

## Bloody Love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28284753) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28284753>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">League of Legends</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Akali/Evelynn (League of Legends)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Akali (League of Legends)</a> , <a href="#">Evelynn (League of Legends)</a> , <a href="#">Thresh (League of Legends)</a> , <a href="#">Shen (League of Legends)</a> , <a href="#">Zed (League of Legends)</a> , <a href="#">Mordekaiser (League of Legends)</a> , <a href="#">Syndra (League of Legends)</a> , <a href="#">Twisted Fate</a> , <a href="#">Ezreal (League of Legends)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - Medieval</a> , <a href="#">K/DA ALL OUT Evelynn Appearance</a> , <a href="#">League Akali Appearance</a> , <a href="#">Spirit Blossom Thresh</a> , <a href="#">King of Clubs Mordekaiser</a> , <a href="#">Queen of Diamonds Syndra</a> , <a href="#">Jack of Hearts Twisted Fate</a> , <a href="#">Ace of Spades Ezreal</a> , <a href="#">League Shen Appearance</a> , <a href="#">League Zed Appearance</a> , <a href="#">Duelling</a> , <a href="#">Blood</a> , <a href="#">Violence</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of <a href="#">League Stories &amp; One-Shots</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-24 Words: 13,477 Chapters: 1/1

# Bloody Love

by [xNekorux](#)

## Summary

Slaying a dragon was the least of Akali's problems now that she has finally acquired the chance to ask the princess for her hand in marriage.

Of course not everyone was too happy with their engagement.

And what could possibly be the reason behind Princess Evelyn's fondness of blood?

## Notes

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

## Bloody Love

After years of the prosperous kingdom of Valoran living in fear, three brave souls have finally slain the dragon that resided in the mountains right beside the kingdom itself. The echoes of the dragon's roar reached the ears of countless people, and in the end, the creature fell, defeated by the trio.

Looks of awe and praises of their noble efforts were the first of the many things they received upon their return to the kingdom. The group was dubbed as the '*Saviors of Valoran*', a title they'll be carrying throughout the remainder of their lives.

Akali, Shen and Zed had slain the dragon together and now, they're on their way to the castle to finally claim whatever reward King Thresh had in return for their heroic deed.

The guards at the castle's front gates paved way, granting them entry and letting them proceed towards the main structure of the castle itself. The vast garden was already breathtaking, yet it was merely a peek at the grand decor within.

Shen was the one who held the reins connected to the two horses pulling the wooden cart that carried the dragon's head, which was out in the open and available for anyone to see and serve as proof of what they've done.

At his right, Zed could be found riding a mighty-looking steed with a pitch black coat and shining mane, while at Shen's left, Akali rode her own horse, which had a grey coat and silvery white mane.

"What will you two be asking from the King?" Akali asked, glancing between her two companions.

"I'm quite sure riches that could last a lifetime is already a guaranteed reward," Zed murmured with a chuckle, his little smirk hidden underneath the mask he wore over the lower half of his face. "so we have to be creative when it comes to thinking of a different prize."

"I'll take that as you not knowing what you want, then. What about you, Shen?" Akali queried, turning her gaze to the much bigger man.

Shen sighed. "Akali, we've discussed this already. I do not wish for anything else but the safety of the innocents."

Zed lowly snorted, while Akali huffed. "You must want one thing, at least."

"Zed said wealth is already in the cards, didn't he?" Shen replied back with a sideways glance. "If so, then I will settle with such and ask for nothing more."

Akali wanted to further pry on the subject, but she knew she wouldn't get a response any different from what she already received. Their conversation fell silent when they finally reached the steps leading to the front doors of the grand castle. All three of them dismounted

from their rides and with Shen leading the way, Akali had every chance to continue their little discussion with Zed.

"Let me guess," Zed started even before Akali could utter a syllable. "you're curious about how far is the extent of our possible rewards, aren't you?"

Akali nodded. "Is it true what they say?"

"The King will have his offers, but I've heard that King Thresh is rather generous when it comes to rewarding those who've done well for his kingdom."

"And that means...?"

"It means," Zed turned his gaze away from the marble statue he was idly looking at and redirected it to Akali. "you have a chance in asking for what you've always wanted."

Akali's eyes visibly gleamed with enthusiasm. "Are you serious?"

Zed nodded, smirking underneath his mask. Between the three of them, he was the other one that knew about Akali's infatuation with the kingdom's princess. Stories and murmurs of her stunning beauty and charming personality were the only ones to blame for the rogue's attraction to the said royal.

"As serious as it is possible for you to ask for the hand of the King's daughter."

Akali became enlivened at that. She had always heard of the princess from people she had met throughout the years of growing up and training to become a warrior fitting for the role of becoming the princess' knight in shining armor.

She could clearly recall the times when she had dreamt about meeting the heiress personally. Such has always remained a fantasy, but now, it might just turn into a reality.

The King had become immensely protective of his only legitimate child when his first wife was killed through assassination. He made sure the princess, who was just five years old that time, was kept from the public's eye until the time comes that she's going to be the one that sits on the ruler's throne.

Only whispers from the castle staff gave clues to what the princess looked like, especially now that she has grown. Whispers that Akali's imagination used to construct the face of princess whenever she slept and dreamt.

Some described the woman's hair as flowing and lustrous-looking with the silky silver color mixed with the most majestic lavender. They say her lips were as full and looked as if it would give the most passionate kisses one could ever experience. Her eyes were not forgotten, for people say it was as vibrant as sparkling embers of flames. Skin was said to be milky white and oh so delicate that if handled too carelessly, she might bruise.

All those thoughts encouraged Akali to strive for and to be the best, especially if she aims to capture the heart of the woman of her dreams.

As soon as they reached the top of the grand steps, a group of royal guards approached them, escorting them into the castle and to the throne room, where they were expected to be granted an audience with the King.

Akali couldn't bring herself to completely appreciate the castle's interior decor, for she was feeling anxiously excited for the moment she's been training and waiting for her whole life.

Once they caught sight of the tall and extravagant doors that no doubt led to the throne room, Akali recalled the memory she had made the previous night when they had stopped by at one of the kingdom's taverns to get a drink. There was a man there that was loudly gloating about how he once was granted audience to the King himself like them.

He was fortunate enough to acquire such after he had managed to come by something the King was seeking at the time. The man told his companions on the table how he had seen the princess, for the royal woman had apparently joined them at the throne room when he was there to give whatever it was Thresh wanted.

The man's mood evidently soured when he got to the part where he had asked the King for the princess' hand in marriage as one of his rewards for what he had done for the King.

Unfortunately for him, it wasn't that simple. According to him, the princess merely scoffed at his request and walked out of the throne room. But, of course, not before telling her father she didn't want him rewarding the man anything for his deed because he had massively offended her.

The King didn't even hesitate in doing what his daughter asked of him. He only chuckled at his child's display. It was either the possible fact that his daughter had him wrapped around her delicate, little finger, or he just wanted to please her, for she rarely made requests about matters like aforementioned one.

Akali soon snapped into attention once they entered the throne room, stopping once they were at the bottom of the small steps that led up to the two thrones of the royals. Shen ushered them to bow on one knee when the guards stood in attention.

Bending down on one of her knees and keeping her head bowed like the two, Akali kept her ears sharp the moment one of the guards started announcing the King's arrival.

"Bow your heads to His Majesty, King Thresh." The guard spoke clearly and loudly, his voice echoing throughout the high ceiling of the room. "And Her Royal Highness, Princess Evelynn."

At the mention of the King's daughter, Akali had to stop herself from lifting her head and attempting to get the first look of the princess herself.

"Rise, brave warriors."

Upon doing the King's words and raising themselves up, the first thing Akali noticed were the four people lined together at the right side of the King and just below the steps of the elevated platform of the thrones.

All four of them, three men and one woman, were clad in fine garbs quite fitting for the richest of the rich. With how they carried themselves, it became apparent that they held a high status in the kingdom.

The biggest of three men donned a complete set of gold armor with pristine white fur lining around the collar of his chestplate. His hulking build and narrowed eyes underneath his helmet made it seem as if merely annoying him would lead one to their end.

Beside him was the only woman in the group. She had this calculating look in her silver eyes, which was emphasized by the pointy headpiece she wore that framed her face and the mildly provocative dress she was confidently clad with.

Next to her was a man dressed in a long coat and wore a hat that was tipped low enough to make him look more intimidating than he already was with the outfit he had on, which somewhat matched with the woman mentioned before him.

Lastly, there was this charming blond that stood at the very end of their line. Like them, he was dressed in fine attire, but his was blue and had ruffles at the front. Hair brushed back and an idle yet striking smile playing on his lips, out of the three men, he seemed to be the playful and witty one of the group.

"Speak, warrior."

"Your Majesty," Shen began once the ruler beckoned him forward. While he did most of the talking for the three of them, Akali took this as an opportunity to finally let her eyes further wander.

After she finished shortly auditing the four at the side, her gaze drifted towards the King, who was admittedly quite handsome and slightly young-looking for his age. He seemed to have aged gracefully. His long hair bore a nice shade of violet and his face didn't show too many details that hints his true age, only his eyes, which had a touch of exhaustion deep within. Eventually, Akali's eyes trailed to the other throne at his left, which was occupied by the woman she always thought about.

Akali's breath hitched, while her mouth ran dry.

Lustrous, wavy silver lavender tresses, smooth and flawless skin, enthralling amber irises and lips that matched the tint of blood itself, the woman beside the King was like the human embodiment of beauty. The gleaming silver claws she wore stood out due to her dress, half of its color contradicting with her father's own garbs.

Unlike her father, whose royal robes had a color theme of white and violet, the princess' black and violet attire presented her more like a vixen with a shining silver tiara on her head.

Truly, the rumors Akali had heard from others did her true beauty no justice. It was indescribable and the sight rendered her speechless.

Yet, the expression on the woman's face was a clear indication of her boredom. Despite the clear fact that they have slain a mythical beast, she didn't seem impressed. It's as if she

wished to take her leave at any moment her father grants her the permission to do so.

Oh, how Akali hoped she was worth of the lady's time and attention.

"You, young warrior," Thresh called out to Akali, amusement in his voice.

Akali nearly jumped when Zed gave her a sharp nudge on the side, capturing her attention from Evelynnn, who had just noticed her presence. Apparently, Shen's tall figure obscured her from the woman's view and only now did her existence come to be in the lady's perspective.

Thresh, who noticed how Akali was just captivated by his daughter's appeal, deeply chuckled. "she's beautiful, is she not?"

Three out of four of the people idling at the side gave their own amused smiles and chuckles. Even the biggest one among them. He may not have been laughing or snickering like the others, but the look in his eyes was entertained and showed he, too, wasn't surprised with how Akali was reacting. Clearly, the rogue warrior was not the first person to be charmed by the princess of the kingdom.

"She was blessed with her late mother's beauty." Thresh somewhat boasted, while a wistful look fleetingly crossed his face.

"My sincerest apologies for staring, Your Highness." Akali quickly apologized with a short yet deep bow. "Her beauty is honestly too admirable to not be noticed."

Whatever the King was about to say remained unsaid, for his daughter decided to acknowledge the apology herself.

"You flatter me." Evelynnn said, her voice soft and silken. It reminded Akali of melting honey with how sweet and enticing it sounded in her ears. "Your honesty is quite delightful."

"I'm certain you three have come not to just bear the dragon's head as a gift." Thresh started, bringing them back to the main point of the trio's arrival in the castle. "I promised to reward whoever would slay the dreadful creature, and you, brave warriors, deserve nothing but the best that I can offer."

With every second, Akali could feel her dream slowly being fulfilled and realized. She could hardly contain herself.

"Not only will I bestow you three wealth that can last more than a lifetime and the honor of knighthood, I will also offer you three one wish each." Thresh then smiled at them, looking evidently confident he could give them whatever they could ever want. "As long as my power and riches allow me to grant such, don't be afraid to tell me what you desire."

Shen and Zed exchanged looks as they both contemplated on what they'll ask as an additional reward, while between them, Akali looked oh so ready to voice out what she wanted from the royal family. Judging from the knowing gleam in the King's eyes, it was obvious he knew that Akali already had something in mind.

"Speak your heart out, warrior." Thresh encouraged with a gesture of his hand. "I can see your hesitation."

"She might have a lot on her mind, father." Evelynn smoothly reasoned, which somewhat surprised the King again. She rarely favored people outside the family, so seeing her treat Akali like this was an interesting shift of events for him. "She and her companions have fought against a dragon, after all."

"Of course, of course." Thresh humoured his daughter, chuckling.

"Although, I'm curious..." Evelynn leaned back and crossed her legs, allowing the slit of her dress to show and part the long skirt. If she noticed that her legs were exposed fairly well, she didn't seem to show that she had. "How did a young woman like you defeat such beast?"

Akali bowed her head for a moment before she began with, "I'm honored by your words, my lady, but I wouldn't have done such unbelievable feat without my fellow warriors. I've trained with them for years and without their guidance, I might not have been much aid to the fall of the dragon."

"A humble warrior you are." Evelynn smiled and tapped the tip of a claw on her lips. "It makes it all much sweeter to reward you with what you rightfully deserve, so please. Like what the King himself has said, speak your heart out."

All eyes were once again on Akali, but this time, she could feel the pressure of their attention. Their gazes fixated on her and waiting for her to do what the King and Princess asked her.

Akali reached behind her and snuck her right hand in the pouch attached to the back of her waist, withdrawing a tiny velvet bag, where she took out a golden ring with a diamond sitting on the very crown of the circular accessory. It was unlike the usual diamond though. Its white surface glimmered with various sparkling colors, sometimes entirely taking on a bluish or purplish hue before reverting back to its pristine white color.

It was a ring like no other.

A ring that cost her a fortune big enough to buy a manor-like house. After all, she did journey to the kingdom of Targon just to hunt down a gemstone precious enough to be made into a ring fit for the princess.

"Your Majesty," Akali once again spoke up, putting on the most earnest face she could offer. "I've heard of stories how warriors like me and my friends are offered rewards and opportunities once we've done something commendable. Right now, I'm going to take this opportunity before me and ask you, the King of Valoran, if I may ask your daughter for her hand in marriage."

Upon the end of her small speech, the four immaculately-dressed individuals reacted quietly. The heavily-armored one merely shook his head, the woman chuckled behind her hand, while the one with a hat and the blond one exchanged looks and snickered as they murmured among one another.



Akali could feel Shen and Zed's gaze on her, and for a moment, she regretted stepping forward and not being able to see how they had reacted upon her request.

Like her two companions, the two royals had their own eyes focused on her, the King being somewhat surprised while his daughter wore a look of amusement. Despite of the latter, Akali's keen eyes were able to spy the interest in those amber crystals.

"You're asking permission?" Thresh asked for clarification, and based from his light tone, he didn't seem to be vexed with her. "Permission from me for you to *ask* my daughter if she will marry you?"

Akali nodded, squashing the anxiety that was gnawing at her. She could either end up like the man they saw at the taverns, or emerge unscathed and actually be fortunate enough to have her request granted by the ruler. This was what she's been working for her entire life, so she wouldn't back out now and let cowardice control her.

"Years of training and hardwork, I dedicated them all to acquire this chance. I will *not* squander this moment."

For a fairly long moment, Thresh continued staring back at her from his throne before a low, rumbling laugh left him. He shook his head and spoke with a little grin on his face. "Alright, young one. I give you my permission to climb up these steps and ask my beloved daughter what you yearn from her."

It took all of Akali's efforts not to just dash up the steps and head towards Evelyn's direction. The moment she took her first step though, the King raised his hand and told her to wait. Raising her head, she looked back to the man, who ushered one of the guards to approach her.

"I nearly forgot, please do disarm yourself." Thresh said, gesturing for her to place her weapons on the hands of the guard that went near. "Ever since the unfortunate incident with my wife, I've become more cautious and preventive. I do hope you understand."

"Utterly, Your Highness."

Akali swiftly did what the King asked of her, leaving all of her knives, blades and other weaponries with the guard. The only thing that remained with her was the ring she had in hand and was ready to present to the princess. Once another guard confirmed that she was indeed unarmed, she was finally free to continue on and make her way up the steps.

She made sure to bow to the King first when she reached the platform before heading towards Evelyn, who was eyeing her with a curious gaze. Her fingers idly hovered in front of her, the claw accessories she wore somewhat concealing the lower half of her face.

Clearing her throat and kneeling on one knee right in front of the princess, Akali raised the ring high enough for Evelyn to have a full and up close view of what she hoped would be accepted by the royal woman.

"Princess, from the moment I have heard of you from those who I've crossed paths with, they had nothing but wonderful stories that centered around none other than your breathtaking self." Akali then openly presented a hopeful expression as she continued with, "For so long, I've known you as the gorgeous, perfect princess everyone has come close to knowing. As I grew, I realized no one could possibly be as perfect as how the sky is endless. But now, I kneel before you to ask if you will give me the chance to see your imperfections and let me love you for who you *truly* are."

Akali slightly raised the ring higher, her heart pounding and her eyes gazing with absolute adoration towards the beautiful lady in front of her.

"Princess Evelynnn, my lady, the one my heart deeply desires, the only one that I will ever offer my entirety to..." Akali took in a breath before finally asking, "...will you marry me?"

Her heart was threatening to burst at this point, but she was fortunately able to hold her form still and keep herself from trembling out of anxiety. All she did was focus on Evelynnn's lily-white face and just like that, the tension gradually vanished.

Around her, every little noise became mute in her ears as she remained on where she kneeled. Despite the evident anxiety hinting in her eyes, Akali refused to be completely affected by the restless feeling threatening to envelop her. Gazing into Evelynnn's eyes was more than enough to ease her nerves, thankfully.

Her heart felt like it would have stopped the second she received a response.

"How can I resist such a charming proposal?"

Evelynnn smiled, slipping off the claw adorning her left hand's ring finger before she delicately stretched her hand out. It was poised to receive the accessory that would replace the claw she had removed, and it felt more of an honor for Akali, who nearly jumped up and back on her feet out of excitement and celebration.

"I will marry you, my brave warrior."

Akali's eyes widened with jovial disbelief. She wasted no time in carefully taking Evelynnn's offered hand and sliding the one-of-a-kind ring around the princess' finger. She had a bright smile on her face as she finished, planting a soft kiss on Evelynnn's forehead.

Though she wanted to ask why the princess agreed so easily, she lived up to what she said and stopped herself from ruining such a life-changing moment for both hers and the beauty before her.

"You don't know how long I've dreamt of this." Akali murmured, standing up and giving Evelynnn's hand a light caress before releasing her. "I will not hesitate in laying my life on the line for you if needed, my lady."

Evelynnn nodded, her smile remaining on her sweet lips. "I don't doubt it, my brave one."

"It would seem that this calls for a celebration." Thresh said before turning to the woman in the red dress. "Syndra, take Ezreal with you. I want you two to go and make preparations, for our lovely princess has just been engaged."

Syndra and the blond, Ezreal, nodded before they started out of the throne room at one of the doors at the side, but not without Ezreal turning back and bowing to Evelynnn, almost mockingly. "Congratulations, Princess."

Evelynnn shot her youngest half-brother a playful glare. "Just go and do what you were told, Ezreal."

"But of course, Your Highness."

"Father, while you finish rewarding my fiancée's comrades," Evelynnn stretched her hand out, prompting Akali to take hold of it as she stood up from her throne. "I'll be excusing myself and my lover here. I'm feeling quite greedy and wish to have her all to myself."

"I will allow such," Thresh said before raising a finger at them. "but only if she remains unarmed."

"You don't mind leaving your weapons with the guards, do you?" Evelynnn sweetly queried, linking her arm with one of Akali's.

"Not at all, my lady."

Evelynnn smiled before she glanced towards one of the open doorways. "Escort me to the gardens, then? We have a lot to discuss among ourselves."

Akali gulped quietly, nodding before they started down the steps. Behind them, Thresh shook his head and laughed softly at their departure. He soon turned back to Shen and Zed, smiling as he said, "Your friend's quite the charmer, isn't she?"

The voices and minimal noises faded behind them as they walked down the hall, which apparently led to the gardens. Beside her, Akali could feel Evelynnn idly stroke her arm in a repetitive up and down motion.

Her fingertips felt like the caress of an angel, while her sweet, heart-fluttering scent of fresh lavender made Akali feel like they were some sort of enticing pheromone the beauty beside her naturally exuded.

Suddenly, she felt a mild pressure on her right bicep.

"My, my," Evelynnn cooed, giving Akali's bicep another squeeze. "under all these cloth armor of yours seem to be a treasure itself."

Akali's cheeks reddened, but she still managed to keep her face as calm as she could. "I'm glad you think so, my lady."

"Since I'll be married to you soon, may I know the name of my wife-to-be?" Evelynnn practically purred in her ear, nearly making her shiver at the feeling of her hot breath.

"Akali." She quickly introduced, feeling a little embarrassed for forgetting in doing such initially. "Tethi Akali."

"Akali..." Evelynn uttered her name with that velvety voice of hers, letting the three syllables roll off her tongue like honey. "It's a pleasure to be officially acquainted with you, my darling."

"My apologies for not introducing myself sooner."

"Don't fret, lover. People have a tendency to forget their names whenever they meet me." Evelynn said with a titter. "Now, Akali, would you mind if I ask you something? Particularly about your feelings for me?"

Akali straightened up, nodding and showing Evelynn a face that was enough to tell her how she would answer any sort of question she may have. "Ask anything, my lady, and I will answer truthfully."

Instead of immediately asking, Evelynn hummed and led Akali towards a part of the garden where they both passed arches decorated with trimmed vines and roses. For a second, Akali was genuinely in awe of the sight.

"Tell me, darling, what made you fall in love with me?"

Although it was a question Akali was more than prepared to give an answer to, she took a moment to turn her head and gaze at the princess, a visible gleam of fondness filling her blue eyes.

"What I told you when I kneeled was true. I may have never met you personally until now, but I've long developed feelings for you through each and every word I've heard from those who claimed to have either seen you or met you." Akali then smiled endearingly. "I knew that the stories I've heard of you wouldn't be able to accurately describe who you truly are, which was one of the things that interested me."

"You became infatuated with me because of the mystery?"

"You're an enigma." Akali emphasized, pushing her nerves away and lifting her left hand, which she drapes over one of the princess' hands holding onto her arm. "A beautiful one."

"You're quite a fan of flattery, aren't you?" Evelynn murmured with a suspicious yet playful tone. "I wonder how many ladies you've charmed before me."

Akali's cheeks colored once again. Admittedly, she has charmed more than a handful of women, but it was only for the sake of hers and her friends. Whenever they needed a place to stay at and didn't have enough coin, it was either up to her or Zed in handling such matter. Nonetheless, she's never really reached the point of actually kissing and bedding someone. She merely stuck with the sweet whispers, heart-stopping caresses and stunning smiles or smirks.

"Ah, so you *are* a charmer." Evelynn concluded when Akali failed to give an immediate response. Also, her blush wasn't exactly helping. "Need I worry about the men and women that would dare threaten me for stealing you from them?"

Akali coughed, shaking her head. "No, of course not, Your Highness. You're the only one I've ever desired. I have never and *will never* touch another but you."

Evelynn hummed in feigned contemplation, smirking to herself when the warrior with her seemed to be losing her cool right in front of her very eyes. Slowly but surely, she was seeing who Akali really was, and honestly? Evelynn was absolutely loving what she's unveiling.

"Your devotion is admirable, little warrior." Evelynn said, teasing Akali by hovering her lips right beside her ear. She was tempting her, making her think and hope she'd lean closer and plant a kiss on her cheek. "Let that mask of yours fall and show me who you truly are."

"I wear no mask when it comes to you, princess." Akali halted their walk as she turned and took Evelynn's hands into her. "And if you wish for me to be wholly honest with you now, then you should know that I want to do nothing but lay you down, pull you into an embrace and..."

"Kiss me?" Evelynn finished differently for her, a knowing look in her eyes. "Make love to me? Oh, darling, I can see it in your eyes. The flame of passion, the touch of lust,"

Akali released Evelynn's hands as the woman gently pulled them back, embracing herself as she wandered her gaze to the side as she continued her speech.

"your eyes alone make me feel as if I am a goddess that has graced this kingdom with her presence." Evelynn then chuckled, linking an arm around Akali's once again and continuing their walk through the gardens. "Never take your eyes away from me, my brave one, because if I have to choose between the one I love or the one that loves me, I would no doubt choose the latter."

"Why so?"

"Mmm, I have my reasons."

"Are there any chances you may give me the honor of hearing them?"

Evelynn purred. "Why so curious, darling? Are you craving to know what runs through this beautiful head of mine?"

"I only want to know you more, my lady."

Evelynn spun around and shifted from her place until she was right in front of Akali, hands cupping her cheeks and eyes hovering before the rogue's with her breath caressing her face. Akali resisted to the best of her abilities to not pull the woman in and have a taste of those sweet lips, especially when Evelynn lightly bit on them. The sight made Akali feel so many things at once.

"Then, know me more you shall."

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Nightfall came and the grand evening banquet Akali, Shen and Zed spent with the royal family and the King's illegitimate children went by smoothly. Though it felt like it merely passed the three of them in a breeze, it gave them a chance to be more familiar with the people in the castle.

Akali discovered that the two unnamed individuals from the four people from earlier went by the names Mordekaiser and Tobias. They, along with Syndra and Ezreal, were apparently Thresh's illegitimate children. Even though they held no chance in ascending on the throne in the future, they all seem to be loyal to their father's wishes and their sister's birthright.

After Thresh had mentioned to Akali that her two companions have already chosen their own desires, he had spoken to her about many things concerning Evelyn. The man was more than nice to her, but she did sense a dark aura from him when he warned her about the possibility of her mistreating Evelyn.

The princess herself explained to Akali how she apparently looked awfully like her mother and that was the biggest of all reasons why Thresh was so overprotective of her. Akali understood, of course, so she didn't take it wrong when Thresh threatened to feed her to his hounds if she ever dared hurt Evelyn or act ill towards her in any way. That didn't mean she hadn't flinched at the cold, bone-chilling warning the man had given her.

After the whole dining experience, Thresh had Ezreal lead them to their rooms in castle. For slaying the dragon and doing Valoran a great service, the King was more than happy in giving them a permanent place in the castle. Most especially with Akali, since she was going to marry his daughter, after all.

When Ezreal led them to their quarters though, Akali was momentarily confused when Shen and Zed were led to stay at the west wing of the castle, while she was escorted to the east. The young blond gave her a wink as he bid her good night before he closed the door once she walked inside the room she was provided to stay at.

Akali didn't get the chance to see what Shen and Zed's room looked like, but she was somewhat certain it was as grand as the one she has now. She made her way to the room at the side, where she found a huge wooden tub and right beside it, there were buckets of water, hot and cold, and free for her to use if she wished to have a bath for tonight.

There were also clothes that were more than fitting for her body size in the dressers and another small room, where she found a sheathed sword, daggers and two sets of armor, one light and one heavy, also free for her to equip if ever she needed them.

The King and his servants certainly thought of everything.

The moment she finished her own self-tour in her chambers, Akali prepared her bath and stripped out of her garments immediately after. Just when Akali was about to get into the tub, she heard the sound of someone entering her new quarters.

Akali stilled before she inched towards the ajar door, intending to peek to see who her unannounced visitor was. She had just taken two steps away from the tub when the door of the room was pushed open, the panel swinging open completely and revealing the last person she predicted she'd receive a visit from tonight.

“Princess!?” Akali gasped out, making a move to grab the towel to cover her nude body.

“Ah-ah-ah.” Came Evelyn’s say, prompting Akali’s movements to cease and leaving her in an awkward mid-reach pose for a moment before she flushed in embarrassment. She straightened her posture once Evelyn made a motion for her to do so, trying her hardest not to let the urge of seeking coverage win over her.

Evelyn strutted into the room and when she reached over to her and touched her arms did Akali realize that those claws she always seemed proud in flashing and wearing weren’t there. She couldn’t stop the shudder caused by the touch of those delicate fingers. They were soft and traced over her biceps as if *she* was the easily breakable-looking between them.

“Pardon the sudden intrusion, but I merely wanted to see how my fiancée was after my father threatened to feed her to his pets.”

“I’m certainly well, Princess.” Akali managed to assure, her voice on the verge of trembling when Evelyn traced her hands over her shoulders. It was a pleasurable and at the same time agonizing type of torture.

Evelyn would merely run her hands over her arms and shoulder, but never did she let them wander elsewhere.

“That’s good to hear.” Evelyn murmured before her hands stopped on her shoulders and she trained an inquisitive look towards Akali. “Is this alright with you? Letting my hands touch you like this?”

“Do as you wish, my lady.”

“No, no,” Evelyn said, wagging a finger at her for a second before continuing with, “I want to know if *you* want me to touch you. Not if *I* want to do so.”

Akali mumbled under her breath, too hushed for Evelyn to hear, despite their close proximity with one another.

“Care to repeat that, darling?”

Doing such made Akali feel so nervous. She didn’t know if she could be capable of withholding the emotion in her voice, which proved that she certainly wasn’t able to do so when she spoke again and uttered the same words she had mumbled.

“Touch me, please.”

Red lips curled upward before Akali lost sight of Evelyn's face, which she felt pressing against her neck. She became rigid against the woman that thoroughly examined her bare body with those divine hands, her muscles tensing and reflexively flexing, especially whenever Evelyn caressed a faded scar.

“Ash, steel, leather...” Evelyn murmured, uttering the scents that she inhaled from Akali. “...wood and charcoal.”

Akali stopped herself from hunching her shoulders in mild embarrassment. “My deepest apologies, princess, if my scent displeases you.”

“Oh no, don't be.” Evelyn inhaled deeply, causing Akali to become more conscious of whatever else the woman could get from her. “Blood.”

The memory of her, Shen and Zed fighting against a couple of bandits that tried ambushing them on their way back to the kingdom flashed in her head for a moment. One of them had gotten close to her and when she swung her blade at him, his blood had sprayed at her upon her strike. It was the reason why they briefly stopped at the nearby river to try and wash off the scent and display of blood on themselves.

“Again, my lady, I apologi...”

“I said, *don't*.” Evelyn cut her off, practically growling the last part. “I love a woman unafraid of drawing blood. To paint the earth red and leave death and agony upon her wake.”

“M-My lady...”

“You might truly be the one perfect for me.” Evelyn murmured, planting a kiss on her throat before pulling back. She brushed her lavender hair away from her face, fingers swiftly fixing the V-shaped bangs on her forehead. “Rest well, *Akali*.”

State of dress forgotten, Akali dazedly stared after Evelyn as the woman performed a tease-like curtsy to her before turning away and leaving the room. Her body tingled with the lingering feeling of the beauty's initial caresses, prompting her to follow after until she peered out of the doorway, watching the royal step out of her chambers with a conniving smirk.

Truly, she was under that woman's spell whether she liked it or not.

**XXXXX XXXXX XXXXX XXXXX**

Being an early bird was a habit Akali developed ever since she started training with Shen and Zed, so it's no surprise she was up and about around seven o'clock in the morning. She was wearing the light leather armor she was initially provided with, practicing her swordsmanship at the private training grounds at the back of the castle.

At first she and Zed were sparring with one another, but then he was called by one of Thresh's illegitimate children, Syndra. With how Zed had so quickly abandoned Akali and



went along with the woman, it was easy for Akali to notice the man's interest towards the clever advisor.

The sight made her a little envious. She wanted to see what her princess was doing, but when she asked one of the royal handmaidens, they told her she needed to wait until Evelynn woke up, for the woman despised having her beauty sleep disturbed unless there was a life-threatening emergency.

Therefore, Akali was left to train by herself to pass the time.

Half an hour later, a guardsman was sent by the King himself to retrieve her from the training area. She was told that there were guests and surprisingly, her presence was required by the ruler himself to be present at the throne room.

Akali expected many things, but what she certainly didn't expect was to see four admittedly dashing and strapping princes standing where she, Shen and Zed stood at yesterday. All of the royal figures had their own entourage in tow, various offerings carried by none other than their subjects and guardsmen.

Once Akali had entered the throne room, Tobias ushered her to stand beside Evelynn's empty throne. She assumed this particular situation wasn't dire enough for her lovely fiancée to be awakened. As she climbed the steps from the side, the four princes merely glanced at her before refocusing their gazes back to Thresh, who was maintaining a cool façade as he waited for their guests to acknowledge him first.

Only when Akali stopped and planted herself right beside Evelynn's throne did the princes all bowed simultaneously before Thresh, the one with chocolate brown hair speaking first among the them.

"King Thresh, let me formally introduce myself. I am Prince Savaric, hailing from the Empire of Shurima." He introduced with a confident, proud tone, head held high and posture relaxed and straight. "Like what I've written in my letter, I am here to formally court your lovely daughter, Princess Evelynn."

"King Thresh," The other prince, this one with silvery grey hair, called for the ruler's attention. "I would like to formally introduce myself as well. I am Prince Maalcrom from the Frostguard Kingdom, here to prove to you and your daughter that she deserves nothing but what I can give. The best."

"Your Majesty." The third prince, who possessed obsidian black hair meticulously shaved at the side and was apparently more of a woman in a prince's attire, bowed once again as she took her own turn in introducing herself. "Princess Mir, the youngest child of the King of Piltover. I was sent here by my father as an attempt to gain your favor by winning your daughter's heart. But, then again..."

Instead of finishing her reply, Mir merely glanced at Akali before settling on flashing a smile at the King, who seemed mildly entertained with her nonchalant introduction. Unlike the first two, she sounded like she was merely there because her father forced her to make the visit. Which he actually did.

Out of the four visitors, Akali found herself already favoring the third one. Mainly because she didn't seem to be interested in making much of an effort in stealing Evelynn away.

The fourth princess bowed soon after the third, giving his own nonchalant introduction. "Prince Settrigh of the Ionian Kingdom. Like those two prudish princes, I'm here to court your daughter, Your Highness."

Despite how lackluster Sett and Mir seemed to be, Akali still felt her jealousy flare like a dragon roaring in absolute anger. Even though they seem to be clueless about Evelynn's new engagement, Akali still felt furious with how confident, especially the first two, were when it came to charming her fiancée.

How dare they ask to court *her* princess?

Akali was there first. Even though she had yet to officially tie the knot with Evelynn, she was still prone to having her jealousy triggered in these kinds of situations. After all, these men were after the woman she loved with all her being.

Thresh gave a sigh soon after the last prince finished his own introduction, shifting on his throne as he put on a convincing apologetic look. He didn't feel sorry at all, but he had to feign it. Wouldn't want to offend the royalty of the neighbouring kingdoms, but only because it was unnecessary.

"I know all of you have come far and wide to capture my daughter's heart, but alas, a significant development took place yesterday."

"We heard the news about the dragon being slain, Your Majesty." Savaric said, looking quite proud of himself for being updated with the happenings in the kingdom. "It certainly is quite a development."

"Then, I'm sure you've heard the news about my daughter?" Thresh asked with absolute amusement in his tone. He had yet to announce to the kingdom about Evelynn's engagement, since they intended to do such for tonight's party. He was fairly certain no one outside the castle was aware of it.

"What news are you referring to, Your Highness?"

There was no easier way to break the news, therefore, Thresh blatantly said, "She is *already* engaged."

"What!?" Was the immediately responses of two of their royal guests. Among the four of them though, Mir and Sett seemed to have the most tamed reaction.

While Mir gave a not-so-subtle sigh of relief, Sett just gave an airy laugh and shook his head. Though he wasn't as obvious as Mir, the relieved look hinting in his eyes was a clear indication that, like the former, he was also forced into this whole trip in the first place.

"Your Majesty, you must simply be jesting..."

“I am not.” Thresh offhandedly cut off. “My daughter willingly accepted a proposal just yesterday from one of the dragonslayers.”

“May we know who, Your Highness?” Maalcrom asked, looking as if he was already planning his next move in order to further advance in the situation rather than backing down.

Thresh smiled to himself before turning his eyes and gesturing towards Akali, who took the wordless action as her cue to finally speak up. Chest puffed out and fists clenched visibly, Akali made sure to put on the most intimidating glare she could ever present in that very moment.

“It's me. *I'm* the one who the princess is engaged to.” Akali said, glaring between Savaric and Maalcrom. She didn't really see Mir and Sett as rivals since the two looked like they wanted to be elsewhere rather than where they currently were. “Even if any of you has a problem with it, say whatever you want, it will never change anything.”

Thresh hummed in agreement. “My daughter has said yes to her, after all.”

“But, Your Highness...-”

“If any of you four have any objections,” The curve on Thresh's lips was a twin of Evelyn's signature devilish smirk. The expression showed how Evelyn had indeed took up her father's hidden wickedness. “there's only one way to settle the matter, isn't there?”

Akali knew Thresh acknowledged the fact that Evelyn had agreed to her proposal, but just because this was officially her first day being involved in a matter concerning a royal family didn't mean she was unfamiliar with the tradition the man was implying.

Marriage always had their loopholes when it came to royalty.

Savaric and Maalcrom nodded to the King, while Mir and Sett exchanged expectant looks.

“For the hand of the Princess of Valoran,” Maalcrom started, meeting Akali's glare with a icy look. “I challenge you to a duel.”

“I challenge you as well!” Savaric said, his own glare being met with the same intensity.

“Fine, I accept your challenges.” Akali said in a hard tone, practically snarling at the two. “One must yield in every duel and only then will there be a victor worthy for the princess.”

Thresh chuckled at the sight, shaking his head before directing his gaze to the other two, who straightened up once his gaze landed on them. “What about you two, hmm?”

Mir glanced at Sett before she bowed again and said, “We respect the princess' decision, Your Majesty. We will not participate in this duel.”

“But, we certainly would appreciate a good show.” Sett added, prompting Mir to nod concurrently.

Thresh gave a husky laugh before standing up and gesturing for the guards as he said, "Prepare a place for combat, then! Today, we shall see who is truly strong and worthy enough to indeed possess the honor of having my beloved daughter's hand."

The four groups of royal entourage dispersed and only when they were gone did Shen emerge into view. He approached Thresh after bowing, engaging in a hushed conversation with the King before he was waved away.

Akali was then guided out of the throne room by none other than one of her mentors slash fellow dragonslayer. As they walked down the hall and headed to wherever Shen led her, Akali realized that her fists were clenched so hard that her nails had nearly pierced through the skin of her palms.

And Shen noticed it when she relaxed her hands and inspected it for a fleeting second.

"Akali, listen."

"I'm going to destroy them, Shen. Whatever you say won't change that, or convince me to give them any mercy."

"I'm not going to stop you from doing what you wish, Akali. I am merely going to remind you something."

"Remind me what? How to wield a sword? A spear?" Akali gave the taller man a confused look. "I may use a kama and a kunai on a daily basis, but that doesn't mean I forgot all the lessons you taught me."

Shen shook his head. "It's not that."

"Then, what?"

"Don't kill them."

"...That's it?" Akali raised an eyebrow at the older warrior. "I'm also a bit surprised you're not objecting or reminding me about balance, mercy and tranquility."

"You are your own person, and you're certainly no child." Shen suppressed a smile as he recalled the young years of Akali, back when she was pleading for him to take her in as his student. "We carve our own path, and these upcoming duels are the beginning of the future you're making for yourself."

Confidently, Akali smiled to herself. She had no plans on being defeated. Just like what Shen said, this was just the beginning of her future. A future she wishes to spend with the woman that she allowed herself to be completely vulnerable to.

"No need to worry about me, old man. I'll make you proud, you'll see."

"I hope you do. Now, come. You must choose an armor from the royal armory."

"There's a royal armory?"

“Apparently.”

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

The curtains were closed and the shadows of the room practically swallowed its entirety whole. Despite the coverage, slits of sunlight still seeped through the edges of the hanging fabrics. Regardless, such little details wasn't the reason why the woman slumbering on the bed was roused into a conscious state.

The echoing clangs of steel, sharp hisses as the blades scraped against each other and cheers and gasps of a crowd became her personal rude awakening for today. It was way past the level of annoyance the tinkling bells the maids used to ring when she was a child. She had it rid off when she grew up, finding those sounds absolutely irritating.

Evelynn's eyes fluttered open, but the way her nails clawed at her own pillow was enough for her to openly express her absolute vexation at the disturbance. She pushed herself up, narrowed eyes bearing traces of her sleep as she looked around her bedroom for a moment.

Vacating her bed and pushing the curtains covering the doors of her balcony, Evelynnn took a few seconds to let her eyes adjust before she approached the edge and looked off to the railing. What she expected to see was a bunch of soldiers sparring with one another while some others likely grew rowdy and completely forgot that someone from the castle was still asleep.

Much to her absolute surprise, she found her fiancée clashing swords with a man, while the circle of a seated crowd of civilians and soldiers served as their audience. Judging from the familiar facial features and the crest on the mentioned man's armor, he was probably one of the princes from the Shuriman Empire.

The irritation she was feeling disappeared and was replaced with interest and a tad bit of apprehension. Regardless of the desire to not to look away in fear of missing something bloody, Evelynnn rushed back to her bedroom, calling out for her handmaidens.

Said handmaidens stumbled into her room and was quick to work on dressing her up and fixing her hair back to its unique style. The moment she deemed herself perfectly presentable, Evelynnn left her chambers and swiftly yet elegantly made her way to where the duel was commencing.

Guards escorted her from the castle and through the crowd that parted way for her until she found a seat reserved only for her at the space exclusively set up for her, Thresh and her four half-siblings, who stood just behind the King with entertained looks. Her father wore a mildly

impressed and amused expression as he watched Akali and the Shuriman prince combat against one another.

“Ah, Evelynn,” Thresh took his attention away from the fight for a moment, letting his daughter give him a kiss on the cheek before the latter sat down beside him and fixed her gaze on the small yet intense battle. “it's good that you're awake. I thought you would miss this extravaganza your fiancée and suitors have put up.”

“Father, what is the meaning of this?” Evelynn queried, settling on her seat before looking over to the battle commencing a fair distance away from them. “What is Prince Savaric doing here and why is he dueling with Akali?”

“He challenged her for your hand.” Thresh simply stated, nodding across them, where Prince Maalcrom was preparing for his own duel against Akali. “And so did that Frostguard prince.”

Evelynn shot her father a look of disbelief, an offended scoff leaving her. “They *are* aware that in the end, it is still *my* say if I will marry them or not, aren't they?”

Thresh hummed. “Well, their pride and ego might just be too inflated for them to have enough room for realization. That aside, enjoy the show, my child. Here we see if Akali is indeed a good choice of yours.”

"You *do* know how I handle my choices, don't you? Or have you forgotten, father?"

"Oh believe me, child, I remember."

The displeased curl of her lips was completely apparent, but Evelynn decided to lay back and eventually mask her expression with a steely façade. Her fingers idly tapped on her lap as she watched, demeanor shifting drastically.

As for Akali, despite the visible perspiration forming on her head, her stance remained undisturbed and her sword nimbly parried another aggressive strike from Savaric. The second the blades clashed and they both stepped back, the two of them turned to look at where the royal family was, their eyes immediately focusing on the newly-arrived princess.

“Princess.” They both greeted her, bowing at once.

Evelynn merely nodded at them. Though out of all them, she already favored Akali, she couldn't let the others see that she had plans for the dragonslayer. To not expose herself, she just flashed a sinister smirk and crossed her legs, gesturing for them to continue their battle.

“I will show you right here, my lady, that it is *I* that rightfully deserves your hand in marriage.” Savaric proudly guaranteed before turning to Akali and pointing his sword at her.

Meanwhile, Akali stayed her gaze on Evelynn, who gave her the most subtle nod possible. It was a wordless encouragement, but she saw it as if the woman just gave her approval to her intention on destroying the prince before her.

Akali internally smiled, returning her full attention back to the prince and raising her sword at him once again. Their swords clashed at the following moment, battle cries, grunts and snarls

slipping through their gritted teeth as they circled one another in the midst of the clash.

A sharp *clang!* echoed, followed by the gritting *shling!* before both of their swords flew to the side, leaving them both unarmed. Instead of scrambling for their weapons, Akali watched as Savaric started removing some of his steel plates, stopping only when his hands were bare and he was left in his cloth armor.

“You don't mind getting your hands dirty, do you, dragonslayer?” Savaric asked mockingly, grinning when Akali copied his actions and relieved herself of her steel armor.

“For the princess? Never.”

At the sidelines, Evelyn lips twitched, wanting to shape into a pleased smirk.

Once the two of them were only clad in their light armor, Savaric finally charged towards Akali, who immediately went on defensive to counter all the swings and kicks he gave. She blocked them with her arms and parried them with her deft hands, but she was only human. She couldn't block everything, especially since Savaric's pace of strikes abruptly spiked.

The force behind the punch threw Akali back, causing blood to rapidly pool in her mouth and drip out of her slightly parted lips when she took a breath as she regained her footing.

Growling, Akali rushed towards Savaric, ramming him back with enough strength to make him stumble. The second he did stumble, she finally landed a solid strike across his own cheek.

Intense may that punch be, it wasn't enough to make the prince give in. He and Akali traded hits and blocked swings left and right from one another, and the entire process continued for a couple more minutes before Akali broke Savaric's guard and performed a flying kick.

Blood was spat upon the collision of her boot against the prince's face and the crowd's cheers and hollers became louder when Savaric fell on the dirt. No matter how hard he tried pushing himself up, his arms trembled and would always end up collapsing.

When he fell back down for the fifth time, Thresh waved at one of the guards, who nodded before the man rushed in between the two fighters. He drew his sword, which he used to gesture to Akali as he announced to everyone that she won the duel against the Shuriman royal.

The guard then told Akali she had an hour to rest before she was expected to duel against Maalcrom. With her being bruised already from her fight against Savaric, the terms between her and the Frostguard prince sounded unfair, yet Akali only nodded and walked towards where Shen and Zed waited to treat her lesions.

On her way, she glanced at her next opponent, who looked fit as a fiddle, before her gaze wandered to Evelyn. Disappointingly, the princess avoided her gaze and focused her attention on speaking to one of the guards on standby beside her seat.

Akali knew she shouldn't expect too much from the woman. What happened the night before was utterly surprising, but it might also just be Evelynn teasing her and raising her hopes up, only to crush them down if she loses her fight against Maalcrom.

She was the one who's head over heels between them and knowing the heiress merely knew that she existed just yesterday, it was a painful thing to think about how Evelynn might have only said yes to her proposal all for her mere personal benefit. No sincere feelings whatsoever.

The discouraging aspect didn't lessen what she felt for the woman though. She actually became more determined in winning and to personally prove to Evelynn that she was worth genuinely falling in love with.

"You'll be using a spear for the next duel." Zed told her, handing her a piece of cloth, which she used to wipe the blood dripping over the corner of her lips. "It's Maalcrom's choice of weapon."

"I'm sure you still remember your training when we visited the Demacian kingdom."

Akali nodded and let her two mentors tend to her. They brought her to one of the empty wooden forts, where they checked her current state away from curious eyes. Zed helped her in cleaning the blood and dirt from her face, arms and hands, while Shen rubbed some sort of healing balsam on her fresh bruises before wrapping them in bandages.

"The things you do, Akali." Zed murmured with a shake of his head. "And for something foolish at that."

She gave a half-hearted scoff, giving Zed a harmless swat. "You of all people don't have the right to say that to me."

"Is that so?" Zed asked back with a raised eyebrow.

"I see how you look at the princess' half-sister. Syndra, was it?"

"I advise you to shut that little mouth of yours before I stitch it close." Zed said, earning a look from Shen, while Akali seemed unfazed.

"You don't even know how to stitch."

"What better time than now to practice."

Zed and Akali bickered most of the time they were given, with Shen making a comment or intervening every now and then. Before their lighthearted squabbling could further continue, they heard the door of the fort creak open, causing all three of them to turn to see who the unexpected guest was.

"A moment?"

It was Evelynn.



Shen and Zed murmured their responses and bowed to Evelynn before they excused themselves and left the fort. When the door closed and Akali heard the sound of guards shifting from outside, she knew no one could possibly disturb them unless Evelynn allowed it.

The soft thump of Evelynn's heels was all Akali heard as the royal approached her, stopping in front of the rogue, who suddenly became a bit self-conscious about her contused state.

Akali became distinctly still when Evelynn reached for her face, only to brush her thumb against the cut on the corner of lips. It wasn't bleeding out, but the laceration still had a layer of blood, which ended up staining the soft pad of Evelynn's thumb.

"Mmm," Evelynn brought it up to her lips, and Akali couldn't do anything but stare with wide eyes as the vixen-like princess wiped the blood on the very tip of her tongue. The sweet metallic taste of burgundy made her taste buds tingle and it inspired a soft sigh of satisfaction from her. "draw more blood for me, darling. Preferably another prince's instead of yours."

Akali swallowed quietly, resisting the urge to fiddle with the roll of bandages she's been toying with ever since earlier. "Do you... favor me, my lady?"

Rather than receiving an assuring response, Akali only found Evelynn crossing her arms. "I favor the strongest."

"Is that so?" Akali felt her resolve bolster for a tiny bit. No matter how confident she was that she'll emerge as the true victor in the final duel, she was still anxious about what Evelynn honestly thought about her.

"The one with the strongest will, the strongest of loyalty, the strongest of..." Evelynn uncrossed her arms and reached forward, cupping Akali by her jaw and giving her chin a little shake. "...love, perhaps?"

Akali swallowed for the second time, the lump that passed down her throat fleetingly pressing against Evelynn's fingertips.

"If one could be the valiant young warrior I've always longed for, maybe, just maybe, I would *actually* consider."

As if touching her was forbidden, Evelynn retracted her touch as if Akali's skin had scorched her delicate fingers. She walked away and left Akali alone, her swaying hips and her supreme finery being the last thing the rogue saw before Shen and Zed returned.

"What happened?" The two asked in unison, both of them looking expectantly at Akali, waiting for her to say something.

Akali released an apparent breath before she stood up, her azure blue eyes filled with the flame of a purpose.

"I can't lose."

"What?"

“I need to win.”

Zed and Shen exchanged looks for a brief second before the former asked with narrowed eyes, “Why?”

“Because she's expecting me to.”

**XXXXX XXXXX XXXXX XXXXX**

The crowd gasped as one of the fighters fell onto the ground, spitting blood on the dirt as the other circled around. The company of the Frostguard prince cheered for him, while the mentioned man didn't make an effort in concealing the proud look on his face.

Akali grunted as she pushed herself up, gritting her teeth through the blood seeping through. She might have been experienced in handling a spear, but Maalcrom's skill in wielding such was far superior compared to hers.

“Yield and all this will be over.” Maalcrom told her. “It's only right that I win the princess' hand in marriage. After all, how can a weak, little footman like you could ever compare to a prince like me?”

Akali glared at Maalcrom, her eyes wandering over her shoulder when she saw Evelyn looking at her from behind Maalcrom. The King looked curious about what she intended on doing, while his daughter curled her lips in displeasure. When she met Akali's gaze, Evelyn merely sighed and discreetly nodded towards Maalcrom's direction.

Evelyn *expected* her to win, and win she shall.

Akali ditched the spear, tossing it aside and causing her opponent to quirk an eyebrow at her.

“I've been losing, but only because I wasn't exactly comfortable with a spear.” She said, getting into a different fighting stance. “Now I realized that I don't need a weapon to defeat you.”

Maalcrom scoffed. “Well, clearly, you're well-versed with melee combat, while I myself am not. If that is how you wish to fight against me, so be it. I will not make the same mistake the Shuriman made.”

And with that said, Maalcrom charged at Akali, swinging his spear at her. She used the same method she had done when Savaric had rained down one strike after another, but unlike the previous fight, her arms suffered even more thanks to the solid impact of the spear practically biting on her skin.

Akali hissed when Maalcrom reeled the spear back after he struck her at the rib, causing the blade at the tip to tear through her cloth armor and end up deeply scratching the side of her midriff.

Maalcrom expected Akali to try and take a retreating step, so when he wound the spear, he left himself vulnerable for a second. That particular second was all Akali needed.

Ignoring the pain that shot through her bleeding wound, Akali gave a snarl as she lunged forward. Maalcrom immediately twirled his spear and tried using it as a shield. What he didn't anticipate was that the strong force of Akali's kick was more than enough to break his weapon. Unlike his usual armament, which was a steel spear, he and Akali were both provided with the same standard wooden spear to even the combat. His, unfortunately, broke in the middle of the battle.

In that fleeting moment of shock and realization, Maalcrom failed to shield himself from the hard punches and solid kicks that came his way immediately after.

The moment he lost his balance and ended up falling on his back after dozens of feebly-shielded strikes, he was done for. Akali was quick to straddle him on the stomach and rain down lethal punches on his face. She deflected his hands when he tried throwing her off, nearly breaking one of his wrists in the middle of it.

She heard one of the prince's people call out and yield for him, since he was too preoccupied with getting mouthfuls of her furious fists. But, Akali didn't stop. The more she struck, the more she made him bleed. Either through his nose or his mouth, Akali didn't care. She wanted to draw more blood not for herself, but for the woman that was watching them with a look that gleamed with bloodlust.

Evelynn's lips slowly but evidently shaped into a frighteningly delighted smirk, watching as the guards, both from their kingdom and the Frostguard entourage, approach them in order to put a halt to Akali's attacks before their prince could become utterly unrecognizable.

"Enough! Enough!" The guards of the Frostguard said as he and another Valoran royal guard peeled Akali away from Maalcrom. "He yields! The prince yields!"

Thresh laughed at the display, a grin forming on his face when he glanced at his daughter and found her wearing that wicked smirk on her face that reminded him so much of his late wife. They may have ruled humbly and with a just hand, but he and his wife had done many things behind the castle walls. Things that would exhibited their lust for blood and the sight of suffering. It was their biggest common liking.

"A bloody performance, isn't it?"

Evelynn hummed, feeling immensely pleased. "The bloodiest one that I have ever seen."

Adrenaline was beginning to subside in Akali's body and once it had, exhaustion invaded her senses. She slumped against the guard and Shen, who had also approached and took over the place of the other Frostguard soldier.

"Let's get you treated." Shen said, his voice barely heard from the mix of cheers of the majority of the audience and cries of outrage from the other members of the Frostguards.

Evelynn beckoned one of the royal guardsmen, who leaned down in order to hear her properly. "Prepare some medical supplies."

"Of course, my lady."

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

“What?” Akali grunted out, slumped on the side of her bed as she looked at Shen with a look of disbelief. “Why?”

They had literally just arrived at her chambers when a guard came in and told Shen he needed to leave, and when he tried objecting, the guard merely told them it was the King's orders. Though Shen was reluctant, he knew defying the mentioned order would only result in something worse, and so, he left with the guard after offering Akali an apologetic look over his shoulder.

Akali clenched her teeth and pressed the cloth Shen had given him against her wound. The fabric's white color could barely be seen thanks to the blood it had and still was soaking up.

“Agh, this hurts...” She groaned to herself as she laid down on the bed, lips pursing tightly in reaction to the stinging pain from her wound.

***Click!***

When Akali turned to see who it was, she nearly doubled over in her haste to sit back up. She didn't want to look pathetic, groaning and grunting about the pain, despite the latter being agonizing.

“Oh please, darling, feel free to keel over and die if the pain is too much.” Evelyn said, a coy smile shaping her lips. “You've at least received the honor of being my fiancée for a day and a half.”

Akali felt her cheeks warm up a little in embarrassment, trying to keep the pain from showing on her face. “Believe me, princess, I would not waste the chance to keep that honor.”

“Not unless you slowly bleed to death.” Evelyn then showed what she was hiding behind her, a pack of medical supplies enough to patch her up, including the wound she was still nursing with the rag. “Let's strip you now, shall we?”

Akali mutely nodded, letting Evelyn help her in doing so. It's not like there's anything else the princess hadn't seen from her visit last night. The whole process was short and next thing Akali knew, she was laying on her uninjured side with a pillow held under her head, while Evelyn stitched the awful cut Maalcrom had given her.

No conversation took place as Evelyn gradually nursed her. Only the soft humming the woman was doing as she worked served as the noise between them. If they were to talk, Akali wanted to be able to look towards Evelyn and have a full view of her beautiful face.

But then again, the question that's been burning inside her head was just too much to ignore.

“Princess?”

“Hmm?”

“What I did to Maalcrom...” Akali looked over her shoulder, meeting Evelynn’s gaze. “Is that what you wanted?”

Evelynn’s cool expression didn't even falter. It stayed composed and unfazed as she asked, “Did you enjoy it?”

Akali's eyebrows furrowed slightly in confusion. “Pardon, my lady, but... why *did* you want me to do it?”

“I'm surprised you're only asking now.” Evelynn delicately slipped the needle through Akali's skin, a small smile playing on her lips. “After you pinned him down, mercilessly struck his defenseless self, spilled his blood on the earth, you ask me this *now*?”

“I didn't want to question you.” Akali admitted. “I was certain you would have been revolted by the sight of blood, but...”

“But...?”

“...it seems that I was wrong.”

When Akali was met with silence after that, she feared for a moment that she might have just made the heiress angry, but the gentle and almost painless stitching remained. The lack of verbal reactions made her uneasy, but she kept calm and hopefully waited for something, *anything*, that would tell her Evelynn wasn't vexed at her query and assumption.

“We were close, my mother and I.” Evelynn started all of a sudden, causing Akali's eyes to widen a bit when she realized what the princess was about to tell her. “She was fond of toying with my hair. She said it reminded her of a river of silk.”

Akali held her tongue, her entire attention focused on listening to her fiancée's story.

“One night, like all the usual evenings that go by, she was with me in my quarters, brushing my hair and telling me the things I would need to do once I ascend to the throne.” If only Akali could see Evelynn, she would notice how a bitter look gleamed in those amber gold eyes as she said, “Unfortunately, someone wanted to change that routine of ours.”

Hearing the shift in her tone though, Akali looked over her shoulder once again. Evelynn was glaring at her wound as if it was responsible for what came next. Again, Akali said nothing and kept silence close to herself.

“A man, a knife, a body.” Evelynn took a deep breath and sighed, finishing Akali's stitches. “Blood on the carpet.”

Akali waited until Evelynnn pulled her hands away, officially done with her current task. Once she was finished, Akali forced herself to sit up and turn to face Evelynnn, careful enough to not put too much strain on her newly patched up wound.

“Ever since then, the sight of blood... called to me.” Evelynnn’s bitter look vanished as she smiled and wiped her fingers with a clean rag. “It’s the way of coping I developed after witnessing my mother be murdered in front of me.”

“My lady...” Akali reached for Evelynnn’s hands, their finger intertwining with one another for a few seconds before the woman pulled her hands away and withdrew the healing balm from the medical pack she brought in.

Another moment of silence passed with Evelynnn tending to Akali’s bruises, her smooth and delicate touch causing Akali’s heart to pound inside her chest. When Evelynnn finished spreading the ointment and finally started bandaging Akali’s arms, their conversation continued, but not from where they stopped.

“I was going to kill you.”

Akali’s gaze, which were idly focused on Evelynnn’s hands, snapped upward, eyes wide and mouth slightly agape in absolute surprise.

Evelynnn smiled again, carefully wrapping the bandages around the bruise she was paying her attention to. “You’re not the first warrior I said yes to.”

Blue eyes flicked towards Evelynnn’s fingers, which were adorned with one ring each, the band that Akali gave being the one around her left hand’s ring finger. If one were to look closely, she’d see how each circular accessory fit the description of being described as a breathtaking engagement ring. She then looked back towards Evelynnn, waiting for her to continue despite the warning her mind was giving her.

“There are many others.”

“Where are they now?”

“Dead.” Evelynnn simply replied with a nonchalant expression. “All by my hand, as well.”

“Did you... Did you tell them the same thing you’re telling me now?”

That caused Evelynnn’s lips to twitch, her smile threatening to widen. “Why do you think they’re dead now, hmm?”

Akali gulped quietly, fear prickling at the back of her mind while she focused on keeping herself from freaking out. There was a reason behind all of this, she just knew it. She wanted to know everything first before she made her next move.

“And the King knows?”

“My father supports my ways wholeheartedly.”

“You said... You said that you *were* going to kill me.”

“That's right.”

“What changed?” Akali asked, sincere curiosity shining in her eyes as she tried capturing Evelynn’s gaze, which she succeeded eventually.

Evelynn’s eyes twinkled with mischief. “You drew blood for me.”

“I drew blood for you?”

“Just like how my father did for my mother.” Evelynn leaned in and whispered, “You said it yourself, lover. No one is as perfect as how the sky is endless. Now, tell me, do you still think you can love me for who I truly am?”

Akali stared back at Evelynn, lips somewhat parted and her mind wandering as the woman continued caring for her in silence. Evelynn seemed to be patient in waiting for a response. She even resumed humming whatever soothing tone she was humming earlier.

The woman she loved was a murderous vixen that had killed off her previous lovers with her very own hands, and now, she was being asked if she still loved her? If what she felt didn't change?

Akali lowered her gaze to her hands. They were the same hands she used to pummel Maalcrom to submission. The same hands that had killed throughout the lands in her quest to survive and to become stronger to be worthy of Evelynn’s love, affection and attention.

Deep inside herself, she was afraid Evelynn would think she was too brutal with her enemies, but clearly, the most brutal one wasn't her.

“I made him bleed, didn't I?”

Evelynn raised her gaze again, meeting Akali's as her lips formed into that devilish smirk of hers. “You did, and I loved every second of it.”

“Would you keep a knife under your pillow when we marry?”

The smirk turned into a villainous grin.

“Always.”

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

*Five Years Later...*

“For the attempt on the Queen's life, you are hereby sentenced to death.”

The assassin squirmed in the binding of the rope that kept them from leaving their kneeled position, their knees sinking further into the snow-layered ground. The guard that held them from the back of their head kept them from looking away from the person that stood before them, who drew a knife that reflected the terrified look in their eyes.

“By my hand.”

The blade was swiped forward and across the assassin's neck. Before the blood could spray and splatter all over the manslayer, the latter had already turned and walked away from gardens, where she always held the executions. Hidden from the eyes of the people, but not to the one that enjoyed the sight the most.

“Get rid of the body and clean the mess.”

Pace of her walk swift and light, she was soon entering the royal chambers that belonged to none other than the Queen of the kingdom, who was standing out on the balcony, watching and drinking her wine as the royal guards supervised the process of cleaning the bloody scene.

Approaching the woman clad in one of her finest warm attires fitting for the cold, snowy weather, the executioner embraced the Queen from behind and nuzzled her lips past the collar of her coat and pressed her nose against her lover's unveiled neck. She inhaled the vixen's sweet scent before she spoke in a murmur against the flawless skin.

“It's done, my Queen.”

The Queen, Evelynn, hummed as she reached behind her and caressed her beloved wife's nape, encouraging her to kiss around her pulse.

“Slitting their throat out? Painting the snow red with blood? My, my, you certainly know how to show a woman what she wants.”

Akali smiled, eyes drifting close when Evelynn turned and connected their lips with one another. It was slow and gentle at first, but it became more and more intense as their hunger to touch one another grew significantly.

“Do you still keep that knife under your pillow?”

Evelynn grinned. “Always, my love.”

“Let's make use of it now, shall we?”

“Oh, darling...” Evelynn practically moaned out, wine glass forgotten on the balcony's icy railing as she turned and started pushing Akali back inside the bedroom, closing the doors behind her. “I know you love teasing me with it.”



“Only because I know it pleases you.”

The sound of clothes rustling filled the room, followed then by the two women falling on the bed with Evelynn pinned below Akali, who hovered above her with a look of desire and adoration in those azure eyes of hers.

“My love, my darling,” Evelynn whispered, tracing her fingertips over Akali's heart before both of her hands snuck through the open coat of the rogue, her fingertips running down the bare skin of her back, which bore faded scars that have long healed from her past adventures. “love me like you do.”

“Always, my Queen.”

“Evelynn.”

Akali chuckled. “Always, Evelynn.”

**XXXXXX XXXXX XXXXX XXXXX**

## End Notes

Author's Note: Merry Christmas, everyone! And in a few days, a happy new year! Every year, I have a year-end holiday treat for my readers and this year, this is it! I hope all of you guys have a happy holiday! Consider this as my gift to all of you~ ^u^

I can't guarantee if I'll have a New Year update be written in time, but I'll make sure to try and dish out something! Just so all of you know, this piece was chosen through the poll I held on my Twitter, so check me out there from time to time to see if I post another poll for a future story. UwU

Till my next update, my peeps! :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!