

Killer Queen

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Killer Queen

by [Tempest \(sniperct\)](#)

Summary

A mysterious singer, men turning up dead, and Jaina piecing together the common thread in the people they'd hurt.

The woman's voice rattling in her head, cutting her to the quick, asking her if justice is ever truly served.

"Surely there are better ways to ensure men like that get what they deserve?"

Code Violations

Chapter Notes

So technically I started this before I started Last Resort and it was sitting there with 4 out of 7 chapters written for years. But I've written all but the epilogue now, and it's time to share my problematic sylvanas serial killer fic!

This fic contains themes of abuse and revenge.

Chapter 1 references date rape drugs.

Jaina felt like she was being watched. It was a paranoia born of long experience in a military family and an overbearing father who'd hoped she'd follow in his footsteps. She hadn't, of course. While Jaina was more than capable of defending herself, she had no desire to be an instrument of death to innocent people on the other side of the world.

There were plenty of people who deserved it right at home, but even then she balked at the idea of causing harm. A coward, the Admiral had called her. The Admiral, because that was how he preferred to be called even at home.

Shaking off both the thought of her father and the feeling of being watched, she stepped past a woman dancing at the door and into the party.

The music was not really her style, but it had a nice beat at least. She was more or less here for a few drinks and to relax from the pressure of midterms. Of course, for Jaina, the pressure was the fear of getting anything less than perfect scores, and with one professor who gave out perfect scores about once a decade, she was feeling particularly stressed.

Maybe she should have gone to MIT, but that would put her within 500 miles of both her father in DC and her ex-boyfriend in New York and that was simply too close, so Caltech had been her second choice.

Of course, Jaina was a woman who'd spent five years doing aid work on the literal other side of the world to get away from her father. So Caltech had been the obvious choice when she'd returned to resume her schooling, as it was as far as she could get and still be in the continental United States. Not that such work had been as fulfilling as she'd hoped, and political donations only went so far. It was rarely fast enough.

Elbowing her way through the crowd, she got herself a drink and slipped into a room where live music was playing. A makeshift stage had been set up, creaking dangerously and Jaina realized it was little more than some folding tables and chairs tied together. That wasn't safe at all. That was *definitely* some kind of code violation.

On top of the 'stage', a woman wearing black pants was playing an electric guitar and screeching into a microphone.

Screeching was about the kindest that Jaina could say about it, as she winced and knocked back half her drink. The guitar playing was really good, but the woman sounded like a fucking banshee.

She was hot, though. Long blonde hair pulled back in two braids, black eyeliner and make-up painted to make it look like bloody tears running down from light blue eyes. She wore a mesh top over a black bra, and her stiletto boots could probably kill a man. Jaina could think of at least two she'd put at the front of the list.

Distracted, Jaina was jostled as a man bumped into her, sloshing her drink. She broke eye contact with the singer to glare at his back.

The spell seemed to be broken though, and she moved away from the dangerous stage.

"Hey, have you seen James?"

She turned to the woman who spoke, giving her a tight smile. "No, I haven't seen him, Mara."

And she hoped she didn't. She didn't know too much about him, but she knew that Mara often sported suspicious bruises. And judging from the mixture of fear and relief in Mara's eyes, that suspicion was probably true. Jaina's tone was gentle, "Hey, do you have a ride home?"

Mara nodded, gesturing towards the woman on stage, "She's taking me home."

"Well, I can't imagine anyone giving you trouble with her around," Jaina admitted, struggling to tear her eyes from the singer. She lifted her drink to her lips, then immediately spit it back out.

Her eyes darted around the room, looking for the man who'd bumped into her. With a heavy sigh she dumped her drink into a plant and moved to a corner of the room where she could watch almost everyone. She'd been lucky. Someone else might not.

She'd just have to get drunk off her ass at home alone.

Again.

But the view was nice, even if that woman couldn't sing to save her life. As if reading her mind, and only to prove Jaina wrong, she next launched into a hauntingly beautiful song. Jaina knew better, but she almost felt like the song had been for her.

And from the way the singer's eyes locked onto hers, she wondered if it actually was. After a trick of the light made them almost seem to glint red, Jaina forced herself to look away, reminding herself that she'd chosen to forgo fun to keep an eye on other women at this party. There was a man putting roofies in drinks and she'd be damned if she let him get away with it.

There! She spotted him, close to a girl clearly too young to be at this party. Pushing off from the wall, Jaina reached into the pocket of her jeans and fingered the expandable baton she carried for self defense.

As the song carried on, the tune like a siren's call, Jaina caught the girl's wrist before she could drink. The girl looked at her in confusion before Jaina murmured, "He drugged it. Call a taxi and go home."

The man, only a few years younger than her, stared at her with wild, angry eyes, but he turned and started pushing his way through the party. After pointing the girl to a friend she trusted, Jaina began to give chase, and as she followed him into the cold, damp night, she heard the song come to a stop with a dark, seductive laugh that sent a jolt between her legs. She didn't look, but she felt as though if she did, the woman's eyes would be boring into her.

First, she was going to make that man piss his pants, *then* she was going to go back inside and... what? Jaina didn't know. Chat the singer up? Get her number, at least. That was reasonable?

She didn't exactly have much experience in that department and two of her lovers had been steady boyfriends and one a steady girlfriend. The boring kind. Nothing like a goth woman with illegally tight pants.

Catching sight of the man across the street, Jaina burst into a sprint, pulling the baton out of her pocket but not extending it yet. Instead, she kept it flush along the inside of her wrist; it was for self defense, but she wasn't above a little intimidation. She wasn't a pacifist and this man's actions were high on the list of reasons for allowable acts of violence.

Darting between two houses, Jaina emerged onto another street and cut him off as he tried to cross it. She body checked him, sending him sprawling on the ground. A bottle rolled out of his sleeve and against the curb. Kneeling, Jaina inspected it, careful not to touch it without a cloth. She was fairly sure it was GHB and felt a surge of cold rage. She pulled out her phone, gripping the baton in her other hand tighter, "I'm going to call the police and you're going to explain what you were doing tonight."

She snapped her wrist, the steel baton extending to its full three feet of length before she brandished it at him and said, "Now don't move."

Hours later, Jaina finally returned home. She'd given her statement and the bottle to the police, and they'd gone to interview others at the party. It probably wouldn't do much good, but there wasn't anything else Jaina could have done short of beating him to death. And that wasn't her style, even if rage burned inside her. Almost every damn day, stoked by the news. But she wasn't a killer.

Making sure her door was locked, Jaina pulled a bottle from a cabinet and sank onto the couch, absently scritchng at the head of her russian blue cat, Kalec, as he hopped onto the arm of the couch to greet her. "It's just you and me again tonight. But." She opened the bottle, "Some sacrifices are worth it."

Obsession

Chapter Notes

Gonna be updating Thursdays, so have this one a little early!

It was no secret among Jaina's friends that she *actually* liked to study. She immersed herself in the pursuit of knowledge, both in her field of Theoretical Physics and in her other interests of history and political sciences. So even though it was Spring Break, she'd had every intention of studying more than she partied.

Only to run into a brick wall on the whole studying thing.

It didn't help that she couldn't get that party out of her mind, both the man who'd nearly roofied her and the sexy singer. The first left her feeling mostly angry but that wasn't exactly an uncommon emotion for her. The second? Just made her horny and lonely, and the combination of all three was lethal. The talking heads on the news of another man disappearing barely registered.

The student who'd thrown the party was in the engineering department, and Jaina had gotten desperate enough to corner her while she was busy making googly eyes at the star lacrosse player exercising, just to get the name of that singer. It was a nice view, Jaina had to admit.

She'd only gotten an apologetic smile and casual hair toss in response, "I never got her name, I'm sorry. But I met her in the library?"

"Thanks." So the library was where Jaina headed next to no avail. The librarian stared at Jaina and stumbled over her words but managed to squeak out that she'd seen that woman a few times but she'd been too intimidated to approach her.

If Jaina hadn't been so distracted by thoughts of that woman, she would have noticed the librarian nervously trying to ask her out. As it was, she smiled politely and obliviously thanked the woman before she left the library.

"Shit." She ran her fingers through her hair, loosening the braid as she stepped out of the campus library.

Why did she even care? Maybe it was the mystery of it. No one seemed to know her name, but she had to have *some* classes, it was just a matter of figuring out which ones.

A quite possibly impossible task, and Jaina's shoulders slumped. Maybe she was getting a little obsessed and there were honestly *easier* ways to get laid than tracking down a mystery woman who was probably tragically straight. Belatedly, she realized that the librarian had been flirting.

She wished she'd thought to record that last song she'd heard, at least. She hummed it as she turned down the street. Jaina wasn't a bad singer herself, even if she tended towards the soft pop end of the spectrum, as opposed to whatever satanic rituals that woman got up to in her free time. But that last melody? It haunted her. Really, like some kind of siren song leading her astray.

And Jaina *wanted* to go astray.

Not content to go home just yet, she stopped in a bookstore, spending about twenty minutes searching through stacks and shelves to find something interesting to read. She smiled at the man at the register, hit up the coffee shop next door, and settled herself at the park under a tree for an afternoon of reading. That she'd chosen some kind of supernatural romance with a dark and mysterious female lead was something she refused to acknowledge the reasons for.

And yet, she couldn't focus. Once, she felt like eyes were on her, but when she looked up there was no one there. After another hour, unable to shake the uncomfortable feeling of being watched, she closed her book and got up to go home. A wind was picking up, and storm clouds were on the horizon. It was a good idea to get home before the rain came anyway.

Jaina almost missed her; a woman in a zipped up black duster, the wind kicking it up behind her as she leaned against the bus stop, arms folded, blue eyes scanning the street.

Nearly tripping over herself, Jaina rushed over to the stop, but froze when she got there. What the hell was she supposed to say?

The woman turned her head towards Jaina. Her lips were painted purple today, hair tucked under the hood of her duster. Gone were the bloody tears, smokey eyeshadow in their place that only seemed to draw out the light color of her eyes.

Those gorgeous lips turned up, and the woman spoke with that same rumble timber that had made Jaina's legs wobbly just a week ago, "You were at the party."

"Yes," Jaina replied, pleased that she managed to find her voice without turning into as much of a sack of goo as that librarian. She didn't try to think too much about whatever coincidence had had them run into each other today. It was highly unlikely that this woman had been wanting to find her as much as Jaina had. But it was nice to think about.

"You didn't stay long," she replied, eyes studying Jaina's face. "Did my singing chase you away?"

"It's not usually my thing, but I liked that last song." Jaina shrugged one shoulder, "I had something important to do."

Pushing off of the stop, the woman leaned in close. She had a few inches on Jaina, and her lips were dangerously close to her left ear, "Chasing down that asshole?"

Jaina's breath hitched, and she nodded, "Yeah. I didn't want to let him get away with it."

“Too bad they let him go the next day.” She shifted away, the words sending a chill down Jaina’s spine even as she felt anger rise up.

Sighing, Jaina replied, “Of course they did.”

“You tried,” the woman shrugged, turning away as the bus rolled up, the streetlights coming on giving a red hue to her eyes. “Pity it was a meaningless effort, but that’s life. Meaningless and short.”

She locked eyes with Jaina as she walked onto the bus, rooting her to the spot. It wasn’t until the bus had rolled away that Jaina realized she still hadn’t gotten the woman’s name, let alone her number.

The sky opened up and she turned her face up to the rain, feeling miserable.

Implausibilities

Chapter Notes

So mild warnings for this one along the lines of: Jaina discovers her choking kink? Sylvanas is creepy but in that hot 'please murder me' kind of way? *waves up at the tags* general reminder!

Jaina hadn't realized how far she'd ended up walking that day until she realized that she should have taken a cab rather than walk home in the rain. She ducked back into the book store to try to wait out the rain and to maybe get lost in one of her books, but after an hour she gave up. It was much darker now, lightning and rain pelting down outside. It suited her mood, her clothing sticking to her skin as the rain seeped its way into her bones as she walked home.

It wasn't *that* cold. Not like some winters she'd experienced back home and abroad. It was spring in California, and yet it was still chillier than normal. She imagined her father telling her that proved Climate Change was a hoax and the fingers of her left hand curled into a fist as she opened the door to her apartment with her right.

Oddly, the cat wasn't there to greet her. She put her bags on the coffee table and checked one of the usual spots - sure enough, Kalec was hiding behind the tv, which he only did when he was startled or not feeling well.

Before she could ask him what was wrong as if he could somehow answer her, she realized that the sound of running water wasn't the rain outside, but her shower.

Snapping her baton to its full length, Jaina crept through her apartment. It didn't make sense that anyone would break in to use her shower, but it was plausible they were using it to disguise any sounds they made.

Except the front door had been locked, and the only really accessible window was also closed and secure with no obvious tampering.

She was about to check the bedroom when she caught movement inside the bathroom. Had someone seriously broken into her house just to use the shower?

The door was open, and she let herself in. There was a figure moving behind the curtain, and while Jaina was completely baffled, she was also *pissed*. She pulled the curtain aside ...

Jaina was greeted by the pale skin of the woman she'd seen just a few hours ago. There was a tattoo of an arrow running down the woman's spine, black feathers lined with each muscular shoulder blade. Golden wet hair clung to her back and shoulders, and when she turned to the

side, Jaina inhaled sharply at the sight of water running down the curve of a breast. Despite the circumstances, she stared, feeling heat on her face.

The woman smiled in the manner of a predator who'd caught her prey. "Hello."

Jaina was so taken aback and distracted that she didn't really register the trail of blood running down the woman's body and down the drain. There was too much else to look at and she made a fair impression of a fish before sputtering out, "What are you doing in my *shower?!?*"

"Getting clean," she replied, turning to face her fully. She rested her hand on her cocked hip, fully displaying herself to Jaina. "You look so *cold* and *miserable*. Would you like to join me?"

Mouth dry, Jaina caught herself nodding, "You can't just borrow someone's shower without asking them."

To say nothing of the breaking and entering, which she *really* should be more concerned about. The taller woman stepped out of the shower, leaning in close enough for Jaina to feel every little bit of her body heat. Tenderly, she ran her fingers down Jaina's arm until she reached her wrist. Then she grabbed Jaina's wrist in a painful grip, slowly squeezing until Jaina was forced to drop the baton. Then the grip loosened, though Jaina found herself unwilling to pull her hand away, eyeing the hand on her wrist almost defiantly.

The woman's other hand slid down Jaina's cheek and across her throat. Jaina was barely able to fight back a moan when the woman squeezed ever so lightly. She wanted to say she was scared, but she wasn't. Jaina felt no sense of actual danger from this woman; rather, no sense of danger to *herself*. If pressed, she'd be unable to explain why. A gut feeling, perhaps. Experience with dangerous people and bad vibes. What Jaina felt instead was excitement. Arousal. The exact opposite of what she might have felt if this woman were someone else. It was so tempting to just ... step into the shower with her.

Oh god, am I the white girl in the horror movies?

And the woman seemed to respond to the defiance in her eyes, leaning in until their lips were the barest fraction of an inch apart, "Very well. May I borrow your shower?"

That snapped Jaina away from pleasant thoughts of sharing that shower with this beautiful and obviously dangerous woman. The sheer *audacity* of her! "You're supposed to ask that *first*. You could at least tell me your name."

The proximity was driving her crazy, and she dug the fingers of her free hand into her own hip when she almost felt the woman's smile against her lips.

Her eyes were a deep, sky shade of blue and Jaina risked losing herself in them. She nearly missed the response, "My name is Sylvanas."

And then Sylvanas let her go, Jaina backing into the sink and leaning against it to keep upright. Leaving the shower running, Sylvanas dried herself off with a towel, seemingly

losing interest in Jaina.

Then she tossed the towel onto the floor and left the bathroom, sauntering into the hallway, and damn her eyes but Jaina followed the movement of her ass with her head and eyes before her feet followed Sylvanas of their own accord. She watched, incredulous, as Sylvanas looted Jaina's closet, finding a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. She pulled them on commando and the only thing that kept Jaina from yelling at her was the incongruousness of Sylvanas wearing loose jeans and an old *1989* shirt.

Honestly, Sylvanas seemed to have the uncanny ability to make Jaina's thinky thing not work right and the combination of *everything* made laughter bubble up out of Jaina.

"I'm glad you find this amusing," Sylvanas said.

Squeezing past Jaina, she walked to the living room and picked up a garbage bag that Jaina hadn't noticed before. Sylvanas stopped at the door, glancing over her shoulder, eyes almost red in the hallway light. "I'll see you around."

It was a promise and a threat and before Jaina could respond, Sylvanas was gone.

Mysteries

Chapter Notes

Early update for Sinful Sunday!

Today's chapter includes rough, intense sex that in real life should always be done with a safe word. Also similar warnings as yesterday, primarily choking and surprise shower Sylvanas.

Consent though, is enthusiastically given.

In the harsh light of morning, Jaina still had no idea how Sylvanas had gotten into her apartment. There were no signs of forced entry and she'd left no evidence behind.

Jaina knew she should call the police, and knew she should be scared. And she knew she couldn't trust a woman she didn't know who could break into another woman's apartment so easily. She'd been hurt before, and by people she was supposed to *trust*.

And yet ... There was something about Sylvanas. Jaina wanted to know more, before she decided how to handle her. Curiosity had always been Jaina's primary weakness, and she was *curious*. So with a mug of coffee and an eye on the morning news, she turned to the Google. Figuratively as she preferred other engines.

And through a VPN.

Sylvanas was not a common name, at least not in the United States, so even without a last name it didn't take long for Jaina to track her down. Her Facebook was sparse; Sylvanas Windrunner didn't seem to update it very often, though Jaina was able to find out that Sylvanas was studying criminal psychology and related subjects and that she had two sisters, both with equally unusual names and an otherworldly beauty to them.

Though Jaina couldn't really say anything about their names, considering her own name wasn't super common either.

She also found Sylvanas on a forum where she picked up music gigs, which was interesting. Obviously Sylvanas enjoyed music, even if she appeared to be heading into a career in law enforcement.

Jaina learned a few other things. Sylvanas was twenty-seven, two years younger than Jaina, and she was an accomplished archer who enjoyed the outdoors and hunting with a bow.

Hunting was not exactly something Jaina enjoyed, but at least a bow gave the prey a sporting chance. She found herself imagining Sylvanas drawing back the string, her muscles straining

and sweat glistening on her skin.

Focus.

The news was talking about another disappearance of another young man. Jaina leaned her chin on her fist. First James had disappeared, and while she didn't recognize this man's face, she wondered if there was a connection. If she saw Sylvanas again, maybe she'd talk to her about it; though that would mean revealing she'd internet stalked her but to be fair, Jaina was positive that Sylvanas had done the same to her.

She was probably getting a little carried away but then Jaina never did have a healthy relationship with good interpersonal decisions.

Distracted by her memory of Sylvanas in her shower, Jaina almost missed the news reporting that James' body had been found that morning, brutalized and carved up. Remembering Mara's bruises, Jaina could only summon up a little bit of sympathy for how he must have died.

The cases were definitely linked in Jaina's mind, and maybe she *would* ask Sylvanas after all. Internet stalking admission or not.

With no real plan for her day, Jaina decided to head out and hope, somehow, she'd run into Sylvanas again. Now that she had a general area in which to look, she could camp out in a few spots, or ride that bus for a few hours.

"Jaina, now you're just being pathetic," she muttered, chiding herself. Still, she took the bus for about twenty-five minutes before she got off. No Sylvanas, but she did find a nice tex-mex place for lunch, so it wasn't a total loss.

And it gave her the opportunity to get out of the apartment and enjoy a good meal, if nothing else. Classes would start up again in just a few days and she'd return to her regularly scheduled hectic schedule. Sleep? Who needed that?

At least classwork would distract her from the mysterious Sylvanas and those powerful back muscles. She imagined what her skin would taste like, how it would feel under her hands and what kind of sounds might come out of that woman's sultry mouth. And then there was the hand on her throat and *that* was a kink Jaina had never expected of herself, but now? *Fuck.*

Frustrated, Jaina groaned and planted her face on the table next to the remains of her meal. Pained was coming home in a week, a little late but she doubted her friend would object to a warm and very naked welcome. Jaina could get this out of her system with someone and then she could properly focus on her studies.

Dropping a significant tip on the table, Jaina got up and left. No Sylvanas at her bus stop, nor on the bus and she couldn't even pretend she wasn't disappointed to find her shower empty.

After making sure every entrance was locked (twice) and checking every room and closet (also twice), Jaina stripped down and turned the shower on, hoping cleaning herself up might clear her head since it usually did.

The water felt good on her skin and in her scalp. Jaina soaped herself up, washing slowly and sometimes just letting the water run over her body.

Usually, she did some of her best work in the shower; there was a waterproof marker and board that she would write notes on and half of one of her mathematics papers last semester had been plotted out on that board. Jaina's mind really didn't turn itself off. Ever.

Picking up the marker, she started to draw a grid, only to find that something was already written there.

Want company, beautiful?

"What-" Jaina cut off an arm wrapped around her and a hand clamped over her mouth to prevent her from screaming.

"Don't panic." The voice was familiar, that same low rumble that drove Jaina to distraction every time she thought about it. But the doors and windows were locked. She'd checked all the rooms before getting into her shower. *Twice!*

How had Sylvanas gotten in?

"Promise not to scream?"

Jaina finally registered that it was skin she was feeling against her back. Sylvanas was as naked as she was, her skin a little cooler than average.

But she nodded, and Sylvanas removed her hand though she didn't move away. Jaina found herself leaning back against her, gauging how much freedom she had to move. Sylvanas seemed to let her, and Jaina relaxed.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"I told you that I'd see you again." Sylvanas' hand ran down Jaina's throat, jolts of electricity shooting straight to her groin. Jaina tilted her head back as the strange woman caressed at her skin.

"So you're obsessed with me." Pot meet kettle, but from the moment Jaina had seen her...

She felt Sylvanas smile against her ear as the woman purred, "Yes. I am. The party wasn't the first time you chased down a man like that, was it."

Jaina's lips thinned, but she nodded her head. "Yeah. I ... try to keep an eye out for that. I know too many women who never had someone watching out for them."

Jaina counted herself among them.

"Do you want to know what happens to those men?" Sylvanas sucked Jaina's earlobe into her mouth and Jaina wondered what Sylvanas would do if she told her to stop.

"Stop that," she whispered, and Sylvanas let go of her earlobe.

Breathless and oddly disappointed, Jaina then asked, “I guess you’re going to tell me anyway?”

“Most of them are let go. None of them spend longer than a day or two in jail. They always go on to hurt someone else.”

It was probably true and Jaina felt a chill go through her. “What exactly do you expect me to do about that?”

“Surely there are better ways to ensure men like that get what they deserve?” Sylvanas’s thumb pressed into her throat and Jaina couldn’t stop the way her body reacted. And she wouldn’t have if she could.

Apparently, she was into this, “You sound like some kind of anti-hero. Tell me the truth; you’re Batman.”

That drew a genuine laugh from Sylvanas and the sound set butterflies loose in Jaina’s stomach.

“I do what I can.” Sylvanas’s free hand caressed Jaina’s breast, kneading and stroking as the hand on her throat squeezed. Never enough to cut off her air, but always enough to leave her body humming. She wanted more, but she wasn’t about *beg* for it.

“You could tell me to stop,” Sylvanas whispered, her hands stopping, her entire body still, like death. *Waiting*.

Jaina pressed against Sylvanas and leaned her head back onto her shoulder. Words were *unreliable*, so she tangled her fingers in Sylvanas’s hair and turned her head enough to kiss her.

“Mm, I’ll take *that* for a yes,” Sylvanas pushed Jaina against the wall, the hand on her breast sliding down her stomach before she dragged her nails on the inside of Jaina’s thigh. She pushed her knee between Jaina’s legs, forcing them farther apart.

Sylvanas’s thoughts were unknown to Jaina, but her expression, what she could see out of the corner of her eyes, was one of interest and want and ... and Jaina turned her head away from Sylvanas’s face, showing her a measure of trust.

That expression had been really what she needed to push aside any residual concerns or doubts. This beautifully intoxicating woman wanted her, and if she was an axe murderer than at least Jaina would die after having a good time.

“Oh god,” Jaina whispered, Sylvanas’s fingers teasing circles between her legs but never where she wanted them to go. She started to whine, rocking her hips in a desperate bid to move Sylvanas’s hand where she needed it. When she dared to try nudging at her hand, Sylvanas moved her other hand from where it rested on Jaina’s collar bone and grabbed her wrist. She pinned Jaina’s arm against the shower wall and was unrelenting in her teasing.

Jaina made a sound that was objectively embarrassing to her.

Sylvanas's skin was slick against Jaina's back, water and soap creating a sensation that on its own would be enough to turn Jaina into a writhing mess. That hand between her legs teased around her folds and deliberately avoided her clit, a finger every so often testing her tightness and wetness.

It was too much. Jaina's voice broke, "*Please. Sylvanas please!*"

"And here I thought you were too proud to beg, Ms. Proudmoore." Sylvanas took her ear between her teeth again, flicking her tongue along the cartilage.

The welcome sensation nearly drove Jaina to begging again. She gasped out, "Just *fuck* me already!"

A shudder ran through Jaina as a finger slipped inside her. At the same moment, Sylvanas rubbed her thumb across her clit and if Jaina wasn't being propped up against the wall by Sylvanas's body her legs would have given out. But it was everything she wanted, while also not being anywhere near enough.

There was a bruise on her wrist when Sylvanas let go of it but it felt more like a mark of pride than anything that ashamed or alarmed her. Jaina made a pleading sound, squirming against Sylvanas's hand and pushing the woman's other hand against her throat. It had felt good, her teasing yesterday. A promise of something more, something new that Jaina had never really considered but now wanted.

A low laugh rolled across her ears as Sylvanas's hand closed around Jaina's throat. She groaned, completely under Sylvanas's spell, pleasure rippling through her body as pressure built inside her core. The finger inside her dug deeper, curling in and stroking in and out with expert control. Jaina cried out, rolling her hips, rocking them against Sylvanas's hand.

Sylvanas squeezed her throat and Jaina surprised herself by growling, "Harder!"

"*Fuck,*" Sylvanas breathed, obeying instantly, both in her grip around Jaina's neck and in the speed and roughness of her fingers between Jaina's legs. She added a second, pushing both in as deeply as she could, the hand around Jaina's throat squeezing hard enough to bruise.

Jaina arched, her body trembling as Sylvanas brought her closer and closer, her thumb pressing and flicking against her clit even as Sylvanas seemed intent on ruining her with her fingers.

The spring coiling inside of her snapped and Jaina jerked, crying out hoarsely. But Sylvanas did not relent, biting into Jaina's shoulder and redoubling her efforts as she quickly drew out another orgasm. Jaina thought she was going to die when the third washed over her. She didn't want to beg her to stop, not because she thought she wouldn't, but because she feared she *would*.

But she just wasn't used to this and sagged against Sylvanas, only kept upright by the other woman's hands on her. Her vision swam, and she took in great lungfuls of air the moment Sylvanas released her throat. Slowly, Sylvanas stilled her fingers, almost cradling Jaina as she turned the shower off. Jaina's breathing was ragged as Sylvanas picked her up in her arms.

The world was spinning. A suddenly stupid grin spread across Jaina's face and she whispered, "Death by snu snu."

Sylvanas peered at her with something akin to concern in her vibrant red eyes. Jaina peered back, enraptured by them, her mind trying to do the science behind how light could shift from blue to red.

"Stupid woman. Next time," Sylvanas murmured, carrying her into the bedroom. "Let me know when it's *too* hard."

"Nnuh ... " Liking that 'next time' idea, Jaina tried to grope Sylvanas as she was laid on the bed, managing to catch her arm and pull her down. She kissed her, Sylvanas's hand brushing through her hair, but she didn't really have the air to kiss for long. But she needed to touch and be touched, she craved it almost more than she'd craved the fucking Sylvanas had just given her.

God, she'd needed this.

Pulling away, Sylvanas looked down at her, something between annoyance and that earlier concern again flashing in her blue eyes. "Are you all right?"

"Amazing," Jaina promised. She'd feel this in the morning, but she wouldn't regret it. What she would regret would be letting Sylvanas leave. So she pulled her back down, her hand rubbing over the woman's breast before she leaned in and took her nipple into her mouth. Jaina flicked her tongue and was rewarded by Sylvanas shivering against her.

"That's good," Sylvanas encouraged, and Jaina felt her second wind. As rough as Sylvanas was earlier, her touch was surprisingly gentle now. It was what Jaina needed to come down from the intensity of the shower.

Nipping lightly, she trailed her fingers down to Sylvanas's hip, tracing a scar there. Sylvanas seemed to have more than a few. Jaina frowned, but when Sylvanas moaned she redoubled her efforts with her nipple. She wanted to taste Sylvanas, feel her come undone the same way Sylvanas had nearly killed her.

And when she did, when she pressed Sylvanas into the bed, legs over her shoulders, it was better than she'd dreamed.

Accessory

Jaina was, of course, completely alone when the sun started to peek through the blinds. She hissed at the offending light, throwing her arm over her eyes before she forced herself to sit up. Her sheets were a mess, an indentation in the shape of Sylvanas next to Jaina that left her wanting and needy.

She touched it, and it was cold. Not surprising, but at least Sylvanas had stayed for a little while before she'd bailed. Jaina brushed her fingers through the air, then got to her feet and stumbled into her bathroom.

The woman in the mirror was a mess; angry bruises on her throat and wrist, finger marks on her hips and thighs and more bite marks than she'd thought possible. Jaina pulled her hair aside to see a particularly deep bite mark on her shoulder near her neck that she had no recollection of receiving.

Sylvanas had had her way with Jaina and she was already feeling it that morning, but she wouldn't change a thing. It had been the most freeing night she could remember. Letting herself go, letting herself at the mercy of another person...She wanted more, but more would not be forthcoming, possibly ever.

Jaina's morning routine typically consisted of a quick breakfast while studying or tabbing through news websites, so after she went to lock the doors (only to find that Sylvanas had impossibly managed to bolt the chain locks after leaving) she sat at her kitchen table in a loose skirt and top that hid most of the evidence of last night's activities. A little make-up took care of the rest. She was aware under other circumstances that would be something of a concern but she was pretty sure Sylvanas would have stopped if she'd asked.

There wasn't anything of immediate interest and Jaina skipped the politics to spare her own blood pressure. If she hadn't already disowned her father beforehand, she would have for sure when he'd ended up on the former guy's cabinet and joined the Fox News circuit.

"Another body found..." Jaina frowned. Another white male found that morning, his throat had been slit and he'd been beaten like some previous murders. She recognized this name as a man who'd gotten off on a domestic abuse charge with little more than a slap on the wrist.

It was an obvious link; every single victim had been a perpetrator who'd gotten away with it. At least, until now. Jaina set her tablet down and leaned her chin on her hand, half-hoping that their killer was never caught and wondering if the police were even making that connection. There was nothing else publically known about the victims that linked them besides mostly white men who'd hurt women.

Something nagged at the edges of Jaina's memory, and she absently started to rub at the bite mark on her shoulder. Wincing, she stopped before she could make it more sore.

Setting aside Sylvanas's uncanny ability to get through locked windows and disappear the next morning, Jaina wanted to see her again. But she hadn't gotten her number and even if

she'd been coherent she wasn't the kind of person to try to get it off of Sylvanas's phone while she'd slept. The only lead she had was where they'd first met, and the fact that Sylvanas knew how to find her when she wanted to find her.

Having no desire to just *wait* around for anyone, Jaina changed into a pair of jeans and her favorite sneakers, and then headed out into the world. Today actually felt like spring, the sun warm on her skin. It was an odd contrast to her mood or to the thought that there was some kind of serial killer running around. Even if the victims had all been male, and Sylvanas could clearly take care of herself, Jaina still worried.

And so her path led her back to that bus stop, and she started to trace steps away from it, away from the direction of her apartment. As she walked, Jaina swore she heard music. Singing. It was a haunting, heartbreaking melody, similar to the one she'd heard the day she'd first seen Sylvanas. No else walking down the street seemed to hear it.

Jaina turned right, leaving the relative safety of the street and passing through several back alleys, her baton snapped out and ready.

The sound of wood cracking made her pick up speed, and she rounded a corner, coming to a stop and staring just as someone brought a bat down onto the back of a man's head with a sickening crunch. The killer turned to look at her. Sylvanas stood over the body, wielding a bloody bat in her left hand, in ripped jeans, a leather jacket and a *Birthday Massacre* shirt. Her hair had come loose, dangling well past her shoulders. She stared at Jaina, eyes almost glowing red in the sun.

Jaina's jaw trembled, her eyes wide as they drifted down to the man laying on the pavement. She recognized his face, even after Sylvanas had disfigured it.

The man who'd tried to roofie her.

Surely there are better ways to ensure men like that get what they deserve?

Her mind flashed back to the garbage bag Syvlanas had carried out. To the forgotten sight of blood in her shower.

"If you scream, I'll be very disappointed."

"What are you *doing*?!"

Sylvanas stared at her a moment, then hefted the bloody bat and pointed it at the man while giving her an incredulous look and shake of her head.

"Okay that was a stupid question." Jaina rushed over, looking around for witnesses, for cameras, for *anything*.

"There are no cameras here that can catch me," Sylvanas assured her.

"What are we going to ... how do you ..." Jaina stopped to take a breath, part of her wanting to throw up but most of her trying to analyze the situation and come up with a Plan.

Sylvanas smiled. Her lips were appropriately red today, the make-up around her eyes only giving them more of that strange red shine to them, “*We*, Ms. Proudmoore?”

“If you’re going to be Judge Dredd I can’t think of any more appropriate targets,” Jaina said, shocking herself at how cold she sounded.

Her hand had curled into a fist. Where had someone like Sylvanas been when—

“Help me with the body,” Sylvanas ordered, and Jaina rolled up her sleeves.

There had to be easier ways. Wasn’t lime a thing? And Sylvanas had chuckled when Jaina suggested burying the body vertically. Jaina got the impression Sylvanas wanted people to find the bodies. A warning to others, perhaps? But the longer she helped her, the more she felt the panic brewing at the back of her mind.

Sylvanas didn’t just dump the body; she seemed to have some kind of ritual to it, too. A simple one, arranging the body facing east, mumbling something in a language that was vaguely familiar to Jaina and yet escaped her. She stood there for a moment, majestic like some kind of killer queen, hair blowing in the breeze, eyes shadowed, before she lifted her head and turned to Jaina with a wicked smile on her face, “Now that this is done, we really should get cleaned up.”

What am I doing? Jaina asked herself, her feet automatically putting her in step with a murderer. Sylvanas looked at her, and she glanced back, and for the first time Jaina could no longer let her mind come up with excuses such as tricks of the light.

Sylvanas’s eyes literally *glowed* red.

Killer Queens

Chapter Notes

Extra warnings in today's chapter include discussion of past sexual assault, frank use of the word rape, and brief descriptions of drowning

Please take care of yourselves.

It was not at all a surprise that they ended up back at Jaina's apartment. By the time they'd snuck into the building and inside, Sylvanas's eyes had returned to their natural light blue, and the panic in the back of Jaina's mind had become a kind of keening sound, drowning out all else.

Jaina's hands start shaking as she cleaned herself up in the sink, staring at herself in the mirror as the full weight of what she'd become an accessory to started to sink in. She turned to where Sylvanas was sponging herself off in her shower.

She wanted to scream at her, but did Sylvanas deserve that for Jaina's own choices? She could have called the police ... Except what good could cops do, except stop Sylvanas from doing what she was doing? There were parts of her life where she'd felt so powerless, and while she hadn't killed that man, Jaina had felt ... had felt ...

"It's a heady feeling, isn't it. Watching a man die."

Sylvanas tried to put a hand on her shoulder, and Jaina smacked at it, turning around and shoving at Sylvanas until the woman was pinned to the wall, "What right do you have to decide if someone lives or dies?! What right do *I* have? Does anyone have?"

"What right do these men have to hurt us? To hurt others?" Sylvanas defiantly tilted her head up, a maddening smile on her face, "They get off, again and again. Off on hurting us. Off of the court system. The good boys. The cops. They're all a part of it, it's ingrained in the culture. Where then to turn, but vengeance?"

"I don't *want* vengeance," Jaina hissed.

"Don't you?"

Jaina opened her mouth, but only a keening sound came out of it. Sylvanas deftly escaped her grip, turning them around and pinning Jaina to the wall. She leaned in, her eyes that same terrifying red they'd been earlier, "What is his *name*, Jaina."

"Arthas."

There was a flash in Sylvanas's eyes, something like recognition, something like cold fire igniting that was but a reflection of that burning inside Jaina.

"You know him."

"We've met." Sylvanas touched the underside of Jaina's chin, "In a manner of speaking."

"What are you?" Jaina asked, trying to search Sylvanas's eyes.

"I was like you, once." Sylvanas caressed the side of Jaina's face, "How did he hurt you?"

"Words, fists sometimes, and he ..." Jaina trailed off.

Sylvanas said nothing, gazing into Jaina's eyes. Nor had she explained what, exactly, she was. Jaina's mind raced for some kind of answer, "He hurt you too. Or someone like him."

"How many such stories exist in this world? Of pain and anguish, of the harm one can do to another?" Sylvanas's lips pressed to Jaina's forehead, "I seek *vengeance*, Jaina Proudmoore. For myself. For you. For *countless* others. Those forsaken and those lost! Can you look me in the eyes and tell me you don't feel that same cold rage, that same *anger* at the world and what it has done to us? The powerful protect the powerful and the rest scramble for justice denied."

Jaina's mind spun. This was just such a long way from the college party and the woman screeching into the microphone like a—

"You're a *banshee*!" This was ... it was insane, really. She had to be losing her mind, some kind of break from being involved in a man's murder. Jaina thought about *locks* remaining impossibly locked, with no sign of egress or ingress...

Sylvanas grinned a devil's smile, "Tell me your story."

Jaina leaned forward, "Tell me *yours*."

Sylvanas didn't say anything right away, moving to turn the tub on and fill it. Almost as an afterthought, she sniffed a bottle, shrugged, and poured some bubble bath in, "Why don't we get *comfortable*."

She shrugged off the dark leather jacket, tossing it in a heap in the corner of the bathroom before disrobing. The muscles of her back rippled as she stretched, before she dipped one long, pale leg into the tub and then the rest of her followed as she settled into it. Leaning forward, she turned the water off, then reclined back and looked at Jaina expectantly, "Are you just going to watch, or are you going to join me?"

Jaina undressed. The most absurd thing was how inadequate she felt in the other woman's presence. She'd never exactly had the highest opinion of her body, and that was probably the least important thing right now.

And yet Sylvanas looked at her like she wanted to devour her, and that was a lot easier to focus on than the blood that she still felt on her hands. Once Jaina had climbed into the tub,

Sylvanas pulled her in, chest to Jaina's back, one arm loosely around her stomach and the other rubbing at her hip and leg, "So what *do* you know about banshees?"

"There are a variety of stories and origins for them, but generally a Gaelic myth of a woman who's wail heralds death," Jaina replied, suddenly realizing what language Sylvanas had been speaking earlier.

Going into Infomode was calming to her, as was Sylvanas's touch, "I'm not aware of any that specifically sought vengeance but then I only took a class about mythology for one semester. There are vengeful spirits but that falls under ghosts. And I think there are some Polish and Romanian myths that more closely align with what we see as vampires today than banshees. Strigoi? Strzyga ... I think?"

Jaina trailed off, then turned around to look at Sylvanas's teeth. That got a cackle out of her, and Jaina smacked her shoulder.

"Feel better?" Sylvanas's cackle became more of a chuckle, and she leaned in to nuzzle her nose against Jaina's shoulder, and nibble with sharp teeth.

"I guess."

"You sound a little huffy."

"Can we go back to the supernatural murder thing?"

Sylvanas lifted her head, peering at her with eyes that were unmistakably red. Red lipstick, red eyes and golden hair, with skin so pale it was almost ashen, Sylvanas looked hauntingly beautiful just then.

Jaina blinked, and Sylvanas's skin was a more healthy color again, but the red eyes remained.

"They slip through the cracks. Rather, they were let go through a system that does not punish them and in fact rewards them at times. There are too many to name, though we all know some. You asked for my story?"

"Yes."

Pulling Jaina back into her arms, Sylvanas leaned back against the tub.

"Long ago, there was a man in a castle. Handsome. Arrogant. Your typical prince. There was a girl who foolishly thought him *charming*." Sylvanas snorted. As she spoke, there was anger laced through her words. A fire kept burning over years and centuries, "He *took* what he wanted, and left the girl broken and withered. And when she sought redress, he denounced her claims. After all, who would believe her over a man such as he? You know all the excuses already. She'd wanted it, after all, it couldn't *possibly* be rape. But that night, he came to her home under the pretense of apology. And then he took her to the river and drowned her."

"Jesus." Jaina squeezed Sylvanas's knee.

Sylvanas sneered, “He claimed she drowned herself, such was the despair over her false claims.”

Jaina turned to look at her, studying her face, finding real pain as ageless as the stars, “But if he has been dead this long, what vengeance could you possibly have?”

“He held me under the water,” Sylvanas whispered. “His hands rough and strong. What little pain I felt paled in comparison to what he’d done to me before and was nothing next to what he did next. *May you never find peace*, he told me. Like a *curse*. I could not speak, but I could feel eyes upon me. Other people from other eras. Uncounted victims young and old. So much *suffering* because of people like him! If I could not have peace, then neither would he and his line, nor any other I could find guilty of such crimes. Everything went black, but the release of death never came. I rose from the waters the very next day, queen of the forsaken and the forgotten.”

“Did you kill him?”

“I was lost for a time, and when I came to myself again he’d grown old,” Sylvanas lifted her left hand, slowly curling her fingers into a fist, “I drowned him in his own tub. I watched the light in his eyes sputter and go dark and I *reveled* in it! But I made a mistake. His son was not the man his father was, so I let him live. It would not be many years before I realized that more often than not, money and power turn men into monsters. So Arthas’s line endured, as, evidently, did his *name*.”

Jaina spun around in the tub, getting onto her knees between Sylvanas’s legs and staring down at her. The chill that ran through Jaina had nothing to do with the temperature of the air. She opened her mouth to say something, but what was there really to say?

“Because I showed mercy,” Sylvanas whispered. “His descendant hurt you. Much like how he’d hurt me, if I had my guess.”

“These were choices they made,” Jaina said. And a fire ignited in her eyes, “Choices made easier by the societies we live in. But they could have been good men. Some in their family must have been except for the sin of looking away. But others protect them, just as they protect other people like themselves.”

Had she made a mistake, cutting off her father instead of trying to reach him, or fight him? His crimes might be different but they hurt innocent people none-the-less. Could there be something Jaina could do to tip the scales more towards balance?

“*There* is that fire I saw!” Sylvanas stared at her, eyes like red stars.

How often had Jaina wanted to scream and rage, powerless even with her own privilege? Tipping the scales, pushing and prodding. Peace corps and aid work, donations wherever she could and it had never felt enough. And she was so *tired* of feeling like it wasn’t enough, “Make me like you, Sylvanas, and maybe together we can help people *before* they need vengeance.”

“And those who still need vengeance?”

“They will have it.” There was something else there, too. A kind of loneliness that the long years had etched into Sylvanas’s being. It called out for Jaina almost loudly as the rage and pain did.

"There are women who walk the world with bloody knives and wicked smiles. Do you believe in spirits of vengeance?"

"I believe, Sylvanas."

Sylvanas sat up, her hands moving to Jaina’s shoulders, and then one to the back of her head. Slowly, almost tenderly, she laid her back, guiding her under the water and holding her there.

There was no fear in Jaina, but there was no peace, either. She seized hold of the anger and rage inside of herself, and as her vision darkened she could see Sylvanas’s face, rippling from the water.

As everything went blank, she thought she heard Sylvanas say Arthas’s name. Yes ... They would start with *him*.

She saw things. Herself, walking through life. The abuse she suffered at the hands of Arthas. Bits and pieces of Sylvanas’s many centuries. Images of what could have been other lives, few without trauma.

The anger ebbed and flowed, and then it surged, burning in her veins and setting fire to her heart.

Jaina suddenly sat bolt upright, thrashing in a panic. Sylvanas’s arms encircled her, holding her close and holding her still until she’d stopped thrashing. One hand rubbed up and down her back for a few more moments, and then Jaina pulled back, “I feel different. But I don’t at the same time.”

“Give it time. There’s much to learn. I feared your anger was not strong enough, and that I had actually killed you.”

As Sylvanas stroked her hair, Jaina hazarded a look in the mirror. Her eyes remained blue, but there was *more* to them. A faint glow.

“Mm,” Jaina said. “I was hoping for the red.”

“*That*” is your first thought?”

“Second, actually.”

Sylvanas pulled her in, one hand lifting to her hair and smoothing it back, “And what was the first?”

Jaina held her gaze, blue on red, “A girl needs her secrets, Sylvanas.”

Throwing her head back, Sylvanas barked out a laugh, “And here I was expecting something *poignant*. Perhaps, even, a little romantic.”

A slow smile spread across Jaina's lips. She leaned in, and whispered something in Sylvanas's ear.

"Nor you," Sylvanas whispered in return, before pressing her lips against Jaina's.

Where We Left Off

Chapter Notes

General warnings from the existing tags for the end here

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Jaina.”

She turned at the sound of the man’s voice, putting a smile on her face as he approached, “Arthas.”

He smiled back, opening his arms before realizing she was holding a drink, and dropping them to his sides, “It’s good to see you! I didn’t expect you to come to this neck of the woods. Not after that last argument you had with your father.”

“Yes, well, sometimes you have to rub elbows with people you might not like to get the things you want.” He hadn’t really changed much, Jaina realized. Stunningly handsome, long hair tied back. She remembered how soft it had been. The chiseled line of his jaw had always made her feel just a little twitter-pated, like he was a prince out of myth and legend. Jaina had loved this man, once. But he’d never understood the meaning of the word no.

“Research grants?” He asked, moving closer to her. As if they were still old friends. As if he thought he deserved that closeness and intimacy.

Jaina’s smile felt strained as she casually stepped out of his reach. It was a cold winter’s night and it might be a trick of the light, but her eyes were bluer than usual, “Something like that.”

She started to walk, and he predictably followed. In another life, maybe, he might have been less like the man who’d cursed Sylvanas. Or perhaps he could have been worse; Jaina did not believe that people were born evil. But they could become so, through circumstances, through nurturing.

Her eyes darted back towards him, and past him to the ballroom where so many rich and influential people bargained and brokered. How many people had they hurt? How many more would they? She knew of at least three who deserved to suffer for the damage they’d done to the environment alone. Jaina had run far away from them, from these people like her father, and now here she was. God, but she wanted to see all of them *pay*. Her anger flared, and then ebbed. There’d be time enough for that.

Tonight, she had something else in mind.

“I missed you,” Arthas said, thinking she was looking at him.

She smiled the kind of smile to keep him under that impression, as she turned down the hallway, towards an exit out into gardens. Outside, the sun had begun to set. The sky was painted orange and red, the moon just visible above the trees. In another life, this would have been romantic. She'd have felt the flutter of her pulse, the excitement of an illicit rendezvous.

Jaina's smile widened, as that was not all that far from the truth even now.

She stepped around a carefully cultivated bush, Arthas moving along the other side of it. A romantic game with a predictable outcome. A part of Jaina wanted to give him a chance, a chance to prove he wasn't the terrible person he'd become. Or had always been.

But they'd spent three weeks tailing him, and Jaina had seen enough to know he hadn't changed, and had in fact gotten worse. The sense of betrayal she'd always felt had surged.

He's just like him Sylvanas had said. *Mercy would simply allow him to continue hurting others. So what is it, Jaina? Mercy, or justice?*

Arthas came around the other side of the bushes, grinning at her in a way that would have charmed her years ago. That *had* charmed her. She forced herself to meet his eyes as he swept her into his arms, "Now where had we left off?"

"We left off when I told you to stop," Jaina replied, voice low and dangerous. A pale hand grabbed him by the hair from behind and yanked him away from her, "We left off when you *didn't*."

Sylvanas continued to tug him painfully along the garden path, as Jaina stalked after him, "We left off when you turned our friends and family against me for accusing you. *That* is where we left off."

"Jaina, what the fuck?" Arthas nearly lost his balance when Sylvanas let go of him. He turned to glare at her, staring at eyes glowing with rage. Jaina thought that he looked like he was reliving a nightmare.

Arthas took a step back, glancing at Jaina, "What the hell is this?"

"*Justice*," Sylvanas said, a slow, unnerving grin spreading across her face.

Jaina's smile was a mirror to the other banshee's, her eerily glowing blue eyes both a compliment and a contrast to the red in Sylvanas's. With a smooth motion of her wrist, her baton snapped out to its full length, the sound echoing in the gardens.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for coming along with our problematic faves finding their vengeance

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