

The huntress waited for what felt like an eternity. She could feel the arcane energies of the sorceress as a warm flow through her hand, but the blast of fire she expected never came. Slowly opening her eyes, she found the blood elf looking at her in such way one would admire a trophy, a small victorious grin remaining on her lips.

*"Are you not going to kill me?"* Silana asked in confusion, speaking in the language of the humans. She thought that the other elf would likely know it as well.

The Sin'dorei smirked, replying in a playful tone:

*"Oh, you caused me so much trouble, I think I will take you as a prisoner instead..."*

Hearing this made Silana gasp, her expression showing signs of fear for a brief moment. She opened her mouth to protest, but not a single word came out. Her arms wouldn't move either, her entire body feeling heavy as if something had drained all her remaining strength. Soon realizing that some spell had been used to completely paralyze her, she ceased her struggling, falling into silent despair. Her enemy had been much more powerful than she had thought.

Unable to lift a finger, she watched helplessly as two hawkstriders came running from the distance shortly after being called by their mistress. She was then lifted and tied onto the back of one of them, ending up lying in a rather uncomfortable position. Her captor grabbed the reins and mounted the other strider with such a form and grace she thought only to be found among her own kind. The striders then started to head into a direction that seemed to take them towards the elven city of Silvermoon.

The night was silent, except for the rumble of the small stones that the feet of the huge birds sent flying around as they ran through the desolate lands. The moon illuminated the dead trees in a way that almost made them look beautiful, yet Silana didn't give much thought for this, still being in shock from what had happened. This wasn't how it was supposed to go..

She was most certainly being taken to Silvermoon, she thought. What would happen to her? Having heard stories of how the Sin'dorei misused magic, a cold shiver traveled along her spine. Knowing that the elves of the sun hated her kind, they would probably torment her with fel magic, slowly draining her life and then giving her some more, only to drain it again until they'd get bored of her. And then she would finally die. No, this was not the end she wanted to have, she screamed in her mind.

What if she'd be turned over to their savage allies instead? A feeling of desperation and panic filled her heart as the possibility crossed her mind. She would be beaten, tortured, abused or even worse.. No, she wanted to fall in a battle with glory, not die like this! The thoughts of her possible fate running through her head, the huntress couldn't stop tears from flowing onto her cheeks, accompanied by quiet sobbing.

The journey to the elven capital was a long one, even with the striders. Silana hadn't been riding a hawkstrider before – she found the ride to be surprisingly smooth. Being exhausted from the battle and her long journey, she quickly fell asleep, moonlight reflecting from the tears covering her soft face.

The red-haired sin'dorei noticed this, a small smile forming onto her lips as they traveled through the darkness. She had heard the quiet sobs of her prisoner. Seeing the kal'dorei that had been such a strong adversary in tears confused her slightly.

Was she starting to feel sorry for her?

As they traveled against the night, the surrounding trees gradually started to become more and more lush, the lifeless ground giving room to moist grass. Spiders would no longer be seen skittering along the edges of the road, instead one could spot sleeping lynxes resting under trees, rising their heads curiously as the two striders passed by.

A content smile formed onto the lips of the blood elf as the hundreds of lights in the distance reached her eyes, indicating that ahead of them were the homes of many.

They had arrived to Eversong.

*Silanael 2009, 2012*