

have this wish i wish tonight

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have this wish i wish tonight

by [dippy](#).

Summary

Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have this wish I wish tonight.

A-Z collection of one shots in the Star Guardian AU. Use chapter index to navigate and find your ships (will have a slash). C:

Notes

A for Angel

This chapter is a retelling of the Light and Shadow cinematic, as the prompt came to my head. The rest of the series will be more original stuff though. I plan on writing about all the Star Guardians equally and exploring different character dynamics and relationships.

angel [neeko]

Chapter Notes

This chapter is set during the music video Light and Shadow, but all other chapters fill gaps between canon.

She is falling, Neeko realises. Falling down, down,

d

o

w

n

into darkness, hate, fear.

Nightmare nightmare nightmare.

Shrill, cruel laughter rings in her ears, surrounding her. She saw her friends, fallen and defeated, their lights extinguished, nothing but puppets with their strings cut. She is hyperventilating. Everything feels cold, even the tears on her face. Darkness spreads. The cold cuts deeper into her soul. *No*, she thinks, *Neeko will not fail friends*.

She clutches at herself and tries to remember: all the times she and Rakan would marvel at the human world while Xayah pretended not to be interested, all the times Ahri tried to correct her fashion choices, all the times Sarah would drive them out for ice cream.

The pain subsides, and a warm light engulfs her, eating away the darkness. There is a crack in the temple wall. Neeko and Zoe both turn, as the crack spreads and the wall breaks open. Light fills the room, overwhelming amounts of light, and a figure lands gracefully on her feet.

Neeko thinks Ahri is an angel, with the starlight streaming in from behind her. Strawberry blonde hair shining like a halo, violet eyes softening as they make eye contact. Ahri's mouth twists into a sad smile and Neeko knows she is trying not to cry. They both would, after this, arms around each other, but not now. Neeko rises to stand. The fight is not over.

black hole [rakan/xayah]

The darkness growing in them is like a black hole, eating away at all their light. Every time, after every fight, they are left breathless and exhausted.

'We've done it again,' Rakan thinks as Xayah rests her head on him. *'We've killed for her again.'*

His eyes look down at her, feeling her body heave with drawn breaths. This is one of the few times she lets herself be weak and open to him. Carefully, his fingers trace her face and she doesn't protest him. His heart hurts, as the simple pleasure of *just holding her like this* could make him cry, but their eyes have long dried of all tears, so he steels himself and concentrates. A soft, warm light appears in his hands where he holds her, and her breathing evens. The darkness subsides from her body and she closes her eyes to rest. Rakan keeps holding her, though even these small actions are draining as his own body absorbs the darkness in turn.

'One day, it'll be enough to save you. I love you, miella. I love you.'

constellations [ezreal/lux]

Chapter Summary

Ezreal and Lux gaze at the stars.

One last glimmering blue mystic shot does it. Lux and Ezreal both transform back into their normal, civilian selves, panting. Lux looks over to him and he grins.

“Told you we wouldn’t need backup.”

She laughs. She wants to tell him off for being cocky, but she knows he didn’t mean it. They had ran into some monsters on their way home and tracked down a small void opening. While Lux had wanted to text for backup, they assessed that the risk was low and didn’t want to bother the others.

It had grown late, she observes, as they decide to walk back into the city. The sun had set and the sky was finally starting to darken into a deep, indigo blue.

“Lux?”

The stars are out, twinkling above them.

“Lux!”

Lux breaks out her dreamy stargazing, embarrassed as Ezreal laughs.

“Which one are you looking at?” he asks.

She blinks, processing the question. “Not any specifically, I suppose.” Her pink eyes scan the sky and she smiles as she points to a familiar cluster of stars. “I don’t know many constellations, but I’ve always liked Galio, the colossus.”

Garen had taught her that one, their parents having taught him, the patriotic Demacians they were.

Ezreal knows a lot more than her. Of course he would. He points many out to her - the cryopheonix, the elder dragon, the scuttle crab and the four darkins. When she asks him if he has a favourite he shrugs, thinks for a minute, and chooses The Great Weaver, with no explanation other than “Shurima’s really cool.”

They continue walking, staring up at the constellations and telling their stories. Lux is disappointed that their walk has to end, but she smiles and waves him goodbye, trying not to

blush as Jinx harasses Ezreal out. He laughs, unbothered, and winks at her. Lux's diary entry that night is accompanied by doodles of stars and constellations.

disaster [ahri]

Chapter Summary

Xayah and Rakan have fallen to Zoe's darkness and destruction. Neeko has escaped but is presumed dead.

The first few days were the hardest.

At first Ahri couldn't believe it. When it started processing, she had vomited all over Sarah who had gone to comfort her. It felt like her world was spinning out of control, spinning, spinning, and eventually smashing to pieces. Her heart broke, leaving nothing but sharp pain and anguish in her chest.

They were dead. Xayah, Rakan and Neeko had all died fighting Zoe - died under her leadership.

The vomit left her mouth metallic and sour. She could feel tears like hot lava streaming down her face, runny snot forming and the ragged heaving of her chest, shaking her whole body. Sarah was clutching her hand, silent and white as a sheet. Fuck, Sarah. Ahri gasps harsh air in and tries to calm herself, mind racing as she realises Sarah has seen this before, felt this before and has to feel it all over again now - her parents had been killed by these monsters years ago. Ahri runs her hands over her face, wiping away tears and snot, so her violet eyes meet emerald.

Sarah Fortune stands stiff, but Ahri can see the cracks - their hug is deathly tight, her red brows furrowed and jaw clenched, the way Boki and Baki are uncharacteristically quiet.

The first few days were the hardest.

The two girls could barely speak to each other. What was there to say? Their friends were gone. Sarah was always headstrong, but now she threw herself into combat with no self-regard. Ahri summoned fox fire after fox fire until the arcane magic burned her skin and the monsters alive. They continue to fight against the void, though both long to tear Zoe apart in vengeance.

Months pass. Ahri accepts the arrival of Syndra, guarded but open. Sarah is more skeptical. Thankfully, the mysterious and secluded new guardian did not press to become besties. By now, the duo had managed to settle back into their civilian lives and grew closer than ever before. More months pass as Ezreal and Soraka are chosen by the First Star. Ahri is able to hold her chin up and be the leader again. Her smiles are disarming, her charisma is back and authority strengthens as she vows to never lose a teammate again, because now she knows - *"Destiny is crueller than you can imagine."*

enigma [janna/syndra]

Chapter Summary

Janna visits Syndra in the Astronomy room.

Notes at the end for footnotes and more indepth lore/headcannon about this ship to avoid giving the whole chapter away.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Syndra spends almost all her free time alone. Free time being, of course, when they were off Star Guardian duty. She likes the quiet of libraries, the grandness of galleries and the comfort of her own hiding spots in town or in her room. She reads - classical literature, non-fiction, essays, plays and theatre scripts. She simulates chess problems and solves them. And at night, Syndra can be found in the University's Astronomy room.

(She isn't supposed to be in here after hours using equipment, but her excellent grades and intimidating glare lets her slide by.)

It's peaceful to look up the stars, noting down patterns and movements, but it also makes her remember things she wishes she could forget. It had felt liberating when she was assigned to Earth, where no one knew who she was and where she came from. Her new team never pressed her, they let her remain a mystery and an enigma, and it had felt like a fresh start... Until she saw *her* again.

"Leave," Syndra says, without looking away from her telescope.

Though she made no sound, Syndra has been expecting her, and Janna lets her presence be known. The air in the room shifts as though alive, a soft breeze always accompanying her and making her hair sway and subtly float, and there is scent to the air. Ever since they ran into each other at Camp Targon, Syndra has been expecting this visit.

"Run back to your little friends, Janna. I'm sure coddling them makes you feel better about yourself."

Janna is unbothered by her barbs. "Long time no see."

Syndra doesn't look at her, as she continues on making and annotating diagrams, trying her hardest to ignore her but now she can't concentrate. The last time she saw Janna, they had both walked away from each other, but it would be a lie to say that they never looked back.

"Let me help you," Janna says, quietly, as though to not disturb the space between them.

Syndra grits her teeth, trying to ignore her.

“Let me try.”

“No!” Syndra whips her head towards her. “You may fear it but I know I can control it.”

“I have never been scared of you,” Janna scolds, a crease forming between her brows. “You are the one always running.”

Long fingernails dig into palms, leaving angry red crescents in their wake. Syndra fumes and feels herself start to float, power surging as she transforms, Multi by her side. She is tempted to let Multi smack Janna in the face a few times. Janna transforms as well in response, but isn't intimidated by Syndra's aggression. Janna merely means to match her as she starts to walk over, closer step by step, until the two are only inches apart. Her hand, cool and soft, reaches for Syndra's hair, moving it out of her face and carefully lifting the eyepatch. Two irises stare back at her, one a deep violet amethyst, one an angry blazing ruby.

Syndra watches Janna's face carefully as the corrupted eye is revealed, almost hoping to see a glance of hesitation or fear. Syndra is frustrated to learn that in their time estranged, Janna's ability to remain calm has evolved into her permanently wearing it as a mask - one Syndra finds herself eager to crack.

“Let me try,” Janna whispers, and when Syndra doesn't respond, she takes this as a yes. Her lilac eyes start to glow, her feet are no longer touching the ground and the air starts to whip around them with more intensity. Syndra can feel Janna's healing winds wash over her, and she gives in to its rejuvenating power. Her body feels lighter, her muscles relaxed and she smells magnolias and lavender, sweet and fresh, like soap and clean sheets. When the winds settle, Syndra can feel that the dark corruption in her has subsided, but not fully dispelled.

“Perhaps if I was a green star I could do more...” Janna murmurs, and the genuine sadness in her voice disarms Syndra. It had been a long time since she let anyone close to her, care for her, that any words she has dries in her mouth before they can form.

So instead, Syndra lets her stay and together they watch and sketch the stars.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to the anonymous who commented about this ship tag! I would've replied but this chapter was almost done and I wasn't sure if you would get a notification.

So why Syndra/Janna? In the short story "Starfall" they recognise each other and Janna tells a story a Star Guardian who lost her whole team to a great evil, who she then tried to confront. There are a few theories, but my headcannon for this story is that Syndra lost her whole team to Zoe and grew corrupted from the fight. Syndra's eyepatch covers her corrupted eye. Syndra has her own goals which are unknown. For the purpose of my story, she is not completely evil. Now how do Syndra and Janna know each other? No

idea! I'm still brainstorming my own version but they are not from the same team, and Syndra is older than Janna. Right now I have them being teamed up in the past but went their separate ways.

Now I can't take the credit for this information and research. There is a great Google Doc filled with information, written by Idolwithoutarms and Scrumpadouchus. You can find the link in the first chapter, as Scrumpadouchus and StarsOverHeaven have a story called "Cracking Down The Spine" that's a great read!

Please don't expect anything as long as this again, this series is just for me to get back into writingahaha.

feelings [jinx and soraka]

Chapter Summary

Jinx drops by Pantheon's Bakery to ask Soraka a question.

“Hey, Goat Girl!”

Soraka looks up from the cash register in surprise as Jinx strolls into Pantheon’s Bakery. Panth himself sticks his head out of the kitchen at the noise, before returning to his work with a huff.

“H-hi, Jinx,” she greets, timidly. “I was just about to head home. Did you, uh, want some treats?”

“Nah but I’ll have some anyway.”

“We have cinnamon rolls!” she beams, excited. “And other things of course: eclairs, creampuffs, banana bread, donuts and carrot cake!”

When Jinx doesn’t respond, Soraka continues on nervously, “If you want something sweeter you could try Morgana’s.”

In the end Soraka packs Jinx a box to home to the rest of the Star Sisters, the same way she does for her team. Soraka locks up the front of the shop (Panth will lock up the back when he leaves) and Jinx walks her home in the cool evening air.

“So I heard you have a crush on Ezreal,” Jinx says out of nowhere. Soraka’s mouth falls open as she feels hot blush coming to her face and ears. She stumbles for words causing Jinx to laugh.

“Well, um, maybe,” she jitters, hugging her arms to herself. “Who told you that?”

This makes Jinx laugh more, “It’s pretty obvious.”

“Oh, okay... Why are we talking about this.”

Jinx’s laugh falters. “Because I was thinking, you and me, we could stop blondie and Luxy from getting together.”

Soraka blinks. “Um, why would we do that?”

“Because you like him, duh!”

“Well, yeah, but it would be wrong to do that,” she says, and she means it. She had noticed the way Lux and Ezreal spent time together at school and smiled at each other on missions. It hurt a little bit but she was determined to not let it get her down.

Jinx scoffs, “So whaaat. They’re not meant to be, stupid explorer boy will probably be too busy wandering off to pay attention to her. And he calls her Starlight! Blegh. Only I should be calling her things like that, like get out of here! I mean, he likes archeology, that’s literally all dirt and bones. Yaaaaawn.”

Soraka takes in this information. It was just like what she heard Ahri and Sarah gossiping about once.

“Jinx, you really do like Lux.”

“No!!” Jinx snaps. “I’m just making sure they don’t go further than friends, who knows what pervy intentions he has for her!”

Soraka nods quickly, to assure Jinx she believed her (she didn’t). She treads carefully, not wanting to hurt Jinx’s feelings, even if the red head was in denial about it.

“It’s not right to do. I, uh, not that I’ve asked them but I think they’re happy together.”

Jinx goes quiet, shrugging. “It was just an idea. I feel like I haven’t seen Lux all week.”

Soraka’s heart sinks and her mind races.

“Well, you could always hang with me, and the others, of course. We could go to arcade? Sarah’s really good at games. Though Ezreal is too, and he might be there, but if he is we could go to the park or something. Actually you probably think that’s boring, um we could go bowling or swimming or -”

Jinx cuts her off. “Nah, Loops loves the park. We can go there after school. Yeah, knowing Lux she’ll be boring and take Ezreal to the library. We could have waaay more fun than them. Good thinking, Sriracha Sauce!”

Soraka smiles while she and Jinx start talking about new movies that are playing at the cinema, glad she could make the other Guardian feel better. It makes her start to feel better too.

games [lulu and poppy]

The role of babysitting Lulu often falls upon Poppy, but neither mind.

At first, Poppy doesn't think much of the green haired yordle. She was young and lost in her own world. They often spent time in the living room crafting or the park playing. It's the drawings Poppy notices first. Lulu loved to draw. Crayons and paper were often left littered on the coffee table. She drew scenes that were clearly destinations around town - the parks, cafes and monuments. Brightly coloured stick figures represented the Star Sisters, their powers and abilities being used to fight back monsters. But sometimes Lulu would draw them against other creatures. She drew dark circles, black-purple circles on the ground. A small figure with hair several times as long as her body often floated with a dark aura around her. Twin, caped figures fought at her side, one plum, one teal.

"Who are they?" Poppy asks one day.

"They're lost," Lulu responds. When Poppy looks at her confused she continues, "Lost stars. The First Star thinks only one can come home."

Brow furrowed in thought, Poppy points to the long haired figure.

"And who is this?"

Lulu pauses, as though scared to answer this question. "Darkness," she whispers. "A darkness that eats light and laughs. She will come looking for us soon, to eat our light."

Not much can daunt Poppy, but this makes her shiver. She has to tell Lux and Janna about this as soon as possible. With the arrival of Ahri's team and now this, Poppy knew something bigger than all of them was coming.

Unbothered, Lulu keeps drawing, like it was all just a game.

home [mf/ahri]

Sarah was tired of her family being ripped away from her. She was young when her parents were killed by monsters. She grew up jaded and vengeful as a result, picking fights and gaining a reputation as a hot head. The First Star approached her one night, speaking of destiny and protecting the universe. She took its offer quickly, remembering the darkness of the day her parents died and embraced the light of the stars.

Sarah woke up on Earth with a team at her side. Neeko was a young and curious chameleon vastaya. Sarah had been startled when Neeko could mimic her appearance, unsure if it was a compliment or deception. Xayah and her partner Rakan were also vastayan, birds of pink and blue feathers respectively. Ahri was a beautiful fox spirit, her pink star gem designating her as their leader.

Though wary of her teammates at first, Sarah grew to love them. She realised the First Star had put them together not only to fight evil but to become a family. Neeko's tribe had also been wiped out by darkness. Xayah and Rakan's home planet was torn apart by civil war between species. Ahri had been abandoned by her birth parents and raised among foxes, with no grasp of human moralities. As she absorbed and ate human souls, she gained memories and dreams and feelings but was soon met with the horrors of what she had done. She accepted the First Stars call as a way of redemption.

When it was her turn to share, Sarah let it all spill out - her parents screams and tears and the way she picked up their guns to honour them. The five grew and fought and cried and laughed together. Sarah had a family once more.

So when Zoe took three of her family away from her, Sarah had felt empty. Even with Ahri's sobbing hot tears in her arms, Sarah was silent, feeling her own heart break into pieces once more.

It had taken a long time for both of them to be okay again. Her new teammates grew on her - Soraka's gentle compassion and Ezreal's fun loving easy nature. Even the new batch led by Lux were a help. But Sarah only truly felt safe with Ahri by her side. Her longest friend, her sister, and sometimes when they let themselves, her lover.

The way Ahri dropped her overly flirty and confident persona around her and told her all her fears. The way Sarah could poke fun and tease the fox for her mannerisms. The sushi and burgers and ice cream they shared. The way Sarah shot at enemies while Ahri dashed through them, charming them right into Sarah's bullets. The way the two tried their best to subtly parent their younger teammates.

This was home, Sarah knew, this was home.

insomnia [jinx]

Jinx rarely slept as it was even before the nightmares began.

The first one came in the middle of the night and Jinx dreamt of Valorant City in ruins. The sky was a deep violet as she walked through the destroyed city, manic giggles she didn't recognise filling the air.

"How fun is this! Wouldn't it be awesome to turn the world into a big playground?"

Jinx dodges just in time before a bubble hits her, the octopus familiar, Ran, zooming past her head. In a burst of red star light, Jinx transforms with Shiro and Kuro by her side. The city shifts around her, staircases twisting and never ending, buildings liquefying into shapeless blobs, as Jinx runs and shoots, searching for the source of the evil energy.

"Aren't you bored being a guardian?" the voice taunts. "Come on and join me. You'll never have to grow up and lose your sparkle!"

"You talk too much," Jinx yells, jumping over debris and shooting another bubble. "And that's coming from me!"

"I thought you'd be the fun one," the voice bemoans, blowing raspberry at the red guardian. "But you're as boring as everyone else!"

Jinx woke up in cold sweat.

"Gross."

She gave up on going back to sleep and instead played video games way into the morning. Despite the bright colours and shooting action, her mind kept going back to the dream. It *would* be fun if she could blow everything up but she didn't actually want to destroy the city and her friends. After all, that'd be waaay less fun in the long term.

joyride [rakan/xayah]

Chapter Summary

In the simpler days before corruption, before Zoe, Rakan and Xayah go for a day trip.

Maybe it was Xayah's rebellious nature, maybe it was Rakan's lust for life, but either way the two of them find themselves speeding through Valoran City.

"Sarah's gonna be pissed," Xayah laughs, the windows down and her hair rustling in the breeze.

Rakan laughs and shakes his head at her and Xayah does not miss the way he looks lovingly at her as he drives.

"Eye's on the road, hun," she tuts.

"We both know I only got eyes for youuuu," he says in his sing-song voice.

Dork, she thinks but doesn't stop herself from smiling.

They're driving down to the woods, passing tall pine trees in the morning light, a soft sepia through Xayah's sunglasses. (Because y'know, the sun? Too bright, yuck.) While she might've preferred a cloudier day, maybe with some light rain, she can't help but admire how the sun suits Rakan with his bronzed skin and golden eyes. She knows he for one enjoyed the warm rays on his face as he hums along to the radio.

The air is sweeter out here, free of city smog and smoke. It's enough to remind her of their beloved homelands before the humans started to spread like disease. She misses it, still does everyday, but slowly Earth has grown on her. After all, it didn't matter too much where they were, as long as Rakan was by her side.

"What are you thinking about, darling?"

His gentle voice breaks her out of her nostalgia and she thinks on this.

"Thanks for coming out with me."

He shrugs.

"I could tell you were getting a little cooped up," he teases. "The waterfall should be up ahead and to the left."

Xayah's pink brows knit together.

“You mean the right?”

“No, the left.”

“No, the *right* .”

It's noon by the time they reach the Aphae waterfall, picnic basket in hand. Xayah's expression screams '*told you so*' as Rakan grins sheepishly.

Dipping in the cool, running water under the crystal skies, skin pressed together, Rakan asks her, dutifully yet with the same enthusiasm as the first time he asked, all those years ago,

“Marry me today?”

“Hmmm, ask again tomorrow.”

“I always do.”

kaleidoscope [all]

Light was a kaleidoscope of colour, a rainbow spectrum that reflected and refracted throughout the galaxy.

Red was strong and bold, the colour of spitfires. It is Jinx's rockets flying through the air, destruction exploding in their wake. It is Sarah's barrage of bullets shredding through monsters. It is the carmine of Jinx's hair flowing behind her and the crimson blood of those Sarah had lost.

Blue is loyal and vast like the sea and sky. Poppy's sense of duty is strong and resolute, a stark contrast to Ezreal's easygoing nature and desire to explore. The cobalt and gold of the Hammer of Light crushes through enemies, solid and heavy, while sparkling, cerulean arcane energy wizzes through the air, leaving trails of glimmer.

Green is a powerful, ancient mystic. Soraka's healing is potent and sweet, the mint guardian willing to sacrifice everything to help others. She would use the last of her own health if she ever had to, duty bound and compassionate. Lulu's fae sorcery is whimsical and untainted as she protects her team and polymorphs monsters into jelly without a care in the world. Their link to the First Star is strong, it's light seeping into their dreams and minds like a soft whisper.

Purple is immensely powerful. Syndra's strength manifests as she summons violet orb after orb in the battlefield, killing monsters with the same disregard as stepping on ants. Janna's lilac magic can be a calm breeze, one of protecting and healing, but the monsoon winds roaring inside her ache to be released.

Yellow is warm and bright, friendly and playful. It is the radiance of the sun and all the world's daffodils, the sour bursts of ripe lemons and pineapple. It is all of Neeko's regret and cowardice burning away until nothing but golden triumph is left. It is Soraka's undying love and pure hope for the future.

Pink is brilliant and inspiring. Ahri's charms are irresistible and her leadership undeniable. She fights with a fierceness of one set to write her own destiny, fighting as if each monster was individually responsible for the darkness in the galaxy. Meanwhile, Lux's light is a beam of hope for all, her faith in her companions and her hopes for a brighter dawn each day.

Slowly, Zoe has learnt to hate all of them, each and every colour, but there is none she hates more than her own orange gem. Blackness, the absence of light, has long overtaken her gem as the raw power of purple magic now aids her in her hunt for chaos. Each star she kills fuels her, the rush of power and energy entering her. One day she will extinguish the First Star and light will leave the universe. And then, it will be dark and she will be young forever.

leadership [lux and janna]

In the darkness of the hallway, the soft light slipping from the crack beneath Janna's room was warm and inviting. Lux knocks twice and Janna lets her in. The pink guardian is smiling politely, albeit awkwardly.

"What can I do for you?"

Janna's face is always calm, like an undisturbed pool, a lake in a magical forest, mirrorlike in reflecting the sky above.

"I, um, just wanted to talk."

Janna nods and lets the girl continue. Lux's fingers fiddle with the hem of her pajamas, her mouth feeling dry. The team hasn't been together for long and though Janna had been nothing but kind, she also kept to herself and that made Lux nervous.

"How, uh, how do you like Valorant City?"

"Hmm, it's nice. Busy and advanced, full of people living peaceful lives. Where I come from is vast, the ocean never ending..."

It's the most the older guardian has said about herself and Lux takes it in. It sounds beautiful.

"...But that's not what you're here to talk about."

There's no impatience in her voice and it relaxes Lux slightly as she laughs nervously.

"Yeah. I was just wondering, Janna, if you don't mind me asking, why aren't you the leader?"

"Because I was not chosen to."

She says it like it's the simplest thing in the world.

"But then why was I chosen?" Lux's voice rises as all the frustrations and doubts she's had in the past few weeks rise to the surface. "I just can't help but think you would've been better suited since you're the only one who's been a guardian before this and—"

Lux almost jumps out of her skin when Janna places her hand on Lux's shoulder as a comfort, effectively stopping her rambling.

"You may not understand it now but you will. You were chosen and there is no one more fit to lead this team."

"You really think so?" she asks quietly.

Janna nods, a soft smile on her face and amusement twinkling in her eyes. "Yes, I do. After all, who else could rein in Jinx."

Lux laughs, starting to feel better.

“That’s true. Thank you, Janna. I’ll do my best to become a strong leader!”

When Lux leaves, Janna turns out her light. It’s like the older guardian was leaving it on just for her. Down the hall, Lux can hear the faint sounds of video games from Jinx’s room and Lulu in the kitchen for a midnight snack, Poppy cleaning up behind her. A soft fondness swells in Lux’s heart. This was her team and she would not let them down.

memories [lux, ezreal and ahri]

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There are memories that follow all of us like hungry ghosts. Sometimes a Star Guardian would get a vision, a flash of a past life, of a planet they left behind. But when they tried to concentrate on it, it would fade away, and the harder they pulled at it the faster it would slip through their fingers like silk.

For Lux it was a strange man of dark, inky hair and shackles of metal and stone. Sometimes the flashes would be of his ragged breath as she offered him water, weary of being watched as her heart pounded against her chest-plate. Watched by who? Lux would struggle to concentrate, but the figures in silvery armor and blue capes would smear into an indistinguishable watercolor splatter.

For Ezreal it was afternoons spent alone and buried in books, searching for an adventure he was too young for. It was glimpses of his parents, his father's facial scruff and his mother's soft hugs, a few days of family dinners and laughter and stories before they disappeared again for days, weeks, months, *years*. He could feel the fear again, thick in the eye, see the tears in his uncle's worn eyes, before they were snatched away from him, dissolving into the stars.

For Ahri it was the faces of men and women. Their faces, their eyes, their bodies, their voices as moans turned into screams into silence. And the way she would *feel* after, her skin electrified as visions filled her head, memories stolen. Perhaps it was some sort of grand poetic justice she was losing hers. But she didn't want to forget - her victims deserved more than to be forgotten and she wanted, no, *needed* to hold herself responsible.

Memories... they are what make us but not what defines us.

Chapter End Notes

so uh this is something new - trying to make up my own idea for the SG universe. Not sure where I got this idea from (it's not from Madoka though it's similar in theme), but it might be the First Star intentionally or unintentionally trying to remove some of the guardian's trauma to help them fight better or not get as homesick when they change planets? anyways it was good to get back into writing. how are we liking the new items this preseason?

noise [janna/syndra]

The sound of Ezreal and Sarah arguing was starting to grind on Syndra's mind. The mission was over, couldn't the two give it a rest? Yet Sarah's sarcastic cadences and Ezreal's whines seemed to grow louder by the second. She is tempted to send Multi hurling into their faces and the thought amuses her. She could yell, but frankly, neither were worth the effort.

Janna watches as Syndra stalks off on her own, easily slipping from the group as they head home.

"Janna?" Lux calls out to her, only to have the taller guardian wave her off, her wrist bending back and forth softly.

"I'll be home a bit later. Go on without me."

Her footfalls are soft against the cement pavement as Janna lightly jogs to catch up, quickening as she sees Syndra's dark hair turn a corner.

"Taking a detour?" Janna jokes calmly as she slows to match Syndra's walking pace.

Syndra rolls her uncovered eye but otherwise ignores her. The two walk in silence through the quiet, late hours of the city. Once in a while a car would pass, engine rumbling in the cool air. Street lights illuminated their way, as they walk from the sanctity of one to the next, the warm yellows bouncing off their skin. Syndra's eye starts to slowly trail the contours of Janna's face, her high cheekbones exaggerated by the lighting, long lashes casting a shadow down her face and her soft curls flowing behind her, carried by a breeze meant only for her.

Syndra clears her throat once to get her attention and explains, "I was sick of listening to them be stupid."

Janna nods as she always does, serenely and unassuming.

"Thank you for not snapping at them," she says.

'Fuck,' Syndra thinks. *'Fuck, fuck, fuck.'*

Because of course Janna would understand - she always did. It almost made Syndra laugh bitterly at how *perfect* she was.

And so the two walk back home the long way, the scenic, quiet way, under the stars and traffic lights.

omen [lux and mf]

Between Lulu's drawing and Jinx's nightmare, Lux was on edge. The sleepover had helped relax her, but she still found herself sitting out on the porch in the evening air, pondering. Her eyes followed a little firefly, a golden dot in the darkness of the night. The creak of the door behind her makes her jump, her head whips around to see Sarah Fortune stepping out to join her. The two guardians meet each other's gaze, both dressed in the onesies Lulu had made. It was strange to see Sarah in her orange and white onesie but this evening Lux had seen her in a different light. Heck, she was even allowed to call her '*Sarah*' now.

"It's past your bedtime," Sarah teases, though her smile doesn't meet her eyes. "What are you out here thinking about?"

"I'm worried," Lux admits. "Something's coming."
Sarah's brows furrow as she takes this in.

"I think so too."

Sarah doesn't want to alarm anyone, certainly not young and naive Lux, but Ahri had gone off on her own, refusing to give an explanation or accept help. And yet, Sarah knew exactly what Ahri was doing, if not where or how or *why now*. It was Zoe, it had to be.

"We should all start patrolling together," Sarah speaks up, breaking the silence. Lux looks surprised, flustered even, the tops of her cheeks pinkening like her hair.

"Yes, I mean, of course, that would be a good idea," she rambles. "I've, uh, always thought we would be stronger working together."

'So optimistic,' Sarah thinks. 'An idealist just trying to do good, now who does that sound like?'

"You should get some sleep," the gunner advises. "It won't do us any good if you're too tired to fight tomorrow."

Reluctantly, Lux nods. Careful to lock the door behind them, the two head back into the house. Lulu, Soraka and Ezreal are soundly asleep in the living room. Lux assumes this means Jinx, Janna and Poppy went back to their own rooms. Grabbing pillows and blankets, Lux and Sarah join them, tucking in for the night.

pranks [ahri, neeko and ezreal]

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As the leader, Ahri is concerned about Neeko refinding her place on the team now that she's returned. So much has changed since the days of Ahri, Sarah, Neeko, Xayah and Rakan. Now they were a team of 6 with Syndra, Soraka and Ezreal, with another team in the city as well. So many new guardians, Ahri thinks. Neeko is innocent and curious and oblivious and Ahri only hopes she is able to adjust.

So when Neeko and Ezreal become best friends *real fast*, it almost gives Ahri whiplash. As if one Ezreal wasn't enough, now the fox was staring at *three*.

One is laughing and whooping in glee. The real Ezreal, Ahri supposes.

"Male Sho'ma feels... strange."

Hearing Ezreal's voice with Neeko's accent was also very strange.

The third Ezreal, Neeko's clone disappears in a *poof* and this delights Ezreal 1.0 further.

"So you can really turn into *anyone*?"

"Yes Neeko can!" With an excited nod and another *poof* Neeko starts changing again, with Ahri and Sarah coming easily to her as her long time friends, before turning back into Ezreal. The two Ezreal's share a hug as Neeko-Ezreal laughs. It felt so good for her to be back with her friends, old and new.

Chapter End Notes

Finally one that's more fluffy. :p

question [one-sided soraka/ezreal]

Sometimes around Ezreal Soraka can feel her heart in her throat and its palpitations in her ears. Her face feels warm and her head feels dizzy. Sometimes on missions their eyes meet and she smiles nervously while his smile is always carefree. *'Carefree and oblivious,'* she thinks. Carefree as he dashes through combat, mystic shots flying in bright sparkles, and oblivious to the things she could say.

'Do you like me?'

'Would you wanna go on a date this weekend?'

'Could you give me a shot?'

'What would it feel like if you would hold my hand after missions?'

'Have you and Lux already kissed?'

The questions rise in her chest and die before they reach her lips. There are just some questions that don't need to be asked - questions she already knows the answers to and if she ever voiced them, she knows it'll end in disappointment.

So Soraka tries her best not to be disappointed when she sees him texting under the table in class and when he carries on as cheery as normal, ever oblivious to her questions.

reason [lux, ahri]

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It took Lux a long time but she grew to realise Ahri was not simply mean to her for no reason. The fox guardian's words echoed in her mind.

“Remember Lux, I am your future.”

And finally Lux understood. She could only begin to imagine what it had been like to be Ahri. She tried to imagine what it would be like to lose three members of her team and it hurt to even think about. It was loss that had changed Ahri and made her into the aloof, hardened leader that she was. It was loss that made her so unapproachable and detached, protecting her heart behind snide remarks and all her glamour. Of course Ahri didn't want to be friends - she didn't want to grow attached to anyone she could lose at any moment.

But Lux wouldn't let that be her future. She couldn't. Lux wanted vacations with the guardians and dates with Ezreal and to defeat the darkness so no other guardians had to. Lux wants the brightest future possible and nothing will stop her.

Chapter End Notes

i am sorry i keep writing about ahri angst asdfgh >:(

sanity [rakan/xayah]

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Rakan often wondered how much Xayah could think for herself. Was she just too corrupted to have autonomy or had some wires truly crossed in her revival? Was she only killing to survive or had the trauma of death truly triggered something inside her? Rakan knew who he was and where he stood - even if it cost him everything, he just wanted to save her. The only way he could justify the sick tasks they carried out for Zoe is that it kept them alive longer so he could work towards purifying her.

'What's on your mind, miella?' he thinks to himself as they stand victorious. The planet is hot and arid, but the sand was finally starting to settle as they look down on the four bodies of the star guardians who once protected it. A sad sight indeed. Xayah moves to rip out the red gem from one of them, the one with the boomerang who had surprised them with her speed. Rakan follows suit. The girl beneath him is tan with bushy eyebrows and warm brown eyes staring up at him, empty. He rips her yellow gem from her, a colour he now knows to be rare. *'Neeko's colour,'* a part of him whispers, his heart clenching at the thought. He moves onto the next fallen guardian. Her pink gem was rare too, being one of the strongest colours. He vaguely hears Zoe calling out to them, telling them to hurry up.

They are easily teleported back to their base. Riku pecks at his cheek until he moves to feed him a gem. Rakan, however, is watching Xayah feed Saki. She catches his gaze with a glare. Her eyes were wild, they always were, brimming with power and rage. He wonders if she felt the same way he did after a fight - regret, sadness, shame. But he's only met with a vicious grin, one that he returns out of habit. And when she speaks of destruction and chaos, he plays along.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, they're at Shurima, the champs fitting to be from here are Sivist, Kai'sa, Taliyah and Samira. I wrote in Sivist and Tali but leave the rest up to you, as guardians can be assigned to planets they're not from. Honestly Sivist, Kai and Sam could all be red gems, though I feel if Kai could be pink to be the leader if it was these four as a squad.

turbulent [jinx, original team]

Jinx was always the wildcard out of all of them.

For one, she always wanted to do whatever would be the most destructive and chaotic, except for the days she didn't want to bother with anything at all. Sometimes she would go to school with an elaborately bright outfit and glitter on her face and sometimes she would go in her worn out red hoodie and shorts. Yet somehow her Star Sisters had grown to care for her, not minding her moods (mostly).

Lulu adored Jinx and was the most affectionate out of all of them. They had a strange connection, able to babble on and on about things the others did not understand.

Janna was the same soothing presence as ever, even when Jinx teased and mocked her. The statements seem to slide right off her cool exterior and some of her comebacks had been so good they left the redhead momentarily breathless.

Poppy was the grounding force of their team. While Janna was calming, she could also be hard to reach sometimes. Poppy was never hard to reach or speaking in riddles, something she prided herself on. Instead, she would simply monitor Jinx's shenanigans to make sure she didn't get out of control. If she did, Poppy was always there to pull her back down to Earth.

And finally, Lux. There were times Jinx hated the way Lux made her feel. All butterflies and confusion. Scratch that, the feeling was fine, Jinx just hated the way Ezreal was stealing her best friend away from her. But still, when it was something darker, Lux would always be the one Jinx would go to. Because Jinx wasn't just some sort of one dimensional crazy girl, like an anime or video game character. She had nightmares - brutal ones where her teammates all died around her. She had fears - that one day she would have to be all alone, searching endlessly for them. She had dreams - that their groups could simply freeze in time, going to school and fighting monsters and having burgers together for the rest of eternity. Lux was the only one she trusted enough and even then she had difficulty conveying how she felt, but it was enough to have the other guardian listen, and for the two to start braiding and unbraiding each others hair, and to throw on a youtube video and try to cook a meal from scratch that ended up only barely edible.

At first glance, many people wrote off Jinx as some sort of uncontrollable, turbulent mess. Most other guardians did. But there was one thing that would never change, no matter what they all thought of her: Jinx had a heart, and it belonged with her sisters.

underdogs [ez/lux]

The idea of a Star Guardian training sesh was intimidating and not easy to arrange, given that Ahri still did not seem to particularly like them. Neither did Sarah and Syndra for that matter. And so it was that on Saturday mornings Lux ran circles around the largest park in the city with Poppy, Lulu, Ezreal and Soraka. (Jinx had skipped and Janna was mysteriously missing). Poppy was winning and had been dragging Lulu behind her in second place, the two playing their own mini-game while they were at it. In the back, Lux, Ezreal and Soraka had fallen into a nice jog, chatting about their week. School was a sort of safe default topic, though their conversation drifted to their teammates.

“You know, Ahri was pretty cold to us at first too.”

“Really?”

Ezreal shrugs. “Yeah, really. She still can be but she means well, seriously.”

“It’s just,” Lux fumbles with her words. “I don’t understand why she doesn’t want to work *with* us.”

Ezreal and Soraka share a weary look and Soraka shares nervously, “it’s not our story to tell.”

“Besides, she thinks you guys are a bit clumsy.”

“Clumsy?” Lux flushes, feeling herself get defensive. “I know we’re new at this but we’ve been on earth longer than you guys and-”

Ezreal reaches out to her, reaching for her shoulder in comfort and Lux stops, clenching and unclenching her hands to calm down.

“You’re trying your best, starlight. She’ll come around.”

volatile [mf, syndra/janna]

Sarah Fortune was not one for daydreaming. And yet there were times (boring lessons, late nights, when it was her turn to cook and she had a fish roasting in the oven) where her mind drifted. Their home would stretch until it became a ship, roads would melt into water, and she would become a captain.

But every crew had a rat. A snitch. A traitor.

Sarah did not like Syndra — a fact she made clear to Ahri as soon as she arrived. Syndra barely spoke to anyone outside of missions and just generally seemed suspicious. Ahri had hummed in agreement, told her to be careful but not to start trouble. After a while, she had grown more used to Syndra's presence. Sarah still did not trust her, but she hadn't done anything to hurt them yet.

But when they met the new group, the *kids* as they called them, Sarah went on high alert. Ahri did too. Ten guardians on one planet seemed... extreme. It was as her distrust was flaring again like a nasty rash, she heard someone in their house get up. They had a nice house, not too far from school, and though it was soft, the sound of a door closing was impossible to miss in the still silence of midnight.

Sarah waited before getting up herself, quiet as a mouse. She made it out of her room and tried to move stealthily in the dark house. She moved slowly and waited to hear the dull sound of the front door closing, which confirmed her suspicions that someone was sneaking out. She moved quickly to not lose her target but when she opened the front door herself, there stood Syndra. Moonlights and street lights shone behind her but her face was in shadows.

"What are you doing?" she asks, sounding bored as she often did.

"I could ask you the same question."

The two girls stared each other down, green eyes meeting a single purple one.

"Can't a girl get some air?" Syndra drawls.

"Not if you're up to something."

Sarah transforms, body glowing at changing into her Guardian form. Syndra did the same. Sarah cocked both her guns at Syndra, who had begun creating some distance now that she could float.

The silence was thick but eventually Syndra sighed.

"Seriously, I was just going to get some chocolate or something."

“Or something,” Sarah echos. Syndra rolls her eye. Multi blows raspberries at Boki and Baki.

“Let me guess, you’re going to following me unless I tell you.”

“Wrong,” Sarah snorts. “I’m going to follow you even if you tell me.”

Twenty minutes later and Sarah felt very silly. Very silly and very out of place, as she awkwardly trailed behind Syndra and Janna through the park, a \$1 slushie in hand. The two sit on the swing set and Sarah decides to climb the slide instead to give them some privacy. She watched them though, it was hard not to, even if she did feel like she was intruding on her most secretive teammate’s moment. The two didn’t touch, aside from a single soft moment where Janna’s pale hand rested on Syndra’s shoulder. A touch of comfort, Sarah realises, as the two whisper in the wind.

Later they part, when the smallest hint of light was starting to show on the horizon, and Sarah finally asks.

“So, uh, are you two...?”

“Are we what? Are we like you and Ahri?”

Sarah flushes. She and Ahri never exactly defined their relationship and had agreed to keep it hidden in front of the team, lest it made them seem even more unapproachable.

“Yes,” Sarah says, because she didn’t know what else there was to say. “Are you two together?”

“No.”

“Really?”

Syndra shoots her a dirty look.

“Nosy,” she tuts. “...We were teammates once.”

Sarah looks over at her, surprised, but Syndra didn’t say anymore. The two crept back into the house and didn’t talk the next day.

wish [og team]

A rift had opened by the mall and the guardians spent the warm night clearing out the monsters and closing it. By the end, they were tired and sweaty and had gotten fast food, sitting in the park together and eating it.

“So good,” Lux mumbles from the top of the slide, mouth full of cheeseburger. Janna starts on her soft serve but Jinx dives in with her fries, effectively stealing the top swirl of the ice cream. Janna frowns at her, then moves to steal some of Jinx’s nuggets in return. Poppy diligently wipes the mess of ice cream from Lulu’s face every time her swing swung her forward.

“Look!” Lulu garbles. “A shooting star.”

The other four girls look up and indeed up above a silver streak was making its way through the sky.

“Nice spotting, Loops.”

“Make a wish, girls.”

Lux thinks that here, she is happy. Here on earth, she had her sisters by her side and that was all she needed. She wishes they can be happy forever.

Poppy wishes that they will fulfil their duty together and protect Earth, or whatever else the First Star had in mind when it chose them.

Jinx thinks about all the fun they’ve had on Earth, even if they had to go to school and she couldn’t walk around with her guns. She thinks about Lux’s blush and Janna’s stoicism and Poppy’s frown and Lulu’s laughter. She wishes she can make them laugh forever.

Lulu can feel the First Star’s light in her and wishes the others will hear it too. Though maybe she should wish for more cakes, or more sisters to buy her cakes.

Janna closes her eyes. She only wishes that they all make it out alive; whole and uncorrupted.

The silence is broken with Jinx complaining about brain freeze, having finished her frozen drink and stolen most of Janna’s soft serve, who looks at her in a ‘*see what happens when you do that*’ way. Poppy joins in and much to everyone’s horror Lulu offers Jinx *more* ice cream, *which she takes*.

On the walk home no one thinks twice about their wishes. In their own ways, *they had all wished for each other*.

xylograph [poppy]

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Poppy wasn't the most creative of the bunch. Lux sang and doodled. Soraka and Lulu baked. Janna had recently taken an interest in the piano. Even Jinx did some art, though hers was the type where you threw paint at a canvas and let Jesus take the wheel.

But their highschool had Woodshop, and Poppy took to it well. She found the work satisfying and rewarding. Her movements (sawing, sanding, hammering) were done with care and interest. She made a spinning top for Lulu and a jewelry box for Janna. They worked with different materials like acrylic where she made a phone stand for Lux, and metal where she made a dogtag necklace for Jinx. Poppy made a toolbox for herself, and even finished two stools in the time it was assigned to make one, because she was not about to pass up the opportunity to get free furniture for their home. And while she wasn't one for aesthetics (her designs were always simple), she had started slowly carving a small star into each piece. She liked the feeling that it made her work belong to her Sisters, as well as her.

She didn't show the others the engraving, hidden under the bottoms of the stools. But she would run her fingers along it, feel the indent through the varnish, and smile.

Chapter End Notes

before I forget to mention it, I also rewrote the first chapter <3

yield [zoe]

Chapter Notes

do not go gentle into that good night
rage, rage against the dying of the light

The energy is addictive. The pure rush of cosmic power that rushes through her with every guardian defeated, the light leaving their eyes, magic leaving their bodies, as they all fall before her. It doesn't matter what colour the energy was: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple or pink. They all fill her veins with a neon rainbow adrenaline.

Zoe has lived for centuries now, harvesting life from other guardians to replenish her own. She relishes in her freedom to wander the galaxy as her personal playground. She slowly collected planets after she slays their guardian defenders. She is alone out there, but it is fun. She has Ran. She has power. And she would yield to no one but herself. Not to time, nor to fate, and certainly not to the First Star.

zenith [xayah]

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

All around her, the Star Guardians were hugging and chattering, but Xayah could only feel deep, hollow pain in her chest. Even with warm golden light radiating off Soraka and Neeko, she felt that her body had become cold and black, even more so than when she had been under Zoe's control. Victory meant nothing to her if Rakan wasn't by her side.

A hand reaches for her shoulder and she flinches away instinctively. She had not felt anyone else's touch for so long. In the darkness of space, it had been only herself, Rakan and Zoe. Occasionally monsters. Occasionally other guardians who she had cut down with her feathers.

Thankfully, Ahri does not look offended by this. Her violet eyes held sympathy.

"It's good to have you back," Ahri says softly. Xayah shakes her head.

"He's not gone."

Suddenly she hated the pity in Ahri's eyes. Sarah came to join them and Xayah hated her too.

"He's not gone," she repeated, her throat dry as her body starts shaking from both exhaustion and sorrow. "I would be able to feel it if he was. Our gems are linked. He's not..."

She stumbles back, and Ahri reaches out, helping her sit on the grass beneath her. Xayah curls up, hugging her legs to her. Saki snuggles her head, mussing her hair and chirping sadly. Neeko comes and wraps herself around them, letting herself cry at the loss. At some point the others move to leave, eagerly chatting about where to dine in their celebration. Sarah walks Xayah to her car and drives her back to their place, alone. She draws a warm bath, pulling out clean linens.

"I'll go get you clean clothes," she says, eyeing her wearily. Xayah nods. She felt light headed and as if her body was not her own. As if her life was not her own right now. It couldn't be, not with Rakan missing. Sarah comes back.

"Alright, I'll just be outside if you need me okay, but I'll give you your privacy. Are you alright in here?"

Again, Xayah nods. Sarah turns to leave.

"He's not gone," Xayah says, barely audible.

The door closes with a soft thud, and Xayah sinks into the water as hot tears start to fall.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, it's finally over. Before I give my own note, if any of you are confused, it's implied that someone is "lost" in their final victory against Zoe, with many taking this to mean Rakan, who has already previously been established to be willing to sacrifice himself to cleanse Xayah. Again, please check out the works of IdolBird and Scrumpadouchus here on Ao3, as I've repeatedly referred to their google doc on sg lore throughout the writing process.

Anyways, wow this has taken over a year. I originally took this up as a short project, but I've always struggled to write consistently. Still, I feel very accomplished as the Star Guardian cast was wide enough for me to have variety, but still be able to explore everyone (hopefully) beyond the surface. Moving forward, I really don't feel like there are other skinlines with as much lore or characters that interest me enough to do another a-z (maybe by region, as doing the whole canon lore would also be too MUCH for an a-z), but I'll definitely keep writing LoL fics. Thanks for reading everyone, I've really enjoyed all the interaction this has gotten. :)

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