

Felicia the Fraudulent:

Chapter 1

Queen Ayrenn was born 5th of Second Seed, 2E 555. First born daughter of King Hidellith and Kinlady Tuinden, she grew up in Indrik, Alinor. However, a few years earlier, her father the king had already birthed another child. A child he would forever deny, and a secret regret he would shamefully hide until he took his last breath.

Felicia was born in seclusion, a product of King Hidellith's first love, whom he would keep a secret from his future wife, as it was an arranged marriage. Had his affair become known, it would have violated the contract with Tuinden's family, which Hidellith desperately needed to solidify the future of the Aldmeri Dominion.

Felicia's mother, Lady Bethany, loved Hidellith fiercely, and had hoped that her pregnancy would force Hidellith to abandon his arranged marriage, and stay with her and their unborn child. When Hidellith refused to abandon his arranged marriage, Lady Bethany was furious, and swore that one day her child would rise up and steal the throne from Hidellith. Hidellith was heartbroken, but declared that if any child ever claimed to be his that wasn't from his future wife Tuinden, that he would deny their existence and bloodline, and state their claim to the throne was fraudulent. He banished Lady Bethany to Rellenthil, east of Alinor.

Lady Bethany was without means, and Felicia was raised in poor villages along the western edges of Summerset, knowing that King Hidellith was her father, and that she had a claim to the throne. But also knowing that she was unwanted, considered fraudulent, and that her existence as a person was denied. She learned to hate the royal family, who had shunned her mother and forced them to live in poverty and hunger. The early years of her childhood were etched in her mind as she could remember winters with no shoes, little food, and summers spent living in the wilds and hunting for food. By the time she was 10 years old she could set traps, catch game, clean it, and cook it on a fire she had made herself. By the age of 13 she was taking care of her aging mother who was wasting away with an unknown sickness. It was in these waning years of her mother's life that she learned about the history of her family on her mother's side. Lady Bethany was actually named Lady Felicia at birth, but she changed her name many years later to hide her true bloodlines. She had hoped that once she was in a position of power and influence, she could reveal her family history. Felicia didn't understand why her mother would want to change her name, and she asked why she would do such a thing.

Her mother explained that many generations ago her family, who was known as the Formidable Family, was fathered by a man named Felix. Felix had married Felicia, and in time they had many children. However, Felix was a sorcerer with many powerful magicka abilities. He wielded the power of lightning, and was able to conjure beasts into existence that would serve him, and do his bidding. He was a good man, and would only use his powers in the defense of those who could not help themselves. He named all of his children Felix or Felicia, and taught them in the ways of his magicka abilities. Despite the fact that Felix only used his magicka powers in the service of good, people feared him. In time, Felix had to move his family into hiding. He did not fear that he would be harmed, but he did fear for the safety of his wife and

children. Many generations later, by the time that Felicia's mother was born, people simply did not name their children Felix or Felicia. It had become a symbol of mysticism and witchcraft, and common folk feared retribution by unseen magicka wielding strangers. Lady Bethany's mother was a Felicia, and intended her daughter to continue on in the tradition of her family. But as Lady Bethany was nearing adulthood, the scrutiny of her peers led her to change her name.

Felicia thought about this history as her mother coughed roughly and fell asleep. Felicia knew deep in her heart that she could never change her name. She understood why her mother had done it, but she would Never. After spending her life to this point being denied her heritage on her father's side, even considering denying her heritage on her mother's side was unacceptable. She not only vowed to honor her mother's heritage, she vowed to learn the magicka abilities that were in her blood. She would, somehow, become something more. Something powerful.

Chapter 2

In the winter of her 16th year, Felicia's mother died. It had been a painful and agonizing process to witness, as Felicia could do nothing to help her other than to tend to her essential needs. That night, Felicia stood in the moonlight and stared up at the stars. Her tears burned hot on her face and she cursed into the cold winter air. Her curses and vows echoed off of the trees, and her tears dried on her face as her anguish was replaced with a steady burn of anger. Her sense of purpose began to shift, and a darkness deep within her began to move and undulate.

In the summer of her 18th year, she felt the first whisper of her magicka power as she fought a gryphon she was hunting in the wilds. She had landed several hard swings with her staff, and she was feeling a little overconfident, when it surprised her with a kick from one of its hind legs. The claws of its foot scraped across her ribs as she barely managed to twist out of the way. A second slower, and she would have been eviscerated. Her fear took control as she envisioned the contents of her stomach spilling out from her sliced intestines to the ground below her. She continued her twisting motion and spun away from the gryphon. She yelled in fear and defiance and slammed her staff into the ground. She didn't know what she expected to happen. She didn't even think about what would happen next. She had just known that she should do it. When her staff connected to the earth, a shockwave flowed out and away from her leaving a shimmering blue electric light in its wake. The gryphon was knocked off balance by her attack, and all four of its legs, and both of its wings, sprang outward as they twitched and shook with the electrical force. Felicia took this opportunity to land a mighty overhead swing of her staff directly between the gryphon's eyes. Its skull cracked loudly, and it fell limply to the ground.

She laughed loudly in triumph and bent over at the waist clutching her side. Her blood was escaping through her fingers, and the pain was intense. She could still feel the pool of magicka she had tapped into inside her chest. Now that she knew what it was, it was amazing that she hadn't known it was there before. The wound in her side was serious, and Felicia began to worry that even though she had bested the gryphon, it might end up with the last laugh when she keeled over from blood loss. Through the pain, she felt movement within her. It was a strange darkness that seemed to call to her. She had already had a major breakthrough today, so she went with the feeling hoping that it might help her in some way. In her mind, she envisioned herself following the call of the darkness. It was like a tendril of shadow that moved away from her, and beckoned

her to follow with what seemed like an eerie song of welcome. She followed it deeper and deeper within herself. Soon, the tendril of undulating shadow disappeared, and she found herself standing in the middle of a pool of darkness within her mind that had no beginning, and no end. The darkness pooled around her legs and wisps of dark vapor wafted up from surface of it. The pain in her side was still throbbing, and it threatened to take her out of her mental reverie. She focused tightly to maintain her grip on the image of the pool of darkness. She wasn't sure what she was supposed to do, so she envisioned carefully lowering herself into the strange dark pool. As she laid on her back, and the inky darkness enveloped her side, the pain began to recede. She lay back fully and let the inky pool hold her afloat on the surface. She could feel the restorative effects closing her wound, and the pool of magicka that she felt within her seemed to be filled as well. She lay there and simply enjoyed the feeling of it.

Without warning, her body was pulled straight down into the inky pool. Her entire body was beneath the surface and she could not breathe. The inky blackness filled her mouth, her nose, her eyes, and her ears. All of her senses were stolen from her. She flailed wildly in her mind, and her soundless scream could not escape her throat as the inky blackness pushed itself in. Her mind raced, fear overcame her, and her mind winked out in a flash of light.

Chapter 3

When Felicia awoke, her wound was healed, and she was laying on the ground next to the body of the gryphon she had slain. She remembered the inky darkness that had enveloped her in her mind, and she shuddered. What had happened to her? She thought about where she was, and what she was doing. It seemed to her that up until this moment, she had been wasting her time. There were real evils in the world, and they weren't shaped like the obvious monsters in the wilds. They were soulless demons wrapped in the false flesh of innocents. From the outside, they appeared to be people, or store owners, or farmers, or even... a Queen. Felicia's eyes began to glow with darkness that pulsed outward from her face. Yes, a Queen. A Queen who had been living in the opulence of luxury and peace, while the impoverished lived in the mud and ate the crumbs that dropped off the beards of those who walked by them as they begged in the streets. This "Queen" was not a queen at all. She was a pretender. Felicia thought about the blood of her ancestors that pumped within her. The throne was HER birthright. She was first born. Her blood was royal from the side of her father, and power from the side of her mother. She was the queen that this land needed. Not that pathetic excuse for a queen that currently sat on the throne.

Felicia picked herself up off the ground. She brushed the dirt off and pushed her hair back from her face. Her sense of purpose seemed renewed. Her world seemed to finally make sense. For too long she had worried so much about the weak and powerless. So much wasted time! What mattered was POWER. Those with power did as they wanted and those without it were crushed underfoot. She had the magicka power, now she needed the power of the throne. She would lead the lands of Summerset as they should be led. She would raise the poor up from the mud and set them atop the bloodied backs of the rich and entitled. Felicia clenched her fists, and began to walk. She needed an army. And there were plenty of hungry people around who would be happy for the opportunity to earn a meal.

Chapter 4

Felicia sat at her table and speared the bloody meat on her plate with her dagger. She was sitting in a large tent that served as the eating area for her and her army. She had just over 50 men in this eating area, and they were sitting at tables, or crouching on overturned barrels. She had another 30 or so men in the surrounding area who were putting up tents and tending fires. They were camped on the western edge of the Summerset Island, and she could hear the waves pounding on the sand. They had walked for two days straight to find this location, and Felicia figured this was as good of a place as any to put down their fortifications. This would be her main base of operations for what was to come.

She surveyed the men in the room. Most were too thin from too many years of hard living with little food. These men were the overlooked, the downtrodden, and the forgotten. Each of these men were born into circumstances they had no control over. Fate had dealt with them harshly, and their lot in life was one of hard work, no opportunity, no power, no privilege, and no hope. Every day was the same as the last day. They just stayed alive, and the spark of life had long ago faded from their eyes.

Now, however, there was a difference. The stooped over and beaten men she had found as she walked through each village had undergone a change. During their time with her, as they walked towards the location of their new encampment, they had listened intently to Felicia.

She had simply asked them, “If you could be more than you are now, would you walk with me?”

They each had responded similarly. They had looked around at their crude box in the alley, or ragged pile of clothing in the ditch they had been living in, and then looked up at the surprisingly tall and beautiful woman in front of them, with her eyes burning with inky darkness that seemed to look into their souls.

“Yes” they had croaked and simply left their meager belongings behind and followed her.

As they walked, Felicia talked to them about the unfairness of life. The things she described to them resonated within them, as each of them could relate from their own private version of oblivion. She imparted that even though fate had dealt them a harsh life to this point, soon she would bring about a change that would make them kings among men. They would have something they had never had before in their entire lives: power.

As her group of men grew, she told them about how they each would never have to worry about food again. Each night, they would eat meat. Not the bones they would find behind shops that were left over from where the owner had scraped the plates. But real fresh meat. This alone was enough to convince them to continue following her.

On the first night, the men had gathered around the fire and looked anxiously at one another. They didn’t know where Felicia had disappeared to, and they were fearful that they had been abandoned. A short time later, Felicia came out of the trees dragging two large deer behind her. She brought them to the fire and dropped them.

“Eat as much as you wish” she had told them, dropping two large sharp knives on the ground next to the deer. “I will be back later.”

That night, her group of forgotten souls ate like men who hadn’t eaten in weeks. In truth, many of them had not.

Two days later, and her miniature army had planted their tents at the shore. Felicia had been steadily providing her troops with meat from her kills. Already, she was seeing the difference in them. Their hunched over posture had begun to straighten, and many of them were taller than she had thought they were. Their eyes were more alert, and they were moving with purpose.

Felicia waited until all of her troops had eaten, and then she stood in the middle of the tent. Each man stared at her and waited for her to speak.

“We have all had our share of hardships,” she began, “and what have we to show for our pain?” She looked around at all of them and continued speaking. “Every day we are spat on, ignored, sneered at, and why? Because we weren’t fortunate enough to be born of a wealthy family?” She could hear a quiet muttering of agreement from her troops. “For years now we have been walked on like we are no more than the mud underneath their feet. But I tell you that those days are over.” Her eyes began to glow with an inky darkness as she looked around the tent at all of the men that stared back at her. They were scared, but she saw a spark of something else in their eyes... Hope.

“From now on, WE make our own path. WE decide what is right for us. We TAKE what we want. And we do as WE decide. THEY don’t get to decide for us any longer.” Felicia could feel the power within her building up and pulsing against her skin. Blue light glowed from her, except for her eyes, which glowed with an inky cloud of darkness. “We are going to march to the castle that houses the usurper Queen Ayrenn. And we are going to kill anyone who tries to stop us. We are powerless no longer. Now, we will take control of throne of Summerset, and it will be MY hand that rules All.” The men around her stared intently, nodding, and they hung on her every word.

“Each of you will be my representative. You will go out and find more of us. You will bring them back here, and they will kneel before me and take an oath of service, as you will do right now.” She looked around slowly. “Kneel.” When she spoke, she could feel the power that emanated from her as the word left her lips. The men fell to their knees all at once. “Speak these words,” she commanded them, ““I will serve you alone. I will protect you with my life. I will heed none other. As you say, it will be done.”” The men chanted the words back to her in response.

“Then rise,” Felicia said, “and prepare yourselves. For tomorrow you journey out for me. You will fetch more of our people for my purposes.” The men all stood and waited for her to release them. “Go” she said, and the men moved as one. In moments, she was alone in the tent.

Felicia sat and resumed eating. As she ate, she thought about her next move. She envisioned the battles to come, and she thought about how it would feel to hold the Queen's neck in her hand. She thought about how easy it would be to simply make a fist, and watch the light fade from her royal eyes as she claimed her birthright. She smiled as she considered this, and from what seemed a faraway place, she could barely hear the sound of a woman screaming. She cocked her head to the side and listened again. There it was, a sound that seemed to echo from somewhere within her. She thought she heard a scream, but it was unintelligible. She shrugged, dismissing the phenomenon. Whatever it was, it could be dealt with at another time. She had important details to work out, and plans to put in motion.

Chapter 5

From her vantage point on top of the hill, surrounded by trees, Felicia patiently watched as the fading light from the setting sun colored the walls of the castle in shades of dark red and orange. "Soon," she thought to herself, "the ground will run red with royal blood." As darkness quietly overtook the castle and the surrounding area, Felicia looked over to the man on her right.

His name was Jadaro, and he was a young khajiit from the skooma infested slums of the underbelly of the Alinor underground. Jadaro was thin, and his fur was dark brown with tan patches on his face around his eyes. His ears had chunks missing from them, no doubt lost to addict bites or street fights. Felicia knew that Jadaro was the main skooma dealer for that area, and she knew that he was responsible for many despicable acts, due to skooma addicts willing to do anything for their next fix. Jadaro controlled them, and he routinely used these addicts for his own purposes. Felicia didn't really care what he did, so long as he did what she needed him to do.

Felicia nodded to him, and then nodded towards the castle. "Time to go," she told him.

Jadaro smiled, and his pointed teeth shone in the newly darkened evening. "Jadaro is ready," he said quietly. "Jadaro will do as he is commanded," and then he ran silently down the hill towards the castle, his tail swinging quickly behind him as his legs churned.

Felicia was counting on Jadaro to sneak into the fortified castle and unlock the small guard entrance that the royal family used when it needed to sneak in and out of their own walls. There would be at least one guard posted at the door at all times, but she was counting on Jadaro's skill at silent maneuvering to keep their presence unknown. She waited a few minutes, and then she turned her head behind her and looked at her troops. They were all crouching in the dark awaiting her instructions. They had gone over the plan several times, and they all knew what needed to be done. The time for talking was over, now was a time for action.

Felicia nodded to the man in charge of her battalion and he nodded back. He waved his hand in the air in a circular motion and started off down the hill as quietly as he could. His troops followed him, and they all ducked down low as they trotted towards the small door in the castle wall. They weren't silent, and several of the men tripped on unseen holes in the ground. Felicia gritted her teeth. She could only expect so much from these men, whom she had dug from holes in the earth. They weren't military, they weren't even fighters. They were just vessels for her

will. She commanded them, and they heeded her call. As she thought about it, she realized that whether they lived or died really didn't matter that much to her. She could always get more. As she thought about this, somewhere deep within her mind, she thought she heard the screaming again. She shook her head to clear the echoes. Whatever that nuisance was, she didn't have time for it right now. She pushed the faint screaming sound deep within her, and crept down the hill towards her destiny.

Jadaro was waiting at the open door. A dead sentry lay propped up against the wall behind the door. Felicia hadn't heard any noise when Jadaro had fulfilled his part in the plan, so she handed him the small purse she had promised him. Inside was mostly silver, but there were a couple of gold coins in there. He briefly looked in the pouch, and for a second he looked like might protest at the sight of so much silver, rather than gold. But when his eyes raised up to her face, they widened and he merely shook his head in acceptance. Felicia nodded back, and then led her rag tag group of men around the interior perimeter of the castle proper.

Within a few minutes, they had made their way far enough that they could see the raised steps leading up to the giant doors that guarded the front entrance. There were lit braziers in rows from the bottom of the steps to the top. There were two sets of guards at the bottom of the steps, and what appeared to be close to ten guards at the doors. They all stood with the butt ends of their spears on the ground, and several of them were leaning casually using their spear as a crutch. Only a few of them seemed to be alert, and the rest of them seemed to be simply lounging. Felicia looked at her troops as they crouched in the alley. Each of them had a sword, but some of them were rusted. Some of them had chunks broken out of the blades, and several of them would probably break during the fight. It was all they were able to find, as the royal family didn't allow the town blacksmiths to forge weapons for villagers. Felicia looked back at the weaponry the guards wore. Each man had their own sword at his hip and the polished handles gleamed in firelight. The spears they casually leaned on were long and sharp, and reflected the light from the braziers as they moved idly in the guard's hands. Her men could use this upgrade, she thought. It was going to be loud, and soon they would have additional guards running to them to investigate, but by then her men would be better equipped. Felicia slowly stood and lifted her staff. "Those guards are holding your new weapons," she quietly told her men, "kill them, and claim what is yours." Her men poured from the alley in a quiet rush.

At the sound of footfalls, the group of guards at the bottom of the steps snapped to attention. They were quick, but not quite quick enough to mount a proper defense. Felicia's men jumped on them ferociously. The guard in front was trying to level his spear as a skinny man dressed in tattered clothing ran into him with his rusted sword sticking out in front of him. The guard didn't have a chance to scream as the dirty blade rammed through his stomach and out of his back. The two men fell to the ground, and as the light left the guards eyes, his last sight was a crooked smile as the grime smeared man raised himself up off of him. He left his rusty blade in the man's stomach and smiled at his new shining blade. He rose up, anxious to use his newly claimed prize. Before he could raise it, the blur of shining silver blade severed his head from his neck. The headless body fell to the side unnoticed as the battle between the two groups of men raged on.

Felicia's men were ferocious, but untrained. Their numbers allowed them to overwhelm the first group of guards with only a few casualties. But within moments, the rest of the guards from the top of the stairs joined the fray. After a minute had passed, Felicia saw that her men were not going to win this fight. She had more men alive and fighting than there were guards, but the guards were skilled, and had formed up to use the height of the steps to their advantage. They were holding their own. If she didn't help, her small battalion would die on the steps before they could even enter the front door.

Felicia's lips curled in a sneer. "I supposed I should have just done this myself from the beginning." She pointed her staff at the group of guards and forcefully pulsed out her will. A cord of lightning, fire, and ice, burst from the head of her staff and slammed directly into the middle of the group of guards. The handful of men that were at the initial blast point were incinerated immediately. The remaining lines of men around them were launched backwards to land in tangled heaps of crushed bones and burnt skin.

Her men looked around shocked. This was the first time they had really seen her power used. She walked through them towards the door. "Come now men," she stated calmly, "we have a throne to take." The men shook themselves out of their stupor, and their smiles began to widen. They quickly grabbed all of the gleaming weaponry the guards would no longer need, and ran to get to the door before Felicia could reach it.

Felicia waited impatiently for them to get the door moving, and once it creaked open widely, she saw a large squad of soldiers waiting for them. They were lined up in rows, and they all had their spears pointing towards them. Behind them, Queen Ayrenn herself stood in armor that fit her perfectly. She had a sword in her hand, and her long hair was pinned back. Felicia had to admit, the Queen was beautiful. But of course she was. She had been living her whole life in luxury, without fear, hunger, or hardship. Felicia's eyes began to burn with angry darkness. She could feel it pulsing outwards from her, and her men slowly backed away from her and formed up on either side of her.

"Your highness." Felicia barely managed to squeeze the words out of her throat. Her anguish and pain were swelling inside of her, and her emotions threatened to take away her ability to speak. The Queen was watching her. Her eyes were taking in Felicia's form, her clothes, her face, her staff, and her eyes were calculating. The Queen watched her, and she waited. Felicia gained control of her will and tried again. "Your highness, you have been judged Unfit to rule." As the Queen heard these words, one of her eyebrows raised higher. Felicia continued, "I am here to claim my birthright. The throne will be mine."

Queen Ayrenn simply listened and cocked her head to the side. "Is that so?" she asked. Her voice was soft, and surprisingly compassionate. "And you thought you would just come here, with your group of untrained farmers, and what? Overthrow us?" The Queen's eyes narrowed, and her voice became firm and unyielding. "Had you a legitimate grievance, you could have come and requested an audience, and your voice would have been heard. However," she gestured towards the open door and the carnage behind it on the steps, "you forfeited your right to a kind reception when you lowered yourself to violence. Now you have only your own actions to blame for your lot."

Felicia looked down at the polished marble they all stood on. Her voice came out quietly, "Our father made sure my lot was cast before you were even born." She raised her head and glared at the Queen. "Our father was a bastard, and I wish he were alive and here now standing beside you, so I could kill you both."

Queen Ayrenn seemed taken aback by Felicia's words. Felicia could see that Ayrenn was angry at the mention of her deceased father, the King. But she could also see the way her eyes were searching and calculating. She was trying to make sense of what Felicia had said, but she couldn't. Felicia decided that it didn't matter whether the Queen understood or not. Talking about it would not bring her mother back. And she hadn't expected Ayrenn to just give up the crown anyway. She would crush her. She would hold her throat in her hands.

Queen Ayrenn's mind was racing. She had heard the rumors of this assault coming a few days ago, and she had prepared for this meeting. She didn't know who would be leading it, and she didn't know why. She had been surprised when she saw this tall and elegant elven woman standing in the entrance of the castle. She was expecting an argonian warlord, or an orcish bandit. She was not expecting this high elf woman, and one who was so regal in her countenance. She was tall, shapely, with long silver hair, and a strikingly beautiful face. It was her eyes though, that held the Queen, and stayed her hand from immediately giving the prearranged signal. Her eyes seemed familiar, and there was something else. Something dark that played beneath them. Ayrenn could feel the magicka within this woman, and it was boiling, ready to explode. Then, the elven woman spoke, and the Queen was taken aback by her words. 'Our father', she had said. Ayrenn's mind was racing, trying to reconcile a lifetime of rumors and whispers, with the reality of the tall elven woman, and her bold implications. She wanted to ask her questions, and get the truth from her. But, the actions of this woman had crushed any chance of that. She couldn't ask her for more information. She couldn't allow her to speak more. Her guards had been slaughtered, and this she would not allow. Her people were precious to her, and even one death was too many. It didn't matter anymore who she was, or what her grievance was. She had lost her right to be heard when she murdered innocents. Queen Ayrenn gave the signal.

Felicia saw when the Queen had made up her mind. She could see her make a decision, and then she snapped her fingers behind her back. Felicia took a ready stance, and prepared to unleash her magicka upon the crowd of soldiers with their Queen behind them. But none of them moved. She waited a moment, and still nothing. Then, the sound of footsteps echoed in the silence. Slow moving and deliberate, footsteps were resounding from the left side of the great hall. Someone was slowly walking towards them.

Felicia looked to the left. A man was striding towards the empty space between Felicia's group and the cadre of soldiers. He was dressed in a robe that flowed down to his feet, but he wore armor beneath it. He was of average height with a muscular build, and he wore a strange golden mask. His robe was red and gold, and the combination of his robe and mask appeared to make him glow with a soft reddish golden light. However, what caught and held Felicia's attention more than anything was the staff he carried. It was of similar size to the staff that Felicia held tightly in her hands, but his had eagle wings at the top that fanned upwards as if it were about to

take flight. The wings were golden, and matched his robe and mask perfectly. Whoever this was, Felicia at least had to admire his gear. She smiled to herself as she imagined stealing it from him and making it her own. She imagined she would look very nice in all of that gold.

As he came to a stop between the two groups, he turned his back to Felicia as if he didn't have a care in the world, and quietly spoke to Queen Ayrenn. "My Queen, thank you for the opportunity to serve you this day." His voice was quiet, but strong. Felicia felt her face flush at his slight towards her when he had turned his back on her. Who did this man think he was? She would make him pay for his impertinence. The man did not wait for a reply from his Queen, he merely gave a quick bow, and turned to face Felicia.

"How dare you turn your back on me?" Felicia growled. "I will tear your head from your shoulders, and mount that pretty mask on my bedpost."

The man nodded slowly, listening to her. "Yes," he said, "I do believe you would. Unfortunately for you, I will not allow that to happen." He looked at her small group of men and spoke directly to them. "You have been deceived, citizens. I regret that you were led astray like this, but please understand that I cannot allow you to go unpunished. It is not personal, but you forfeited your lives when you murdered those men on the steps. You have gone too far." His face turned back to Felicia, who was now clenching her fists tightly on her staff, and her eyes were glowing with a darkness that seemed to seep out from her in an inky vapor. "Who are you?" He asked her.

"I am Felicia of the Formidable Family," she forced out. "I am the first born daughter of Lady Bethany and King Hidellith, and this throne is my birthright. My mother's death lays upon the head of this royal family, and my will is the retribution and vindication of my legacy. I have been spat upon, discarded, and labeled a liar." Felicia considered for a moment. "So, you want to know, who am I? I am 'Felicia the Fraudulent', and I will reclaim my rightful place." She sneered at him, "Who are you, walking dead man?"

Felicia waited for his response, while her words bounced off the walls in the eerily quiet room. The man in front of her seemed frozen in place. Then, his hands slowly moved up and pulled the mask from his face. He had a long red beard with beads in it, and his skin was pale. The hair on his head was cut into a long stripe from front to back, and it was matted down on his head from wearing the mask. He was obviously a Breton. His eyes were blue, and they seemed to penetrate into her as he stared intently.

"I am Felix the Formidable," he said, "and you had better have a damn good reason for speaking of my blood as if it were your own."