

World of Why ME?!?

Acolyte Zujenia (Gray Jedi) / [Battle Team Shadow Gate of House Qel-Droma of Clan Arcona](#)

[SA: II] [ACC: Q] [INQ: II]Cr:1A-1S / CFx4 / CIx2 / SoF

{SA: DPE - DPV}

A pebble clattered off a wall and unto the floor. Another followed suit, and another, and another. Each repeating that cascading parade of clacks, rock hitting brick. A tan hand raised to toss once more within this small alleyway of Estle City. The twilight purple haze drew out the blue tone to the figure's skin.

Clatte

Hands wrapped around knees, drawing them up to a round chin. Loose white hair fell forward to frame the half-Ryn's face. She sighed, dark amber eyes tracing the path of the ribbon she wrapped her pant legs with.

Oh? Zujenia, what are you doing?

The young woman jolted to her feet, hand readied on the hilt of her vibroblade. She glanced quickly to either end of the alleyway. Nothing.

Chuckles

The acolyte raised her head. *Where are you? Grr.* She gritted her teeth and narrowed her eyes.

I'm no where to be seen, but you're welcome to continue searching. It amuses me, much more than you tossing rocks in this dream.

"What do you want?" Zujenia asked with a slight snarl, her body assuming a defensive stance, hands raised.

I'm just bored. You haven't entertained me lately, no action, no emotional turmoil. You've seem to even have...dare I say, become complacent in your life. Well, as much one can in a time of discord. *Sigh.* That's alright, I'll just move you to a new venue. Hmm...how about WoW. I've been meaning to play.

“What the hell is WoW--Nevermind! I’m not going anywhere!” Zujenia pulled her vibroblade out and shifted her weight to the balls of her feet.

Hahaha. I’m afraid you don’t have a chose in the matter. Don’t worry though, you’ll have a place her at the Shadow Lady’s side.

White brows snapped together as she spun around in a circle. A bright light twisted into being underfoot, it wrapped around her until all she could see was the blinding light.

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“Hey, hey you. Are you alright?” something shook her shoulder. A hand? Zujenia blinked a few times. Light pierced her corneas, but slowly she could make out a figure. Blue skin, dark hair, horns? It was unlike any alien species she was familiar with. A goatel? No, no fur.

“You are awake, that is good.” a deep voice spoke, breaking her from her guessing game. She sat up, pressing a hand to her pounding temples.

“What happened?” She asked. Looking at the, male? Zujenia noted the four tentacles upon his chin, his hoofed legs, and simple cloth clothing.

The blue humanoid cocked his head, “You came through a portal. We haven’t had many Draenei come from Draenor since we recolonized it. Welcome to the Exodar! I’m Genam” He offered his hand from his crouched position beside her. She reached out and grabbed it, allowing the fella to pull her into a sitting position.

“Draenei?” she asked, confused.

“...Us, we are Drarnei.” Genam replied.

“What? No, I’m not--” she glanced down to her hands, which were a vibrant blue. She frantically scrambled around herself, feeling the horns upon her head, the tail similar to her own before yet hairless, testing the hooves that she stood on. She nearly fainted, Genam steadying her arm before she could fall. He gave her a look and she could tell he was equally confused, but he brushed it off with a slight shake of his head. Seeing Zujenia had somewhat recovered, her breathing was normalizing, he started to lead her towards a large metal structure. Huge crystals were peppered around its perimeter.

“I don’t believe I heard your name,” he asked as they walked. She was silent for a moment.

“It’s...Zujenia.” she said, glancing over her shoulder towards where they met, unsure of the truth in the name.

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Hey! Hey you, Reader! It is I, the glorious and wonderful Kait! Bow to me and my power of imagination!...No? Please? *whines*. Fine. Anywho, I hope you are enjoying the story thus far.

Oh! Good news! I decided to be a benevolent ruler and spare you from a book long story. I mean, who wants to read 800 pages of a poor character’s adventures in a realm not her own by the whim of her author? You do, of course. Just not this time. *Clap*. So, I’m going to summarize it for you with brilliant commentary! Sit back, grab your popcorn, and listen up.

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Genam had pointed the new draenei to a elderly female who accessed her skills with a bit of irritation as Zujenia informed her that she was a skilled *shadow*. The draenei woman determined that she was fitting of a hunter role. Doubting the newbie’s sanity, she directed Zujenia to a small band of hunters living in the wilderness just outside the Exodar.

Under the teachings of a **handsome** Draenei named Caeon (**Much art has been drawn for this pairing.**), Zujenia learned the ways of the wilderness. How to track, hunt, trap, and survive became second nature to her. She was beginning to settle in, perhaps the time with the brotherhood was a dream. **It’s wasn’t.**

One day she was hunting a stag when a familiar voice popped in, **me of course**. It informed her that she must tame that stag because it was ‘toast adorable.’ Thus, she gained Nova, a large piebald stag who accompanied her everywhere.

A year past, she was called before their leader, Velen, along with Caean and several others of various classes. When she introduced herself, the prophet stared deep into her eyes as if seeing her soul. His head had dipped ever slightly as if knowing, confirming that she was not from their realm. He informed them of their draft to aid the Alliance against the burning legion, dismissing them with directions to meet up with their forces.

It wasn’t until they arrived at the flight station, till she released Nova back to the wilderness, till she nodded to Caean who wrapped an arm around her shoulder, giving her a pat before they continued towards the hippogriffs (***squeal***), that she brushed away all thoughts of another life,

that she embraced who she is now in the present. **That I cried a little, regretting what I've done. Excuse me, WoW friends. I have a community of amazing space people to get back to. Tuesday!**