades adorning his weapon, enough to leak a trail of crimson across its hide.

The odor made Russell freeze once more, but this time, it wasn't out of fear. The human knew he needed to get out of here, that, even in the body of Rengar, he could get seriously hurt or killed. But the odor of blood seemed to excite the cat man, filling him with a queer sense of excitement that Russell struggled against. It was a primal need to fight, to shed blood and have his own shed in return. It was quite literally insane!

Yet, in the current circumstances, Russell had little choice but to react to the way the instincts were dictating. He didn't have enough control over his body to escape now that the singular beast had set its sights on Russell. Closing his eye, he raced forward, the scent of the beast's hide and the odor of blood thick in his nostrils. Russell didn't want to see the scene, but his other senses were so alight with the beast that he didn't need his vision to make a successful attack.

Raising his blade out, he lowered himself reflexively, going for the legs of the larger beast. It was as though he still possessed the muscle memory of hunting and fighting such a thing if that was possible. Staying low, going for the legs and underbelly, keeping the beast moving in

circles to move around to its backside to use Rengar's greater agility. It was like a dance, one that his body was well-versed in from many years of being taught to hunt.

Russell found the eagerness in his body and mind absolutely abhorrent. Never in a million years could he have imagined it would feel like this to want to hunt, to kill, and to shed blood. He had no fear of self-preservation beyond the need to keep attacking. It was as though his body was a toy, a plaything for the game of life and death his instincts craved to participate in.

The attack came faster than Russell was prepared for. His body raced forward on autopilot, low to the ground with blade extended. The thing turned itself around to charge, but it was too slow, and Russell felt his blade extend to cut at the thing's legs. He could feel it sink into the pelt, the muscles in his arm tensing as he plunged it into the softer skin. A spray of blood hit his lips, and Russell reflexively licked at it, though his human self wanted to puke. It was revolting!

The pain of something scraping his arm made him cry out. One of the beast's horns had torn into the flesh of his arm, making the cat man wince. But, the scent of his own blood and the pain flowing through his body somehow made him even more elated!

His other arm came forward, fingers tripping over the release to the claw on the edge of the gauntlet. In its thrashings of pain from the initial stabs, the beast had no ability to move away as Rengar's weapon was plunged into the thing's neck. With a series of wet gurgles, the razorhide collapsed, legs shaking weakly out from under it.

It was breathing heavily from the exertion of the brief skirmish, as well as the wounds it had endured. Russell's senses told him what his mind knew deep down but dreaded. The animal would not live long.

Yet, despite the disgust that Russell felt, the sympathy that he wanted to flood his thoughts, he could only imagine what it would *taste* like. Sinking his fangs into the meat, blood spilling over his face as he ate his fill. Worse, he looked at the beast's spikes with a sense of longing. They were even larger than the ones adorning his shoulder pad. He could harvest them, make them into a worthy trophy...

Russell snapped out of his trance, bile forming in his gullet as he ran away in shame and fear. He hadn't ever considered what it might be like to be fucking *Rengar*, but he couldn't have imagined it would be so disgusting! The notion that he wanted to eat the thing raw was repulsive, not to mention the fact that he saw it as a simple trophy. What the hell was wrong with Rengar and his whole damn tribe, anyway?

Far enough away from the site of the kill, he allowed himself to throw up, bile spattering on the ground as he finally wiped away the spit. It was revolting to imagine him being this...thing! Calling him human was far above what Rengar deserved. He was little more than an *animal*.

“It isn’t like you to retch in front of your kill. You would leave such a bounty to waste? You taste of a coward!” Said a voice, one that Russell found somewhat familiar. It was not one that he had heard in the real world, but rather as a character from league of legends...

Standing on a tree before him was a human version of Nidalee, a character that Russell played commonly in the games. She was every bit as gorgeous as Russell would have imagined her to be. Her long, flowing hair ran behind her as she stood there, spear in hand. She was barely clad with only leather and furs to cover her womanly assets. And what assets she had! Russell could clearly see her thick thighs and rounded asscheeks barely hidden by her loincloth. But that was nothing compared to the ample breasts that bounced up and down as she swayed, cleavage clearly visible under the weakened leather of the bra she wore to cover them...

“W-what are you doing? Beast!” She cried, the rage in her voice palpable. “R-Rhat?” Russell responded, immediately hating the bestial quality of his voice. What was she reacting to?

It was only then that Russell realized that his cock had come to arousal, and was visibly tenting the fabric of his loincloth. Had he been so enamored by the sight of the woman in reality that he’d popped a boner right then and there?

His cheeks would have blushed if they could have. Russell was into her, sure, but to actually be seen sporting wood and to be obviously rejected was something far more embarrassing. He couldn’t believe that even a video game character would denounce him. It was one more stain of the being that the game had forced him to inhabit. Was she not into beast-men, even though she had been raised by beasts and could shape-shift herself? Or was Rengar simply ill-equipped in the downstairs department?

Russell hadn’t thought of it before now, but he had no idea what his-no-Rengar’s member looked like. He certainly didn’t want to! He bet it looked disgusting, like something for an animal! Obviously, the video game designers hadn’t put any thought into it. He couldn’t imagine having to see it, just another reason to hate his body. He longed for the cock of any of the male humans in the game, or even his own, modest one, not the phallus of a fucking cat-man!

Nidalee seemed uninterested in his self-reflection. “I have no time for such a foolish beast. Especially one that won’t hunt for himself,” she declared, turning and leaping through the brush.

Russell went to call after her but then sighed. He’d been used to his shitty luck with the ladies. In the human world. But even in a fantasy world, where the women were made to a man’s standard, he had no chance to score, being in the body of a beast. A beast-man that had no interest in anything beyond killing and trophies. Fuck, he hated being Rengar even more, now!

Russell spent some time wandering, trying to get his bearings. The pained cries of the creature he had sentenced to death hung in his head long after he had gotten away from it. He couldn’t believe he’d wanted to kill such a creature, much less allowed it to die a painful death. Worse, he’d wanted to eat from it raw and then take its armor as a trophy! What kind of sick creature craved that?

With every step, he cursed his fate to be stuck in this body. Was this something that happened often? Had it been a freak accident? Was Rengar in his body, trying to kill his friends and family for trophies? The thought made Russell shudder.

Why *Rengar* of all characters? Surely, there were better options. Humans that could actually bathe themselves, sleep in a warm bed and get lucky with the ladies. Out here, he was still in the heat, the damp, the filth, with no bed, no food, and no shelter. He stank to high heaven, like a beast that hadn’t bothered to wash himself in months and bathed in the blood of his victims. Which Russell assumed now was accurate. It was *maddening!*

It was getting on towards dusk now, though the world was not cut off from Rengar’s senses. He could at least see at night. His hearing, though initially deafening, allowed awareness of any potential threats. And his sense of smell, although overwhelmed with the stench of the jungle and his own body odor, provided a plethora of information that he was starting to learn to process. It was the only benefit he could see to being in Rengar’s body, but it was at least something.

The cloying, nauseating scent of body odor was starting to make Russell dizzy. He hadn’t even gotten used to it after what felt like hours of walking. It was the stench of soiled undergarments, worn leather, blood, and rank musk that his feline body exuded. It was unbearable enough that he was a massive, hulking cat man. But he didn’t need to reek so bad!

The sounds and scents of water drew him forward, and Russell found himself moving out of a sense of desperation. He didn’t think jumping in a river would remove the stench, especially

if it was cold water with no soap. But, he was better than nothing, and he could at least leave his garments out to dry before putting the reeking things back on!

Taking his armor off was a strenuous affair. He wasn't sure where all the clasps and buckles were and was thus forced to go entirely from muscle memory. It took some time, but he was eventually met with more of his matted, off-white fur, stinking as was the rest of him. He was a little hesitant about taking off the loin armor, not wanting to see his junk. But, nothing seemed to be visible at a glance, save a white-haired sheath and some hanging balls that were mostly covered with the same fur. At least that was something.

The water was surprisingly warm and aided in the elimination of the cloud of insects that had gathered from the scent of body odor that Rengar had accrued on his travels. It was the first modicum of relaxation he'd had since this whole ordeal started. Russell almost allowed himself to close his eye and take comfort in the water around him. Soap would have been preferable but it was better than nothing!

Naked now, feeling safe without the scents of others around to witness him, Russell was finally about to explore his body. His left eye was fucked, just as he'd figured. He couldn't even open it with the scar it had been given. His vision was limited with just one eye, although it was sharper than his human version.

It was hard to really understand how much *muscle* his body possessed. He was hardly the most powerful character in the game, to be sure. But it was a far cry from the lanky human he had been. He could likely run, jump, and climb faster than any human, his old self especially. Though such things usually didn't concern him. Russell couldn't help but run his paw-like hand over the skin, teasing his pecs and hard-packed stomach. Russell *might* have been more impressed, had his body not been covered in white fur. The muscles did cover him all over, a sign of his bestial heritage and all of the effort gained through hunting, fighting, and living in the jungle in general.

Despite himself, Russell decided to explore the abilities of his body. He flexed his pecs, enjoying the muscles that swelled and bulged at his prompting. His arms were next, and Russell was delighted at how *big* they seemed to be, easily twice their apparent size with minimal efforts from his flexing. His meaty thighs were just as powerful, his calves toned beyond anything that Russell had seen on a bodybuilder. He could even tuck in his abs, the firm tone a pleasure to run his hands over.

Yet, he *hated* how useless his paw-hands seemed to be. The thick padding was surely good for gripping rough surfaces and maybe holding a weapon in a fight. But he could hardly feel anything with them, let alone his skin and fur! It was like wearing winter gloves that he

couldn't take off. His feet were even worse, barely aware of the sediment upon which he was standing in the river.

The hair covering his body itched maddeningly now that it was free of his armor. Worse was the fur that was around his face, likely a lion's mane. Russell was at least thankful that his hair was done up in braids so that he would not have to worry about tending such unruliness. He did have to admit, it was rather fetching on his features, having wanted to grow facial hair of his own but being unable to. Yet, it did little to hide the fact that it was a cat-man that had grown it, and that his bestial features removed any enjoyment he might feel about its presence.

Yet, none of it was more bizarre than having a tail hanging from his backside, bobbing up and down in the water as he rested. It was akin to having an extra limb, albeit one far less flexible than what he was used to. He tried moving it, the flowing water hardly obstructing his ability to use it. It took some time to realize that he actually had one, except when some unruly fish tried to bite it! That *stung*. Still, Russell could appreciate the balance it provided him, especially considering how off his digitigrade stance made it to walk.

Soon, his thoughts turned to the events of the day, and how much disdain he carried for the body he was given, despite any enjoyment its exploration gave him. Not only was he cursed with a bestial body but he was also condemned with its instincts. The urges to hunt, to kill, and to take trophies from his kills were deplorable. Worse, the instincts seemed to enjoy fighting, killing, and the thrill of the hunt. *Barf!* The skinny, human man he had been could not conceive of existing as such a being.

Worse, the instincts were on constant alert for anything that might stimulate those urges. Every bug, every call from a beast brought Renagr's hyper-awareness to the forefront. It was as though every fiber of his being was meant to be this disgusting, blood-thirsty being. What the hell was wrong with him?!

The more Russell sat in the warm water, the less he wanted to get out. The reality of his situation kept him rooted to the spot. He had no idea how he had come to be in this world in the first place. Thus, there was little chance of him having a way to get out of it. The only person he had seen this far, Nidalee, seemed shocked to see him act so out of Renagr's character. Was it that she had never seen a mind being transferred from his own world to this one? Was he the only one who had ever woken up here in another body? How had it even happened? How could Russell possibly reverse it if he had no idea what had caused it in the first place?

Intrusive thoughts played over his mind the longer Russell floated there. If he had no way to return, then what? Would he be stuck in this world, forced to live as Rengar? A slave to primal

instincts and desires that he could barely control? Russell could hardly imagine it. Forever being a lion man, hunting and killing for sport. The scent and taste of blood were revolting!

Yet, with how strong the instincts were, it seemed impossible that he could hold out against them forever. The longer he stayed in this form, the more likely he would have to give in and act like the beast that he was now in body. Russell could scarcely fathom a worse fate!

It wasn't all bad to be trapped in this world, as much as his mind knew that to be otherwise. Nidalee had been hot, after all. Way more attractive than she had a right to be. At that recollection, Rengar could feel something warm sliding from the skin on his crotch, what he slowly realized was his penis in the warm water. The sight of such a woman would make any straight man roused in the downstairs department, after all!

Getting out of the water slightly, Russell decided that he had to see it. He was not prepared for the reddish shade of Rengar's penis, or the spiky barbs that adorned its surface. No wonder Nidalee had rejected him outright! Still, the thought of her made his cock jump as it extended a few more inches. It clearly wasn't lacking in size, larger than Russell's own as it leaked its clear fluids. And it was hard as hell, clearly not interested in giving Russell a moment's reprieve from its needs.

A few sniffs on the air told Russell that he was alone, that he would not be bothered if he decided to masturbate his new sex. Deciding what the hell, Russell reached down with his paw-hand and started stroking off.

"OOOhhh, RRRessss..." He moaned, his entire body twitching as he started to rub with purpose.

Nothing his own self-exploration had ever granted could compare with the waves of pleasure that touching himself seemed to invoke. Such a muscled beast clearly had the energy and stamina to play with himself as much as possible. His hand-paws were finally good for something, allowing him to touch himself without fear of pain from the spines. It was ecstasy as he played the image of Nidalee over and over in his mind. He was so close already, just a few more pumps...

As his nose continued to sniff beyond the river bank and into the jungle, a sickly sweet scent suddenly caught his attention. It was enough for Russell's cock to retreat back into its furry home as he realized that he was not alone. Russell tried to squint into the low light for signs of its presence. There were faint notes in the air, clearly distinct from the odors of the jungle that he'd been breathing in all day. Both his memory and the sense of his new body were overcome with a

sense of *wrongness*. It was as though he was scenting something that should not exist here. Something like...

Russell's knowledge of game lore, though handy, was hardly needed in this situation. The instincts in his mind knew that the scent was wrong and that it needed to be eliminated. It was an odor of something beyond the void, anti-life, that should not exist in his world. For both he and Rengar, that could only mean one thing. Kha'Zix.

Russell immediately felt fear from being exposed to Rengar's rival. Of all the characters he would have a chance encounter with, it had to be that bug monster. He had no idea how to fight, much less in the body he was in. There were the murderous instincts, sure. But Rengar was battle-hardened in a way that Russell could not hope to achieve. This wasn't a game where he could press combo attacks, hold off on ultimates as he fought hoards of bad guys until a team member came through to help. This was life and death.

Russell moved to get out of the water, to grab his weapons or armor and try desperately to fight off his rival, one stronger than even the real Rengar could handle. But before he could even get to shore, it was too late.

It appeared as though a shadow, wisps of his form glowing in the moonlight as it shimmered in the spot. Even with his one eye and the low light of the moon, Russell could make out the purple, coral blades. The green, vibrating wings. The emerald blades on its shoulders. And the eyes, burning with an intensity that made even Rengar's instincts cower.

"You fear me..." hissed a voice, filled with malice. Russell couldn't help but shiver. He'd heard it in-game, of course. But there was something about it being spoken now that startled him. This was a creature that could kill him in an instant. Who *wanted* to rip him limb from limb and eat him, if the voice lines were accurate!

Still, there was a hatred towards that wrongness, one that was steadily welling up under the fear. Every instinct in Russell's hybrid mind was telling him that this thing needed to die. Was that all Rengar's mind could think about, even in the face of death? Hunting and killing? Was this creature mad??

Russell hated the idea that he was trapped in the body of a bloodthirsty killer. He couldn't imagine tearing apart the thing with his bare limbs like his instincts were crying out to do. Yet, that was the only way for him to survive, right? He couldn't plead with a creature that was arguably worse than Rengar. He could only hope to do enough damage to make the creature flee. He'd have to ignore the urges to kill and maim, but otherwise...

“RRRonsters can be made to feaRRR...” he growled out, a perfect recreation of the line from the game. He hated to say it, making him twitch in irritation. But, it was better to at least *try* to sound intimidating!

“I sense worthy prey...” came the reply, another line from the game if Russell recalled correctly. At least he wasn’t being talked down to, not yet!

The shadowy form seemed to shimmer in the air as it moved soundlessly towards the shore. Russell dove forward, splashing out of the water with his muscled body. He was going for his weapons, though, he realized with some fear, that so was Kha’Zix. He would be cut off, having to go between the beast to get to his stuff!

“No escape,” came the muttered reply as the creature closed the gap in an instant, moving faster than even Russell in Rengar’s body.

He was sure he possessed the speed and power to jump over the creature, but in his fear and uncertainty, he wasn’t able to muster the forward motion to try. He instead stumbled forward, splashing onto the shore as his naked body came out of the water. The predatory instincts in his mind *hated* how much noise he was making. Yet, there was no choice but to try and get to his equipment, the only thing that would give him an edge over the mantis claws of his prey. Both the instincts in his feline psyche and the human’s knowledge of the game knew this to be true.

Though the stench of wrongness hung heavily in the air, it was hard to pinpoint the exact source of the creature’s presence. Now was the only chance he had before Kha’Zix could take advantage of his greatest ability to sink into the shadows and strike silently.

“Ah...delicious,” hissed the creature as Rengar’s form came up naked above the water. Russell wasn’t sure what the demented thing was on about but had no intention of letting it off to find out!

Faster than humanly possible, Russell stormed the beach, his paws unhindered by the sand as he sprang forth, claws at the ready. It was a hopeless maneuver, Russell realized too late. Part of him, the part that feared being torn apart by sharp claws, held back too much to lean into the instincts that might have aided him.

Laughing maniacally, the creature pulled back, allowing Russell to stumble in his half-assed effort. Russell went to turn around in fear, but the sharp cool sensation of something on his neck made Russell shiver. He tried to move, yet the same sensation at the other side of his neck stopped him. Though his beard was thick, the sensation of something warm and wet

running down his cheek caught his attention. The coppery scent in the air made Russell realize that he was bleeding. Had he not his thick hair, he might have sustained a fatal wound!

“Hehe, you’re barely worth eating!” hissed the beast, its stinking breath assaulting Russell’s nose and making him want to retch.

Every instinct in his body told him to run, to try and escape. But the blades against his neck would decapitate him in an instant, leaving retreat impossible. Russell would be killed, in another world, in a body that was not his own. There was no escape as Kha’Zix had his way with him and finally took down his greatest foe.

Yet, nothing happened. Russell was not killed, rather held prisoner by the thing atop him. Russell had no desire to die, but he was entirely at this beast's mercy.

“Perhaps you are worthy for something else...” Kha'zix muttered, a sneer in his voice that made Russell shiver. If not a trophy or food, then what...?

A spicy, pungent scent entered the air just then, one that made Russell shiver. It stank worse than anything Russell had smelled thus far. He couldn't ever look back to see what it was!

Yet the sensation of something touching his tail made him wince slightly, and Russell felt his new appendage move reflexively upward. Something stiff and damp moved under his tail, and Russell shivered, the alien appendage somehow more threatening than the two blades at his throat. The object sought over his flesh, oozing gross, damp fluids all over Russell’s tail until it reached down towards the base, where he felt to be his...

The realization hit him like a ton of bricks. He’d never imagined this possibility. He didn’t want to be killed, didn’t want to lose his life. But he certainly didn’t want to be raped, either! How could Kha’Zix do this to him? It was deprived!

Russell tried to clamp his asshole shut, but the warmth of what he could only figure was a phallus kept crawling closer, relaxing his rectal muscles and squeezing its way through. It was impossible that his body could be so willingly giving up. Yet, Russell could do nothing in the face of the alien member that was penetrating his most private of places!

Russell was almost glad he couldn’t see what was happening as the beast’s cock pushed painfully into his rectum, opening him up in ways that made even the powerful muscles of the cat-man shiver. He desperately wanted to escape, but could only mew lightly as the alien phallus took him all the way to the hilt and started thrusting in and out, making Russell growl in that damnable feline baritone.

Russell looked down to see his own inhuman cock sliding from its sheath, precum glistening in the low light of the moon. It seemed impossible that he was erect at such a time. Was he not straight?! How much lower could he be but to be taken by his mortal enemy and actually *like* it! Rengar was even sicker and twisted than Russell could have prepared for!

The pleasure was coming off his body in waves now as the creature started pounding him with purpose. Rengar could feel something slapping against his plump, leonine testicles, though what it was escaped him. Whatever was happening, the pleasure was building, despite himself. Russell tried everything he could think of to fight, to resist. But he was as helpless as a newborn kitten as the beast fucked him into submission, making his own cock leak from the direct stimulation.

“Yes...submit...” hissed the vice above him, and Russell could feel his balls start to swell as his end drew near. It seemed evident that his body was a sub of some sort, and liked being taken forcibly!

A feline whimper escaped his lips as his modest cock went into orgasm, blowing its load as Russell suppressed a whine. He continued to cum, more and more of his leonine jizm unloaded as his rectal clamps clenched tightly on the phallus inside of him. A horrid stink entered the air as what felt like gallons of a slimy fluid entered his rectum, the creature atop of him evidently reaching its own release.

“Worthless prey...” hissed the being as it pulled out unceremoniously, leaving its seed deep in Rengar’s rump.

It was of little consolation that the blades against Russell’s throat released. Russell sat there, greenish fluids leaving from his ass as his visage’s nemesis smirked and ran back into the jungle, that maniacal laughter ringing in his ears. There could be no greater humiliation than the notion of what had happened. Both to his instincts and the human mind that he still possessed. Not only had he been fucked by the other male, raped, but part of him had *enjoyed* it. Was Rengar gay in the lore? Why Nidalee had so readily rejected him?

No. That wasn’t right. Everything about the encounter seemed *wrong*, both to Russell and the instincts that had taken his mind. Not only did Kha’Zix not belong here, but the scent of his spunk in Rengar’s ass did not sit well. A hunter *took* what he wanted, and was not taken. Even if he liked the notion of sex and respected a better hunter, that otherworldly freak did not belong in his world or in his ass!

Russell came to a decision then, one that made the human him shudder in fear and disgust. It was not one that he made lightly. Yet, face first in the dirt, scarred and bruised, and with the cum of his biggest enemy running out of his rectum, Russell made a solemn vow to himself, one that he had no intention of breaking.

He knew enough of the character's backstory to formulate his plan. Though he cared not for the admiration of a tribe or father than wished him to kill his most deadly foe, Russell did feel some kinship with the idea of taking Kha'Zix down. Not for any honor or glory or chance to redeem himself in front of an asshole tribe. No, it was far more personal than that.

Given the state he was in, Russell was painfully aware that he had a choice to make. Rengar had been given nothing in life. He did not have the power or strength of his littermates. He did not have the admiration of his peers. He had to teach himself how to hunt, look after himself, and collect his own trophies. Even his lost eye was a testimony to how Rengar never gave up no matter how difficult things had been.

The memories of game lore were still in Russell's mind as he reflected on how Rengar had first encountered Kha'Zix. The night that he scented the *wrongness* of the being in the jungle. Faint, but stark, skittering over his senses. How he followed the trail to find the source of the abhorrent stink. How fast it moved in the jungle, too much for the naked eye to follow. Like a shadow in a moonless night. An abomination.

He recalled all too well how the thing had snuck upon him. Knocked the knife away. How Rengar had attacked with his teeth and claws alone. How he had gotten cocky and paid for it in blood and his left eye. How the thing had gotten away, leaving only a wretched stench and wicked laugh as it had done so.

The memory easily bled into the recollections of Russell's own life, of times that he had been shamed. Job opportunities missed, loves lost, friends and family disappointed. Different than losing an eye, to be sure. But no less painful to the former human. The feelings matched that of the cat-man whose body he had inhabited. For once, Russell felt some degree of kinship with his new body. It wasn't much, but it was sufficient to keep him going for now.

He had no idea what force had placed him into a form within a fictional world. He had no idea how, if possible, that he would make his way back to his old life. Russell wanted nothing more than to get back to his human life, imperfect though it was. Never would he want to remain in the body of this stinky, bloodthirsty furry!

Yet, while he was stuck like this, Russell could help Rengar with the one goal that had chased his dreams and nightmares and taken away half of his sight. He could use his knowledge

of the game lore, his instincts, and their combined wits to find and take down the foe that had bested both of them. But, he would not kill the insect. No, Russell had another idea in mind. He would beat Kha'zix in battle. Then he would take from him what Kha'zix took from Russell. His anal virginity!