

Фиби Тюдор

Sivana



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Phoebe Tudor is a modern English writer, a recognized master of love stories, who combines genres with talent. Her novels are full of mysticism, eroticism, exciting adventures of the main character and her men, secrets and unexpected twists. "Sivana" will seduce you with a love story and the solution of frightening secrets. It will give you several exciting hours of traveling to a parallel magical world. Sivana, a girl with a difficult fate, will take possession of what rightfully belongs to her in both worlds, and your interest.

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Part 1. Among people

Chapter 1. Birthday

The feeling that I was being watched has not left me since the last day. And it wasn't about my lover, peacefully snoring with a stuffy nose on the pillow next to me after a night of madness. Not in his suspicious sister, who takes care of her brother unnecessarily and looks at me without warning in a neighborly way. It's absolutely not that my friend is preparing a festive evening for my birthday with guests and gifts, which I can't stand. I feel uneasy for another reason.

A ragged ringing in my head... today I'm 31. Every year on my birthday on October 31, HE gives me a gift that I don't want to accept... What will happen this time? –that's what really bothers me. Stretching, I jumped out of the warm bed onto the cold parquet floor and headed for the kitchen.

It's almost blooming. It was raining outside the window. His drops, running down the glass, seemed to look into the house, wanting to make sure that I was ready for today.

A good omen for a birthday, I thought.

While my lover was sleeping, I filled the kettle with fresh water and put it on the stove. I fed the cat. Grabbing a clean towel of my favorite berry color from the closet, I went to the shower.

"I don't recognize myself," a premonition of danger took hold of me when I caught my wild look for a moment in the reflection of the bathroom mirror. I have always lived alone, after the orphanage and studying at the university, I absolutely did not need company, except for one night. But now I suddenly caught myself thinking that lately I've been like a different person. And...is there a person at all?

Something changed in me gradually, and so imperceptibly from each of my birthdays. I was no longer afraid, but I was still afraid of the unexpected. Everything should go according to plan, it's safer and calmer for me. But today is not the day when this is possible...

My thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door and a boiling kettle. Taking a bitten-off apple – my dietary breakfast of the gifts of autumn, I turned off the gas and went to find out who is so impatient to disturb me in the morning. My stupid neighbor was standing on the threshold with a pumpkin pie in his hands.

– Here, Sivana, here, my mother baked for your holiday, – he said, as if mocking, handing me a gift. His mother was a strange woman, once I noticed her on my doorstep muttering gibberish.

– Very nice, thank you. Tell your mother, thank you, " I was about to close the door and get rid of his vulgar shifty look, when he added

"And this was in your drawer, another gift," he winked, holding out a white envelope. His voice sounded creepy and slow, as it seemed to me.

I slammed the door. I threw the pumpkin pie into the bucket, since my plans did not include poisoning myself with the brew of a local witch.

The envelope is as always without the return address and the sender's stamp. They come to me every year and on my birthday. She opened the envelope. It contains a postcard with a picture of a deer with human hands, standing on its hind legs with a golden halo in its horns. On the back of the postcard is printed:

"I command you, SIWA, my goddess of autumn and garden fruits, to be naked today at the agreed place after sunset, holding a red apple in your right hand and a bunch of red grapes in your left. The time has come.

An old silver chain with a pendant in the shape of a deer's head fell out of the envelope. Fine Celtic work...The hands reached out to her of their own accord. I held the gift to my neck, and the chain fastened by itself. I shuddered with fright, but reassured myself that the lock of the chain is probably magnetic and it is as easy to remove as to put it on.

–Are you trying on gifts already, honey? – I heard a hoarse voice from the bedroom, I looked around and saw the shaggy head of my Irish lover spread out in a smile. He was sitting on the bed, in the pose of an alpha male, confident in his irresistibility, and completely unashamed of a naked body covered with freckles and red hair from head to toe. In his hands was a bag from the store with expensive underwear, which he handed to me and grinned.

– Come here, try it on, and please me on your Birthday, – he said in a voice that does not tolerate objections.

I went over, kissed him, and unwrapped the gift. His hands pushed the silk robe off my shoulders, leaving me ready to try on underwear. The cherry-colored weightless lace grace with the help of his dexterous hands was on me, just like himself...

"I have things to do, Thomas. There's a meeting in 15 minutes, " I stopped the hot lover. I liked to tease him and make him tame.

–Well, we'll see you in the evening, right? On your holiday? Can I come over? displeased, he loosened his grip and released me.

– Maybe. I have to get dressed, "I urged him.

The former military man is used to gathering at lightning speed and not asking unnecessary questions. So five minutes later he was no longer in my house. That's why I like red Thomas. For the opportunity not to get in the way and be there whenever I want.

–And the gift is really good, he knows my taste, – I appreciated the underwear Thomas gave me in front of the mirror, but suddenly shuddered. A necklace on my neck flashed in the mirror, I forgot about it at the wrong time. I felt terrible.

I was almost sure who the sender of it was. I didn't want to and couldn't believe it, because a year has passed. I thought it was over. I thought I could live in peace now. But this was not the case.

My birthday flew by for the usual things, meetings with patients in our city psychological center. The feeling of the object of observation did not leave me all day.

In the middle of the day at lunchtime, I looked into the library, where I liked to visit when I was still a student. My friend Mary works here as a librarian. It was nice and surprising that she decided not to give me a grand party as she had previously intended for my birthday. I hugged her with joy.

– Sivana, this is my gift to you. Be calm, I will not set you up with potential husbands and our classmates will not bother you with stupid conversations. This is your day, spend it as you want. But I'll still come by after work with a bottle of vermouth and chocolate. – said a friend.

"Mary, I'm so glad! Come, we will sit well as before. I was inspired for a moment.

– Although, I stopped by to see you on business. I'm looking for some information, could you help? I asked Mary.

– Yes, of course, a girlfriend. What do you want to know? she looked at me with a cold look over the top of her glasses, although a minute ago she seemed friendly.

I showed her the postcard I received today. As it seemed to me, Mary was not surprised. She quietly led me through the rows of books to the far section of the library, where the oldest publications were stored. The dusty air with the smell of old books and secrets now seemed to me frightening, and not attractive as before.

– Be careful, visitors are not allowed here. If my superiors find out, I'll be in trouble. Look at the Celtic regiment –this is section 31, " she said very quietly and quickly left.

After leafing through several dusty books, in which I could not read a single line, since I do not know the language of the ancient Celts, I still hoped to find the solution to the message and gift this time. And in one of the manuscripts I found an engraving with a similar image of a deer. Kernun-read the inscription, which I understood. I entered this name into the browser search engine on the computer that stood on the reader's desk and the browser gave out a lot of links.

So, I learned: The

God Kernunn has deer horns; the god is often accompanied by a deer – his cult animal par excellence. He often wears a torc around his neck – a sacred neck ornament, a chain with a medallion in the form of a deer's head, and sometimes holds it in his hands.

For me, this knowledge was a revelation!

The torc of the Celtic god is described as a chain that is around my neck...

In the postcard, they address me by the name of Siwa, the Celtic goddess...And my name is Sivana.

Today is October 31, according to Celtic mythology, the holiday of spirits, the day of Samhain...Today is my birthday.

Another ragged ringing in my head...What is this supposed to mean?

But I had no time to think about strange things, I had to go back to the office, where the next patient was waiting for me with his urgent questions.

At the end of the day, I stopped by the store to buy cat food and food for an impromptu festive dinner. And when I got home after dark, I found something strange on the porch. It was an arrow, lined with chains such as are usually tied to dogs to a kennel. But none of the neighbors had dogs in the vicinity, since the area in which I live is a district of cat lovers. Therefore, it is not clear where this chain came from.

The arrow from the chain pointed to the alley ...a shiver of fear ran through my body, but I went towards the trees. As I approached the alley, I could hear the rattle of chains more and more clearly. On one of the trees there was a swing on chains tied to a branch. I loved to swing on them and reflect, here once the only one I loved confessed to me in love.

Now someone was swinging on this very swing in the dark, and the clang of chains rusted from the rains inspired fear. I came closer.

I felt that the figure on the swing was glaring at me, but curiosity overcame me and I took a step closer.

The figure jumped down from the swing and darted towards me. At that moment, I was numb with horror.

Big strong hands grabbed me and spun me around in an embrace. I felt a kiss on my lips and the familiar scent of Clive Christian C. The fragrance, like its owner, I was never destined to forget.

– Did you like my gift? a familiar voice said

"Yes," I answered, barely holding back tears of joy.

–I'm back.

Chapter 2. The first memory

A wild rage seized me. I was clenching the fist of my left hand. Blood was oozing from a wound on my wrist and dripping onto the hem of my dress. I had a big stick in my right hand, I was going to attack a huge wolf.

The beast stared at me, its snarl and the snarl of its sharp fangs betrayed its readiness to attack at any moment. From the mouth of the beast, equal to me in size, but not in strength, saliva flowed, mixed with my blood.

I didn't feel afraid. I wanted to protect Arthur. The boy behind me was almost torn apart by a wolf, blood was oozing from his wounds. He couldn't get up from the ground. I heard his muffled voice: "Sivana, run, save yourself!".

I went on the offensive, I was indignant, I was furious...

And then I heard the barking of dogs approaching. Instinctively, I turned, just for a moment in the direction of the sound. I saw the terriers approaching, and a man running after them. They were approaching me along the pine alley, in which it turns out I was now.

And there was no one else around. There was no boy behind my back. There was no attacking wolf. They were gone.

And I was standing in the middle of a pine tree on the withered, damp grass and did not understand what was happening.

Two terriers ran up to me, sniffed and wagged their little tails. A couple of minutes later, the owner caught up with them. He was a stocky man, with a curly head of black hair, a neat beard and an aristocratically straight nose. He looked to be in his early forties. He was wearing a tweed blue suit and did not look at all like a man who had just gone out for a dog walk. He looked more like a serious professor.

When he came up to me, I caught the excitement and joy in his brown eyes, framed by thick eyelashes. This made his gaze seem friendly and warm to me.

– Girl, how did you get here? Are you lost? Where are your parents? – the man bombarded me with questions.

–I don't know...Have you seen a wolf? – the first thing I said.

– What's your name? There was alarm in his voice.