

## The Formidable Family Chronicles Part 4

### Chapter 1

Felicia the Fraudulent was standing in a wide open field of lush green grass that seemed to stretch outwards as far as she could see. The sun warmed her face as she let her eyes drink in the sight of it all. It was so quiet and peaceful with the occasional breeze stirring her hair and caressing her so gently. A quiet fluttering and buzzing of little wings revealed a small fairy gliding lazily through the bright and clear sky. It seemed to chirrup to itself quietly as if it were having a conversation that only it could hear, as it's quickly moving wings that sprouted from its back carried it easily away from her.

Felicia looked down at her hands as they reached out to lightly brush across the tops of the grassy stalks that protruded from the fertile ground. The grass lightly tickled her fingers and the palms of her hands as she slowly turned in a circle with her arms outstretched, the swaying grass stalks bending over easily as her hands glided over them. She came to a stop and stood straight up and let the warm sun shine down upon her upturned face.

Idly, she rubbed at her nose as she felt a light itchiness on the tip. When she pulled her hand away she stared at it mutely. Her hand was dripping with thick red blood that began to ooze down her forearm to her elbow. Felicia stared at the blood as it slowly ran down her skin, pooled in the bend of her arm, and dripped off her elbow. Her vision became blurry as her eyes watered. She began to slowly become aware of a pain that seemed to be building behind her eyes, and pulsing outwards in greater and greater waves.

Felicia gasped, and she could feel the blood moving on the surface of her skin. It was moving on its own now, covering her entire arm, and working its way across her shoulder and neck. It ran across her chest and down in between her breasts. It spread upwards underneath her chin, and began to wrap itself around her lips and cheeks. She gasped and inhaled deeply as she attempted to move or wildly swing her arms. But, her arms didn't move, and her lungs wouldn't move the air she was trying to inhale. The blood swept into her mouth in a rush, and as she gagged and her eyes rolled back into her head, the blood covered her face entirely and her body collapsed onto ground.

Felicia's body lay on the ground, and spreading outwards from her was a blood wave of dark red that expanded in all directions. As it rushed outwards, the dark red color changed to black, and the inky black liquid enveloped the glade. At the center of it all was Felicia's form beneath the inky blackness, and her mouth was open in a scream that could not be heard.

The beautiful landscape that once had been the last remaining corner of Felicia's subconscious was drowned in darkness and pain. Her mind screamed silently under the assault, and from the farthest reaches of her mind came a soft and dark laughter that echoed throughout her entirety.

### Chapter 2

Felix the Formidable sat in a comfortably padded chair. The room in which he sat was open and spacious with long flowing silk curtains that lightly blew back from the windows as a soft summer breeze whispered in. The room was on the highest floor of one of the palace's turrets, and from where he sat he could have easily looked out of the window and marveled at the beautiful city that stretched out far beneath him. This was a view that only a few wealthy and privileged people in the entire Aldmeri Dominion would ever have the ability to gaze upon. However, Felix wasn't interested in the view. He sat

on the chair with his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped in front of him. His head was bowed with his forehead resting on both of his hands. His eyes were closed, but he did not sleep, nor was he alone.

In the center of the room was a large canopied bed with silky drapes that hung loosely and moved in the wind that blew lightly from the windows. Felix was sitting on one side of the bed, head bowed and eyes closed. On the other side of the bed sitting in a padded chair exactly like the one Felix sat in was a beautiful blonde haired woman. She was also leaning forward with her forehead resting on her clasped hands. Her long blonde hair hung unbound and hid her face. The points of her small Altmer ears poked through her hair. Behind the curtain of her hair, her eyes were also closed. She was Felicia the Frozen, and while her eyes were closed, she also did not sleep.

Laying in the large bed was another Altmer woman. Her body lay motionless, and her breathing was slow and quiet. Her long silver hair spread across the soft pillow that cushioned her head. Felicia the Fraudulent lay there surrounded by silken sheets and warm winds, but behind her closed eyes a war raged. A darkness that only she could see was fighting to swallow her mind. She was fighting, but she was losing. Somewhere deep within her, she knew that if she lost, she would be gone forever.

### Chapter 3

As Felix sat, his thoughts were racing. He could feel the magicka pulsing from the Altmer woman on the bed. But she wasn't just some random Altmer woman. He had known instantly when his fist had smashed her head against the cold stone and knocked her unconscious. The second that his skin had touched hers, his blood had sang a song he had never heard before. It had revealed her to him in a way that was instantaneous, but still took his mind some time to process. The easy part to understand was that this Altmer woman was his sister. This in itself was a revelation, as if he had been a ship with no course aimlessly floating in the ocean, only to suddenly feel the wheel in his hands, the wind filling his sails, and land in his sight on the horizon. He had been so shocked that he had fallen backwards away from her after he had punched her, and Felicia the Frozen had caught him before he had hit the ground. It was then that his blood had sang again, and his head had swam with the knowledge that this woman was also his sister. It was so much to process that he had nearly passed out. Thankfully, his sister was strong and had kept him upright. As he stared at her face, he could see that she was experiencing the same feelings that were coursing through him. Her bright blue eyes had been wide, and her hands tightly clenched his shoulders where she had caught him.

After a few seconds had passed, they had hugged fiercely and cried out in joy and laughter. Felix could feel his sister's relief, her joy, and the love for her family that sang within her blood just like it did deep within himself. Around them, the scene had been one of confusion. Queen Ayrenn and her personal guards had surrounded them, not sure what they were supposed to do. The main force of her guards had rounded up the small army that Felicia the Fraudulent had brought into the palace and were escorting them to the dungeons beneath the castle.

Felix had insisted on bringing Felicia the Fraudulent up to his personal room in the tower, and Queen Ayrenn had reluctantly agreed, but only if Felix consented to having guards outside of his room to make sure things could be contained if they needed to respond. Felix had agreed, even though he knew that he and the Queen both understood that if things did indeed get violent, it would be up to him to handle it.

So, Felix and Felicia had carried their unconscious sister up to his room and placed her on his bed. They both could feel the magicka warring within her. They made her as comfortable as they could, and then had taken up places on either side of the bed in case she woke up. They had much to consider, and many questions that needed answers. Felicia the Fraudulent was Family, and while such a thing had been

previously unthinkable, family or not, she could not be allowed to run wild injuring and killing innocents. Despite her blood, and the love that Felix and Felicia felt for her, she would have to be subdued, permanently. The question hanging the air between them remained unanswered. If and when Felicia the Fraudulent woke up, would she be a long lost sister, or newly found enemy?

## Chapter 4

Felicia the Frozen could feel the love within her pulsing ferociously. Her heart was still full of joy after discovering that she not only had a brother, but also a sister. Her life long search for her family had finally yielded results, and those results were so much more than she had ever anticipated. Her thoughts were racing as she waited beside the bed that her sister rested in. Would she awaken as the sister she had always dreamed of having? Or would she awaken as a monster that needed to be slain? Her stomach turned and her heart ached at even the thought of what must happen if her newly found sister became the monster they feared she may have become. What was happening within her? What could they do to help?

Felicia raised her head off of her hands and opened her eyes to look across the bed at her brother Felix, who still had his head down in thought. She knew that he struggled with the same demons she did, and she knew that he would make the same decisions she would. She turned her bright blue eyes to her resting sister on the bed. "C'mon Sister," she thought, "Give me a sign. Show me how I can help you."

## Chapter 5

Deep within the darkness, Felicia the Fraudulent fought. Her mind seemed to be completely overtaken, and all that was left within her was the spark of her spirit. She finally understood the darkness, and knew it for what it was. The Enemy was cunning and had set a trap that she in her ignorance had walked right into. When she had first learned how to tap into the magicka deep within herself, she had never even considered that the attack she had just survived was only the first part of the trap. The Enemy had lured her into tapping into the darkness to heal herself. And once she had, she left herself open to attack, and at that point she did not even know how to defend herself. The Enemy had consumed her and incapacitated her, and then shoved her deep within her own mind while it took control of her body. All of her strong emotions were fuel for the beast, and it had fed upon her until it gained enough strength to push her down deeper and deeper. She was left trapped within herself, screaming where no one could hear her.

But now, now something was different. She could remember everything that had happened. She had been forced to watch, but was unable to make herself say or do anything. She had watched as the beautiful blonde Altmer woman had jumped towards her. She had tried to stop herself, but she was unable to, and she had watched as her own staff had sent a violent force of magicka towards her. And then, after she was knocked backwards out of the door and onto the steps, she had cried out silently as her back was slammed onto the cold stone steps. As she lay there staring upwards, the man had stood above her and spoken, but she couldn't make out what he had said. His punch was lightning fast and her vision went black instantly.

It was then at that moment of pain and darkness that it had happened. The man's punch had done something. When his skin had contacted hers, her blood had ignited. And in a second, she had understood what she had been searching for her entire life. Blood, family, true purpose, identity. These things were foreign concepts that had previously only existed as platitudes or clichés. In that moment, understanding had flooded through her. That man was Felix. That man was her brother. That man's

blood was her blood. She was not alone. And then, that long and instantaneous moment in time had ended, and the darkness had consumed her again.

The spark of her spirit that remained now felt different. She knew she had to fight. She knew she now had a real reason to fight. Since her mother had died her life had been devoid of love. It had felt like that kind of love would never again exist within her. But, here it was. It was keeping this spark of her spirit burning brightly. So she embraced it, and she gave herself to it, and she allowed it to fuel her. The brightly burning spark within her became a bonfire, the darkness began to flee from its intensity. Felicia pushed with all of her will, she pushed with that feeling of love and family, and she gave it everything she had. Her scream of power echoed within her as she forced the darkness out of her, and the laughter it had once emitted became a cry of pain as it fled.

## Chapter 6

Felix felt it immediately. His eyes opened and he looked at his sister on the other side of the bed. Felicia the Frozen was staring back at him intently. She nodded her head that she had felt it as well. They both rose and as one grabbed their sister's arms with their bare hands.

"Come home to us dear sister," Felix told her gently.

"Yes sister," Felicia the Frozen echoed quietly, "come back home to us."

An inky dark mist began to rise from Felicia the Fraudulent's body. It rose like a cloud of vapor and floated towards the window. Felix dropped his sister's arm and ran to follow it. The cloud of darkness rushed out of the window and began to streak away from the tower.

"Wrong move," Felix said, and hurled a bolt of lightning directly towards the inky cloud. Thunder clapped loudly as the bolt struck the dark cloud, and the vaporous darkness exploded into a ball of fire that evaporated into nothingness.

Felix spun back around and rushed to side of the bed to grab his sister's arm once again. They both stood there with Felicia's arms in their hands, and for several tense moments nothing happened. Then, slowly, Felicia's eyes began to flutter. As her eyes shakily opened, tears began to flow, and she began to shake.

Her throat rasped as she spoke for what seemed like the first time in too many years. She managed to say one word before she broke down into tears. "Family..."

Felix and Felicia embraced their sister, and together they held her and cried with her. They were a family, they were finally together, and their bond was unbreakable.