

Felicia the Frozen

Chapter 1

Felicia longed for the warm winds of her homeland. If she closed her eyes, she could almost hear the sound of the gentle wind blowing across the sparkling shores of the Summerset isle. She imagined the feel of the warm wind blowing across her face, and gently pushing her hair back over her ears.

She reluctantly opened her eyes to gaze out at what lay ahead of her. Her memories of the warm winds of Summerset quickly faded as her eyes took in the vast stretches of the snowcapped trees, and the biting cold of the city of Orsinium made the pointed tips of her Altmer ears ache. The Wrothgardian mountains were filled with danger, and the cold that threatened to numb her elven extremities would be the least of her worries.

She missed her homeland, but her mission was one of vital importance. Wrothgar was overrun. Molag Bal had sent hordes of daedra into these frozen lands, and they had turned most of the pristine and snowy white covered hills into bloody assemblages of viscera and gore. Orc carcasses littered the forests, fouled the streams, and the overwhelming miasma of rot hung in the air.

Felicia wrinkled her nose in disgust. It felt like the smell clung to her. Her anger was boiling near the surface as she took in the carnage that lay strewn about the once peaceful lands of the orcs. Her hands clenched into fists repeatedly as she tried to gain control of her emotions. She would get her chance to even the score. She would lay waste to them all. Lightning crackled lightly in a blue nimbus around her body, and ice formed at her fingertips as she took deep breaths in an effort to calm herself. Her magic felt like a living entity inside her, and it was screaming to be loosed. It pushed hard at the outer edges of her from the inside, as if it would leap from her fingertips if she didn't keep her fists tightly clenched.

Felicia gritted her teeth and regained control of her power. Breathing deeply, she inhaled the bitter cold air of Wrothgar, and let it out slowly. Her queen had trusted her with this mission and she would not disappoint her. She jumped down off of the small hill she had been standing on, and ran into the trees. Her rage was a fire within her. She hoped they heard her coming. She hoped they thought they were ready. She knew they weren't.

Around a small fire, a dozen skeletal warriors and several daedra worshippers sat on logs and gnawed on half cooked orc limbs. One of the daedra worshippers looked up just as a tall beautiful elven woman came out of the trees. She was running towards them, and her face was filled with rage. He had a second to shout, to say anything, but by the time he tried, a frozen spike shot through his eye socket and out of the back of his head. As the blood sprayed out in a fountain of red, a cluster of ice spikes slammed out of the ground and into their group, impaling all of them, and forcing them up into the air. They hung there, bloody ice stalagmites piercing their chests and abdomens, and their bodies twitched uncontrolledly as their life drained from them. They gurgled and spat, and eventually stilled, as their lifeless bodies began to turn to ice.

Felicia didn't even stop running to survey the scene. She ran past them as they choked and drained their quickly freezing blood onto the ground. Her eyes were already on her next target. Before this night was through, she would kill every daedra worshipping son of a bitch in the kingdom, or die trying.

Molag Bal would shiver in fear when he heard her name spoken. Felicia the Frozen was coming for him.

Chapter 2

Many hours later, Felicia stood in the snow and panted heavily. Her body was steaming from exertion, and around her lay ragged piles of dead daedra and daedra worshippers. She had been fighting nonstop for hours. She had run over most of the Wrothgardian terrain, and where before it had been covered with the blood of innocents, now it was a slogging mess of gore from the guilty. Her clothing was covered in blood and her hair was stuck to her neck and face. She looked like she had dipped herself in blood.

Felicia felt something pulling on her pants so she looked down. A bloody hand clutched at the edge of her clothing, its fingers twitching. It wasn't attached to a body, as it was severed at the elbow, and the twitching was simply residual nerves firing off with their last bits of synaptic energy. Ice formed on Felicia's arm, from her elbow down the length of her forearm, over her hand and down her fingers, until it formed a sharp blade that stuck out past her outstretched fingers by a good 2 feet. She casually used the icy blade to cut the fingers from her pants. The severed fingers fell in a pile next to the severed arm.

Felicia look around the clearing where all of the dead bodies lay, and then looked again at herself. She felt disgusting, and desperately needed a bath. Immediately, if not sooner. She missed her warm bathing room back at her villa. She closed her eyes and pictured the steaming tub of hot water. Damn, she needed to learn to how to teleport! "Oh well," she thought, "no need to dwell on what cannot be." So she stood up straight and walked towards the last place she had seen fresh water. There was a stream not too far from here. Felicia remembered jumping over it as she had chased down one of the wounded daedra worshippers who had attempted to escape her wrath.

A few minutes later Felicia found the stream. It was nearly twenty meters wide, and the icy cold water rushed quickly past her as she stood at the waters edge. She didn't think about the obvious difference between this icy stream and her steaming hot bath at home. Well, not too much. Felicia gritted her teeth and quickly strode out into the depths of the rushing stream. The cold was overwhelming and threatened to steal her breath from her lungs. She considered turning around, but the water was already up to her thighs. She might as well just hurry up and get it over with. She was tired of being covered in gore anyway. She dove forward and plunged herself deep into the frigid water. While she was under the water, she scrubbed at her face and hair. When she surfaced, she quickly rubbed at her chest and arms. The blood washed off of her and raced down the stream. Once she had gotten most of it off, she moved as briskly as she

could to get back to the shore. This would have to be good enough. Very soon, she would be back at the palace in front of a roaring fire sharing a cup of wine with Queen Ayrenn, and telling her of their victory here. Even despite the cold, she smiled at the thought of how her proud her queen would be.

Chapter 3

Felicia was riding in the back of a covered wagon. It hadn't taken long, once she had returned to civilization, to find a driver who needed coin. She had lodged at the local inn and taken another cold bath, this one with proper soap at least, and had even managed to find some halfway decent clothing from the tailor down the street from the inn. Now she was dressed warmly once again, and had her feet propped up on the bench in front of her as she rode comfortably and stared out of the curtained window. As the wagon rocked and swayed gently, her mind wandered.

Queen Ayrenn had tasked her with this mission in Wrothgar, and she had completed it handily. It was her first mission for the queen, and she was hopeful that she would be trusted with another one after this. She had been gone for weeks, and she wondered what was happening back at the quiet castle. As she was leaving the castle, another stranger had been riding in. Felicia had thought it strange that a man would wear a full faced mask while he was riding around in a peaceful town, but she didn't have time to investigate it further, because time was critical. She couldn't shake the strange feeling that she felt as he rode past. When she finally got back, she would investigate it further.

Chapter 4

As Felicia's wagon pulled around the corner, she could already feel a difference in the air. Power hung there, and she could taste it on her tongue. She didn't wait for the wagon to stop. Felicia swung out of the door and hit the ground in a full out run. She rushed in the back of the castle proper through her secret entrance. She usually preferred to come and go through this back door because it was rarely guarded and it provided a great view of the lobby from the second floor. Now it was a convenient access to where she felt the pulse of power. As she silently ran up the back steps, she could feel even more power begin to pulse from the lobby. "What in oblivion is going on?" she thought to herself.

Arriving at the balcony, Felicia crouched and surveyed the scene while keeping herself unseen. Below her, Queen Ayrenn stood in battle posture. Her troops were lined up in front of her, and there was a man standing in front of them, with his back to them. He was wearing a gold mask! "This guy!" Felicia muttered to herself. She continued to take in the scene. In front of the golden masked fellow was a stunningly beautiful elven woman. She was tall and had bright silver hair, and her eyes... Her eyes were glowing! Felicia had never seen anyone's eyes glow before, but she was pretty sure it wasn't supposed to look like that. This woman's eyes were indeed glowing, but it was a dark cloud of light that emanated from her face in a smoky haze. Behind and to either side of the glowing woman were what appeared to be ragged troops with dirty faces and clothing. Many of the dirty men had shiny new weapons though. Where had they gotten them? Felicia looked past them to the front door behind them. She could barely make out the blackened steps, and did she see blood out there? Felicia felt her own power

beginning to surge within her. Who were these people in her queen's lobby? She dampened her power so she wouldn't be noticed. "No need to alert them to my presence just yet," she thought.

Felicia stayed low and moved around the balcony edge so she could get closer and hear what was being said. She wasn't sure what was happening, but with all of the power gathered in the room, something big was about to go down. She would stay close to Queen Ayrenn just in case. If anything moved too aggressively, the queen would find herself surrounded by a wall of protective ice. As Felicia got closer she could make out what was being said.

"I am Felicia of the Formidable Family," Felicia heard her say. Felicia's eyes widened when she heard this, and her mind raced. The Felicia on the floor was still speaking, but Felicia's thoughts were already hurtling forward. If this woman was a Felicia, then they shared blood. Was she her sister? Aunt? Felicia doubted it was an aunt, because this woman was young and beautiful. Felicia knew her family history, and she was raised by her father who was a Felix. He made sure his only daughter knew her hereditary magicka skills, as well as the genealogy of her family. If this beautiful elven woman was a Felicia, and she wasn't one of the Felicia's that she had studied about with her tutors, then she was one of the lost members that her father had been hunting for years. She would have to tell him immediately! The beautiful Felicia on the floor had finished speaking, and silence had filled the hall. Felicia refocused on what was happening.

The man with the golden mask seemed as shocked by the Felicia proclamation as Felicia herself was. While Felicia watched, the man slowly reached up and took his mask off. His hair was sweaty and matted down from wearing the mask, and it flowed from the front of his head to the back in a thick straight line.

"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."

Felicia was stunned. Not only was she stunned, she could tell the silver haired Felicia below her was stunned also. Felicia glanced in the direction of the queen. Ayrenn was sweating, and nervously watching both of the people in the middle of the lobby. Felicia made a few quick decisions. The unknown Felicia on the floor could be legit, which meant that she was honor bound to protect her. But she was obviously responsible for assembling this ragtag group of men and using them to attack the castle, and presumably would be attacking her queen as well. Formidable blood or not, her queen would not be harmed. Which meant she would have to forcibly pacify this potential Felicia until she could physically grab her and determine if her claim was legitimate or not. If she was fraudulent, she would have to die. If she wasn't... Felicia would have to find a way to contain her without killing her.

Her eyes shifted to the man holding the mask. He claimed he was a Felix as well. He seemed confident in his abilities as he stared down the potential Felicia who was blinking at him in shock. Would she need to incapacitate him as well? From the way he stood, he was forming a wall between the queen and the elven woman. From the look of the situation, it seemed as if he were attempting to protect the queen. So, Felicia would have to take a chance. Her first move would have to be to secure the queen and her troops. Her next move would be to attempt to confine the potential Felicia. It would be tricky, and she didn't honestly know if she could pull it

off. Her powers were indeed formidable, and worthy of the family name. But the waves of magicka power that pulsed off of these two as they faced each other were impressive. She might be able to outperform and outmaneuver one of them, but if she had to take on both of them, she could be in serious trouble.

Felicia closed her eyes for a moment and thought to herself, “Father, may your daughter make you proud this day.” Then, as she opened her eyes, she launched herself into the air.

Chapter 5

Queen Ayrenn, protector of the Aldmeri Dominion, was sweating and trying very hard to keep her legs from visibly shaking. She would not shame herself in front of her men. But she could feel the power radiating off of the two people in the center of the room, and she knew that within moments, her and her men might be smoking piles of flesh on the polished floor. The woman had declared herself a Felicia, and staked a right to the throne. Legitimate claim or not, this woman had forfeited her right to be heard when she had slain innocents. Ayrenn knew Felix was who he claimed to be, because he had ridden in weeks ago and pledged to use his powers to protect the royal family and the Aldmeri Dominion. In the past few weeks he had shown her that his power was real, and she believed that no one could possibly best this man in combat. Even more than that, he had shown her that he was honorable. He took every mission seriously, and treated everyone he met with respect, regardless of their station. As she thought of those missions, her mind moved to Felicia the Frozen. “Where is my Felicia?” the queen thought to herself. She had hoped her Felicia would have returned a week ago from her mission in Wrothgar. Things must have been worse than they thought. She whispered a silent prayer for her Felicia. She had so much to tell her. Felicia had been searching for the lost members of her family for as long as the queen had known her. Of course, this Felix had shown up within hours after she had sent Felicia to Wrothgar. If she lived through this day, she would have a lot to tell her friend when she returned. Queen Ayrenn, protector of the Aldmeri Dominion, steeled herself for battle, took deep breaths, and tried not look as terrified as she felt.

Chapter 6

Felicia’s leap took her off the balcony and high into the air. She sailed high and fast. The first person she passed over was the queen. As she flew past her, she thrust her outstretched arm towards her and poured her power outward in a half circle. Ice shot from her hand and slammed to the ground in front of the queen, stacking and forming a semicircular wall of ice. It happened so quickly that the queen had only a second to look upwards as Felicia passed over, and then the wall of ice obscured her vision. As Felicia hurtled through the air towards Felicia the Fraudulent, she could tell that it had taken too long. She had managed to protect the queen, so her primary objective was completed. But now, she didn’t know if she could pull off her second objective. She was pushing her arm forward, power was flowing from her, and a beam of ice was shooting toward Felicia as she stood there on the floor. But Felicia the Fraudulent had heard her coming, and she had overcome her moment of shock at hearing Felix’s words. Now, her eyes had tracked to Felicia’s body flying towards her, and the beam of ice heading towards her.

Felix heard the sound of exertion, and the sound of wind rushing behind him. He glanced upwards and saw a beautiful blonde woman flying above him. She wasn't really flying he realized, but jumping. And wow, could she jump! While she was in the air, she shot ice from her hand that formed a wall around the front of the queen. "Excellent," he thought, "there's one less thing for me to worry about!" As he continued watching, he could see that her momentum would carry her all the way to the potentially fraudulent Felicia in front of him. The blonde woman had her arm outstretched, and a powerful ice beam was erupting towards the Felicia on the floor opposite him. "It's go time," he thought, and shoved his arms out in front of him.

Chapter 7

Felicia the Fraudulent was staring at this Felix in front of her for what seemed like an eternity. "His blood?!" she thought. "My blood." she decided. "Mine, like this castle, like my birthright, like my power, like the lives of all the people in this Aldmeri Dominion, it all belongs to me!" she thought furiously to herself. She ignored the screaming in her mind, and summoned her power. Then, movement caught her eye. A blonde woman was flying towards her, and she was sending icy power her way. Felicia smiled to herself. "Finally," she thought, "a challenge!"

Felicia shoved her staff upwards toward the flying woman and let loose with a powerful torrent of twisting power. As she did, a force of wind hit her in the middle of her chest and knocked her backwards. Her stream of power went wide and seared a giant hole in the wall, and where she had been standing was now a giant pile of ice where the icy beam had hit. Felicia was knocked backward out of the door, and the air was forced out of her lungs. As she landed hard on the steps outside of the giant door, she heard loud popping sounds in her back, and felt pain blossom fiercely all over her. She gasped for breath that wouldn't come and stared upwards. She saw a blur of red and gold and then Felix was standing above her.

"Well now," he said, "we shall see if you truly are who you claim to be." Then his fist slammed into her face, and her world blinked into peaceful darkness.
