

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 about bartering with foreigners. But 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 ways of the sleeping marketplace. When they had begun forty men had chased the lone woman and by Sarah’s count she was down to thirty.

Every so often Sarah would 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 calm and quiet before striking hot metal, she now stared at the throng behind her.

She couldn’t help but smile at the thirty men and their inability to simply run through the streets of a city they claimed to own a part of. Sarah continued her amusement as she took hard turn after 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 Hextech smith in Bilgewater, for a time, was Sarah’s father. He had long since passed, but not before putting the final touches on the culmination of his skill: two hextech pistols unlike the world had ever seen named aptly Shock and Awe.

Thirty may be too many Sarah thought to herself. Time to separate the wheat from the chaff a little bit. 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. Through the first man’s heart went the shot. Perfect aim for the daughter of a blacksmith. However, the more impressive part of the shot was after ripping through the first man the bullet continued and traveled straight into the second man’s skull. Sarah Fortune’s bullets when tasting blood can’t get enough apparently.

Twenty-Eight.

The crowd slowed its speed as well after witnessing Sarah’s aim. They looked down at their now deceased compatriots and hesitated. Sarah ran in a straight line this time as if daring the horde to continue on after her. They complied.

The sweet scent of the ocean was on the air even more now and Sarah knew she was almost at her destination. The gentle lapping of waves onto the docks grew steadily 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 horde would see her and make their toward her.

The group of men finally made the corner and spotted Sarah in the distance. The men entered into a full sprint seeing this as their best opportunity to finally lay hands on their prey. 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 resting place above the men 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 their captain. Gangplank would keep going. 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 slowed considerably from when they were chasing her before. They didn't notice the wall at the end of the alley Sarah chose. They didn't notice that Sarah had led them into the longest alley in Bilgewater.

Sarah turned on a dime. She rose both Shock and Awe this time and then she let loose. 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 face.

Just another day in Bilgewater.