

For years Sarah was always running, never stopping, constantly moving towards the next target. Today was no different. Through the busy streets of Bilgewater Sarah ran. She was looking for something.

“Can’t one of you lot catch *one* damned woman?!” The voice echoed through the cobblestone streets of early morning Bilgewater. In a few hours these same streets would be flooded with pirates, buccaneers, and the like sailing in from all ends of the world. The merchants will be out and about peddling wares and causing commotions here and there while bartering with foreigners. For now, a gentle fog made its way through the alleyways, obstructing an otherwise perfect view of Sarah Fortune’s backside.

While each of Sarah’s steps were purposeful and measured, her chasers’ steps were just the opposite. They clamored and bumped into each other through the narrow alleys of the sleeping marketplace. When the chase had begun forty men tailed the lone pirate but by Sarah’s count they were now down to thirty.

Every so often Sarah could see through her long red locks long enough to show her would-be captors the cold blue eyes her father had passed down to her. The same way she remembered his eyes would grow quiet before striking hot metal, she now glanced at the throng behind her.

She couldn’t help but smile at the thirty men and their inability to run through the streets of a city they claimed to own a piece of. Sarah’s amusement continued as she took hard turn after hard turn always staying just far enough away that they could see her unmistakable red hair fly around the corner just out of reach.

When she was younger Sarah would run the streets of Bilgewater to pick up materials or make deliveries for her father. The greatest Hextechsmith in Bilgewater, for a long time, was her father. He had long since tragically passed, but not before putting the final touches on the culmination of his skill: two hextech pistols unlike the world had ever seen aptly named Shock and Awe.

Even for Sarah Fortune thirty men at once may prove too tall a task. Her slight smile turned to a full-on grin as she slowed her pace just slow enough to get a good look as the first few men barreled around the last corner she had taken.

Two men lined up perfectly for the first of Sarah’s shots. Their eyes filled with bewilderment as they saw Sarah turn in one fell swoop and lift her left arm. Right down the barrel of Shock her blue eyes stared down the men and with a pull of a trigger she fired the first shot.

The bullet ripped through the air as its song echoed loudly against the stone architecture. The first shot ripped through the first man’s heart. Perfect aim for the hextechsmith’s daughter. However, the more impressive part of the shot was after the bullet passed through the first man. The shot continued and traveled straight into the second man’s skull. Sarah Fortune’s aim was devastating.

Twenty-Eight.

The crowd slowed its speed after witnessing Sarah’s brilliant shot. They looked down at their now deceased compatriots and hesitated. Sarah again took off in her slowed down pace as if daring the horde to continue their chase. They eagerly complied.

The sweet scent of the ocean was on the air grew steadily strong and Sarah knew she was almost at her destination. The gentle lapping of waves onto the docks grew louder as Sarah continued her way down to the water.

Sarah turned the corner and reached the penultimate stop on her journey, the White Harbor. A Noxian galleon rested in the docks of the White Harbor unloading its goods. Sarah eyed the pulleys and levers of the giant ship and prepared for the awe-inspiring portion of today's morning jaunt. She again adjusted her speed so the now more cautious horde would willingly take the bait.

The group of men finally made the corner and spotted Sarah in the distance. The men entered a full sprint seeing the slowed down pirate. This was their best opportunity to finally lay hands on their prey. They took the bait hook, line, and sinker.

This time with her right arm stretched out she pointed her father's second most beautiful creation and fired Awe into the air. The men weren't deterred.

Their vision tunneled until they heard the crack of wood above them. The sound of Noxian-made cannonballs breaking free from their wooden shipping box directly above stopped them in their tracks. The front portion of the horde were bombarded with cannonballs raining down on top of them. The docks beneath them gave way and soon almost half of the horde disappeared into the harbor.

Thirteen. She could do thirteen.

Sarah waited for the shock and awe to wash from the faces of the few enemies she had left. She stood still for the first time since starting her run waiting for them to decide. They could run back and regroup. Surely Gangplank's fleet had more men, more resources to pull from. But Sarah knew. A crew is a reflection of its captain. Gangplank was fool. He would chase and so would these fools.

Sure enough when they stared into Sarah's blue eyes from across the dock they again gave chase. They didn't notice how the alleyways were getting more and more narrow or that Sarah's pace had been slowing since the chase started. All they saw was that their prey had led them into a dead end.

Sarah turned on a dime. She rose both Shock and Awe this time and she let loose her fury. She fired deftly into each of the thirteen remaining men. Multiple bullets found foreheads and chests. They had run into a torrent of death, blood, and bullets. The glow of the gunfire illuminated Sarah's smiling face.

Thirteen of Gangplank's best lay bloodied and lifeless on the cobblestone alleyway.

Sarah walked past her prey smiling. He's next.