

# Unnamed?

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*Making it up as I go along.*

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## 1 - Massacre

The stench of death was heavy in the air, as thick and foul as clotted blood. Somewhere near, mutilated bodies were hidden. Their decapitated souls swept the air, desperately searching for a way to Heaven.

So few of them would make it.

A girl with hair the color of purple storm-clouds stood alone in the dark, dank underground room. Her eyes were a misty grey, giving her the look of a blind-woman. She had a sharp, pretty face. Her skin was paper-white and her lips were full and red.

She tasted the air, her tongue flicking in and out of her open mouth.

"Good to see you," came a voice from the darkness ahead.

The young girl did not flinch. "I wish I could say the same, Davror. This room is too dark for my... untrained eyes."

The one called Davror chuckled and came closer. A sound similar to that of a match being struck, only louder and deeper, echoed in the darkness and suddenly it was darkness no longer.

This time, she did flinch. When he used his sorcery, it made her nervous.

"You still fear my hand, then, child?" Davror said, noticing the girl's expression.

Davror was tall, much taller than the girl's five feet. His head was shaven and his skin was a similar tone to his companion's. He was a large man too, with muscular arms and legs and broad shoulders. One hand was clasped behind his back, the other stretched out as though offering something. The outstretched hand was aflame.

"I have done what you asked, Davror," the girl said, icily.

"Kyra, why so tense?" He came closer and stroked her face with his fiery hand. It did not burn her skin, but his touch sent shivers down her spine of an unpleasant sort. "You need to learn to relax."

Kyra stepped away quickly, before Davror had a chance to kiss her. "I would have thought even *you* would be able to appreciate my unease," she snapped.

Davror laughed a humorless laugh. His voice was tuneful and somehow childlike, a quality that unnerved her even more. "Kyra, when will you learn that to get what you want, you must bend to others' will? I can offer you what you want, but shan't. Unless, you give me what *I* want."

Davror moved closer still. Kyra's back was now against the dripping wall. She had nowhere else to run. As Davror bent his neck to kiss her again, she turned so his lips met her cheek.

"I have done what you asked!" Kyra repeated. "When our deal was settled, we mentioned nothing of *this*!"

"Deals change," Davror murmured, using his strong hands to hold Kyra's head in place. She had the power to move her body, but knew that if she did her neck would snap.

"Succumb, child." Davror's voice was heavy with lust. Without another word, he kissed her viciously. His mouth tasted sweet, though faintly of blood. Kyra gave up trying to fight him off and lost herself in the kiss. Davror's strong hands travelled slowly from her neck to her breasts...

THWACK!

As soon as he released his grip, Kyra twisted her body, bringing her clenched fist up to meet his jaw with incredible force. Davror was taken by surprise and the flame in his hand went out, plunging the cavern into darkness.

After a few moments of stunned silence, Davror spoke. To Kyra's immense annoyance, his tone was amused. "Ah, Kyra. You never fail to entertain."

"You barely know me, Davror."

"But I know *of* you. I have heard enough about you from others to make sound judgments." Changing his tone, he said, "Fine. You did as I ordered, you may have your wish."

Davror's hand was alight once again and the other was hidden in the folds of his damp cloak. Kyra leant forward, trying to glimpse at what was hidden beneath the dark clothe.

The hand soon re-emerged, carrying a small velvet pouch that clanked and tinkled gently as it swung back and forth. Kyra's eyes followed its movement until she suddenly became aware of Davror's eyes on her.

She held out her hand and he dropped the pouch. She closed her fist around it, a smile splitting her face from ear-to-ear. "Thank you."

Davror was gone.

Leaving the abandoned war bunker behind her, Kyra burst out through the dark arched entrance into the orange sunset and ran as fast as her exhausted legs could carry her, across field after field of swaying long grass, the velvet pouch staying clutched in her fist.

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Some unreadable amount of time later, when Kyra's mind and feet had finally stopped racing, she found herself stood outside a large cottage with dirty white walls and a double-oak door with lush green ivy beginning to creep over its edges. Every inch of the dark brown wood of the door was covered in elaborate carvings, portraying countless amounts of characters and events.

Kyra slipped the velvet pouch into the pocket of her shirt. With the same hand, she then traced the patterns on the door with a finger, gently. A sigh eased its way from her slightly parted lips and she murmured the word, "Home."

She was about to push open the door when someone said her name.

It was a familiar voice, a voice she would recognize anywhere. A voice she had come to despise over the last few years.

"Kyra." There it was again.

"What?" Kyra snapped, taking her hand quickly from the door.

"You're a murderer, Kyra. All those innocent lives. Why did you do it?"

"You know full well why I did it!" Kyra yelled. Birds sprang from the surrounding pine trees and a disgruntled owl watched her with one large eye.

There was a short silence, and then, "There were other ways."

"Name one!"

"I don't have to. You saw the fire in Davror's eyes, felt the heat of his touch."

Kyra flinched. "I'd rather kill *myself*, let alone a few innocents, than give him what he wanted. That man... *beast*... is repulsive! I eagerly look forward to the day I shall get to slash his throat!"

"Like you did to all those dog-walkers and picnickers earlier this afternoon? It was a massacre, Kyra. Your hands are stained with the blood of the innocent and forever will be!"

Kyra smacked herself so hard around the face that it would have made anyone watching grimace. Kyra didn't mind. It made the voice stop. Half of her being prided itself on still having good in it, but the bigger half of her often wished she did not have a conscience.

## 2 - Kyra Who?

Some ordinary people had seen her, but she was not remembered. A quick glimpse of a strange girl in the streets or by the woods is not often stored away in people's memories.

Although she was mainly ignored by the people of the town near which she lived, Kyra was watched. In her sleep she tossed and turned and in her nightmares she felt the eyes of a power much greater than any human being or creation. The one thing she was certain of was the bargain her former self had made. Time was running out and she needed to complete her side of the deal - if only she knew what it was.

That's where Davror de'Monso comes in. After months of fruitless searching for answers to questions she wasn't sure of, Kyra was in turn the subject of Davror's search. Before long, he found her and requested her services in return for some answers.

Kyra agreed and, three weeks later, slaughtered three women, two men and five children with "pure" souls. Davror was satisfied with what she offered him and gave her a small velvet pouch that held three amethyst crystals, a silver coin and a little bone statuette of a cobra snake.

At the cottage in which she had first awoken into her new life, Kyra sat cross-legged on the wooden floor of the hallway. The contents of the velvet pouch were scattered in front of her and she was glaring at them with a blazing intensity, as if the answers would become apparent, as long as she stared hard enough.

Of course, this was not the case, and no matter how hard she stared, the little objects offered no answers.

"Course not. Nothing," she murmured. No sudden recognition, no memories, no nothing. A feeling of betrayal and realisation suddenly dawned on her.

"That lying, cheating bastard!" Kyra cursed, throwing her hands in the air in exasperation. Of course! These objects were nothing but a scam! A fake prize to assure her services.