If You Stop A Jinx's Party

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If You Stop A Jinx's Party

by Serena_Walken

Summary

If you stop a Jinx's Party, then Silco never dies. If Silco never dies, then the council is never blown up. If the council is never blown up, Viktor is never hurt. If Viktor is never hurt, he never ends up in a hextech cocoon.

If none of that happens when you stop a Jinx's party, then what does happen when you stop it?

The ultimate telling of If You Give A Mouse A Cookie, Arcane Style! I do try to keep my characters as canon as possible.

Notes

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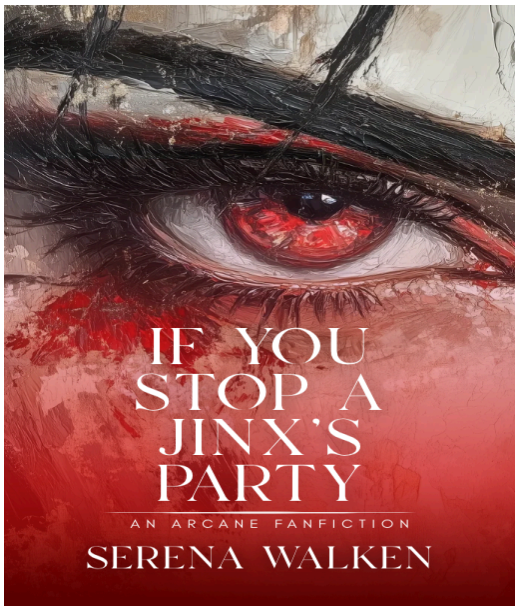
Chapter 1: Promise Us, Ekko

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Each author note (after this one) will add to the If You Give A Mouse A Cookie storyline. I originally had these as chapter names at ao3 but I can't access what I changed those too, and I think it will actually look even better in the notes seeing it add each chapter after another.

This story considers Inna and Wyeth (Ekko's Parents) to be cannon to Arcane, just missing from Arcane, since the adaptation does credit them still being there.



Inna watched Jinx, Silco’s daughter, running the check fund today. Seeing Jinx around was not an unusual surprise, Silco did like to move her around. The chances that she could get at her money rose a little higher today.

She stood in line though, hearing the problem already from the front of the line.

“What do you mean this is all of my paycheck?” A woman asked. “Please, I need more! I worked for more! I have rent due!”

“Sorry, not sorry. Life is tough,” Jinx responded. “Two of our barrels disappeared and due to the disruption of losing them, the amount of money dispersed as payment goes down because we can’t sell it.”

“But it was made, Miss Jinx,” she insisted. “Please? You don’t understand, I have a little baby at home. I had her not very long ago. Check my records. It’s just me and her, and I have to make rent.”

“There is a hard job I could offer, but it’s full,” Jinx said.

“I’ll do it, I’ll take it, even an hour, I am so close to rent!” she insisted.

Jinx yanked her forward. Inna had seen that maneuver before. She would get really tough and look like she was uncaring, while if you look past the sneer on the face and the venom in the voice, you’d see her other hand dropping straight bullion in a scarf.

Jinx then pushed the woman away. “I guess you can try groveling over there to see if they let you in. So hurry up, I have more people to deal with.”

“Yes, thank you Jinx!”

“Don’t thank me, you don’t thank the devil for doing nothing, do you?” Jinx called her out.

“Yes, no thank you, Jinx!” The woman said fixing her scarf. “No thank you at all. I’ll go grovel now, thank you for telling me to grovel.” She left in a hurry, delighted.

Inna went upward in the line. “Inna.”

Jinx looked at her briefly. She glanced at the papers and gave it straight up.

“I need more than my paycheck today,” she smiled. “I want my savings.”

“Oh.” Jinx gave her the check anyhow. “Hang on a second, big book time.” Jinx went behind the desk and brought a gigantic book to the table, plopping it down. She opened it and looked inside for her savings ledger. “How much?”

“All of it,” she insisted.

“That’s a lot of dough,” Jinx said. “You want all of it? Today?”

“Yes,” she insisted. “Wyeth and I will be using our savings together for Ekko.”

“Finally sending his butt to piltover for University,” Jinx said.

Of course she’d remember. Once upon a time, those two were close. Jinx was his friend he hung out with mainly when he was at work. Before Jinx came to work for Silco, she was just his little friend Powder. Now?

They weren’t friends, and each year, they were getting turned into enemies. It was not something easy to patch up. “Yes.”

“Good. Maybe he’ll stay out of my business when he’s out in Piltover’s hoity toity University.” She double-checked the amount.

“I know two barrels were taken today,” Inna said.

“Yeah, and I know that you know who interrupted it,” Jinx said right back.

Right. Ekko. He couldn’t stand shimmer, the very thing Inna and Wyeth worked on. What most of Zaun actually worked on to survive. He was a smart, good boy. Once they pulled him away from this mess, he’d get better. “I know. I am sorry, Jinx.”

“No one can take his blame but him,” she answered as she started to get the amount. “Savings accounts are always calculated, they have nothing to do with the main amount of pay or current events with barrels.” She started to hand over cash. Large amounts. “You want an assist with this until you get home?”

“Is that offered?” she asked.

“Yep, with huge chunks, one Jinx can be offered,” she said.

“I would appreciate it, Jinx.” She nodded lightly. “Thank you.”

“Just don’t let Ekko see me. He causes nothing but problems for Silco.”

“You used to get along so well together,” Inna pointed out.

“Pbbbtttt.” Jinx stuck out her tongue and made a razzberry. Something that reminded Inna of her younger self. The attitude was dangerous to each other, but they would be fine. Ekko would be leaving soon. Their lives would be so far apart, neither of them would affect each other soon.

“Here.” Jinx placed all of the money on her endtable near the door. “Have a blast. I gotta get back.”

“Thanks, Jinx.”

“Uh huh, uh huh.” She closed the door behind her.

Inna waited. The moment was close. She watched as Ekko stepped through the door. He was looking so much rougher those days. Soon, that whole rough look would disappear into uniforms of Piltover’s University.

Ekko was a genius. More than anything she and Wyeth could hope for. He was doing impossible things at such a young age. Living in Zaun though, he was kept from so many opportunities, so her and Wyeth worked extra hard.

Ekko would make something of himself, he wouldn’t be stuck in the pits of Zaun! They worked as hard as they could. Took as many hours as they could. And now? His future would

burn so bright. “Ekko!” She held her hands out to him.

The scowl he had worn for a second melted away once he saw her. “Mom, you’re home.”

She went and held her sweet boy. He smelled like he had been hanging out somewhere. “You smell like you fell in a lumber yard.”

He just smiled. “Yeah, I guess so. I have a new spot. I like the smell of it.”

“It’s a nice smell,” she said. “Ekko? We’ve got it. We’ve saved it all up, and we did it!”

“Did what?” he asked.

Silly boy. “You know what. It’s no secret what your father and I have been saving for.” He looked stunned. “Next year’s session, you are joining Piltover University! We are getting the money out today.” She gestured over by the endtable at it all. “Your father will come with the other half, and then we will finish the rest. We already talked to them earlier this week,” she said. “You’re almost all enrolled, all we have to do is pay the fee.”

Oh, he was stunned into such silence. “You’ve almost enrolled me? Already?”

“Yes. It’s almost done. They will be stopping by later this evening to take the fee, and it’s done.” It was so wonderful.

“Mom . . . I . . . can’t.”

Huh? “Can’t what, Ekko?”

“I can’t . . . I? I can’t go!” he shouted. “I can’t go, I can’t just leave Zaun!” He ducked his head down. “I’m sorry.”

“I don’t understand, Ekko?” What was he confused about? “Is it wondering how you’ll make it here and back? It has housing that is free.”

“You couldn’t have,” he uttered. “I know you work hard, but it’s Zaun, there’s no way you paid for everything.”

“We paid enough to get you enrolled,” she said. “We have secured the loans, with a big enough down payment. Don’t worry.” Poor Ekko. “Don’t worry, Ekko. We won’t just send you and accept you to figure it out. We’ll be paying the loans.”

“For years and year and years?” he said angrily.

“That’s how loans work, Sweetie. Ekko?” Her son looked so angry. “Honey, it’s a happy day. Don’t worry. You are going to make something of yourself. At that point, once you get a proper and secure job with your schooling, you can help with the loans if you want.”

“No,” he said again. “No, I can’t. And? I can’t. Do this anymore.”

“Do what anymore?” she asked.

“I’ve been running with a group called Children of Zaun.”

Oh. “I’ve heard of them.”

“While I was doing that, I found things. Then, I invented things. And. Some Children of Zaun are still with me, but I also run with new people. We call ourselves Firelights,” he uttered.

Oh. He was revealing himself finally. She had known for some time, Jinx didn’t keep it silent. “I know. You have been getting into some serious trouble,” her mother warned him. “And that’s what made us pull it all together even faster. You don’t have to worry about that group anymore, you’ll be in Piltover, Ekko.”

“No. I won’t,” he said. “I’ve got to fight back against Shimmer.”

“No, you don’t.” Why did he insist on this?

“Our people are dying out here, mom!” He shouted. “They are getting hooked on shimmer and falling to the streets!”

But? “Ekko, we make shimmer. That’s how we even survive.” Goodness. “This is not your problem anymore, you’re going to Piltover University.”

“No, I’m not!” He yelled again. “I’m sorry. I know that you and dad have saved and saved and saved! And it’s not safe in those factories, but you did it anyhow. I know I never said how I felt about it. I never said yes, and I never said no, and that’s on me.”

What?! “No, Ekko! You can’t just throw your life away to some rebel group!”

“It’s not just some rebel group. It’s my group, I’m the leader of it,” he said proudly. “And with it, we’re going to stop shimmer.”

Stop shimmer? “Ekko. That’s how we make money.”

Ekko gestured to the money in the corner. “Take your savings, and leave Zaun. Go to Piltover.”

What? “No, Ekko, we saved for you!”

“I’m not taking it. I’m sorry. Take it and go to Piltover.” He tightened his hands. “Go find a new home for you and dad.”

“Ekko! There coming today!” she said. “For the enrollment.”

“I am not going to be here, so don’t waste it.”

“Ekko!”

“No, I’m sorry. I’m not . . . I’m not coming back home!” He declared. “When they arrive, I’ll have members of my group scare them off if you let them in! You’re going to take your life

savings, and move to Piltover! It’s your dream, not mine, and it’ll be safer! Because we are going to start targeting factories too.”

Ekko. “No.” She shook her head. “No, no, Ekko!” She covered her mouth as she watched him run away. “Ekko! Talk to her, promise me you’ll talk to her! Ekko!”

Inna returned to the payment area. She saw Wyeth and talked to him before he got his savings out.

“He was so serious,” Inna said. “He’s going full steam with his group, Wyeth. He already said he’ll make his group attack if we try to give our money to the enrollers.” Wyeth held her. “Ekko. What do we do? Wyeth?”

“We saved all of our money,” he said. “This is? I can’t believe Ekko did this.” He rubbed her back. “We’ll . . . get the money. We’ll see if he really does stay gone. After that, we’ll . . . I guess. We’ll move to Piltover.”

Inna closed her eyes. Piltover was a dream, but they wanted it for their son. He didn’t want their dream. “He’s known. Ever since he was a young child, he knew we were saving for this.”

“Maybe he didn’t believe we’d actually save enough,” Wyeth insisted. “Let’s get the money and go.”

“But Ekko started a dangerous group!”

“And I know you won’t hear about it in Piltover,” Wyeth told her. “Our imaginations can run, without knowing the true results. We’ll move on, Inna.”

Inna waited with Wyeth to withdraw the rest of his money. Jinx was still there, lollygagging on a chair, tilting it backward with one foot up on the table. *Jinx.* With her boy staying and opposing. And Jinx always trying to preserve. “Jinx?”

Jinx looked at them. “The other half, right? I already gathered it for you.” She had the money arranged this time in tidier boxes to carry. “Comes with one Jinx delivery.”

“Jinx. Ekko.” Inna looked at her. “Promise me one thing?”

“Uh, no?” Jinx said. “What do you want, I don’t like that tone.”

“Ekko’s not going,” she said. “We are moving to Piltover most likely, if he doesn’t return.”

“Uh.” Mild concern.

“Promise me that you won’t kill him?” Inna asked. Jinx was still young, not completely out on patrol, but she was already taking those shifts. “Please? Before we go?”

“I don’t usually get that detail,” she tried to defend.

“We are leaving,” Inna said strongly. “Not for a month. Not for a year.” She wiped her tears away. “Years from now, things change. So please?”

Jinx sighed. “Ekko is making people lose pay. He’s part of a group, that is pissing off Silco. If his butt doesn’t go to Piltover’s fancy University? I’m not responsible for what happens to it.”

“Please, just try!” Inna bowed to her on the table.

“If! If I don’t get exact orders to kill. I’ll . . . try,” she reasoned. “That’s the best I’m giving.”

“Thank you.” Jinx was rough, but deep down. She really did help.

Inna and Wyeth waited for a little while. They never answered the door to the enrollers and endured the knockings. They stayed a week. Then two. Then, they started to stop and look at places.

Piltover was beautiful. Wonderful. The air was clean. It was so gorgeous! And they found the perfect little place. Nothing grand, just big enough for two. Maybe three one day since they weren’t working in the factories anymore.

They came back to move their things, but Inna left one more letter for Ekko. What may be her very last words to her son.

Dear Ekko,

We moved. We will not return. You do not need to worry about us, just worry about yourself. I hope that one day, you can talk things out with Jinx. You are both on opposite sides of a war, but it makes neither of you right.

If you ever get a chance, steal Jinx away and talk things out. Make things better! So that you’d at least have your old friend back. Please. This is the last request your mother will ever make.

Even if we never see each other again. You’ll always be in our hearts.

Mom.

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