

Young men, women, and children scattered around the streets. Most of them had pale faces and bloody lips. The souging of the wind through the leaves joined the crowd's rebellious voices and created a suffocating, daunting atmosphere on this unfortunate day in Demacia.

In the middle of the night, vicious creatures from the North attacked the most vulnerable town in Demacia; Itarera. It was one of the neighbors of Uwendale, and it had the youngest population that were known as the apprentices, a new generation yet to become the next warriors. It was inevitable to pierce the armor of the kingdom from there if the army couldn't hinder this unpredictable attack quickly. Luckily, the enemy was forced to withdraw from the gates not long after.

It was almost afternoon, and as Garen and the other warriors of the kingdom were still fighting in the deep forest, Lux was walking among the crowd in Itarera, trying to give comfort to those who were affected the most.

Suddenly a hand grasped Lux's cloak and pulled it down. Lux turned around to see the culprit of this unexpected interaction. A boy lowered his hood and raised his head.

"Luca?" Lux kneeled down in front of him and genially held his arms. "Are you okay? Where's your mother?"

"She's safe, but the others need help."

"Others?"

"I've heard that others have helped the army throughout the course of the night, secretly. Others...like us."

So, it was serious. Lux had a feeling this was only the beginning. She immediately had an urge to be with her brother. She couldn't stay there doing nothing, especially because she was capable of so much more. "Thank you for letting me know."

"Can I come with you?"

"Luca, it's too dangerous out there. Maybe next time, okay?" Lux smiled.

Lux hugged Luca briefly and stood up. As she was about to leave, Luca uttered, "Promise?"

"Promise," Lux spoke with another smile before disappearing into the crowd.

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Between the sinister tree branches, the daylight trying to illuminate the depths of the forest, simply guided Lux to Garen. Soon darkness would take over, and the mystical forest would put forward many surprises for its visitors. Getting lost deep within the timberland wasn't advised. At this time of day, it was a labyrinth of spooky trees and mountain chasms.

Remaining soldiers were fighting not very far away from Lux and one dark soul had no intention of letting Garen go. It wrapped itself around his body and dragged him away from his comrades. Although the being was forcing him to lower his guard, Garen managed to

exorcise the entity. He was powerful, resisting the darkness, but he knew that he couldn't stand any more.

Behind an old tree, Lux was fighting with herself. Her faith in her brother motivated her to standby for a while, made her to find a way that she could help anonymously. However, as already wounded and powerless, Garen fell down onto the ground. Lux's hearth overtook her mind and she felt her magic, eager to leave her body. Ignoring the consequences, she emerged, and watched as her inner light radiated from her skin.

"The light of Demacia!"

Lux took a deep breath and let herself go onto the ground. The evil soul was gone and the forest had returned to a peaceful state, as tranquil as it could be.

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Lux listened to the silence. She knew that she had to disappear, but she couldn't move. She wanted to make sure Garen was okay. After a second, her brother opened his eyes as she watched him get up. Garen's face was turned away from her, but he knew what had happened.

"Garen," Lux declared.

Garen was filled with tears like a cloud, but his pride was preventing him to rain, held back by a lump in his throat. It was neither anger nor sadness he was feeling. It was disappointment racing through his mind. He was just not ready to confront reality, so, he turned his back and started walking the other way.

*'I knew that he vowed to never let any magic within Demacia's wall. That's why he hid his eyes from me. Because once he looked, he couldn't let me go. He couldn't break his vow.'*

"I'm sorry." Lux tried her chances one last time, hoping to change his mind.

Garen didn't know what she was sorry about. For all those years, after what had happened to their uncle, to the kingdom and all of the stories about the mages and magic, she managed to keep this a secret.

Lux wanted him to forgive her, or accept her for who she was.

But Garen wasn't ready for that.

*'Which was worse?' Lux thought. 'Me keeping a secret from him, or him having a mage sister? Either way, I knew that I had broken his heart.'*

Lux wasn't sure if Garen was going to tell their parents what happened, or anyone in Demacia for that matter.

*'Frankly, it was none of my concern anymore. I would've rather been expelled from my home than let him get killed. Air filled his lungs again. That was the most important thing.'*

For all those years Garen had the hunch, the burden of the thought that Lux was a mage, but that day his assumptions were proven true. He felt like the world was crumbling around him. He'd seen a lot, learned a lot. But now, he had to carry this truth for the rest of his life.

As Garen took another step away from her, Lux remained in the same spot. She allowed her lips to curve a smile as a teardrop slid down her cheek, and as she watched him leave, she realized it might be the last time she'd ever see him again. That's why she burned the image into her head, so it would be a memory not to forget.

*'Because it was enough for me to know that he had a future ahead.'*