

THE LOST KYNSERA

Bound by Magic,

Driven by Destiny

Written by

CYDER



THE LOST KYNSERA

VERBONDEN DOOR MAGIE
GEDREVEN DOOR LOT

CYDER

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PREFACE

Books have always had a magical hold over me. They are able to let you travel to worlds that are far beyond the horizon of our own imagination, where you meet heroes, live dreams, and sometimes find a little part of yourself again. When I started writing *The Lost Kynsera*, I felt that same kind of magic in every phrase and every scene. Syrah's story is one that moved me deeply, because it is about more than merely the battle between good and evil. It is about finding your own power, learning to trust and making hard decisions that will not only change yourself, but also the world around you.

What started out as a simple idea grew into an adventure that I want to share with all of you. The characters in this book grew with every pen stroke. They surprised me, challenged me, and even moved me to tears. Syrah's journey, from an ignorant girl in a world of uncertainties to the heiress of a magical kingdom, represents the battle we have all felt at one point in time: who am I, and how do I find my place in this world.

This book is for everyone who has ever felt that they were capable of more than they realized. For everyone who had the guts to choose their own path, regardless of the obstacles they had to face. And for everyone who believes in the power of stories, because they truly can make worlds change.

I hope you have just as much fun reading *The Lost Kynsera* as I did write it. Join me on this journey full of magic, courage and love and be inspired by the choices and powers that will define Syrah's world.

With love and magic

Cindy

DICTIONARY

Kynsera

A term to indicate a princess of the Aleria, specifically the heiress to the throne. It is an honorary title that conveys both respect and responsibility.

Zonta

Title of the Queen of the Alerian Kingdom

Zuana

Title of the King of the Alerian Kingdom

Skyping

A form of magical transportation used by the Alerians to quickly move from one place to another

Wervicken

An evil, magical being that entered the Kingdom of Aleria through cracks in the atmosphere. They are dangerous and are feared by the Alerians due to their destructive powers.

Tuk

A typical Alerian beverage, comparable to human coffee. It is a strong drink with complex flavors that stimulate the senses.

Aleria

Half-human, half-Fae hybrid. The descendants of Fae and mankind

Fae

A magical, immortal race that is connected to nature through and with magic.

Keepers

Guardians or protectors of old magical knowledge and locations

Skylio

Magical beings, similar to dragons with golden manes, who function as Keepers.

Portals

Magical pathways, created by the High Fae to connect the worlds.

Soulmates

A unique and rare connection between two souls, which surpasses ordinary love.

The Circle

The council of the Valley of the White Mountains, the magical protectors of the world of Haelian.

Sylthara

Title of the Queen who ruled over all kingdoms, connected to the herital magic of the Fae.





PART I

THE HUMAN WORLD

PROLOGUE



am floating through a world of shadows and mist, everything is shrouded in a soft, slumbering silence.

But then, from the darkness, two intense green eyes become visible. They seem so deep and radiant like emeralds, ringed with a dance of tiny, glittering golden stars. It seems as if the universe itself has nestled within these eyes, and they pull me towards them almost irresistibly.

Those eyes... They call me.

“SYRAH”

A voice whispers, soft and far away, like an echo that sounds through the emptiness of my dream. The sound of my name is

oddly familiar, as if I have heard it a thousand times before in this endless twilight.

“SYRAH”

It sounds again, this time more intense, more urgent, as if it wants to lead me somewhere, to a place where the boundaries between dream and reality blur.

My heart starts to race, the dream world around me fades even further, and everything that once seemed solid transforms into a liquid stream of colors and light. The eyes keep fixing on me, the voice keeps whispering, closer and closer, louder, and louder, as if it's an ancient promise waiting to be fulfilled.

“SYRAH”

The world around me dissolves, and I feel myself sinking away into the depths of the dream as the eyes and voice continue to embrace me, to take me away to a place where time and space no longer exist.

“SY...”

I



“Stop! You do not think I’ll let you go, Syrah!”

My heart is beating in my chest while I run through dark streets.

No, I cannot stop. I must not stop. The darkness seems to be closing in on me and every shadow feels like a threat. Every step grows heavier, yet I force myself to keep going. I must run faster, harder, because if he catches me, all will be lost. All that I have done, all that I have gone through, will have been for nothing.

“Forget it! You won’t catch me!”, I shout over my shoulder, hoping that my voice sounds stronger than I feel.

“Just you wait, Syrah! I will get you no matter what! You’ll be sorry that you ever tried to run away from me!”

The threatening sound of footsteps echoes behind me as I feel the panic choking me from the inside out. His voice isn't just angry, it is fueled with something else. Possessiveness perhaps. He doesn't want to lose me. He wants me back, no matter the cost.

I dive into the first alley I encounter, my thoughts contemplating all the narrow streets that I know by heart. They are all dark and abandoned, the perfect place to shake him off - or to walk right into his trap... My legs feel as if they could give out under the weight of my fear any second. My breathing falters, my chest burning. I can't keep this up for long. I need to stop for a moment, but it can only be for the barest of moments or he'll catch up with me.

Going back is not an option. Never again.

Against my better judgment, I decide to stop and press myself into a shadow filled corner. To remain invisible is my only chance. There's a gravel path nearby - my possible salvation. If he comes too close, I'll be able to hear it.

I'm still panting but force myself to be silent. My heart is pounding traitorously loud. That's when I hear it, the soft grinding of small stones under heavy steps. He's still far, but not for long.

"I know you're around here, Syrah. You can't escape me!"

"HE'S COMING. RUN, SYRAH, RUN!"

That voice. That damned voice is in my head again. It's driving me to madness. Or have I already lost my mind? I start running again, the fear in my chest like a strangulating mist.

"NOW GO LEFT HERE SYRAH."

I know this alley. When I planned my escape, I charted every escape route. Left is a dead alley; the voice can't be right. But what if I'm wrong? I force myself to continue running, my muscles burning with exhaustion, determined to ignore the voice. But then, out of nowhere, I am suddenly pulled into the alleyway.

"Hey, let go of me!" The words die in my throat when strong hands hold me tight. I struggle, try to escape, but his grip is ruthless. A muscled arm clamps around my waist, pressing me against a hard body. Before I can react, a hand closes over my mouth and muffles every scream I have in me.

And then, his breath close to my ear, he whispers: "why won't you ever listen to good advice, Syrah? At least try. If you want to escape the one who is chasing you, I would keep very quiet now..."

He knows my name. How does he know my name? His voice is calm, almost comforting, in full contrast to my own fearful breathing. I can feel his calmness, his stillness, while I am a storm of emotions and panic.

My heart is racing, trapped in a whirlwind of terror. I am stuck - not only because Ivan can find me now, but also because of the

stranger who is holding me in his grasp. I've walked into the trap, there is no escape possible. If Ivan finds me, everything I have gone through will have been for nothing.

I hear footsteps nearing and I stiffen, my breath lodged in my throat. The stranger holds me even tighter, his grip unshakeable while his breathing remains calm and even.

As if he has no fear at all for what is about to happen.

And then.... Ivan is right in front of me. So close that I can feel his breath burning on my skin. But he... he's looking right through me, as if I'm not there. How is this possible? The man behind me suppresses a soft mocking laugh near my ear and pulls me even closer. Ivan stops, his eyes searching the area and shouts: "You can't hide forever! I will find you, Syrah, even if I have to tear your entire world down!" Then he turns around, his back facing us, and walks away. As if we were nothing but air to him.

He didn't see us... He was right in front of us, but he didn't see us... How... How is that even possible?

"You can breathe now, Syrah..." The man whispers in my ear, his voice filled with repressed mockery, as if he is enjoying my fear.

His hold on me loosens, yet I am still frozen in his arms, my heart pounding in my chest. He holds me tight, as if he would pull me back in the shadows at any moment if I so much as moved.

“What did he do to you that made you run away from him like that?”

He turns me around slowly, so my eyes are forced to meet his - bright green, intense, almost burning. His smile is sharp, like a predator who has just found its prey. “Or do you just like danger?”

I swallow, my breathing still shallow. “Let me go,” I say, but my voice sounds weaker than I would like it to be. I try to break my gaze from his eyes, but they seem to captivate me, forcibly, without a chance of escape.

“Why the rush, Syrah?” His voice is soft, but there is an aura of unmistakable threat. “You have no idea who I am, do you?”

He bends down slightly, his breath warm against my skin.

“But I know you, Syrah. And I know exactly what you are trying to do. Perhaps you might want to be a little more careful about who you trust... next time.”

He lets go of me suddenly and I stumble forward, my legs weak from the exertion of running. I look up and swallow the lump in my throat as I take in his appearance. He is astonishingly handsome, almost otherworldly. His eyes - deep mazes where I could lose myself in unwittingly. He has two swords on his back. Who the hell walks around with two swords? His white shirt is drawn tightly around his muscular frame, every detail visible as if he were carved out of stone.

He smirks as his eyes slide down my figure, as if he's trying to remember every detail.

"Do you like what you see, Syrah?" His voice dripping with arrogance, his grin provocative.

And then realization hits... How does he know my name? How.... Who are you ... and how do you know my name?" The words tumble from my lips as confusion and fear course through me once more.

"Soon, Syrah, soon you'll get the answers to all of your questions. All in good time. I'm not even supposed to be here, so..."

I blink, and in that single moment, he's disappeared. The only thing that remains is his scent - a masculine mix of cedar and pine.

"SEE YOU SOON, KYNSERA."

That voice... That stranger... He was in my head. But how?

2



hen my breathing finally returns to normal, I quickly reach for my pocket.

Dammit! If I've lost the jewel, everything will have been for nothing and I will never be able to escape Ivan. The only thing I will have to look forward to is a life on the streets... or worse.

But then I feel the soft suede box, still safely snuggled inside my pocket. A wave of relief rushes through me as I take another deep breath.

At that exact moment, my phone vibrates in my other pocket. I freeze in my tracks for a moment. A cold shiver runs along my back as I glance at the screen: a message from Ivan.

"You can't keep away forever, Syrah. You belong to me. Come back, or I will find you."

My handshakes as I put my phone back into the depths of my pocket. It feels as if his eyes are following me everywhere, even now. The thoughts of his control, his power over me, keep racing through my head.

The last few minutes also keep circling inside my brain. How is it possible that Ivan didn't see me? Was the alley really that dark? But those arms... I put my hand on the place where that strong arm embraced my waist. It felt so real.

"Can I help you? I have better things to do than to stand around and wait."

I am startled by my own thoughts and suddenly realize I am already standing inside the pawn shop. How did I get here? This isn't normal. I'm hearing voices, I'm daydreaming and I'm barely aware of what I'm doing. I really need to get out of here so I can start a new life. A life that is mine, away from the prison Ivan built for me ever since he took me in as a foster child.

With trembling hands, I fumble around in my pocket and retrieve the green suede box with golden markings on the lid. I open it slowly and the golden headpiece, beautifully decorated with emerald gemstones, shimmers in the dim light of the store. The design is delicate, with intricate little leaves curling around the gems.

"I would like to sell this. How much would this get me?"

The man behind the counter, with a face that looks like it belongs in a B-class mafia movie, takes the box from me and studies it with a magnifying glass. He then carefully puts the jewel on a small scale and slowly shakes his head.

“Girl, you have some nerve to come to my shop with a stolen object. I have a good reputation to uphold, you know? Where did you steal this from?” His grin is threatening, his eyes full of distrust.

Good reputation? Give me a break! Everyone knows about his murky business with the shadiest people in town. But I keep my mouth shut. His question lingers in the air.

“Well, it’s not worth much anyway. I could get you a hundred for it, maybe? And even then, I’ll probably lose money on it.”

“DON’T DO IT, SYRAH. THE JEWEL BELONGS TO YOU, MY KYNSERA.”

There is that damned voice again! I try to ignore it, but it’s almost as if he’s speaking straight into my own mind.

“I think it’s worth a lot more, judging by the look in your eyes. Give me what I’m own.”

The man clearly loses his patience and mumbles something incomprehensible.

“One-fifty, and not a penny more!” He sounds frustrated.

NO, SYRAH, KEEP THE JEWEL AND COME BACK HOME, WHERE YOU BELONG.”

Home? Wait... what does the voice mean by “home”?

“What’s it gonna be, sweetheart? One-fifty, take it or leave it?”

“SYRAH, TRUST ME, THE JEWEL IS WORTH A LOT MORE THAN THAT. YOU CAN ESCAPE THIS WORLD AS LONG AS YOU TAKE THE RIGHT DECISION NOW.”

“Oh, shut up!”

The words tumble from my lips before I can stop them, and I swallow hard. Shit, did I really say that out loud?

“Excuse me? Here, you crazy bitch. Two hundred and now scam before you lose your mind completely.”

I look up, grab the money from his hands and hurry outside. I keep running, away from that man, away from the voices in my head.

When I run past a little hotel, I stop abruptly. A couple of hours of sleep in a real bed would do me good. Tomorrow I can catch the bus and start my new life. Everything inside of me screams that I need to leave this city. I don’t belong here.

I walk into the lobby and I see an old lady behind the desk. She looks up from her phone when she hears me come in and instantly gives me a toothless smile.

“Oh dear gods!” She’s clearly startled by the sight in front of her.

“Can I help you with something, sweet child?”

“Uhm, yes.... I would like a room for tonight. I don’t need anything special, just a bed... I don’t even require any sheets.”

“Oh, my poor dear, how long has it been since you’ve slept in a bed?”

How long? I stare at the floor. It seems like an eternity ago. I slept on the cold, hard floor when I lived with Ivan, with nothing more than a few old rags for a sheet.

“Come, I’ll get you some food and I’ll have Wilfried prepare a room for you...”

“But, Ma’am, I can’t afford all of that...”

“Tut, tut, tut, I won’t hear about it. You can help me later and then we won’t mention it again. You look exhausted, girl!”

After a few sandwiches Loana gave me; that was the name of the sweet old lady: her husband Wilfried took me to a small room in a far-off corner of the building.

“If you want, girl, you can have a bath. There are towels in the cupboard.”

I nod my thanks and give him a weak smile.

The room is simple yet cozy. The flowery wallpaper has come loose in several places and the bed is rusty here and there. The small desk with the wooden chair faces a large window, where the soft breeze gently moves the curtain. There's a dark purple quilt on the bed, soft and inviting, as if whispering to me that it's alright to rest at last. The room smells a bit musty, but it feels like a luxury to sleep here. Sleep... it feels like a century since I've truly been able to sleep.

I walk towards the small bathroom. It's a simple space: a toilet, a basin and a small bathtub. I run the hot water and get in as soon as it hits my ankles. It's as if the warmth of the water embraces my tired muscles. I curl up in the tub, pull my knees against my chest and close my eyes. Steam fills the small space and I finally feel safe, for the first time since forever.

When the water cools down, I force myself to get out of the bath. I dry myself off, put on my old worn underwear again and crawl beneath the blanket. The mattress creaks slightly under my weight, but I don't care. It feels like heaven compared to Ivan's floor and dirty rags. It takes mere seconds before I fall into a deep, dreamless sleep.

3



That is the only word that comes to mind to describe the sleep I had last night.

It was a deep, dreamless rest, as if darkness itself had cradled me and had freed me from the world's clutches for a short while. I have no idea how long I slept: it feels like centuries.

My body finally feels like my own again. I stretch in an attempt to release the tension in my muscles from the last couple of days, but then I feel something strange.

My eyes fly open, and there, on the pillow beside me, lays the golden headpiece. The emerald gems shimmer in the early morning light that shines through the window.

“How did this get here?”

“Let’s just say a certain gentleman is not happy right now.” A voice, soft and playful, sounds from a shadowy corner of the room.

I startle and almost lose my balance, about to fall out of the bed but I can hold back just in time. There he is - the man from last night. He is relaxing against the wall, his eyes keep mine captivated. There is a mixture of curiosity and something else... Something that I do not understand but sends an inexplicable shiver through me.

“Nice of you to finally wake up.” He says in an airy tone with a smirk on his face.

“Who the hell are you? Or better yet, how did you get into this room and how did you get this jewel?” My voice trembles more than I would like, but the words come out sharp as a blade.

His gaze slowly moves over my form and I can feel the energy between us change. He is observing me, every detail and I am suddenly painfully aware of the fact that I am clad in nothing but my underwear. He clears his throat and turns his head, his hand covering his eyes with an air of nonchalance.

“I would suggest you get dressed, Kynsera, no matter how pleasant I find the view.”

Shocked, I realize I have given him quite the show. A wave of shame washes over me and I quickly grab the quilt off the bed and wrap it around my body. My heart feels like it is beating in my throat.

“Who are you? And what the fuck are you doing in this room?” My voice sounds angrier now, but I feel like I already know the answer. Something about him is too familiar, for sure.

He peeks between his fingers, another smirk on his lips when he sees that I am somewhat decent and pushes himself off the wall. It only takes two large steps and he’s in front of me. His presence is overwhelming. The scent of cedar and citrus fills my nostrils and it takes tremendous effort not to topple over again.

“I’m Zeth,” he says, his voice low and confident, “and I’m here to take you back.”

“Take me back?” I repeat, my voice weaker than I would like.

“Back where?”

Impatience flashes in his eyes while he brushes a hand through his hair. He lets out a frustrated growl, as if he is wrestling himself to not overshare.

“Not now, Syrah.” His tone grows stricter, more pressing. “Get dressed. I’m not supposed to be here... we have to be fast before they realize I’ve been in this world for too long.”

“This world? You’re crazy... Go away!”

I try to push him away but before I can even touch his chest, he grabs my wrist in one fluid movement and pulls me against him. Again, that smell, that unmistakable strength he emanates. My breath catches in my throat by this sudden intimacy.

“This will do, the bed covering it is. Oh, and Syrah... don’t forget to keep breathing,” he whispers softly into my ear, his voice sultry and full of hidden promise.

Right then I hear a sound, a beep. I jump and quickly glance at my nightstand. My phone is there, the screen lighting up with a message. Zeth stares at it as if he is seeing something odd.

“What is that?” he asks with a frown, his eyes narrowing as if the thing could attack him at any moment.

“It’s... my phone,” I mumble in surprise, but he’s already refocused all of his attention on me, his grip around my waist remains firm.

“Never mind, it’s not important now.”

And then something happened that completely turned my understanding of reality upside down. The world around me began to spin, the room faded into a whirlwind of colors and shadows, until everything around me disappeared into nothing. I feel my insides squeeze tightly, I lose my balance and before I know it, I empty the meager contents of my stomach onto the ground.

“Nice of you to wait until we arrived. Retching during the transition is a real nightmare, vomit flying around everywhere.

His voice is humorous, almost cheerful, while he tightens his grip to keep me straight. My anger surges, how dare he act so light about this?

“You absolute ass...”

But then my breath catches again, this time by what I see around me. It’s.... magnificent. We’re standing in a forest environment, surrounded by a lake with water so clear I can see every fish swim perfectly. The trees around us reached up high into the sky, their leaves filtering the sunlight in golden rays that danced on the ground. In the distance I can hear the soft rush of water, and the sky is filled with the scent of fresh flowers and wet moss. It looks like I’ve landed in a fairy tale.

“You can cuss me out however you like later, but right now you just need to stay calm for a while. First time skyping is always rough.”

“What? Skyping? Where... Where am I?”

He turns around at me and gives me a smile that is both magical and mischievous, as if he’s enjoying my confusion.

“Home.”

Home. That's the second time he's mentioned something along those lines. My head is spinning, the world is swaying and then... nothing. Everything fades to black.





PART 2

PREZZI

CAPITAL OF HÆLIAN