

Malcolm Graves hates the sea, the ships and the city he was born in.

Bilgewater is a huge cauldron. Should you come here, you get into a brew of boiling blood. Whores, thieves, liars, traitors and murderers — they are all here, stewing on low heat, biting each other's throats in vain attempts to rise from the bottom to the surface. Should you come here, the city will take you in and swallow you, or — if you resist — will skin you and throw your bones to the fun of the crowd, to the joy of the Mother Serpent, the Bearded Whore.

Malcolm Graves is the flesh of Bilgewater's flesh, the thug who has shed more blood than ever flowed in his veins, but he hates every place here for reminding him who he used to be. Now he works in the port, unloads vessels coming from Valoran from dawn till dusk. Wooden gangways spring when he descends to the shore, carrying boxes with Noxian weapons, bales of cloth, bags of Ionian spices and containers decorated with Piltover's emblem.

He usually stays in the port until sunset, and if he doesn't find any night work, he goes to the nearest tavern and gets drunk. He is well known there, nobody bothers him with conversations or questions. Glass after glass this cheap booze burns his mouth. He doesn't talk to anyone, just drinks.

After that he returns to his place through the city that stinks with blood, money and slaughter, the city where people can kill for a funny look, a wrong word, or for old but unforgiven sins.

Malcolm Graves is not afraid of street gangsters or those whose paths he once crossed, but he is afraid of a woman with a narrow face. Every day he exhausts himself with work and drinking, hoping that the night will bring him oblivion, but nothing helps and he sees dreams.

The woman that comes to him at night is beautiful. She wears copper bracelets on her skinny hands, her hair is dressed in a sophisticated manner, the dress flows along the body as if it's made of water. Her eyes burn with cold blue fire. She comes closer, Malcolm Graves knows what happens next but he can't move. She sits on the edge of the bed, she puts a cold hand on his face.

"Why did you forget?" the woman asks. "How could you forget?"

Malcolm Graves feels the first sprouts of horror growing inside him.

The woman lies beside and hugs him. Her cold hands are clasped behind his back like iron chains. She whispers right in his ear: about how he was betrayed and how he had to pay for this betrayal. Malcolm Graves remembers — day after day — all the years he spent in jail.

"Why did you forget, Malcolm Graves?" She asks again. Her face is too close, and he sees only her eyes — two drops into the blinding abyss. "Remember the taste of your hatred, Malcolm Graves, and then we can help you."

The woman kisses him.

Malcolm Graves shouts into her mouth and wakes up from his own scream. The room is still dark, and he realizes that he barely slept for a couple of hours. He lights a cigarette, then lights up the next one, and so on until dawn. He gets up and returns to the port, to the job that he hates.

To the job that keeps him alive.

Yes, he once lived with hatred for hope, he forced himself to remember and hate. He waited for the day he could walk out the prison, find his enemy and make him pay for everything.

Malcolm Graves thought that his hatred was stronger than the stone cell he was kept in, and he didn't realize that the prison had broke him. After hatred came emptiness. And when the door of his cell finally opened, he no longer wanted revenge. He wanted peace.

He returned to Bilgewater. He found a job, found a way to live and had almost found peace. Then came the dreams.

Malcolm Graves is afraid of a woman with a narrow face and hates her for telling him the truth. But he continues lying to himself, convincing himself that everything is fine, and he could force himself not to remember.

He lies to himself and believes those lies, but the day comes when this belief crumbles like a house of cards. The day comes when Twisted Fate appears in the same tavern he used to get drunk.

Everything happens too quickly. He notices a familiar hat in the corner where the gamblers gather. The card behind hat's belt shines with magical light. He rushes through the room. He flips the card table. He squeezes his hand on the throat of his enemy.

Only to realize his mistake.

The gambler wheezes trying to remove the hand from his throat. The card — the most ordinary one — falls out on the floor. Malcolm Graves steps on it as he walks toward the exit. Now he knows what to say to the narrow-faced women: his hatred tastes like gunpowder and silver coins.

He returns home and realizes that he cannot fall asleep.

After midnight Malcolm Graves hears a knock. He opens the door. A woman from his dreams stands on the doorstep. Her arms are covered with bracers instead of bracelets, a tall helmet instead of a complex hairstyle, and instead of a silk dress — old rusty armor, chest plate bent in the center where the spear sticks out. She's definitely dead, her bloodless lips move:

"You remember, Malcolm Graves," she says. "Are you ready?"

He nods.

She pulls the spear out of her chest.

Malcolm Graves squeezes the shaft without hesitation. The tip of the spear enters his stomach surprisingly easily. He falls to the floor and the woman kneels next to him, strokes his head.

"You're no longer alone, Malcolm Graves," says Kalista, the spirit of vengeance. "We came. We will help you to have revenge."