Reasons

by UninspiredPoet

Summary

Garrosh Hellscream is on trial for his crimes against Azeroth and Jaina Proudmoore is falling apart. Sylvanas Windrunner doesn't know how much longer she can watch the woman she loved - the woman she might still love - suffer. Can she still be what Jaina needs, after everything that's come to pass?

Flashes of memory came and went as they awaited Jaina’s arrival. As the pain of betrayal mingled with the very real, very physical pain of injury beneath the cool mask she wore. It took much to bring the Banshee Queen to her knees, yet here she was. Kneeling. Gathering her strength for what was to come. She’d lost the Undercity. She’d lost her home. She’d nearly lost her life.

The feeling of the portal forming behind her was familiar. It was a feeling she’d experienced countless times throughout her life. Yet, this was familiar in a different way. In a way that belonged only to Jaina.

It took more energy than Sylvanas thought she yet possessed just to stand and walk towards her at Thrall’s side. It took more energy still to explain herself to the woman she had loved, albeit long ago. To the woman that had loved her.

And, willpower, well...it took every shred of that that she had left to admit she’d nearly been bested.

Had that been a flash of emotion in Jaina’s eyes before she turned her attention to Thrall as he began speaking?

As the seconds stretched on into endlessness, Sylvanas watched Jaina turn and leave without sparing her so much as a glance. Without even acknowledging her presence. The pain and conflict
that gnawed at her insides. No. There had been nothing there in those once-familiar eyes.

Just her own foolish hope.

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"You are quite light on your feet, Ranger-General."

“My people generally are, Lady Proudmoore.” Sylvanas responded with an easy smile as her eyes

glinted faintly before she bowed as the music faded - shifted into another piece while she slowly

released Jaina’s hand. “Thank you for the dance.”

Jaina glanced around at the dignitaries milling about in search of their next partner. The gazes she
garnered weren’t lost on her, nor were they particularly wanted. It was only a quick glance,
however, before her attention was back on the woman in front of her. On the way her clothing was
cut so precisely. The markings on her high collar and the golden stripes on the legs of her pants

that were tucked into golden-edged boots.

It was an understated uniform as far as uniforms went. Among her own people, anyway. Yet there
was something about it that made this woman larger than life in a room full of people who, for all

intents and purposes, should have looked much more impressive.

“Would you consider another one, perhaps? Later in the evening, if you aren’t otherwise

indisposed?” Jaina was shocked at the way her own heart raced while she spoke.

Sylvanas’s smile widened somewhat as she slid her gloves back on after pulling them from her belt.

Jaina hadn’t even noticed she’d taken them off for their dance and she suddenly found herself

wishing she had.

“I find these things terribly droll, if I’m being honest,” Sylvanas responded. “That dance and the

promise of another is, by far, the highlight of the night.”

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Sylvanas’s breaths were ragged. She wasn’t certain if the ichor she was bathed in was her own or

that of her enemies. All she was certain of was that the voice booming just out of sight belonged to

Varian Wrynn.

“Attack! For Stormwind! For Bolvar! For the Alliance!”

Sylvanas bared her teeth as she readied her blade and her eyes flashed brightly as she readied

herself for an attack she had no hope of surviving. Yet, her face fell when she saw Jaina, and she

lowered her blade.

If the coup had wounded her, the sight of Jaina alongside those who would end her life...destroyed

her. If she’d meant to speak, nothing made it past the dryness in her throat.

Yet, what she expected to happen did not happen. The words that tore from Jaina’s throat were

against Varian, himself, and the next time she looked around, everyone was frozen in place and

Jaina’s magic was crackling throughout the room.

“I didn’t have to be like this,” Jaina whispered breathlessly as her eyes locked with her own. Eyes

that shone with unshed tears and a voice that trembled with words she would leave unspoken.
Jaina wanted to run to her. To tell her how she’d missed her and tend her wounds and...and she couldn’t.

“Jaina…”

In the time it took for Sylvanas to take a step towards her, she was gone. They all were. She knew, though. She knew what she’d seen in her eyes had been real. That she hadn’t imagined it.

And that made it so much worse.

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“You have beautiful eyes,” Sylvanas whispered as she lifted Jaina back up from the dip she’d lowered her into before spinning her away in a single, fluid motion.

Jaina laughed quietly as she felt herself being delicately pulled back until she could rest her hand on the breast of Sylvanas’s jacket again, only to find it covered by the elven woman’s immediately thereafter. “They don’t compare to yours. I’m sure of it.”

Sylvanas glanced down as she felt Jaina’s hand slip from beneath her own and catch the edge of her jacket at her stomach. Felt her knuckles brush the silk wrapping around her waist so lightly it might have been difficult to tell it had even happened were Sylvanas not so acutely attuned to her right then.

“Are you flirting with me, Lady Proudmoore?” Sylvanas asked so quietly only the two of them would hear as she lifted her eyes to find the young woman looking at her intently.

“That’s hardly an appropriate question. We’ve only just met.” Jaina responded as Sylvanas continued to lead her in slow, graceful motions across the dance floor.

“Forgive me.” Sylvanas murmured, reaching for Jaina’s hand to lift it from her waist back to her shoulder. A much more appropriate position for the current song. Then she ran her fingertips along the underside of Jaina’s arm to support it with her own once her hand was splayed along her back just beneath her shoulderblade. It was intimate in a way no one but Jaina would have noticed because no one but Jaina had felt the warm gentleness of that touch. “The loveliness of your gown must have gone to my head.”

“Forgiven.” Jaina offered a smile along with that forgiveness, despite the fact that Sylvanas’s own had never left her. “I hate it.”

“Understandable. Would you be more comfortable without it?”

Jaina nearly rolled her eyes. If this had been anyone else, she’d have walked away ages ago. Only, it wasn’t anyone else. This was the Ranger-General of Quel'thalas and her long waves of hair glinted in the light against the dark velvet of her jacket every time they turned. This was a woman who led her effortlessly despite her admittedly small stature. A woman whose strength she could feel behind every single movement. And this was their fourth dance.

By now, people were watching. They were watching the way Sylvanas’s boots slipped across the dancefloor almost touching Jaina’s shoes. They were watching the way her thigh cut gently into the shimmering material of Jaina’s emerald gown between her legs. But never for too long. Never out of time.

It was dizzying for Jaina. Heady. To have to continue to reassure the few people she knew there
that, no, she didn't know the Ranger-General and that, yes, she was an exquisite dance partner. Normally, she might have found a hundred reasons to retire, by now. She might have had studies to catch up on. Research to unbury herself from.

Tonight, though...it was someone else who offered her an excuse. An excuse that came by way of a hand pressing lightly against her lower back and a murmur just behind her ear.

“Walk with me, won’t you? It’s so nice out this evening.”

Jaina wasn’t startled by the suddenness of the presence behind her, and when she turned - Sylvanas was holding a glass out for her.

“Water.” Sylvanas explained simply.

Jaina took the glass and smiled her thanks. As fine as the libations had been this evening, she had been doing quite a bit more dancing than normal. The thought that Sylvanas had thought about that was more touching, probably, than it should have been. “I’d love to go for a walk with you.”

Sylvanas held out an arm and Jaina took it, and, that’s how they walked. Quietly, at first, as they found themselves in a garden that had clearly been enchanted just for this gathering. It worked its spell on the two of them quite handily. Sylvanas watched as a hundred little twinkling mage lights danced in Jaina’s eyes as they found a bench to rest on, and Jaina found herself just as entranced by Sylvanas. The way the grey-blue glow of her eyes seemed even more ethereal in the dim lighting of the garden.

“I’m on leave, you know.” Sylvanas finally broke the silence, but her voice and the lilt of her words - so delicate and unfamiliar - was welcomed.

“You speak as though you’ve already bedded me.” Jaina admonished softly, though her tone wasn’t particularly accusatory.

“You don’t sound opposed to the idea, Jaina.” Sylvanas said as she lowered her hand - only just grazing her neck before she withdrew it entirely. “But I only meant I’ve very much enjoyed my evening and your company.”

Jaina’s eyelids fluttered as Sylvanas stroked a few strands of her hair behind her ear. “So have I. That’s the first time you’ve used my first name...”

“You haven’t used mine.”

“Sylvanas Windrunner.” Jaina replied quietly as she moved her hand just enough to lay it over the other woman’s. The fact that Sylvanas twined their fingers together was more than enough encouragement for her to continue. “Ranger-General of Quel’thalas who has a way with the fairer sex.”

Sylvanas leaned closer with an almost playful smirk on her face and Jaina stayed put - waiting for a kiss that still hadn’t come. “And where did you hear that last bit?”
“I didn’t. I just have eyes.”

The kiss finally came, then. Jaina leaned into it at almost the same time as Sylvanas did. It was almost chaste in its shallow softness, and it was Sylvanas who pulled back first. She didn’t go far, though. Jaina could feel her breath against her lips when she spoke. “I’m afraid I’m very far from home, or I would offer to take you there.”

“I have rooms, here.”

“I know.”

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The trial had been going for far too long. Sylvanas had watched Jaina force herself to not come apart more times than Sylvanas could bear, yet she continued to. Just like she continued to ignore her looks. Her subtle, silent outreachings.

Oh, she knew Jaina was suffering. She could almost feel it coming off of her. She also knew that all she was to the mage something familiar. Something from before. But she’d needed Jaina, too. She’d needed Jaina when she’d pulled herself to her knees to face her - turned away from her own home and all that she had left. She’d needed Jaina after the ensuing battle when she was battered and worn. And Jaina had left her to skulk away alone.

So, today like all the others, as the proceedings concluded for the night, Sylvanas would ignore yet another pleading glance in her direction. Perhaps if there had been words, it might have been different. Perhaps if Jaina had spoken, she might have been unable to bear it. She didn’t, though, and that made it easier. Made it feel less like she would rather know true death again than not give Jaina the comfort she knew she desperately needed.

Even if it meant being used. Even if it meant absolutely nothing.

Jaina had never known pain and rage like she did, now. She had only ever done her best. Only ever tried her hardest to make a life for her and her people and now it was all gone. She found no solace in the faces of those that surrounded her. The hands that gripped her own in greeting now and then felt more like vices than anything else. She hated this. She hated all of it. She wanted nothing more than for it to be done and over with

The one bit of peace she thought she might have a chance at finding here did little more than hide from her in the shadows. Always just out of reach. Always.

Sometimes Jaina thought if she could just think it hard enough, Sylvanas would hear her. Hear that she was desperate. That she feared she would go mad.

It was strange, really, that Sylvanas chose that moment to stop. To turn around, finally, and look at her. Jaina remembered how kind that face had once been. How soft and young it had looked, yet ageless all at once.

It wasn’t like that anymore. There was no warmth in the burning of those eyes. No love that Jaina could see. No recognition.

“Not here.”

Jaina averted her gaze quickly. Of course, not here. In that moment, she’d nearly forgotten. Who they were. What they were. And the next time she looked back, Sylvanas was gone.
“Anar’alah.” Sylvanas whispered as she dragged her lips slowly across Jaina’s shoulder while she guided her gown off her shoulders. “You’re stunning, Jaina. I want to taste every inch of you.”

Those words burned against her skin like Sylvanas’s fingertips did on their way down her body with the fine material of her gown. Soon enough, she felt the velvet of the General’s coat brushing against her bare back as she leaned down to help her step out of it.

Jaina knew Sylvanas was still kneeling as she traced the edges of her undergarments with her fingertips, yet the sight of it caught her off guard as she turned around to look at her. On her knees, she was just tall enough that she could brush a kiss beneath her navel as she began pulling her underwear down her thighs.

She’d never really felt weak in the knees before. Certainly not for another person. Right now, though, Jaina wasn’t sure how much longer she was going to be able to stand. She reached down to trace the line of Sylvanas’s jaw as a soft breath left her as those lips parted against the soft, sensitive skin of her stomach and teeth grazed the place that had just been kissed.

“Anar’alah?” Jaina asked quietly as she couldn’t help but finally stroke along one of the other woman’s ears. It was strangely arousing how it shifted into her hand as if looking for a deeper, more purposeful touch.

“By the light.” Sylvanas breathed as she nuzzled lower and ran her hands down Jaina’s legs, allowing her thumbs to graze the mage’s inner thighs until she got to her knees.

“It’s beautiful.” Jaina was breathless, now. She’d been referring to the language, of course.

“It certainly is.” Sylvanas hadn’t.

Jaina knew she hadn’t. Especially when Sylvanas kissed the crook of her thigh.

“Can I see you?” Jaina asked - sounding slightly more panicked than she might have liked.

“Of course.” Sylvanas stood, but she didn’t do it quickly. She left hot, lingering kisses in her wake that had Jaina trembling by the time she was in front of her. She caught Jaina’s gaze with her own as she removed her jacket and tossed it onto the bed and smiled faintly when Jaina reached for her shirt before it even landed.

As Jaina revealed more and more of Sylvanas’s skin, it became clear that their differences didn’t end at their heights. Sylvanas’s skin was...god. Everything. Sun-kissed and peppered here with scars that Jaina traced carefully with her fingertips. Sylvanas was harder than her, too. Where her hips and stomach were soft, as Jaina pulled the shirt and sash away - she revealed cuts of muscle that trailed down into the waist of her breeches. Lines that she drew again with careful touches before her trembling fingertips found the laces holding those pants low around the General’s waist.

“You’re shaking,” Sylvanas observed quietly, lifting her hands to cradle the mage’s face in them so she could stroke the redness in her cheeks with her thumbs.

“I’ve just never seen anything like you,” Jaina explained or did her best to, anyway. “You...god, I don’t even know how to begin to touch you.”

Sylvanas murmured her quiet appreciation as she leaned in for a kiss that soothed Jaina beyond measure. “Then lay down with me and let me touch you, instead.”
As Jaina moved to get comfortable on her bed, Sylvanas removed her boots and left them with her breeches on the floor before moving onto it next to her.

Sylvanas was so slow. Patient. Until Jaina couldn’t take it any longer. Until she bent one of her legs at the knee and rested it over the other woman’s hip and found relief almost immediately. Relief in the form of Sylvanas’s strong thigh pressing up between her own.

Jaina rocked her hips down against that pressure, seeking more. More of anything, really. More of the soft, hot mouth currently assaulting her nipple. More of the hand kneading her other breast as she was turned onto her back. It felt like Sylvanas was everywhere all at once. Her hands were everywhere. Her mouth was everywhere.

Then it was slow, again. Slow, as Sylvanas spread her thigh with a caress of her hand up the inside of it. Slow, as she looked down into her eyes while she slipped her finger into her carefully. She was so attentive right then that her lips parted as Jaina’s did. Her brow furrowed at almost the same time, too. Like she was drinking in Jaina’s every reaction.

Jaina was coming undone. Quickly. With a rapidness that didn’t at all match Sylvanas’s careful, all-consuming attention.

Sylvanas could feel her tightening. She didn’t stop. She didn’t tease her. She just kept on exactly as she had been. Slowly thrusting the length of her finger and letting some of her weight rest down against her.

Jaina’s hands flew to Sylvanas’s shoulders when she spilled over the edge and her hips pressed up of their own accord. While she was still shaking beneath her, Sylvanas pressed a breathless kiss just beneath the lobe of her ear and then murmured against it. “I’m going to make you come, again.”

Jaina could only nod numbly in response as Sylvanas pulled away and moved between her legs. She was still in the throes of her first orgasm when Sylvanas parted her with her tongue, yet the hard edge of over-stimulation was softened by soft caresses of the General’s hands against her stomach and her hips. It didn’t take long for that talented tongue to work her back into a strangely comfortable frenzy. And the moan. The low, quiet moan that passed Sylvanas’s lips as her tongue flicked against her lip drew a shudder from her that wracked every inch of her body.

Perhaps with anyone else, Jaina might have worried about a hundred little things. How she looked...sounded...tasted. But that moan put all those things to rest in her. Then, one of the hands that she’d found so soothing moved back between her legs and she felt two fingers where there had only been one, before.

Her eyes snapped open and her head tossed against her pillow as she tangled her fingers into Sylvanas’s hair. She didn’t have time to worry if that was allowed. She didn’t have time to consider how much it felt like silk in her fingers. She was coming too hard and too fast for that.

Then, Sylvanas was peppering her thighs with kisses even as her lips and her chin still glistened. Erotic. There was no other word for the slightly blurred sight of platinum hair fanning against her hips as her own wetness caught the light against Sylvanas’s skin. She loosened her grip slowly. Pulled some of that hair behind a long, delicate ear so she could better see.

That was when she noticed just how ragged the other woman’s breathing was. Just how hot her ear was when her hand grazed it.

“Are you…” Jaina trailed off breathlessly as she realized she didn’t have the words. Or, if she did,
they were long gone by now.

“You have no idea,” Sylvanas whispered as her forehead came to rest on Jaina’s hip for just a moment before Jaina was pulling her up, much to her surprise. Even more surprising, she was being rolled onto her side and she found Jaina’s hand between her legs in movements nowhere near as graceful or measured as her own, but very much appreciated, nonetheless.

Sylvanas lifted a hand in an attempt to wipe her mouth as Jaina gasped when she realized just how wet she was, but Jaina stopped her with a kiss. Just so that she could taste herself on the other woman’s tongue. To know that she’d been there. It was brazen. Brazen in a way Jaina had never been before.

But so was the fact that she was stroking over her clit firmly the moment she found it. So was the fact that she was threading an arm beneath Sylvanas’s side to draw her closer. It was easier than she might have thought. She was so light. So small, yet so undeniably powerful.

Right now, though, she was burying her face in Jaina’s neck and gasping as her hips jerked and twitched and the muscles in her lower back tensed between the hold of Jaina’s hand. “Jaina...Jaina...” Her name turned into short, breathless attempts at speech that made no sense but were no less beautiful to Jaina. Beautiful and addictive like the taste of honeyed wine.

But it was nothing like the quiet, shuddering breaths that were gasped against her neck when Sylvanas came. Nothing like the way she went limp in her arms and made Jaina feel stronger than she ever had in her life.

She wanted this again. She wanted to hold her again. All of this.

The way Sylvanas moved to drape herself over her so she could kiss lazily along her jaw made her think, for the first time, that that was a distinct possibility.

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Jaina gasped quietly as the door to her room shut. She’d been so...lost that she hadn’t even heard it open. Sylvanas was the last person she expected to see. Her visitors had all been people that she had seen far too much of lately. People that only sharpened the dangerous edges of her grief.

“I didn’t think you would come,” Jaina whispered as Sylvanas latched the door behind herself and made her way over to the edge of the bed where Jaina was sitting, her dinner left untouched on the end table.

“Neither did I.” Sylvanas admitted. She hated speaking in Jaina’s presence, now. She hated the hollow echo that her voice had become when she knew it would fall upon Jaina’s ears.

It took a lot for Jaina to fully lift her gaze and look at the woman she had once known so well.

“I’m sorry.” For whatever reason, those were the first words that left her. “Sylvanas...I’m so sorry.”

Sylvanas’s ears fell and her expression softened. She shifted closer to Jaina as old strings that she’d thought frayed and rotted long ago tugged at parts of her she scarcely remembered. “This isn’t why I came.” Sylvanas’s voice was quieter, now.

“Then why did you come?” Jaina asked. Her voice broke under the weight of it all. But before she could turn away, Sylvanas’s arms were around her as she moved quickly to sit beside her on the
For a long time, Sylvanas stared at the lantern flowing at Jaina’s bedside as the mage wept horrible, painful sobs into her chest and shook in her arms. When she finally cried herself out and she was just breathing shallowly into her shirt, Sylvanas finally spoke. “I know.” She cleared her throat as she lifted her hand higher and touched the back of Jaina’s head tentatively, just barely allowing a few strands to twine with her fingers. “I know what you’re feeling, Jaina. And you need to know that you’ll survive this.”

“At what cost?” Jaina asked - genuine fear more than evident in her voice.

Everything. Surviving had cost Sylvanas everything. Jaina knew that. They both knew that.

“You’ll find a reason for the cost to be worth it.”

They were both quiet, again.

Jaina felt...Jaina felt so good in her arms. In a way that terrified her. “You know that I can’t stay here.”

“Please.” Jaina held her tighter. She dug her fingertips into her shirt so firmly it nearly tore and Sylvanas shifted almost uncomfortably.

“I...can’t.” Sylvanas whispered, pulling Jaina’s arms from around her and moving to stand as she still held them. “This can’t happen here.” Her tone was almost urgent despite how quiet it was.

“There isn’t time. There are too many eyes and just as many ears. I’m not that reason, Jaina. I’m not anything.”

“You were everything.” Jaina responded bitterly as she stood, too. “You were everything.”

“And then I died, Jaina.” Sylvanas said evenly. Calmly. “And then I wasn’t who you needed me to be, anymore. And that’s...that’s fine. That’s how it needs to be.”

“You could be part of the reason.” Jaina almost whimpered those words as she reached out to wrap a hand around Sylvanas’s arm. She was almost surprised when she let her. They both were, really. “You don’t have to be all of it. But, please. Please give me something. Even if it’s something I have no right to ask you for.”

“Jaina I don’t...” Sylvanas had to look away, then. She had to look away from the woman Jaina had become. From the silver in eyes that had once been the deepest blue. Blue that had once sparkled at the very sight of her.

“I’ll take what’s left.” Jaina said quietly. “Anything.”

“Not here. Not now.” Sylvanas finally said, and Jaina’s hand fell away slowly.

The next time Sylvanas looked at her, there was hope there. That hope did more for her, perhaps, than anything had since her death. It touched the cool, lifeless coals in the very core of her being that had once burned fiercely. Relentlessly.

“But somewhere?” Jaina asked as she tried to keep her voice as even as possible.

“After the trial.” Sylvanas whispered. “The Undercity.” She took a step back as Jaina looked at her in shock.
Sylvanas turned quickly towards the door and listened carefully at it for a moment before her hand moved to the latch. “I’ll be waiting for you.”

As the door shut, Jaina nearly collapsed back onto her bed. She had a million questions running rampant through her mind - yet, she felt less overwhelmed now than she had before.

No. Sylvanas would never be the reason that she once was. Neither would she.

But neither of them were ‘nothing’.

Sylvanas wasn’t ‘nothing’.

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