

## Those Who Fall From The Sky Must Do So Gracefully

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# **Those Who Fall From The Sky Must Do So Gracefully**

by [mortaldivine](#)

## Summary

After she wakes up, Syndra is all alone until newfound company joins her on the floating fort of Fae'lor. Between the need for her humanity's restoration and the betrayals she has suffered in the hands of all those she trusted, will the wounded woman ever be able to feel love for anyone again, or do her scars go way too deep for that?

## Those Who Fall From The Sky

### Must Do So Gracefully

Izono stood on the ledge of the fort's wall, and looked at the the village miles below.

It was a strange sight, one that she could never quite get used to. The branch-woven roofs looked like insect made architecture, and the war ravaged green plains seemed to represent the sickly skin of the wounded land. The sky was clear today, with just a few clouds in sight. The warmth of the morning sun on the castle's east wing caressed her tanned skin, and made her amber eyes shine like sacred amulets her grandmother used to carve.

Izono sometimes doubted her decision of ever coming up here, but going back was off the table by any means. Therefore, the mental debates were redundant for the most part.

Unless she jumped off. But that was not what she wanted from life. Then why would she have come to the fort in the first place?

“Good morning.”

Izono was startled from the rough voice behind her, even though she recognized it instantly. Even though she was the only other person on this forsaken castle.

“Good morning, Lady Syndra.” she replied softly, turning to her and slightly bowing. The word ‘lady’ was foreign to both of them, Izono had picked it up from travelers in the port, a place of many languages and cultures. However, she had decided to use it with Syndra over any Ionian honorifics because she doubted she would want anything to do with the traditions of her traitor land.

“I thought we were over these formalities.” She sipped on the wooden cup of herbal tea she cusped in both hands. She looked... plain. She had no armor on, and her headless was nowhere to be seen. She wore a black tunic and loose cotton pants, the same color as her ashen white hair that rested on her shoulders. She stood there barefoot and breathed in the morning air. She looked strangely mundane, so much that you could forget it was the flick of her wrist that kept the fort of Fae'lor aloft, and it was the flick of her wrist that could send it flying down all the same.

“Forgive me, I'm not too good at letting go of habits.”

“There's nothing to be forgiven.” She lent her a tired smile. Her hair was ruffled as she had probably just woken up, she didn't really care about her looks. Izono thought more than often she simply forgot mirrors existed. Syndra's bangs were messy above her brows that so rarely did not frown at whatever they were looking at. “I just think we would *at least* be friends by now.”

Friends was a strange word for Isono. She worked for Syndra, as far as she was concerned. She felt drawn to the woman from time to time, for different reasons - that, she would not deny. But friends? That suggested something mutual that Isono could never really be certain of when it came to Syndra. She had been locked away for decades, maybe centuries. This was not the time. Isono wanted to reply, assure her that *of course* they were friends. But the thin woman came to stand next to her before she could articulate a meaningful answer, and the opportunity passed.

“Do you miss it?” she asked nonchalantly, looking down the ledge, but Isono could sense a hint of genuine curiosity. She couldn’t blame her. Syndra had traded one prison for another - the one of nightmares underground for the one of silence above the mountains. Although the current one was something she chose, Isono felt like she wouldn’t be able to let go of it easily even if she wanted to.

The best she could do was try to be a reassuring voice in the mist of her loneliness and distrust.

“Not really. I have nothing left there to miss.” Isono said. That was true for the most part, her home had been destroyed in a Noxian raid, and she didn’t know where her family was or if they were even alive. She was lucky she hadn’t died in that initial attack. She could have, if it hadn’t been for Syndra.

“I assume you do miss the food. The fruits, the spices... the...” Syndra paused, trying to remember the name of the herb. It was still difficult for some words to find their way to her tongue after decades of solitary confinement, especially those that had never interested her before the pool and the caves and the nightmares. She lowered her eyes, focusing on the leaves floating in the tea between her palms.

“Rosemary?” Isono suggested, picturing the plant that was the same color as the flow silk dress she wore now.

“Yes, rosemary. Thank you.” Syndra took another sip. Isono had mentioned her fondness of the herb before, but they hadn’t been successful in growing it in the garden of Fae’lor, to both their displeasure. Syndra was thankful for Isono’s company, though she rarely made it obvious. It was a plus she didn’t have to force her to stay, too.

“The food was nice, but I can make almost everything here too.” Isono answered the previous question. “As long as I can have all the ingredients I need, we’re going to be more than fine here.” *I don’t have a home to cook down there, anyways.* She did not say it out loud, but the unsaid words lingered in the momentary silence between them.

Over the two months she had been on the fort, they had been able to turn the place into a place that could almost self sustain. Collecting seeds to grow fruits and vegetables, smoking meat and fish, making jams and sauces for the winter... Still, it could not. Not just yet. Water posed the biggest problem - even though they had set up a system to collect rainwater, it was almost never enough. Syndra could drain lakes if she wanted, Isono reckoned, but gravity seemed to work differently when it came to liquids. Perhaps, Syndra simply did not want to unleash that sort of destruction upon her once-homeland, even though it had betrayed and imprisoned her. Isono could never tell, and could never ask either.

Until Syndra decided to build her own chasm on the fort, they had to get down every once in a while to get fresh water and when they did, they made sure to get ingredients for Izono to cook all their favorite dishes as well. Though Syndra's requests were usually overly simple, and even a bit archaic in either the ingredients or the recipe itself. Izono had sadly come to the realization it was probably that Syndra did not remember, and only had slight traces of leftover tastes to go off from.

She didn't let this bring her down, though. She had used to be known for her cooking talents in her village, after all, and she could introduce Syndra to all kind of new delicacies. The poor woman had no clue how to cook and Izono had no idea what she had been eating before she came up. Lucky for her, Izono had made it her momentary purpose in life to make Syndra enjoy food again after not getting to eat for spirits knew how long. So far, she had only been able to snatch away a smile or two from her. Even though she thanked her sincerely after every meal, it wasn't her gratitude or indebtedness Izono was after.

It was her happiness.

A fresh breeze brushed the two women's shoulders. Syndra's pale strands moved gently, while Izono's stayed still in the tight bun on the top of her head she had put her ink black hair in. Her dress swayed with the movement of the clouds that appeared a little too easily reachable ever since she had come to the fort. She would never forget that day, the day she was plucked off the ground like a dandelion carried in the wind. Unlike a dandelion, she hadn't dispersed into a million seeds, and had landed here. She had heard the legends of Syndra before, of course, and she had heard of her awakening. She had seen the Noxian ships smashed to smithereens in the harbor, and the leftover bricks of the fort in Fae'lor from afar. The floating castle had become a constant glooming threat above the Ionians' heads, a threat of something so evil and powerful that it had to be locked away by their very land.

Looking back at that day now, Izono found it hard to believe. In the midst of chaos, flames and the smoke of war, Syndra had saved her for some reason that was lost to the both of them. When three Noxian men had cornered Izono after she had fled the village, Syndra had shown up from between the trees. She had crushed their bones and squeezed the air out of their lungs with the smallest movement of her fingers, killing them under the weight of a thousand Fae'lors and freeing her from the possibility of a horrific fate. Izono knew who she was the moment she had laid eyes on her, the horn-like crown was hard to miss, but more so than that, the power oozing from her body was unmistakable with anything -or anyone- else. *Take me with you*, she had said to her. *I'll help you, with anything you want*.

She didn't know what went through her head at that time, and she didn't know what went through Syndra's either, because she had ended up accepting and flying her to the fort alongside her, their hands tangled so that the lone sovereign could make her defy gravity alongside her.

Izono hoped it was not just for that.

"My dear Izono," Syndra said suddenly. "Shall we take a stroll today?"

"A stroll?" Izono turned to face her, her mind trying to making sense of the words *dear* and *stroll*. Syndra's violet eyes were relaxed, almost soft. The softest she had ever seen them be

since the two had met. They had went down for materials just two days ago, and they wouldn't need to again for at least a week. This was... an invitation.

"Yes," Syndra smiled, to Izone's surprise. "A stroll. Just... to look around."

"Of course." Izone brought herself to say, almost sure her face was scarlet red. "Why not?"

Syndra lent her hand out to her. Izone grasped it firmly.

"Do you trust me, Izone?"

"Always did..." She paused for a moment. "Syndra."

Syndra smiled big for the first time ever. So big that Izone felt like the enormous fort was merely one of the ant nest tents and scarred fields that laid below.

"Then jump with me."

"Jump?" Izone couldn't hide her fear. Normally, Syndra used a rock platform to take them up and down the floating castle because she knew looking at the ground was not pleasant for Izone.

"I thought you trusted me?" Syndra raised one eyebrow, and Izone turned to look down the ledge once again. She didn't know how high it was exactly, but it was more than enough to terrify her.

"I do." She closed her eyes and climbed on the ledge, slouching her legs over.

"Don't worry." Syndra reassured her once again. "I will not let us crash to our deaths." She imitated Izone's movement, and sat right beside her on the ledge.

"I know you won't." Izone opened her eyes. She side eyed the woman next to her shyly.

"It will be fun. I have done it a hundred times before."

"Fun?" Izone looked at the plains, every muscle in her body telling her to get up and leave.

"Yes, fun." Syndra's voice was confident. "How should I say this... Those who fall from the sky..." She forced her mind to remember it. She loved reading poetry before the pool. That was one thing she remembered, and there was one line from her favorite poet that she could never let go of. Her sentence lingered in the air beneath their legs until the right words came to Syndra.

"Those who fall from the sky must do so gracefully."

And they jumped.



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