

The atmosphere was unbearable, the silence after the battle was just the same. The war between Noxus and Demacia was lasting forever and ever. This time both side were taking a break.

A gleam was shining through the dark. The Noxian vanguard were around a campfire, trying to warm them up from the cold night. They were four, all dirtied by the blood of their enemies and dirt.

Arkhus, The oldest soldier was sitting alone in front of the three others, all next to each other like they were back to the military school, ready to listen to their instructor.

The veteran was grumbling. So many years in the army, so many battles and this is how he was rewarded.

He took a deep breath then look at the three young soldiers in front of him. They were really young, around fifteen, but the noxian policy was "There is no age to fight for the Glory of Noxus". Few hours before they were on the battlefield for their their first battle, "It is useless to distress them" thought Arkhus and above all, what really matters was the success of the great noxian army.

It was cold and the time was passing slowly like if the weather had frozen it, the moon was fading little by little into the darkness of the night.

The old soldier was anxious, all around them, a strange feeling was taking hold, something oppressive. It grew bigger and bigger, came closer and closer.

No one was talking but a trembling voice roused him from his thoughts, "hey old man, why not telling us about your feat of arms ?", Arkhus smiled, even in Noxus there is no age to appreciate a good and enriching story.

He started to narrate his earliest memories, but quickly one of the teenager stopped him "What's going on man ? Your story is confused, you seem out to lunch". And that was true, he was not focused. The feeling was still here, larger, scarier like if a veil was catching them step by step.

"I travelled a lot, but between all the places I have visited, one can't go away from my memory." The fear was legible on his face, his features was strict, serious.

"Do you know the legend about the Darkins ?", he was playing with the fire, stirring it with the point of his sword.

"Yeah... But are you saying that you are afraid of a tale for children ?", replies one of the three soldier.

"You are young and naive, you know nothing about our world. There was a village, lost in our land, forgotten from our capital. They didn't know anything about our hero as well. But they were praising an unknown god. They were afraid of him. The legend talks about a Darkin, feared for his strength. He came in the battlefield to bring chaos and rage and feed his sword with the blood of the fallen warriors. But one day, he fell asleep and from his nightmare came a terrifying monster, Nocturne. He infiltrates your dreams to plunge you in an eternal nightmare or drive you into madness if you are lucky enough to wake up. Never forget, no one is fearless." His last word recurred again and again in his head, with no possibility to say

anything else or stop it. Suddenly, all his world changed to black before being sucked in the darkness.

Arkhus opened his eyes. Next to him, a boy was screaming in a mysterious language.

He ran up to him and grabbed his shoulders. Shaking him to wake him up was worth the try but in vain. He was dead.

A black mist was flowing out of his mouth. The old soldier dropped the corpse and stepped back. In front of him, a shape was appearing progressively. The top of the shape was recognizable, one scary head, a puny chest and two blade-shaped arms. The shape had no bottom, it was formed by black particles who were seeping to the ground, like a cloth eroded by time, to recover the area from a black veil.

Rapidly, the world was only darkness, everything around Arkhus was gloomy. He wasn't able to see in front of him but dared to step forward.

Nocturne was standing in front of him. In a burst of courage he threw his arm in front of him to attack the monster. Nocturne span itself around the arm of the poor warrior to dodge the offensive. In few seconds, it was already on his back. In a ultime movement Arkhus tried to look back but it was already too late, Nocturne flung itself into the chest of the old man and passed through. Suddenly, all his world changed to black before being sucked in the darkness.

Arkhus opened his eyes. Next to him, a boy was screaming in a mysterious language.