

The Terror of the Void

Kassadin forced his breathing to slow as the sound of massive footfalls grew nearer. After weeks of searching, following a path of death and destruction, he had finally found Cho’Gath.

The Void Walker hid behind an ancient pillar, feeling the energies within him react to the familiar, deadly presence. Kassadin’s existence was a constant struggle to contain the ravenous Void within him. Always, it fought to expand and consume, but in the presence of Cho’Gath, his struggle multiplied tenfold.

He closed his eyes in concentration, the Void slowly giving way before his force of will. He contained it, compressing it within him – an impossibly dense sphere of infinity. He had long since given up understanding the logic of it. The Void was not governed by the laws of Valoran.

His attention was suddenly called elsewhere by the sound of rumbling beneath him. He stepped through a Void Rift just as massive spikes erupted from the ground where he had stood. They disappeared into the ground as quickly as they had come, leaving a patch of broken earth and stone.

The sound of monstrous laughter assailed his ears as Kassadin stepped out of the rift. Still out of sight, Cho’Gath spoke.

“Did you think I would not feel your presence, parasite?” His voice was a harsh growl of intelligent malice.

Kassadin stepped out from his hiding place to confront the monster. “Return to the Void, demon.” He projected, his respirator giving his voice a mechanical, almost alien quality.

He felt a surge of adrenaline as Cho’Gath came into view. Spikes and extra limbs projected from his chitinous armor. Massive teeth framed a cavernous mouth with a constant snarl. He was *massive* - easily 4 times the height of Kassadin. Wicked eyes flared with anticipation as they came to rest on the tiny mage.

“I will bring the Void to me, fool. I need not return!” The monster sneered, its footsteps churning the earth as it moved toward The Rift Walker. “*You* are the scourge upon the world!” Cho’Gath continued. “The Void cannot be contained; your efforts are *worthless*!” As if for emphasis, spikes shot out of Cho’Gath’s armor, flying with terrible speed at Kassadin.

With a wave of his hand, a purple wall of force blossomed before the mage, scattering the spikes harmlessly around him. He stepped into a rift again just as a massive claw descended with bone-crushing force.

He stepped out behind the monstrosity, casting a null sphere into its bulk and pouring his power into a slash with his Nether Blade. Cho’Gath’s scream rent the air as the energy pierced his armor. He spun, dislodging the blade with a spray of purple gore, and an armor spike struck the mage – knocking him to the ground.

Before Kassadin could rise, a massive claw slammed into the earth, imprisoning him between the pincers. Cho’Gath leaned down and roared, spraying thick saliva. The scream pierced Kassadin’s mind, filling him with long-buried visions of Icathia. The visions bathed his mind in a panic that he had long since thought himself to have conquered.

“Do you feel the Terror of the Void?” Cho’Gath mocked.

The claws closed around Kassadin and lifted him from the ground until he was at eye level with the monstrosity. He struggled feebly as the visions continued to prey on his mind.

Ravenous chaos, its very existence agitated until every molecule was locked in a constant struggle to consume all else. It hungered for him still, the energy within him straining against the confines of his will.

Grim determination cut coldly through Kassadin’s panic. “You will not be allowed to prey on this world.” He said.

Cho’Gath growled a sinister laugh through his teeth, globules of saliva beginning to dribble onto the mage. “You, *and* this world belong to the Void.” He replied, and raised Kassadin to his gaping maw.

“Perhaps you are right.” The Rift Walker replied, and released the caged, ravenous Void within him.

With a deep, resonant throb of power, a massive rift opened, latching hungrily onto Kassadin and his enemy. Sand and rocks around the rift were stirred into a chaotic cloud, with purple lightning arcing occasionally between the stones.

The Void took hold of the combatants, pulling them in with irresistible power. They seemed to warp and stretch as they were sucked, powerless, into the rift.

“Nooooo!” Cho’Gath screamed, the single word quickly shifting into a primal scream. The scream was cut short as the rift closed, bathing the ruins in an eerie silence punctuated by the clatter of sand and rocks.

In the following years there have been accounts of small rift sightings in various locations around Shurima. Some of the more detailed sightings describe what seemed to be a blade, piercing the air and slicing a slit in the fabric of reality. Strangely, there have been no reports of anything emerging thereafter.

Some theorize that the Rift Walker searches even now for access back to his homeworld; that perhaps, after defeating his enemy in the void, he has been unable to find a route that would not expose Runeterra to further horrors. There are also theories that he has been entirely overcome by the Void, and seeks a path that will *allow* it to follow after him.

Regardless of the answer, one thing is clear. Something must be done to defend against the evil that emerges from Icathia. With Kassadin gone, Valoran has become dangerously exposed to the terrors of the Void.