

A Tale To Tell

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Characters:	Ash (KITC) , Valiant (KITC) , Sylver (KITC)
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A Tale To Tell

by [AgenderAgenda](#)

Summary

Listen well, for I have a tale to tell. Once, below the earth, there was a city. The inhabitants of the city called it The Neath, and they were rather different from you and I. This twisting tale I have to tell concerns one such inhabitant.

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Ash kitc fairytale au!

## Notes

I am going to make KITC a canonised fandom tag and no-one can stop me. Also, hi KITC buddies, come join me.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Listen well, for I have a tale to tell. Once, below the earth, there was a city. The inhabitants of the city called it The Neath, and they were rather different from you and I. This twisting tale I have to tell concerns one such inhabitant.

Deep, deep, deep in the bowels of the city lived ae whom our story is about. Xe lived and died beneath the surface, and mortis life and death were marked by much the same brutality.

Ih had a younger sister and, in the way of such things, was rather devoted to her. Inx sister returned that care and devotion and, for a time, they were happy.

Alas, that was not to last, for their friend and protector, Sylver, vanished. It was the kind of night where mist hangs low, and voices call out, and all those with sense take shelter. Brave Sylver knew that those they protected had no shelter, and found cover for them. They themselves never did return.

So it was that our focal character, in pure desperation, first fought in one of the fighting rings run by Feducci. Mor lost, of course, but xe carried on. Soon muto had fallen in with that group, who had sharp blades and sharper tongues.

Those rings changed people. Bloodthirsty brutality wasn't the half of it. Cae grew ever more assessing and calculating, and those who knew xyr were sometimes heard to say that something prowled behind mortis eyes. Something hungry.

Cae became known for the speed of mutare take-downs. Ver brutality was, in truth, rather unremarkable, such things being commonplace in those rings, but cy had a knack for seeing aer opponent's weak spots.

The city vanished one day. No-one outside could reach it, yet the ground still rumbled with its movements and, when the wind ran right, voices could be heard.

They say that the citizens are trapped. They say that they need release. They say that that rapid fighter in those rings fights on, now, then and for evermore.

## End Notes

Probably going to write something to do with the trials to break the curse I talked about on discord at some point.

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