Tabatha walked down the portal to what would be her new “home” they said. The City of Stormwind. Alongside her companions, she could see the walls of the great human capital towering before them. She said nothing. She felt nothing. In her expression it was as if her eyes were dead.

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* This is the beginning of a new era — Umbric, their leader, had said.

In was the most encouraging words he could muster as they got exiled out of Silvermoon. It had been hard to see, the hatred and vitriol coming from their own people. Stones, shoes, even fruit had been thrown at her group as the guards forced them out of the city, their arms and magic aimed at them.

Tabatha and the others knew the risks however, they knew that the other magisters, particularly Rommath, were too close minded now and had a number of reservations about the void. However, also knew their research was too important to just stop. If the rest of their kind wouldn’t listen, they would continue on their own as they always did. It was the one chance Quel’Thalas would get to become independent.

Normally it would’ve looked like there was nowhere to go but they had a special secret place for themselves after all. A place where they could master the void without fear of persecution. Telogrus Rift. Of course, in their rush they had fallen into a trap and yet they had been saved all thanks to Alleria Windrunner.

It was a surprise arrival, an old hero of her people, thought to be forever lost and she had defied all their expectations. Not only had Alleria gone to look for them in friendly terms but she had been rejected from Silvemoon the same was as them for she had also learned to harness the power of the void. She was a true visionary and now had even saved them from a trap.

The excitement of getting to meet her didn’t last long however. First it came the shock of the realization, the void had transformed them forever. And then, to make matters worse Umbric had quickly accepted Alleria’s invitation, going to Stormwind and joining the Alliance.

Normally such idea wouldn’t have been as dreadful, however…

Tabatha looked at her hand, blueish, tainted by the void, same as everyone else around to varying degrees.

*“We will die”*

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Umbric and Alleria seemed cheerful as they walked towards the Stormwind Embassy. Alleria had informed them it was a new building specifically designed to receive new allies. That was supposed to make them feel better.

As Tabatha looked around however, most seemed as lost and fearful as she was.

Ever since Quel’Thalas had joined the horde, her caste, she and the rest of the elves under Umbric’s leadership had retreated more and more onto themselves. They didn’t wish to work with the horde. While it was true that the Forsaken had helped them, it was also clear that help had come with a shackle. Sylvanas Windrunner, previously a hero of her people, bullied Lor’Themar around, happily spitting out the idea of perhaps raising some fallen elves as forsaken. And over the years, the horde had its share of maniacs ordering them around.

Garrosh Hellscream, Jastor Galliwyx, even Prince Kael’Thas had been corrupted. And of course, Sylvanas Windrunner.

Now, her sister, Alleria was leading them to what seemed to be another trap. It was true that what they had heard of the alliance during their isolation was mostly positive, even if the blood elves tried to give it a negative spin, but her group knew better. The Alliance, more specifically the ones called Draenei had saved them. Their prophet, Velen had purified the Sunwell with holy light and kept their people from being consumed by their own mana addiction. Lady Liadrin often spoke of this.

Yet, that was also the reason why Tabatha and others were terrified now.

She remembered the Draenei, majestic tall and powerful beings, they were strangely kind despite belonging to the enemy faction. Yet they were also zealous. Very debout to the holy light, their leader himself was a great prophet with amazing Light powers. And they weren’t the only ones in the Alliance.

Humans and Dwarves were well known for their religious beliefs about the light and their paladin knights. The Human leader and High King of the Alliance himself was said to command a lot of power over it. And now even the army of the light itself had joined the faction.

It wasn’t just that, there were also the night elves, their distant cousins proud devoted of Elune had once cast aside their kind merely for using the arcane. And the High elves who had rejected even the blood elven practices to force nature for mana. As well as the gilneans who had left the alliance once alongside Quel’Thalas after the second war merely because the rest of the kingdoms had dared show mercy to the orcs. And of course, Jaina Produmoore, she had exiled the Blood elves from Dalaran once, she was less than a fan of her race for sure.

How could this faction possibly accept them?

The Walk towards the Embassy seemed infinite as Umbric and Alleria engaged in cheerful conversation. Tabatha and others preferred to avoid any eyes on them. She was sure they would only find hatred.

Alleria went to speak with the alliance leaders inside the Embassy, telling them to wait outside.

She had told them that she was accepted without any problems, but of course her body looked normal, she could hide her void powers if she wanted to. Unlike her, Tabatha’s group had changed. She looked at her blueish hands again looking more purple under the sunlight. It wasn’t just her skin, her hair had changed colours again, to shades she had never seen. Her eyes had transformed too, the void shining through them.

She had noticed her body had changed as well. Her previous boyish and plain figure was gone, now her hips were twice the width they were before and her breast had crown fuller. As she touched back her ass had also grown in size and mass. Her entire body really seemed to be more fit. In a different scenario she would’ve been delighted with her new looks.

She used to be a plain looking elf. Always hiding in some library with her fellows, all dedicated to study, the arcane, and also the void. She was skinny and had no muscular definition. Really, she was just a bookworm, meek and boring. While not a virgin, the last time she had sex or intimacy in that way had been decades ago, she was just some plain girl no one gave a second thought about. Now, she looked like a bombshell of a woman, at least in her shape. As she looked around, she could tell everyone had gotten such gift in different amounts.

And yet she saw the glowing hair, blueish skin and tentacles around again, their eyes shining with void energy and she knew that didn’t matter.

The World would see them as nothing but void atrocities now. At that point, Tabatha was just expecting a paladin hammer straight to the face, or a sword running straight through her, at any moment now.

* Welcome friends — Said the voice of a young male as the gates of the Embassy opened.

Though not all of them fit, Tabatha and many others followed Umbric inside. It was a beautiful and cozy building. She looked at the front, many strangers there from nay races. A tall paladin clad in golden armor was there his sword made out of light itself. Tabatha swallowed. Then she realized, he was…playfully flirting with Alleria and she did so back. That was her husband, Turalyon.

The young man was the High King himself, Anduin Wrynn. She had a welcoming smile on his face.

* Alleria has informed me all about your story and the fortune that brought you to her and now to us — He said.
* The Fortunate one were us, your majesty — Said Umbric — Alleria has extended your invitation to join in arms and we are more than thrilled to accept.

Anduin seemed happy.

* And I am more than thrilled to hear that and welcome you into the Alliance, may our people build a great future together —

Tabatha was nonplussed. She looked at the side, the draenei, Velen was there. As tall and majestic as she remembered…and he had the same kind smile as back then. He didn’t…hate them?

* I’m glad to see your people safe and now join us — He said kindly approaching Umbric and looking at everyone.

He seemed sincere as he placed a hand on Umbric’s shoulder without discomfort and disliking in his eyes. The Dwarves were kindly approaching to speak with everyone and not just them. Soon enough all were having soldiers from many races stretching their hands to shake them or bowing respectfully.

Even Jaina Proudmoore and Genn Greymane. They seemed to happy to welcome them in.

* Stormwind is always building new infrastructure, we’ll do our best to accommodate your people — Offered Anduin.
* No problem we do have a place called Telogrus Rift, I imagine Alleria has told you about this? — Responded Umbric.
* I’ve heard of this most intriguing place, I’ll arrange supplies and materials so your people can build good lives there.
* I can’t thank you enough High King.

Everything seemed so natural and kind. There was no fear of them due their void infusion, just happiness for having a new group of people to call allies.

And then she saw them. A night elf, tall and imposing, she figured was Shandris Feathermoon and Vereesa Windrunner approached. Cold sweat ran through her skin from her neck down.

* We are happy to see you back into the fold — They had said.

Tabatha’s eyes were filled with tears, she wasn’t sure why. So much fear and nothing happened, it was as if a huge weight had fallen off her back.

Perhaps this wouldn’t be so bad after all.