

"Sola, get down here! It's time to eat!" An Altmer cried.

Sola was also an Altmer, she knew that inevitable call meant that her father was home. Her father was a weapons enchanter for the Aldmeri Dominion, and he made good money, on the other hand, her mother sat around all day, cooking and cleaning. Ten years ago, it may have mattered, but now that Sola was twenty, it was rather unnecessary.

"Mom, what're we having to eat?" Sola asked.

"Moon sugar pork." The mother answered.

"Mom, you know I don't like Khajiiti food!" Sola complained.

"Sola, just eat it." The father said.

"Sola, you haven't even said anything to your sister." The mother said.

Sola's sister had been off for the past few years, making magical items in preparation for the Three Banners War. She was, in fact, six years older than her, and Sola felt like she was always babied because of it, not to say she did not enjoy it. After all, Sola's youth got her out of responsibilities, and she never had to make her own food, which was enough for her.

"Hey." Sola said to her sister.

"Sola." Her sister said back.

"Okay! That's more than enough! Why do you always have to say Sola?! It makes me sound like an Imperial! It's not enough that I already look like how men do?!" Sola yelled.

Sola surely looked like she had heavy ancestry rooted in men. The biggest signs discounting that were her ears and her eyes, but even then, she looked somewhat like a Breton. A short, blockish head, horizontal eyes, low cheekbones, a recessed chin, a light skin tone, and even a human eye color. If it was not for her large irises, it would probably be thought she was adopted. After all, her ears were hidden behind her hair, and even then, they looked notably less Elven than some ears. Sola, however, was pure Altmer, and her lineage could be traced back to the Aldmer, with no other races mixed in.

"It's your name. It came from the Imperial word for the Sun." The mother said.

"I know that! You are all treating me like I'm five. I'm not five, I'm twenty. If you could all just treat me like it." Sola said.

"Sola, so, what were you up to today?" The father asked.

"I studied a bit in the library, then I worked on my new dress, and then did some more woodworking." Sola answered, then taking a sip of the strong ale set in front of her.

"What are you making?" The father asked.

"A staff." Sola answered.

"There's no stopping you I guess." Sola's sister laughed.

Sola was very magically gifted. Far more than most Altmer. Sola had often gotten in trouble for using her magic. Most people used staves at her age, but Sola had abandoned it in favor of using all of her body for magic. She was known for blowing fire out of her mouth, and shocking people with her hands. Still, Sola preferred to keep a staff nearby.

"Do you need any soul gems filled? Because I can pay for them to get filled." The father asked.

"No, but thank you." Sola answered.

Sola was being choked by her parents. Twenty years old, and fully mature, and she was being treated like a child. For the longest time, she was longing to get out and have some

adventures, maybe even meet a nice Altmer to settle down with, or at least have fun with. For years, her only escapes had been immersing herself in books, and wandering around town, the closest she ever got to adventuring.

"Sola, I know you're smart, so I was wondering if you could learn how to cook. I know that the last time you tried you got burned, but that was years ago. Maybe you could give it a try." The mother said.

"You will have a much easier time finding a partner with it." The sister added.

"I'll find one without knowing how to cook." Sola said.

"Sola, please, just help your mother." The father said.

"She's seventy five! She's perfectly able!" Sola complained.

"Okay, look! Can we just eat in silence?!" The sister finally yelled.

"Fine." Sola said, feebly nibbling at the pork.

A slow meal passed on by. Sola barely managed to survive it. After the pork, they all ate a banana and cleaned up and sat down to enjoy the rest of the night. Sola went back up to her room to go read some more books and to do some more personal thinking.

"I've read all these books a thousand times." Sola said, staring at the large pile of tomes stacked up against a wall.

Sola looked around, and she put a wooden wedge into her door, keeping it shut. She went over into her chest stored under her bed, and pulled out two wooden statues. One of the Daedric Prince Meridia, and the other of Azura. Sola kept checking around her room, making sure nobody was there, and she set the two idols on her table and knelt by them.

"Azura, please guide me. I've had my patience run out. I can't do this anymore. If I can just please get a way out of my house and go on an adventure. I just can't take this situation. I hate how I have had to hide my faith from you for the past four years, and I've had to live that in lie that I spend all this time praying to you as me reading the same books over and over. I'm sorry for that. So, Azura, please just send me on an adventure and let me get away from my family." Sola prayed.

"And, Meridia, I'm sorry I don't have much to say today, but when I go on my adventure, please send Dawnbreaker to protect me from the unholy undead." Sola prayed.

"Okay. Now, Auri-El, if you could just...I don't even know why I pray to you anymore...well, just give me the patience until I can leave here." Sola prayed.

Sola has had to hide her Daedra worship for some time. She knew that nobody would approve of it, even though she was completely innocent. She never worshiped any of the malevolent Princes, but only liked Meridia and Azura. She knew that there were people who worshiped Molag Bal and Mehrunes Dagon, and they could get into dark things like sacrificing people, and Sola would never get into that.

Sola finished her prayers, sat up, and grabbed her sewing kit and her dress she was making. Once she finished it, she would be able to go into town and dye it to her favorite colors. This dress was different; she had sold quite a few staves to get money to buy the materials for it. It was not meant to be an everyday dress to wear about, but it was padded and was meant to be armor. Stitch after stitch, she sewed. It got too hot in her room, and she opened her window, and kept on sewing. Then, an hour later, there was a wolf outside, barking and howling endlessly. For an hour, Sola put up with it. A whole hour. Finally, when it would not give up, Sola

stuck her hand out the window, and unleashed a powerful shock spell, killing the wolf. The smell of burned hair and flesh started to fill the air. Sola kept on with her sewing, but then there was a knock on her door.

"Who is it?" Sola asked, annoyed that she could not be left to herself, putting down her dress-in-progress.

"Your father. We need to talk about this wolf you killed just now." The father said.

"Yes Daddy, I'll open the door." Sola said, taking out the door jam and opening the door.

In that moment, Sola realized her mistake. She always liked to sew while having view of the little carvings of Meridia and Azura, and she had left them out as normal. She was so used to putting them out after dinner, and then putting them back in after she woke up the next morning. It had just slipped her mind.

"I've told you several times that the only time you use your magic in the city to kill is when a wolf is attacking livestock. I want you to go out, write a note apologizing, and put it on the notice board." The father said.

"Yes, Daddy." Sola said, trying to get her father out as quickly as possible.

"Wait, I never knew you carved little statues for the gods. Had I known, I would have had you make one for me." The father said.

"Yes Daddy, I have two so far." Sola said, trying to put them away in her backpack before he picked up on who they were.

"Let me see them." The father said, grabbing the two statues.

"These are...these are...Sola Aldmeris Auroron! These are of Daedra!" The father yelled after his realization.

"Keep it down. It is Meridia and Azura, nobody bad." Sola said.

"Daedra are Daedra. They are all evil." The father said.

"You know, some people think that those two were once Aedra." Sola said.

"They're evil. Sola, I have to tell this to the city and your mother." The father said.

"Look here, those two Princes listen to me as much as...no, even more than Auri-El and the rest of the divines ever do. They show their presence on Nirn, and I will not stand for me being reported for Daedra worship. I would allow it if I was sacrificing people to them, but I'm not." Sola said.

"What makes me think you aren't going out in the middle of the night and doing that?!" The father asked.

"Fine? You want souls? Here, I'll give you back the only souls I've used!" Sola yelled, tossing her soul gems back at her father.

"Sola, and what if they found out?" The father asked.

"We are going down to see your mother right now." The father said, grabbing hold of Sola's arm and dragging her down the stairs.

"Daddy, please." Sola said.

"What is it?" The mother asked.

"Our daughter is a Daedra worshiper!" The father yelled.

"It's only Azura and Meridia! They're not a bunch of murderers! I will remember this the next time you pray to Magnus! He designed all of this once Lorkhan gave the idea! He then didn't even stay to pay for his mistakes like our ancestors!" Sola said.

"Sola...I would have never guessed. This is an evil practice." The mother said.

"Well, then what do you want me to do?" Sola asked.

"There is only one way to handle this. You need to be brought to justice." The father said.

"I never thought I'd have to say that to my own daughter." The father added.

"I will give you two options, either in the morning you turn yourself in, or we will turn you in. Pick your choice." The father said.

"I will tell you in the morning." Sola snapped.

"You're sending me to death for Daedra worship, and I won't deny that, but I'm not doing anything wrong." Sola said, walking back up the stairs.

Sola quickly went into her room and shut and jammed the door so she wouldn't have to hear her parents cry about how their daughter was probably going to be executed. Sola probably would have cared about their tears a few years ago, but she had just become too hard-hearted and unfeeling. Sola made the quick decision that she was not going to die from what she saw as perfectly fine. She grabbed her backpack, her sewing kit, her woodworking tools, and some clothes and packed her backpack up. She grabbed her coinpurse, and then grabbed two staves. Before she thought about how to leave, she looked upon the statues of Meridia and Azura, and Sola shoved them into her backpack, as they were her most treasured possessions.

"Those stupid mudcrabs." Sola said.

"I have a window." Sola continued, opening her window.

"Let's see here..." Sola said, looking out into the darkness ahead.

Sola sat out on the window sill, and slowly hung herself down. She then dropped when she was only hanging on by her hands. Still, it was a bit of a fall, but not much. Sola then took off to the tavern, where she figured she would see the people of the town one last time.

Sola walked into the tavern, and immediately she got some mixed looks. She was physically attractive with no doubt, but that was not what people were looking at. There were the people she had known for her whole life, and they were happy to see her, but there were also the strangers, adventurers who were having a drink.

"Hey, no mixed-bloods here." A Bosmer adventurer said, coming up to Sola the instant she walked in.

"I'm pure Altmer. Go sit your short self down." Sola said.

"She's lying. She's Breton. She's from the Covenant!" The Bosmer said.

"She's Altmer. Pure Altmer. She's lived here all her life." The barkeep said.

"Thank you." Sola said.

"Hey, by the way, take that Redguard filth out of here then." Sola said to the Bosmer, who had a Redguard companion.

"Sola, you've never been here this late." The barkeep, a male Altmer said.

"I know." Sola said.

"Sola? What are you? An Imperial?" The Bosmer teased.

"Just leave her alone. We finally find a bar that lets me in and you go about trying to start fights." The Redguard said.

"Thank you. You know, people like you I have respect for." Sola said.

"So, do you need anything?" The barkeep asked.

"Yeah, my mom made Khajiiti food tonight. Barely ate anything..." Sola started to say.

"Hey, you're here. Good to see you." Sola said, sitting down next to her best friend.

Her best friend was a male Khajiit. He was brought over from Elsweyr as a kitten and raised by an Altmer family. He had no discernable Khajiit accent and he spoke as clearly as any Altmer. His name was Oldon, and he and Sola had been raised closely, so they knew each other very well.

"We'll share a loaf of bread, some butter, and some fresh jam." Sola said.

"Right away, anything to drink?" The barkeep asked.

"Yeah. Got any Sujjama?" Sola asked.

"The last of it. Won't be any more until the war's over." The barkeep answered.

"How much am I in the hole?" Sola asked.

"Twenty gold." The barkeep answered.

"Here you go." Sola said, taking out some gold and paying.

"So, what are you doing here?" Oldon asked.

"Just getting out." Sola answered.

"I thought your parents never allowed you out." Oldon said.

"They didn't." Sola said.

"Look, I've told you a lot. So, I'll let you in. I'm taking off finally. I'm leaving for good." Sola said.

"I can tell by all of your things." Oldon said.

"Yep. I'm going adventuring finally." Sola said.

"Here we go, you two." The barkeep said, setting down the food and drink.

"I like my bread toasted." Oldon said.

"I have it handled." Sola said, slicing the bread and quickly toasting it with fire magic.

"We used to eat this as kids all the time." Sola said, eating the food.

"Yes. Those were the days." Oldon said.

The local bard started to play. An Altmer, and he started to play the songs that he always did.

"By the gods, he always plays the same things over and over." Sola said.

"I know music better than him." Sola added.

"So, you said you were finally leaving. I guess there are a few things I should tell you." Oldon said, the loaf of bread being finished.

"Lay it on me." Sola said, taking a drink.

"Well, I've had to hide this for the past few years...but I've had a bit of a liking to you." Oldon said.

Sola choked on her drink. The instant she heard those words, she could not help but choke. It is not as if she did not know. She had always known, but she never actually heard those words come out of his mouth. Sola decided to just play along.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Oldon said, seeing Sola spasm for a few seconds.

"I'm fine. I'm fine." Sola said, continuing to drink.

"I just wanted to let you know." Oldon said.

"Look, you've been a good friend, but honestly, you're a Khajiit. I know you've been raised along us Altmer for the whole of your life, and I know I'm appealing, but no. Just no. You should find someone who's willing to stay at home, and can cook." Sola said.

"That's exactly why I never told you." Oldon said.

"Anyways, I'm leaving because my parents think I sacrifice to Daedra." Sola said, before there was an awkward silence.

"I mean Khajiit and Dunmer both worship Daedra, and I don't see why I can't." Sola said.

"Other races too..." Sola added.

"So, that's why I'm leaving. I'm not coming back." Sola said.

"I don't want to die for this." Sola continued, finishing her drink.

"Well, it's been nice knowing you. I'll see you later maybe." Sola said, getting up.

"Bye." Sola said, leaving the tavern.

"Well, this is it. We'll see how far I can go." Sola said.

"Azura give me strength." Sola said.

And she started out to go explore and see what would lie ahead in her life. She started exploring locally. It was rather boring; the caves were empty and there was nothing to sate her appetite for adventure. And even less to sate her appetite for food. Sola could make a fire perfectly, with the help of fire magic, and kill perfectly, but when it came to cooking, Sola could make nothing. She subsisted mostly on finding mudcrabs by ponds and pounding them with flames until they died, and Sola would go and cool it off a bit, then crack them open and eat. Other than that, the wild berries and occasional fruit tree made for enough food. Still, Sola was unable to find her big adventure.

Eventually, a week after she left her home, she found a cave. It was like the other caves she had been in, but Sola was picking up on some magical energy, after all, her natural talent with magic had some benefits other than just picking magic up easily, but being able to sense it. Sola walked down the dark cave, with a flame lit in her hand for some meager light. The cold water dripped into pools below, and the whole cave had an ominous cold feeling. Sola ventured on though, convinced that there had to be something in this cave. At least a bear or something to kill. Sola eventually saw light. She quickly put out her fire magic and sneaked closer, and then she looked at what was going on. There were people of all kind, dressed in plain black robes, kneeling down and praying to a shrine of some sort. Sola knew what this was instantly: Daedra worship. Thankfully, Sola knew a bit about Daedra and felt comfortable in her ability to handle the situation, and maybe even meet one of them. Sola walked into the room that had the people stuck in a trance.

"Hey there." Sola said, waving her hand to the worshiping cultists.

An armored finger tapped on her shoulder, and Sola looked back. It was a greatsword-wielding feminine Dremora. It gave Sola a stare so deep that the message that she was not allowed in here was quickly conveyed. Sola, however, did not care. She wanted to meet this Dremora.

"Hey there." Sola greeted warmly, even though she was still cautious.

Sola then took hold of the Dremora's hand and initiated a handshake.

"Let go of me, mortal." The Dremora said.

"Can I ask, who's your master?" Sola asked.

"None of your concern, mortal." The Dremora answered.

"I guess it's fine if you don't answer me." Sola said.

"Who's your master?" Sola asked the worshipers.

"Don't tell them." The Dremora ordered.

"Okay, then I'll just have to get it out of you. It sucks, I thought maybe we could be friends." Sola said.

Sola knew she was in a bad situation now. She put down her backpack and dug through it, pulling out a book. She took out the book, put her backpack back on, and flipped through the pages.

"Okay, Dremora, say thy name of thy master, lest I smite thee." Sola said, even though the book said nothing like that.

"I'd like to see you try that." The Dremora said, pulling out her sword.

Sola threw the book at the Dremora, catching her off guard. Sola then used shock magic to stun the Dremora. After that, Sola reveled in her victory, letting out a hearty laugh while the Dremora lay groaning.

"I got you on that one." Sola laughed.

"I will not be bested by a mortal." The Dremora said, getting up.

"Attack, my minions!" The Dremora ordered.

A portal opened up, and a single Scamp came crawling out; it looked confused and it just walked around aimlessly.

"Attack, I said!" The Dremora ordered again.

"I'm trying to think of a good word." Sola said.

"Got it." Sola added a second later.

"Talos' trousers, girl, it's a Scamp." Sola said.

"Hey, Scampy." Sola said.

The Scamp turned its attention to Sola.

"Get out of here before I send you back to Oblivion." Sola threatened.

The Scamp quickly climbed on top of the shrine being worshiped and hid up there.

"You're not really high ranking, are you?" Sola asked.

"Shut up." The Dremora said hostilely.

"Gods, so rude." Sola said.

"Care to tell me your master now?" Sola asked after a moment of awkward silence.

"Molag Bal." The Dremora answered quickly.

"Oh...I wasn't actually expecting an answer." Sola said.

"Oh...Molag Bal..." Sola said.

"I'm more of an Azura girl myself. And Meridia." Sola added.

"I have orders to imprison you." The Dremora said with finality.

Sola gave a look to the Dremora before Sola quickly pushed the Dremora and grabbed one of her staves.

"Don't think I won't use this." Sola said, the Dremora readying her sword.

The Dremora swung, and Sola nimbly ducked, avoiding the strike. Then, Sola swung her magic staff right into the Dremora's temple, stunning her.

"Were you expecting magic?" Sola added.

The Dremora readied her sword again, and Sola just let a burst of flame from her staff, sending the Daedra back to Oblivion. Sola laughed in her easy victory. She then looked around her, and the cultists were still knelt over, praying. Sola started for her way out, and then, something grabbed her by the neck. A fully armored masculine Dremora, carrying a Scamp, picked up Sola by her waist and started for a waiting portal.

"Let go of me!" Sola said, struggling.

"Quiet." The Dremora ordered.

"You are going to prison in Coldharbour, mortal. Any last words to your last glimpse of Mundus?" The Dremora asked.

"Yeah. I have two little statues of Azura and Meridia. I'm sure you've heard of them. Can I take them?" Sola asked, hoping for the best.

"No." The Dremora coldly answered.

"Fine." Sola said.

"Run." Sola ordered the Scamp.

The little Scamp started to struggle to free itself. Similarly, Sola struggled, and the Dremora was forced to make a decision. He figured that a wild Scamp might cause less trouble, but he was shocked by a lightning spell, and he let go of the both of them in an involuntary action. Sola then quickly got up, pulled the helmet off of the Dremora, and ran over to a deep ravine close to the room, with a pool of water very far below.

"Let me take these statues." Sola ordered.

"No." The Dremora said.

Sola threw the helmet down the ravine with zero hesitation.

"You're a real brat." The Dremora said.

"Fine, take your stupid statues." The Dremora said.

"And..." Sola said.

"Take your backpack." The Dremora said.

"Don't think I won't burn you to death." Sola threatened.

"Do it." The Dremora said.

"I want to take my statues, I want to be fed very well, I want access to books and tomes, I want to keep my clothes on, I want a really cool Daedric-style backpack, I want to be able to visit the mortal realm, I want..." Sola started to say.

"You are in no position to make demands. In an instant, I can call on my minions to take you." The Dremora interrupted.

Sola quickly picked up the fleeing Scamp and held him over the same area where she threw the helmet.

"Go, fine. I'll let you go if you don't throw him!" The Dremora said.

"I'm fine going to Oblivion, and it sounds like I'm a prisoner, but I don't want to be held prisoner." Sola said.

"That is not happening." The Dremora said.

"Then bye bye little Scampy." Sola said.

"I can't do that! I will see to it that your...wishes are met." The Dremora bargained.

"Wishes? Say that again with demands in it." Sola said.

"I...will see to it that your...wish...demands...are met." The Dremora said.

"Okay, let's go." Sola said, still dropping the Scamp down the ravine.

"This'll be fun." Sola said.

"You're going to betray me though, I know that, but I can take you out easily. I'll grab a few things and leave though." Sola said.

"You're the warden though. You have keys. I won't break out if you give into my demands." Sola said, making a good observation.

"Losing two soldiers and my helmet already does not look good. I will do whatever you want. For all intents and purposes...you have bound me." The warden said.

"Nice." Sola said.

"You're a very feisty Breton." The warden said.

"I swear...I'm an Altmer! You owe me more!" Sola said.

"Sorry, sorry." The warden said.

Sola walked through the portal, the warden following closely behind. The warden followed Sola as she walked about the prison of Coldharbour, and several times he had to stop her from touching and taking things. She looked with amazement with the Daedric architecture and the utter destruction that lay around. Eventually, it got to the point where this Dremora could no longer let Sola just walk around, so he started to prod her to her new cell.

"Here is your new home." The warden said rather ominously.

"Cool, thanks." Sola said, walking in and looking around.

Sola looked at the minimalism. The lack of even a straw pile for a bed, the hole in the ground meant for sanitary purposes, and the walking room. It was a rather large cell still.

"This isn't going to work." Sola said.

"There are no better cells. There are also no worse cells." The warden said.

"At home, I slept on a premium bed filled with straw, on a bed frame, with a pillow stuffed with feathers. I don't even have a mat. I want a proper bed roll." Sola ordered.

"What?!" The warden exclaimed.

"You're bound to me, and if you don't do what I say, I'll burn you." Sola looking at the warden in the eyes through the little viewing window.

"You're in Oblivion now. You have no authority." The warden laughed.

Sola let go a gauntlet of fire, consuming the warden. Sola then sat by the door of her cell for two hours, meditating on her magical abilities. Then, there was a knock on the door.

"I got your cursed bed roll." The warden said.

The door opened, and the warden stood there again, with a helmet, and with a bedroll in one hand. He threw the bed roll to Sola, who promptly laid it out and sat on it.

"Do not ask where I got this from." The warden said.

"You got your helmet back." Sola said.

"My armor is bound to me. It is part of me. It came back when I reformed." The warden explained.

"Now, do not question me." Sola said.

"Yes. I will be back with your food." The warden said.

Sola would enjoy this. She was essentially sharing ownership of this Dremora with Molag Bal, and she had a nice, soft bed roll, and hot food would be on the way. For thirty minutes, she

continued to meditate on her magic, until she got her old stuff back. The warden came knocking, and he set down Sola's backpack, and a plate of gelatinous, grey goop.

"What in Oblivion is this?" Sola asked.

"Raided farms surprise." The warden answered.

"That's not going to work." Sola said.

"I'm in the mood for...uh...potato-onion soup, a side of biscuits and jam, um...oh, some Nord mead, and to finish it off, a sweet roll." Sola said.

"Sweet roll?!" The warden asked, frustrated.

"Now, go fetch me that unless you want to know why I'm your master...again." Sola said, pushing the goop back under the slit in the door.

"Mortals." The warden said, walking off.

"Let's see what we have here." Sola said, opening up her backpack and digging through it.

Sola took out her book she had brought, the same she had thrown at that other Dremora, her change of clothes, her two statues, her small woodworking tools, her sewing kit, and her dress she was still working on, along with a fresh pair of shoes, and a brush for her hair. Sola set out her statues on the floor next to her bed, and she polished them with the oil in her woodworking kit. The warden came by an hour later, with a massive serving of all the food she had asked for.

"This mead have a lot of honey in it?" Sola asked before she accepted it.

The warden just walked off before he heard any more comments and critiques.

Sola thanked Azura and Meridia for her food, then she quickly gobbled down the soup and biscuits, and then grabbed a spoon she had to eat the jam. She then got a little bit of moon sugar from a little pouch in her backpack, and mixed it with the butter she was ever so generously given, and she made a quick little batch of extra frosting. She then had her extra-frosted sweet roll, leaving a bit for later. She then drank half of the mead, the ice-cold mead, and left the rest in the cup, knowing she could easily cool it down. At that moment, Sola realized what she had an urge to do.

"Get over here!" Sola yelled, banging on the door, and even throwing fire spells out.

"What? What?" The warden asked, rushing over.

"I need to use the outhouse." Sola answered.

"There is a little hole in the ground for that." The warden explained.

"I want a stool for me." Sola said.

"...why must you do this? Fine. I will be back." The warden said, running off.

Sola got what she wanted. She then relieved herself and then fell asleep, tired from the long day. In the morning, she woke up to the sound of her little food grate being opened. Sola looked at it excitedly, but it was nothing other than a pile of goop.

"Hey, hey, get over here!" Sola yelled out, rushing out of bed.

"What is it, mortal?" An unfamiliar Dremora asked.

"Get the warden over here right now." Sola ordered.

"Why would I do that?" The Dremora asked.

Sola let out a freezing frost spell, sending the Dremora running slowly for the warden.

"What do you want?" The warden asked, arriving right after the other Dremora left.

"I'd like two extra large sweet rolls with extra frosting, and a brew of hot coffee." Sola answered.

The warden muttered, walking off.

Sola let out a happy, cute smile.

"Hey, who are you?" A Nord prisoner across from her asked.

"Sola Auroron." Sola answered.

"How did you get that Daedra to follow your orders?" The Nord asked.

"Oh, I essentially bound him. I threatened him with magic, and even killed him." Sola answered.

The Nord grew silent with disappointment.

"Here you go." The warden said, bringing back the food a few minutes later.

"Great." Sola said, chowing down instantly.

"You have work in a few moments." The warden said.

"Forced labor? What am I doing?" Sola asked.

"Mining ore to produce weapons." The warden asked, letting a laugh.

"What? So you can invade through the Imperial City? No way. I'm not working." Sola said.

"Molag Bal's orders. Even you can't transcend the orders of him." The warden said.

"Fine. Put me to work, but then I guess I'll have to just kill you again." Sola said, crossing her arms and frowning.

"Molag Bal will do worse." The warden said.

"Molag Bal isn't going to escape if you don't give her what she wants." Sola said.

"You still have to work." The warden said.

"Do you have a library here?" Sola asked.

"Of course." The warden answered.

"I can...catalogue books there." Sola said, coming up with a quick solution.

"No. It is the mines, and..." The warden said.

"No, no, no. Don't say that to me. I'm going to read in the library unless you want to end up having an escaped prisoner." Sola said.

Sola was in the library a short time later, looking at all the books collected across all of Nirn and the planes of Oblivion, and with Daedric scholars researching for future endeavours. The warden tried to discretely put Sola at a desk with several books covering her, but a Dremora scholar saw this.

"Warden, what are you doing?" The scholar asked.

"Mortals out of their cells?" The scholar added.

"You say anything and you're going to end up dead!" The warden threatened.

"Yes, warden." The scholar said, running to the other side of the library to continue his research in peace.

A good sixteen hours later, Sola was back in her cell, eating another hearty meal, and reading more books. Then, the warden opened the cell and stood there with mage Dremora and a sinister device.

"Molag Bal orders that we take the souls of all mortals." The warden said.

"My soul? No, that stays with me." Sola said.

"There is absolutely no way around this." The warden said with finality.

"You will become soul-shriven. You will be the same, just without the soul." The warden said.

The magus Dremora cast a spell on Sola while she momentarily remained off guard, and then quickly used his power to transfer the soul into a handy soul gem, which he took and stowed in a pouch.

"You seriously did that?" Sola asked, very angry.

"I had to." The warden said.

"Now I want your soul!" Sola ordered.

"What? Fine." The warden said.

"Do what she orders." The warden told the mage.

"Why?" The mage asked.

"That was a soul trap? I can do that." Sola said, using a quick spell on the warden.

"No, that just readies the soul." Sola said.

"Close enough I suppose." Sola said.

Sola unleashed a barrage of flames onto the warden, and he quickly disappeared, and his soul was sucked into an empty soul gem, and Sola quickly took the filled gem from the mage Dremora.

"Mine." Sola said.

"Now, I want yours so you won't tell." Sola said.

Sola quickly soul-trapped and burned the Dremora, and took her, the warden's, and the mage's soul gems. The warden came over a moment later, and took Sola's and Sola took his.

"Now we have the mage's." Sola said.

The mage walked back in a moment later, in shock.

"I want it." Sola said.

"No, I need it." The warden said.

"No." Sola said.

"Just stop this." The warden said.

"You took my soul. Mine's got to be worth at least two." Sola said.

They picked up the gem and started to pull on it, and in that moment, it slipped from both of them and miraculously fell into the hole that led to the nothingness below the prison. The mage watched with fear, and then, in a moment, he collapsed and was completely dead.

"By Meridia!" Sola exclaimed, quickly grabbing her Meridia statue and pressing it against the forehead of the dead Dremora.

"He's gone. Forever." The warden said.

"We need to dispose of him." Sola said.

"Okay, so I'll shock him into ashes, and you shovel it into my little latrine." Sola said, shocking the dead mage into ashes.

"Okay, gone." The warden said, shoving the ashes into the hole.

"I can't do this anymore. I can't be your servant. I need to serve my only master." The warden said after a moment of silence.

"What? I have your soul." Sola threatened.

"I have yours." The warden said.

"Nothing we can do then. An impasse." Sola said.

"Break out if you want. I won't stop you." The warden said, leaving and closing the door.

"I will." Sola said.

"I will." Sola repeated.

"Warden, we have a breakout in progress!" A Dremora yelled, running across the halls.

"Just my luck." Sola laughed.