# Wild Rune Fever

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# Wild Rune Fever

by Serena_Walken

Summary

Three months after the war with Viktor, Vi hears something coming from her locked guest room. When she goes in, she sees Jinx. Feverish with claw marks tainted with blue magic, lying in her bed. Jinx only says three things over and over.

Captain. Tea. Ekko.

Hearing Jinx is alive, Ekko is trying to help Vi put things together, but a yordle giving signs to take him seriously is guarding her and her secrets. The only thing he does tell Ekko is that it was another Ekko who saved her.

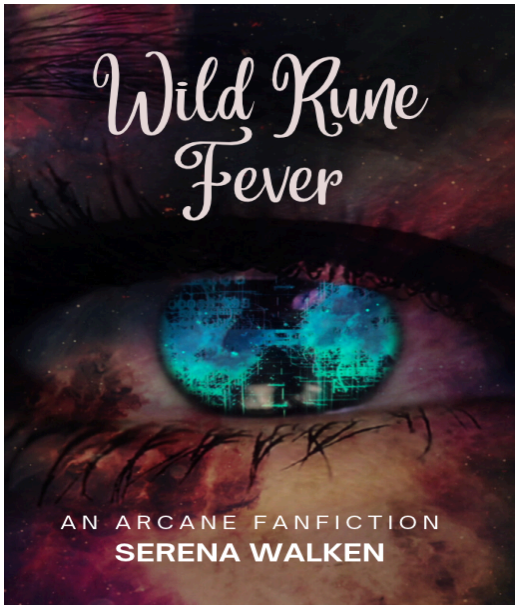
And when that other Ekko meets Ekko? Sparks fly, and deals are struck, to protect Jinx. But they both underestimate how much the enemy wants her back.

Notes

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# Chapter 1: Captain. Tea. Ekko.




**Arcane Universe (Universe #1)**

Vi swore she heard something. It sounded like it came from their guest room. That should be impossible though, they kept it locked all the time. Vi tried to open the door. Right, it was locked.

She looked in other rooms to see if something fell, but she didn't see anything. "I know it was in the guest room." Her gut said so. She went back to the guest room and unlocked it slowly, opening it.

The key fell completely out of her hand, a gentle thud on the floor.

Vi didn't move right away, her brain and vision trying to make sense of what was in front of her.

She didn't know whether she could cheer for joy, lash out in anger, or cry from the sight. She was leaning toward the third. "Caaaait!"

Cait approached quickly, having heard Vi's painful scream for her. She found her in the guest bedroom, along with Jinx. Jinx was covered in the bed, but not sleeping. She didn't look well. Still, comparatively better than the 'dead' she should have been.

Vi was over Jinx's body, trying to move the blanket off her. "Ugh! I?" She felt her head. "She is burning up."

Caitlyn understood the confusion. Vi was overjoyed her sister was alive, but she was clearly not in a state where she herself walked into that room and lied down. Her sister appeared very

sick. Not just sick, moving the blankets showed that her blood was like a glue between her outfit and the sheets.

She was definitely not keeping those anymore. Caitlyn came over closer while Vi fussed immensely. “Jinx seems to be alive.”

“But barely.” Vi was always so brave, but her eyes were betraying her. She was losing it. She pressed her hands against her nose, stuck on what to do. “This. Uh. Blood. It’s got blue shiny stuff in it.”

Vi was right, it did appear as if it had traces of some blue colored magic. Not a lot, but sparkles stood out. Caitlyn got closer, trying to pull the blanket away from the blood. “This isn’t completely fresh.” Blood and comfortable bed spreads didn’t mix. It was sticky, but also more crusted over. It looked like? *A previous wound in almost the same spot?*

“How is she alive, Cait?” Vi asked her. “How? How did she end up here, in our locked room?”

Hang on? “This door is always locked. You had to unlock it, to get to her?” Cait moved away from Jinx and started checking the living space. If there was a culprit that came in through the window somehow, they were not leaving.

Caitlyn searched but could not find anyone. In the meantime, Vi kept calling out for Jinx to say something. Anything. And she eventually did. “If she has the flu, it might help clear her congestion.” She left to start up on Jinx’s only request.

Tea.

Caitlyn did not see Jinx as a tea drinker, but so far it was all she requested. While she was doing that though, Vi came back over to her.

“That blue sparkle. I know it’s magic. It could be what’s making her sick.” Vi had gotten dressed like she was going out for some time. “I don’t know much about magic. Do you know any experts?”

On magic? “Not really, Vi.”

“Ekko.” Another mutter.

Vi tried to get a washrag and to comfort her to lower her fever.

“E-kko,” she muttered again.

“Yeah, I don’t know a whole lot on magic neither. But, I do know this guy that actually built something that went back in time a little bit,” Vi said. “Name escapes me right now,” she said sarcastically.”

“E-kko.”

“Yeah. That’s the name.” Vi just stared at Caitlyn. There’s no way he did. “There’s no way, right?”

“Mm.” Caitlyn looked toward Jinx. “She’s only said three things so far. Captain. Tea. Ekko. She hasn’t said anything else, and if it’s been three months, I don’t know why she would be calling for him instead of you.”

“Aww, Damn it!” Ekko knew she was alive?! He knew, and he didn’t tell her? “Why, Cupcake?”

Caitlyn came closer and gave her a hug. “Maybe, he didn’t want her Topside where she will surely get arrested.”

“Not now.” She couldn’t lose her now. “She’s too sick, Cait. She’s hurt too. With magic.”

“I’m not telling anyone she’s here yet,” Caitlyn assured her. “Jinx isn’t going to be cheerily walking out that door.”

“No.” Vi looked toward her sister. “But somebody is responsible from putting her here. Somebody brought her to me. Somebody has their name in her mouth right now.”

“You think he dragged her into some kind of trouble?” Caitlyn asked. “Or she dragged him into trouble? Then if so, why bring her here?”

“I don’t know!” Gods, this was frustrating. What was her little sister doing there.

“That boy was smart,” Caitlyn reminded her. “Maybe instead of thinking he’s been with her? Maybe some part of her, some subconscious knows that he knows about this magic affecting her?”

“Oh!” Vi pummeled her own fist into her other hand. She glanced toward Cait, a little oddly. “Cupcake? I don’t know who else to ask. I have to go to Zaun and find Ekko. Could you? Please?”

“I will watch your sister the whole time,” Caitlyn promised. “I will get my gun, just in case someone tries to come after her.” Technically her hextech gun was highly illegal now, but it was the best way to protect that room.

Someone hurt Jinx. She was somehow affected. She wouldn’t let anyone get the drop on someone sick and hurt. “I promise.”

“Thank you.” Vi grabbed one of her favorite hats nearby and placed it on her head. “I know I can count on you, Cupcake. I’ll be back.”

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Vi knew the way by now. *How could I even think Ekko was hiding her from me?* He even left a backup way to contact him faster, just in case. The Firelights had a connection, three people distributed certain times around different parts of Zaun, that would report back to his hideout.

The war may have been law changing, but the dissonance between Zauntites and Piltovans was still just as strong as when it began. That meant even if she was ‘Big Sister Vi’, she couldn’t just show up at his village. However, in an emergency, she would be able to reach him without having to go down, trying to get caught.

Word to reach him this way would take less time anyhow since the Firelights were all outfitted with amazing boards designed by Ekko.

Once she spotted the lookout contact person, she proceeded. She didn’t want to share anything more than she had to. Saying it was about Jinx wouldn’t be good, her name shouldn’t be said out on the streets.

It had been three months since she did, but Jinx was still an icon. Asking about simple magic effects on wounds might be a better idea? He might not even have to come, the messenger might be able to get the news to her themselves if Ekko was busy.

He must be busy, he was leader to a whole hideout. Plus, he didn’t like coming up into Piltover much either. The lookout recognized her and approached. “I need to get in contact with Ekko. I have a medical magic question, and I need to know if he has an answer for it.”

“Okay, shoot.”

“There is magic sparkles inside these fresh claw-like wounds. They are blue and sparkly, like glitter. It’s not like hextech blue, it’s a darker blue, almost . . .” She smirked slightly. “Almost violet. This person seems to be affected with a high fever that isn’t cooling, and she’s delirious. I mean, they are delirious.” Best not to give the gender. “If he could get us any advice about treatment, it would help.”

“I don’t know if Ekko knows anything about that,” they answered, “but I’ll go deliver the message.”

“I just need to know whether they are related, and if the magic is serious enough to be a threat,” Vi added.

“Is the wounded person an enforcer?”

Oh, of course bias was going to play into it. “They are a resident farther from this area.”

“They are from Zaun?” Their interest perked up.

Jinx hadn’t been from Zaun in three months. “Not recently. They just got back from some kind of . . . mission.”

“Wow, how surprising.” The lookout looked annoyed now. “We just had a tussle with some enforcers.”

Of course this too! “Well, it’s not from that, did any of you have any magic claws? No? Then it’s not that enforcer, is it?!” She wouldn’t put up with that shit. “Someone, who is not an enforcer, is hurt. Magically, in the wound, is dark blue to violet sparkles, and they are feverish, and too delirious to talk. That’s all you need to know.”

They didn’t seem pleased by the attitude, but didn’t dare say anything else.

Vi waited there, while anxiously thinking about Jinx. Cait had things under control, but it still unnerved her. Something was seriously wrong with her.

After a bit, she watched the messenger come back. “Well?”

“Ekko’s busy right now,” they said.

“I imagine so. I’m not asking for him to come up and talk, I just need to know whether he knows about the medical magic,” Vi said.

“I think he is in a meeting or something. I don’t see him at the village right now.”

“Did you see him this morning or yesterday?”

“Yeah, I saw him this morning.”

“Okay.” *Vi!* She did it again. For just a second, she thought Ekko might have known about Jinx again. “Please contact him after the meeting.”

“I don’t know if he’s in a meeting, I just couldn’t find him.”

Crud. “Well, when you do find him-”

“-I’m sure I’ll see him tonight, and then when you come this way tomorrow, I’ll have some kind of answer for you.”

A day to wait. “Thanks.” That’s the way it had to be. “Tell him that it’s kind of pressing too. Urgent.” She didn’t want to say Jinx’s name out loud, but adding that this wasn’t some random unimportant reason should help him make it priority faster.

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When she reached back home, she went back to Jinx and Cait. “He won’t get the message until probably tomorrow. How’s she doing? Anything else?”

Cait shook her head. “No new names or words. She actually went to sleep, which is probably a good thing.

“Yeah. Yeah, it’s a good thing.” Vi felt Cait hugging her and broke down a little bit more. “She was dead, Cait. My little sister was dead, and now she’s alive, but for all I know, she might be dying again. I-I don’t know how to feel.”

Cait didn’t answer her back. She just held her.

“I need to clean those wounds,” Vi said. “They could get infected. They need bandaged up.”

“Vi, you shouldn’t touch magic that you don’t recognize,” Cait reminded her. “We don’t know how to treat it or remove it safely.”

“But it could be hurting her.”

“But removing it improperly might stir it’s properties more,” Cait told her. “Until we hear from Ekko, we shouldn’t risk it. If he doesn’t know, then we won’t have a choice.”

“Fine.” Cait was smart. It was probably a better idea to listen. “Has her fever come down any?”

“Not really, but it hasn’t raised either,” she said confidently. “I think rest is probably helping. It would help you too. Do you want to rest with your sister tonight?”

Vi knew she would ask that. “I have to stay beside her, Cupcake.”

“Then I insist on a separate blanket, a separate pillow, and do not get close to her wounds. We don’t know if this is contagious. If it’s highly contagious, we are already infected.”

“I won’t take chances.” She wouldn’t mess with the wound. She wouldn’t do anything except lie beside her.

Jinx only stirred once that night. She groaned. “Ekko . . . Captain.”

Vi just stared at her. “Where have you been, Jinx? What happened to you?” She noticed that Jinx moved enough that she saw something around her neck. A necklace of some sort. She was curious, but wouldn’t mess with it.

She promised Cait she wouldn’t mess with her. She wouldn’t break that promise.

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The next morning, Vi went back to the meeting spot, leaving Jinx to Cait again. Her fever was still about the same. Not any higher or lower. “Please have some news.” Whether he had some smart news or ‘I don’t know’ news, she would feel better finally getting that magic out of Jinx.

When she arrived at the spot, she saw Ekko herself.

“Hey,” he greeted her. “What kind of trouble do you have?”

She wouldn’t say Jinx’s name out loud, even in front of him. “It’s at my place. Follow me.”

While they walked, he tried to get more details, but she couldn’t budge much. She just kept saying ‘they were close, just wait.’ It was frustrating him.

“Vi, come on,” Ekko groaned. “I don’t have all day for this.”

“Then you should have just left a message,” Vi shot back.

“Well when you just say blue to ‘violet’, it’s hard to tell whether it was a real medical thing, or a code thing,” he reminded her. “Your names Vi after all, and you said it was urgent.”

“It is urgent.” They were finally there, in front of her place. “Little Man. It’s Jinx.” She looked at him. He looked like he just got sucker punched in the stomach. “I looked like that at first too. She’s sick and wounded, but she’s alive.”

“Jinx?!” he whispered urgently. “She’s still alive, how?!”

“I don’t know, she’s too delirious. She only says three things. Captain, Tea, and your name,” Vi said.

“My name?” he asked. “Jinx? Our Jinx?”

///Ekko hit that ground hard after hitting Viktor with the time bomb. After all that fighting, using the Z-Drive to get through everything, and losing his Z-drive, he didn’t know what else to expect. But then? He heard something, below him. It was so loud. Echoey. He was right above Jinx and Vi.

He swore he could hear guttural screaming.

He immediately got on his board and sailed back down. He found Vi on her back, screaming. He tried to coax her on it, but she wasn’t moving. She knew the gravity of the situation, so if she was choosing to stay on that thing?

He knew what happened. He got off his board, and risked the construct falling. He still had the board close by, worst case scenario. He held her back half, trying to comfort her. It was clear that Jinx had died.

He was up there. He had no Z-Drive. It would have been longer than four seconds. There was nothing he could do.

Jinx was dead.///

Vi’s words snapped him back out of it.

“Maybe she knows that you know this magic. She just appeared in our locked room yesterday. I didn’t know where else to go.” She opened her front door. “She’s to the left, in our guest room.”

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Ekko stared at the bed. It was true. That was definitely her.

Jinx. She was supposed to have died in the war. With no way out, a straight drop with nothing to hold onto. None of her fancy movements should have saved her. Not only that, he was still working with her. Still trying to reach her, to convince her not to end herself.

So even if there was a way, she probably wouldn't have taken it. If only he'd tried sooner! If only he'd tried when Vi was trying to reach her, instead of being so headstrong, but the way Jinx just decimated people that he knew and loved?

It literally took another universe for him to see the truth. "How did she survive?"

"I don't know," Vi admitted.

Ekko moved closer.

"She is feverish and hurt, Ekko. She hasn't snapped out of it. There's the blue sparkles in her blood like I said, see?" She came forward and gestured toward a little under her clavicle. "There's no way she crawled into my locked room in this condition on her own."

Hearing that, Ekko moved even closer. If she was completely unguarded, he should be able to get near her without worry. He had worked with her enough last time, not to worry, but something new happened to her. If she shifted to being awake, anything could happen. Clearly someone was hurting her, so she would probably wake up like a predator.

Jinx wasn't completely still. Her nose and body were twitchy, like she was stuck in a fever. Not severe movement though, she didn't look like she'd fall out of bed, let alone pull a weapon in her feverish state.

"She wouldn't have survived down there," Vi muttered. "How?"

"I don't know yet." It was a miracle. She was alive. Really alive. "Jinx?" He felt her head. It really was warm, even underneath the washrag. "Her head is burning hot, you need to change this washrag again. It's important to keep the head cooler."

"Cooler and cooler. We keep changing them," Vi said. "She keeps burning up. I can't take her anywhere to find help, she is highly wanted up here."

"Then we need to keep bringing it down." The washrag needed changed out again. Jinx looked . . . horrible, but alive. He could hear the heavy breathing she was producing that keyed him into that fact reliably.

Alive. She was alive. He covered his mouth briefly, trying to figure it out. He noticed something in the clothes. Another gash? "What is wrong with her clothes?"

"They were shredded."

Shredded? He tried to get closer.

"Look, Ekko. It's fine, *whatever* you have to do to help," Vi insisted.

Ekko moved the blankets more away. He saw it. It was like giant claws slashed through not just her shirt, but her hoodie too. Her entire war outfit they designed together, was in tatters. It was surprising it was even on her.

As he touched the clothes, he could feel the stickiness of blood. As terrible as it was, most of it was thin cut. Red with some blood, but not deep. Almost like it was just a bunch of scare slashes. “The chemweapon?”

“He’d be dead too.” Vi jumped on it fast. “But it couldn’t be, and his name was Vander, Ekko.”

Right. They’d talked about that. Poor Vander. “Do you think Vander did this?” He never saw the chemweapon so he didn’t know for sure.

“Vander was much bigger. If he carved, she’d be dead. She’s in bad shape, but the cuts aren’t life ending,” Vi said, thinking the same way as him. “It wasn’t Vander. Someone else did this to her.” Vi became restless and moved around the room. “Someone carved her up skin deep to bleed, and then brought her into my locked guest bedroom. Two different people? One sick person? What happened to my sister?” She settled by a window. “What happened to you, Jinx?”

Yeah. Whoever had her, had hurt her, but also had to have a way of rescuing her. But who could even? She fell. She fell with something even a chemweapon couldn’t pull out of, and she didn’t even reach the ground. Vi said she took herself out with one of her bombs.

Months of mourning, and suddenly, she was just brought back. Laying in Vi’s guest bed, by someone.

“I checked every nook and cranny to get in my house. So did Caitlyn,” Vi said. “No forced entry on our doors or windows, even this room. We keep the guest room locked. It was like someone just scooped her up, teleported magically, threw her in here and left.”

And communication seemed bleak. “Has she said anything? The smallest thing could crack this open.”

“Captain,” Jinx muttered.

Captain? Maybe she was taken away on a boat.

“Cait thinks she might have tried to sneak out through some piping. I don’t know how, but it would mean someone could have got a hold of her later.” Vi came closer to her sister again. “She says things like Captain. Tea. Your name. And, she screams sometimes.”

*Oh, Pow-Pow.* . He tried to move that blanket some more. “This sticks like glue.” Man. They needed to get it off her though to see what was happening. He took off his giant coat and threw it to the side of the room. It was his favorite, and this was gonna get messy. “We have to get this blanket unstuck from her.”

“What about the blue sparkle magic?” Vi asked him. “Is it contagious?”

*It looks like it’s only at the edges of wounds. If that is the case, it might just be coming from scratches of something magical.* A side effect, but if he said that, Vi would run with that info and probably have him leave soon.

He knew Vi. She wouldn't want to drag him into trouble, but Jinx showed up, after what should have been death. He had time, and he wouldn't be stirred away. "We'll know for sure when we look better. Tell your Topsider to be lookout, we need to get these blankets off."

Vi came over and they both tried to peel away the blankets. Oh, it was like syrup. It was also-

"You can just toss those on the floor," Vi's Topsider said. "I-I don't need them. We are trashing those."

Ekko just stared at Jinx. She could not have been a sorer sight. She was still wearing the war clothes she had worn in the war, but they were torn in so many places. Shredded. Not only did she have fresh wounds, she had bandages over other areas, and even scars in others. Someone liked tearing at her and it wasn't the first time.

At the same time, it was clear she wasn't defenseless either. She was covered in blood, but the entry points of wounds would not have covered that much blood. She was fighting something for her life, and she definitely nailed it too.

"Tea," she uttered.

"I made some," the Topsider insisted. "I keep making some, and she keeps rejecting it."

"Not that tea," Ekko said. Tea was disgusting, someone like Jinx wouldn't like that 'bitterly rich' taste either. She must have been trying to say something, something that started with Tea or Tee.

"Ekko," she muttered.

Ekko. *Vi was right, she is saying my name.* Why was she doing that?

"Once Ekko can answer some questions, we can finally get her in a bath," the Topsider suggested. "Getting those wounds cleaned out is important. Getting that fever down too. Can we treat her wounds?"

"Yeah, they are most likely just byproduct from a scratch from a magical creature." And saying that would get him kicked out, but she was probably getting into a position where he wouldn't be able to stay with her anyway. *At least she's safe.* He went ahead and started to get snoopy around the room and closets, he would be asked to leave soon. Might as well see if he could pick up some clues about this locked room-

When he opened a closet door, he saw a yordle. Not Heimer.

He wiggled his fingers.

"What is this, who are you?" Vi insisted.

"I'm Captain Teemo," he answered.

*Tea was Teemo.* She was calling for this guy? "You carried Jinx here?" Ekko asked.

“What, me?” Captain Teemo said like he was nuts. “No way, that was you, Ekko.”

Him? “I didn’t even know she was still alive.”

“Oh? Oh not you then, a different Ekko,” the yordle said casually.

“There’s no different Ekko,” Vi said to Captain Teemo. “Explain what you mean.”

“There’s been an Ekko trying to help us escape . . .” Captain Teemo paused. “Somewhere. Anyhow, it’s a parallel Ekko to you, but not you.”

Oh! “A different universe Ekko came into mine to help Jinx?” He understood that. That had happened with him once. Only? “Wouldn’t that be me too? I mean, didn’t we flow into each other’s bodies?”

“Uuuh . . .” Captain Teemo didn’t answer that either.

“Jinx is stuck in a fever,” Vi tried. “She’s hurt and she needs help. So if you know something. Anything. It might help.”

Ekko watched the yordle’s movements. He definitely knew a lot, it was written in all the nervous fidgeting, but he wasn’t going to share all of it. *I’ve got really bad feelings about this.* Why would a yordle of all people, be involved with Jinx? *Another me. A yordle. Jinx.*

“Look? Can you just tell me something about what happened to my baby sister?” Vi asked, trying to stay calm.

Captain Teemo just looked at her. “I guess I could tell you, that she’s *not* your baby sister.”

Vi looked annoyed. “I know she’s not a real baby. She’s my little sister.”

“She’s not your little sister.” Captain Teemo still didn’t agree.

“Yes, she is,” Vi said firmly. “She is clearly Jinx, and Jinx is my sister.”

“She is your sister, but she’s not your little sister,” Captain Teemo said again. “You see, things . . . happened, and we had to do a little bit of yordle magic to cover this little gap of the truth.”

What? “How much of a gap?” Ekko asked.

“Maybe a decent amount? Look, it was going to get done because Powder was at an age where she . . .” The yordle was pausing again. “It’s just, she wasn’t old enough for some things in some ways, and it was safer to take her back in age.”

What? “I don’t get it,” Vi said.

“You changed her age.” Ekko got it. But why would her age need changed? “How old was she?”

“Talk!” Vi demanded. “Because none of what you are saying makes sense! Is my little sister gonna die or not, what’s going on?”

Ekko crossed his arms, he wasn’t going to take this mysterious crap right now. “Is Jinx safe?”

“The fever is natural. Her body is fighting the magic used against her, but she’ll win. She’ll be safe,” the yordle answered. “It’s not the first time she’s opposed it.”

“Good to hear, now explain what you mean by my little sister is not my little sister?” Vi demanded.

“Okay, okay!” Captain Teemo said, probably getting the hint neither one wanted to play around. “Fine. If there’s one thing we definitely had in there, it was time to chat and gossip. So, okay. I’ll tell you. Powder was never your baby sister. You were Powder’s baby sister. It all starts around . . .”

*“Blisters and Bedrock,” Vander repeated after Silco as he looked at Felicia. “I always liked the name Violet.”*

*Felicia looked at Vander sweetly. Maybe for the second. Her and Vander though, and Connell. She was pretty sure that an ex-boyfriend turned friend naming Connell’s first child probably wouldn’t go over well. Connell and her were probably going to get married soon too. At least, he better be planning to now.*

*If he didn’t, then Violet would definitely be the first name, because she would choose Vander. Until then? She glanced toward Silco playfully. “You? What should a new resident of our Zaun be called?”*

*Silco usually didn’t fidget around things. “If we carve Zaun out of blisters and bedrock? Then, there will be soft fallout from the chiseling, Felicia. It's powder.”*

*“Powder.” That was a sweet name. Connel wouldn’t care if Silco recommended it. Something soft and gentle in the hardness of their life. “I like that.”*

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*Years Later . . .*

*“Powder, don’t let Violet fall,” her mother said as she was trying to paint a picture with her and her new baby sister. “You have her?”*

*“I have her, Momma.” Powder insisted as she looked at her new baby sister, Violet. She was on a chair, but she was technically holding her baby sister. Her mom was trusting her to hold her for a pretty painting. She planned on painting their dad in and then herself later. Her*

*momma loved painting in watercolors. Color plus water meant it was always possible to paint.*

*“Anybody home?”*

*“Uncle Vander. Uncle Silco.” Powder smiled. They were usually there once a month or so. Sometimes every week.*

*“Oh, Powder, you moved around,” her mom Felicia complained. “Well, we’ll try again later. Go see your Uncles.”*

*“Uncle Silco. Uncle Vander.” She tried to be careful with her sister as she went to see them.*

*“Hello, Powder,” Uncle Silco greeted her. “We needed to talk to your mother for a bit.”*

*“In a bit, exactly, can I see her?” Uncle Vander asked excitedly.*

*Powder let her Uncle Vander see her baby sister Violet.*

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“ . . . so then when you lost your parents, Vander picked you both up and took you to that place Hope House,” Captain Teemo finished.

“Bullshit,” Vi interrupted, pointing at him accusingly. “I call utter bullshit! How would you, or how would even Jinx know about how we were named? And Uncle Silco? Uncle? No possible way, stop, your lying!”

Captain Teemo folded his arms authoritatively. “She wasn’t there, but she remembers, because her momma shared it with her. Her momma shared a lot with her. She had a different kind of life at first.”

“So she just randomly told you this stuff?” Vi was still irritated.

“I asked about it,” Captain Teemo insisted.

“Why would you ask about that?” Vi called him out.

“To ground her, into feeling better,” he said. “She needed to feel better, and she did the same thing for me, and it wasn’t! A. A.” Once again, not forthcoming. “I needed to stir good memories sometimes, and this information is what came out. Her Uncle Silco named her, and he was part of your family. You just don’t remember because you were just a baby.”

“Ekko?” Vi looked half-confused, half fed up. “Do you believe any of this bullcrap?”

“I don’t rule anything in or out until it’s fairly proven or disproven,” he said. “Some yordles have deep magic. They might have been able to make us forget that. But if they did?” Ekko stepped closer to the yordle. “They *can* reverse it.”

Captain Teemo gave him one serious look. “It wasn’t me, Human,” he called him out, like he was beneath him. “You are asking for things that you don’t need.”

Ekko wasn’t going to back off. He stepped up closer and using his height, towered over him. “A yordle can reverse it’s magic. Go find the yordle that did this, if you are telling the truth.”

Captain Teemo stretched out one of his arms, and twirled it around a little. “You are sooo lucky you are her friends,” he said deeply. “There’s more than just the age magic wrong with everything. All the reversal would do, is undo just that. Seeing the age for what happened, nothing else.”

Ekko definitely heard the threat. This was a yordle that was ready to go any lengths. This wasn’t Heimer, he wasn’t peaceful. He could look cute, even sound cute, but those eyes? They’d seen shit, and they were deciding whether or not to take action, even if they were Jinx’s friends.

Backtrack. He had to, this was going to get bad. “Okay, just, pause on all how this sounds. I’m emotional, I’m not trying to start something, I just want to help my friend. That’s it.”

Captain Teemo still didn’t look like he believed him, but he went ahead and tucked his helmet down slightly. “Jinx is going to be safe. This fever always happens to her.”

“Why?” Ekko asked curiously.

Captain Teemo didn’t answer that. “I’ll see if he’s busy. I guess, it’s a good place to start for her. I’ll be back.”

Ekko watched where he disappeared from. At least, the fever would be okay. He went back beside her with Vi. He touched her forehead. “Slightly cooler.”

He watched as Captain Teemo came back again.

“You might want to hold something, or lie on the floor. This part could be a little jarring,” Captain Teemo warned them.

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