

The ember glow of campfire illuminated a small troop of soldiers huddling in a narrow trench. A band of Noxian scouts. Exhausted after a full day of travelling, they established a camp just a couple miles south of a devastated village. Reports had surfaced of a powerful magic near the hamlet known as Pallas. A previous division had engaged enemy forces five days earlier, but contact was lost with them on the second night. The scouts had been sent ahead of their main forces to report their findings.

Beyond the trench in a treeline about five hundred feet away, a man was perched on a gnarled branch. His breath steadied as he pointedly edged his twisted body forwards, staring at the orange light of the fire, tolling the shadows.

"*Twelve,*" he counted. The man nimbly dropped to the ground, the caress of the moon behind him highlighting him as he stood tall. His ivory skin reflected the light. Bare-chested and draped in a red scarf that hung over his navel. His arms and legs were covered in a dark, ligneous material. Slings a massive stygian bow that gradually formed from the substance on his left arm as he moved, he skirted alongside the thicket of trees as he gained altitude over the nook, closing the distance to his prey.

An echo crawled into the back of his mind as the Bowman traced his way along the familiar ground. "*Devour them all! They are no match for our power! Sunder them Varus!*" The voice grew to a shout. Varus clasped his hands to his temples and bit down on his tongue. Pain shot across his body as the knotted substance covering his entire lower half glowed vividly. "*Not yet!*" Varus's own voice echoed back to his mind, fighting the pain and rage. His inner voice grew louder over the disembodied voice. It snarled, its dominance defied. Varus's pain began to subside, his calm returning. Breathing heavily, he continued onwards. "*Stay in the shadows! Remember our arrangement!*" Mocking laughter reverberated through Varus's mind. "*Play with your childish vengeance then! But be wary, archer! I will have my time!*"

As Varus closed in on the encampment, he spotted a lone soldier above the trench. The scout was leaning down against a small mound, just above the entrance to the trench, shivering. A lookout. Varus could see an obscuration that swelled and waned against the light of the campfire. Some of the soldiers had drifted to sleep. Varus closed his eyes and listened for the wind. The air was dry, stark & soft. It carried no weight with it. Raising the bow, he straightened his form and fired a single shot. The arrow soared as it travelled downwards, leaving a faint violet streak behind it. The sentry tilted his head vaguely as the glow travelled towards him. Reacting too tardily, his neck coiled violently as the arrow skewered through his skull. He crumpled sideways into the camp, crashing on top of the fire, its contents loudly disseminating with the impact

Shadows fluttered against the draining light. Varus made out three other men who had jumped to attention, staring at their smouldering companion. They rapidly turned to rouse the others, shouting intensely.

Shivering and semi-conscious, they quickly grouped as they woke, raising their shields out in front of them. From the darkness, Varus fired several more shots. The arrows rebounded harmlessly off the shields, glowing faintly as they spiralled through the air. Their eyes following the trail, the scouts watched the grass die and rot around a fuchsia shard that had landed at their feet. A foul smell wafted upwards from the spreading blight. Their gaze quickly drew upwards, desperately trying to see where the volley had come from in the pitch darkness.

The raspy voice appeared in Varus's mind again; "*Hasten their destruction, Varus! Make them know a horror unseen for eons!*" The voice grew excitedly as Varus's right arm began to burn with a pulsing pressure. Clenching his jaw in response to the pain, he drew the arm back forcefully as a gargantuan, blood-red arrow slid out of his palm. The pain was nauseating. His vision dulled slightly as he tried to balance his aim. When he couldn't bear it any longer, Varus roared as the arrow tore itself from his hand and rocketed towards the camp.

The thundering crunch of steel bellowed outwardly as the arrow cleaved through the bulwark of men. Varus could hear screams that quickly cut out. Under the moonlight, the arrow stood crookedly within the trench. Three men had been impaled on it. Another four tried to pathetically drag themselves away, crying and rapidly bleeding out from their disembodied limbs. Varus spotted a lone soldier clambering out of the ditch, confused and blindly swinging his sword. Varus swiftly fired another shot. The scout bellowed in pain as the arrow dug itself into a nick below his elbow. Quickly snapping the arrow, the soldier fervently tried to cover his wound. Wincing, his face turned pale as the veins within his arm turned a sickly colour; the same shade as the glow on the arrow that pierced him.

He screeched in agony as the plagued substance began to spread throughout his arm, rotting it away as it turned black & melted from his body. He dropped to his knees in shock, grasping at the leftover stump. Another arrow thwacked into his chest above his sternum. The lower half of his body was still kneeling in the ground as his torso severed itself from him in a spray of crimson.

The last three remaining soldiers bolted out of the ditch. Heads rapidly turning in a frenzied panic, they didn't notice the moonlight darken momentarily as arrows rained down upon them, sticking them to the earth like a pincushion. Varus then skulked towards the camp, noticing the crippled soldiers. The guttural voice rang through his head again as he raised his bow one last time.

*"Wreak your retribution!"*