

Demanding roars echoed throughout the thicket. An armoured ring of six soldiers connected by chains to a small, feathery creature in the middle. A small Noxian scouting party. Their division had been directed towards the southern coastlines of Ionia after reports of a magical weapon in the area. One of the men, losing his patience, had broken from the circle inwards, lifting the creature with a heavy kick. Its' scream of pain cut short as it gasped in an attempt to breath. As it landed, the man leaned over the creature, narrowing his eyes. He drifted his hand into a small satchel by his side and drew out a small, black rock and held it above the whimpering animal. "You know what happens when you play the fool, don't you?"

A jagged grin crept out of the man's dirt-strewn face, the scars on his cheeks lengthening his wretched smile. As he brought the rock closer, it hummed as strands of blue light seeped outwards from the creature, its body convulsing in pain as its life force was slowly drifted. Moments later, the man put the stone away, letting the creature recover. It slowly got up, hackles raised before its attention was divided as it diverted towards the south-east of the troop's direction. Desperately it began pining and almost raced to where it felt a heavy essence. Its chains became strained & taut as it started to drag the soldiers with it. The lead soldier chuckled to his compatriots at the sight of the creature slowly dragging them towards a small inlet within the treeline. The closer the creature got, the more desperate it became, whining loudly and dragging its talons into the dirt, clawing it's way forward despite the combined force holding it back.

As the creature slowly got further, a small whistle flicked by its ears, followed by the sound of shattered metal. The collar binding the creature had been shattered, and in its freedom, darted hastily into the inlet. The soldiers had been knocked backwards, the tension going slack they tripped backwards over themselves, their heavy armour clunking against the ground amidst gasps of surprise. As they picked themselves up, they noticed a violet shard on the dirt near where the shattered collar was lain. The grass around it had quickly began to rot and die, leaving a small black patch where it had been previously a verdant green colour.

The creature rushed as quickly as its beaten body could manage. The haze of magic getting ever heavier in its senses. As it reached the most intense part, it saw nothing. However it heard a small creak above it. Tilting its head upwards, the creature saw a pale, nimble man leaning against a branch. Letting out a small mew, the man's attention turned downwards to the creature. A red scarf hung over his face and bare chest. He hefted a large stygian bow. An archer. The magic that enticed the creature initially now felt nauseous, wrong. Repelled by the sickly feeling, the creature darted back into the brushes, taking its new-bound freedom with it.

A voice echoed in the archers' mind. *"A perfect distraction. Rend unto them what they have taken from you, and relish in your new found power. Use what I have given you to punish every last one of them!"* The archer raised his bow & he loosed three shots that seemed to come from out of his very hands, a small purple light expanding as each arrow shot outwards. They raced towards the still confused soldiers

“Ambush!” Quickly raising his shield as he leaned forward the lead soldier ducked his body behind the metal cover. The other five soldiers followed suit. Three more whistles screamed towards their direction. Three quick thuds as the arrows dug themselves into the shield, one poking through the lead scout's shield. As he eyed it, it oozed a sickly colour. The head glowing with a dark violet. His breathing became tightened, the poisonous aura leaking from the jagged tip forced him to move away from his shield as an intense nausea crept up from his stomach.

A fourth whistle rang by, finding its mark within the lead soldier. He bellowed in pain as the arrow dug itself into a nick between his forearm and elbow. He quickly snapped the arrow. As he fervently tried to cover his wound he noticed the veins within his arm turning a sickly colour; the same shade as the glow on the arrow head that was poking through his shield.

He gasped & cried in pain as the purple shade spread throughout his arm, rotting it as it turned black melted away from his body. As he dropped to his knees in shock and grasping at his stump, another arrow thwacked into his chest, just above his sternum. The lower half of his body still kneeling in the ground as its upper half disconnected itself from him in a spray of gore. The rest of the soldiers screamed in horror, two of them vomiting heavily. All of them were jittery and pale faced.

A low rumbling befell their ears, coming from the inlet. The archer was slowly walking towards them, with his bow grasped in one hand, and an arrow the size of a ballista rod held in the nock of the bow. His path slowed as he roared with purposeful fury and pulled back the massive arrow. The five remaining scouts dropped their shields and ran screaming in the direction of their division, hoping someone would hear their cries. A roar of wind tore in their direction, the arrow spearing through two soldiers before shattering into a tree trunk, impaling them. The archer turned and quickly aimed his bow upwards, firing rapidly. The sky momentarily turned black as the three remaining soldiers were skewered by the flood of arrows, their screams cutting short as arrows pierced their bodies. Within a matter of moments their bodies had been reduced to a fuchsia ooze, only their rapidly rusting equipment was a sign that they were ever there.

The archer stood still, letting out a breath as his rage passed. The voice once again called out to him. *“Their camp is not far from us now Varus. Come, let me guide your rage into their hearts.”* Varus moved past his quarry, slowly dragging his feet towards the distant smoke that bellowed before him.

