

At peace with her violence

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At peace with her violence

by [Justafluke](#)

Summary

A snapshot of how Riven deals with what has become an abusive and violent Irelia, as a result of war and bloodshed.

Notes

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

Riven could hear the flap of the tent being opened as the other woman made her way in.

She looked pissed. *Shit*

"Make room in the bed." Irelia commanded

Riven swiftly moved aside, making room for the Ionian.

She hadn't changed, hadn't eaten, and probably hadn't even gotten a second of rest until that moment.

"So, the interrogation didn't go well?" *She dared*

Irelia's eyes darted towards Riven, as she scoffed.

"Tsk, bastards. They really brainwash you well into keeping your mouth shut in Noxus, don't they?"

She wasn't wrong, Noxus soldier training was quite strict.

"Yeah... i could uhm, try asking them a few questions if you want."

Irelia raised a brow.

"YOU!? What difference would it make? You're a deserter; they probably hate your guts as much as they hate mine."

Again, correct

"Well, worth a shot n-"

"You couldn't anyways, they're dead." Irelia interrupted her.

"Did you k-"

"No, they just magically died." Irelia responded, annoyed.

"Huh?" Riven said, quickly blinking twice.

"Of course I killed them shithead. What'd you expect me to do?"

"Imprison th-"

"We don't have the resources to feed unneeded men, and they most definitely were not."

Riven gulped. With time, she learned that the differences between Captain Irelia and General

Swain weren't that many.

She could be just as cruel and heartless, just as calculating and cold;

Irelia's darker traits just happened to be... hidden, secluded... behind a thin veil of beauty

"What happened to Ionian mercy?"

Irelia turned towards her.

"Are you seriously lecturing me, *Noxian!*? How many innocent people have you killed again?"

"I've made many mistakes, that doesn't mean that y-"

"Shut up! You're really getting on my nerves tonight."

Riven shot up in a sitting position before retorting.

"You know what? Fuck you! You always act as if you're on some moral high ground, but in reality, you're no different from Swain or Darius."

She didn't even register Irelia getting up before- SLAP

"What did you just say, you fucking-" SLAP

She did not try protecting herself, or avoiding any of the slaps coming her way, in fear of further enraging the Ionian, as she'd come to know that the only worse thing than an angry Irelia, is a furious Irelia.

Fuck. Couldn't she just have been quiet? It hurt. Fuck, it hurt so bad.

"Pleas-" SLAP Her cheeks getting redder and redder.

"Stop-" SLAP -a tear.

Only as Riven started sobbing did Irelia finally stop, taking hold of her unruly white hair. "

"I hope you learned your lesson." *A tug on her hair.*

"Y-yes, I'm sorry... Irelia." She blurted out, still sobbing.

"Good" the Ionian said as she got closer.

"Goodnight, Riven" were her words as she gave the Noxian a swift kiss before going to sleep.

It was almost midnight, but she couldn't sleep. Her cheeks were burning due to Ireliā's violent outburst, even them slightly touching the pillow meant agony. She needed some cold water to fool her body into relieving the pain.

So, Riven slowly got up, lit up a candle, slipped her sandals on, and hopped out of bed.

She couldn't but stop to observe the Ionian sleeping. She looked so calm, so peaceful, so beautiful in that moment. If only... if only war hadn't scarred her so much. *If only.*

Riven damned it, damned Noxus, and damned herself, every day, every minute, every second. If they just hadn't invaded, if they hadn't started that foolish campaign, then perhaps... perhaps Ireliā would have been...different.

No abuse, whenever she said something the Ionian didn't like

No insults, no outbursts, no fighting, no violence. None of it.

Instead, she was stuck with a bitter, cold, and petty woman. She was stuck with someone who had only known bloodshed and war since she was 14 years old.

She hated it. She hated her. She really did...sometimes. But...she was also addicted.

To those...blips, those rare moments, those few times in which Captain Ireliā subsided and left room for Xan Ireliā to emerge and the Ionian would...

Curl up on her during cold nights, embracing her warmth.

Give her the sweetest kisses and the sweetest "*I love you.*"

The infrequent cuckles, the fleeting smiles, the rare hugs...

It pissed Riven off. She also pissed herself off. Because...because she knew it wasn't enough, it shouldn't have been enough to make up for the beatings, rage, and outbursts.

It shouldn't have, but she accepted it. *She was at peace with her violence.*

Perhaps it was destiny, fate, or karma, whatever one wanted to call it, taunting her, forcing her to only briefly experience: "What *her* Ireliā could have been."

The noxian closed her eyes, shaking her head, trying to push those thoughts aside as she finally started making her way towards the tent flap.

She'd only taken a few steps, when she felt a hand tugging on her free arm.

Ireliā had woken up. *Shit.*

“Where are you going?” She asked, her voice heavy with sleep.

“I’m... Just getting some water; I’ll be back in a moment.” she quickly answered.

“We have water here, by the bedside.” Irelia quickly inquired as she slowly sat up on the bed, rubbing her eyes.

Then she asked again. “Riven, where are you g-”

“Cold water. I need cold water. My cheeks are burning, and I want to cool off.”

“Oh.” Irelia’s grip on her arm tightened.

“I’m sorry, Riven.” she said, her voice sleepy, sad, tired.

“It’s...” “-*not okay, actually*-” Riven thought to herself, but the Noxian couldn’t finish her words or her thoughts as Irelia pulled her down, embracing her and burying herself in Riven’s back.

The sudden pull made Riven lose her balance, with the candle dropping on the wet grassy floor and quickly fizzling out.

“I’m so sorry, Riven. I’m...” *a sob*

Riven slightly flinched. “-*Of course*-” the Noxian thought. There she was. Xan Irelia had slipped out. Was it the sleepiness? Perhaps the tiredness or the lack of food? One couldn’t tell, but there she was.

“...truly sorry” The Ionian finished

What was she supposed to do? Lie and say it was okay? Ignore the Ionian? Let loose her anger?

She choose the second option and tried standing up again.

“Irelia, please let go of me. I’ll be back in a moment, I promise.” she said coldly.

After a moment of hesitation, the Ionian slowly released her from her grip, and Riven quickly stood up.

The candle on the ground was barely noticeable, but it was clear enough that water had made it completely useless for the time being.

Riven sighed and carefully started making her way towards the tent flap once more.

Once outside, Riven was blessed by the light of a full moon, helping her easily find the way to the nearby river as many thoughts clouded her mind.

Was she doing the right thing, wasting one of the few chances she had to relish the warm and kind side of Ireliia just to get back at her. Well, the usual her? Perhaps, or perhaps she was just being petty

She didn't have the mental clarity to decide, so she'd just followed her instinct

With that many thoughts running through her head, she had inadvertently already arrived, as she'd could tell from the sound of sloshing water.

She slowly got on her knees, cupping her hands to get some water, and started rubbing her face with the cold liquid.

At first, it stung. It really did, almost as much as Ireliia's slaps, but she kept going as the burning and pain slowly started to subside, her cheeks getting numb.

After a few minutes, she swiftly got up and started making her way back, worried that Ireliia might get impatient and go out looking for her. Which...could end up pretty bad, pretty quickly.

"-Best case scenario Ireliia will be asleep again-" she thought.

"-Hopefully I'm righ-" Light coming from the tent. *FUCK.*

Ireliia was most likely awake, as she had dried off and lit the candle again.

Her pace slowed down, almost halting, as she debated with herself.

"-If I confront her now, perhaps the tiredness will spare me some of the anger-" was what she tried to convince herself of, as she approached closer and closer.

Finally she got to the Flap, and slowly made her way inside

She'd honestly expected Ireliia to jump on her, or at least get screamed at, instead, she saw the Ionian sitting on the bed, more or less in the same position she left her in, head hanging low, looking at her hands, a sad expression on her face.

"Ireliia, are y-" she tried to ask.

"Why haven't you left?" the Ionian asked, slowly raising her head to look at her. "Why haven't you left? I treat you horribly; I'm...the worst" she said again.

Riven took a deep breath. Was this the Captain, or Xan Ireliia? Would the wrong answer result in her cheeks getting another round of slaps?

"Because..." *"-I'd miss you terribly, regardless of everything-"* she thought to herself.

“...you’d have me found and then tied to the whipping post for trying to leave you” she said instead.

Irelia’s eyes widened. Did Riven really think...Had she...Had she been that cruel to her, to make Riven think she’d do something like that? Had she...

“No.” the Ionian answered in a low voice. Her heart hurt, beating frantically. A realization had just struck her: Was this...Was this how Riven felt every time she said *those* things to her? Every time she...

“N-No?” Riven asked back, interrupting her thoughts. The Noxian was still frozen in place at the entrance of the tent, afraid of making a single wrong step. Luckily for her, it looked like Xan Irelia was still there.

“No” Irelia said again. “You can leave. I...I am not fit for love. I haven’t been for the past 10 years.”

Before Riven could say anything, Irelia kept going.

“You have my word, nothing will happen to you. I’d never, I...I would not” *a sob, again.* “You’re not my prisoner, Riven; I’m sorry. I’m so sorry it feels this way.” Irelia concluded, *tears* gently making their way down her cheeks.

Riven finally started moving, making her way towards her side of the bed as Irelia’s gaze followed her. Riven could almost feel the icy eyes on her skin. Slowly, Noxian got her sandals off and started slipping into bed again.

“Wha-What are you doing, Riven? I-I said you can go. I promise-”

“No. I...don’t want to leave.” she interrupted.

“R-Riven, listen, I...This...” Her own sobs kept interrupting the Ionian.

“I’m not leaving you. Irelia. I’m staying here.” she said firmly, whilst blindly searching for the lit candle to the side of the bed to extinguish it.

“Riven, I...It will never...I can’t...any...” The Ionian tried collecting herself, suppressing the sobs, and spoke again. “I...will never change... I can’t... not until...”

“I know.” she answered.

“So why aren’t you I-”

“Because...*I love you*, Irelia.” Riven said as she finally found the candle and pinched the flame, shrouding the tent in darkness.

In the dark and silence of the night, only Irelia’s sporadic sobs were audible, as Riven felt the

Ionian curl up on her chest and whisper:

“I’m sorry.”

End Notes

Much darker than my usual stuff

Only consistent thing between my stories, is Riven always getting the short hand of the stick.

Poor girl.

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