

First Blood

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First Blood

by [Justafluke](#)

Summary

A lie always incurs a debt to the truth, however small it may be.

Notes

Inspired by qilinggs and Nyenna amazing short fics. (They're 100x better than this btw, maybe i'll get there one day)

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

Welcome to Summoner's Rift

What Riven was going to do, would have been against every rule instituted by the Institute of Justice

Did she care though? Absolutely not.

She had been in 8 different matches, hoping she'd encounter the Ionian, but Irelia would either not be chosen, or be in a different lane

Now that the opportunity had presented itself, she couldn't pass it over nor chicken out.

As the fountain walls disappeared, she remained behind, patiently waiting for her teammates to leave.

The Noxian was nervous, very nervous, unbinding herself from summoner magic wasn't only against the rules, but also very dangerous. No summoner spells, no recall, and no coming back from a fatal wound.

She had thought about doing it outside the Rift, but, as a Noxian, an Exiled one, but still, a Noxian, she wasn't permitted inside the Ionian quarters

She had even thought about discussing it with the summoner beforehand thus skipping the "undoing the seal part". Unfortunately, bringing anything but personal weapons or gadgets on the rift was strictly NOT allowed, secondly spending any of the gold on anything but upgrades and Items was also forbidden and actually punishable by getting kicked out of the League of Legends.

Thus, once everyone had finally left, she confronted the shopkeeper, cautiously asking for her "special" order. It had been a real pain, but the promise of the 500 starting gold, and every single gold she earned for the 10 next matches, given without asking for any item in return, was enough to convince the shopkeeper to snuck in her "special" order.

It appeared as the commonly bought "Doran's Blade", that though, wasn't but an Illusion, one in which Leblanc might or might have not had something to do. But that didn't matter.

What mattered was what the illusion was hiding, a Bouquet of some of the rarest, most beautiful and fragrant Ionian flowers. She had even made sure to choose ones that either grew in the Xan Province, Irelia's home village, or very close to it.

Minions have spawned

Welp, she couldn't indulge in her thoughts anymore. As she made her way out of the fountain, Riven slowly started undoing the magic seal placed on her by the summoner.

A certain *mage*, explained to her how to do it, and in her very special case, it was even easier. "Just overwhelm it with runic magic" Leblanc told her. Which was, well, simple enough, Riven just needed to focus her power in the spot which the rune was drawn, the palm of her gloved hand.

It didn't take long, nor did she feel any different, the only sign of it being gone, was the absence of her Summoner's thoughts. Usually other Summoners "controlled" the champion they chose, but Riven made it very clear, when she joined the Institute, she'd accept suggestions and even orders, but NO ONE was going to control her, ever.

"Butcher!"

A voice, THAT Voice, HER Voice, abruptly pulled Riven out of her own thoughts. How she missed it, she didn't care for the hatred it carried nor the spite in which her "Name" was said. She got used to it, she wasn't even sure Irelia had ever called her with her actual name.

"Greetings, Irelia" she responded, catching the Ionian off guard.

"Oh, no sharp tongue today?"

Now or never, now or never, now or never.

She conjured every ounce of resolution present inside her and walked towards the Ionian

"Actually, i...i've heard that today is a special day for your people"

Irelia blinked, multiple times, clearly surprised

“How unexpected of you, but you are right, today is indeed a day of celebration” “ The 10th of December, we celebrate our victory over Noxus”

Ok, maybe she hadn't made a good choice, she was well aware of what THIS day meant to Ionians, and especially to Irelia, which was basically single handedly responsible for most of the war efforts that helped the First Lands claim victory over Noxus, but...there was no backing off now.

“Well, i...i...i brought you a gift”

Riven carefully made her way through the minions at her feet, which were already fighting, towards a very surprised and curious, yet still cautious Irelia.

The Noxian conjured a bit of her runic energy, and broke off the Illusion created by Leblanc, revealing a splendid and fragrant bouquet.

Irelia's face was priceless, well, it was for Riven at least. The serious face usually wore by the Captain was gone, instead Irelia was genuinely surprised and a bit confused about the Noxian's gift.

She stepped forward, towards Riven, which cautiously handed over the Flowers

Soft, and delicate, where Riven thoughts, when, during the exchange she had brushed her own hands against Irelia's. During that moment, as everything aside from the fighting minions, lied still, Riven had the chance to closely look at how gorgeous the Captain was.

How, unlike herself, Irelia was unscarred by war, despite, well, being a Captain. How much smaller, the Ionian was compared to her, and yet, Irelia was still able to easily keep up and even beat her in direct fights.

“Riven, I...”

A beat, her heart just skipped a beat, or maybe two, or three, it might as well have forgotten how to beat altogether. Had Irelia just called her with her *actual* name?

“I, well, this is mostly unexpected, but thank...”

Irelia felt pulled, as the will of her summoned took over her body. The pull made her dash, which forced her to also involuntarily and abruptly drop the bouquet. The dash was made towards what were now the three low health melee minions, quickly executing them, the sound of gold being acquired filling the Top Lane.

One, two; three times her Summoner made her dash, her Ionian Fervor charging up further with every hit.

It all happened, quickly, way too quickly for Riven to even process it.

As soon as Irelia had killed the third minion, the Ionian turned around and with the same speed and swiftness, dashed towards the Noxian.

Every single one of Irelia's blades impaled itself inside Riven, like a warm knife through butter, they cut through flesh and bone alike.

Riven didn't even process it, before falling, lifeless, to the ground.

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Were the words shouted by the announcer, but no gold generated from Riven,

which stopped the bickering between Irelia and her summoner, she was clearly upset, repeatedly screaming at them, asking about why they hadn't waited a little longer, and how rude and unfair it all had been.

They tried to justify themselves, by saying that the opportunity was too perfect to pass up, but Irelia didn't want to hear any of it, and made a mental note to let Riven go even with her, and to properly thank her for the gift

Nerver she would have thought, that she'd be mad about slaying a Noxian, but here she was.

Now, there *she* was, Riven, that is. Still laying on the ground after what had to be at least 30 seconds, since the second minion wave had already arrived.

Preoccupied, the Captain made her way towards Riven's body, which laid lifelessly on the blood wet ground.

She crouched over, and as soon as she touched the Noxian, her summoner informed her, that apparently Riven didn't posses the rune marking connecting Summoners and champions, since they couldn't feel it.

Irelia knew perfectly well what that implied, and her worries were confirmed as the announcer told everyone the match was cancelled.

Healers and Mages were quickly rushed to the Noxian's body, even the Starchild was present, but it had been too late. The Noxian had been gone too long, and the total absence of Summoner magic inside her, made any Summoner's attempt at bringing her back completely vane.

Riven had died.

As they brought the body away, a tear made its way down Irelia's cheek. Then another, and another, all gently falling on the buquet, which was now in Irelia's hands once more.

Never, *NEVER*, she thought she'd shed tears for a Noxian's death

and yet...

and yet...

End Notes

Honestly i REALLY want to write a long ass fic about this pair, but i'm lazy AF (yes, no shame, i admit it) so i came up with this garbage ass story.

Maybe one day, maybe one Day :/

Also, no death tag, because spoilers :)

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