

(NOTE: (You can skip this part :P) This is probably gonna be a series, depending if the RIOT team likes this...I mean, YOU guys like this. Yeah. Let's go with that. Also, the story is written about a champion, but in their point of view. Oh, by the way, did you know that this text doesn't count? And that there's another version of this story that fits with this part? No? Cool. Now stop reading this and read the stuff below. (And yes, this was copy-pasted from the other story.))

Chapter 1:

Walking through the forest helps me feel calm, listening to the sound of the running water, the birds singing, and the wind whistling through the trees. Some would call it a quiet stroll. I call it home.

There was no better joy than to be able to rest in a familiar place. I, too, was once one of the many animals living here, but now I'm able to live like a normal human. Though it does have its downsides, such as the fact that I have to consume human lives in order to become more human, but I have stopped myself from doing so, for every time I feed on them, I become more remorseful.

As I was walking, I heard a yell, to my right. It sounded like they were chasing someone. Of course, I had to find out what was going on.

Soon, I came to the edge of a clearing, where I saw some guards gathered around a man, ready to kill him. Explaining that he tried to return something, then getting falsely accused of theft, he ran. Something inside of me wanted to save him, and I wanted to save a life, rather than consume one.

Summoning my fox-fire, I aimed it at three of the guards in the back, who screamed in pain as they fell to the ground. They all turned to the fallen men, staring in silence. Then one man, grabbing the victim, screamed at him, thinking that he did this.

I couldn't see someone being strangled to death. I had to do something! Then, the victim looked straight at me, with a look in his eye. Though I couldn't tell what he was trying to say, I had made up my mind.

I rushed towards one of the other men, knocking him backwards, then rushed back into the forest. The leader, I assume, turned towards the fallen member of his crew, where the victim kicked him backwards.

Watching from the forest, I saw the victim punching and kicking the other guards, whereas I sat back, watching and waiting.

He then turned to a guard, who was cowering in fear. Stating that he didn't want to hurt him, he asked if he could just slap him lightly instead. The guard nodded yes. With hesitation in his eyes, the man tapped his cheek, with the guard fell to the ground.

The leader (or at least I assumed he was the leader) snuck up on him, knocking him to the ground. He struggled to get back on his feet, with the leader getting closer, and closer. Ready to kill the man, I waited, ready to strike.

Then the victim said words that made me stop in surprise.

"My family IS DEAD!!!" he cried, as he punched the man in the jaw.

I paused. He had lost his family, like me. While the leader begged for him to kill him, he said no, explaining that he lost his family at a young age, before knocking the man out with a plank. He also said, and I'm quoting him, "I *really* hate the sight of blood."

Something inside of me started to show: Regret. Sorrow. Sadness. What was this feeling? And why was I feeling it now?

Curling up into a ball, he cried himself to sleep. I couldn't bring myself to kill him. Not after learning part of his story.

With the snow falling around, I picked him up, and carried him into the woods.