

# The myth

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Submitted: September 22, 2011

Updated: September 22, 2011

*Kyrie takes a tour in the old castle outside of the town where she's staying for her vacation. Little does she know her tour guide isn't some woman dressed up as Kyrieian, but is actually the old ruler.*

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# 1 - The myth

Soft music carried throughout the old corridors of the stone castle. The melody struck sad notes as it slowed more to fit the sound. A woman's long fingers danced along the black and ivory keys, her eyes were shut softly; her long eyelashes softly tickled the top of her cheeks. Her red lips were slightly parted, showing the sides of her white fangs. Her dark red hair was pulled back out of her face and clipped up off her neck by two silver clips; a few stray strands lined her gentle face. Her cheeks shone in the candle light where tears had fallen, her eyelashes wet. Her chest easily rose and fell despite the restrictions of her blood red corset whose black laces were tightly pulled; showing off the woman's figure. The corset gave way to a flowing black skirt that covered her bare feet, even while she at the grand piano. The sound of footsteps reached her ears and she slowly stopped playing to listen. The sound of clicking heels echoes around the woman's dark abode as she stood, picking up the candelabra that provided light and leaving the room. The footsteps stopped as she drew near. A woman with short brown hair and deep blue eyes stood in the corridor. She wore a knee-length jean skirt that cut off at her thighs, having fabric leading it to her knees, a red sleeveless shirt and black heeled boots. She stared at the woman holding the only source of light, taking in her red eyes.

"You must be Kyrie," the woman smiled, showing off her fangs, "Welcome to my abode,"

"Then you're Kyrieian," Kyrie asking in a strong voice. Kyrieian nodded silently.

"Are you staying in the village?" Kyrieian asked.

"The town, yes," Kyrie answered.

"Yes, yes," Kyrieian chided herself, "The town, of course it's a town,"  
Kyrie was silent for a moment, "I suppose you would like a tour,"

The young woman nodded and Kyrieian turned with her back to Kyrie, walking away. Kyrie caught up to her and looked around.

"Is this place really haunted?" Kyrie asked suddenly.

"Haunted," Kyrieian looked at her with a frown.

"The people in town say this place is haunted with the Mistress Kyrieian's ghost," Kyrie said matter-of-factly, "They say she bore no children and lived alone in this castle until the day she died,"

"What else do they say?" Kyrieian asked, amused by the myths the people spread about her.

"They say that she was into both black and white magic," Kyrie continued excitedly, "If the villagers angered her she'd plunge the land into a drought and then give them rain, when her mood changed. When she was sad it would rain for days on end without relenting in the slightest,"

Kyrieian led her on down the corridor, reflecting on the past, "They say she would invite the people inside, but some wouldn't return. Once she was angered and all the unborn children were lost because she wanted the villagers to suffer,"

"Mama, who's here?" a young child's voice called as bare feet slapped against the stone. A girl, about five or six-years-old, came into view. Her ink black hair was braided back out of her face.

"Sela," Kyrieian scolded the child, "It's too early for you to be up,"

Sela's red eyes grew sad as she stopped. Kyrie was confused, it was nearly sunset; how was it too early?

"I'm sorry mama, I hear someone talking," Sela looked down. Kyrieian placed a hand on Sela's head.

"No worries. Since you're awake why don't you go get a snack before we eat," Kyrieian said softly.

"Ok," Sela beamed before running off down the corridor.

"She's cute," Kyrie commented, earning a smile from Kyrieian.

"Thank you," she said quietly, "Now you were saying?"

They continued walking and Kyrie started rambling again.

"I was told to be careful," Kyrie said, "They say that on nights when clouds cover the moon that people go missing and turn up the next day completely drained of blood. They think Mistress Kyrieian's ghost is killing the people,"

Kyrieian looked at the wall, staring at the roses.

"Do you believe it?" she asked.

"Of course not," Kyrie laughed, "It's an old folk lore,"

"Why don't you take some of these roses with you," Kyrieian said. Kyrie easily took two roses from the bouquet on the wall.

"Thank you for the tour," Kyrie smiled before she left.

"Keeps those with you at all times," Kyrieian called after her before the door shut. Kyrieian looked at the open book on her table, reciting the incantation written on the pages as the sun fell below the horizon. Clouds appeared in the sky as the wind picked up, covering the rising moon. Kyrieian watched as Sela picked what used to be an inn as their hunting ground. The first door she opened emitted the foul smell of the roses, making Sela hiss and slam it shut, waking Kyrie. The next room housed a young couple whom lay fast asleep. Sela took the woman, biting into her neck. The woman woke and screamed as Kyrieian bit into the man, silencing him quickly, "Sela," Kyrieian hissed as footsteps sounded.

"Sorry," Sela apologized before silencing the woman. The smell of the roses made both gag.

"Kyriean," Kyrie's voice reached her, making the woman look over as Sela left.

"I'm glad you kept the roses," Kyriean smiled sadly before disappearing with both bodies.

"She's Mistress Kyriean," Kyrie whispered, touching the rose in her hair, "She's a vampire," she uttered breathlessly before falling to her knees, her eyes wide with disbelief as Kyriean's silhouette disappeared into the castle.