Silana yawned quietly, slowly opening her eyes. She hadn't slept very well, her back being sore for some reason. But where was she? The side of the room she was looking at was like nothing she had seen before. The wall had golden decorations that seemed to have been made with the greatest skill and accuracy, accompanied by beautiful blue curtains that reminded her of transparent silk. There was a small table near the wall, on top of which there was a crystal floating in the air. And red. There was a lot of red. What was this place?

Her thoughts were interrupted by a soft voice coming from her other side:
"Oh, the sleepyhead is finally awake. Did you sleep well?"

The huntress turned her head to look for the source of the voice. Someone was lying on the bed next to her... A red, fiery hair.. Glowing green eyes.. A Sin'dorei!

Panicking, she tried to leap off the bed to get away from her enemy, yet she only managed to roll onto her face on the soft bed. Only then it occurred to her that her hands and legs were tied. The amused woman next to her giggled quietly as she watched the terrified night elf struggling to get free. Her efforts didn't bear any results – she had been tied quite well, her hands behind her back and her legs together, limiting her movements to mere squirming that the blood elf seemed to find amusing.

"Calm down, you are not in any danger." said the sorceress next to her in a calm, soothing voice.

She remembered it all now. Her journey to Ghostlands, the battle, getting captured..
But she was not in a dungeon or any kind of chamber one might expect the Sin'dorei to have for their prisoners. Taking a moment to let her eyes to scan the room a bit more, she got the feeling that she was in someone's home instead. It was not a common practice to place prisoners onto beds either, as far as she knew. Puzzled by this, she turned to face her captor, meeting her eyes.

"Why have you taken me into a place like this? What do you want from me?"

The Sin'dorei smiled at her as she answered the question:

*"I did not bring you to the others, for your fate in their hands would have been a cruel one.
Yet I could not let you go either, so I decided to take you as my own prisoner."*

As the huntress listened, she used the moment to take a better look at the woman that had defeated her. To her surprise, the facial expression of this Sin'dorei seemed to lack the cruelty typical to her kind – although it was obvious that the sorceress had seen her fair share of battles as well, the warm smile of the woman felt genuine. Her skin was pale and soft, the fiery-red hair tied into a neat ponytail although some of it was loose, surrounding the green eyes that the huntress found beautiful. A small nose adorned her face, and her lips looked soft and moist. Silana frowned at herself for finding her sworn enemy, a Sin'dorei, to be so very attractive.

"Why didn't you just kill me?" the night elf demanded to know.

"That is something you need not to know" she smirked and continued:

"You are my prisoner now, and you will remain here until the war is over. I have only one bed, so we will have to share it. If you behave, no harm will come to you."

Silana was stunned. This was definitely not something she had expected. A Sin'dorei sharing her bed with her prisoner, a Kal'dorei at that? She was filled with confusion and mixed feelings -

a part of her hated to be a prisoner, yet another involved a strange feeling of safety and comfort even despite of the her captivity and unfamiliar enviroment.

"What is your name, Kal'dorei?" the sorceress asked.

"Silana." came a quiet reply after a moment of silence.

"My name is Amariel." the blood elf told her before walking out of the room and leaving the confused huntress lying on the soft bed, staring after the woman in disbelief.