

# THE LOST KYNSERA

Bound by Magic,

Driven by Destiny

Part 1 of Healian -- Series

Written by

CYDER

# BY THE SAME AUTHOR

ALL FOR SERIES (DUTCH ONLY)

*(Psychological novel)*

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HEALIAN- SERIES

*(Fantasy)*

The lost kynsera - Connected by Magic, Driven by Destiny

The marked souls – The path of light and dark

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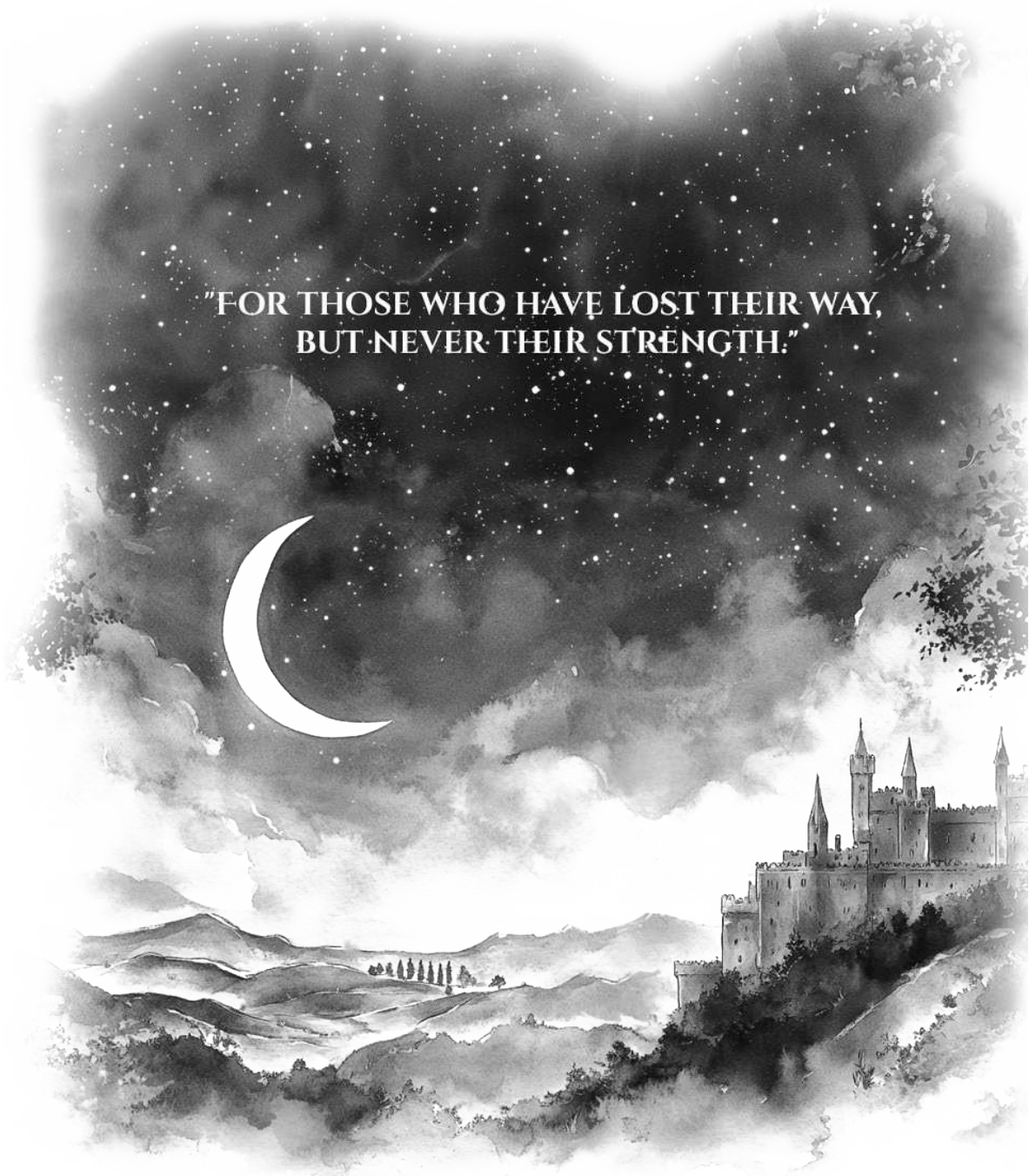
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"FOR THOSE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR WAY,  
BUT NEVER THEIR STRENGTH."



# A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

Books have always had a magical hold on me, as if they hold a special kind of magic. They open doors to worlds beyond the horizon of our own imagination, where heroes come alive, dreams unfold, and sometimes, you rediscover a part of yourself. 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 challenging decisions that will not only change yourself, but also the world around you.

What started as a simple idea grew into an adventure, I'm eager to share with you. The characters in this book grew alongside the story. They surprised me, challenged me, and at times even brought me to tears. Syrah's journey—from a hesitant girl in a world full of uncertainties to the rightful heir of a magical kingdom—reflects a struggle we all face at some point in life: discovering who we are and where we belong.

This story is for anyone who has ever felt a spark of untapped potential within themselves. For those brave enough to carve out their own path, no matter how difficult. And for the dreamers who believe in the transformative power of stories—because stories can change the world.

I hope *The Lost Kynsera* takes you on a journey as magical and unforgettable as it was for me to create. Let Syrah's choices, her courage, and her world inspire you to explore the magic within your own life.

With all my heart,

Cindy

# DICTIONARY

## KYNSERA

A princess of the Fae, specifically the heiress to the throne. It is an honorary title that implies both respect and responsibility.

## ZONTA

The title for the queen in the Healian kingdom. Mother of Syrah.

## ZUANA

The title for the king in the Healian kingdom. Father of Syrah.

## SKYPE

A form of magical teleportation that the Fae and Alerians use to move quickly from one place to another.

## FAE

A magical race that is connected to nature and magic. They cannot spontaneously summon magic but manipulate existing magic or use spells to use their powers.

## YÉRVICKEN

Evil, magical creatures that once entered Healian through cracks. They are dangerous and feared by the residents of Healian because of their destructive powers. They were created by Lorecàn.

## TUK

A drink that they drink in Healian, similar to coffee in the human world. It is a spirit with a complex taste, which stimulates the senses.

#### HIGH ALERIAN

They are the powerful heirs of pure magic, able to create magic from their own magical core. Their immense magical power often aroused the jealousy of the Fae. In addition, they always have a deep, unbreakable connection with a dragon. They were known for their loving nature and lived in harmony and joy with other races, such as the Fae, humans, Aleria, and many others. They seemed to be extinct.

#### ALERIA

A half-human, half-Alerian species.

#### GUARDIANS/BOARD MEMBERS

Guardians or protectors of ancient magical knowledge and locations.

#### SKYLIO

Magical creatures, large lions with wings that act as protectors.

#### PORTALS

Magical passages created by high Fae and Alerians to connect worlds.

#### COMPANIONS

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

#### THE CIRCLE

The Council of the Valley of the White Mountains, the magical guardians of the world of Healian.

#### SYLTHAR(A)

The title for the king or queen who ruled over all kingdoms, linked to the heritage magic of the Alerians.



PART I  
THE HUMAN WORLD



# PROLOGUE



drift through a world of shadows and mist, everything cloaked in a soft, slumbering silence.

But then, out of the darkness, two intense green eyes appear. They are deep and radiant, like emeralds, ringed by a dance of tiny, shimmering golden stars. It feels as though the universe itself has taken refuge in those eyes, pulling me toward them with an irresistible force. The eyes... they seem to call to me.

"SYRAH."

A voice whispers, soft and distant, like an echo reverberating through the void of my dream. The sound of my name feels strangely familiar, as if I have heard it thousands of times before in this infinite twilight.

"SYRAH..."

The voice comes again, this time more intense, more urgent\*\*. It's\*\* guiding me to a place where the boundaries between dreams and reality blur. My heart starts to race, and the dreamworld around me fades even further. Everything that once felt solid transforms into a liquid flow of colors and light. The eyes remain fixed on me, the voice keeps calling, closer and louder, like an ancient promise waiting to be fulfilled.

"SYRAH."

The world around me dissolves, and I feel myself sinking into the depths of the dream, the eyes and the voice wrapping around me, pulling me toward a place where time and space no longer exist.

# I



"Stop! You don't actually think I'll let you go, Syrah!"

My heart pounds in my chest while I run through the dark streets. No, I can't stop. I must not stop. The darkness seems to close in around me, every shadow feels like a threat. Each step grows heavier, but I push myself to keep going. I have to run faster, harder, because if he catches me, all will be lost. Everything I've done, everything I've endured, will have been for nothing.

"Forget it! You won't catch me!" I shout over my shoulder, hoping my voice sounds stronger than I feel.

"Just wait, Syrah! I'll get you one way or another! You'll regret ever trying to escape from me!"

The threatening sound of footsteps echoes behind me, and I can feel the panic suffocating me from within. His voice isn't just angry—it's infused with something else. Obsession, maybe. He doesn't want to lose me. He wants me back, no matter the cost.

I dive into the first alley I come across, my thoughts racing over the narrow streets I've memorized. They're dark and deserted, the perfect place to shake him—or to fall into a trap. My legs feel as if they could collapse at any moment under the weight of my fear. My breathing falters, my chest burns. I can't keep this up for long. Just stop for a moment, just for a second, or he'll catch me. Going back is not an option, never again.

Against my better judgment, I decide to stop and press myself into a shadowy corner. Staying invisible is my only chance. Nearby, there's a gravel path—maybe my salvation. If he gets close, I'll hear it.

I'm still gasping for air, but I force myself to be silent. My heart pounds treacherously loud. Then I hear it—the soft crunch of gravel under heavy footsteps. He's still far away, but not for long.

"I know you're here somewhere, Syrah. You're not getting away from me!"

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

The voice. That damned voice is back in my head. It's driving me insane. Or have I already lost my mind? I start running again, the fear in my chest like a suffocating fog.

"TURN LEFT HERE, SYRAH."

I know this alley. When I planned my escape, I mapped out every possible escape route. Left is a dead end, the voice can't be right. But what if I'm wrong? I force myself to keep running, my muscles burning from exhaustion, determined to ignore the voice. But then, out of nowhere, I'm suddenly pulled into the dead-end alley.

"Hey, let me go!" The words die in my throat as strong hands grab me. I struggle, trying to break free, but his grip is relentless. A muscular arm clamps around my waist, pressing me against a hard body. Before I can react, a hand covers my mouth, silencing any scream I had left in me.

And then, with his breath close to my ear, he whispers. "Why don't you ever take good advice, Syrah? At least try it, for once. If you want to escape the one chasing you, I'd stay perfectly quiet right now..."

He knows my name. How does he know my name? His voice is calm, almost reassuring, in full contrast to my fearful breathing. I can feel his calm, his stillness, while I'm a storm of emotions and terror.

My heart is racing, trapped in a whirlwind of fear. I'm caught—not just because Ivan might find me now, but also because of the stranger who has me in his grasp. I've walked right into a trap, there is no escape possible. If Ivan finds me, everything I've endured over the last couple of years will have been for nothing.

I hear footsteps nearing and I freeze, my breath lodged in my throat. The stranger holds me even tighter, his grip unshakeable, while his breath remains calm and steady. As if he feels no fear for what's about to come.

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 even there. How is that 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'll find you, Syrah, even if I have to tear the entire world apart!" Then he turns, his back to 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 again, Syrah..." the man whispers in my ear, his voice full of suppressed mockery, as if he's enjoying my fear.

His hold on me loosens slightly, but I remain frozen in his arms, my heart pounding in my chest. He holds me tight, as if he would pull me back into the shadows at any moment if I dared to move.

"What did he do to you that made you run from him like this?" He slowly turns me around, so that my eyes have no choice but to meet his—bright green, intense,

almost burning gaze. His smile is sharp, like a predator that has just caught its prey. "Or do you just enjoy 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 look away from his eyes, but they seem to hold me captive, 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 leans in slightly, his breath warm against my skin. "But I know you, Syrah. And I know exactly what you're trying to do. Perhaps you might want to be a little more careful about who you trust... next time."

He suddenly releases me, and I nearly stumble forward, my legs weak from the tension. I look up and swallow as I take him in. He's extremely handsome, almost unreal. His eyes—deep labyrinths I could unwittingly lose myself in. On his back rest two swords. Who in the world walks around with two swords? His tight white shirt clings to his muscular body, every detail visible, as if he were carved from stone.

His gaze sweeps over me with a crooked grin, as though he's taking in every detail.

"Do you like what you see, Syrah?" His voice drips with arrogance, the grin daring.

And then realization hits me... 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 surge through me.

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

I blink, and in that single moment, he's gone. The only thing left behind is his scent—a masculine mix of cedar and pine.

"...UNTIL NEXT TIME, KYNSERA."

That voice... the stranger... he was in my head. But how...?

## 2



hen my breathing finally steadies, I quickly reach for my pocket.

Dammit! If I've lost the jewel, everything will have been for nothing, and I will never escape Ivan. The only thing I will have to look forward to is a life on the streets or worse. But when I feel the soft suede box still safely tucked away in my pocket, a wave of relief washes over me, and I take a 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 down my spine as I glance at the screen: a message from Ivan.

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

My hand shakes as I put my phone back into my pocket. It feels like his eyes are everywhere, watching me even now. The thought of his control, his power over me, keeps replaying in my mind.

The last few minutes also keep circling inside my brain. The touch of that stranger, his whisper... it all felt so real, so familiar. But then he just vanished. Was it even real? Maybe it was just a hallucination brought on by exhaustion. I haven't slept properly in days. It must have been a dream... or maybe I'm just losing my mind, I tell myself.

Still, the feeling stays with me. How did Ivan not see me? Was the alley really that dark? But those arms... I place a hand where his strong arm had wrapped around my waist. It felt so real.

"Can I help you with something? I've got better things to do than stand around waiting."

I am startled by my own thoughts and suddenly realize I am already standing inside the pawn shop. How did I even 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's mine, away from the prison Ivan built for me since he took me in as a foster child.

With trembling hands, I reach into my pocket and pull out the green suede box with golden markings. 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, whose face looks like it belongs in a bad 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? Don't make me laugh. Everyone knows he deals with the shadiest figures in town. But I keep my mouth shut. His question lingers in the air.

"It's not worth much, anyway. I might be able to give you a hundred for it, and even then, I'll probably lose money on it."



"DON'T DO IT, SYRAH. THE JEWEL BELONGS TO YOU, MY KYNSERA."

There's 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 it's worth."

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 RETURN TO THE HOME WHERE YOU BELONG."

Home? Wait... what does the voice mean by 'home'?

"Well, what's it going to 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."

"Shut up!"

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

"Excuse me? Here, crazy bitch. Two hundred, and now scram before you lose your mind completely."

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

As I pass a small hotel, I come to an abrupt stop. A few hours of sleep in a real bed would do me good. Tomorrow, I can catch the bus and start a new life. Every part of me screams that I need to leave this city—I don't belong here.

I step into the small lobby and see an elderly woman sitting behind the desk. She looks up from her phone when she hears me come in and flashes 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?"

"Uh, yes... I'd like a room for the night. I don't need anything special, just a bed... I don't even need sheets."

"Oh, you poor thing, 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 now, I'll get you something to eat and have Wilfried prepare a room for you..."

"But, Ma'am, I can't afford all of that..."

"No, no, no, none of that, I won't hear about it. Just help me out later, and we won't mention it again. You look exhausted, dear."

After a few sandwiches given to me by Loana—that was her name—her husband Wilfried takes me to a small room in a far-off corner of the building.

"If you'd like, girl, you can take a bath too. There are towels in the cupboard." I nod gratefully, 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 rested.

I walk to the small bathroom. The space is simple: a toilet, a basin, and a small bathtub. I let the warm water flow and step in as soon as it touches my ankles. It's as if the warmth of the water embraces my tired muscles. I curl up in the tub, pulling my knees to my chest, and close my eyes. The steam fills the small space, and for the first time in a long while, I feel safe.

When the water cools, I force myself to get out. I dry off, slip back into my old, worn underwear, and crawl under the blanket on the bed. The mattress creaks slightly under my weight, but I don't care. It feels like heaven compared to Ivan's floor. Within seconds, 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 freed me from the world's clutches for a short while. I have no idea how long I slept, but it feels like centuries.

My body finally feels like my own again. I stretch, attempting to drive the tension from the past few days out of my muscles, but then I feel something strange.

My eyes snap open, and there, on the pillow beside me, lies the golden headpiece. The emerald green gems sparkle in the early morning light that falls 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, comes from a shadow in the corner of the room.

I startle and almost lose my balance, about to fall out of the bed, but I manage to steady myself just in time. There he stands—the man from yesterday. He leans casually against the wall, his eyes holding mine. There's a mix of curiosity and something else... something I do not understand, but that sends an inexplicable shiver through me.

"Nice of you to finally wake up," he says in an airy tone, 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 a bit more than I would like, but the words come out sharply.

His eyes slowly scan me again, and I feel the energy between us change. He observes me, every detail, and I suddenly become painfully aware that I'm still in 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've just given him quite a show. A wave of shame washes over me, and I quickly grab the bed sheet and wrap it around me. My heart races in my throat.

"Who are you? And what the hell are you doing in this room?" My voice now sounds angrier, but it feels like I already know the answer. Something about him is too familiar, too certain.

He peeks through his fingers, a grin on his lips, and when he sees that I'm somewhat decent, he pushes off the wall. In two large steps, he's in front of me. His presence is overwhelming, as if he fills the entire space with just his being. The scent of cedarwood and citrus fills my nostrils, and I struggle not to fall backward 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 thinner than I would like. "Back where?"

Impatience flashes through his eyes as he runs his hand through his hair. He growls in frustration, as if battling with himself not to say too much.

"Not now, Syrah." His tone becomes 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... Get out!" I try to push him away, but before I can even touch his chest, he grabs my wrist with one smooth motion and pulls me toward him. That scent again, that unmistakable power radiating from him. My breath catches in my throat from the sudden intimacy.

"This will do, then, wrapped in your sheet. Oh, and Syrah... don't forget to keep breathing," he whispers softly in my ear, his voice sultry and full of a hidden promise.

Right then, I hear a sound—a beep. I startle and quickly look at my nightstand. My phone is there, the screen lighting up with a message, and Zeth looks at it as if he sees something strange.

"What's that?" he asks, furrowing his brows as if the thing could attack him.

"It's... my phone," I mumble, surprised, but he already has his attention back on me, and his grip on my waist stays firm. "Forget it, it's not important now."

And then something happens that turns my understanding of reality upside down. The world around me starts spinning, the room blurs into a whirl of colors and shadows, until everything around me vanishes. I feel my stomach tighten, my balance slip, and before I know it, I vomit the meager contents of my stomach onto the ground.

"Glad you waited until we got here. Throwing up during a skype is really a nightmare, vomit flying everywhere." His voice is nonchalant, almost cheerful, as he tightens his grip to keep me upright. My anger flares—how dare he act so casually?! "You bastard...!"

But then my breath catches again, this time because of what I see around me. It's... beautiful. We're in a forest-like setting, surrounded by a lake with water so clear I can see every fish swimming perfectly. The trees around us reach high into the air, their leaves filtering the sunlight into golden beams that dance on the ground. In the distance, I hear the soft rustling of water, and the air is filled with the scent of fresh flowers and wet moss. It feels like I've landed in a fairy tale.

"You can curse me out all you want later, but for now, stay calm. The first time skyping is always intense."

"What? Skyping? Where... where am I?"

He turns toward 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 said something like that... My head spins, the world begins to spin, and then... nothing.

Everything goes black



PART 2  
PREZZIE  
CAPITAL OF HEALIAN