

Greenhaven was in ruins. More than half the buildings were falling in on themselves, still slightly smoldering and summoning smoke could be seen rising up over the trees. Bodies were still lying in the field, ragged green tabards stained with mud and blood.

At one side of the town, a lone figure walked in from the paths. She was dressed in white, her scarf trailing behind her, and carried a sword and shield.

In front of her, the Captain was standing in front of the Warden's cabin. Her green cowl was looped over her arm and she was just staring into the wreckage.

Silently, the woman in white walked up behind the Captain.

The Captain looked back over her shoulder before looking forward again. The woman in white stepped up beside her.

"You didn't have to come," the Captain whispered.

"Ayana," Miriel answered quietly, looking over. "We both know that's not true."

The Captain looked over at her with a frown.

Miriel shook her head and threw her arms around Ayana in a tight embrace. The Ranger was stiff in her arms, squeezing her eyes shut. A long moment of silence passed. Then another. Ayana slowly wrapped her arms around Miriel in response. Another moment passed. Slowly, the pair began to sink to the ground as Miriel realized she was supporting more and more of Ayana's weight.

First her breath came heavier, and then her hands were twisting into Miriel's shirt. Then the choked and muffled cries began to come, sporadic at first and then heavier. Miriel rested her cheek on the top of the other woman's head, wrapping her arms more tightly around her. Without even really thinking, she began to sing a gentle lullabye.

They stood like that until well after the sun had set and fog had begun to roll in through the trees. The empty sky hung above them as they slowly parted, both pushing to their feet as Ayana aggressively wiped her eyes.

"Let me help you with the bodies," Miriel whispered softly, her voice exhausted but warm all at once.

"I don't want a priestess of the God of Death, Miriel," Ayana snapped, pawing a hand across her eyes. "Some are coming through next week to take the names."

"Then let me just be your friend. I'm not going to leave you to bury bodies alone all night, Aya," Miriel repeated quietly. "I'll leave Elegy out of it. You have my word."

For a long moment Ayana looked at the other woman before, slowly, she nodded once.

The two began to work.