

Story

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Kyriean struggles to get her story published; does she have it this time with true facts about herself?

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The room was lit up by a glowing computer screen; words filling the blank page of the document. A woman's face glowed eerily in the light, the screen reflecting in her intelligent green eyes. Her purple hair was pulled up into a messy bun; a few strands lined her face and tickled the back of her neck. She seemed intent on her work before her as her fingers danced across the keyboard of her small laptop; her eyes darting every which way as she changed the font type constantly, trying to find a satisfactory writing style that fit what she was writing all the while she kept typing. A tall glass of milk sat on the table to the right of her laptop, perspiration rolling down the sides of the clear window that gave view to the liquid inside it. Beside the glass of milk was a plate of chips that was covered in melted cheddar cheese; many of the chips beneath others had no hint of the product that was meant to be their topping. The woman's hand darted out, prying a chip from the others to place it in her mouth before picking up the glass and taking a long drink. A single drop of perspiration landed on her uncovered leg, left ignored as she replaced the glass and continued to type. Music blared in her ears from her MP3 player's ear buds; the piece of technology's face was black from being left untouched for a long period of time. The woman's foot tapped to the beat of the music as she stopped and hit print; the printer lit up and pages began to spew from its mouth. Pages covered in black ink that curved in an old writing style, relaying a story that the woman felt needed to be told. She snatched up the pages and her eyes scanned them quickly, each page printed was added to the pile on the desk. A smile appeared on her face when she finished the book and leaned back in her chair, staring at the black ceiling.

"Perfect," she whispered to the darkness as she turned off her MP3 player, "Simply perfect,"

She let her eyes close for a moment before she snatched up the papers and bound them together, placing them in a portfolio-like envelope. She tied the string of the envelope around the button and stared at it in her hands. They had to accept this copy of it, they just had to. It was perfect; the best she'd ever written in years. She stood from her chair and threw open the door, leaving the room to the main room of her small apartment. Her head spun at the sudden contact of natural light with her tired eyes, but she paid it no mind as she changed from her pajamas into a black knee length skirt that flowed around her and a red non-sleeved shirt that resembled a corsets design. She slipped into black flats and left the apartment, rushing to her red splattered, black mustang convertible. She had to get it in before they closed, she just had to. She drove from the parking lot and down the street, taking the route she knew by heart to the editors building. The shining building came into view as the lowering sun glinted off the many windows the building housed on its face. She parked and ran to the door, throwing it open before she ran inside. Seeing the elevator was taking its time she opted for the stairs, running up each of eighteen flights that she had to climb to reach the room she wanted. A woman sat at a desk, her black hair pulled back into a neat pony tail. She wore a dark suit jacket with a white blouse beneath it.

"Good afternoon," she greeted without looking up, "Your editor's in his usual room, Kyrieian,"

"Thank you," Kyrieian said quickly as she passed, clutching the envelope close to her chest as she ran down the hall to room number 216. She knocked rapidly and didn't even wait for an answer before throwing the door open. A man with cropped white hair stood with his back to the door. "It's finished," Kyrieian breathed breathlessly, "James, I've finished it,"

Her breathing came out in breathless pants as James turned around, his deep blue eyes looking at Kyrieian.

"Well let's see it then," he said with a monotone voice, growing tired of Kyrieian's claims that her book is finished. Kyrieian handed him the envelope and waited as he opened it to read the story within.

Rain poured down on the small village that contoured the old castle. Thunder rumbled and lightning struck bolts across the ink black sky while the people ran for cover in their homes from the growing pelting of the rain. She stood there, watching as her subjects ran from the storm she'd called forth for them.

"Insolent humans," she growled under her breath, her jaw tightening, "You complain about the drought and yet when I call forth a storm for you each and every one of you run to your houses without even stopping to celebrate,"

The storm had started out as a harmless drizzle, but few people cheered for the return of the rain. They had instead shrugged it off as nothing, continuing on with their daily lives. And this angered her. As the day progressed the harmless drizzle had turned to gentle rain. Still no one showed any sign of happiness for the ending drought, and this angered her more. The gentle rain turned into the storm that raged outside now, her anger provoking the weather to turn torrent and harsh. She snapped the old curtain shut across the window, plunging the stone room into darkness. Her red eyes glowed in the dark, turning towards the many books that lined the walls. "I should make them suffer," she sighed in contentment at the thought, "Yes, suffer for their insolence, their disregard for me and my power," her long index finger ran along the spines of the different books of magic, both black and white as she thought about how she'd make her subjects suffer for it all. Suffer for not cheering, celebrating for the end of the drought which she had brought on the land herself and taken away from the land herself. Her anger boiled and her blood ran cold as she grabbed a book. "Perfect," she hissed happily. James looked up at Kyrieian.

"I'll see what I can do," he said finally, tossing it to the desk.