Jump Into the Fog
by ElizaDarling

Summary

AU. What if Hans decided he didn't want to kill Elsa? What if he thought she was powerful—powerful enough for him to eventually control her? What if Kristoff found Anna first? What if a frozen heart takes time to really thaw? When Hans decides that he wants Elsa to marry him, he's keen on putting on as much of an act as he can to get her to trust him—even if he has to lie about how he can get her to control her powers. And with Anna being the only one who knows what he's up to, and now that she's out of the picture for the time being, Hans succeeds. But when Anna wakes and becomes hellbent on revenge on her former "fiancé," will she go too far? And if that's the case, can Kristoff save Anna from herself? But... what if Elsa has developed feelings for Hans? And what if Hans isn't as evil as Anna originally thinks? The eternal winter isn't all Anna has on her plate, and she definitely has her work cut out for her if she really wants to save her sister...

Notes

So I broke down and started on a Frozen AU too... I did delete some would-be ideas off my profile, and I will only be updating this, Ameripangled, and Hello My Name Is... for the time being. Essentially the whole story is a retelling of the end of the movie, where Hans actually succeeds in taking over Arendelle with Elsa as his Queen. Why? Because Hans was seriously the best character in the movie with his ginger sideburns~ (be still my heart) And I have become quite a hardcore Hansla shipper in this short amount of time. Also I have an actual outline for this as opposed to anything else I'm writing. Keep in mind this fic will
not stay rated T for long. I do intend for it to be M-rated from one point on. But let's deal with that as it comes.

The fanfic title is based off the song "Jump Into the Fog" by The Wombats, which is literally about a guy having sex with a prostitute. But I really do like many of the lyrics, and I feel it fits Hans rather well.
Thinking back on it (and these days he had quite a lot of time to think on his actions), Hans would have told himself he should have killed the Queen when he had the chance—he should have killed her and not given her the chance to change his life like she did.

But he didn't.

Nothing was stopping him, either. After all, Anna had probably drifted to her pathetic death by now, and Elsa… well, if Hans killed her, he'd be praised as a hero for stopping the royal menace and her eternal winter.

But something inside him—something sympathetic yet selfish, he reasoned—surfaced. An idea formed in his head as he poised his sword, ready to strike the Queen's neck with all he had.

Well, what if… what if Hans learned how to control Elsa? Not just her powers, but her as a person, someone who would protect him and never betray him, would put her life on the line for him? If he controlled the most destructive being in Arendelle, not only would he be a king—Hans would be the king of kings. A king of which his many brothers would be jealous: he'd be the king that tamed the mysterious, beautiful queen of Arendelle. That sold him enough.

So what if he had to keep up the act? He'd still be getting exactly—no, more—than what he wanted. And Hans certainly didn't think of himself as evil—just resourceful. And wouldn't it be a waste of a resource if he disposed of the most powerful being in the kingdom, both literally and figuratively? After all, his goal from the beginning had been to obtain the Queen's affections, but she seemed far too reserved and erudite, so he'd opted for her far less superior, naïve sister, who ate up his every word until the end.

So it was back to his original plan, with a few modifications—Hans had no idea the Queen could conjure ice with her bare hands until recently. So he sheathed his sword; the Queen didn't suspect a thing since she was still bawling and mourning over the loss of her sister. And with Anna out of the way, no one knew his ulterior motive.

Kneeling beside the Queen, Hans enveloped her in his arms and silently picked her up, putting on his most sympathetic face. His forehead pressed against hers briefly; she felt just like ice but Hans wasn't going to relent. No, he'd stick it out 'till the end.

The Queen just seemed grateful for the comfort, and she wrapped her arms around his neck, crying frozen tears against his chest.

Once pressed up to him, Hans carried Elsa back to the palace, unaware that the Princess was calling out to her sister, still barely alive.
She thought she saw a square-shouldered figure in the distance that could only be Kristoff—but to Anna's dismay, it was Hans, sword raised to strike Elsa's neck.

No, not her sister. Anyone but Elsa. Calling out to warn her, Anna fought against the frozen fjord and her heavy feet in order to reach Elsa, but nothing was cooperating… Anna kept getting blown astray with Elsa's increasingly powerful winds, and she kept getting further and further...

To her great surprise, Hans suddenly sheathed his sword and picked Elsa up silently in an act Anna could only describe as the most intimate thing she'd ever seen… but it was a trick, she knew it! Hans only wanted to rule Arendelle… he didn't care about her or Elsa. Anna had to save her sister, she just had to.

Fighting the ice forming on her hands and arms, Anna called out for Elsa, but her voice was weak and kept getting lost in the wind… neither Hans nor Elsa seemed to hear her.

They were getting further… further… And Anna kept growing heavier and weaker…

"… Anna…! Anna…!" Someone was calling out to her… Anna collapsed onto the ice, knowing just how easy it would be to just give in… But she had to keep fighting for Elsa…

Strong, warm arms scooped her up, and Anna slowly tilted her head up. "… K-Kristoff…" she whispered, surprised he'd found her at all in this blizzard.

"Anna, you're cold as ice! We have to get you somewhere warm," Kristoff remarked, starting to panic. He quickly bundled her up in his coat and hat, despite the fact that he definitely wasn't fit for this blizzard now.

"Kristoff… I-I think it's too late…" Anna closed her eyes, which felt so heavy…

"Don't you dare go now, Anna. Don't worry about me—we have to save you first." Anna could feel herself getting hoisted on something—Sven maybe?—and immediately they were off, in the opposite direction of where Hans had carried Elsa. Anna, too weak to protest, let Kristoff carry her off.

Maybe Hans wasn't the brash, silly prince she imagined him to be… Elsa had certainly never felt so safe in someone's arms, not even her father's. She couldn't stop crying, though—she'd doomed her sister, the one person she swore she'd never hurt again.

Elsa only held onto Hans tighter, looking for some sort of comfort, which he seemed to be glad to give, despite the fact that she was sure she felt like ice in his arms.

Before she knew it, they were back at the palace. Voices all around her demanded why she was here—but this was her kingdom, after all. Her frozen, spiteful kingdom of Arendelle.

"What are you doing, bringing that… that monster back here?" the Duke of Weselton accused, and Elsa huddled closer to Hans, giving a slight whimper. She felt too out of control to say anything…

"Didn't you declare the Queen be sen—" one of the dignitaries started.

But Hans cut him off. "Please," he interjected, giving him a stern look Elsa could not see. "Can you not see Her Majesty is in quite a lot of pain over the loss of her sister, the Princess of Arendelle?" Elsa could feel him storming off angrily, up in a direction Elsa could only guess was toward her room.

That didn't stop the dignitaries bombarding the two of them with questions, most notably something
about Hans and Anna exchanging wedding vows before she died… but even Elsa knew that if only words were exchanged—with no witness, nonetheless—and now with Anna… dead… it made Hans' new position as Anna's husband utterly pointless. It meant nothing.

Hans slammed the door to one of the guest bedrooms, setting Elsa gingerly down on the bed. Standing slowly, he brushed bits of ice that had formed on the back of his coat.

"I am so sorry…" Elsa sobbed, curling her body into a little ball. *Conceal, don't feel…* Ice immediately started forming on the sheets.

Despite this, Hans still sat beside Elsa, placing one of his gloved hands over hers. The warmth and comfort soothed her, and she could feel herself relaxing just a bit. Right outside the door, the dignitaries demanded to see the Queen and the Prince for questioning, and Elsa could hear Kai and Gerda trying to push them away.

"Elsa, you didn't mean for any of this to happen," Hans assured gently, his brows furrowing in concern as his thumb gently ran over the soft ridges of her knuckles. Elsa could feel her heart beat faster at that; she'd never been touched like this before, certainly never by a man…

Elsa sniffed, using her free hand to rub her eyes a bit. "These powers are a curse…" she lamented. "I could never forgive myself for what I've done to Anna… And you tried to save her, too… All I've done is make everything worse…" Everything was so confusing and Elsa felt so out of control—in her position as Queen of Arendelle, in losing her sister, in her powers, in how her heart beat quicker since Hans was so close—and nothing would make it easier.

But as Hans used his free arm to envelop her in a tight embrace, Elsa couldn't help but feel slightly more comforted against him.

"I'll be here for you, Elsa," Hans declared, resting his chin atop her head, which again buried itself against his chest. "I'll be here for you as long as it takes…"

Chapter End Notes

Literally the greatest thing about the writing in this movie is that they clearly give out small throwaway lines and actions that suggest Hans isn't who he says he is, yet we're still on board with his act until the end when he betrays Anna. I just hope to have some of that in this fic.

Reviews? I'd love to see if I'm doing this right so far...

~Eliza
Rough Climb

Chapter Summary

Kristoff takes Anna to the Valley of Living Rock, where he, Olaf, Sven, and the Trolls look after her as she recovers from having a frozen heart.

Chapter Notes

Because I don't really have that much homework this week~ Finals week is coming up, and I feel at least a bit confident about that. Anyway, I'm seeing Frozen again this week, so that will probably motivate me more to write. Break is coming up, too, so yeah. Also, this chapter kind of sucks because dear GOD I love the twist that Anna's act of true love for Elsa is what saves the day, but it had to be changed here in this AU. Mostly just to get Hans and Elsa together. Don't worry, the next seven chapters are Hansla centric. This just establishes Kristanna, along with my own BS reasoning as a plot convenience to keep Anna out for a while.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 2

"The climb's too rough just to slide down back again…"

Kristoff scooped Olaf up onto Sven and the four of them rushed as fast as they could back to the Valley of Living Rock. All the while Kristoff held Anna to his chest as tight as he could, trying to see if he could help her in any way he could. Though he could feel his arms, hands, and face start to feel numb in the blizzard, he didn't care—Kristoff's first and only concern was making sure Anna wasn't completely frozen. His own health meant nothing.

Olaf, for once, was silent; he was just as concerned about Anna as Kristoff was.

Once he'd heard what Hans had done to Anna… well, he could kill him, that's how mad he was at the selfish prince. But Kristoff knew better than to confront Hans about this, though—he knew Hans thought Anna was dead, and it was better for him to think that just so he wouldn't come after her. They'd have to do something about this, though, as Elsa was potentially in danger now. Kristoff didn't know what to do about that… But one problem at a time, he knew. Much as he'd love to give Hans a piece of his mind, Anna was much more important now.

"Anna, just follow my voice." Kristoff was trying all he could to keep Anna from freezing up completely. "Don't you dare go. Don't you leave—you can fight against it; I know you can…" He wasn't going to give up, so Anna shouldn't, either.
Once at the Valley of Living Rock, Kristoff bundled Anna back up in his arms and called out for Pabbie. Thank the gods, Anna wasn't completely frozen, but she hadn't responded to anything the entire ride up. He started to really panic, setting Anna gently on the moss. Though the last thing Kristoff wanted to do was make Anna any less warm, he parted his coat a bit and pressed his ear to her chest.

"How is she?" Olaf questioned quietly, looking over Kristoff's shoulder to see just what he was doing with Anna. Sven did the same, though he was still slightly more interested in Olaf's carrot nose.

Very, very faintly, Kristoff heard a soft heartbeat in his ear. Sighing in relief, he bundled Anna up again as he pulled away, bringing her limp body against his own. He wouldn't know what to do if he lost her… "Her heart isn't frozen… We still have time to reverse this," Kristoff remarked, just as Pabbie and the rest of the Trolls revealed themselves.

"Oh dear… Did the kiss not work?" Pabbie asked concernedly, rushing over to Anna to see what he could do for her.

Kristoff shook his head somberly, looking down at the dirt beneath his knees. "Turns out the man Anna thought she loved didn't love her back," he explained, a bit of an edge in his voice. Just mentioning Hans was making his blood boil. "I brought her back here—it's a bit warmer. I don't care what happens… I just want her to be okay."

Was it just Kristoff, or were Olaf and Pabbie smiling knowingly at him…?

"Her heart isn't frozen yet," he continued, brushing Anna's bangs out of her face. "There's still time. We can figure something out."

Pabbie placed a hand on Kristoff's wrist, smiling gently up at him. "Oh, Kristoff… You already have," he replied, just before taking Kristoff's coat off Anna and examining her hands and arms. "She would have been frozen by now—but you saved her."

Kristoff blinked rapidly, extremely confused. "That doesn't make sense…" he murmured, wondering by how some miracle he'd been able to save Anna.

But Pabbie just shook his head. "Not just you, Kristoff," he said, "but Olaf and Sven as well. You have all performed acts of true love toward Anna."

Olaf seemed positively giddy at that. "You mean the action can be performed by more than one person?" he asked.

Pabbie nodded slowly, wrapping Kristoff's coat back around Anna's torso. "Why yes," he replied knowingly. "You were all so concerned for Anna… the curse has been lifted."

But Kristoff wasn't sold, not just yet, anyway. "Then why isn't she thawed out?" he observed. "How come she hasn't woken?"

Sighing, Pabbie turned on his foot and gestured for Kristoff to follow him. After picking up Anna again, he was led to his own little hut—since Kristoff was too large to live among the Trolls, he'd built a shelter years ago (with help, of course). Kristoff only stayed here when he wasn't harvesting ice, and he found it pretty cozy, even now.

Immediately Pabbie went to work on building a fire in the small fireplace on one wall of the hut. "The effects of a frozen heart take time to thaw. Since Anna was on the brink of being frozen, it can take up to months for her to regain her strength," he explained.
Months? Kristoff set Anna before the fireplace once Pabbie got a fire going. "So I have to keep her warm until then?" he guessed, looking around for materials to make Anna a small bed.

"Not just that." Pabbie wandered over to help Kristoff settle Anna in. "She will continue to need your love and support—all of your love and support." He gestured to Sven and Olaf as well.

Kristoff wasn't sure if he could pull off such a huge responsibility, but he at least had friends to help him out… And yes, he would do anything for Anna—he just didn't want to fail her in any way. Nodding, he made Anna as comfortable as he could. "Of course, Pabbie," he replied.

Again, smiling knowingly, Pabbie just walked out of the hut. "Let me know about her progress. You've done well, Kristoff."

Of course, Kristoff didn't really think so. He would have stopped this earlier, if only he knew he could have been the one to save her… And what about Elsa? Where was she? And what about Hans, that bastard? Sighing, Kristoff realized Anna was his first priority—he had to take this one issue at a time, he reminded himself. As long as Anna was safe, Kristoff knew he'd be able to sleep soundly.

For now, anyway.

Chapter End Notes

So while Kristoff could go after Hans himself, he really cares too much about Anna. Also I want Anna to do some badass things later on, just saying~

Admit it, you're all into Kristanna more-

There's both, don't worry.

So how am I doing so far? :3

~Eliza
Twisting the Structure

Chapter Summary

Elsa starts to wonder why Hans is taking such a great interest in her... but when the two start to reveal each other's past to each other, Elsa's defenses start to falter.

Chapter Notes

So here we are at chapter three~ From here on for a few chapters, we'll have some Hansla stuff going on. I have a hell of a lot of fun writing Hans, by the way; he's so awesome to dive into as a character! Also I've been asked whether or not Elsa will thaw his heart out. Well, time will tell, but let's just say that what you think is going to happen probably isn't going to happen. I really hope this isn't too predictable a story is all I'm saying. But please, just enjoy the ride as it comes. ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 3

"I'm only here because I wanna twist the structure of my average day."

Elsa sobbed and sobbed, letting her room freeze up until she had no more tears to shed. Her guilt kept eating her up—she was even surprised Hans wasn't getting bored or sick of her. In fact, this whole time he'd barely left her side… He comforted her, holding her when she felt most vulnerable, and whispering sweet nothings in her ear when she blamed herself for Anna's death.

Finally, tired and weary of shedding all she could for her sister, Elsa sat up in her bed, looking out the window. Snow still blanketed the entirety of Arendelle, and Elsa still had no idea how she could ever stop it. It seemed to be all her fault, and everyone pointed fingers of blame without hesitation, easily making her the most hated queen in the history of Arendelle.

That is… except Hans.

Hans devoted the majority of his time to comforting Elsa, making her burden easier, too, by taking over a few of her duties as queen. He seemed so eager to help, where everyone else was so eager to blame. In this dark, stressful time, he'd been the only one considerate enough to ask her how she felt, or bring her tea when she was thirsty, or talk to her about mundane, enjoyable things like the type of books she liked to read and what the most beautiful thing she'd conjured up with her powers was.

"Oh, my palace on the North Mountain," she replied, almost like she missed it. At least in isolation, she could keep herself in a beautiful fortress she'd created. She did miss talking to people, though… And Hans seemed to ease the pain of losing Anna, just a bit. Hans was the only one who seemed to talk about… well, anything with her. He wasn't afraid, she realized, like the dignitaries and the Duke
of Weselton were.

"It really was such a thing of beauty," he confessed, laying on his side as he looked up at her.

Blushing, Elsa looked back out the window, remembering that she'd been the cause of all this, though… "You're the only person who doesn't think I'm a monster..." she admitted, choking up a bit. The other had been Anna...

Shrugging, Hans gestured to the room. "Think of all the beauty you could create if you knew how to control your powers," he said. "Ice can be quite dangerous, but it can be quite beautiful as well..." He gave her the most sincere look he could muster up.

This was crazy; he'd been pining for Anna, hadn't he? Why was Hans showing such a sudden interest in her, then? Was it just in his nature to be this nice to everyone?

"I need to learn to control my powers," she insisted instead, staring off in the distance toward the fjord. "This winter can't last..." Her eyes went back to Hans, whose breath she could see. "And I'm obviously making you uncomfortable. You know you're not obligated to stay."

"I want to," he countered, scooting a bit closer to her. "If I leave you alone for too long, they're going to devour you."

Elsa only shrugged, swinging her legs over the edge of her bed. The fact that they could carry on such a normal conversation in such an intimate place really baffled her. It was making her a bit nervous, but Hans never tried to advance on her at all. The only time they'd ever really made contact was when Elsa needed it most—when she thought about Anna.

She didn't deny Hans' last statement, though—she did feel that he was unintentionally protecting her. "I do thank you for everything you've done..." she told him. "But you could be back at home, you know."

Looking back, Elsa watched his face fall just a bit before looking back up at her. "Anywhere is better than home," he professed after a moment.

"Even after all that's happened here?" she pressed, conjuring up a snowflake. "Even after finding out about my powers and—" she faltered a bit, "—after what happened to Anna?"

She watched him swallow thickly, chastising herself for not exactly keeping her eyes on his. Again, she sat on the bed, not knowing what to really do with herself. She'd never really been in a position like this before—she never really talked to anyone like this, not like with anyone in her family.

Hans ran a gloved hand through his hair, letting out a slow breath, like he was contemplating telling her some huge secret. Or perhaps he really was debating the question.

"Yes," he finally decided, crossing his arms once more. "Because at least here, in Arendelle, I feel like I'm important. Like I matter. I'll admit, it's a great change of pace from what I'm used to at home. I'm usually ignored, as no one cares about the youngest..." He scoffed a bit, then looked back up at Elsa. "I apologize. I didn't mean to reveal that so bitterly."

"No, I had no idea..." Elsa murmured, immediately feeling bad for asking. After all, she did appreciate the fact that he could have gone home, but he decided to be the buffer for the hate that started to creep on her. No, she was glad he was here, but she was just curious as to why. "Don't apologize to me for being honest..."

Hans just smiled at Elsa in return, looking grateful, as she didn't seem to judge him for his answer.
He just reached over, brushing his thumb on her shoulder gently. They stayed in a comfortable silence after that, just glad for each other's company.

Part of Hans really did like Elsa—not only was she more beautiful than Anna, but she liked to talk about deeper subjects, like the philosophy of her favorite books. And yes, he knew that legitimately liking Elsa would only give him more sincerity in his conquest to finally rule his own kingdom, but…

… Well, Hans had a hard time trusting people. Simple as that sounded, it stemmed from false promises and practically being ignored his whole life, which could explain why he was so hell-bent on running his own kingdom.

After all, when he was just a boy, and during his period of "invisibility," his own mother barely paid him any mind. Hans shuddered at the many times he tried to capture her attention, but she seemed in on it, too. Other than the occasional pat on the head or kiss on the cheek, she seemed tired of assuring him that he could be someone great. He concluded, after bearing thirteen children, she was probably drained of making false guarantees; she probably wanted Hans to be taught this reality even earlier than his brothers.

No, Hans never loved her any less. It made him crave attention more. Not just from her, not just from his brothers, but from everyone. He needed to prove them all wrong, that he was worth something.

That was why Arendelle was the perfect goal. Not only were Elsa and Anna ripe for marriage, but everyone knew the story: the sisters were reclusive, naïve, and the craved for something new and exciting. Not to mention he was sure neither sister knew anything about him as the "invisible, unlucky thirteenth prince of the Southern Isles." So far, he'd been proven right about that last part; neither Elsa nor Anna knew anything about his family.

So when the Southern Isles needed a representative for Elsa's coronation, Hans immediately jumped on the idea, knowing this was probably his only chance of being a king.

Trusting Elsa at all definitely wasn't on his list of goals, though. Hans was having a hard time confronting himself over how much he was revealing. What if she found someone else, after all? That was partially why he proposed to Anna so soon; he knew she was so naïve as to fall the first man to show her any affection, so he had to find her before anyone else.

Actually, she was kind of starting to question it now…

While taking Elsa to the parlor to put the finishing touches on Anna's funeral about a week later, she finally voiced her thoughts.

"Did you really love my sister?" she questioned, her arms crossed over her chest insecurely. "I don't mean to accuse you of being uncaring, which you certainly aren't, but I'm curious. You seem to be coping over the loss of your… 'wife'… rather quickly."

Hans swallowed thickly; he seemed to be doing that a lot lately when faced with the difficult questions Elsa kept asking him… "I have a confession to make," he replied, taking her arm as they walked down the hall. "Anna and I never exchanged vows. I fabricated the lie to make it seem like her death was as noble as it could be."

Sighing, he looked Elsa in the eye, brows furrowing in worry. "I did love her, though," he lied. "To be honest, the last thing she told me was that I needed to protect you and make you happy. I vow to do just that, Elsa."
He saw her tear up a bit again, but she held her composure. And thank the gods, Hans didn't have anymore self assurances to give her, and her powers always got out of hand when she got overemotional. At least she ate up whatever he fed her. Easy as it was to lie, it was hard to lie often.

Once in the parlor, Hans handed Elsa the paperwork, highlighting the budget, the people they'd hired, and the procession of the funeral. "All that really needs to be done today is rehearsing the eulogy and the hymn with which you plan on honoring the Princess," he explained.

Elsa shuffled through the papers, then sighed. "Damn," she mumbled. "Gerda must have put the songbook back in the library…" She looked up at Hans, playing with her braid a bit. "Hans, would you mind…?"

"Of course, Your Highness," he replied, knowing that Elsa had a hard time confronting that room now, as Anna had died there. And since turning into ice and melting, he understood that Elsa might still be able to feel her sister's presence in the library. So he made his way over, grabbing the songbook Elsa needed without so much as a second thought, and brought it back to the parlor.

"Thank you, Hans." Elsa bowed her head gratefully as she took the songbook from his hands, flipping to the hymn she was going to sing. "I guess we should practice warm-ups first," she declared, grabbing the music stand and setting it by the piano.

Taking his place at the piano (as they had been practicing for a few days now), Hans led Elsa through a few vocal warm-ups. And if voice alone could totally seduce him, then Elsa would have wormed right into his heart as soon as he heard a note of her sing. He could listen to Elsa sing for hours on end her voice was so beautiful. It was so clear, so melodic and yet a bit gravelly in that sexy was as it carried throughout the room. Even just doing warm-ups, Hans was just silently addicted to hearing her.

"You're such a beautiful singer," he complimented, letting his hands drop to his lap as soon as they'd finished warming up.

"Thank you…" She blushed as she tucked a stray strand of platinum hair behind her ear., trying to act as modestly as she could. "I'm not sure how I'd compare to others, though…"

"You'd blow them out of the water," Hans assured, giving Elsa his warmest smile. Much as he had his goal in mind, and though that was his first priority, he was genuinely flirting with Elsa right now. And why shouldn't he? Other than her timorous nature and lack of control with her powers, she was practically his ideal mate: extremely beautiful, fair, whip smart, intuitive, had a stunning voice… and Hans was sure that once he cracked that wall of isolation, she could be incredibly confident and sexy as well.

"Hans, you don't have to flatter me…" Elsa gave a nervous laugh, unsure of where she should look. Her eyes kept darting everywhere but on him.

"Elsa, I'm just being honest." Hans stood and walked over to her, gently tilting her chin up to look right at him. He heard her breath catch, and he started to notice the temperature drop. "Is there such a crime in that…?" he asked softly.

"Not at all," she whispered back, and Hans took note of how shaky her voice was.

Above all, she was a queen. And Hans needed to make sure that he became her king, by any means necessary. "Then why hold back…?"

His lips were just a mere breath away from hers before she declared, "Hans, please… Let's just finish
rehearsing."

Either she was playing hard-to-get or she'd never had this happen to her before. Hans was sure the latter, but he just cleared his throat, straightened his jacket, and he silently went back to his place at the piano, giving her the first note before she let her voice carry the whole melody.

He'd never heard anything so beautiful.

Chapter End Notes

So Hans has mommy issues. Oh Freud, will you ever cease to amuse me? I just figured it made sense, as I figured his problems mostly stemmed from the fact that he was practically invisible for a few years. So now he's trying to overcompensate as being the best king among kings with his brothers. And of course, he needs Elsa for that.

Also here Elsa has a beautiful voice, because yeah, it's friggin' true. There's a reason why I listen to "Let It Go" a gazillion times a day. So now I have this little headcanon that may or may not emerge later in this story (hint: of course it will!).

So see you in the next chapter! I'm having way too much fun writing this pairing, as there's a crapton more depth in them than Kristanna, hate to say.

Till then!

~Eliza
Chapter Summary

After the almost kiss at rehearsal, Elsa is feeling more insecure and confused as ever about Hans, and has taken to wearing her gloves again at Anna's funeral. Hans tells Elsa he can help her control her powers, but is he just outright lying to her, or is there some truth behind such a statement?

Chapter Notes

Nothing I love more than a good update at two in the morning. I decided to post this chapter now, since there is a large possibility that I might not be able to update again until this weekend. Finals week and all. I have to study, too. Then I'm home free.

So here's more Hansla for the shippers~ Or for the people who just want to plow through this to get to more Kristanna...

Also, thanks to all my reviewers and followers! I've never had this many for a story before! Thank you so much for supporting me!

Without further ado, here's chapter four!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 4

"It's not a big problem with me, love…"

Gerda placed the last pin in Elsa's hair, securing her bun right into place. After stepping back to assess her work, she placed her hands over her mouth to catch her breath. "Oh, Your Majesty…" she whispered. "You look so beautiful."

She'd really outdone herself… Elsa circled once, taking note of the embroidery Gerda had sewn into the cape, corset, and skirt, and it was absolutely breathtaking, even as a dress for a funeral. "Oh, Gerda…" She couldn't believe how Gerda could have made this dress in such a short amount of time. "That's mostly because of this gorgeous dress… Thank you so much."

Stepping off the pedestal, Elsa took the set of black gloves to match the dress, deciding that the last thing she wanted was to let her powers unleash at her sister's funeral, of all places. "Wish me luck… I need all I can get." It would be the first time the citizens of Arendelle saw Elsa since revealing her powers… How people would react, she really didn't know. But she did know that with Hans there, with his charm and amazing ability to sway any crowd, things would be much easier to handle.
There was a knock on the door. "Your Highness, are you decent?"

Speak of the devil. Ever since the almost-kiss at rehearsal yesterday, things seemed to be a bit awkward between them, not as fluid. Elsa never felt this way, really… Even when she shut Anna out, it didn't feel like this. Like she couldn't redeem herself.

Elsa opened the door, shocked to see Hans look especially debonair in his black suit. "Oh…” One hand clutched tightly at the skirt of her dress. "I didn't know you were still escorting me…” After yesterday, she was sure he had no reason to even tolerate her anymore.

"And leave such a beautiful queen to fend for herself? Not a chance." Hans flashed Elsa a grin, holding his arm out for her.

Slowly Elsa threaded her arm in his, still a bit hesitant about Hans being so open to her. She guessed perhaps yesterday's events didn't faze him much, if at all. Together they slowly made their way down the hall, almost like… well, a couple. Never was it just Elsa nowadays, and rarely was it just Hans. Most of the time they were together—Hans as her benevolent protector, Elsa as the damaged queen with her snow-blanketed kingdom and miserable people.

It was a strange but comfortable fit, to say the least.

Elsa definitely did feel right alongside Hans, but at the same time she felt she would dishonor Anna if she suddenly took interest in Hans like that.

It was too hard to not think about Hans in a romantic manner, not after what happened with him advancing on her, and that kiss that could have happened… Once Gerda hinted that she and Hans fit well together.

"My Lady, you've been spending quite a lot of time with the Prince," she'd observed during a fitting.

Elsa had taken to wearing her old clothes— with a few ice modifications. It was nice to have one of Gerda's dresses made just for her again… "Yes, I have," she'd deadpanned. "He's been helping me adjust to this new Arendelle."

"Permit my observation, My Lady, but I do believe you and the Prince make quite the handsome couple. Reminds me of the King and Queen, Heaven bless their souls," said Gerda, looking up at Elsa with a small, knowing smile.

"That is too bold," Elsa had scolded with a scowl, trying to hide the blush on her face.

"Beg your pardon, My Lady, that was quite rude of me," Gerda had excused herself, then went back to her work.

So was Gerda right? Were she and Hans really that compatible? They definitely had a lot to talk about, and he seemed to respect her as a person, not just as a queen…

No, she had to stop thinking of Hans like that… He was unattainable. He'd been Anna's. How could she disrespect her sister's memory like that, despite the fact that Hans had advanced on her? She was racked with enough guilt over Anna. Elsa didn't need another reason as to why she was a horrible sister.

"You're going to blow then all out of the water," Hans assured in her ear, giving the hand on his arm a light squeeze.
Hans would be able to like Elsa a bit more if it weren't always so damn cold around her. And while Hans was getting more used to a cooler climate, he still couldn't get behind the fact that he could see his breath practically wherever he went. Though it was unequivocally Elsa's fault, he still did pursue her.

She just needed to learn to control her powers, and he had to show her how.

Not that he actually knew how, but... he'd have to do some research, he knew.

Because the blanket of snow out in the royal cemetery wasn't the right setting for Anna's funeral, and people kept staring at Elsa, blaming her still for this winter.

To keep all the hatred off her, Hans used his new influence in Arendelle to fabricate a few lies—Anna had died at the hand of an ice harvester during her trek to save her sister at the palace, and that Hans was teaching Elsa how to control her powers. People still called their queen a monster, but the people were divided: there were the citizens who knew and respected the previous rulers, and the ones who didn't care about that; Elsa was a freak of nature and needed to be destroyed.

Hans knew, of course, that if he wanted Elsa and her powers, he needed the people to rally for her. That's what he hoped this eulogy and hymn would do; he needed Arendelle to love its queen again in order for him to be the king he wanted to be.

Elsa stood before the weighted coffin, speech in a shaky gloved hand as she faced her people. Hans, of course, followed her and stood by her side as he always did. After all, a few harmless rumors about them wouldn't hurt. If anything, Hans was sure it would push him and Elsa closer together.

The pressure, especially on a queen who just wanted to do well by her people, would get to her, and with Hans as the only royal who didn't see her as a witch or a monster, would cave in around her.

After looking over at Elsa a moment, he gently placed a hand on her waist, trying to calm her and give her enough confidence to deliver Anna's eulogy.

The people were dead silent, out of fear and curiosity, as many blamed her for what was going on in Arendelle.

Elsa took a deep breath, holding the parchment before her eyes. Hans could tell she was trying to keep her focus on her speech. The air, though cold, was completely still and peaceful.

"Citizens of Arendelle, we gather to celebrate the life of our recently passed princess: my sister, Anna of Arendelle," she announced, her voice already commanding attention. Every pair of eyes drew to her. "Despite her early departure from our world, Anna lived her life to the fullest, getting as much enjoyment out of everyday as she possibly could.

"Anna has been, and always will be, a part of me. Her energy surrounds me—surrounds Arendelle. Anna emits the spirit of our most positive selves; Anna brought out the best of us. She never saw us as bad natured, or horrid-tempered. She saw the good in humanity, the good in all of us. What we can hope to gain, from experiencing such a loss like this, is to find what Anna saw in us, and bring it to light. She did not see us as monsters, but as humans—and not just as humans, but as good-natured people. There's a sweet naiveté behind a mentality like Anna's, one I believe we can all try to emulate, at least a bit. In trying to live up to Anna's spirit, we can still feel her here, with us. Thank you."

Now, while Hans felt Elsa's eulogy was rather forced and a bit too optimistic, he also felt that maybe it was the right tone to go along with the people of Arendelle, who could use a speech like this in such a dark time. He just flashed her a soft smile, knowing it was time to move onto the hymn.
The whole eulogy could have been easily forgotten, though, as soon as Elsa let her voice waft over
the crowd. They were all captivated, all mesmerized by the Queen's melodic voice and the way it
carried every emotion she felt about her sister.

Some were in tears.

Some gaped at the Queen in shock.

Hans just felt shivers travel down his neck and spine. Haunting, ephemeral, absolutely stunning…
Easily Elsa's best trait was her beautiful voice.

Once done, she was greeted in silence out of respect for the dead, though Hans could see in the
corner of his eye as he led the Queen back to her seat, that people seemed quite tempted to burst into
applause.

Elsa was just about ready to collapse on her bed in her funeral dress, that's how exhausted she was.
After talking to too many people, hearing too many condolences over Anna, and shedding too many
tears, Elsa just wanted to be alone.

Of course, wherever she went, Hans pretty much always followed. It wasn't getting annoying, per se,
but other than at night Elsa saw him practically all the time…

Escorting her back to her room definitely wasn't an exception.

"I can't wait to just fall asleep," Elsa confessed, suppressing a yawn.

Hans chuckled a bit, patting the hand she had on his arm. "Shall I call some tea up?" he asked,
stopping before her door. "I wanted to talk to you about something before you retire for the night."

It took a moment for Elsa to reply, as she wasn't sure what Hans wanted to talk about. She'd hoped it
wasn't about what happened yesterday; Elsa knew how wrong it would be to give in to his
affections. It wouldn't be in good taste. "Yes, that's fine," she told him with a nod, letting Hans into
her frozen room.

She just wanted her corsets off, but Elsa also knew she couldn't expose herself so indecently…

Hans stopped a maid in the hallway, asking for tea to be brought up. Elsa sat on her bed, pulling her
gloves off slowly and setting them on the nightstand for later. The lamps and candles in the room had
already been lit completely. Kicking off her shoes, Elsa flexed her toes a bit and sighed. Already she
was a bit more comfortable.

Hans joined Elsa by the bed, just standing before her. "You said you wanted to talk about
something…?" she brought up, crossing her legs.

Shrugging, Hans took a few paces before Elsa, more engrossed with looking at the floor than at her.
"I was thinking… we're both kind of on the same boat here…" he rambled, and Elsa looked up at
him, confused.

After clearing his throat, Hans finally faced Elsa. There he went, with that incredibly sincere look…

"I want to help you control your powers," he announced suddenly, and Elsa's eyes widened in
surprise.

"You don't know anything about my powers," she replied defensively, drawing her eyes down to
her hands, which were perched palm up in her lap. "How could you possibly help me?"

Hans kneeled before Elsa, taking her hands gently in his gloved ones. Elsa realized she'd never seen him without them on... Slowly her eyes met his green ones. "I know your emotions control them," he said knowingly. "I know when you're fearful and timid they become more commanding, to the point where they become too out of hand. Obviously the key to controlling this is to unlock the emotion most associated with them... positively, anyway."

Blinking, Elsa stared at Hans, still wide-eyed. "You know all of that just from a few observations?" she asked in disbelief.

Hans nodded. "You're not entirely mysterious, Your Highness. After all, we have been spending quite a lot of time together." Was it just Elsa, or did his voice emit a bit of coyness?

At that, there was a knock at the door, and Hans withdrew to take the tray of tea from the maid. Placing it on Elsa's nightstand, he prepared to take his leave.

Not before taking her hand again, of course. "Consider it, won't you, Your Highness?" he asked, pressing a kiss to her hand.

"Of course, Hans," she murmured, watching as he left the room silently.

After all, what did she have to lose?

Chapter End Notes

So why does Hans seem so keen and enthusiastic about helping Elsa control her powers? Eh, you know why-so he can control Arendelle, duh.

Oh, and to address one reviewer, no, I won't say if Hans becomes possessive over Elsa or not; that will be revealed in good time. And no, there won't be another love interest because who else is there in the canon? Also I love the dynamic between Hans and Elsa, and I want to keep exploring it build up to something either powerful or destructive. Just like Elsa's powers! xD

Until the next chapter!

~Eliza
 Someone Who Shirks Such Little Self-Restraint

Chapter Summary

As Hans and the palace staff start to pair Elsa off with the handsome prince, she can't help but think perhaps he's the best, if not only, good fit for her as a potential suitor.

Chapter Notes

One final down, one and a half more to go! (One class is just a paper due.) To celebrate, here's more Hansla. I watched Frozen for the first time in 3D yesterday, and it was absolutely glorious! If you're going to see it again, I suggest you do it in three dimensions. Also I noticed more of Hans being evil and malicious throughout the movie. Oh Disney you so subtle-

Again, thanks to everyone who faved and followed and reviewed! You've made this my most popular story to date!

Also, before we begin, has anyone actually listened to the song on which this fic is based? I wanna talk about it with someone~ It really is a great song, and I did mention it fit well with our antagonist...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 5

"What a great achievement it was to find someone who shirks such little self-restraint."

With Elsa working on a proposal allowing more manufacture of winter clothing, Hans approached one of the meeting rooms, scroll in hand, to confront the Duke of Weselton.

Hans rather hated that little weasel—he'd only done what he could to really get on his nerves. And there really was no reason Arendelle even needed Weselton as a trading partner; Elsa wasn't one to easily forgive the Duke who singlehandedly instilled fear into her people over her powers.

After much discussion with Elsa, the two came up with a proper dismissal. And Hans couldn't be happier that Elsa really trusted him in royal affairs; the title of king was as good as his.

Now, Hans wasn't outright greedy or malicious. Like all humans, he had his limits, though—and he wasn't afraid to play dirty if those limits were reached. Such as when Anna stupidly threw herself at Hans. He couldn't stand such naïve people. Life wasn't a place of sunshine and happiness; life had consequences, and the best way he could be happy, he knew, was by being the best.

And in this life in Arendelle, he definitely didn't want that little weasel anywhere near the kingdom...
he was about to rule.

There the Duke was, with his two goons hovering over him as usual. Keeping a calm face, Hans unrolled the scroll Elsa herself had quilled and signed. "Gentlemen, thank you for joining me today," he said politely, placing the scroll on the table for all to read.

The Duke's eyes scanned over the scroll, his priggish mustache frowning along with his mouth. "How dare you...!" he cried, slamming one of his fists on the table.

"Queen's orders," Hans deadpanned, his hands clasped behind his back. "Her seal makes it official. She wants you out of Arendelle, and she does not wish to open up trading routes with Weselton." Watching the Duke break down like this was absolutely divine. Hans had a hard time suppressing the smirk that wanted to emerge.

"B-but you just can't do that...!" The Duke was still in denial. "You don't rule Arendelle! You can't get away with this!" His face turned red in anger, and Hans had to dig his nails into his palm just to keep the straight face he wore.

"On the contrary, this is the Queen's decree. I have nothing to do with her final decision in the matter." Not entirely true, but the Duke didn't need to know that.

"Your Highness, permit my rudeness, but you've taken quite an interest in that monster," the Duke spat. "Why the sudden change from the Prince willing to lock her up and put her life on the line?"

Why that little—Hans felt tempted to punch him square in the jaw. "The Queen is no monster; she is just misled," he replied through gritted teeth. "I have noticed the error of my ways, and I will do whatever it takes in my power to protect her from dignitaries that plan to exploit Arendelle's riches."

"You're attracted to her," the Duke challenged, slitting his eyes. "Do you really think that will earn you a good reputation after your marriage to Princess Anna?"

"I vow to stay by the Queen's side," Hans countered. "Now I suggest you leave Arendelle before I myself travel to Weselton and tell your king and queen of your greed to abuse this great kingdom."

"My greed or your own, Your Highness?" The Duke smirked.

"How dare you—" Hans had reached his limit, his sword unsheathed. After a moment, he cleared his throat, then covered it again. "The Queen has ordered you out. I suggest you leave before the Captain of the Guard does it himself." He turned quickly on his heel, heading to the door.

"I'd leave, but the fjord is frozen solid." Hans could just feel that leer on the Duke's face, practically.

"Then find a way," he growled, slamming the door shut.

The first glimpse of a darker side of Hans that Elsa saw was soon after the Duke of Weselton left back for his kingdom.

And it really did scare her.

"God damn it!" he cried, slamming her office door shut. Elsa jumped, heart pounding in her chest. She almost dripped stray ink on her parchment.

"Hans, please, I'm trying to draft this proposal," she replied calmly, putting the quill back in its inkwell.
"Damn" that little weasel!" Hans wasn't calming down, though; he ran his hands through his hair and slumped in one of the chairs by the window.

Elsa felt a bit frightened; the arms of her chair started to freeze up. Putting her gloves on, she approached Hans quickly. "Calm down, please," she pleaded. "Let me help you out…"

Hans looked up at her, clenching his fists tightly. "I absolutely can't stand—"

Elsa held her hand up and kneeled before him. If Hans could comfort her in her most vulnerable moments, then Elsa could surely do the same. But she could feel the temperature drop more around her…

Taking off her gloves shakily, Elsa held her hands up. "Let's try it again…" she whispered, looking up at Hans hopefully.

"Damn it, Elsa, do we have to do this now?" Hans frowned, but he took his gloves off anyway, tossing them to the ground.

The exercise was to keep contact with him, trying not to let her powers touch him. Elsa thought of it as one of the most intimate activities in which she'd ever took part. They'd been trying at it for about a week and a half now, and the longest Elsa had lasted before Hans pulled away from cold hands was only about a minute. Elsa couldn't help it, though; she found an attraction to the look and feel of his hands—not callused, incredibly regal, slightly on the large side. They were the only pair she'd ever really touched in her lifetime. And the thought only made her more nervous and scared.

But she was willing to try; it was a good exercise to keep her powers in check.

"Please, Hans…" she begged, looking up at him with wide eyes. "I think I can do it this time."

Hans nodded, and slowly, with a shaky breath, Elsa threaded her fingers with his, closing her eyes. So far, so good… Deep breath, slow counting…

"Elsa, you know it won't really work if you don't look at me," Hans coaxed, squeezing her hands gently.

They felt so soft, so clean cut and warm—like she imagined a royal's hands to feel. Elsa slowly opened her eyes, meeting his in deep concentration. He looked like he had so much faith in her, and in that moment Elsa didn't feel pressured, didn't feel any fear or nervousness. She only saw trust, and she felt something she hadn't detected in a long time: warmth. It erupted in her core and spread outward, and the whole room suddenly felt… normal.

Elsa didn't know just how long she held Hans' hands, but all she knew was that for the first time since creating her ice palace, she felt in control of her powers. Whether it was his doing or something inside her she didn't know, but all she wanted was to tap into whatever it was.

Taking one hand, Hans lifted Elsa's chin toward his face gently. "Stay in control, Elsa; I want to try something," he whispered.

The temperature dropped slightly, but Elsa just took a deep breath and kept it in control. She trusted Hans. He was the only doing what he could to help her.

Then why was her heart beating so rapidly?

Elsa regained her composure, just as Hans was a breath away from her. "Tell me, Your Highness, has any man ever had the pleasure of giving you a kiss?" he whispered, a bit teasingly.
Slowly Elsa shook her head. *Keep it together.* "No…" she murmured back.

"I feel rather lucky, then…" Something rather wet and warm pressed against her mouth gently, and Elsa couldn't breathe for a moment. It felt… strangely pleasant. Another sensation of warmth ran through her body, sending pleasurable shivers down her spine.

Neither pulled away. Elsa, for the moment, totally forgot about the exercise; she was giving in to Hans and it felt absolutely right. She felt safe and warm, and she realized that Hans *would* be the only one willing to help her out. The only one who really cared. No wonder everyone loved him so much…

And if Anna only wanted Hans to protect Elsa, and if this made Elsa happy, then was it really so wrong?

It seemed like forever before Hans parted for air. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" he murmured, pulling Elsa up a bit. His hands cupped her face gently. "If you enjoyed that, I'd like to try it again if it's all right with you."

Elsa nodded slowly, letting her hands drift up his chest until they clasped behind his neck comfortably. She felt like she was in a dream or a daze, and she didn't want to wake up just yet.

He whole body tingled with warmth and excitement. The proposal was never finished; Elsa was too busy letting Hans kiss her, and she was more than happy to kiss him back.

When she was sure no one was in the hallway, she leaned in and gave him a good night kiss. "You're the reason I never finished my proposal," she lamented, pulling away with a lazy smile.

Hans held her waist; his hands fit just perfectly there. "It's not due until tomorrow afternoon," he assured. "You have time.

Elsa bit her lip, knowing it was late… "Just one more…" she murmured, pulling Hans in for one last kiss by the lapel of his coat.

He was all too happy to oblige, but he also knew it was time to retire for the evening. "Have I unleashed a fiend?" he teased, finally withdrawing his hands.

"No," Elsa guaranteed with a chuckle. "So I'll bid you good night until tomorrow, Prince Hans."

In his true fashion, he didn't leave until he kissed her hand softly. "Until tomorrow, My Queen," he replied as he pulled away.

Elsa didn't close the door until Hans disappeared from her sight.

Her whole body was still tingling with exhilaration as her handmaidens bathed her later in the evening. Elsa couldn't keep the lazy smile off her face. No one said anything, until her thick hair was washed and Gerda was pinning it back into a braid.

"Any suitors, My Lady?" she inquired, keeping her eyes drawn down. "I understand you'll need to marry soon…"

Gerda already knew the answer, though. "I can't do better than a man who doesn't think I'm a monster, can I?" Elsa sighed, looking into the sudsy water.

"But do you love him, My Lady?"
Now that was the million-dollar question. Elsa knew a bit about love, and she definitely didn't love Hans like she did Anna or her parents. Liked him, yes. Appreciated what he was doing for her, definitely. But love was too powerful a word. Too dangerous. That was just diving off the deep end.

"I don't know yet," she replied instead, drawing her knees to her chest. "I just want to do well by the people of Arendelle; that's what matters most right now."

Gerda and the handmaidens slipped Elsa into a silk robe after drying her off. "And you will," the wise, old maid assured. "You've always been a wonderful judge of character, My Lady."

Nodding, Elsa figured that she couldn't do better than Hans. Not only was he a prince, but he was caring, handsome, the only person willing to help her…

If she were his wife, would it really be so bad to rule alongside him?

Hans was so close he could taste it. Before long, he'd have it all: Arendelle, the people's trust, and Elsa's devotion. He could see it all in the close distance, and he was almost there…

He knew the hardest thing to conquer would be Elsa, but he was almost there as well. Arendelle loved him, and Elsa had shown him one of her soft spots—she was a sweet, naïve virgin when it came to romantic experience and Hans was going to use that to his full advantage.

Now, Elsa wasn't as much fun as Anna, he had to admit, but he'd be damned if she wasn't a naturally great kisser. Hans certainly enjoyed their impromptu kissing session, and he definitely wanted more. He wanted to kiss her, wanted to run his hands over her body and keep her calm, wanted to lay his head in her lap and hear her lull him to sleep with a song as she threaded her thin fingers though his hair, wanted to control her and get her to do whatever he wanted.

He was almost there, he knew; he'd broken new ground today. So now all he had to do was lead her on more and in a few weeks he could propose.

With Hans as Elsa's only hope for happiness, he knew she couldn't say no, especially if he asked at just the right moment.

The Queen needed a King, and everyone looked to Hans to be the new leader for Arendelle.

Together they'd be the most powerful rulers the kingdom ever knew.

Now all he needed was a ring….

Chapter End Notes

PROGRESS. That's pretty much the major thing I can say for this chapter. Elsa's learning how to control her powers more, Hans is almost king, and they're finally close to getting together.

Also Elsa doesn't love Hans. Too early for commitment like that. Will she in the future? Hell if I know (actually, I do know, but that's a spoiler!).

To address a Guest reviewer, who asked if Elsa will eventually display the sexiness we saw in "Let It Go," I have this to say: there's a reason I keep drawing her in nothing but
a nightshirt lately.

In short, yes! Sexy Elsa is damn sexy! It'd be a crime not to write that in here eventually!

Now go listen to "Jump Into the Fog" by The Wombats~

~Eliza
Jump Into the Fog with Me

Chapter Summary

When Hans proposes to Elsa in front of a crowd, he knows she can't say no; everyone in Arendelle wants them together. And with the pressure on to look good, Elsa finally lets Hans get to her.

Chapter Notes

There was high demand for this and I couldn't resist. One more final to go, guys! Then I'm home free to write as I please. A LOT happens in this chapter, and keep in mind it all happens over a matter of a few months' time.

I know there was a lot of people complaining about Anna, about Hans and Elsa kissing, and whatever your little hearts desire to complain about. But keep in mind that kiss happened a few weeks after Anna's funeral. Also, Elsa doesn't suspect a thing about Hans actually being evil and malicious. She thinks everything he's doing is because he wants to help her. He's cornering her into thinking he's the only person who's going to help her through this time.

I don't know, I find that pretty irresistible. Or maybe I just find Hans irresistible.

Anyway, here's more plot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 6

"It's clear you feel nothing so jump into the fog with me."

Only the dignitaries knew of Hans' false marriage to Anna, and Elsa couldn't help but wonder why they kept their mouths shut, especially when they left for their respective kingdoms just a few weeks after the Duke of Weselton had stormed out…

It could really make a girl suspicious, especially if said girl currently had her lips pressed against the man to which her recently deceased sister was supposedly married. This certainly crossed Elsa's mind a few times (at least once a week after that first encounter), and usually Hans would just make her forget once he was pressed up against her.

She hadn't brought it up since that last rehearsal before Anna's funeral, now that she thought about it…

"Wait, wait…” Much as Elsa wanted to just give in more to Hans, and as much as she wanted to
experiment around with just how many *positions* there were for kissing, it really was bugging her…

"Since when have you had any reservations about this…?" Hans teased, moving his lips down to just behind her ear. With him cornering her against a wall in her office, he definitely had complete control over the situation.

"Hans, I'm serious." Elsa gently nudge him away a bit, looking at him as seriously as she could. "I want to ask you something."

Pulling away a bit, Hans just licked his slightly chapped lips and nodded, keeping his face relatively close to Elsa's. "Ask away, Your Highness…” he murmured.

Taking his face in her hands, she kept that thoughtful look on her face. "If you like me, then why did you decide to be with Anna?" she asked, pouting slightly.

Hans sighed, looking down a moment before meeting Elsa's eyes concernedly. "I thought you wouldn't be open to any idea of romance; I was too hesitant to approach you," he confessed, pressing his forehead to hers. "So I opted for Anna, thinking maybe I'd get along with her better—and I did relate to her quite well, I won't lie. But Elsa… I regret not knowing you then like I do now. And as much as I did love Anna, you're… well, you're mysterious, different. With Anna, things seemed predictable and a bit too rushed."

"Rushed…!" Elsa scoffed, rolling her eyes. "You proposed to her after a few hours of *even knowing* her!" she pointed out, running a hand through her hair to calm down. "... I'm sorry, I'm sorry… but I still have my qualms about… whatever this is… I feel like I'm dishonoring her, disrespecting her…"

Pulling away more, Hans stared Elsa down, as if he could make Elsa submit by just looking at her. He didn't make a move. Neither did Elsa. But she was already giving in, like she didn't know why she doubted him. She still couldn't help but feel guilty, like she'd stolen her sister's love just like how years earlier she'd stolen their parents' attention.

"Elsa. I explained myself," he said lowly, impatiently. "I explained myself weeks ago. I vowed to protect you, Elsa, on Anna's deathbed. I promised her you wouldn't be unhappy, and all she asked was that you thought back on her fondly."

Maybe she was being too hard on him… Looking down, Elsa realized that if she really did feel horrid for this, she would have addressed the problem the first time Hans kissed her.

Not that she didn't feel bad about seemingly taking Anna's first romantic interest. But her body kept deceiving her mind whenever any thought of how this was wrong ever crept in… No, her body kept getting drawn to him; whenever they were together she physically craved more. Perhaps it was because she'd never touched anyone like this before, or perhaps it was the fact that Hans was indeed quite handsome and charming, but she really couldn't help herself.

If something felt so good, was it really so bad? Other than his former relationship with Anna, Hans only showed nothing but kindness and comfort toward her when no one else would. He picked her up when she was at her lowest point, raising her up to be a better queen for her people.

In a way, Hans was her savior—at least, in the sense of regaining her people's trust. He took over her hardest tasks without a complaint, helping her draft her proposals, and he didn't hesitate to give her any advice she needed.

She couldn't resist when it came to someone like Hans, was the short conclusion she came up with.
"What would make you feel better right now?" Hans then asked, resting his hands lightly on Elsa's waist. "I can tell you're definitely feeling uneasy about me. I can leave, if you'd like."

"No, no..." Elsa sighed, running her hands down Hans' neck and across the wide expanse of his shoulders. "Keep me company as I read?" She'd been engrossed in one of her history books before Hans distracted her.

"As you wish." Hans nodded, letting Elsa by so she could take her book back to the sofa. She sat with her legs tucked to her side, and Hans immediately took his place beside her, arm wrapped around her shoulder as he just watched her lose herself to the words on the page.

She'd only finished her current chapter (which was actually about another twenty to thirty pages) when Hans just sighed, boldly taking it all a step further when he suddenly laid his head in her lap.

Elsa jumped, eyes widening as she felt a jolt of electricity shoot down her body, her book almost dropping out of her hand. The corners of the ceiling froze over a bit. "Hans, what are you doing?!" she cried, tensing up immediately.

Shrugging, he only looked up at her with a slightly devious smile. "Take a break," he suggested, getting comfortable.

But the frost started to creep down the walls... "I just took a break," she said evenly, trying to calm down, but how could she when Hans had his head directly in her lap? "Please, just get off of me..."

"Not until you sing," he said suddenly, looking up at Elsa earnestly. "Just think of it as another exercise." Hans gestured to the frost-covered walls.

Elsa felt so tempted to just shove him off and go back to her book, but she didn't really want to read about finances or agricultural goods, and she didn't sing for fun anymore... It couldn't be too bad to indulge him, just this once...

"You're impossible," she murmured, rolling her eyes playfully. But she started on a melody, and she noticed Hans close his eyes contently. He really enjoyed listening to her.

Before she knew it, the frost on the walls began to disappear. Had Hans planed this as a new exercise he wanted to try out...? If so, it really was working...

She'd started on a fourth song, growing more confidence in her voice when she heard a knock on the door that disturbed everything. Hans shot up; Elsa froze in her place.

"Your Majesty, it's time to meet with the planner for the upcoming Ball." It was Kai, and Elsa realized she spent quite a bit of time just singing.

"Damn," Hans mumbled, seeming extremely disappointed. But he just straightened his coat and offered Elsa his arm when he stood. "Shall we, then?"

Nodding, Elsa took his arm, knowing that Hans was going to have a rather large part in planning this gala as well. He just seemed so insistent on helping Elsa with all her royal responsibilities...

Looking up at him, she realized that it wasn't much of a burden, having Hans help her out whenever she needed it.
The Ball wasn't for a few months, but when it came to planning these events, royals just loved to plan everything to a T and make it look like it was all just so effortless.

Hans knew it all too well; after all, he was also a royal, albeit a practically useless one.

The purpose of the Benefactor's Ball was to have the cream of the crop from neighboring kingdoms throw their money around toward charitable causes, like it was a burden they were all so damn rich. Like they actually enjoyed the fact that they were so "charitable" a few times a year.

Now, Hans didn't mind giving back to the community—on the contrary, he rather enjoyed it, whether it was handing out shrugs and blankets to those who couldn't afford them in this harsh winter, or offering free food to families who couldn't afford a hot meal, there really was something rather satisfying about it.

Now, in the Southern Isles, his deeds either went ignored by his parents or teased by his bothers, who were just as bad as the guest list for this overblown-but-traditional celebration. It definitely didn't make the grateful smiles and words of praise all the more meaningful if the people to which he was trying to prove himself didn't even acknowledge him for it.

But in Arendelle, the people practically worshipped his good deeds, most notably among the people in the palace and especially toward Elsa. The more good she saw him do, the more open she was to him.

So while he wasn't really looking forward to this gala, he was at least grateful for the fact that Arendelle itself just couldn't get enough of him as the benevolent prince they felt they all needed.

Hans just sighed, falling back to the guest bed that was practically his by now. He supposed he could visit Elsa, but he did know he'd been distracting her quite a lot from her work, so he figured he'd give her some time to catch up.

He knew it wasn't a crime to like Elsa, or to even fall for her a bit, as this had been his plan from the beginning, but was he diving in too far…? What if she became uncontrollable or a threat to her people? Did Hans have it in him to slay her? Could he bring forth the mentality he'd possessed when his sword was poised at Elsa's neck back when he didn't know anything about her? Could he still keep his manipulative nature about, like how he'd shown it in threatening blackmail and destruction to the dignitaries when he made them keep quiet about his "marriage" to Anna?

"Prince Hans?" The sharp knock took him out of his thoughts. "I have that order you requested."

Perfect.

"Gerda, is the padding necessary…?" Elsa asked, examining herself in the mirror. From the side she looked quite… busty. Not that Elsa had much to begin with. When Gerda first fit her into the dress it fit like a glove, but now was it a bit scandalous, despite the fact that the only thing that was showing was a bit of her chest?

With her hair braided back into an elaborate bun, though, and with glass heels adorning her feet, Elsa did feel quite glamorous… But even still… "I-I mean… there's a bit of… cleavage showing…" she whispered.


It would be the first time Elsa threw a ball since the coronation. And some of the royals and
dignitaries from them who learned of her powers would be there as well…

Needless to say, Elsa was quite nervous.

Just as she was putting her gloves on, Hans knocked on her door like clockwork to escort her to the Ballroom.

Again, as long as he was there, some of the burden would be easier to bear. And he looked quite handsome in his regal suit; how could Elsa resist such a helpful hand?

Now while Elsa felt out of her element at a large gala like this, dancing with a few dignitaries and royals certainly caused her to calm down a bit.

A few glasses of champagne didn't hurt too much, either…

"Be careful. Another glass and you'll be tripping over your feet," Hans teased, leading her into a slow waltz. "And here I thought you didn't dance… You're a natural."

Blushing, Elsa felt his thumb graze up and down her waist. Was it just the champagne getting to her, or was he pressing her against his body…? "I'm not dancing; you're just leading me,' she countered just as playfully, letting her skirts and cape twirl around her feet. All eyes were on them, examining the Queen to see if she'd slip up at all. The pressure was most certainly high…

"Give yourself some credit." Hans shrugged a bit, dipping Elsa before giving her a twirl. "At least twelve percent."

Elsa chuckled a bit, moving the hand on his shoulder to the back of his neck. "Eight," she replied. "Fifteen." He grinned as if to say, *two can play at this game.*

"Five."

After a moment, Hans pursed his lips a bit. "Ten?" he finally decided.

Elsa giggled a bit, then nodded, finally relenting. "Fine. You win," she agreed.

"I always do." Hans shrugged again, then stopped dancing as Elsa noticed someone tap on his shoulder.

"Mind if I steal a dance?" a young brunette, around Hans' age, asked politely.

"Of course." Hans bowed out, letting the brunette step in. Elsa just curtseyed to him before he bowed and took her hand.

"Your Highness, must say this party is quite the rage," he complimented, shooting her a warm smile. Elsa noticed out of the corner of her eye that Hans was asking a petite girl with a pixie haircut to dance.

"Thank you…” she replied automatically, keeping her eyes on this man's as she tried to scan for his name.

"Prince Eugene of Corona, Your Highness," he filled in, grinning.

"Of course!" Elsa blushed, slightly embarrassed. He and his wife had been at her coronation, after all. "Don't worry, I won't unleash a hellish force onto you…” Oh, gods, did she really just say
Eugene just chuckled, twirling Elsa around. "My wife had magical abilities too, don't worry," he assured, gesturing to the girl Hans was currently dancing with.

Ah, so that was Princess Rapunzel of Corona. She was only about Anna's age, maybe a bit older.

"Ice isn't the same as healing," Elsa replied, knowing of the stories. Rapunzel could repair; Elsa could only destroy.

"You'll learn to control them eventually." Eugene shot her a warm grin. "I have total faith in you."

"Thank you for your words of kindness," she just deadpanned in return reciprocating the smile. They danced for a bit in comfortable silence after that until the song ended. Eugene bowed again and excused himself.

Immediately Rapunzel took Elsa's arm, all smiles and giddiness. Eugene retreated to exchange a few words with Hans.

"Your Highness!" she exclaimed, giving a slight curtsey. Elsa couldn't help but notice she had a bit of her own bust showing through her sweetheart neckline, and she immediately felt a bit less self-conscious.

"Your husband is quite the gentleman," Elsa stated, nodding at the young princess.

"Thank you." Rapunzel giggled a bit. "I just wanted to say, if you ever need a girl to talk to, you're more than welcome to write. I think your powers are absolutely wonderful, but I know you scared a few people at the coronation. They don't really understand what you can really do."

"Thank you for your consideration," Elsa replied warmly, patting Rapunzel's hand gently. "I'm starting to get control of them. And you should know, the palace of Arendelle is always open to anyone from Corona."

Before Rapunzel could reply, Hans took to the head of the Ballroom, clinking a glass to get everyone's attention.

Elsa shot him a confused look, as the toasts for the evening had already been announced. What was going on?

"Guests, friends, dignitaries..." Hans took a sip of his glass, then raised it to the crowd. "I'd like to thank you all once again for your attendance and generous donations. I know the speeches have been said, but... I have a special announcement to make." His eyes met Elsa's briefly as he set the glass down on a passing tray.

"What are you doing?" Elsa mouthed, but Hans just moved on.

"Without the wonderful staff at this palace, tonight would not be possible," he continued. "Please, let's have a round of applause for them." Politely, everyone did just that, and it wasn't just Elsa who seemed confused.

"And please, let us honor the wonderful Queen of Arendelle, without whom this night could not have been a success." Again, the crowd applauded, but Hans had already said this...

"Queen Elsa, would you mind joining me up here?" Hans requested, looking right at her. All eyes trained to her, and slowly Elsa withdrew from Rapunzel and she made her way to Hans' side.
"Hans, why are you doing this?" she whispered when he was in earshot.

But Hans just ignored her, taking her hands in his own. He faced her, and Elsa's eyes widened. "Never in my life has a woman like you truly captivated me," he started, and Elsa could feel her heart pounding in her ears rapidly. "With you, the world feels truly beautiful, and only with you do I feel most complete."

Don't do it, please don't, Hans, Elsa pleaded silently, but Hans was already getting down on one knee, picking out a small box from his pocket.

It was as she feared, mostly because Hans was making a public spectacle out of it, and Elsa could start to feel her powers become more impatient.

In private, she definitely wouldn't be this nervous or scared.

He took her left glove off, presenting Elsa with a rather large diamond ring nestled in the small box. The crowd gasped; all eyes were on the Queen of Arendelle and the youngest Prince of the Southern Isles.

"Elsa, will you marry me?" Hans asked, looking up at her quite earnestly.

Time froze at that moment. Elsa could feel nothing but those eyes glued to the scene. Rapunzel was absolutely ecstatic. Gerda grinned at her place in the back, looking as if she might cry. Even Kai seemed anxious.

No one seemed to notice the frost forming on the windows.

Gently Hans held Elsa's bare hand, and she looked down at him. He looked as if he'd be crushed if she didn't say yes…

They all wanted her to say yes.

But did she want to…? She had admitted to thinking Hans was the most logical, if not only, choice for a chance at happiness.

He helped her out, after all. He really did care about her… And Elsa herself self-confessed to not minding him as a husband.

She did like him a lot. Maybe by the time they were married she'd learn to love him.

That, and all those eyes just seemed to pressure her more…

"Yes…!" she finally decided breathlessly, nodding at Hans with a shy smile.

Grinning, Hans slid the ring onto Elsa's finger. He then stood up, picking her up by the waist and twirling her around.

The audience burst into applause as Hans set Elsa down, sealing the engagement with a kiss.

Elsa felt safe in his arms, protected.

After all, having the Prince of Practically Perfect as her husband would only make her a happier person.

Wouldn't it?
There, bam, our couple is engaged. Oh Hans you sly dog, ambushing poor Elsa in front of a huge crowd. He's like those guys that ask their prom dates out in some huge gesture because it pressures them into saying yes. Only it's marriage.

Also I'm totally turning Hans into Light Yagami, yep. Got the God complex established. But I do think that Hans might actually have a soft spot for doing charitable work if it means people start to love him. But his family never noticed it so he decided to move on to somewhere they'd appreciate him more. I'm of course referencing the scene in Frozen where Hans is handing out blankets to the people and offering them food in the Great Hall. He has this really grateful smile on his face when a woman compliments him and tells him that Arendelle is indebted to his kindness. I think it's genuine.

Oh, and sorry guys, Rapunzel and Flynn are only in this chapter. If I wanted to talk about the relations between Arendelle and Corona this would be a crossover. But it's not. It's if Frozen had another two hours tacked on to the end.

Did anyone get my Avengers reference? :D

Until then!

~Eliza
You Don't Look That Hygienic, Anyway

Chapter Summary

Hans is incredibly enthusiastic about planning his and Elsa's wedding. Meanwhile, Elsa is having her reservations, particularly about what happens right after the wedding reception...

Chapter Notes

Yeah, I know I said I was home free after finals, but hey, you decorate an entire Christmas tree and tell me you're still pumped to write. Whew, I'm so exhausted! But I did want to get this out, because we're starting to see some steamy Hansla pop up~ Nothing M-rated yet, but that's coming up.

So here's something entirely Elsa-centric, because Hans is going to be shrouded in some of mystery for a bit. At least, until I'm ready to share his thoughts on all this~ Also, Elsa is the interesting one here. She has all the fears and apprehensions about the wedding. We already know what Hans is thinking during this.

That being said, please enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 7

"You don't look that hygienic, anyway."

Despite all the changing themes and details of her upcoming wedding, of one thing Elsa was certain. Hans wanted children.

He never outright said this, but Elsa could tell that's what Hans wanted when he started going off about the future, and whether or not the nursery was still available, and how he loved the sound of small feet against the floor and tiny laughter…

It frightened Elsa to think that one day she could be a mother. What if she wasn't mentally ready, and her powers hurt her own child? Worse yet, what if the child inherited her powers? Elsa could barely keep her own in check! Even now, whenever she stressed out about this, frost and ice started to cover whatever surface her hands were touching.

She wasn't regretting this decision at all, but thinking about this future certainly made the diamond ring on her finger all the more heavier.

Hans, on the other hand, was nothing short of ecstatic, even when Elsa mentioned they were inviting
his brothers to the wedding. He certainly seemed much more enthused than when he'd been with Anna… He just loved telling everyone about his "lovely Queen," and how happy he was that Arendelle embraced him as their soon-to-be king with open arms.

And Hans had certainly become much more intimate with Elsa since their engagement. Before now, they'd kiss, yes, but now Hans just seemed so eager to be with her.

Like now, as they were trying to think up a color scheme (Elsa opted for blues and purples, Hans for something warmer), he leaned over, taking her left hand. Already they were sitting relatively close on this sofa before the fireplace, knees gently grazing every once in a while…

"Meet in the middle for a warmer blue…?" he compromised, pressing a kiss to the base of her neck.

Elsa shied away a bit, blushing. She felt so sensitive there… Pressing her legs together tighter, she nodded slowly. "I've just been told blue was my best color…"

"Maybe decorate to represent your beautiful ice palace…?" Hans suggested, only moving his lips upward. Elsa tried to keep her breathing in check, her gloved hands holding onto his bare ones tightly. She noticed lately around her he stopped wearing them while they were together, as she started to wear hers more… His nose brushed gently against the soft curve of her jaw.

"We don't want to make people freeze," Elsa whispered, looking down at just how tightly she was holding onto him. She could feel the trickling of tingles shooting down her spine, the formation of goose bumps travel down her arms, the slight tensing of her body…

"Just a few enhancements," he assured, just moving up, up… His moved one of his hands to enclose around her, gently pulling her closer to him. "Think about it…?"

Elsa just nodded. She supposed she could push Hans away, but it wasn't making her too uncomfortable.

No, it was making her feel good.

And Elsa didn't know how to feel about that. Wasn't that what she was supposed to feel, though?

Suddenly all her read knowledge—about the world, about humans, about emotions—all flew out the window now that she was experiencing such intimate physical contact for the first time. Elsa turned to Hans with a shaky breath, closing the gap between them with a soft kiss.

Immediately Hans placed the papers they were taking notes on to the ground and gave a soft hum, his hands grazing over her hips gently. Elsa leaned up into Hans, her body completely attracted to feeling and wanting more of this, more of him. Mentally she could feel she wasn't ready for such an intimate commitment, but she knew she had to be; they were getting married, after all.

Elsa's eyes shot open as she felt something slip almost effortlessly into her mouth. Another shock ran through her body, and she felt grateful the gloves concealed her hands or that roaring fire would be completely out. It felt strange—slimy and unrelenting—but strangely natural as well. In pure curiosity, Elsa quickly darted her own tongue out to meet his, letting out a shaky breath through her nose.

Hans gave another satisfied hum of appreciation, and before Elsa even realized it they were completely horizontal, totally engrossed in each other. She dove in for another passionate kiss, feeling her head spin with just how far her body wanted to take it. It scared her, but she felt exhilarated, excited. Her arms just wrapped tighter around his neck, letting her back arch so she could feel him against her tightly. Their lips and tongues danced together in some improvised tangle,
with Hans leading and Elsa tentatively reacting to his touches.

A curious hand shifted to brush against her clothed thigh, moving slowly up, slowly in as they kissed.

Elsa let out a noise she'd never even thought she'd utter, and that's when she finally caught up with herself.

This was too much, too fast, just two weeks after the initial engagement. Elsa pulled away from Hans slowly, panting a bit. Her body felt like it was on fire, something she thought she'd never feel. And with Hans so close, it seemed so tempting to just dive in again.

A look of understanding passed over Hans' face, and he nodded slowly, his hand dropping from her thigh, which she realized was awfully high up. He just gave a soft sigh, then laid down, resting his head right on her bosom, which, thank the gods, was at least covered up. Before the engagement, she wouldn't dare have him pressed up to her like this. But Elsa knew, she'd have to get used to it.

"Sing to me," he requested softly, holding her close.

Because it felt right, Elsa shakily reached up and threaded her fingers through his auburn hair, which felt rather thick and soft, even with her gloves on. "Does that really soothe you?" she asked in disbelief.

"More than anything," Hans admitted, leaning a bit into her hand with a content sigh. "Probably even more so now that you're doing that, too… Really, Elsa, you never cease to amaze me."

Elsa gave a nervous chuckle, but she started on yet another melody, to which Hans immediately relaxed.

In a way, doing this, even with Hans pressed against her, was soothing her as well.

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Elsa opted for a yearlong engagement. Hans wanted three weeks. Elsa tried for six months. Hans undercut her at six weeks.

They finally conceded on two and a half months. Hans wasn't lying when he said he got what he wanted, even if he had to compromise a bit.

The whole engagement seemed to fly by Elsa, since Hans was the one who wanted to take over the majority of planning based on his enthusiasm about the whole affair. And Elsa, though not as enthusiastic, did help out quite a bit. This was her wedding, after all, and she did want to enjoy it.

But Elsa had other things on her mind. Things she felt too embarrassed to discuss with anyone, and she hadn't felt so alone since… well, since Anna died.

Whenever she wasn't getting fit into her dress (which was coming out amazingly so far), or tasting cake options, or choosing a color scheme, Elsa retreated to her room and locked the door.

She studied the books she could find on the subject immediately, locking them away afterward so no one knew what she was up to… Elsa was so determined to prepare for this she braved the library—something she thought she'd never do after Anna died. But Elsa also needed books like… well, those, and she felt completely relieved when she noticed she wouldn't have to ask for advice…

But the books only spewed facts, which, while important, didn't teach Elsa how she should act during the whole thing. She knew what happened, where it went and the science behind
it, but was she supposed to assist in undressing him? Was she supposed to do anything? Elsa felt too apprehensive to try and see how stimulating those areas felt; besides, wouldn't it be better if she saved herself completely for her wedding night?

While reading, Elsa did feel her cheeks heat up and her body tense. She felt a strange sensation… down there… and she chastised herself often for letting it get out of control, interesting as the subject was.

Whenever she was alone with Hans, and whenever Hans tried (and failed) to take things further, Elsa could tell that he'd had at least some experience in this area, and she hoped she didn't seem too naïve… As of now, nothing really advanced past some intense kissing and some light touches, which Elsa appreciated. At least mentally. Physically she always felt she needed more; she craved every part of him and by the time Hans left her panting she just wanted to tear off their clothes and just get her frustrations out.

It irritated her greatly, to say the least.

The reason why Elsa kept stopping herself, though, was because she feared it was blasphemous, despite the fact that she and Hans were engaged and it was bound to happen. She felt if it happened before the wedding, though, somehow everyone would just know and would judge her for it. Elsa already felt uneasy when she saw her handmaidens after Hans escorted her back to her room at night. Gods help her if anyone ever walked in on them during one of their nearly regular sessions….

If there was something Elsa prided herself in during this, though, it was just how amazingly the wedding was coming along and how much she was now looking forward to it the more developments were made. As soon as her dress was finished she couldn't wait to wear it, and she just started to feel much more excited than apprehensive about the whole matter.

Maybe it was because Elsa was starting to grow more attached to Hans, maybe it was the fact that she was finally happy with herself for the first time in forever, but she finally felt she found her place.

It was here in Arendelle as Queen, with Hans by her side.

So by the time they rehearsal dinner came around Elsa felt like she was floating on a cloud. She greeted her guests enthusiastically, chatting about just how excited she was, despite the fact that inside her heart kept beating loudly and people kept commenting on how this was the coldest winter Arendelle had ever experienced.

While happy, though, Elsa's powers seemed completely in check, though she still had no idea how to thaw out the kingdom yet. She took Hans' arm tightly, grinning up at him with a champagne glass in her free hand.

Hans, on the other hand, looked like he was trying to be happy, though he wasn't completely. Elsa could tell that ever since his brothers arrived, Hans seemed uneasy, like he had to act on his best behavior to get their approval.

"Darling, it's a celebration," Elsa murmured in his ear, kissing his cheek quickly as they made their rounds around the Great Hall, greeting guests from neighboring kingdoms who would attend the wedding. "I know you're not too happy with your brothers, but just put on a smile and pretend you have more than anything they'll ever accomplish."

That indeed made Hans smile, as his brothers either joked about his new power and influence or they even flirted with Elsa a bit, just to get on his nerves. Hans just pat Elsa's hand on his arm, kissing the
"You know just what to say to put a smile on my face," he complimented. "Now let's finish our rounds and subject ourselves to too much champagne and cheesy toasts, okay?"

Elsa just nodded, resting her head on his shoulder a moment before they continued on their rounds, chatting aimlessly with dignitaries and royals who kept congratulating them on their nuptials. It bored the both of them to keep mundanely repeating just how excited they were and how happy Arendelle must be…

So when the toasts started it was pretty much all the same. They commented on just how "peachy" and "glowing" Elsa looked with Hans by her side, and they complimented the both of them on how "perfect" they looked together, and that they just seemed so fit to be "natural rulers." Hans seemed to sit up straighter whenever anyone made that comment, and he squeezed Elsa's hand under the table.

Even when Hans' brothers joked about their baby brother, Elsa just tittered along with them politely. But she watched her fiancé's jaw clench tightly when they spoke, and his hand gripped hers shakily, uneasily.

"We never thought Hans here would amount to anything," Henrik, the second oldest, chided with a slight chuckle. "But look, here he is, with a gorgeous kingdom and an absolutely breathtaking queen on his arm! Nice to know I was proven wrong."

Elsa just sipped at her drink; Hans downed his like that was all that mattered at the moment. Kai brought him yet another.

"Hans kept going on and on about this desire to rule his own kingdom one day," Harald, the seventh brother, remarked as he held his glass up. "We never believed him. Now look—the joke's on us. Not even some small, nowhere kingdom, but Arendelle of all places. Here's to surprising us, little brother. We know you're going to make a great king."

Smiling at that, Elsa took another sip, then pressed another kiss to Hans' cheek gently. "They're not all bad," she whispered, giving his hand a reassuring squeeze. What Harald had said, about Hans wanting his own kingdom, just flew right over her head; it was mostly just a joke, anyway.

"Yeah, well, time to conclude this," he murmured back, nodding his head toward his soon-to-be wife. "Why don't you go now, dear, and I'll finish this off?"

Nodding, Elsa stood, lifting her skirts a bit to get them comfortably resting around her legs. "Ahem." She cleared her throat and held her glass up, looking out at the expecting crowd. But she knew what she was going to say.

"Friends, family, dignitaries, and representatives, Hans and I would just like to extend our thanks to all of your kind words, your love, and your support as we start our new lives together," she started, showing the crowd that her free hand was still clasped in Hans'. "As you know, it's been a rather rough few months for me… About half a year ago, my sister, Anna, passed just after my coronation as Queen of Arendelle." Pausing to catch herself before she got emotional, she noticed everyone shake their heads in condolence. "It's been difficult to adjust, but I couldn't have done it without Hans. He's been the person I've leaned on for support. He's shown me nothing but kindness and warmth, for which I thank him from the bottom of my heart. He's my savior through all of this." As she gave him a sheepish smile, the crowd "aww"-ed on cue.

"And now that we're getting married," she continued, "I couldn't possibly be happier. I don't remember feeling so ecstatic for anything in my life. So I raise this glass as my declaration for us starting a new chapter in our lives—to a new and brighter Arendelle, and for a happier tomorrow!"
The crowd burst into applause, while simultaneously taking sips of champagne. Hans gave Elsa an impressed smile, then took a sip before standing. He kissed Elsa's cheek softly and nodded at her to sit so he could respond to her words. Elsa did so, and she looked up at him expectantly.

"Now how do you top something as poignant as that?" he jested, squeezing Elsa's hand slightly. "Elsa has already commented on our thanks for your words of praise tonight. But here's something I learned after arriving in Arendelle—I didn't know just what I was looking for until that fateful day on the fjord." Of course, only Elsa knew of that, and the audience to show they were keeping up.

"Elsa, you've changed everything for me," Hans complimented, shooting her a grateful smile. "By opening up to me you've taught me so much about your kingdom, your hopes and worries, but most importantly, about you. You've opened up a realm of possibilities, from which I can grow—not just as a king, not just as your husband, but as someone you trust, and as someone I hope to be with for the rest of my life. You've only opened my eyes to things I didn't know were possible. And Elsa, you know I will always be here for you. What I'm trying to get at here is that I'm just the happiest man in the world right now, because I'm with you, Elsa. So here's to you, My Queen—because without you, none of this happiness in my life right now would ever be possible."

Of course, Elsa couldn't help but grin at that; she'd never thought Hans loved being with her that much.

As she stood and finally pressed a kiss to his lips, that's when she truly felt ready—for the wedding, for Hans, for ruling alongside him.

It felt absolutely perfect and wonderful.

Chapter End Notes

So I decided to kind of just fly by the engagement, because that's not really the main focus. Here, it's all about Elsa's insecurities—not just as a virgin, but as someone who's never had contact with anyone on such an intimate level. It's pretty much her evolution from being completely hesitant to much less hesitant, basically.

Also it was a lot of fun to write about Elsa making out for the first time. Now I can only imagine just how fun the sex is going to be to write...

Till then!

~Eliza
In the Hope that We Hit the Ground Upright

Chapter Summary

When Kristoff goes to Oaken's for carrots for Sven and he finds the place closed, he travels further to Arendelle. There he discovers that Elsa's getting married—to the person who betrayed Anna. He's thwarted in getting in to the reception, despite his attempts, but he at least knows Anna will wake up any day and he will inform her about Hans then. Meanwhile, though Elsa is nervous about the wedding, it goes off without a hitch and she finds herself with a new king by her side.

Chapter Notes

So here we are, at the wedding~ May I just say that I appreciate every single one of your reviews and follows and favorites? Seriously, I've never had so much hype for any of my fics before. ;w; So we're getting to around the halfway point. I realize that this is probably a bit longer than you all were expecting, but yeah, Hans and Elsa getting married is just the end of the first act. There's still integrating Anna back into the story, and figuring out how she's going to take all this, where Hans should go now that he has everything that he wants...

Anyway, I'm getting ahead of myself. There's a surprise for people in here for all y'all who don't read my ridiculously long ANs. ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 8

"We feel nothing so jump into the fog, in the hope that we hit the ground upright."

Something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

Old and borrowed was her mother's veil, back when she married her father. Just touching the light but extensive material made Elsa feel safe, protected behind it, though Hans would have to pull it over her head and crown for the traditional wedding kiss, and for every moment after that. The veil traveled down her back and ended right at her waist, and never had Elsa felt so elegant and glamorous, even after experiencing what it was like to wear ice.

That's where the something new and something blue came in. Gerda didn't hesitate to show off Elsa's skin through a mid-thigh slit on her left leg, slightly imitating her beautiful Snow Queen gown, with white silk and the lightest blue, sparkling tulle enhancing it as the train trailed for what seemed like miles behind her. The white, sleeveless bodice emphasized Elsa's every curve (with some padding, of course—but this time, Elsa didn't mind), and intricate blue embroidery decorated the front, while a long, translucent white-blue cape attached to the back, floating right above the train when she
walked. It reminded Elsa of a mix between her ice gown and the dress Anna wore on her coronation. It showed off way too much skin and way too much cleavage.

But Elsa finally felt both beautiful and sexy.

Her platinum hair pinned back into a tight, elaborate chignon, and darker makeup enhancing her face, Elsa slipped into a new pair of glass slippers and finished off her look with white gloves, stitched together with blue thread. She couldn't risk her nervousness getting the better of her, much as it pained her not to wear the platinum band and diamond against her skin. But necessary measures had to be taken.

Now, as Gerda admired her handiwork, she really did start to cry, and Elsa rushed to the old maid, embracing her as she fought her own tears. Gerda sniffed, and Elsa felt completely proud to be wearing such a gorgeous dress.

"I'm sorry, My Lady, but you just look so, so, beautiful…!" she sobbed, and Elsa just shook her head.

"No, no, don't worry about it," Elsa assured as Gerda pulled away with a handkerchief to her eyes. "You did such a wonderful job, Gerda; I've never felt so amazing in a dress before…"

Nodding, Gerda backed up humbly, not wanting to ruin Elsa's beautiful dress.

This time Hans wouldn't escort her, as it was bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding. Her handmaidens just gathered her exceptionally long train as Elsa trekked toward the church.

She wouldn't have slept a wink last night if she didn't know it’d give her bags under her eyes. Elsa felt every single emotion run through her: apprehension, ecstasy, shock, anxiety, fear, elation. But she eventually fell asleep, once the thought went through her mind that this was her last night in her old room.

It pained Elsa to know that her parents' room was being remodeled for her and Hans, and she'd protested the idea at first. But it was tradition. Her parents had moved in after her grandparents, and they’d moved in after the generation before them. So now it was Elsa's turn to completely immerse herself as Queen, as monarch. It was her turn to really take the reins, to follow tradition, to make her parents proud.

She was ready.

Gerda handed Elsa a bouquet of forget-me-nots, irises, and white lilies, and Elsa gratefully accepted it, giving the old maid a quick kiss on the cheek. "Thank you for everything," she whispered, smiling.

She took a few deep breaths and the doors opened, signaling her cue.

There wasn't any nervousness showing on Hans' face, but inside he expected a riot, a protest, something or someone to stop this, who knew about what he'd told Anna.

If he wasn't wearing gloves right now, then he would have dug his nails into his skin so deep they would have drawn blood.

His brothers smirked at him as he stood at the altar, like they were thinking Elsa wouldn't show, like they knew something might go wrong. Hans tried to ignore them, but those stares seemed to go right
through him, like they always did.

He could tell Elsa didn't love him. She respected him, yes, and she saw him more as a handsome necessity in her life. The only royal willing to rule alongside her, produce heirs with her: the icy, mysterious Snow Queen. But she was definitely attracted to him, both physically and mentally. He noticed the way she leaned into him when they kissed, that her body wanted more of it. Hans wasn't stupid; he knew it was inevitable once the guests left and they had to share the same bed. But they had to get through the wedding first, which he had no doubt that this was either going to go so smoothly he could skate on it like the ice Elsa could conjure up, or something terrible would prevent him from forming this union.

Once the procession started it seemed to go on forever; Hans wanted this done and over with, but at the same time he wanted to savor this—savor a sweet victory in accomplishing his goal.

His jaw dropped as he glanced down the aisle. It was a huge risk for her, not wearing any petticoats underneath her skirt, one Hans was all the more grateful Elsa took. With her bare leg peeking out underneath that huge slit with each step, Hans wanted all the more to just finally run a hand up those perfect, lean legs of hers. But that was for later.

Eyes scanning up, Hans couldn't believe how absolutely stunning Elsa looked. Really, after all the conservative outfits and gowns, it was a bit shocking to see her showing so much skin. Arms, neck, chest… were her breasts really that big, or was that just padding…? Surprisingly, the only thing Elsa really seemed to cover up were her hands, for fear she could freeze the whole church.

All eyes were on the bride, oohing and ahhing over her risqué dress and long train. Hans held his arm out for Elsa to take and she did. He felt her shaking, still not used to all these eyes watching her.

"You look so beautiful," Hans complimented softly, watching her smile a bit behind her veil. "And incredibly sexy," he added under his breath.

Elsa blushed, clutching her bouquet tighter. "You're not too shabby yourself," she murmured, stopping before the priest.

Shrugging, Hans ceased contact with Elsa, and their guests finally sat in their pews. To be honest, in his new custom suit, which was white and embellished with the same shade of blue as the royal embroidery on Elsa's bodice, he definitely didn't think he held a candle to his soon-to-be wife. But that wasn't going to keep him from enjoying this. He definitely would keep his eyes only on her, though…

"Dearly beloved," the priest proclaimed, "we are gathered here today to celebrate the union of Elsa, Queen of Arendelle, and Hans, Prince of the Southern Isles…"

Even during rehearsals Hans tuned this all out, at least until their vows. All the traditional words that needed to be said… it could put one to sleep. Luckily, if he started dozing off, he could just sneak a peek at Elsa's leg, or let her eyes linger slightly on her chest… Never too long, though. With Elsa's eyes focused on the priest, it was all too easy.

Finally, with one of his many nephews as the ring bearer, Hans procured the platinum band and diamond, taking Elsa's left hand gently. He perked his ears up, repeating after the priest.

"I, Hans, Prince of the Southern Isles, take you, Elsa, Queen of Arendelle, to be my wife, to have and to hold, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, 'till death do us part," he vowed, slipping the ring on Elsa's gloved hand. She gave a relieved smile. It wasn't official just yet, though…
"I, Elsa, Queen of Arendelle, take you, Hans, Prince of the Southern Isles, to be my husband, to have and to hold, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, 'til death do us part." Elsa repeated in a slightly shaking, yet clear voice as she slid the wedding band onto his left ring finger.

"If anyone has any objections, speak now or forever hold your peace."

Hans held his breath, waiting for a voice to object, for someone to shoot up and push him away, for someone to tell Elsa and the audience about his malevolent intents. The seconds drew by like hours, and he clenched his jaw so tight he thought it would break.

The priest's voice broke the too-long silence, and Hans finally stopped tensing. "Then by the power vested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife," he announced, the crowd bursting into applause before he added, "You may now kiss the bride."

Gingerly Hans pulled the veil back over Elsa's crown and hair, shooting her a gentle smile before leaning in for a kiss.

She was his wife now. The term seemed foreign, unimaginable even, until this moment. It was reality.

She was his wife.

And now they were sharing their first kiss as a married couple. Elsa made sure her lips were pressed tightly together, and Hans flicked his tongue against the seam of them as a tease. Pulling away, he shot her a wink, his arm encircling her waist as he led her back down the aisle. Everyone applauded for them wildly.

"You terrible tease," she uttered, smirking up at him.

Hans pressed her hip against his tight, smirking back with just a hint of deviousness. "Elsa, my dear, you have no idea just how much of a tease I can be…"

It was a bit of a pain, going down to Oaken's just to get Sven's carrots. But they were the best around here, and it was closer than going into the heart of Arendelle.

Kristoff would do anything for his best friend, but there was also Anna he had to care for, who would wake up any day now, according to Pabbie. Her body felt warmer now, her hands and arms unfrozen and her hair back to its original color, even sans previous white streak. Anna's breathing sounded fuller and comfortable, and Kristoff didn't want to leave her side, as he wanted to be the first person she saw, so she knew he cared about her, that he'd helped her.

But, once at Oaken's, there were no lights on, and the door was locked. Strange, Kristoff usually came around this time and it was always open… Going back to Sven, he shrugged and pat his friend gently. "Looks like we're going into Arendelle…" he murmured, definitely not looking forward to the long trek. If Hans still happened to be there, if Elsa was still unstable… well, it was going to be memorable, that was for sure.

There was something off about the kingdom, though, Kristoff noticed when he got there. No businesses were open, and the citizens were all out, atwitter about something exciting… Something was happening at the palace.

"C'mon, Sven, let's see what's going on…" The good thing about having a reindeer was that Kristoff could easily make his way through a crowd, as no one wanted to be close to a smelly reindeer and his equally pungent owner. But no one was budging…
"Excuse me, ma'am, what's going on?" he asked a woman bundled up in what seemed like ten blankets and coats in this snow.

"Why the royal wedding, of course," she replied with a nod.

Kristoff blinked at her, taken aback. "To whom is the Queen marrying?" His heart dropped at the very idea…

"Prince Hans of the Southern Isles, my dear boy!" she exclaimed, chuckling. "You're not from around here, are you?"

It was as he feared… Kristoff swallowed thickly, then cursed louder than he should have.

"U-um… thank you, ma'am…!" he excused himself with a blush, pushing more through the crowd. "Sven, we have to see what's going on inside…"

Of course, there were a ton of guards that definitely wouldn't let anyone in. Such an affair needed more security. But if Kristoff could at least see what was going on, he could report back to Anna and Olaf and they could make some sort of plan. After all, Anna had been unconscious for months now. And Hans… well, he was way more sinister and crafty than Kristoff originally imagined.

From behind the wall of the courtyard, if Kristoff stood on Sven, he could just barely see over the wall into the Great Hall…

She'd had a bit too much to drink… Elsa laughed along to whatever Hans said about the single princess who caught her bouquet, holding onto him to keep from tripping over the long train of her dress. The one thing she realized was just how hard it was to keep from showing too much of her leg… More than once she caught Hans sneaking glances.

But he was her husband now. That made it okay, right…? Not to mention the fact that deep down she kind of wanted him to keep looking at her like that.

They danced and laughed, and Elsa felt as happy as any woman should on her wedding day. Right now it was just about the present. All that was on her mind was not tripping over her feet and that they should cut the cake now.

Almost as if reading her mind, Hans led Elsa over to their three-layered cake, decorated in light blue icing, with one layer in marble, one in chocolate with strawberries, and the middle in rum-infused dark chocolate. Every guest kept their eyes on the golden couple as Hans took off his gloves, setting them aside. Feeling more confident, Elsa did the same to her own, slipping her ring back on her finger.

Elsa knew of this tradition, but she was a bit nervous to see where Hans would take it. As he took the knife in hand, he cut a clean slice of the rum-infused layer, setting it on his plate. He took some icing on his finger and smudged Elsa’s nose. It felt cool and a bit sticky, and she gasped as she felt his tongue graze right after the icing, lapping it up with a smirk.

It reminded her about what they were going to do later.

Giggling nervously, Elsa took some icing and did the same to his cheek, leaning up to let her tongue dart out just barely to lick up the sweet, slightly sticky treat. She could hear the guests applaud in a muffled manner, as all she could focus on was Hans stepping closer to her, slipping his arm around her waist as he scooped up another small bit of icing on his index finger.
Keeping her blue eyes locked on his green ones, Elsa took his hand without a second thought and placed the tip of his finger in her mouth, shooting her tongue out to lap it up in small licks. Hans smirked, holding onto Elsa just a bit tighter.

As she pulled away slowly, she decided to try that as well. Something a bit more intimate in preparation… Hans looked surprised, but he leaned in, taking her hand as he did the same. Only his tongue took long, tantalizing, incredibly slow licks, and Elsa blushed deeper. She wanted to push him away, wanted to moan, wanted to grab him closer and take him somewhere private… She could feel shivers run right up her arm and spine, and she started to feel nervous, icy tingles crawl back down. What if she froze his mouth or did something stupid…?

Thinking quickly, Elsa took her free hand and dabbed another bit of icing on his cheek, which got him to pull back.

"I-I'm sorry, Hans, I don't want to hurt you…" Elsa whispered, brows creasing up in worry. "Can I put my gloves back on?"

"Only if you have a slice of cake," Hans joked in reply, winking at her. He swiped off the icing with a finger and licked it right off. "Don't worry, Elsa, you'll get more comfortable with all of this…"

Elsa just smiled shyly, knowing just what he meant. "I'll take whatever you're having," she replied. "Now let's get everyone to have some of this delicious cake, okay? They're staring…"

"Of course…" Hans just cut Elsa a slice and while the staff served the guests their cake, Elsa slipped her gloves back on.

Once back at their table, and once everyone was engrossed in their cake, Elsa started to eat dainty bites, as she was taught. But she felt Hans swipe another bit of icing on her, this time against her lips, and he chased it down with a kiss. This time she wasn't ready for his tongue to follow, but she allowed it, despite the fact that this was public.

She gave a soft moan as she felt his hand slip up her bare thigh under the table. No one seemed to notice that the Queen and her new husband were getting rather intimate. Elsa felt absolutely sneaky and nervous and excited, and when she pulled away, she couldn't help but grin up at him. "Hans, you're way more bad than I originally pegged you to be…"

"Like I said, you have no idea…" He leaned in for another kiss, and this time she didn't protest at all. Maybe it was the drinking that was making her light-headed, or maybe it was the kissing, but now she couldn't wait to have him all to herself for the night…

Well, she definitely looked rather into it… Kristoff's eyes widened as he noticed how Elsa's eyes were completely engrossed in that bastard's, adoring him. From this distance he couldn't see her nervousness, only how close they were and how he now knew it'd be incredibly hard to convince her that Hans wasn't the noble prince she knew him to be.

Anna wasn't going to be happy with this… Kristoff decided this would be the last thing he told her when she woke up and he had to catch her up on what she'd missed…

"Hey, you there! This is a private event!"

Damn, they'd been spotted! Kristoff straddled Sven's back and got him to start running right out of Arendelle, before the guard got his friends together to go after him.

No, he had to get back to Anna, and he couldn't spend the night locked in the stocks, pretending that
he didn't know what was going on.

Sven would just have to understand that they couldn't get carrots right now.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Sven. All he wanted was carrots and now he and Kristoff are starting to get involved more in this drama.

Anyway, you should all know now that this was the last T-rated chapter. I mean, I hinted at some sexual frustration Hans and Elsa have for each other (because God, have you ever gone through that with someone? It's so hard to just stop thinking about it, I mean what), and y'all know it's coming up. Because the site doesn't exactly show the results for M-rated fan fiction unless you request it, I kind of wanted to get people interested, so maybe they'd stick through with it to the end?

Anyway, Hansla's officially married. And some of you thought Anna would crash the wedding, psh. It's not gonna be that simple to get Elsa to doubt Hans.

Till then!

~Eliza
What A Great Achievement It Was

Chapter Summary

Sex. Not gonna sugar coat it for anyone. That's pretty much all that's going to happen. It's definitely a chapter anyone not into that can skip, and yep, won't blame you for it.

Chapter Notes

/laughs at 3800 words about sex

Now, as much as I loved writing this chapter, oh my GOD, did it really take a number on me. No chapter thus far has given me such a problem. I'm kind of picky when it comes to my lemons. They need to be super long when I write them, because I like describing sex. It's fun. xD And by God was this fun. And strange, since I've never written a Disney lemon.

Still, sexy Hans~ And sexy Elsa. This will only grow, by the way. This is just Elsa losing her virginity, because that's the focus. I might do a half-lemon in Hans' point of view. That sounds like way too much fun to pass up, you know?

That said, this one's for the pervs, which I found out were more substantial in my followers count than I realized...

Enjoy some Hansla sex! Because God knows this fandom needs some.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 9

"What a great achievement it was to get a hotel room this late."

The more time passed, the more Elsa couldn't keep her hands off of Hans. More than once his brothers jeered at the newlyweds to get a room, and Elsa was seriously considering it.

She didn't want to seem desperate, though.

It was kind of difficult to keep her urges to herself, though, especially when the party died down a bit and Hans was starting to be a bit more obvious about his desires as well.

What sent Elsa over the edge, though, was when Hans put her on display in the middle of the Great Hall for the garter toss. She'd totally forgotten about the small piece of fabric encircling her right thigh, and if it weren't such a tradition, she wouldn't have subjected herself to it.

Then again, now that she was a bit drunk, and plenty aroused, it definitely seemed like a good tease.
before they retreated to their new bedroom. So Elsa chuckled, drink in hand as she sat back in the chair Hans procured in the middle of the dancing floor.

The crowd whistled and hooted as Hans gently parted Elsa's legs and his head disappeared underneath her skirt. She tuned it all out, biting the inside of her lip tightly as it turned out, Hans wanted to take his sweet time pulling the garter off her leg. No, his lips and tongue made sure to leave long, lingering kisses and slow licks on her thigh. It felt like blaze against her skin, it was so hot. Elsa curled her toes tightly to keep from moaning, and she could feel her breathing become shallow, her heart beating right in her ears like a pounding metronome.

She wanted him to move up; she wanted him to move back. Why weren't they in private yet, again…?

"So, little brother, is that garter on too tight or are you eating her out under there?" Halstein, the fourth brother (and as of right now, the most inebriated), commented rudely.

A blush crawling up her face as everyone chuckled nervously, Elsa finally felt Hans' teeth graze against the material and her leg, and finally he slipped the garter off with just his mouth. She smiled shyly at her new husband as he shot her a smirk to confirm their little secret, and the single men crowded around Hans as Elsa pressed her legs together again.

One of Hans' nephews caught it; Elsa barely noticed, because inside she was still reeling.

There was no denying just how much she wanted him now. But it was strange, she felt completely ready to let him take her, yet at the same time she felt once they were alone, her fears would get the better of her, like with the cake…

No, her mind was made. This party was over.

And a private one was on the brink of beginning…

"You are so sexually repressed it's adorable," Hans commented as he scooped Elsa up effortlessly. Finally he was leading her to their new room, following the tradition of carrying the bride through the threshold of where they'd reside.

Elsa just wrapped her arms tightly around his neck, kissing him softly. "Then what do you call everything you just pulled back there…?" she asked against his lips, trying to control her heartbeat, just a bit.

"Foreplay," Hans answered simply, and Elsa pulled back, confused. She'd never heard that term before.

Catching on, Hans chuckled as he kicked the door open slightly to carry her through to the room before kicking it back shut. "You'll find out what it means," he assured as Elsa kicked her heels off to the rug underneath his feet.

He chased his last words down with another kiss as he set her down. "Rather intimately, I might add…"

This time Elsa opened the kiss up, tangling their tongues together as she only clutched to Hans tighter. His hands traveled up, and she leaned into him, moaning slightly as they rested comfortably on her breasts, feeling her up.

"So it was padding…" he observed, shrugging.
Elsa chuckled nervously, taking her crown and veil off. "Sorry, Gerda insisted..." she muttered, stepping back to place them on her vanity.

Hans took the time to rid himself of his boots as she put the old veil away, watching her then undo her bun, platinum curls falling like a waterfall down her back. "I don't mind," he replied. "I've just been wondering is all. Breast size isn't something incredibly important to me."

What was she doing undressing herself? Elsa could hear her shaky breathing as she rid herself of her earrings and necklace. She was so nervous; how could she do this without freezing the room, or worse, without freezing Hans?

She almost jumped out of her skin as Hans snuck up behind her, placing his hands on her hips. His nose brushed a bit of her wavy hair away from her neck as his lips soon followed. Elsa clutched the edge of her vanity tight, grateful that her gloves were still on comfortably, like they could conceal her powers even during this.

It was just another exercise, that's what she told herself.

Her body tensed as she looked up into the vanity mirror, observing just how her chest was heaving, how worried her expression seemed, how she could feel the tension in herself just by peering at her reflection. She decided to focus on Hans, and how his lips moved up toward her jaw, leaving marks on her skin. His right hand enclosed around hers, his left on the inside of her thigh, circling his fingers up, up...

Slowly tilting her head back, Elsa allowed a louder moan to pass her lips, feeling her legs spread apart a bit wider, her head lolling to the side a bit to give him more access. This, she realized, was foreplay—all the teasing and prodding and touching, which only became more and more daring.

And she wanted more of it.

Elsa's left hand shakily moved to his, moving it right up against the edge of her silk undergarments, trying to feed him the idea.

It scared her to know she seemed to instinctively realize where she wanted to be touched and how. Hans smirked against her skin, also looking up into the mirror. It was then Elsa realized Hans had rid himself of his coat, cravat, and gloves. How could she have missed that...? Nervous as she looked, Elsa had to admit, just staring at their reflections was turning her on even more.

Before she knew it, Hans slipped his hand right into her underwear, and Elsa's knees almost buckled beneath her as the feel of his fingers—cold, smooth, calculated, clean—brushed right against the one place she couldn't bring herself to touch.

"Hans—" Elsa gasped out, her hips moving forward in reaction to his touches. She never knew it felt this good—a million sparks of pleasure ran throughout her body, making her feel alive and alert, natural, even. She wanted it harder, faster, just more. Closing her eyes, she forgot about how she sounded. There was only the way she felt, only her need for more, only how his lips now felt against the other side of her neck as she reached back and grasped tightly to the ends of his soft hair.

"Naughty girl..." Hans murmured and again, Elsa could feel that smirk on her skin. "You're already soaking wet..."

That only made Elsa moan louder, and she bucked her hips into his hand a bit faster. All this pleasure was building up to something, Elsa knew. How it would feel, she was unsure, but if it felt this amazing this far, then she was looking forward to it.
Hans hesitated a moment, as if contemplating whether to stop with just a tease or to go all the way. Elsa opened her eyes slowly, meeting his. She nodded slightly; she could handle it. Her fears were the last thing on her mind right now. Elsa just kissed Hans roughly, not gently and slowly like usual. No, these kisses were hot, passionate, and fast, moans melding together.

That's when Hans stopped teasing and plunged in for the kill. Elsa's moans became higher pitched, more frequent as his fingers did exactly what she wanted—they moved faster, harder against places she had no idea could feel so good… Thrusting in and out, rubbing against one spot so perfectly… Elsa's hips rolled right against him, unable to control her body's rhythmic motions, unable to control how much she wanted more.

His other hand moved up her arm to her waist, then up her side. Elsa gripped to the vanity so hard she thought it'd break as she lost herself to so much pleasure. She broke the kiss to let out a final moan, throwing her head back at the peak of ecstasy.

As Elsa came down from her high, panting heavily, she glanced around the room. The roaring fire continued, and there seemed to be no evidence of frost forming on the windows. Right underneath her hands just a bit started to form on the vanity. Damn…

Slowly Hans removed his hand from between Elsa's legs, kissing her neck again softly. He started to undo her bodice with quick, fumbling hands, wanting it off already. "Elsa, I don't want you to feel obligated to do this tonight," he murmured, though she could tell in his voice just how much he wanted this as well.

"No, I… I really want this…" she admitted as Hans took off her bodice, then started on removing her corset. She pursed her lips in the mirror, knowing that she had to control her powers, at least during this. She could do it… "I've wanted this for a bit, now."

Hans smirked as he undid Elsa's corset, leaving her topless. Turning, Elsa used all her willpower not to cover up. Her handmaidens saw her bare every day; what difference did it make now that Hans was her husband? "That makes two of us," he replied, skimming his hands around her waist to find the buttons of her skirt.

Because it felt right, and because he'd already undressed himself a bit, and her completely, Elsa's gloved hands shakily moved up to unbutton his vest slowly, pushing it down his shoulders.

He stepped closer as her skirt fell down to her ankles, and she blushed as she felt something hard against her hip. Hooking her thumbs at the waistband, her undergarments shimmied down her legs, and she stepped out, nude for the first time in front of any man.

Of course, Hans took a moment to scan his eyes slowly over her body, and Elsa just occupied her hands with undoing his belt as slowly as possible, pretending like she wasn't being evaluated to some standard he had set for women.

"You are so beautiful," he murmured, sincerity dripping off every syllable as he rested his hands on her hips again.

Starting to hear her heart beat quickly, Elsa just smiled nervously at Hans, then walked over to the bed, sitting on the sheets with her legs crossed. The room looked nothing like how her parents had it arranged, and Elsa wasn't sure if it was this way because no one wanted to remind her of the last King and Queen, or because Hans wanted it this way.

Following her, Hans just gently laid Elsa down on the pillows, platinum hair splayed about as he climbed on top of her. Elsa leaned up, pulling him in for another kiss as she felt her fingers move to
undo the buttons on his shirt. As one hand supported his weight, the other fumbled around to get his pants off.

Elsa could hear just how desperate and needy his movements seemed, like someone who just wanted to get on with it already. He sighed; she just gave a soft hum or moan when appropriate, pushing his shirt off his shoulders like she had with his vest.

By the time she pulled away for air and opened her eyes again, he was just as nude as she was...

Don't feel it... Elsa took a few moments to assess his body as well, her breath a bit shaky and her heart racing in her chest. Her hand ran down from his collarbone to his stomach, feeling the gentle ridges from his abs, lean from fencing and sparring workouts in the recreational room her father used to use; taking in his muscular, protective arms; adoring how he seemed a bit nervous about this as well...

Eyes traveling further south, Elsa blushed as she realized it was bigger than she'd imagined.

Hans distracted her with another kiss, taking Elsa out of her thoughts. His hands just wandered aimlessly over her body, looking for the places where she'd moan the loudest or lean into him the most. It was more like an education for the both of them. With a hand on his chest and the other wrapped around his neck, she let him explore.

Breasts, definitely a yes—especially when he pinched and prodded a bit harder than she expected. And she liked it.

Her body was making her feel like a masochist. But she couldn't help herself. She arched into Hans like she always did, but this felt different, raw, primal. She could really feel him against her, rubbing against her, making her feel so good it was like she was experiencing this almost outside herself.

Okay, maybe not her stomach, though... she kept giggling when he trickled his fingers down.

"Ticklish?" Hans asked, grinning as he kissed an area behind her ear that made Elsa's breath hitch, just a bit. That was definitely nice...

Elsa pressed her lips together, nodding a bit. "It might just be because you're doing it..." she confessed, wrapping her arms tighter around his neck.

Shrugging, Hans just let his lips wander after his hands down Elsa's body, his tongue creating patterns that still felt like fire against her skin.

And Elsa wanted to be burned.

Her hands moved from his neck up to his hair, mussing it up as her fingers clenched tighter the more pleasure she felt. Instinctively her legs spread wider, especially when Hans placed his hands back on her thighs, moving them up like before.

Elsa only let her moans grow in volume, arching up into wherever his mouth happened to be. It turned out, she liked when his mouth was rough as well, nipping and sucking so hard it left marks on her fair skin. Particularly on her breasts and on the inside of her thighs; she was starting to see that those were the areas that she liked being touched like that.

Hans looked up at Elsa, keeping his eyes on hers as he licked his lips. Taking one of her hands, he started to pull her gloves off slowly.
Elsa shook her head, pulling her hand back quickly. "I-I'm going to need my gloves for… this. You know my powers are fueled by emotion and without them, if I become too fearful, it becomes more uncontrollable. I hope, at the very least, you can grant me this luxury, Hans," she murmured, brushing his hair back a bit.

He moved up, nodding as he peppered kisses all over her face. "I know you're going to stop wearing them someday," he assured, shifting her legs sit get wrapped around his waist.

Shooting him a shy smile, Elsa pulled him in for a slow, sweet kiss, the first they'd shared one like that since stepping into the room. And that's when Elsa knew that they were finally about to consummate this intimate act.

"Do you always tease your inamoratas like this?" she asked, running her hands from the base of his neck to the top of his head and back down to calm herself.

"You're not just an inamorata; you're my wife," Hans replied, nuzzling her neck gently. "And no. I'm teasing you because I love drawing this out. And I love watching you squirm." His tone sounded light and affectionate, only making Elsa blush, but smile as well. "Now… Elsa, are you ready…?"

Elsa bit her lip tight. She kept telling herself all through the night that she was ready for this and now, all hot and bothered, it should have been an easy decision. She did wanted to give herself to him, and he was looking at her with those hypnotizing green eyes, the ones that could convince her to do anything… There was a hint of deviousness and a hell of a lot of desire and lust in them, and in that moment, any reservations she had about stopping or waiting flew right out the window.

She nodded. "Yes," she decided, her voice clear as she looked right up at him. "I… I want this, Hans. I want you."

Hans just smiled and distracted her again with another kiss, making it as caring and loving as possible. Elsa readied herself, holding onto him tighter. Her body tensed, those icy feelings running down toward her fingers…

It hurt less than she expected.

Maybe it was the way he was kissing her, maybe it was because she'd built this up so much and it wasn't as bad as she'd read… But it felt much more different…

It felt hot, prodding, opening her up to something scary yet at the same time incredible.

It made Elsa feel alive.

Her kisses became all the more needy as she swallowed one of his moans, savoring how he shook a bit, too. Once their eyes locked again, Elsa felt different—connected to him. Not just literally, but mentally. He felt that, too, she could tell… And she gave him a soft smile after giving a much louder moan.

Other than the sounds of them both moaning and panting, and other than the sounds of their bodies moving together, they were practically silent. Hans, with his russet hair mussed and a thin layer of sweat covering his skin, never looked more gorgeous to Elsa. He looked vulnerable, not regal and perfect like usual. She just smiled, pulling him in for kiss after kiss as her hips moved back against his a bit faster, her legs wrapped around his waist tighter.

Once he caught on that she wanted more, Hans smirked and thrust his hips a bit faster, a bit harder, which Elsa appreciated all the more. She moaned louder, letting her voice carry his name like a melodic mantra as those feelings—the pleasurable ones that she'd experienced just a few moments
ago—started to emerge again. As much as she wanted more, and as much as she wanted it to last, she knew that wasn't possible.

So Elsa just clutched to Hans tighter, letting him drive her into the sheets with each thrust and each one just brought her closer and closer to the edge.

Hans kissed her hungrily, moaning right against her mouth as he held Elsa to him. Skin slapping against skin, bodies rutting and grinding against each other quickly... To Elsa, nothing could get better than this. It was like an out of body experience, with pleasure coursing through her veins and nothing but red-hot fire pulsing on her skin. Her gloved fingers dug into his back, throwing her head against the pillows. She was so close...

Elsa could feel that Hans was close as well; she tilted her head back, closing her eyes tight as she held on as long as she could.

But the pleasure was just too much… Shocks and shudders ran from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, and with one final thrust back against him, Elsa arched completely into Hans, throwing her head back and letting out the loudest moan she'd elicited since they'd started.

Shaking slightly and coming down from the high of her orgasm, Elsa just held onto Hans, still moving back against him to help him soon reach that point as well. Looking around, she noticed a bit of frost covering the curtains leading out to their balcony. It was better than freezing him, she knew, but she needed to get this under control.

First things first, though: her husband's needs. Hans did find release soon after Elsa, and she moaned out with him, though not as loudly as before. But that incredibly hot feeling… He filled her up, groaning rather loudly (something, Elsa realized later, she wanted to hear more of sometime later). She smiled again, cupping his face in her hands as she kissed him softly, letting him relax now.

All of this was unlike anything she'd ever felt before. Elsa's emotions intensified; all of a sudden she felt much more connected to Hans than she had before. That was something she remembered reading—she'd grow more attached to the person she did this with. And she definitely felt more devoted to Hans.

He rolled off her, panting softly as he lay on his side to face her. Immediately Elsa curled up to him, a lazy smile gracing her face as her hands rested gently against his chest, her legs slowly entwining in his, because that's what felt natural. She shook—out of pleasure or fear, she didn't know. As she sighed, resting her head right underneath his chin, she felt something icy cold brewing inside her abdomen... Before she could panic, it ceased.

She was too sated to worry about it.

Hans pulled the sheets over their bodies and smiled down at Elsa, kissing her forehead gently. "You have no idea how long I've been waiting to be to be with you, Elsa..." he murmured, holding her a bit closer.

Elsa decided to keep her gloves on for the night, her hands slowly wrapping around his torso. "That was incredible..." she admitted, closing her eyes slowly. Alive as she felt, sleepiness overcame her much more.

"Incredible enough to try it again sometime...?" Hans asked hopefully, brushing his cheek against the top of her head.

Kissing his neck, Elsa nodded slowly, starting to drift off. "Definitely," she replied, meaning it.
Because it'd be a crime to not explore her sexuality, no matter how new she was to the act itself. And she trusted Hans—trusted him enough and felt enough of an intimate connection to him to well… have sex with him again.

It was then, right as she fell asleep, that she became comfortable with the word.

Chapter End Notes

Yep. 3800 words about Hans and Elsa's wedding night. I call this progress. The whole goal for me was to just make it hot...? And I hope I accomplished that.

I'm also editing this while watching Tangled. I have no shame... (JustkiddingyesIdo)

Also everyone keeps bagging on Hans online and here I am just like, "He's dreexaaaammmmyyy~" I mean, his opening scene, where he's all stuttering and trying to help Anna out? I squee when I watch it. Every time. Because damn his thick eyelashes and ginger-ness and adorable freckles and just GAH. He can be adorable and sexy. So can Elsa.

Anyone else wanna derp with me over our adorable yet totally despicable antagonist?

So how was my first lemon in God knows how long? :P

Till then,

~Eliza
Snakes and Ladders Are Banned in Here, Love

Chapter Summary

Anna wakes from being frozen, with Kristoff watching over her. Kristoff then explains to Anna what she missed out on, ending with Hans and Elsa being married. It's at this moment Anna decides that she doesn't care what extremes she has to take—she will save her sister, no matter what.

Chapter Notes

So here we are, back to focusing on Anna and Kristoff. Even if it is every other chapter. I have to admit, I really don't have much to say about the two of them at the moment; this is just a straight up chapter about Anna waking up. Nothing much interesting happens until Anna starts to really question how far she's willing to go for Elsa.

Um... is it so bad that I kind of rushed this out so I could get back to Hansla and because it's Christmas?

Anyway, this is my Christmas present to my readers~ Really, I thank you all for making this fic as popular as it is; I'm so grateful for all your faves and follows and reviews. ;w; You have no idea how happy you all make me!

So enjoy, and Merry Christmas! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 10

"Snakes and ladders are banned in here, love."

It had taken a few days after that encounter Kristoff had in Arendelle for Anna to wake. And he still had no idea how he'd break the news to her.

He'd contemplated different ways of telling her, but when it came to Hans, Kristoff just felt nothing but anger. He didn't kiss Anna—didn't save her—and now he just upped and married Elsa? Just what was he up to? Olaf had only explained that with Hans it didn't work out, and Kristoff was angry enough with him for that as was. He just left Anna to die of a frozen heart.

His fists clenched as he looked over at Anna's sleeping form. When her braids became too mussed, he undid them and that's when he noticed: after a few days of wearing it loose, Anna's hair became pin straight. He didn't know why this fascinated him so, but he loved brushing it out of her face, feeling how soft it really was. With thick blankets up to her chin and her face finally getting some color from being close to the fire, she looked like some sort of sleeping beauty.
But if he kissed her, nothing would happen, he knew. She already had acts of true love to thaw her out and now he just needed to wait.

"Is she up yet?" Olaf called from outside for what seemed like the billionth time today.

"Not yet!" Kristoff called back, moving over to check on the soup he was making for Anna so she'd have something to eat when she woke. He did this every day, not caring if he wasted ingredients (though if she didn't wake he'd end up eating it). Troll magic was keeping her body in check as she thawed, but Kristoff still felt she'd be hungry once she got up.

It didn't bore Kristoff to watch Anna at all. If Pabbie told him he needed to give Anna all his love and attention, then by the gods he was going to do just that.

So when he finally started to notice Anna's eyes flutter open slightly, he actually started to choke up. But he had to be strong—he needed to let Anna see him.

"Anna…?" he asked softly, brushing a hand over her cheek. She was nice and warm in that healthy way… "Anna, can you hear me?"

"Nn…" She stirred more, tossing a bit. Anna finally opened her eyes, blinking as she tried to focus. "Kristoff…?"

"Anna!" Kristoff grinned from ear to ear, then called outside, "Olaf! Sven! Anna's woken up!"

"Olaf…?" Anna was still trying to process everything, and she seemed so confused and out of her element.

"Shh… it's okay, Anna, you don't have to get up immediately," Kristoff assured, stopping her from sitting up too fast. Anna just nodded slowly, leaning up on her elbows instead.

From outside, Kristoff could hear Olaf shouting to the rest of the Trolls this miraculous news. Anna smiled weakly, sighing a bit. Any moment she'd be bombarded, but now…

"Is that soup I smell…?" she asked softly, her voice dry from just waking up.

"Yeah, it's almost done," Kristoff replied with a nod, fluffing up Anna's pillows a bit to make her more comfortable. "I'll get you some as soon as it's done."

Her stomach growled, and Kristoff chuckled a bit. She blushed, patting her midsection slowly. They shared a look, reciprocating awkward-but-understanding gazes toward each other. Kristoff wondered if he should kiss her now that she was awake, but it was probably much too soon to do something like that…

Before he could do or say anything else, though, the entirety of his family clamored in to talk to the newly woken princess.

It was like she was waking up from a really long nap. Anna's eyes fluttered open quickly, trying to find some sort of focus. It felt warm, like being kissed by the sun on a nice summer day. One by one colors came into view—reds, oranges, yellows—and for a moment Anna thought her sister had unfrozen Arendelle and she was in her bed at the palace.

But then she saw Kristoff, and that's when she knew Hans was wrong. Kristoff loved her; otherwise he wouldn't have waited for her to wake up.
That's when she shot him a smile. And apparently it was still winter, because she noticed out of the corner of her eye that Olaf was waving enthusiastically at her from atop Sven's back, shooting her a goofy grin.

Her stomach growled wildly then; it was like she hadn't eaten in months! Anna knew just how unladylike that was, for her to seem so hungry in front of a man. He wasn't just Kristoff anymore—now he was Kristoff.

But Kristoff already had food for her, and as he checked on the soup, the entirety of his family surrounded her, bombarding her with questions left and right. Anna's head reeled; she couldn't keep up with them! But they had a certain charm Anna couldn't help but love.

"Anna, your hair is so pin straight!" Bulda exclaimed, caressing her locks. Anna noticed she no longer had the white strand she'd previously had…

"Oh, um… yes, it's always been like that," she replied politely, blushing more as she brushed through her mane. She wore it in braids all the time so she could one day attain hair like Elsa's curls, but no such luck—it always fell poker straight down her back in the end.

"Well, it's absolutely gorgeous," Bulda gushed, and a hundred other questions came her way about how she felt, whether or not she kissed Kristoff, what it was like to almost be frozen from the inside out.

Thank goodness for Pabbie, who calmed the masses with his mere presence. Even Anna sat up a bit straighter, trying to seem more alert as the wise, old troll made his way to her.

"Anna, how are you feeling?" he asked gently, taking her hand. "Are you cold at all?"

"Um, no… I'm quite warm, actually. Hungry, but well," she replied, chuckling uncertainly. "How long was I asleep?"

"About half a year, my dear," Pabbie said gently, taking her hand in his cool, stone one. "Our magic has kept you stable."

Anna withdrew it quickly. Half a year? What had happened in all that time…? Why did it take so long to thaw her heart?

She was lucky to be here, though… Thanks to Kristoff, she was even alive, and that was enough for her.

"Half a year," she deadpanned, repeating what Pabbie just said.

"I know, you have many questions about the whereabouts of your sister," Pabbie said, reading Anna's mind. "Arendelle is still blanketed in snow. At the moment we are facing the coldest winter ever witnessed."

"Because of Elsa…" Anna concluded. But the last time she saw Elsa, Hans had picked her up so lovingly it seemed genuine. Luckily this was confirmation that she was alive and that Hans hadn't killed her as he'd promised Anna when revealing his plan…

"I don't have much information about the Queen other than that her storm rages on." Pabbie looked over at Kristoff, who was scooping some of that delicious-smelling soup in a small bowl. "Kristoff does go into Arendelle to get carrots for Sven, though… Perhaps he knows more than I."

"We'll leave the two of you alone," Bulda interrupted, shooing the Trolls out of Kristoff's little hut.
Anna nodded, waving at them as they left. She wished she still didn't feel so weak… Otherwise she'd go out, give Olaf a warm hug, and talk more with Kristoff's family…

As of now, though, it was just her and Kristoff…

"You know about what's going on in Arendelle?" she finally asked him, and he handed her the hot soup. Something was up…

"Well, I mean, Sven and I were there about a week ago…" he murmured, sitting beside her as she hungrily gulped down the food. It wasn't as rich as Cook made it, but right now it did just the trick.

"Things have been going well for the people," he continued, his profile to Anna but his eyes focused on the dancing flames. "They're happy with your sister; it seems like she's a good queen."

"Even with this winter?" Anna asked, making sure she didn't slurp her soup and further embarrass herself in front of Kristoff.

"I think everyone's getting used to it," Kristoff replied, shrugging slightly. "Ever since she returned to the palace, no one's wanted her head on a plate. At least, according to Oaken…" He chuckled hesitantly.

Anna didn't want to ask this, but she had to know. She'd seen him… "And Hans…?" she asked softly, looking down into her half-full bowl of soup.

It took a while for Kristoff to say anything. He kept wavering…

"What about Hans?" Anna pressed, putting a gentle hand on Kristoff's shoulder. She hadn't told him Hans' intentions, but she was sure Olaf filled him in about Hans not being her true love.

"Prince Hans… well, he…" Kristoff faltered, and Anna knew this was so much worse, especially if he didn't outright say it.

"Kristoff," Anna said sternly. "It's worse when you hesitate."

Taking a deep breath, he just nodded. "Anna, he married your sister," he blurted, running a hand through his hair with a heavy sigh.

Suddenly her mouth ran completely dry. Anna gaped, slowly and silently putting her bowl down beside her. Elsa was now married to Hans.

Six months after Anna had been out of the picture.

Elsa must have thought she was dead…

Hans must have manipulated her; he had good time to do that, as Elsa knew nothing about his true intentions.

He won. Hans was now King of Arendelle.

And Anna had done nothing about it… She should have fought against the blizzard, should have pushed Hans away before he sheathed his sword and picked her up so intimately, should have protected her sister from this man.

"Anna, it's not your fault…" Kristoff started.

But Anna then interrupted, finding her voice, albeit weakly. "Kristoff, could I just have a moment
alone…?" she asked softly.

Silently he nodded, patting her hand gently before getting up and walking out.

She knew he could probably hear, but that didn't stop her. Anna grabbed the pillow on which she was leaning and pressed it tight against her face, screaming as loudly as she could into it.

And then she did it again.

And again.

And again and again until she was crying, too.

Hans probably had Elsa wrapped around his finger by now, feeding her lie after lie… He was using Elsa and her powers to be the most powerful king in the world…

Kristoff stormed in as soon as Anna threw her pillow to the ground. He rushed to her side and held her in a tight embrace, making Anna feel warm and protected…

"Anna…! It's okay, Anna, we'll figure something out…” he assured, petting her hair with the gentlest touch.

She wrapped her arms around him tight and sobbed into his shoulder. It wasn't too much comfort, but for right now it was enough.

Anna knew what she had to do now. She needed to save Elsa from Hans, because beneath the great physique and charming smile and adorable freckles something twisted was brewing inside that man. She would do whatever it took. Even if it meant she had to try and outsmart him.

And Hans was incredibly crafty and intelligent. He could probably smell a plan from miles away.

It would take time to plan and execute an operation to save Elsa and convince her Hans wasn't all he seemed, but at this point Anna would do anything for Elsa.

From where she was, buried in Kristoff's arms, she could hear Olaf telling one of the Trolls outside, "I think she took that news rather well, don't you…?"

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, I have this head canon that Anna's hair is actually incredibly straight when it's down. It just seems like it would be to me, I don't know. Elsa's hair is curly; Anna's is straight and I think it's cute. ^^ That and it's a lot of fun to draw her like that.

Um. There's not too much to say for this chapter, is there? Anna's up, she knows that Hans married her sister, and now she needs to come up with something to thwart him. Even though he's won. But this is far from over, trust me.

Gah, I knew I'd fall in too deep with Hansla. But they're just so much fun to write! Anna and Kristoff aren't that fun… yet. Let's see where the future takes us, hm?

Merry Christmas, everyone!
~Eliza
Because There's Not an Ounce of Faith in This Leap

Chapter Summary

The more Elsa reveals about her past to Hans, the more he reveals to her, making Elsa even more vulnerable to him. She begins to explore her burgeoning sexuality, which she realizes only makes Hans want her more... Later Kristoff tries to get a private audience with Elsa to tell her about Anna, but Hans interferes, immediately making things harder for Kristoff and Anna in plotting to take the new king down.

Chapter Notes

I'm sure you all thought I was dead. Nope, I've been working quite hard on this chapter, as it's the longest one to date. 8000 words, guys. :/ But a lot goes on, and you know I do it all for you all. Here we reach the halfway point of this fic. But please, don't pressure me to update because the more you do, the slower I go. Think about that a moment. ;)

Also I had a lot going on this week, and I saw Frozen a fifth time. No regrets.

So here's my New Year's gift to my readers, because I'm a nice person~ I think…

Enjoy the Hansla, because this is the last time you're gonna see them this freaking happy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 11

"So drop your map, drop your plans, drop that five-step program because there's not an ounce of faith in this leap."

The first time Elsa went down on Hans was the night he officially became King of Arendelle.

Oh, how easy it'd been to convince her to grant him the title as her equal. Crown Matrimonial, he'd pointed out to her, would only bring them closer, would only allow him to do nothing but good for Arendelle and its people. King consort wasn't enough for him, not when the only way to win was to make sure he had power over her. Because until she allowed him as her equal, Hans would have lost. He wouldn't have enough, wouldn't really be the king he needed to be, until she relented.

Elsa relented almost immediately, much to his surprise. But he didn't question it; obviously by this point he'd done his job rather well, trying to convince her that he was the best, the only option for her. Together they lobbied for this title for him, and it'd been approved, ceremony and all…

Now, he'd never stated outright that going down on him was what he wanted her to do—especially
since she was so new to the act of sex—but still… it was rather nice. Not perfect, obviously, but his wife could have been so much worse. And one thing Hans observed, from the few times he and Elsa had consummated this union: Elsa was a naturally sexual person. Evidently her body knew what felt pleasurable, but he couldn't explain it—the way she arched into him, the way she \textit{looked}… it just drove him crazy.

Needless to say, with Anna, Hans knew he definitely wouldn't enjoy himself this much. It was at this moment that he was really glad he'd chosen Elsa over being alone.

Everything was going completely according to plan… He had both Elsa and Arendelle right in the palm of his hand, but it wasn't until the crown was put on his head and the whole kingdom rejoiced that he truly felt like he won. His entire being just held itself a bit higher; he \textit{physically} felt as giant as a king once he'd been dubbed the title.

Elsa beamed over at him during the whole ceremony, and every once in a while Hans would shoot her a wink or a smile. With him around (since on the outside he "trusted" Elsa), no one saw the Queen as a monster anymore, even with the winter storms still howling around them and how she was easily singlehandedly responsible for this terrible weather. His influence became \textit{that} strong in his new kingdom.

And once he was announced as king, and once everyone celebrated, and once the party afterward quickly died (his wedding reception had been far more fun, especially with all the teasing he'd gotten away with), he and Elsa wandered hand in hand toward their quarters. They were slightly inebriated, giggling the whole way when Hans caught Elsa tripping over her skirts a few times, and when he stumbled into the wrong room more than once.

But once back in their comfortable room, the air became slightly more serious. With only the roaring fire as their source of light, intimacy took over the atmosphere. By now they both knew how this night would end—both of them panting, a mess of sweaty limbs entangled with each other, falling asleep in the afterglow of another round of incredible sex. And by now his hands were on her waist, her… well, Hans was surprised when he pulled away from their kiss to see her undressing… \textit{herself}. Usually she was too reserved for that. But Hans had to admit this was nice. She was starting to come out of her shell a bit. Hell, the last time the servants came in to clean while they were still naked in bed she barely bat an eyelash.

"I want to try something different," she murmured, throwing her cape and bodice to the ground. Hans got the idea and did the same to his gloves and coat.

Smirking, he just nodded and leaned in for a kiss, helping her undress as quickly as possible. "How so…?" he asked against her lips, pressing her hips right against his groin. She was turning him on so much right now…

After a moment, Elsa took Hans by surprise when she pushed him up against the bed, then sat him on the turned-down sheets, their lips still locked. He didn't know what exactly was responsible for this change, but oh \textit{gods} did he love it. He just hummed into the kiss, his pants becoming more confining. He just knew Elsa could be sexy; he just had to push her to become this poised.

This time she pulled away, kissing a trail down his neck. Shaky but deft hands undid his vest and shirt, pushing them off his shoulders as her lips moved down, down… Oh \textit{my}, Hans loved where this was going, and he hoped Elsa took it that far…

"I have a feeling I know where you're taking this," he murmured, spreading his legs a bit wider when her hands fumbled with undoing his pants. He wanted her to take it there, but if she didn't he knew how wrong it'd be to force it…
With her eyes half-lidded as she glanced up at him, Hans bit his lip to keep from moaning too loudly, just by how she looked—so vulnerable, yet with a seductive air about her. "You're King of Arendelle now, darling," she pointed out, sliding his pants down his hips. "And I want to celebrate…"

"It's all thanks to you, though, Elsa," Hans replied with a smirk, sighing in relief as she finally freed his erection. He brushed her hair back a bit as she got to her knees, assuring her silently that no matter what he was going to be happy.

He took note that Elsa still had her gloves on for this, though Hans had just gotten her confident enough to take them off during sex (though not foreplay, strangely). But much better safe than sorry.

Hans sighed, tilting his head back with a hand tangled in Elsa's hair as she gave a tentative lick… and when she started to take him into her mouth he couldn't help but let a few vulnerable moans slip from his lips.

This boosted Elsa's confidence, obviously, and she just continued to take him into that delicious mouth of hers. Maybe she was doing this because Hans did go down on her almost regularly (teasing Elsa absolutely entertained him to no end), maybe it was something a bit kinky she wanted to try (as it seemed her reason for initiating this was his new title), but Hans definitely appreciated it. Oh, he really wanted her to finish him off… It was all about taking this at her pace.

And that was a bit of the problem. This was making Hans a bit too vulnerable to Elsa; she had complete control over him. It took everything he had not to buck into her mouth as she slowly moved on him—it all felt too good, especially when she utilized her tongue and teeth as well. Not only was he moaning loudly at this point, he was moaning out Elsa's name as well, something he didn't do this often.

With his shirt and vest bunched around his elbows, and his pants sliding slowly down his legs, Hans knew he must have looked a sloppy mess, but hell, Elsa was pleasuring him so amazingly he didn't care. The hand in her platinum hair tugged a bit harder, trying to hold himself together with barely any avail. He was getting close; would she swallow…?

There was a moment where Hans looked down at Elsa, who looked totally engrossed in what she was doing, and she met his half-lidded gaze. Her eyes smirked, and Hans could tell what it meant: she was almost daring him to let go and release.

That's when Hans hesitated, even just for a moment (as the pleasure was getting to be too much), but he decided to indulge his wife. Of course, the fact that her mouth was completely full didn't help at all…

Hans was King of Arendelle now. He could definitely indulge Elsa for a bit.

Throwing his head back at the pinnacle of ecstasy, Hans gave a loud, guttural moan of Elsa's name as he finally released.

Elsa screwed her face up a bit, concentrating as she took her time to swallow, just as Hans wanted. He panted quickly, petting Elsa's hair gently now as he came down from his high.

Once she pulled away, Hans could hear Elsa pant a bit as well as she moved up to face him again. Cupping his face gently, she gave him a soft kiss, and Hans could taste himself a bit—though he didn't mind it. No, he definitely didn't mind since Elsa had done an amazing job for her first time
going down on someone.

"I hope that was to your satisfaction, King Hans," Elsa mused, giving him a shy smile.

Shrugging, Hans couldn't help but smirk at how Elsa had used his title. He just pulled her into his lap, kissing her jaw lightly. "You have no idea, Queen Elsa," he retorted, running his hands up and down her sides.

Elsa nuzzled his cheek and undid her corset, throwing it off her body. Oh, she was turned on, Hans could tell, but it wasn't like he could get it up, just a few moments after she just finished him off. No, he'd have to stall for a bit… Even with her breasts pressed up against him so wonderfully.

Well, if there was one thing they hadn't tried yet… Hans smiled up at Elsa and tugged her undergarments down her hips slowly. "Now can I try something new?" he asked, an idea forming in his head.

"Hm…?" Elsa kicked off the rest of her clothes off—including her gloves, Hans was glad to notice—and did the same to his. Hans suspected there was something about the intimacy and warmth that drew her more to him physically, not that he had a problem with that. She brushed her nose and forehead against his, holding him as close as she could. "What is it, baby?" she inquired, brushing her hands in his hair. He really loved that; it was so soothing…

Hans kissed her jaw, letting his hands wander down her spine. "I could draw a bath for us," he said, looking up at Elsa hopefully. By now Elsa should know what he was suggesting.

A look of confusion, soon followed by understanding, passed over Elsa's face, and she nodded once she knew what this would entail. "As long as there are bubbles," she added cutely, her nails gently massaging his scalp.

"Don't I do whatever I can to please you?" he murmured, kissing her as he picked her up with no problem. Elsa was already clinging to him so tight.

Once in their adjacent bathroom, Hans set Elsa on the edge of the tub as he started to draw water. He observed Elsa as he waited, watching as she adjusted her curls as she let them down to look less messy and straightened her back to puff her chest out a bit. She really didn't have to impress… Hans found her completely irresistible without trying. Something about the way Elsa now held herself with a confident air made her absolutely sexy, but in a modest way.

Hans couldn't help but compare it to how Elsa sang. Her voice was seductive and alluring and beautiful, yet she never treated it like something special (though there was a lot to admire about his wife, Hans had to admit—much as he had to tread lightly, being with a woman like Elsa was… interesting, to say the least).

After adding bubbles, Elsa peered into the water and smiled as she dipped a hand in swirling the mixture around. Hans just kneeled before her, pressing kisses from her knee up her thigh slowly. He wasn't trying to tease, just occupying his time for now. Though the thought of Elsa, dripping with steaming water as she moved on him, was really starting to excite him to no end.

Once the water was ready, Hans stepped in before Elsa could even move (as he wanted her on top this time), and he sighed at the feel of warmth completely surrounding. Now, if there was something about Elsa Hans couldn't stand, it was her powers—or rather, how cold her powers could make everything. Maybe this would help keep her in order, as lately, with her confidence growing, the more they seemed at least in check. Not exactly controlled, as that would mean she could finally unfreeze the kingdom, but she hadn't made things worse.
That was good enough for him.

Hans tugged at Elsa's waist and smirked as he pulled her in after him, making her giggle a bit. She didn't seem taken aback; she looked like she was finally enjoying herself. No reservations, no fears.

This was the Elsa Hans really liked being with.

Elsa settled herself on his lap and dipped under the water for a moment, as if to awaken herself. Oh yes, the sight of her emerging from the water was indeed as amazing as he'd imagined… His hands slipped up her body from her stomach to her breasts. One on each, Hans leaned forward and lapped up the dripping water from the left, giving a gentle tug to her nipple with his teeth. She moaned and sighed, leaning more into his mouth as he continued to just tease her.

The way she moaned and moved for him could make him rock hard in a matter of moments. Hans rutted his hips up against Elsa's, groaning against her skin as the water suddenly made everything much more sensual and incredibly hot. She only moved back, digging her nails into his back as she bit her lip to keep from being too loud for now.

Hans brought Elsa in for a hot kiss, his tongue barely darting out past her front row of teeth, which he could tell drove her crazy with how she started to whine as well. This only grew when his hands started to pinch and prod her skin a bit rougher.

"Hans—" Elsa pulled away a bit to speak to him, albeit a bit broken between her moans.
"Inside… ah… I want—"

He just pretended to play dumb, shrugging slightly. He only teased her more—kissing her neck, grinding his erection right against the inside of her thigh, pinching her breasts. "Elsa, dear, you can be more specific," he murmured against her skin.

She blinked, looking over at him a moment to try and find the right words to say.

It took Hans completely by surprise when Elsa just took his erection in hand again and guided it silently inside her. He had not been expecting that, and he gave out a sharp moan and a shudder alongside his wife. He could never get tired of the feeling of entering her—it was always fire hot, always as tight as that first time on their wedding night.

"Is that 'specific' enough for you, baby…?" Elsa cooed in between moans, rolling her hips a bit harder against his. With her body moving so perfectly on top of him like some wet, fair goddess, he knew he wasn't going to last very long here as well.

"That's more than enough," Hans replied, lurching his hips up to meet her downward thrusts. He nuzzled her chest, groaning against his hands pressed her back tighter against him.

"Oh, Hans…" Elsa sighed, mussing his damp hair with the tips of her fingers. Her pace became faster, moving her hips at different angles to find the most pleasurable. Hans helped out of course, loving the way her voice carried his name once she really began to lose herself.

His teeth dug a bit harder into her skin, nipping at her breasts a bit more. Elsa arched completely into him, water sloshing about as her movements only became more and more erratic the more she slammed down on him.

"You damn minx," Hans groaned out, the blunt ends of his nails scraping up and down the curve of her spine as he could feel his release starting to build up in the pit of his stomach. He trailed his lips up from her breasts to her lips, pants and moans melding together, making the sounds of their union the hottest thing he'd ever heard.
Elsa tilted her head back, her moans filling the echoing room in that way Hans had wanted her to since they began. He may have loved hearing her sing, but hearing her call out for him like this made Hans feel more intimate, like this was his own personal melody, one she only sang out for him and no one else. Hans struggled to hold himself together the more she cried out for him, louder and louder…

How she looked didn't help at all, either. Hans leaned back against the wall of the tub, watching as one of her hands clutched the edge of it. Her breasts heaved quickly with each fast thrust, her body moving so rhythmically on him with drops of water flowing down her body. Elsa's damp curls bounced about her back, her lips parted as they formed around the sound of his name.

So the fact that Elsa came first baffled Hans, but he definitely wasn't complaining… he'd be giving himself over to her control if he showed any sort of weakness. She could never have the upper hand, not even during sex. Hans would make sure of that.

Hans just arched into Elsa seconds after her climax, releasing right into her with a loud groan of her name as he came inside her.

Panting, he ran a hand through his hair and glanced up at Elsa. There was just too much he wanted to say to her, but he couldn't because coming down from this high was more exhausting than he realized.

But, looking into Elsa's piercing blue eyes as she got off of him, he was finally silenced into submission. Hans pulled his wife close and pressed his head against her chest, listening to her rapid heartbeat slowing after such an activity.

Hans had opted for Corona as an acceptable honeymoon destination, as Arendelle and Corona were relatively close trading partners, but Elsa had to refuse the idea, much as she would have loved to get away. But she couldn't because coming down from this high was more exhausting than he realized.

But when she decided on a quaint cottage in the middle of the woods, one that could be rented out and had a stable and separate servants' quarters in the main house (as it was run by a sweet elderly couple that maintained and rented it out to royals and dignitaries and the like), Hans immediately jumped on the idea. He seemed to love the sense of isolation with limited contact with anyone other than his horse and his wife.

Elsa did love the idea as well…

With only Gerda and a few select servants accompanying them, Elsa really felt like this would be a good way to get away from it all. The whole carriage ride over she couldn't contain her excitement, and she cuddled up against Hans with a sigh, sheathed only in her Snow Queen gown.

Hans absently laid one hand on her thigh, the other wrapped around her waist tight. Here he was, bundled up as usual, and Elsa was trying to keep her husband warm.

"Tell me a story," she requested with a giggle, feeling it would pass the time. Something about Hans brought out the most undoubtedly girly side of her. With him, she always felt giddy, like she could tell him anything.

So she wanted him to feel the same about her.
"A story… Hm…” Hans had to think about it a moment, and Elsa just sighed contently, her arms wrapping tighter around his torso.

Hans kissed the top of her head. "I've got one… Once upon a time, in a faraway kingdom, there was a prince who lived with his twelve older brothers," he started, and a smile grew on Elsa's face.

"I feel like I know this prince," she murmured, nuzzling his neck.

"You might…” Hans chuckled before continuing. "He spent all his time alone, longing for a friend, a hug, a semblance of hope that one day things might get better for him. He knew, deep down, that his one dream—to one day rule his own kingdom and do the best he could by his people—would never come true."

Much as Elsa knew how this would turn out, this insight felt rather refreshing. She hadn't known about any of this, that he was alone, that all he wanted to feel was something other than failure… She only held to him tighter. "So what did the Prince do?" she asked, wanting him to continue.

"He read," Hans answered, shrugging. "He kept up his studies and did his best to be the best prince he could possibly be. He gave back to his people, in the hope that for once he could someday be appreciated by his family."

"And was he?"

"Never." Hans shook his head and sighed, looking out the window a moment before glancing back at Elsa. "They never acknowledged him. He soon gained the reputation of being known as the unlucky, invisible thirteenth prince of his kingdom. Because of this, he caught the eye of no princess.

"That is, until he heard about the coronation of a queen from another faraway kingdom. And, unlike the other princesses he encountered, these two had never heard of him, or of his reputation. The prince felt he could make a difference in this new kingdom, that maybe once, he could finally be appreciated. So he volunteered to represent his kingdom for the new queen."

"And what of this new queen?" Elsa asked with a knowing smirk.

"The Prince had heard of the Queen and the Princess were quite beautiful. And while the Prince would have loved to converse with the Queen, she seemed so distant and reserved and he didn't know why. Scared of receding into the shadows, he proposed to the Princess instead. Perhaps it was a cry for attention, perhaps it was because he wanted to find happiness wherever he could as soon as he could, but when he noticed the Queen's refusal to bless the engagement he felt like he'd never be able to make an impact anywhere he went."

Elsa couldn't help but frown' Hans wasn't giving her very much insight to why he chose Anna—she knew she shouldn't doubt him now that this was all in the past and they were married, but it nagged the edge of her mind.

Before she could ask another question, though, Hans just went on with his story. "He then saw why the Queen kept herself so distant. She was afraid—afraid of hurting the people she loved, afraid of her people seeing her as a monster, afraid of exposing herself and her secrets. The Prince noticed that the Queen could conjure ice and snow from her fingertips, and he saw something defensive, frightening, and breathtaking behind it. He didn't see a monster, he saw a timid young woman afraid of what she was capable of.

"He wanted to talk to the Queen and bring her home, but the Princess volunteered instead, leaving the Prince in charge of the kingdom. He fell in love with the people, the grateful faces, and the words
of praise as he tried to help them out—it was a kingdom that wasn't his, but one he fell in love with as soon as he stepped foot in it."

Okay, now Elsa couldn't help but smile again… She knew that Hans loved being in Arendelle, and more than once she noticed his acts of charity, both in and out of the palace. What she didn't know was just how much satisfaction he got out of it, how much he enjoyed it. It wasn't the title… it was the respect that Elsa realized Hans wanted. She finally understood that.

"But when the Princess didn't return, the Prince decided that she and the Queen returning home returning home was more important. He didn't care how long he'd have to trek, he'd find them.

"The Prince found the Queen first, locked away in the most beautiful palace he'd ever seen—and it had been made of ice. But two volunteers had raced in to assassinate the Queen, though the Prince had ordered no harm come to her. What impressed him was how she could hold her own, perhaps too well. The Prince didn't want this beautiful woman to be seen as a monster, so when one man aimed his crossbow at her the Prince interfered—not meaning to tear parts of her beautiful palace apart."

Hans sighed, nuzzling Elsa's cheek as he pulled her onto his lap. Elsa just wrapped her arms around his neck, perking her ears up as she waited for him to continue.

"The Prince picked the Queen up in his arms, surprised at how warm she really was while calm," he murmured, pressing his forehead to hers. "He carried her home, into the palace. At that moment, the Prince felt conflicted—he was starting to fall for the Queen, with her daring new outlook on her life and amazing powers and incredibly sexy body." He ran his hands up her sides, though Elsa knew he probably didn't think all of that at that actual moment… And right now he was just teasing her.

"But he was engaged to the Princess…" Elsa pointed out, swallowing thickly. "And he locked the Queen up in a dungeon."

"That he did." Hans didn't deny it. "It appeased the remaining dignitaries of the Queen didn't pose a threat, though the Prince didn't think she posed one at all—he just followed orders. It almost broke his heart to put shackles around her hands."

So he was the one who at least had the decency to make her comfortable in that dank cell… And he did visit her as soon as she woke up. Had he really cared about her that much, even then? Elsa could see how hard this was for Hans to talk about, and she admired how he was finally confessing all of this to her. "We can skip this part; I know what happens," she whispered, not really wanting to think about it. If anything, she just wanted to hear about Hans—she wanted to get to know his past. She knew him. She just wanted to get to know him as best she could.

He nodded in understanding and held her close. "Then what do you want to know about the Prince, then?" he asked, meeting her gaze. Elsa always loved looking right into his eyes—she could see why Anna fell for him so easily. Big, green eyes; thick, auburn lashes; absolutely adorable freckles… wait, what did he just ask her…?

"I want to know why he fell for the Queen. Did they have anything in common? Was he afraid of her powers?" Elsa gave Hans a sheepish smile. Oh, she would tell him anything in a heartbeat, he'd just have to ask. And that was another thing she wanted out of this getaway. They didn't have royal duties to attend to during this time, so they could focus entirely on building up a better relationship.

Hans sighed, looking around a moment before back up at Elsa. "The Prince… Well, he wasn't afraid of the Queen's powers. He could see the danger she could cause, but he noticed that danger sprouted as defense out of the fear of what she could do, more than the others who witnessed it. But the Prince
saw her ice palace, and that's when he saw all the beauty she could create out of her powers. When she was confident and happy, she could do things that were absolutely amazing. This confident fiery woman? That was why he fell for her, and he wanted to bring it out more—in her own kingdom. He wanted to help her, because like him, she was incredibly intuitive, incredibly smart, and incredibly alone. They both cared about the kingdom—that's why he felt more drawn to her rather than the Princess. And when he started to see her become more open, that's when he knew they really were compatible. So when she then said yes to his marriage proposal, he felt elated—it was more that he'd ever imagined… He'd never been happier in his life as he married the Queen, and he still hasn't gotten down from that high."

"So is he living happily ever after now that he's a king?" Elsa teased, kissing his cheek.

"I'd like to think so…” Hans replied, moving his lips against Elsa's. She couldn't help but smile, and she held him closer. No, she knew the ending to that story was "they lived happily ever after," because she'd never felt so happy and alive and free before. That ending, that was where they were now.

And she never wanted it to fade away.

Just as Elsa predicted the entire week consisted of a lot of fun (particularly in the snow), and in insolation there was a lot of time devoted to intimacy.

They were, for the most part, living completely alone. In the morning Hans would make her breakfast in bed (he'd helped the cook every once in a while, since for a period of his life only the servants were the only ones who would really talk to him). It wasn't the greatest tasting, but to Elsa, these were some of the best meals she'd ever had.

And in the cabin, for the most part, Elsa felt liberated just walking and lounging around naked or scantily clad—she wouldn't be judged or seen by anyone she didn't want to see her in that way. It was only Hans, after all, and he was her husband. He complimented her, building her up with so much confidence. So if he only fed her good words, especially when she held herself highly, then bring it on.

"I wish you'd dress like this more often," Hans teased with a wink as she practically sashayed toward the four-poster bed, only wearing his nightshirt. Comfortable as it was, she didn't see herself doing this in the halls of the palace anytime soon.

"But doesn't it make it much more intimate knowing you're the only one who sees me like this?" she pointed out, hopping into bed beside him. Her hands wrapped around his bare torso, her legs clinging tight around his waist.

His hand darted up her bare thigh, holding her closer. Sex had been a rather prominent part of this week, and the more she was with Hans, the more she felt more open to him. It was like he'd opened up some door within her—she trusted him wholly now; he'd done no wrong in her eyes and all he'd done was help her up and help her out.

"You have a point," he murmured, kissing the expanse of her neck, which was already covered in fading red marks. Normally she'd have to cover all that up, be embarrassed about how much Hans liked claiming her as his. But here she didn't have to worry about anything—she could be her most vulnerable self and he'd listen and wouldn't like her any less.

She didn't feel constantly judged like with her father.
And she didn't feel dangerous, like with Anna.

Elsa was finally herself, with someone who understood her and wanted to be with her, powers and all.

"Hm… why don't you tell me a story now…?" he finally asked instead, resting his head on her chest. Nowadays it didn't feel scary or worrisome. Now it was comfortable, warm, protective. Nodding in agreement, Elsa ran her fingers through his soft hair, which was tinted more red from the fire roaring beside them.

If he could confess his loneliness to her, then she could tell him about what haunted her most for the last thirteen years… She knew here, in this safe environment, it was time.

"When we were younger, Anna used to know about my powers," she whispered shakily, knowing it'd be the hardest thing she'd ever have to say. "We used to play in the Great Hall—I'd turn it into a winter wonderland, we'd build snowmen, skate on ice…"

"Why did she not know later on?" Hans asked, curious. His eyes were closed, but Elsa could tell he was really listening. "I asked her if she knew about your powers during the coronation, but she seemed just as confused as everyone else."

"When I was about eight, and Anna about five, we were playing as usual, and Anna was moving too fast; I was trying to catch her on snow hills as she jumped from one to one. I slipped on ice, Anna leapt too fast…" Choking up, she let a few tears slip from her eyes, as she'd never told anyone about this. "I hit her head, and this white streak appeared in her hair. She was ice cold…"

Eyes shooting open at the sound of her sniffing, Hans leaned up and kissed her tears as they fell. "Elsa, you don't have to tell me this if it's too hard," he assured softly.

She just shook her head. "No, it feels good to get this off my chest…" she replied, glad that he cared so much about how this was making her feel. "And I'm glad you're listening."

"Of course," he whispered. "What kind of husband would I be if I didn't listen to my wife?"

Elsa played a bit with the ring on her finger before continuing. "We had to take Anna to a strange valley, where trolls healed her head. If I'd hit her heart, it would not be changed so easily… They used their magic to heal Anna, but her memories were manipulated so she wouldn't know what I could do… It was so hard to not be myself around her, and that's when my father wanted us separated."

"So, in a way, you were both lonely and isolated… from each other," Hans concluded, nuzzling her neck.

She nodded. "I wanted to be there or her so much, but the last thing I ever wanted to do was hurt her again. My father separated us, but it was for the best."

"No it wasn't," he intervened, frowning up at her. "I know you didn't want to hurt Anna again, but your father instead instilled more fear into you with just the thought of losing control. That, I think, was the wrong way to go about this. How can you learn in isolation? How can you learn to control your powers if you conceal them instead of trying to understand them so that wouldn't happen again…?"

Elsa never thought of it like that… She'd stopped crying at this point, assessing Hans' words. He made a great point, but the last thing she wanted to do was put blame on her father, bless his soul.
"It's in the past..." she uttered shakily. "If I could go back you know I would, but he didn't know how to deal with his heir having powers any more than I knew how to control my emotions. So I dealt with it. I read what I could but learned nothing. I tried, I really did, but my parents saw my powers as a curse rather than a blessing. I didn't feel loved."

Hans just nodded, keeping up with her. "Elsa. You're not alone anymore, you know that. I've been there before as well."

"I know." She nodded back. "And the one person who accepted me before you was, ironically, the one person who was most clueless to my situation: Anna. And all I did was hurt her again. I can't forgive myself for that, but in moving on, I can at least try and be happy with the situation I'm in."

"And are you?"

"Of course I am." Elsa ran a hand through his hair and held him closer. "Because I don't have to hide with you."

Hans moved up and kissed her deeply, making Elsa sigh contently. "No, you don't," he replied softly, pulling his nightshirt she was wearing over her head and tossed it aside.

She kissed him back just as passionately, allowing him inside her with open arms.

Elsa always felt terrible when she and Hans went outside, because he always had to bundle up and she could go out naked and not be cold (she did at least wear a dress, though).

But for the first time since she played with Anna, she was finally having fun with her powers.

Once day, she conjured up an ice rink and skates for Hans, and they danced around—Elsa leading this time, since it turned out Hans could barely skate! Seeing his cheeks turn red, not just from the cold, just made her even giddier. When he slipped or tripped, Elsa just laughed and helped him up, giving him a kiss each time.

"I've never really ice skated before," he confessed, his cheeks almost as red as his hair. "Isn't this embarrassing..."

"No one's around," Elsa assured, helping him glide across the small rink. "And you know I won't judge. It is a bit funny, though; you're so perfect otherwise...!" She chuckled a bit.

"You just love seeing chinks in the armor, don't you?" He chuckled, his eyes darting quickly between his feet and his hands, which were clasped tightly in hers for support.

"Yep!" She didn't deny it. "But it's just so adorable; I can't help it! We can stop, though, if it's really too much..."

Hans just shrugged as he faltered again. "No, I want to get this down by the end of the day," he said, completely determined.

Elsa nodded and just helped him out until she was sure his knees and elbows were totally bruised and the sun set. He'd gotten a bit better... not by much, though. He wasn't really tripping anymore, but he never let go of Elsa, either.

There were other days when snowball fights ensued, and again Elsa had a bit of the upper hand, as she could summon snowballs with her powers as Hans struggled to form just a few with his gloved hands. But he had a good arm, and he did pelt her when she least expected it.
They spent the whole time chasing each other around the woods surrounding their rented cottage, laughing and enjoying themselves. While Elsa could make more her aim was terrible, and Hans got her much more often. He finally tackled her into the powdery snow, kissing her passionately.

Elsa wrapped her arms around him… then conjured up another snowball and hit him in the back of the head unexpectedly.

He gasped and she laughed, and he just flicked some more snow at her in retaliation. She’d never smiled so much before… Her trust in him just kept growing each moment she was with him.

The whole week was complete bliss, and Elsa never wanted it to end… If she could just live off the grid, no responsibilities, Hans here with her, she’d be completely happy. But she knew it couldn't last, so she had to make the most of what she'd been given.

Hans did as well… And the more they were alone, the more Hans became bolder with her. Like now, as he was running a hand up her thigh, which was exposed due to the slit in her skirt. Outside. In the snow.

True, it wasn't like she was cold, but she knew what Hans meant when he did that. And though they’d been trying some more outgoing sexual positions (on her hands and knees being the least enjoyable, on top of him being her favorite, and blindfolded and bound to the bed… well, that was interesting, to say the least), but out in the snow? She feared more for him than her. And this was outside. Where someone could see or hear them, even if they were pretty deep in the woods, alone. Elsa just pressed her legs together.

"What's wrong? You're usually never this reserved anymore around me…" Hans pointed out, leaning in closer. He kissed her neck, and she started to fall apart.

"I'm worried about you," she eked out, only clutching to him tighter.

After a moment he got it, and Hans pulled back and started to laugh—really laugh. Elsa chuckled, but she hadn't the slightest clue why he found this so funny…

"Elsa—" he gasped out between laughs, "y-you don't really think you always have to get undressed to have sex, do you…?"

Blushing profusely, Elsa realized she made yet another mistake in her inexperience… but how was she supposed to know that? They’d been completely bare every other time. And boy, did she feel stupid now…

Once he finally calmed down, Hans cleared his throat and cupped Elsa's face in his hands, kissing her gently. She wasn't sure how to react—angrily, she supposed—but she kissed back all the same, like she was supposed to.

"I'm really sorry," he whispered against her lips, pulling her in close. "It's kind of my fault, not giving you that kind of experience before… I know we've been trying some new things lately, and I just wanted to try this, out here… it's kind of exciting, knowing you might be caught at any moment…"

When his voice got low like that… Elsa gasped slightly, letting his hand slip back up her thigh, pulling her undergarments down… He backed her up against a tree and she wrapped her legs tightly around him, completely engrossed in gazing into his eyes and feeling just how much he wanted her. When he just undid his pants and pressed inside her, all her fears went out the door.

And she had the time of her life.
So when the week was over and they had to leave back for the palace, Elsa truly felt down. She’d had so much fun this week, getting to know her wonderful husband, exposing herself completely to him (both literally and figuratively). But duty called, and with this newfound confidence, she felt certain she could be a better queen for her people, especially with Hans at her side.

But something was still plaguing her mind, and with Hans asleep on her lap (she sang to him quite often now, particularly to lull him to sleep), she could think.

After sex, every time he pulled out of her there was that icy feeling in the pit of her stomach that only lasted a moment, but she felt like it meant something important. She tried to read what it could be, but she found nothing on the subject, in neither erotica books nor books vaguely explaining her powers…

It scared her, but it never hurt when she felt it. No, it made her feel safe. Calm, even, afterward. So it wasn’t bad, but she needed to figure it out.

Just what could it be? she wondered as she threaded her fingers in Hans' hair, watching the trees pass.

Back on duty… Sighing, Hans ran a hand through his hair as he walked down the hall, straightening his coat. New attire for a new king… he rather liked it. Much of it was modeled after the former King of Arendelle, the portrait of whom Hans would chuckle at in the library, silently thanking him for bringing up such beautiful, sheltered daughters and giving him this wonderful opportunity to run this kingdom.

There was some ruckus he heard going on a few paces down… Hans, curious, ran toward the action, surprised to see a snow-covered, bundled up commoner trying to outrun the guards that had spotted him. What the hell? Who had let someone like that through the gates without permission…?

Obviously this man had a goal…

Unsheathing the sword he usually carried at his waist, he pointed it to the trespasser's chin—just as the guards tackled him down.

"Let me go…!" he cried, struggling against the weight atop him. Hans just sheathed his sword once more, slowly striding over to the intruder with an extremely probing eye. "I need to talk to Queen Elsa…! She has to know about the Princess!"

The guards didn't seem to pick up the intruder's demands, but immediately Hans was at his level, staring him down, which quickly shut him up.

He'd mentioned Anna. Either he was crazy, he knew something about Hans before her death, or maybe…

… Maybe, just maybe, Anna was alive.

No, he told himself, that wasn't it because she would have stopped either the wedding or Hans becoming King of Arendelle. She would have contacted Elsa as well. No, Anna was dead and this trespasser only knew about Hans, and he was meaning to tell Elsa about his intents.

"Your Majesty, should we lock him in the dungeon?" one guard asked, and the intruder leered at Hans once he truly understood just whom he was.

"King Hans…" the commoner deadpanned in realization, paling.
Hans had to think about it rationally. What if this trespasser knew of his plan to take over the kingdom? He'd mentioned something about Anna, demanding to see Elsa and Elsa alone. At this moment, Hans could see this all going down the drain, Arendelle becoming unattainable as it once was. If he locked the intruder in the dungeon then perhaps he'd demand to see Elsa so much she could have a chance to talk to him, and whatever he had to say—about Anna, about his goals, about anything—would get to her.

No, Elsa would have to be kept in the dark about this whole encounter. It'd be a bit of trouble, but he'd have to double the security and make sure this man never saw the inside of his palace again, because he was posing a threat to his position on the throne.

Hans leaned his face in close, mere inches from the other man to make his point as clear as possible. "I never want to see your face again, is that clear?" he growled lowly. "Because the next time I do, neither I nor any of these guards will hesitate to slay you where you stand. Now get the hell out of my kingdom."

The intruder sneered, but kept his mouth shut.

Hans stood and nodded to the guard. "Gag him and take him to the edge of the kingdom, and make sure he doesn't come back," he ordered, and while the guards looked confused, they didn't question the King's authority in the slightest. He knew they were expecting punishment, not exile. But not even they could know about what this man just claimed.

As the guards dragged him out, neither they nor Hans seemed to notice the old, stolen swords tucked into Kristoff's bag behind his back.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so a few things I have to address:

1. Hans is pretty much bullshitting his story as he's telling it to Elsa. Sure there are some true elements, but for the most part he's just feeding her more lies. It's dramatic irony, guys; Elsa really thinks the guy's pretty freaking awesome, and he's never really shown indication that he's anything other than perfect.

2. There's a lot of sex in this chapter, I know. It all leads to something, okay, the goal here was to show just how close Hans and Elsa are really getting. Note that neither of them ever use the term "love."

3. I had a guest asking if Kristoff and Anna were going to have sex. Um, no, they're not, because if they did it wouldn't seem in character for me at the moment, given that Anna just woken up and Kristoff's never even kissed anyone. Also, there wouldn't be a reason for them to do that other than out of love. With Hans and Elsa, it becomes more clear why they're being so intimate. That will be revealed later on.

4. I love suggestions, guys, but I already have a pretty clear outline where I want to take this. If you give me a small suggestion about what you'd like to see I'll consider it, but if you want me to take the story in an entirely different direction than where it's going I'm sorry, but you're not going to see it. If you have your own ideas, why don't you write these stories yourself? :)
5. There's a lot of fluff in this chapter between Hans and Elsa. A lot of people have problems since Hans is "evil," but I don't think he really is. He has vulnerabilities. He has weaknesses. And he has his good points too, I think. So that's really what this fic is about, is exploring who Hans really is. Also he's completely paranoid.

6. No one really realizes that Kristoff has no idea what Hans even looks like until he's ready to beat the shit out of him at the end of the movie. So here they finally meet for the first time. AlsoafriendkindofgotmetoshipHansandKristoff. Andifanyoneelseshipstpleasemessagesowecanderp. Ihavesomanyregrets.

So till then, guys! We're gonna have some more of Anna, so look forward to that!

~Eliza
Someone Protect Me From the One I Love

Chapter Summary

Anna reveals a secret to Kristoff only her father knew about. They start to devise a plan to outsmart Hans, but Kristoff starts to wonder if Anna is doing it out of spite or because she really wants to protect Elsa. We find out what the swords he stole are for.

Chapter Notes

Woot, more Kristanna for you guys~ Also I start next quarter tomorrow, so updates probably won't be as often as they were before. /= Just bear it with me, 'cause I really want to keep writing, too! We're really getting into the meat of the story here, and this chapter is where things start to get really interesting.

Also the lyric at the beginning of this chapter is from "Your Body Is A Weapon" by The Wombats. I highly suggest you listen to that on top of "Jump Into the Fog," because both songs are about a guy sleeping with a prostitute. They play well off each other. xD

So here it is, Anna's secret revealed! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 12

"Someone protect me from the one I love."

The last thing Anna ever wanted was to keep secrets from the people she loved.

This one in particular practically destroyed her, especially when her father told her not even her mother or Elsa could know. In a way it could be sort of fun—after all, she'd never really had anything in common with her father, aside from appearance. And when he'd wink at her during family dinners when her mother asked how she spent the day. She couldn't help but feel a bit warm inside.

When her parents died the secret hung in the air, and she wished she could talk to someone—someone like Elsa—but until now her sister had been a shut in. It wasn't a secret particularly like the one Elsa kept; the only reason Anna felt any shame about it was due to gender ethics, really.

So telling Kristoff, who was physically stronger than her in pretty much every way, was definitely going to be a challenge.

Over the next few weeks Anna started to get a bit of her strength back—she could walk normally again, bathe again, go outside after being cooped up inside for so long… The first thing she did
when she finally walked out of Kristoff's little hut was give Olaf a warm hug and feed Sven a few

carrots.

Pabbie checked up on her every day, asking her how she was faring and what she was doing. Kristoff's family pestered her with questions—particularly about any romantic romps—to which Anna neither confirmed nor denied, and same went with Kristoff's responses.

She loved Kristoff, of that she was certain. It didn't feel like being with Hans—with him it seemed perfect, almost too perfect—and with Kristoff there were ups and downs, butterflies and gentility, bear hugs that were too tight and kisses that didn't yet exist.

Anna wanted Kristoff to kiss her, but every time she trued to make a move he'd blush and mumble something while putting his attention on something else entirely. It wasn't really his fault; he had no idea how to act romantically. And Anna wanted to take things slowly this time, so she could wait if she needed to.

After all, one other person was taking up most of her thoughts: Elsa. Anna tried to plot and outsmart Hans, but everything she'd thought up was either too brash or too obvious.

No, in order to outsmart someone as slick and conniving as Hans, she had to think like him.

A few nights before Kristoff had been captured within the palace, Anna finally decided what she wanted to do.

Unfortunately, it involved telling Kristoff this secret. But, she told herself, if she really loved Kristoff, then she wouldn't keep anything from him. If she wanted to save Elsa and stop Hans, she would have to do it.

She decided to tell him over dinner. As usual, Kristoff made soup (as it was easy and didn't require too much), and Anna ate it on her makeshift hay mattress (which was way more comfortable than she originally imagined), Kristoff beside her. They usually ate in either silence or over mundane conversation, but this time Anna had so much to tell him.

"I came up with a plan," she suddenly announced, and Kristoff looked up, intrigued. He'd asked about that a few times…

"What is it?" he asked, and looking into his warm eyes Anna could tell he'd do as she asked.

"I'm not strong enough as of now, so I'm going to ask a favor of you."

"Anything, Anna," he promised with a stern nod.

"I need you to sneak into the palace," she said quickly, knowing that if he did this he was risking his back.

But he just agreed immediately. "If you can tell me how, I'm sure I can do it," he replied. "What's my purpose?"

Anna caught her breath; Kristoff must have really loved her if he was keen on doing this with no hesitation… "I'll draw you a map," she told him. "And I'll tell you where the guards seem to lack in checking. I need you to go to my old room and retrieve two swords under a floorboard. Chances are no one's touched the room since Elsa's coronation; they all think I'm dead." Which kind of gave Anna the upper hand, as Hans probably wouldn't see this coming. But at the same time, he probably didn't want any threat posed at his new title—he probably guarded with his life.
Kristoff raised a confused eyebrow at her. "Why are there swords hidden in your room…?" he questioned, but Anna just held a finger up with a blush.

"I'll get to that," she replied. "Once you hide those on your person, look for Elsa. No matter what, you demand to see her and her alone. You can't have Hans there with her, because he can't know I'm still alive."

"Okay, one question, though: what if I'm caught?" Kristoff had this determined look on his face; Anna wondered why he was going along with this without a second thought.

"If you're taken to the dungeon, word will get to Elsa, and I know her. She'll sympathize and see you. Ask her if she wants to build a snowman, then proceed to tell her about me," Anna explained. "But here's the thing: if you don't speak to her, that's fine. What matters right now is acquiring those swords. We'll think of some way to tell Elsa about me later if you can't get to her now.

"And, if you can't get to the swords in the castle, trade this off for one or two," she said, handing Kristoff her magenta cloak. "Material and color like this costs a pretty penny." Again, he seemed confused as to why Anna was so keen on getting weaponry, but she just continued on. "If that doesn't cover it all, I'll sell my hair for one."

"What?" Kristoff cried, incredulous. "Anna, why is this so important, even more so than telling your sister you're alive? Why the hell would you even go that far?"

Anna bit her lip and looked down a moment before gazing back up at him. "Kristoff, I need to tell you something."

"Anna, you can't sell your hair," Kristoff replied instead, crossing his arms tight. Anna could tell he felt so strongly about this because she'd started wearing it down, and Kristoff said it looked even prettier straight.

"Enough about my hair!" she exclaimed, furrowing her brows in worry at him. "Kristoff, I really need to tell you why I need swords in the first place. Why haven't you inquired about that?" That, to her, was the big query running through her head.

"Okay. Fine. That was my next question, then. But like I said, I'd do it. I'll sneak into the palace for you."

His devotion just made Anna's heart race faster. She held his hands in her own, leaning in a bit closer. "Thank you. But I need you to hear me out first," she said, a serious look on her face.

"Okay, you're right." Kristoff sighed and looked Anna in the eye. "Why do you need these swords so badly, Anna?"

Here came the really hard part. "One of these days we're going to have to infiltrate the castle, and I need to be prepared for anything. This includes possible duels. Chances are no one will recognize me and knowing Hans, he might have given orders to slay on sight. I don't plan on killing anyone," she assured, watching Kristoff's face crease in concern. "But I do plan on fighting."

Kristoff gazed at her with complete skepticism. "How do you plan on fighting with a sword if you don't know how?" he asked.

Anna took a deep breath. "Here's the thing, Kristoff—I do know how to swordfight. I used to practice with my father whenever he had free time," she confessed, closing her eyes tight.

When she opened them again, she was glad to note that Kristoff was still holding her hands, and he
wasn't laughing or retreating.

But to her dismay he only deadpanned, "You can swordfight."

Like he was in disbelief.

Anna bit her lip again tight, braving on. "I'm telling the truth!" she exclaimed. "I know it's not conventional for a girl—a princess—to know how to really wield a sword well, bit trust me when I say I can! Why do you think I have great aim…?" Anna was of course referring to their encounter with the wolves and her far throw at Marshmallow, Elsa's snowy henchman.

Kristoff shrugged. "I don't know. Luck I guess?" he replied.

Sighing, Anna waited for him to refuse or shun her.

Instead he prodded on. "Why couldn't you tell your sister or mother?" he asked.

Anna ran a hand through her hair, contemplating how to answer. "It was a secret, you know? It gave me a better connection to my father. I mean, I looked like him, but that was all we had in common until he let me pick up a sword. I guess I was kind of like the boy he never had. Elsa was the heir; she had to learn how to one day take over the throne. I had lessons like that, but I was more adventurous and impulsive. I used to go outside and wonder why Elsa couldn't. I couldn't tell her, because by this point we were already separated. And I liked having something only my father and I shared… I mean, I was never, like, a genius or anything, but I liked swinging the weapon around, knowing I was making my father happy by spending good, fun time with him. I didn't feel alone when we were together. I don't know, does that sound selfish of me…?"

By now Kristoff's face was warm with understanding, and he shook his head. "Not at all," he replied. "So I'm guessing I'm retrieving two swords because you intend on teaching me a thing or two as well?"

"Well, that and I'm out of practice," Anna admitted with a sheepish blush. "I haven't picked up a sword since my parents died. I guess that's when the secret became more shameful… It seemed really unconventional now that it was only Elsa and me. But now I want to save her from Hans, and I'm willing to fight anyone to do it. That's why I'm so keen on going to these extremes to get weaponry. I need to save my sister, and I'm going to need your help to get my strength up to do it. He won't see a sword-wielding, supposedly dead princess coming."

"Okay, Anna." Kristoff seemed completely on board now, and he gave her a sharp, determined nod.

As she drew out a map on parchment and told Kristoff the easiest way to sneak into her old room, she prayed to the gods that she wouldn't have to cut and sell her hair, which Kristoff seemed to love all the more. But she had total faith that he'd succeed.

Luckily Sven kept a good distance as he trailed after the guards leading Kristoff to the edge of Arendelle. Smart guy… He was so glad no one spotted his friend; they were too focused on the mysterious intruder.

No one seemed to notice the hidden swords sticking out of his bag, which were wrapped in Anna's cloak, which was lucky on his part. The last thing he wanted was to sell anything of hers, least of all her pretty cloak, or even more unfortunately, her gorgeous, pin straight strawberry blonde hair. Kristoff just didn't make a sound as he was shunned into exile.

He shuddered at his encounter with King Hans—never had his face been so close to anyone's, not
even Anna's. Kristoff hated that he could feel that angry breath on his skin; he couldn't seem to shut the recent memory out at all.

Hans was every bit as handsome as Anna had described... and twice as threatening. Smart on his part to not lock Kristoff up—it was like he really knew what he would lose if he let Elsa talk to him. Anna was right; they were going to need to outsmart him in order to have Elsa see his true colors.

The guards didn't seem to care one iota about Kristoff once they dumped him off a bit past Oaken's. Once they were out of sight Sven approached Kristoff and together they made their way back home.

Once Anna saw him riding into the Valley, her hair falling straight down her back and one of his blankets draped around her shoulders, she ran to him, anxious.

"Did you... I mean, what happened?" she asked, blinking up at him.

Kristoff shrugged. "Well, I ran into your ex-fiancé," he admitted, not showing her his bag just yet.

"Oh no... So you didn't see Elsa," she concluded.

"No, he kicked me out of the kingdom and threatened to kill me if I stepped foot in the palace again," Kristoff replied nonchalantly, and Anna frowned.

"Damn." Kristoff had never heard her curse before. "He's probably going to double security now. Does he know about me?" she asked.

"I don't think so." Kristoff shook his head. His family was, surprisingly, giving them lots of space to talk... "I never said you were alive to anyone."

"Good." Anna looked off, contemplating what to do next. "And the swords...?"

Kristoff took his bag off his shoulders, and handed it to Anna. "As you requested."

He could hear her catch her breath a moment as she held the holster in her hand, and she could only keep her focus on the blade as she unsheathed it.

"Same as ever..." she murmured to herself.

"Ooh, shiny!" Olaf exclaimed, running over to them. "Show us what you can do, Anna!"

"Well, I..." Anna started, but both Olaf and Kristoff were too curious. And so were the rest of the Trolls, apparently.

So they built a makeshift burlap and hay scarecrow from spare materials, and Anna stood before it, a bit nervous. Kristoff stood off to the side, eyeing her technique. He couldn't exactly wield a sword, but being an ice harvester meant he was around dangerous tools quite often.

Anna took a deep breath, but held her sword up with two hands in a starting stance. "This is going to be hard in a skirt!" she warned, before charging toward the scarecrow.

Six moves was all it took. She slashed down, the left "arm" falling. One move up, the right. Then diagonally to the left "leg," across for the right, a one-handed slash to decapitate it, and one final, brutal stab, right into the "heart." Kristoff's eyes widened in awe; he hadn't been expecting that.

Anna wasn't particularly fast, and her footing could use a bit of work. Kristoff noted that she felt somewhat unfamiliar with her old sword, and the weight of it seemed to be a bit much for her. But her aim was impeccable, and for a moment Kristoff wondered if she would do the same thing to
Hans that she did to the poor scarecrow dummy.

But then she smiled over at him and Kristoff applauded, still quite impressed. "I think I'm in good hands to learning, then," he told her as she sheathed the blade.

"Thank you," Anna replied with a blush, giving a bit of a curtsey. "Now, if you excuse me, I have some more planning to do."

Kristoff followed her into the little hut. "I'll help," he replied softly, wrapping a warm arm around her shoulders.

Nodding, she sat before the fire and placed her sword by her bed. Kristoff set the other, still wrapped in her cloak, beside it. "I'm going to need some parchment and a writing utensil then, if you don't mind," she said.

All Kristoff had were papers on which he wrote some transactions from his ice business, but Anna said that would suffice and immediately she worked on a letter to Elsa. So now she was rewriting some of her plan, with a more subtle way to tell her sister she was alive without letting the King know.

So what was next? It astounded Kristoff that Anna knew how to fight, but he could tell she definitely wasn't prepared to face Hans, who probably sparred every day. Her strength wasn't really up yet, and with each moment they spent here, the more time Hans had to make Elsa fall for him. Did she really have what it took to outsmart someone as cunning as Hans…?

When she was done, Anna walked out and over to Olaf, kneeling beside him. Kristoff followed and listened in.

"Olaf, I'm going to need you to do a huge favor for me," she told him with a soft smile. "Are you up for it…?"

Immediately Olaf nodded. "Sure! So what am I doing?" he asked. "Do you want me to scare Hans for you?"

She shook her head with a chuckle. "It has nothing to do with him," she replied, handing him the parchment. "I need you to get into the castle and give this to Elsa. Can you do that?"

"Of course!" Kristoff noted that Olaf was as enthusiastic as ever. "Should I talk to her, too?"

Anna nodded and gave him a quick hug. "Yes, you can. She might write me back, so this is a huge responsibility," she explained. "And I really thank you for helping me out."

Olaf just took the parchment and started on his way. "You've got it, Anna! One letter to Elsa being delivered now…!" he called.

She watched him leave, and when he was out of sight, she finally stood. "While he's gone, I need to get my strength back, and that's where you come in again, Kristoff," Anna said, patting Kristoff's arm gently.

Kristoff wasn't sure what to expect now. She'd made him infiltrate the castle; what was next…?

"What is it?" he asked.

"Teach me how to harvest ice," she said, smiling up at him.

Now, Kristoff was really taken aback. "Um… what…?" He really wasn't sure if he could do that.
And he really didn’t know if the others would accept Anna: a young woman, a novice. But if they accepted Kristoff as a child, then Anna's charm would get them to love her.

"I'd like you to teach me how to harvest ice," Anna repeated, walking back into the hut. "I really think that's going to help me concentrate with my sword fighting—balance, strength, and all that. I know it's going to be hard, but if we want to get Elsa away from Hans we both need to be strong physically and mentally."

Kristoff wasn't totally opposed to the idea… after all, what did he have to lose? After her near-death experience, Kristoff just couldn't say no to her anymore. He wanted to just give her what she needed, because yes, he did love her. And love didn't need to be expressed in kisses, he realized.

"I'll see what I can do. It's probably even harder than you realize… You sure you're up to the challenge, Anna?"

She nodded, completely determined. "Like I said, I'd do anything for Elsa. I don't care how much I have to do, I'll make sure to be there for her."

"Okay." Kristoff smiled and handed Anna a spare pair of clean pants from a corner of the hut. "I'll take you out tomorrow."

"I can't wait!" she cried, leaning up to hug him. "Thank you so much, Kristoff!"

He could have kissed her, he supposed, but once again… nervousness got the better of him.

It'd happen one day, though, he was sure. It just couldn't be now; they both had too many other things on their minds.

Chapter End Notes

Like the Kristanna kiss is gonna happen now. Pfft, no, not when Kristoff just mentioned love didn't mean they had to share kisses. It will happen though, guys; you just need to be patient. What kind of Kristanna fan would I be if they didn't share a little actual romance?

I really can't wait to start writing more Hansla, sorry guys. ;w;

Much as I want to make the next chapter Hans centric, it has to be from Elsa's point of view. I have my reasons.

Till then!

~Eliza
I Just Hope It's Your Brains that Splatter, Not Mine

Chapter Summary

When Hans starts losing interest in Elsa, she starts going to a few dramatic measures to get him to notice her again. It isn't the sex she craves; it's the attention he's been giving her that she wants so badly. She finds out a secret Hans has been keeping, and though it isn't substantial, she can't help but feel a bit shut out by her husband. Was this really the man she married?

Chapter Notes

I absolutely loved writing this chapter, like, you guys seriously have no idea. xD Hansla is only getting more and more angsty here, but I made the ending of this chapter kind of happy to compensate for Elsa's inner turmoil?

Also I'm seeing Frozen a seventh time. Feel free to ram me over the head for that.

So thirteen chapters down, ten more to go! I'm so pumped you guys!

Also would anyone like me to post a Hansla playlist…? Let me know in your reviews and if I get enough I will. ^^

So here we are at lucky number 13! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 13

"We feel nothing so jump into the fog.

I just hope it's your brains that splatter, not mine."

Am I getting boring…? Elsa wondered as she panted. Hans rolled off her with a sigh, lazily holding her close, her back to his chest. But Elsa didn't feel tired; apprehension ran through her head so powerfully she didn't even acknowledge the icy feeling in her stomach…

Sex wasn't fun anymore; it seemed like—to Hans at least—an obligation, like he had to be intimate with her just because they were married. Because she was his wife.

Like she was an object, a toy that once brought him joy but now he was tired and worn out with her.

Elsa couldn't explicitly state the problem, and she thought it had something to do with her. It'd been a few weeks since the honeymoon, and since then Hans seemed more interested in his duties than his wife. And of course the kingdom was rather important, but when they were alone and didn't have
duties to attend to, Elsa noted that Hans was starting to look for more work to do... Dinners became quiet and tense, and the more Elsa tried to grab his attention, the more he seemed to feel bored with her.

Where were the compliments? The constant assurances of her talents? The gentle touches? It was like she was poison for him now...

Elsa leaned her head back and kissed his cheek as he drifted off, reaching her hand into his hair to hold him closer. She tried being seductive, tried being loving, tried treating him like a king, but nothing was working.

He'd lost interest in her and she didn't know why.

So as she fell asleep, she figured she'd get to the bottom of this...

Over the next few days, Elsa gave Hans his space, thinking maybe the lack of her presence might tempt him to want her again.

It didn't. He treated her the same, as indifferent as ever. She couldn't place it! And the more she stressed out about it, the more her hands started to freeze everything up...

Hans was the catalyst for Elsa controlling her powers. When he built her confidence up, they were in control. And now, while all this worrying was getting to her, she couldn't conceal how she felt. And things were starting to fall apart...

"My Lady, would you like a pair of gloves?" Gerda asked during a fitting, as she noticed Elsa's shaking hands start to manipulate the material of her skirt with her powers.

Elsa shook her head, clutching her hands together tightly. "No, I... I need to get it together—I can control it," she assured with a quavering voice.

Of course, the old maid knew what was up. "You should talk to him," she murmured gently, patting Elsa's shoulder.

"I've tried... but I just... I can't get him to listen." Elsa was taken aback by Gerda's gentility, and she walked off to the corner of the room, feeling overwhelmed as icy tears pricked her eyes and started to fall.

It was all too much... The sex without feeling, the almost automaton way Hans was acting toward her... Elsa had been backed into a corner and she had no idea how to get out. What was she going to do...?

"My Lady—" Gerda started.

"Elsa, please!" Elsa cried instead, feeling strange all of a sudden to know this wonderful elder woman had to address her so formally.

Gerda pat Elsa's back reassuringly. "Queen Elsa, you are a strong woman, and if the King can't see that then he's the fool," she said softly, and Elsa couldn't help but feel a bit better.

Maybe she could try again... Something she hadn't tried yet, but was that low of her...? At this point she was just ready to try anything to get him to notice her. "Gerda..." she murmured, looking over her shoulder, "could I possibly get more padding in some of these dresses?"

Trapped. Like some bird in a cage, with Hans scrutinizing her every move and look. If he noticed
something different about her, maybe he'd acknowledge her presence, in a more positive way.

She needed it to work; she needed Hans' attention, because she feared if she didn't have it she might let her powers get out of control again. Elsa noticed that Gerda was assessing her face, and Elsa was sure she looked haggard, tired, pathetic, and—most importantly—defeated.

"Please…" Elsa begged, running her hands through her hair. She was at her lowest point; she wasn't afraid to admit it.

Silently Gerda nodded, and she immediately took a few dresses from Elsa's vast wardrobe—including her beloved Snow Queen gown. Elsa sank to the ground, the air growing still. With her hands on the floor, frost started to spread.

Gerda handed Elsa her gloves, and she put them on with a heavy heart.

Three to four times a week, that's what she read. Three to four times made a happy, intimate couple, and before this was accomplished without a problem.

Nowadays it was hard to even get Hans to want sex. Elsa sighed as she slipped on one of her altered dresses, just wanting Hans to react to her.

Her cape felt heavy as she made her way to the parlor, and she looked down at her feet almost in shame. She felt her gloved hands shake in a bit of fear as she thought of the outcome… And once in the parlor, Hans didn't look up from his book.

Silently Elsa made her way to the piano and started to play a little melody, singing along rather softly. It'd probably annoyed him, and that's what she was going for. She wanted him to notice.

With an exasperated sigh, Hans put his book down and turned to her. "Elsa, dear, could you…" But he trailed off.

Stopping, Elsa looked over at Hans and blinked at him with a soft smile. "Would you like me to sing for you…?" she asked, surprised he noticed. There wasn't much padding, but she couldn't believe Hans noticed at all. She wondered why.

"… Sure," he replied after a moment. Hans walked over to her and sat at the piano bench, their legs touching gently. Elsa couldn't help but feel a bit warm inside, and she smiled.

"You're wearing your gloves…" he noticed, leaning on her shoulder as she started to play. Elsa noted a hint of concern in his voice, and things were starting to feel better for her again.

"I'm starting to feel out of control," she admitted, sighing at the attention he was starting to lavish on her. She wasn't expecting this to work at all. And definitely not this much. What was up with him…?

But that flew out the window when she noticed Hans wrapping an arm around her waist tight.

"I don't want you to feel like that…" Hans replied, pressing kisses up her neck, and Elsa savored the chills that ran up her spine. It all felt so good. "Elsa, I want you to be able to tell me anything that's on your mind."

She took a deep breath, letting her fingers glide over the keys. He was a much better piano player than she, but she was trying to think of what to tell him. "I don't feel important to you anymore," she confessed after a moment, looking down at the keys. "I feel like you treat me like an automaton, an unfeeling toy. Hans, I just want you to like me."
"Elsa…" Hans kissed her neck, then her collarbone. "If I ever seem distant, it's because I'm overwhelmed. How lucky I am, to have such a wonderful kingdom and an absolutely beautiful queen as my wife."

The compliments felt like sweet syrup on her skin, and she couldn't help but love them, and she let him in easily. He'd wormed his way right into her most vulnerable self and she just wanted more of it.

"I'm not boring, am I…?" she almost squeaked out. "I know I'm not very experienced, but Hans, you know I try, you know you're the only person I've ever let in like this." She still couldn't bring herself to look up at him.

"Oh, darling, you're not boring," Hans assured, pulling her closer. "There hasn't been a day that goes by where I don't feel grateful for everything I have. I think about you—the way you've let me into your life, the way you keep changing for the better… Elsa, I'm sorry for seeming so uninterested. You should have told me the second you felt like that. I don't want to shut you out; you're too important to me."

She stopped playing as he tilted her head up gently and kissed her. "Hans, promise me you won't…" she whispered against his lips. "Never again, okay…?"

"Whatever you say, My Queen," he teased back, and she felt completely melted in his hands.

After a few moments he pulled away. "I thought you were going to sing…?" he asked, and her fingers settled on the keys again, playing a small riff a few times.

Before she sang, she looked up at him. "Can you follow," she asked, "as I sing?" Elsa gestured to the piano, and Hans nodded, his fingers taking over her playing rather fluidly.

He looked up at her and that's when she started on her melody, Hans keeping up practically flawlessly.

"The snow glows white on the mountain tonight, not a footprint to be seen. A kingdom of isolation, and it looks like I'm the queen."

Her voice only grew in confidence and power continued the melody, and her gloves came off. Hans never missed a beat, keeping up with her no matter how much her voice moved. Impressive, Elsa realized. He seemed to supplement her voice well with his playing. It became more powerful, like her voice, and by the end he knew just how to play off her.

"Here I stand, in the light of day. Let the storm rage on…! The cold never bothered me anyway."

Hans played one last note and he faced Elsa with a gentle smile. "I love hearing your voice," he murmured, pulling her practically onto his lap.

Getting an idea, Elsa shifted and turned, sitting on the piano keys with a mess of notes emitting from it. Hans sighed and kissed her clothed midsection. "What else do you like hearing…?" she asked, tangling her fingers in his thick hair. Her legs spread wider to let him in closer, glad for the slit up her skirt.

She should be questioning him, should be asking him if that was what he really felt, whether or not he knew how tortured and terrible she felt when he shut her out.

But instead his lips pressed up her bare leg. "You, crying out for me and no one else," he whispered against her skin. "Elsa, I owe you, and I'm so, so sorry."
As his head disappeared under her skirt, and Elsa started to lose herself, that's when she forgave him completely.

She hadn't been sick like this since she was a child… Maybe she shouldn't have taken that extra food, because here she was, tasting it all again as it came back up. Elsa's hands shook, one curled up on the wall, frost spreading from her hand, the other clutched her stomach tight as she heaved, hunched over.

She'd tossed and turned all night, never finding a comfortable position, feeling her stomach churn to process something inside before it decided to crawl back up again. Elsa didn't feel out of control, she couldn't be out of control, not when Hans finally started paying good attention to her again.

Elsa shouldn't have been so loud, because Hans shuffled in, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"I—I—" she tried weakly, but Hans just rushed over to her and gingerly picked her up in his arms.

"Shh…" he murmured, carrying Elsa back to bed. Elsa noticed a faint amount of light streaming through the window. "You just lay here, Elsa, and let me take care of you."

Instead of feeling relieved, she felt nothing but confusion. Elsa tried to sit up, but Hans just laid her down again and pulled the blankets up around her body. "No, no, don't move," he said, in the kindest, most gentle voice Elsa ever heard him use. She listened to him immediately.

It surprised Elsa that Hans quickly found servants to tend to her every whim. Within minutes she had a warm towel on her stomach, her hair had been pinned out of her face, and Hans was at her side, holding her hand tight.

"You should drink some carbonated water to settle your stomach," Hans announced, snapping his fingers so immediately a maid could get on procuring that.

Elsa closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I feel terrible," she whined, and he kissed her sweaty forehead gently.

"I'll be here, Elsa," he assured, keeping that gentle tone in his voice. "I won't leave your side."

She couldn't help but smile at him rather weekly. "Thank you, darling," she eked out, trying to get rest.

Whatever was causing this change—whatever caused Hans to want to be so affectionate—Elsa didn't want it to cease.

Hans crawled back into bed beside Elsa and rested his head in the crook of her neck, whispering sweet nothings in her ear until she finally drifted off.

The affection Hans doted on Elsa only continued as timed passed. If anything, it only grew, and much as she adored his devotion, she only felt more and more confused. He seemed to ignore the fact that he'd shut her out as opposed to owning up to it.

"It's in the past," he always said. "We move on."

It turned out the sickness, Elsa later realized, was probably just food poisoning, as it ceased in about a week. Never again, she vowed. She hated being sick, as her powers only acted out more.
Now it was back to duties—planning galas, approving documents, drafting proposals—and rarely did Hans leave her side. He did his work alongside her, talked to her. He wanted her close, and Elsa couldn't help but always give into him. It was his charm, it was his tone of voice, it was because she was his wife.

*This* was the attention she wanted—*craved*—and now she finally had it. So she was happy, right…?

Well yes, she was, but confusion kept plaguing her mind as well, much as she tried to push it away.

Elsa wanted Hans; Elsa had Hams.

That should be all it took, but relationships weren't black and white. Elsa was really starting to get that.

Little by little, though, her doubts faded away. With each passing moment Elsa only felt more and more of her husband's devotion—she was completely drawn into him, tangled with him, just *with* him. She fell asleep listening to his heartbeat; she couldn't tell where she ended and he began.

*But Elsa, do you love him?*

She asked herself this over and over, deciphering possibilities, contemplating answers.

She let him in, she gave him all she could, she wanted him and only him.

Elsa did not love Hans, though, because fear just kept getting the better of her. She could only think of him *actually* getting bored with her, taking different mistresses, shunning her in the future. Yes, they were close, but could that last…? Her parents had a wonderful relationship, but they were not Elsa and Hans. The new King and Queen were young, flawed, and all Elsa could ever do was try not to make her people hate her…

So she just held onto Hans tighter to compensate for the one thing she couldn't give him: her heart. Elsa *wanted* to love him, but she couldn't cross the line, not when the fear kept getting to her. One day, she vowed, she'd do it. She had to give it time, give *him* time as well.

Because Hans was keeping secrets as well.

Now, this wasn't a particularly huge secret, and it shouldn't have affected Elsa as much as it did, but when Elsa found it out, she couldn't help but feel *betrayed*. Like Hans really didn't trust her.

And it really wasn't a big deal, but Elsa overreacted because to *her* it felt important.

Walking past the parlor back to her quarters, she noticed the sound of Hans playing the piano through the closed door, and she smiled; perhaps maybe she could sing again while he played. If he liked hearing her sing, she liked hearing his fingers fly over the keys.

But Elsa's hand paused on the doorknob as she heard Hans on the other side. He wasn't talking. He wasn't saying anything to himself. He wasn't yelling or screaming.

He was *singing*. Rather well, Elsa noted. Part of her felt joy, part of her was even a bit turned on by his incredibly smooth voice.

But what she felt most was a betraying stab in her heart, because there were *so many nights* when she was tired, but she still sang to him because she loved hearing him sigh in contentment and she wanted to soothe him.
How many missed opportunities there were—possible duets, nights where he'd finally soothe her by singing like this. Elsa's head on his chest or lap, dozing off to his voice lulling her to sleep. Nights after sex where she'd listen to his heartbeat slow as his voice carried to her ears, to her and her alone. Intimacy they could have shared, intimacy lost, bottled up inside Hans like a selfish child who didn't want to share his toys.

"I promise to never shut you out again, Elsa." He'd promised. He'd said those words.

It wasn't the fact that he could sing that was bothering her. It was the fact that he'd made a pact to never shut her out again, and here was this secret, albeit small, that she wished she knew about…

Elsa slowly opened the door, looking at her feet. Hans immediately stopped, and she could feel his gaze on her, seeing right through her.

"Elsa, come here," Hans coaxed, and Elsa obeyed her husband, her feet shuffling toward the piano like there were iron weights bound around her ankles.

She sat beside him, legs touching, her eyes blurring with hurt tears as she focused on the black and white keys. Elsa felt Hans wrap an arm around her waist but she did not react to it. "Why didn't you tell me...?" she whispered and if he wasn't so close to her, he wouldn't have heard.

Instead he asked, "Why is this such a big deal, Elsa…?"

"Because you promised me you wouldn't shut me out!" Elsa cried, her hands shaking. Despite her anger and resenting response, her powers did not respond. If there was a time she could use them to really get her point across, it was now.

"Elsa, I was just singing," Hans replied calmly, and he could very well hear him holding back a chuckle. He found this amusing.

She did not.

A few tears landed on the keys. "What I'd give to have you sing to me for once, to sing together, to just be happy again, like we were," she murmured. "Don't you think that would have been even a bit romantic, Hans?"

He let this process for a few moments, and Elsa was seriously hurt over this. "You're acting rather… moody," he concluded, and she was confused but his suddenly jovial tone.

"What…?" Elsa just sniffed, finally looking up at Hans and feeling rather confused.

Hans just kissed her in response suddenly grinning rather widely. "It all makes sense… The bigger breasts, the sickness, the sudden moodiness…" he uttered to himself.

"Yes, I've been vying for your attention for a while now…" Elsa responded slowly.

"And now I know why! Oh, Elsa, you wonderful, wonderful, beautiful woman…!" Hans kissed her again, his other hand splayed over her stomach. Confused as this was all making her, she still couldn't help but notice some of his positive attitude rub off on her as well.

"Sing with me?" he asked with that same grin, his hands now starting to fly over the piano keys with a rather joyful tune. "I promise—I really do this time, on my life—that I will never shut you out again."

"I swear to you, Elsa. You're my absolutely beautiful, lovely Queen, my wonderful wife, my sun and moon and—"

"Okay!" Sniffing as she wiped her tears away, Elsa chuckled a bit as his corniness. "I believe you…! Now stop with the terrible metaphors!"

In the end, Hans was human. He made mistakes. And he more than made up for them, Elsa realized as she decided the sound of them singing together was the most beautiful thing she'd ever heard. It was like their voices were made for each other, harmonizing perfectly. He treated her with the upmost respect, and she could tell he was actually happy with her.

That night in bed, Hans gently spooned against her, his hands holding Elsa’s stomach almost protectively.

Elsa didn't think twice about it.

Chapter End Notes

So I posted a new poll on my profile, because I'm curious about my readers' theory: do you guys think Elsa is pregnant? Or is it just Hans? Hm… You may be right, you may not be. Things will be revealed the next Hansla chapter, just trust me on this.

There's also some emerging angst, and yes, this will only grow over time. I do love happy Hansla, but let's get real: in this reality, they can't have a completely happy ending together. Not when they're both so flawed. But I love this chapter, and I hoped you guys did too.

And yes, new head canon: Hans plays the piano rather well. What else are you going to do when you're practically ignored your whole life? And Elsa sings "Let It Go" for him because shut up. Shipping feels; let me love my Frozen OTP, okay?

Now can we please have a duet between Idina Menzel and Santino Fontana? Complete with piano? ;w;

Till then!

~Eliza
I Bet They Charge By the Hour Here

Chapter Summary

Much as harvesting ice is difficult, Anna starts building up some strength, and Kristoff is pretty natural at swinging a sword around. Anna tries to decipher the chant the ice harvesters sing about their work.

Chapter Notes

I apologize in advance for this chapter being short and for it taking so long to get online. But hey, I am a college student, and there's more on my plate now that this new quarter has started. Also, like I keep mentioning, the more you tell me to update, the slower I go.

Look, I love reviews guys, I really do, but if you just tell me to update and that's all, I do get kind of pissed off, because you need to respect that I try to have a life outside this fic, even though it's getting to be really popular. So if you just say, "Update, please," you're telling me you're getting impatient and hey, you try writing a giant fic like this sometime. I know I should have a consistent update schedule, but things can get hectic. And I know I'm not so enthusiastic about the Anna-centric chapters, but I try to make her interesting. So please bear with me on this journey, okay?

So here we are at chapter 14~ I thank you all for making this fic as popular as it is, and I do take a lot of pride in making a decent case for Hansla, and for Hans as a character. So let's go~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 14

"I bet they charge by the hour here…"

"Born of cold and winter air and mountain rain combining…"

It had to connect back to Elsa, it just had to. Anna stayed eerily silent as she helped scrape snow off the surface of the ice, the only job the ice harvesters had allowed her to do in the beginning, before she actually picked up a pair of tongs and a large block of ice. Her dream was to wield one of the large saws, but she was going to have to take baby steps to get there, as she was just starting up at this.

Kristoff always vouched for her and supported her, no matter how much she struggled. And yes, Anna did expect things to be difficult, but until now she didn't realize just how weak her muscles were. Living in a palace and a lack of sword practice definitely took its toll on her, but now Anna
had something to prove, something to fight for.

If she ever faltered, all she could focus on was how angry she was at Hans—her blind rage only drove her to want to do well; she had to do well to save Elsa.

Because chances were, with how long she'd been asleep thawing, Hans had Elsa wrapped right around his finger, bending her into a woman completely devoted to him like a good wife should be. Just thinking about that enraged Anna; she finally picked up the strength to grab a pair of tongs and catch the ice coming down her way.

"Good!" Kristoff had just grabbed a block as well, and he hoisted it up and over his shoulder almost effortlessly. Anna inwardly groaned, but she knew she had to try.

Slowly Anna lifted the ice out of the freezing water and she slowly started to pick it up with shaking hands. So heavy…! But she then thought of Elsa, looking up at Hans with complete devotion, drove her to actually lift the heavy lock up and on her shoulder. Despite how cold the ice was, it felt nice and cool on her back, which was sweating quite profusely.

Kristoff stayed behind and encouraged Anna on, going at her pace to the sled (which wasn't Kristoff's, but they'd cut out a deal with one of the harvesters, so they'd make a cut of his earnings for helping out). She could do this… Her muscles ached, and all Anna waned was to sit for a minute, but she knew she had to do this, because she needed to be ready for whatever obstacle she might come across to get Elsa back. While she was sure Olaf would get to Elsa, would it be in good time…? It'd been a good eight to nine months since Elsa's coronation. A good eight to nine months if Hans bending Elsa to what he wanted: a queen who would do anything for him, who was completely devoted to him.

Hans tamed the Ice Queen. He'd taken the time to comfort a devastated Elsa, made her think he was the only person for her, and now here they were. Hans got exactly what he wanted, and all Anna thought was how much he didn't deserve it. He was willing to murder, willing to destroy his wife physically and mentally.

That gave Anna the will to dump the block onto the back of the horse-drawn sled, and Kristoff patted her back with a large grin. "Really great, Anna!" he complimented, and Anna couldn't help but smile in return.

These days Kristoff was the only person who could make her smile.

"I try…" Anna shrugged, knowing that she could have done better. But the praise was just too nice. Never did Anna think she could be mad at Kristoff.

And the more he praised her, the more motivated she was. Anna sighed, running a hand through her hair, damp with sweat. Aching, tiring, draining…

She couldn't wait to do more.

Every time she bathed, Anna made sure to examine her body for changes. She'd never worked this vigorously in her life, but when she started to see results as early as a few weeks, she couldn't help but feel giddy.

Her arms were building a nice, toned muscle, her stomach pale and flat, her hips a bit wider, but in a good way. Anna realized she was much less a "girl" and much more of a woman now. She finally felt mature, like she knew more about the world outside the walls of the palace; rather than through reading, like Elsa did, Anna was experiencing—she was meeting new people, building onto
relationships, physically building herself up to be something more than just a princess.

A woman. Anna finally knew what that felt like now. It wasn't like when her mother had to gently calm her down from hysteria when the menstrual cycle was finally explained to her. She was a woman now, said her mother—Anna was now like her mother and Elsa; this meant she was healthy enough to bear children.

How can I bear children, she thought at the time, when I'm still a child myself?

Anna sighed, hugging her knees to her chest as she stared down at her reflection in the water. Since being struck with ice Anna noticed a slight shed of fat in her cheeks, making the angles of her face a bit sharper, a bit less child-like. Her eyes, no longer clear and wide with wonder, now conveyed that Anna was less of an ingénue and more of a damaged person, clouded and hurt with reality, with a vengeful need to gain something substantial in the end.

Girls wore their hair in braids; girls had baby fat and slim hips and saw the world like it was full of joy and happiness.

Women knew the world for what it was: cold, harsh, unrelenting, mostly devoid of any exhilaration. A complicated world. A man's world.

A world that belonged to the one person she actually hated.

Why was it, Anna wondered, that he had to win? Why wasn't there justice for the good, and judgment for the wicked? Why was it she could do nothing about Hans during his time in Arendelle; why of why did it take her body and heart so long to thaw?

All she could picture, all she could see, was red. Red at the thought of Elsa smiling up at him, red at the image of the two of them entangled in the throes of passion and ecstasy, red at the image of him taking her over and making her willingly submit to being inferior to him.

Red at the thought of her sister, rubbing her growing stomach as Hans relished a true victory—the victory of completely taking over Arendelle and Elsa from inside out. For having its citizens and its queen completely devoted to him, to the point of Elsa willingly naming him her equal because he'd gotten her to believe he was the best thing for the kingdom, the best thing for her.

Nothing but red.

Drying off, Anna wrapped herself in a thick blanket, her damp clothes washed and drying by the fire in the hut. Once a week Anna and Kristoff came back to the Valley of Living Rock to see if Olaf came back with any news from Arendelle. So far he hadn't, and Anna feared he'd gotten lost, or someone saw him, or he somehow melted… Anna knew how determined Anna was, how devoted he was, so she had no doubt he'd get to her sister.

It was all a matter of when.

"The water's still warm," she called out to Kristoff, who was feeding Sven. Wrapping the blanket around her nude body tighter, Anna was glad to note the thick material covered her up well.

"I'll be there," he replied, petting his friend's nose before walking past Anna. "Do you need anything?"

Anna nodded. "Some parchment, if you don't mind," she requested, smiling sheepishly up at him. "I know I'm using a lot; I promise to replace everything I've taken."
"You know I trust you." Kristoff handed Anna some parchment and walked by the fire. "Are you staying inside…?" he asked.

"Well…" Anna nodded and sat in the corner opposite of the small wooden tub, her back to Kristoff. "I'll be engrossed in work," she promised.

"Okay." With that, Anna knew she'd have to focus now. No turning, not until Kristoff gave her the okay.

Intimacy wasn't an option right now. It wasn't because they hadn't kissed, but because if Anna ever pictured intimacy it was never about her, was never about Kristoff. It was always Hans, always Elsa, always the two of them gross and sweaty and completely entwined with each other as Hans smirked and Elsa called out his name at the pinnacle of ecstasy, giving herself to him, body and mind and soul and heart.

Anna couldn't have Kristoff until she saved Elsa. She couldn't focus on her own happiness until she knew Elsa was far and away from that wolf in sheep's clothing.

So she closed her eyes and thought.

They chanted and sang it every day, multiple times. Anna knew it, she just had to decipher it. She knew the chant. Now it had to connect.

"Born of cold and winter air and mountain rain combining."

That's how ice came to be. That's how it was ready to harvest. And Elsa had been born on a night much like that, according to her mother. So there was the birth.

And at this point Anna felt a pang in her heart. Elsa's birthday was coming up, and she wouldn't be there. True, no one ever celebrated it, but Anna at least knocked on the door and asked if she wanted to build a snowman. Greeted with silence, Anna just silently wished Elsa a happy birthday and left.

Things could be different, though. Maybe, with Elsa more public, once this was all done and over with, Anna could finally feel close to her. That's why she wanted to save her. She couldn't just be the passive princess, the spare anymore.

"This icy force both foul and fair has a frozen heart worth mining."

Well, that was about Elsa's powers, the "icy force." And powers could be controlled. Now Anna had to figure out how. Her hand scribbled notes, contemplating exactly what this could mean.

"So cut through the heart, cold and clear. Strike for love and strike for fear."

Anna underlined those two words, "love" and "fear." And that's when it clicked.

_Fear_ was the emotion that had frozen Arendelle. _Fear_ was what kept Elsa so attached to Hans. And _fear_ was what made Elsa lose control of her powers. Fear was dangerous; that's why she was struck in the heart all those months ago. Elsa feared hurting Anna, so she hurt Anna because her powers just weren't under control. It was the worst thing her sister could feel, with emotional powers like these.

_Love_ was something Anna felt Elsa didn't think she possessed. Anna didn't think Elsa knew _how_ to love, not when she shut everyone out. Oh, she was dependent on Hans, Anna knew, but she wasn't sure if Elsa loved him…
So if love could thaw a frozen heart, maybe it was the key to thawing Arendelle from this eternal winter…!

"I've got it!" Anna cried, absolutely giddy about this new revelation. She knew how to stop this winter now! And thought it did involve talking to Elsa like before, she knew what to do now. It wasn't going to be easy, but she had it…!

"Have what?" Kristoff called, and Anna was tempted to look back at him, but stopped herself at the last second. No, she had to be good about respecting Kristoff's space, just as he was good at respecting hers.

"I know how Elsa needs to control her powers!" she declared enthusiastically, waving the parchment around in her hand.

"Oh…? What's that?" She heard water slosh about a bit more; Anna figured he was washing his hair now.

She read him the parchment. "Cut through the heart, cold and clear. Strike for love and strike for fear. That's it, Kristoff, don't you see? That's the secret to a frozen heart—Elsa's heart! If an act of true love can thaw a frozen heart, then Elsa has to love her powers, and more importantly, herself," Anna explained. "So when we see her, we know what to say. Fear makes her uncontrollable. Love is the opposite of that."

It took a moment for Kristoff to process it fully, but he hummed in reply. "And to get Elsa to learn to love herself, you're using violence…?" he asked.

Sighing, Anna put the parchment down. "Okay, my plan isn't perfect, but the swords are only for defense, because I'm expecting Hans to have these guards attack on sight, and I'm expecting a lot of them."

"And they won't recognize you, Princess Anna?" She noticed the slight condescending tone in his voice.

Ugh…! She hated justifying her plan; why wouldn't he just accept it, because Anna knew it was the most logical way to go about this… "Something tells me Hans is smart enough to hire more guards, new guards, for the palace…" she murmured.

"Fine, fine." She could tell he waned to end this tangent as much as she did. "Fair enough."

When she heard his bed creak under his weight, Anna finally turned and wandered to her hay mattress, knowing it was time to retire for the evening. "Are you ready to practice in the morning…?" she asked gently. After all, he was teaching her a few things when it came to harvesting ice, and she was returning the favor by showing him a few things with a sword.

"As I'll ever be," he mumbled. "Good night, Anna." He smiled, closing his eyes as he faced her.

He was getting better, Anna had to admit, as was she. With some practice, Anna started to remember what her strong points were—the determined precision and accuracy of her strikes, how she held her ground—and she worked on her footing and once again getting used to the weight of her sword in her hands.

Kristoff was nothing short of a natural with a blade. He learned quickly, taking up sword fighting with little problems. They were quickly becoming equally matched, but his only real problem was that he was too timid on offense. His defensive side was unbelievable, though… Anna could never
find a good way to attack him because all he ever did was defend, and he was just so good at it…! Not that that was a bad thing, but still…

"Anna…" Kristoff sighed and put his sword down, running a hand through his dampening blond hair. "Anna, I can't do this right now…"

Worry crossing her face, Anna looked over at Kristoff, wiping the sweat off her brow. "Kristoff, I told you we need to learn how to do this… We're going to face opposition, and I need your help because I can't infiltrate the palace by myself." She swallowed thickly.

"No, Anna, I get it, I really do," Kristoff replied, shaking his head. "All of this, all this fighting… It isn't me, though…" Anna watched as he picked up his pickaxe instead, and he handed her the other sword.

Looking over at her sincerely, Kristoff just said, "Come at me with both swords. Then you're more on offense, more deadly with an attack. I'll defend myself with this."

"A-are you sure…?" Pure apprehension crossed over Anna's face. Sure, she mentioned that a few months before her parents died her father started teaching her how to fight with two swords, one sword in each hand, but she'd never been great at that. Or, more accurately, she'd never really gotten the hang of it since she'd hidden her swords in the floorboards of her room once she'd gotten that her parents had been lost at sea. And all Kristoff had was a pickaxe. Could he really do that, defend himself with such a small tool though he mentioned he'd done it in the past against people who had tried to mug him?

And could she really attack Kristoff, the man she loved, like that?

"Yes." Kristoff gave Anna a stern, determined look. "I trust you, Anna. I know you can do this."

Taking a deep breath, Anna took one sword in each hand, and slowly she gave Kristoff a tiny nod. Time slowed; she had to summon how she'd been able to wield two swords like this before. But with more muscle, the swords no longer felt heavy. Maybe she could do this.

She ran toward Kristoff with a battle cry, summoning up all her energy to attack, and Kristoff prepared himself.

He blocked all her attacks flawlessly, just with a pickaxe. He really knew how to defend himself, and Anna grinned as she started to have fun with this, finally. Each swing she gave he blocked, and Anna was starting to move faster, move more fluidly.

And at this point, Anna knew: they were really starting to improve, and soon they could infiltrate the palace to save Elsa.

She was almost ready, she could feel it deep in her core and bones.

Now it was time to prepare herself mentally, because gods knew, she got too emotional when it came to this whole situation.

Chapter End Notes

So in this chapter we learn that Elsa actually gets her period, which means that she has it in her to bear children. And Anna thinks that's what Hans wants from Elsa now… I've
been keeping up with the poll on my profile (and if you haven't voted yet, please do so!), and I'm loving the reader response! Next chapter we'll know for sure, okay? I know everyone wants to know whether or not there will be Hansla/Helsa/Iceburns babies in the near future, and that will be answered!

Also, if anyone is interested in a Hansla playlist based off this fic (and what my general music tastes are and what I've been listening to for the past week), I'll post a link on my profile. Or you can PM me for it.

Next chapter, guys, I promise your questions will be answered! For now though, I'm still taking reader theory and all. The poll will be up until chapter 15 is posted, so get your votes in before then!

Till next time!

~Eliza
I've Made Some Bad Decisions

Chapter Summary

Elsa doesn't want a huge celebration for her twenty second birthday, and Hans respects that. But he does have plans for his wife, and a few gifts in store for her that he knows she'll appreciate. We find out what the icy feeling in Elsa's stomach is.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry it took so long to get this out…! Just think of it as a Valentine's Day present, I guess…? As there is a lot of romance here, with our favorite dysfunctional couple. As promised, all your questions will be answered here…! I think…

I'm so sorry I haven't gotten to reply to all your reviews… I've just been so busy with midterms and college. Please know that I did write every day. And that this is the longest chapter to date, at about 10,600 words! And it's 4AM and I'm finally updating…!

So here are the poll results; I've just closed it! And we're at… 63% saying "Yes," and 36% saying "No." Let's see who's right!

Also, I really hope that no matter the outcome of this chapter I still have you guys, my wonderful readers, to keep reading. This pregnancy subplot is just that, a subplot. I really just hope that this won't turn you off to the rest of the story…! So here we go! Enjoy, all~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 15

"I've made some bad decisions, I'll admit that freely."

If Hans actually got his way here he would have thrown a celebration for Elsa so large it would have later gone down as a national holiday in Arendelle. She never actually had anyone to celebrate with, she confessed, until now.

They were on the same boat, then—Hans' birthdays, for the most part, went unnoticed as well. His mother would kiss his forehead and say the words, his father would ruffle his hair, and his brothers would pinch and tease him, making the whole ordeal miserable.

So when Elsa declared her birthday was coming up, of course Hans wanted to throw a party, to make up for the years they both spent alone, disregarded, dejected as they only grew older. Birthdays should signify life, happiness, fun. Birthdays should be wonderful, something to look forward to, not
something to dread.

But no, Elsa gently explained. She wasn't going to make a public spectacle out of her birthday, and she wasn't hearing him out on any of his suggestions. She just wanted a day off from duties, a day to just relax and have Hans close.

And in the end, Hans relented, because of her condition.

She was pregnant; he had to accept that she wanted to be left alone because of all the emotional baggage that came with her state. And of course Hans understood this on a contextual level; he was well read as a royal, after all.

He'd never really experienced what it was really like to be with someone like that, though… which was why he had to keep treating her with even more respect than before.

Not that that was hard; all Hans had to do was compliment her, compliment her body, compliment her voice, and she was putty in his hands. Something for him to mold and shape into his perfect queen, this woman who would throw herself to save him.

It was exactly what he waned… yet he started to get bored of her. He couldn't help it; her devotion wasn't fun. It was fun teasing her, making her blush, seeing just how it got to her when she opened up to him. There was inner turmoil in their relationship—Hans almost thought of it as a game as he tried to woo Elsa into his arms. Nowadays she was too comfortable with him, knew just how to get around him.

If she wasn't so goddamned sexy and important he definitely would have considered taking on mistresses.

But no, he had to still bed her a few times a week, because he needed the results. He needed to be above everyone, no matter the cost, and he needed everyone to see just how successful and powerful he'd become in such a short amount of time. His brothers had to see it to believe it, and once they did, they seemed to have a begrudging respect for him. The people of Arendelle absolutely adored him; his wide named him her equal so easily.

He'd broken the mold. No longer was he the "unlucky" thirteenth prince of the Southern Isles. Now he was a king, the King of Arendelle, in fact. He had an incredibly beautiful, talented, powerful wife, everything in his hands to take and mold to his every whim.

And he was bored as hell.

The people looked to him like he could solve all their problems—namely the winter—and all he could do was try and talk to them. He heard their problems, handed out supplies and cloaks and firewood and matches, and no one saw him as terrible; he couldn't believe he was seen as beloved when he was married to the Snow Queen.

Maybe the people actually felt sorry for him, for dealing with her.

But… Hans really thought Elsa was trying her best as Queen. Obviously she felt too ashamed to face her people as often as she wanted to, but she wanted to do something well by them. She couldn't stop the winter—neither could he—but the effort she put into her duties should make up for it…

In order to be a really great king, Hans knew the people of Arendelle just needed to love her again. Couldn't they give her a chance…?

Maybe they would, or at least they would show sympathy toward her, once they found out Elsa was
expecting an heir.

She wanted Hans to stay quiet about the whole affair (at least he assumed, as she never liked to bring up her condition), and Hans knew he had to respect that, as maybe Elsa still wanted to have some fun, pretend not to be when she was…

Hans could play along, especially since now sex was becoming more interesting and fun again. Elsa was more willing to try new kinks, explore new things. She wanted to assert her sexuality, and of course Hans couldn't deny her now.

So when Elsa asked for just a day off, Hans would make sure it was the best birthday she ever had. Because if they couldn't have a ball, where they could also celebrate Elsa's pregnancy, then he was going to throw her the best day off that either of them could imagine. It could make up for their lack of affection in the past.

So he had to plan it all out perfectly—start with breakfast in bed (the main course? Well, himself, of course), let Elsa do as she pleased, give gifts, loge around, play on the piano, dinner, bath, end on sex. The perfect amount of leisurely and entertaining.

Because until she started really showing, Hans was not withholding from exercising his rights as a husband. It was just too wonderful to give up, baby be damned. Besides, he'd read up on this; it should be perfectly fine.

The morning of Elsa's birthday, with everything planned and ready to go, Hans woke first, unable to contain his excitement, as he had never thrown a birthday party before. He'd attended them, sure, but he'd never enjoyed it like he was enjoying this.

Pressing his lips to hers to wake her up, Hans caressed Elsa's face with the gentlest touch, watching as her eyes fluttered open to focus on him. He smiled down at her, lacing their fingers together as he hovered above her.

"Happy birthday, Elsa," he murmured against her lips, his own starting to form a gentle smile.

She gave her own smile—almost sadly, he noticed—and sat up a bit against the fluffy pillows. "Thank you, darling," she replied, fixing her hair over her bare shoulders. After a moment, she added, "I can't believe I'm twenty-two years old today."

"Still young," Hans pointed out, sitting up as well. "You still have plenty of time to have fun."

"It's my first birthday without Anna," Elsa brought up. It was the first time she'd brought up Anna in a rather long time, Hans noticed. The last time he'd heard that name was when Elsa brought it up on their honeymoon. He could see why she brought her sister up, but he always told her to move on from the past. There was nothing more to do.

That, and thinking about Anna just made Hans uncomfortable, as it reminded him of the blond intruder that had mentioned the young princess.

"Did you used to celebrate with her…?" he asked, wanting to make her uncomfortable enough to change the subject. He hated this tangent and he hoped she did as well.

"No, I usually stayed in my room," Elsa explained. She played with the ends of her hair, a sure sign that this was making her uneasy. Good. "Even still, it's kind of… sad to think about."

More like intensely, but Hans knew when to stay silent.
He gave her a few minutes as she silently let the emotions wash over her (no tears involved, thankfully), and Elsa soon leaned over, kissing his cheek softly. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

"Don't be," he replied, shifting to kiss Elsa properly. "It's your birthday."

At that, there was a knock at the door and Elsa groaned as she realized just what he had in store. "Breakfast in bed is so cheesy…!" she lamented with a grin, pulling her knees up to her bare chest, hugging them tight.

"You've never had breakfast in bed like this." Hans smirked and shot his wife a wink as he pulled the closest pair of pants he could find on, striding toward the door. Servants brought up a cart he specifically requested for this occasion, and he surprised Elsa by rolling it to her himself. No one stepped inside their quarters, and Hans closed the door with his foot.

"Um… what is that…?" Elsa asked, sitting up a bit more in curiosity.

"Breakfast in bed," Hans replied knowingly, smirking as he revealed what type of food they'd be eating: fresh strawberry jam, sugar cubes, melted dark chocolate, homemade vanilla ice cream… Elsa tilted her head to the side, incredibly confused.

"This doesn't look like a conventional breakfast…" she noted, but Hans noticed how she seemed to eye the chocolate longingly. Good, he'd piqued her curiosity…and now here was the offer.

Hans sighed, lying back on the bed as he pulled Elsa against him. "It's not," he admitted, kissing her forehead. "It's your birthday breakfast."

"How am I supposed to eat such messy food?" she asked, still not really getting it.

Chuckling slightly, Hans ran a hand up her thigh. "Eat it off of me," he murmured, kissing her softly. Elsa pulled back quickly, blinking. "Um… what…?" she asked, even more baffled than before. "I'm supposed to…"

"It's a different kind of foreplay, Elsa," Hans explained, tugging his pants off, as he knew she'd give in. "Take whatever food you like, pour it where you want, lick it off." He reached over and scooped up some chocolate, bringing it to her lips. She licked it off hesitantly, but maybe she was getting the idea…?

Spoons and ladles came with each dish, a paintbrush to a human canvas. Elsa looked from the dishes to Hans and back again, processing how she should go about this.

"You're in complete control," Hans added, placing a hand on her hip. "I just thought you'd want to try something different."

Silently Elsa gave a slight smile, and Hans could tell she figured out just what she wanted to do.

"You're so bad," she commented knowingly, her smile curling into a bit of a smirk as she went for the bowl of chocolate. Predictable.

"Aw, I thought you knew me better than that; you know just how bad I am," he teased, pulling Elsa flush against his body.

"Of course I know…" she whispered, dipping her finger in the bowl, smearing it against his lips before swiping her tongue after it, immediately opening his mouth to her probing. So she was getting more and more assertive… Hans was going to have to up his game to keep up with her, he had a
feeling.

While keeping the kiss up, Elsa laid them both down so she was on top. And while he did like avowing his own dominance over his wife outside the bedroom, particularly as subtly as he could, he could watch Elsa move on top of him all day inside their quarters.

As she pulled away, Hans only noted how Elsa's smirk grew. She took the wooden ladle and drizzled patters over his torso, making him hum as the warm, sweet liquid touched his skin. Sighing, Elsa placed the bowl aside and brushed her hair over her shoulder before leaning down to lap up the mess she'd made.

This wasn't new, her tongue on him. But that didn't stop this from feeling just as good—if not better—than it usually did. Hans just hummed and sighed, leaning up against her mouth as it moved down his body, creating sensual patterns. He wanted to have her tease him for once; he wanted Elsa to really take control of her sexuality and lord it all over him.

Oh gods, just the thought of it was turning him on so much…

"So are you just that addicted to chocolate…?" he murmured, looking down at her as she ran her tongue over his stomach. "Or are you going to try something else…?"

Elsa smirked as she gazed up at him, reaching over for the bowl again as she finished licking him clean. "Yes," she replied bluntly, to his surprise. Apparently her love for sweets was something she could be proud of… not that Hans had a problem with that.

But to his astonishment Elsa only took the ladle and dripped some on her own chest, moving up to be closer to him. "It tastes better on skin," she pointed out, threading her fingers in his hair as she set the bowl aside once more. "Come here, baby."

Funny, as Hans was older than Elsa. But he allowed it, as it was a pet name she only used when they were getting this intimate. And he sort of craved it, as his mother had never used such affectionate terms with her thirteenth son. It was also a sure sign Elsa was getting turned on.

Hands running up her back, Hans leaned in and lapped at the chocolate that had dripped down her right breast. His tongue darted out in quick succession against her nipple as a tease and she was right—it did taste better on her smooth skin. Elsa gave an appreciative sigh and moan as Hans cleaned her up, tugging at the ends of her hair a bit. It wasn't just chocolate he wanted to taste, though… would she balk at the idea?

Reaching over, Hans grabbed the ice cream and scooped some up with his finger, and immediately Elsa picked up the cue and licked up the cold treat. "Is it any good?" he asked as her mouth was otherwise occupied.

Elsa shrugged and pulled away a bit. "Of course," she replied. "Why, do you want me to eat that off of you?"

"No, I do," Hans confessed, picking up a decent amount of the ice cream on the spoon in the bowl. Elsa moaned slightly as let her eyes slip closed as the cold dessert melted and dripped down her body, and his tongue quickly followed, leaning down to lap from her stomach up to her collarbone. "Elsa…"

As soon as her skin only glistened from the residue his tongue left behind, Elsa legitimately surprised Hans by abruptly pushing him down against the pillows. "What…?" he asked, his mind still trying to wrap around this sudden development.
"If you're going to use your tongue," she started, moving her hips up and up his body, "then you'd better put it to better use." By this point she had a hand on the headboard to brace herself; the other still buried itself in his thick hair. She was practically straddling his face, and Hans had no idea Elsa knew about a position like this. Didn't stop this from being hot as hell, though.

"You mean…" Hans smirked, his hands moving up her thighs to her hips, pulling her closer. "Like this…?" A hand moved down easily slipping a finger inside her. The feeling of her shudder was just too good.

"Your tongue, your mouth," Elsa barked, taking on a more authoritative tone. "I want you to taste me."

"And isn't that the best taste in the world…” Hans murmured, closing his eyes as he did what he was told. His brothers could complain all they wanted about lapping up at a woman until she came; to Hans nothing felt and tasted and sounded so wonderful. He loved putting his mouth on Elsa, work on her until her toes curled and she writhed in absolute pleasure. He loved inhaling a scent that was only her, loved panting and breathing against her. Again Hans teased, darting his tongue out quickly against that one spot that would only turn her on more as she spread her legs wider. Tongue and lips first, teeth if and when she wanted to play dirty.

The "naughty girl" he'd teased on his wedding night was nothing like the woman who was moving her hips on his face so perfectly. No, this woman wasn't clad in white, clutching to herself and her vulnerabilities in self-defense. This woman was perfect: completely devoted to her husband and willing to do anything for him, powerful, dominant in the bedroom, but subordinate everywhere else, beautiful, absolutely, undeniably sexy. This woman was his, to have and to hold and to shape into everything he wanted.

His fingers dug into her hips, holding her tighter as his tongue slipped inside her, lapping up her very essence. Elsa groaned out louder, thrusting her hips even quicker—and Hans wanted to taste and lick up every drop she had to give. He could picture her now, in his mind as his eyes stayed closed, her back arched, her knuckles turning white as she only gripped the headboard as tight as she could, her lips curled around the sound of his name as she called out for him loudly… And that made him only moan out against her.

"Don't stop, baby, don't…" she moaned, her voice getting higher and higher pitched as she began to lose herself to pleasure. "Ohh, Hans, oh, baby, don't stop…!"

His erection was aching now, and to stop from touching himself Hans only groaned out more against Elsa, voicing how much he wanted her as he gripped her hips, utilizing tongue and lips and teeth and voice to bring her to her zenith. He held her in an almost animalistic manner, losing himself as well as everything intensified, by his shortness of breath to his desperate, quick attempts to do anything to please his wife.

Finally Hans could feel all those shudders run through her body, and he groaned as he tasted her, her hips still a moment as she reached her high… and slowly came down. Hans lapped up every drop he could taste on her, and slowly he pulled away, licking his lips as they finally made eye contact.

There was that shared look, one of understanding and secrets… How dirty and naughty she was, wanting her husband to do such sinful things to her.. His eyes smirked at Elsa, and hers clouded with lust and wanting.

"Come here, baby," she cooed, leaning down for a messy kiss. "Can you get it up…?"

It was a joke, obviously, as she reached her hand back to grasp at him. Gasping slightly, Hans held
his breath a moment before he gave a slight moan, leaning up into her hand.

"Mmm… you know it," he hummed, closing his eyes slowly. Oh gods, why couldn't she just be on
him already? He wanted her so much. "Elsa…"

But if she wanted to tease, then there wasn't much he could do about it, now, could he…? It was her
birthday, after all.

Then again, as he felt her rub up against his abdomen a bit, he could tell just how turned on she was
as well.

"Good, because I can't take it anymore," Elsa professed, shooting Hans a sheepish smile. She moved
her hips down, down… Hans had to hold himself back just to keep from moving against her
vigorously, because he just couldn't take the teasing anymore, not if she was going to act like this.

So when she finally (finally) sank down onto him, Hans tilted his head back and gave a low, guttural
groan, closing his eyes tight momentarily, because it just felt so good to find himself buried in such
warmth. Every time was always just as wonderful as the time before, and even now Hans could tell
he was not going to last long, not when Elsa was already moving and moaning right out for him.

Elsa ground her hips right against his own, keeping her pace slow for now as she leaned down for
another open kiss. "You like that, baby…?" she eked out, her inner tease surfacing.

"You trying to talk dirty…?" Hans shot back with a smirk, licking and nipping against her jawline,
rolling his hips up into her a bit faster. "But yes, Elsa, oh, you know I do, so much…" His hands ran
up and down her hips and sides slowly, holding her tighter against him.

"Then show me," Elsa challenged, leaning back a bit as she slowed her hips down. Her hands ran
over her own body, teasing herself as some sort of titillation, to get Hans to just lose himself more
to her.

Perhaps he'd given her too much control over the situation, but there was nothing he could do about
it now. So might as well just go with it and have some fun.

Hans thrust his hips up as Elsa moaned out, and he moved more against her, speeding up the pace.
"Like that…?"

"Hm…? It's a start," Elsa smirked and pinched and prodded at her breasts, letting out a hum as she
rolled one of her nipples between her thumb and index finger, and just the sight… Hans had to hold
it together, he knew.

"Damn it, Elsa…” he growled, shifting so he was sitting up. Hans pulled Elsa to him roughly, rolling
his hips up harder into her. "You're too goddamned gorgeous." How the hell had she gotten so good
at teasing…?

"I just know what you like," she replied, wrapping her arms tight around him, bracing herself as they
continued to just move together, both instinctively knowing just when to speed up, when to thrust
just a bit harder. Before long Hans could feel his release building up in the pit of his stomach, and he
just wanted to draw this out for as long as he could. But the sound of her panting and moaning in his
ear, the feel of her breasts pressed right up against him, heaving with each thrust…

During an open kiss, as Hans swallowed another one of her many moans (and vice versa), she reach
over and scooped up some chocolate and brought it up to his lips, smearing it on his tongue before
her own chased after it with a slightly louder moan.
The chocolate might have tasted great on her skin, but it was so much better on her tongue. "More," he uttered, and she was more than happy to repeat the action a few more times, all the while starting to reach her high as well.

Their kisses were becoming a bit too stuffy, and Elsa threw her head back and cried out for him once more, only signaling Hans to put his all into this. He growled out her name in return, his eyes meeting hers as they seemed to compete, to see who would lose control first.

And the pleasure just kept building and building; how good it would be to just let go…

Their climaxes erupted mere seconds apart, with Elsa delving in for a final kiss before she lost herself to desire, and with that Hans gave out one final groan, digging the blunt ends of his nails into the small of her back and on her hips. Panting, Hans opened his eyes slowly and Elsa leaned forward, pressing their foreheads together as she moved off of him.

His hands grazed over her stomach, which was still relatively flat, despite having a bit more of a curve to it. As far as her breasts went, they definitely were looking a bit bigger… He could feel she'd be more public about her pregnancy soon, and he just couldn't wait. For the meantime, though, he just dropped subtle hits and touches to signify that he knew and she didn't have to keep being so quiet about it.

As they both let themselves catch their breaths, laying together in an entangled mess, Hans waited for Elsa to give the say to let the day go on, because Hans did have a few more gifts for her, each more extravagant than the last. Resting his head on her bare chest as she brushed her fingers through his hair, he felt content, relaxed, cared for.

He kept telling himself, reminding himself, that he couldn't completely fall for her, despite how beautiful and wonderful she was, body and mind and soul. And it wasn't like he didn't like Elsa; on the contrary, she'd been the only person in his life who didn't mind listening to his past or his problems, didn't mind the intimacy, didn't mind paying him attention. For the first time someone was putting his needs before his or her own. How could he not fall for her, then, even just a bit?

He'd liked her from the beginning, when she was just an idea, a myth, an image, a goal. When she was just labeled as "Princess Elsa, reserved soon-to-be Queen of Arendelle," who didn't know of his unlucky past.

He started falling for her when she sank to the ice when he'd stated what had happened to Anna. He hadn't expected himself to feel so drawn to her, not when he'd been planning an assassination. But the way she broke down… He took his sword out, ready to strike, but the prospect of even more power was just too tempting.

And now that they were married and intimate, now that they shared a bed and now that she would bear his child, Hans could tell he was really starting to let his guard down… should he completely? He fully believed she'd put herself in harm's way just to save him, because even though she was more powerful, he'd made her so devoted to him.

But until he could fully confirm nothing was in his way, Hans just knew he couldn't completely attach himself emotionally to her.

Because boy, was he getting paranoid. That nagging doubt, that tiny voice that kept assuring him Anna was alive kept plaguing his mind, and the more Hans tried to push it away, the louder the thought became.

Because if Anna was alive, she'd come back to Arendelle. If Anna was alive Elsa would be on her
side, no questions asked. If Anna was alive he might as well kiss his crown goodbye.

Which was why he needed Elsa pregnant, to assure her total devotion to him. Children shouldn't grow up without one of their parents; they both knew this. And in being pregnant, Hans felt he truly won. The crown was just the beginning. Now that he had her devotion, and now that she was carrying something of his, he could start to breathe a sigh of relief in a truly amazing victory.

He just needed some sort of confirmation that Anna truly was dead. Only then could he really sleep soundly at night. But if he sent someone out after Anna, he risked the staff telling Elsa… He had no idea what he was going to do about this, but he could figure it out later.

"I like this, just relaxing…" Elsa hummed, kissing his forehead. "Reminds me of our honeymoon…"

And that reminded Hans of his plans for the rest of the day. "But I do have a few things I want to do today," he replied, kissing her collarbone. "Like more gifts, perhaps?"

"You didn't have to get me anything…" Elsa said, still smiling down gratefully at him. "But here's what I want right now… I want you to sing to me for a bit."

"I—" But it wasn't fair now, was it, that's what she would bring up, and Elsa would get moody and that was the last thing he wanted. "What do you want to hear?"

"I don't care," she replied, shaking her head. "I just want to hear your voice."

He couldn't sing as well as Elsa could. But she liked it and he had to bow down to her for today. So he just sighed and sang the first thing that came to mind.

Elsa closed her eyes and contently ran her fingers through his hair more, listening to him with a soft smile. Hans just let his voice carry around the room, ready for the day to start the more time passed. Get out of bed and seize the day. Show Elsa what he had in store for her on her twenty-second birthday.

When he sang the last note, Elsa opened her eyes and grinned down at him, sitting up a bit straighter. "I don't know why you don't like the way you sing, because it's literally one of the greatest things I've heard, really," she told him.

Hans finally sat up, swinging his legs off the side of the bed. "I'm glad you think so, then," he deadpanned, reaching under the bed to procure a large box that seemed to have been sitting there for a while (which it had; he'd planted it there yesterday while she was in her office). Her eyes widened, not expecting that.

"Happy birthday," he murmured in Elsa's ear, kissing her as she took the box from his hands.

"Thank you, dear." Elsa opened the box slowly and gasped at what was inside, pulling it out slowly. Gerda was more than happy to make it, when Hans had tried to describe it to her, and she'd done nothing less than a spectacular job. Casual a dress as it was, Hans made sure it'd been crafted with the finest material, yet still comfortable. Dozens of blue hues hit the fabric, and Elsa examined it from every angle, absolutely breathless with something so simple as a dress.

"It's so beautiful…!" she sighed, running her hands over the deep cobalt embroidery on the bodice. "Really, Hans, you didn't have to do this…!"

Hans shrugged, wrapping an arm around her waist as he rested his head on her shoulder. "I wanted to get my wife something nice." He showed her the corset-laced back. "You don't have to wear your
corsets underneath," he explained, "and there's also some padding in the front for support." It wasn't a dress made to be worn in front of diplomats and other royals on official business, but Hans decided Elsa should have a beautiful dress to wear during her pregnancy. The front of the bodice slightly resembled Elsa's wedding dress, with its white material and cobalt, off-the-shoulder sleeves, while the back resembled similarities to the dress Princess Rapunzel had worn at the Benefactor's Ball when he'd proposed to Elsa. So when her stomach really started to grow, it wouldn't be too much of a hassle to always scramble around for a decent dress (or worse yet, a drab robe) that fit—this would. And she'd still look pretty damn good.

"So I take it you want me to wear this now?" she asked, blinking up at him almost meekly as she hugged the dress up to her bare chest.

"You look rather eager to wear it," Hans retorted with a chuckle, reaching over to brush her hair over her shoulder. "Here's I'll help you put it on."

Elsa stood, retrieving some clean undergarments from a nearby drawer as she put them on, just to be a bit more modest before she stepped into the new dress, pulling it up her legs and hips. Hans rose and laced the back up, confused a bit as he had to lace a bit tighter around her breasts than he expected. Perhaps he overestimated how big he thought they'd gotten…

"Something wrong?" Elsa asked, slicking her hair back.

"No," Hans replied after a moment, deciding it probably wasn't a big deal. He just finished lacing her up and kissed her cheek, rubbing her shoulders slightly before dressing himself.

No coat, no gloves, sleeves rolled up… Hans just wanted to be casual for today, as they weren't going to be doing much. He was just giving her her other gifts, really—no cause for him to dress up, especially since Elsa seemed to be more affectionate when he was wearing less, anyway.

By the time he looked up, Elsa had braided her thick hair over her shoulder, deciding to end with that without piling it into a bun. And that's when he realized, now that they were married and now that he knew every inch of her body, he liked her so much better like this as well. He liked her casually and intimately. He didn't like the timid queen or the confined, innocent royal. He liked when she walked with confidence, held him close because she wanted to, lost herself to pleasure and to herself, even.

"Stunning," Hans muttered as she twirled for him, taking his bare hands in her own. He kissed the ring on her left hand and procured an extra cravat, gesturing for her to just go with it. "I have one more gift for you, and it's a surprise."

Before he put the makeshift blindfold on, Elsa leaned up and kissed him with more gentility than usual. Hans blinked in a bit of surprise, his hands skimming her waist.

"What was that for?" he asked lightly, grinning.

She opened her mouth, a bit confused with how she should answer. "Hans, I…" Elsa trailed off, biting her lip tight as if to contemplate something.

After a moment, she just smiled softly. "This is the best birthday I've ever had. Thank you, really," she told him.

Hans kissed Elsa's forehead and enveloped her in a tight embrace, proud of how far she'd come from being the timid woman holed up in her ice palace. He took some credit for this transformation, obviously, but he oddly felt safe around Elsa. Comforted. Protected. Cared for.

"Just trust me on this." With that, Hans wrapped the cravat around Elsa’s eyes and secured it behind
her head, taking her hand as he led her out of the room. "We're not going far."

No, this had to be nearby for a reason. And for each step they took, the more and more excited Hans got, his heart beating rapidly as he awaited Elsa's reaction to the time and effort he'd put into planning this.

He opened the door and grinned, glad at the turnout and results. He'd confirmed the day before just how it looked, and he was quite proud of how it'd been decorated. Taking the makeshift blindfold off Elsa's eyes, Hans kissed her cheek and presented her the renovated room. "Happy birthday, Elsa," he announced.

The walls had been painted a creamy, warm color, and the placement of the room would let in the maximum amount of light possible. It'd probably be modified once the sex was confirmed, but for now it looked amazing. Hans had planned it all, from where the tugs should go, what toys should be specially made, how and where the furniture should be arranged, the carving and arrangement of the crib. Everything had been planned to a T, and Hans couldn't have been more proud.

"Hans…" Elsa seemed absolutely speechless, not finding what to say.

"I know, I know, it's early," Hans replied, unable to keep the excitement out of his voice. "But it's never too early to plan, right…? Not when nine months passes so quickly…"

"Hans," Elsa repeated, her voice shaky and unsure. "This is all so beautiful, really…"

His hearing muffled at that last part. No. No, it couldn't be.

"What was that?" he asked, swallowing a large lump in his throat.

"Hans, I'm not pregnant," Elsa announced, completely sure of herself.

No. She had to be. She had to be. Was the room spinning…? It felt like the room was spinning…

"Of course you're pregnant," he assured, more to himself than to her. "You've been showing signs. Like… your breasts…?"

"Padding," Elsa admitted, blushing a bit. "I just wanted you to notice me.

No. It couldn't be… "But… what about the sickness…?" he continued, knowing that was definitely a sure sign.

"Food poisoning, I found out," she said slowly, clasping at the skirt of her new dress tightly.

"And the moodiness…?" His last chance. Of course she was pregnant; she just didn't understand it…

"You were ignoring me. How was I supposed to feel?" Elsa backed up a bit, as if ashamed.

Hans let the information rush over him. His wife wasn't pregnant. He'd made himself believe she was, he realized… Made himself believe on a subconscious level, because he needed her to be.

But even still… "Elsa, we have far too much sex for you to not be pregnant."

Elsa then went off on some tangent about feeling something icy in her stomach after sex, but Hans barely registered it, letting it immediately go to the back of his mind.

No, all he could feel was how Elsa still had her freedom, how Hans had failed. It didn't matter about her actual devotion—because to Hans, in this moment all could feel was rage and confusion, because
in his mind since Elsa wasn't pregnant he'd failed. Because Elsa wasn't pregnant Anna was alive and coming back, and Elsa would be on her side rather than his, because without his child growing inside her she had no ties to him.

In this moment he failed, and all he could see was his newfound title being stripped off him.

And he snapped, because at this point he'd shut down, and all he could feel was fear and blind rage—toward Anna, toward Elsa, toward himself.

It didn't matter that it wasn't rational to push his wife against a wall roughly, his arm gripping hers tightly, shakily.

What mattered was she wasn't pregnant and he'd failed.

"I've tried everything—literally everything!" he cried, raising his voice at Elsa. "We've been trying for months now. Months! Why the hell haven't you gotten pregnant yet?"

Hans didn't take in how frightened she looked, how frost was spreading on the wall as she tried to inch away with no avail. He didn't take in how Elsa tried to get out of his tight grasp, didn't notice all the confusion and fear that crossed over her face. No, all he was a failure in himself, a failure as a king for not producing an heir.

He only heard his brothers jeering and laughing at him, not Elsa's pleas for him to let her go, that he was hurting her. He only saw blind rage as Anna came back and Elsa took his title from him....

Logic didn't cross his mind at all.

He'd never lost himself like this before.

Finally he heard Elsa speak, but for him, it only made things worse.

She just shot it back, her voice more shaky than ever. "Why is it so important that we have an heir now, Hans? Can't you see that I don't think I can conceive? I don't know why, but no matter what we try, it's probably not going to work!" she exclaimed, the ice crackling about the walls, and Hans leaned in, sneering as he dared her to continue.

Elsa's breathing was so shaky he could hear it perfectly. And she went over the edge as she declared, "What are you so afraid of...?"

Like he could explain...! Like she could ever know Anna was still alive...! He'd been approaching the edge of insanity, and he finally went over with that last statement she made. Ethics and logic didn't apply, not when all she could think of was Elsa and Anna throwing all his hard work away when the Princess came back for him. He was so mad; he needed to lash out at something.

Hans didn't see Elsa before him. He just saw red—he just saw his goal deteriorating before his eyes.

And he needed to destroy it.

His free hand came down quickly toward his wife.

He was literally an inch away from striking her face when he finally noticed timid Elsa, who was flinching and crying in total fear.

And Hans came to, knowing he just ruined it all himself.

The realization of this, of what he just did... Angered more at himself than anything, Hans brought
his hand back and pounded the wall beside Elsa with all his might.

The recoil didn't affect him; he went numb. Elsa jumped and gave a bloodcurdling scream, and Hans staggered back, letting go of her as he fell against the opposite wall, realizing he was panting as hard as she was. His hair fell in his face; Elsa just gazed up at him with her huge, red-rimmed eyes, and that's when he recognized she was still just a girl, too, despite all the sex and months of marital bliss. She wasn't ready for this type of responsibility.

Ice touched the ground as Elsa let her powers control her once more. "Hans…" she whispered, curling up into a ball like that would make her disappear from his sight.

Hans just shook his head and looked down. That's when he noted he was shaking as well. He finally met Elsa's eyes again, his expression dark.

"Get out," he growled, knowing he needed a few moments to himself—a few hours, even—to get composed, to figure out how he was going to make this right. "It's not your fault, Elsa; I just don't want you around me right now."

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Elsa slowly get up, shaking as she tripped to run out of the room. This room, that just a moment ago he felt was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen, he suddenly wanted it destroyed.

Slowly, out of the shame that finally came over him as Elsa looked at him with such fear, Hans stood and walked out of the room, closing the door with a slam that could break glass. The palace staff were atwitter with the sudden outburst amongst the King and Queen, but no one was bold enough to approach either royal. No, Hans just ignored them all as he made his way to the parlor.

Just him and a piano.

A piano made sense. Music made sense. Structures and measures and notes all had a set rhythm, a specific way to be played. There was never any confusion, never any blurred lines or false assurances.

There were no backhanded compliments.

There were no sudden twists and turns that would change and devastate him.

This wasn't just a mistake, he realized as the notes just portrayed his emotions in a way words never could.

This was catastrophic.

Hans may have singlehandedly ruined Elsa's trust in him, all because he faltered for a moment. Because for one moment he showed her that she wasn't the most important person in his life.

No, what Hans had shown Elsa was that he saw her as nothing but an asset as a means to have heirs. And while most of that was true, that he was just using her for gaining a title and her land and her powers, he still couldn't help but genuinely like her as well. It wasn't just the sex; Hans enjoyed Elsa's natural beauty as well, and he enjoyed that she was smart, and willing to learn and she was so caring over him, over the people.

It was hard, he realized, to be in conflict with himself over how he should feel about Elsa. If that paranoia wasn't there, if there was nothing that was really keeping him mentally distant from her… He didn't know what would happen.
But there the paranoia was, crawling over him, telling him that Anna was still alive and coming for him, telling him that his position here as King of Arendelle was in dire, dire jeopardy and he needed to guard it with his life. He couldn't get it out of his head because it was the worst-case scenario, because it could happen, despite how small the chances were.

Hans knew how to try and get on her good side, get in her good graces. Maybe Elsa wouldn't trust him as much as before, but he had to attempt to make things better. He had to see if she could still be the powerful woman to throw herself in front of a sword for him should he be threatened.

So she wasn't pregnant… He shouldn't have let himself be blinded to it without really confirming it, hearing the words come from her lips. His first mistake was that he was so caught up in believing everything was working out, and look where that got him. No more assumptions. Hans had to be sure about everything before making any rash or stupid, impulsive decisions.

There would be more attempts in the future, he knew. But Hans did want—need—children, to have heirs, to make Elsa completely devoted, to do it right, in the way his parents hadn't. This child would be loved, never neglected. Be told he or she could be someone great and be sincere about it. He didn't want this child to go through any of the disregard he went through, didn't want him or her to ever feel distant or cold.

Hans let his mind drift to what Elsa had told him, about the strange, icy feeling in her stomach after they had sex. He barely let it cross his mind when she said it, but now he was trying to decipher it, and he obsessed over just what it meant. Obviously it had to do with her powers, but what could it really be…? Every time, she'd mentioned. So since their wedding night. What did Hans know of her powers…?

Key change. The notes came out slower, more thought out.

Fear made them uncontrollable. That was why the nursery was now covered in ice and frost. It covered wherever she went just now, now that she had gotten rid of the gloves and now that she was probably nothing but full of fear. He had to calm her. He knew when she was happy everything was in check, dormant.

Elsa's powers also worked in her defense, Hans noted as he remembered her coronation, all those months ago. She didn't want anyone near her, so she pushed people back. She pleaded for the Duke to stay away, and her powers knocked him down; his goons had tried to kill her and Elsa took on a "kill or be killed" mentality, fighting back.

Fighting back… against him…?

The idea seemed so ludicrous, yet at the same time so obvious. He brought a hand up to his mouth.

And he started to laugh.

Of course Elsa's powers would work in such a childish way…! Of course that had to be the key.

For what was the opposite of fear? Love. They called it "making love." They said people procreated out of love nowadays, not out of necessity.

And despite it all, despite her devotion and openness to him, Elsa didn't love Hans. And because she didn't love Hans, her powers subconsciously rendered anything Hans contributed when it came to sex useless.

He laughed until it wasn't funny anymore and even as his chuckles subsided, it was still amusing. Elsa feared sex still, to some extent. And she didn't love Hans, so her defenses were still up. He had
no idea *what* she must have felt for him now.

Hans let his fingers go back to the piano keys, and he sang a tune as he tried to hatch a plan.

:"I'm a non-believer but I believe in these dirty little wicked games."

Tonight would consist of the same plans he'd had today gone perfectly. It wouldn't be in an attempt to get Elsa to forgive him—gods knew he probably didn't deserve that—but he just needed her to grant him a second chance, assure her she was more than just the queen on a chessboard, that without her he'd be nowhere… She'd eat it up, he knew, despite her defenses.

Because he made her believe she was *nowhere* without him.

:"We feel nothing so jump into the fog. I just hope it's your brains that splatter, not mine. We feel nothing so jump into the fog."

He used to sing this after the occasional encounter with a whore back in the Isles. Feel nothing emotionally toward her, yet they were both risking such an emotional commitment. Hans connected it back to Elsa every once in a while—here was this woman far more power than he and here they were, blindly jumping into the unknown together, with nothing but the hope that he would be the one on top in the end.

And he had been. He needed it back.

And he now knew what he needed to do to get her to be able to near his children, produce his heirs.

Slowly getting up, Hans smoothed out his vest and walked out of the parlor, looking for Kai.

In order for this to really work, she had to say it and believe it first. And he couldn't tell her he'd figured it out, because she would only tell him out of obligation. It had to be of her own free will to work. And Hans couldn't goad her on by saying it first, because he might actually trick himself into believing it, and he therefore wouldn't have the upper hand, the control. Everything needed to fall into place in this way, or else he'd be surrendering himself completely to Elsa.

Hans called Kai over when he saw him, his heart pounding in anticipation. "Continue on with tonight's preparations. Move the piano from the parlor to out quarters," he ordered.

Despite Kai's slight confusion, he just nodded. "Yes, Your Majesty," he replied curtly.

It would all work out, he kept telling himself. He couldn't let this ruin his plans, not when he was *so close* to winning. Despite Anna possibly being alive, and despite his true colors showing for a moment, Hans would succeed.

Because after all, how hard would it be to get the woman he almost struck to declare her love for him…?

Elsa realized this was the first time since her wedding that she'd been in her old room. Her feet had instinctively taken her here after Hans demanded she leave.

What kind of birthday was this? While it was the most memorable, it also had the most pleasure she'd ever felt… and the most pain.

There was something in his eyes she couldn't place, something she'd never seen before. Something almost *inhuman*. Hans let those gorgeous green eyes of his cloud over, and he almost struck her…!
Bits of ice erupted from her fingertips as she recalled her hand coming down for her face, how she screamed when he opted for the wall beside her face instead.

All because she wasn't pregnant.

Was she just some pawn in this dream of his to bear children? Did Hans really want to be with her because of her? Or was it for what she could give him? Elsa really didn't know anymore… and she wasn't sure how to confront Hans about it, not when she saw what he could do to her if she stepped out of line… would he really do something like that…?

By now, a few hours after the whole incident, Elsa had stripped off the beautiful dress Hans had specially made, kicking it aside as she just let the tears flow, laying facedown on the fluffy pillows, ice forming and crackling about her.

What the hell did Hans want with her? She couldn't talk to him now; she was still so fearful of him falling over the edge like that again… How much pent up anger did he actually have? Did he even like her anymore…?

Her mind just wandered, thinking of how Hans had been the only person to even want her in her worst moments… He didn't mind when her powers showed, when she made mistakes…

The fact that Elsa couldn't bear his children was the factor to make him so angry? It was so unexpected… How could she even face him again?

And yet, despite it all, she wanted to do something to go back to that marital bliss they'd had… She longed for the comfort and warmth; Elsa was still so inexorably drawn to him…

They could make this work again… right? Despite her doubt of him…? If she was more cautious, they could grow as a pair. This had to be a rut to get over…

Before she could think anything further, there was a knock on the door. "My Lady…?" It was Gerda, in that same gentle, even tone she always used.

Oh no, she wasn't wearing anything…! Quickly Elsa threw on her birthday dress, holding it up with a hand as she opened the door with the other. "Gerda…" she murmured, sniffing. She bet she looked horrible.

The old maid held a tray in her hands, piled on with all of Elsa's favorite foods. "His Majesty requested I bring this up, as he wants to give you some more space," she explained, walking into the room.

Nodding, Elsa just sat back on her frost-covered bed, and Gerda hardly bat an eyelash at it. "I just don't understand… did I do something wrong…?" she asked, taking the tray.

Immediately Gerda worked on trying the laces of the dress back together, and Elsa only pushed the tray away after a few bites.

"You did nothing wrong, My Lady," Gerda assured, standing before Elsa with her head bowed slightly. "The King was the one who lost his temper. And he realizes this."

Elsa slipped her eyes closed as Gerda continued. "He'd like to see you after you're done eating."

Swallowing thickly, Elsa just pushed the tray away more, completely losing her appetite. "I don't know about that…" she replied lowly. "I don't know how much time I need to get over this…"
"Permit me…" Gerda played with her hands slightly. "But My Lady, if you and the King don't talk this through, there's no way you can work out your differences…"

She had a point. Elsa closed her eyes slowly, taking deep breaths. If she didn't talk to Hans she'd be distancing herself from him like she had with Anna, and look at how well that turned out.

Gerda was right, much as it pained Elsa to admit. She couldn't hide anymore, especially around her husband, who knew everything about her. She had to face him… expect the worst, and hope for the best. And if he truly regretted what he did… Maybe they could work out.

And if he didn't… well, Elsa had ice powers. Much as she didn't want to hurt anyone, she had to defend herself if attacked, even if it was against her husband.

"Yes, Gerda," she replied as she opened her eyes, almost monotonously. "Thank you." And with that, she stood.

With only a few bites of food in her stomach, Elsa smoothed down the bodice of the dress and slowly walked barefoot into the hallway, gasping slightly at the sight before her.

A candlelit path…? Had Hans just done this spontaneously, or did he have this all planned out…? Regardless, Elsa found the gesture romantic, despite the earlier dispute, and she still kept her guard up as she made her way slowly toward their quarters. By the looks of it he was probably going to try and persuade her back into bed, but Elsa knew it'd take more than just a few kind words to serenade her there, especially since it seemed—for the most part—like his sole purpose for sex was procreation.

Once she rounded the hallway, Elsa heard the light tones of Hans playing the piano so beautifully. Had he really had it moved to their room to play for her? Elsa's heart couldn't help but race a bit with excitement, despite her slight fears and apprehensions.

Elsa slowly opened the door, and there Hans was, playing away as if to convey emotions he couldn't on his face. She slowly went to her vanity, grabbing a pair of gloves, just in case.

"The last thing I'm going to try and do is touch you," Hans assured, and somehow Elsa knew he was telling the truth. "Don't put on the gloves, Elsa. Just… just let me explain."

She slowly approached the piano, standing above him. Hans would not strike her. He would not touch her. She could control it. Conceal, don't feel.

"There's this nagging doubt at the back of my mind that tells me my position on the throne isn't going to last," he said calmly, the notes taking on a more somber tone.

"What makes you think that…?" Elsa asked cautiously. Why would he ever assume his position was being threatened…?

Hans looked up at her, his eyes wide, scared, even. Like he was well aware of everything he'd done earlier, and he felt such pain at the thought of losing what he had. "I never thought I'd get here, Elsa, I hope you realize that," he muttered. "My whole life I've lived with the feeling that I'd never amount to anything, not when I was thirteenth in line for my own throne. Not when every other princess I've tried to serenade sees me as nothing but unlucky and invisible."

It was a huge moment of vulnerability for him, she realized. Elsa had never seen a moment of him looking like he could lose everything.

"Elsa…" Hans kept his hands on the keys as if to restrain himself. "I honestly thought you were
pregnant. You were showing signs… And I did put a lot of effort into that damn nursery. I snapped because… it sounds stupid, but I fell like one of these days you're going to leave me, that something is going to rip us apart, and that's the last thing I want…"

"A baby would have been assurance that I'm devoted to you," Elsa replied evenly, unsure of what to think of that. It still sounded so… contrived. "Hans, why could you ever think I'd leave you? Do you even think I'd be a fraction as happy as I am without your help…?"

"And I'd be nowhere without you," Hans confessed. "Do you think I'd be as happy if I weren't at your side?"

"Well… no, I guess." They'd both come so far together, she realized. Elsa needed Hans just as much as Hans needed her… and they'd both been so frightened of the unknown that for a second Hans lost what was truly important—a strong bond, as both husband and wife and as royals.

"I'm not sure if I can conceive, though…" Elsa blurted, wringing the skirt of her dress with shaking hands. How would he react to knowing that…?

To her surprise, his face was still as calm as ever, his playing becoming soft and light. "It may take months—years, even," Hans said, still looking up at her. How could he just simultaneously talk and play like that at the same time? "But I think it could happen one day."

"You just want me in bed again." She rolled her eyes, but Hans wasn't laughing.

"I promised not to lay a finger on you," Hans assured. "I just need to know you'll always be there for me, just as I'm here for you."

Yes, a voice inside her head screamed. Think of everything he's given you.

Elsa nodded. "Of course, Hans. Only if you promise not to even think of scaring me again like that."

"You're the Snow Queen," Hans teased affectionately, shooting her a shy smile. She wanted to grab his face and kiss him… but she had to show some restraint. "I should definitely think twice before crossing you again."

Elsa's hands dropped to her sides now. "Did you have all this planned or…?" She wanted to change the subject. She didn't exactly forgive him, but she did need to give him a second chance… for the sake of staying happy and being good to the people of Arendelle.

"There were rose petals, but I felt it was too much…" Hans sighed, scooting over on the bench. Elsa joined automatically, but there was a good distance between them. "I didn't mean to ruin your birthday, Elsa, right after you declared it the best one to date. And for that I'm truly regretful and sorry."

"Oddly…" Elsa looked at his hands, which flew over the keys without messing one note up. "I've never had such an eventful birthday in my life."

After a few moments of comfortable silence, Hans started playing something familiar. A duet. One her father sang with her mother, way back in the day.

She couldn't believe she remembered this…

"Do I want you because you're beautiful? Or are you beautiful because I want you?" he started, and Elsa blushed as his voice just wormed its way right into her.
Though wasn't it "love" instead of "want"…? Or did they teach the song differently in the Southern Isles? Elsa didn't think twice about it.

"You know the words?" he asked, and Elsa nodded, preparing herself as she sang. She just loved the way they sounded together, like they belonged together…

"Am I making believe I see in you a man too perfect to be really true…?"

When they harmonized together, Elsa couldn't explain it. It was like they had no problems, that life was as perfect as how their voices complimented each other.

"Are you the sweet invention of a lover's dream? Or are you really as wonderful as you seem?"

How could he not love how perfect his voice sounded? Elsa sighed sadly as she looked over at Hans, and his hands dropped to his lap as he gazed out at her with complete adoration.

As promised, he didn't touch her. Instead they spent the next few hours talking, both seriously and jokingly, about the past, about music, about books, about… nothing in particular. She still couldn't bring herself to completely forgive him, but they had time to work this out, and Gerda was right as usual—they needed to talk their problems out in order to resolve them. They had time to figure out in which direction they'd go if they actually wanted to start a family… But now wasn't the time to really think about that.

In the end, the only time Hans touched her was to kiss her hand, and he wished her a last "happy birthday" before she dressed for bed.

It was the first time she'd been fully clothed for sleep, she realized, since before her wedding.

They slept facing away from each other, respectfully for the first time, and Elsa hugged her knees to her chest, doubt starting to creep up in her. Would she ever trust him in the same way again? There was still a bit of fear still within her, like he could snap again… over what, she didn't know yet.

But Hans had thus far shown her he regretted what he almost did… Elsa drifted off, knowing this could be resolved later; right now she was just so exhausted from the day's events… One thing she realized, though, before she fell asleep, was that she did feel a bit older and wiser, unlike she did on her other birthdays.

Though she promised herself she'd keep her distance from Hans, in the morning she woke with her head on his chest, her arms wrapped around him tight all the same.

Chapter End Notes

For Valentine's Day I give you the gift of near domestic abuse…! Har… my lame attempt at dark humor. But seriously, though. Domestic abuse is a terrible thing.

So let me just answer some of the questions you'll probably have for me here before you write your reviews, so that I don't have to keep writing the same thing over and over again.

So looks like the minority won out! Elsa is not pregnant…!

Oh my God why isn't she pregnant?! You're the devil; they were supposed to have cute
Um, this one is easy to explain. While making the outline for this story I did contemplate Elsa being pregnant, as it would make a good contrast between her and Anna when they were reunited. And then I thought, that's such a cliché! It would be more interesting if I made Hans and Elsa even more dysfunctional together. I'm sure there are other Hansla stories that deal with them having children. But (for now, anyway), this one will not. Sorry.

So how exactly does the icy feeling inside Elsa work?

Elsa's powers are fueled by emotion. Because she doesn't love Hans, her body sees him as a threat, and therefore it defends her. So, after they have sex, Elsa's powers render anything Hans gives her useless. In short, her powers freeze his sperm so she can't have his kids. One of you actually got this on the dot early on~ You get a cookie.

You almost made Hans hit Elsa, you're so evil! WHY DIDN'T SHE FIGHT HIM BACK THAT'S SO EVIL OF HIM!

Hans has molded and manipulated Elsa into being his perfect wife. Until now, he has shown her nothing but kindness, as Elsa has no idea what his ulterior motives are. She doesn't fight back because he is her husband, and she's subservient to him because in her mind Hans is the only person that would ever want to be with her. She's far too timid to actually lash out at him because she's just as afraid to lose him as he is to lose her.

Hans is being so irrational! Why doesn't he just send a hit man out to kill Anna? Why doesn't he just pretend to say that he loves Elsa so that she'll say it and then she can get pregnant?

Hans is starting to lose his mind, sorry to say, guys. He's not thinking rationally because he's paranoid and he fears how much he's falling in deep with Elsa. He hasn't sent out a hit man to kill Anna because A) he really doesn't know where to begin to look for her, and B) he's afraid someone will hear about this deal and tell Elsa. Again, paranoia. And he's really scared to give himself completely to Elsa, because he wants to remain completely in control of Elsa and of this whole ordeal. He feels like if he just says he loves her he might actually believe it, and therefore start to give her too much power.

So... what's with the weird pet name?

It's actually kind of Freudian. And slightly inspired by American Hustle, if you can believe it. Hans craved his mother's attention when he was a child, and Elsa is finally showing him real affection. In American Hustle there's this scene where Jennifer Lawrence is seducing Bradley Cooper and she says something along the lines of, "Come on, baby, let Mama make it all better for ya." (Don't quote me on that. xD) So it kind of stems from some childish need for Hans to have motherly affection in his life. Weird, I know, but like I said, it's kind of Freudian.

Um, I might have missed something but I'm really tired. You can harass me now. xD

I hope this doesn't affect whether or not you'll continue with the story. I'm sorry to say that I don't really like Hansla too fluffy in the end. Sorry! If you want something with way more fluff, I can assure you there are fics like that on this site that are like that. /watch me lose like, a hundred followers for this risky move xD
Till then!

~Eliza
Jump In

Chapter Summary

With Anna's behavior and obsession over rescuing Elsa from Hans getting worse and worse, can Kristoff show her that there's more to her life than just revenge? Like… love, perhaps? Or will he chicken out on finally making his move on her?

Chapter Notes

Usually I always say I don't have fun with the Kristanna chapters, but… well, this one I really enjoyed. I did watch Frozen a few more times to give myself the feels, and that definitely helped. Those two dorks are so perfectly cute together.

Now all y'all should listen to the song "Jump Into the Fog" by The Wombats, because a distressing number of you don't understand its influence on me and just how perfect the lyrics are.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog Chapter 16

"Jump in… jump in… jump in…"

Much as he loved Anna, Kristoff was starting to wonder whether or not she was going insane.

She kept too much to herself, bottled her emotions in. They only came out during practice, in a silent rage as her once-clear blue eyes clouded over and conveyed just what she wanted. Kristoff could tell that in her eyes, there was only one focus, one goal, one reason to keep going.

And it had nothing to do with him.

He should have been more disappointed about this, but… well, Kristoff knew once this was done and over with, they could finally start a real relationship.

Finally.

Kristoff kind of had his limits, too. And so far he felt like, at times, he was just being dragged along like some lost puppy, as if to find a new purpose in life. There was some truth in that.

The trolls had taught him to love unconditionally, to accept people for their faults. By no means was Anna a perfect person, but Kristoff kind of missed the aloof, awkward princess he'd gotten to know and love during their adventures together. He loved her smile and her braids and her skirts and her freckles. He loved that she talked casually, unlike how he imagined a princess should.
He missed her.

Not that Kristoff didn't love the new Anna—on the contrary, he was starting to love her determined nature and pin straight hair, her sword-wielding, badass nature, and how good she actually looked in his spare pair of pants.

It was just difficult to get used to… it was like falling in love with two people, but it wasn't.

Anna had changed, and Kristoff had to accept it. And while he could accept and love this changed Anna, that goal she obsessed over was making him start to really worry. It wasn't that he wanted to distract her from helping Elsa, not at all.

Did she even have fun anymore?

Rarely did Anna smile; she only seemed to do so when Kristoff said something encouraging, or when she perfected a complicated move with her two swords. There was something kind of oddly beautiful about watching Anna now—she had more control and was starting to work with the swords instead of trying to control them. But that seemed more like a skill rather than a fun pastime.

Maybe she meant to kill, but Kristoff couldn't tell at the moment. And it wouldn't be against a guard—he was suspecting Anna might want to slay Hans.

But until he was sure he wasn't confronting her on that.

They practiced on ice, as Anna pointed out that this might be a possible battleground against their opposition, and they had to be prepared for anything. She learned how to use her slips and falls to slide and still attack, and Kristoff, though not as experienced as Anna, could still predict where she'd strike and he blocked her, as his offense was terrible and he'd much rather defend.

Her hair swung about her like a whirl; it was so swift and straight and was definitely something to behold.

Anna blushed as she noticed Kristoff just looking at her. "What? Do I have something on my face?" she asked, sheathing her swords. Her tone had a bit of the old Anna shining through, and he chuckled, shaking his head.

"No," he admitted. "You just look incredible when you're fighting."

"It's because you've never seen a girl do this before." She smirked, pushing her hair back from her face.

"Nah, it's not just that. You're getting really good," he complimented, stepping a bit closer to her.

"Thank you…" Anna gave a soft blush and bowed her head a bit sheepishly, despite the fact that Kristoff tried to flatter her as much as he could (while definitely still being sincere).

He should make his move now, he knew. He'd been trying to pick up the courage to just lean in and kiss her, but every time he saw her she just looked so damn beautiful and he felt nothing but inadequacy, like he could never live up to any of her romantic standards.

And it was a stupid thought, because he knew she loved him back. There really was nothing in his way—romantically, anyway.

For a woman who was once so transfixed on the idea of love, she sure didn't think about it much anymore, if at all. At least, not in the romantic sense. Perhaps in the platonic sense, toward Elsa and
wanting to save her from Hans, but Anna just seemed so bitter about the outside world nowadays.

It was like she was trying not to love after being burned by Hans and confused by the concept in general.

It almost killed her, and at the same time, it saved her life. If Kristoff wasn't sure about what love was he'd be confused as all hell, too.

Sighing, Anna ran a hand through her hair and took in the forest surrounding this icy pond. "I worry about Olaf; he really should he back by now..." she pointed out, brows furrowing up. "Maybe he got impaled, or he lost the letter, or someone found him, or he somehow melted..."

Kristoff stepped out to wrap an arm around Anna in a comforting—something he did a lot now that he thought about it. "Anna, we just have to hold hope that he's fine," he said gently, evenly. Sometimes he felt like that was all he was good for—he was Anna's voice of reason and she calmed down by listening to him. "We just have to be patient."

"But he could be gone," Anna replied, jutting out her bottom lip stubbornly. "And every moment we spend dawdling around is another Elsa spends with that bastard!"

Lately she'd been referring to Hans as "that bastard"—she couldn't even say his name anymore, that's how much spite and hatred she felt toward him.

Kristoff couldn't help but feel like Anna was thinking in a one-sided manner. He thought back on the royal wedding, on how genuinely happy the two of them looked together. Elsa's eyes were only trained on Hans', with complete and utter devotion and trust. And Hans, thought his eyes were more prying, still looked sincere and joyful as he danced and spent time with his new wife. He couldn't explain it; it was something to be witnessed. And though Hans was indeed reprehensible for his actions against Anna, on the outside it seemed like he and Elsa were happily married.

Then again, he threatened to kill Kristoff. His feelings on the whole issue were... mixed, to say the least.

"We just have to hope for the best" was all he could weakly murmur, his face falling slightly. He wished he could magically make it all better, put a bigger smile on her face, but the Anna he'd known... she wasn't there anymore. Could he get her back?

Did he want her back?

No, he had to love and accept her for who she was. And right now Anna was looking quite kissable, quite beautiful.

"There is no best case scenario," Anna replied grimly, her eyes dark as she looked down at her boots.

Kristoff swallowed thickly. It was now or never, and he needed to give Anna some sort of happiness in this world.

She needed to feel loved.

"Not even with me?" he asked, heart pounding as he tilted her head up a bit.

"Kristoff..." she whispered, as if she'd just made a terrible mistake. "I'm sorry, I... I don't know how we could be happy like this. I love you, but—"
"But that's all we need right now," Kristoff interrupted, stepping closer to her. "If you say that's what Elsa needs to learn, then shouldn't you know love as well?"

"I do know love," Anna protested, pouting in an all-too-cute manner, and a glimpse of her old self shone through. "It's what saved me."

He hoped he didn't screw this up… "Then prove it," Kristoff challenged, already leaning down a bit. Would she do it…?

When their lips touched, it was like he had the old Anna back for a moment. And this was his first kiss as well, and it was like the world opened up to new possibilities—happy, optimistic ones, not ones that were clouded with what would happen in the future. There was only now… which was something they never really focused on at all. When they met even then it was all about the future of Arendelle… And it still was. It was about making Arendelle better.

This kiss showed that they could slow down, take a moment and just breathe.

Determined as Anna was, even she couldn't deny her rooted romantic side. Kristoff felt her hands rest on his chest, only moving up slowly to clasp behind his neck. And as he pulled away for air, Anna was grinning… something he definitely hadn't seen in such a long time.

Sighing, she leaned forward and rested her head on his chest, and Kristoff could feel his heart beat even faster. "Did that…" He cleared her throat. "I mean, I hoped that help you as much as it helped me." Perhaps, if Anna tapped into this side a bit more, they could kiss again, get a bit more romantic… He definitely felt something there with her; he loved Anna even more now.

"I-it did…" she admitted, and Kristoff could feel her shake just a bit. Out of slight fear or complete bliss, he didn't know, but he hopes she felt something positive and powerful out of this.

No wonder everyone went off about a true love's kiss. There really was something magical about it.

Was it selfish to want another?

Kristoff hugged Anna tighter to him, resting his cheek atop her head. Closing his eyes, he finally asked after a moment, "Maybe we could try that again? Just forget training and just… remember why we fell in love in the first place. You could definitely use a breather."

At that, Anna pulled away, shaking her head. "No, I can't just take a break from everything I've been working toward…" she replied, hands on her swords again. "I need to keep training until I hear something back from Olaf and Elsa."

Face falling, Kristoff knew it was too good to be true. Until this was all resolved, he really couldn't be with Anna. He stepped back, wondering what he could really say to that.

Sighing, she shot Kristoff a warm smile. "Tonight, though," she assured, and he started to perk up again. "Don't think that I don't want to find time to be romantic, now. But if I kiss you now I'm just going to forget everything I've been learning these past few months."

"That powerful, huh?" Kristoff asked teasingly, taking his pickaxe out again.

Anna smirked, drawing her swords. "You have no idea."
When he rolled over and started snoring softly, Anna knew Kristoff was in a deep sleep, and she gingerly shed the blankets around her, quietly pulling on her clothes.

Her lips were still tingling with his kisses; her heart swelled with excitement at the true realization at just how in love she was. It was every bit as different as it could be with Kristoff than with Hans, from how she felt to how much she wanted him. As soon as they settled in for the evening they shared shy pecks and loving kisses, often bumping noses. Red in the face, Kristoff kept apologizing for being so inexperienced and clumsy, but Anna assured him that she didn't know anything about kissing, either. In fact, she liked that he had a rather large nose—she pressed her lips to the tip of it and giggled a bit as she saw him blush deeper.

"I-I, um… I'm kind of bad at being romantic," he confessed with a nervous chuckle, unable to look Anna in the eye.

Sighing, Anna kissed the corner of his mouth and wrapped the thick blanket around her bare body a bit tighter. "There's a fire going, dim light, we're close and kissing on your bed… I think you're fine," she replied. "You can stop worrying, Kristoff. I don't want rose petals and fancy dinners… not anymore."

It was true; this was enough. In the past, Anna read romance novels and always fantasized about how her own one true love would dote on her. In the past, there had ben princes and steeds, rose petals and smooth talk. Being with Kristoff was the complete opposite of that—he was a rugged ice harvester, his steed was a reindeer he talked for, his idea of romance was kissing during swordfight training, and he was probably the most awkward person she met.

Yet she'd never been happier in her life before.

Even still, reality set in once they grew tired, and Anna was up as Kristoff slept and he hadn't suspected a thing. She slipped out the door, wrapping her magenta cloak around her shoulders. Loud a color as it was, usually it was dark enough and the closer she got to her destination, the colder it became.

Anna grabbed her swords and a few carrots, glad that Kristoff sometimes left Sven's saddle on. She quietly beckoned the reindeer over, feeling much more guilt now that she'd shared some intimacy with Kristoff. But she had to do this.

Feeding the ever-eager Sven a carrot, Anna climbed atop his back and soon they were off, dancing down toward the still-frozen Arendelle. Sven seemed to know where they were going now… it wasn't that Anna went every night or anything—usually only once or twice a week—but slipping out was starting to become habitual and instinctive to both of them.

She could go in the castle, she knew. She could infiltrate the palace and knock out the guards singlehandedly, but what good would that do if she ran into Hans first? Anna knew she had to be sneaky, and she'd need Kristoff at her side.

And she needed Olaf to return. Though she feared the worse, she still held hope he'd only been deterred because of his size, and the fact that he couldn't walk fast, especially with such an important letter in tow. Anna understood how determined he was, because, well… the eccentric snowman loved her. Platonically, of course, but he knew how much this meant to her. She just had to hold out a bit longer and be patient, as it was much better to have Elsa know she was alive by the time she and Kristoff finally executed their part of the plan. She couldn't just pop in.

Didn't mean she couldn't scare people, though. Anna didn't know or care what the people thought about what they saw, as long as it got to Hans and made him uneasy.
Because she was coming after that bastard. And she wasn't holding back. When it came to Elsa, no matter what had transgressed between them, she didn't deserve to be so blindingly led by such a despicable, treacherous man.

"Whoa, boy," Anna whispered, yanking on Sven's reins so he slowed to a walk once they reached the edge of the kingdom. They had to be quick—it took a few hours to go back and forth—but usually Anna could just stick around for just a bit, and she thought she got her point across.

Once in the heart of Arendelle Anna dismounted Sven and found a ladder at the side of a storefront near the palace. If they saw her silhouette… well, wouldn't that be nice. She intended to scare them, intimidate them.

Intimidate that bastard. Get him fear a princess he thought he'd killed.

Scaling and climbing buildings definitely weren't Anna's strongest points, but she felt like it was something she needed to know how to do—and luckily she was starting to get better. Wearing pants definitely helped.

She moved around, trying to be silent as she slowly climbed from rooftop to rooftop, waiting for someone to take notice. That was when she disappeared. At most it took an hour. Tonight it took less than half that time.

"It's back!" she heard someone whisper.

"A ghost?"

"What the hell is that?"

The clamor grew, and Anna smirked, sliding down the slanted roof. Once on solid ground she quietly called Sven over, and once she quickly mounted him again, and they made their way out of Arendelle before anyone noticed anything.

Soon, Elsa, Anna thought, clutching to Sven tightly. Soon I'm going to make this right.

Sven knew the way back so well, so Anna dozed off to his rhythmic galloping, feeling sleep deprived and a bit weak. She yawned, her eyes closing for longer and longer periods of time.

Her eyes shot open, though, when they got back, and there Kristoff was, awake, the most worried expression on his face. Swallowing thickly, Anna tensed, as she'd been caught red-handed.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" he demanded, lifting Anna off of Sven. Anna expected him to push him away, ignore her…

Instead, he held her as close as he could, and Anna felt his shaky breath, his shaking arms. "I thought you and Sven were dead," he confessed, kissing the top of her head, and at that moment Anna felt all the guilt of doing this multiple times crash down on her like a ton of stones.

"I'm sorry, I just…" She couldn't seem to form the words. "I just wanted to intimidate them, let them know we're coming." When she said it out loud like that it sounded stupid.

Kristoff moved back so Anna could look him in the eye, his face grim and serious. "Anna, no! Do you know what's going to happen when Hans finds out about this? It doesn't matter if he only suspects—you said it yourself, you won't to take him by surprise with minimal opposition. Hans is going to hire more guards. Guards that know how to kill. Guards that have more advanced weapons than we do. Guards that will shoot us on sight. I thought you were smarter than this!"
Anna looked down, silent and grave. That first night she didn't know what she was doing. Now that she had gone into Arendelle more times, though, she was numb to the possible consequences.

Anna wasn't the type of person to act on logic. She acted on instinct.

And now she knew…. It almost always backfired.

Instinct told her to say yes to Hans' proposal, and in telling Elsa about it she'd been singlehandedly responsible for the eternal winter in Arendelle. Instinct told her to talk to Elsa and her heart had been frozen. Instinct told her to trust Hans to kiss her, and he left her to die.

But instinct also told her to buy the carrots and pickaxe for the blunt ice harvester, get Kristoff to take her up the North Mountain. She'd be dead without him.

"Anna, please promise me you won't sneak off like that again! I can't lose you… I just love you so damn much," Kristoff told her, his voice a bit softer.

Cupping his face in her hands, Anna stood on her toes and crashed her lips to his, kissing him with all she had. "I promise," she whispered shakily, knowing that she couldn't disappoint him, not like now. He was all she had left; she couldn't be without him in her life.

And if it meant putting Elsa on hold… so be it.

With his protective arm wrapped around her, Kristoff led Anna back inside and it was then she felt torn about what she really wanted.

Instinct told her to defy Kristoff.

For the first time in forever, Anna decided to be logical and she sighed once in her bed, rolling over with her back to him.

"I love you," she whispered, just loud enough so he could hear.

After a moment, he replied just as softly, "I love you, too. Good night, Anna."

Anna realized, the closer she was to Elsa, the more emotionally distant she felt for Kristoff. And if she lost him, she'd have nothing joyful in her life left.

Chapter End Notes

Oh no, even Kristanna is getting angsty! But they have more of their fluffy moments, and I love their contrast as compared to Hansla. And I'm finally having fun writing Anna, so yey~ One of these days I'll enjoy writing more for Kristoff. I just haven't completely found my muse for him yet, but hopefully I'm getting there?

And all of you should check out Panda-Capuccino's amazing fan art for the fic, which can be found on my profile! She's such an amazing, beautiful artist, and everything she's made for the Hansla ship should not be missed! The fact that people have made me fan art in the first place is absolutely phenomenal and I love receiving it. Please don't hesitate to send any to me if you make it! Because oh my God, that would be amazing!

Till then!
~Eliza
Who Needs a Friend When I've Got You?

Chapter Summary

After falling back into bed with Hans, Elsa is shocked to see that Olaf came back to Arendelle to deliver a letter. And now that Elsa's read what Anna has sent, and has sent her own reply in return, who is she going to believe, her sister or her husband? Can she turn her back on Hans, who's tried his best to be good for both Arendelle and toward her? Or will he only continue to falter?

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. Sorry I've been so inactive, but in addition to college getting the better of me, I've had a lot of family problems this past month, and I caught this terrible cold… Also, sometimes I get discouraged by some of the anonymous reviews on here, asking me to update and calling me out on being "too mean" in my rant and all. Really, I'm just trying to write a good story, plain and simple. I'm not asking for any of the attention; that's just a consequence of posting this online. And much as I'm grateful to my readers, I'm also a bit peeved about constant reviews asking if I'm alive and when I'm going to update. I told you all I wasn't going to give up. And I still won't. I love this story too much.

So here it is, the long awaited chapter 17. Song lyrics come from "Your Body Is a Weapon" by The Wombats.

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 17

"Who needs a friend when I've got you?"

She didn't feel dirty or remorseful. She didn't feel resentment as his hands caressed her hips, as his tongue sloppily worked on her jaw and neck, as she writhed beneath him just like every other time.

Elsa vowed not to fall back into bed with Hans until he told her he loved her, yet here they were. He didn't hold back; he wasn't reserved as he straddled her and she invited him.

Because she was drunk.

There'd been a dinner tonight, where brave enough dignitaries came together to discuss the state of Arendelle and what should be done about this winter since summer was on its way again.

Elsa couldn't bring herself to say anything, since in her heart of hearts she knew this was all her fault,
and she gripped her husband's hand with a shaky gloved one as she downed glass after glass of wine just so she had a reason to leave early. Hans took the reins, leading like the benevolent King he was. Yes, he was much better for this kingdom than she could ever be, since he cared so much for her, for the people, for the wellbeing of Arendelle. He took this burden so well; he just seemed so grateful just to be a leader.

Relationships had their ups and downs, she knew. Elsa had to accept Hans for his faults, eventually forgive him for his transgressions against her. He'd been nothing but a loyal husband and King, so shouldn't she try not to accuse him of being so unfeeling toward her? If anything, he'd been even more affectionate, to overcompensate for the one moment where everything could have fallen apart.

She respected that he was trying rather hard. After all, who else would put up with her?

Drunk and silent, Elsa held her head high and looked up at Hans, who just shot her a grin in return.

How could she deny someone so handsome…? Those green eyes were drawing her in again, as was the thought of his lean, muscular body holding her so intimately…

Elsa sighed, finishing off her… well, whatever number glass she was on; she stopped keeping count.

Confused, Hans must have noticed her unease, because the dinner ended earlier than expected, and he took the fall, blaming a headache.

He covered for her irresponsibility… Maybe Elsa was being too hard on him.

"What the hell has gotten into you, Elsa?" he demanded once they were in their quarters. There was a good space between them, she realized. "You can't just drink to solve all your problems. You're lucky we didn't stay out there…"

Swallowing, Elsa shakily shed her gloves, dropping them to the ground. "I-I don't know, I just… it's hard to talk about the state of Arendelle when I've been trying my best to just… I can't thaw what I create! I can just keep them in check… And even then, I can only do that around you. Imagine how hard it is, to have the blame directed at you, to be the scapegoat for everyone's problems. To be too visible to the public."

Sighing, Hans wrapped his arms around Elsa and kissed the top of her head. "I took on this responsibility knowing what I was getting into, Elsa. Never forget that," he reminded. "I'll avert the conversations about you tomorrow. For now, though, let's just get you to bed."

He was so warm… She could feel those muscles flex as he embraced her, and in her clouded state of mind all she could think about was just how good he was.

So she kissed him instead, sloppily. Elsa's arms clasped around his neck, and she could feel him sigh and relax a bit. They hadn't kissed like this since her birthday.

"I don't want to fall asleep just yet…" she whispered, shaking hands tossing his cravat aside. Elsa never expected Hans to be the one to be hesitant.

"Are you sure?" he asked, still just embracing her.

Nodding, she backed up and pulled him on top of her on the bed, her breath clouded and her eyes conveying nothing but lust and wanting. "You're too good to me, baby…" she assured, and at that he kissed back, and she realized she could never hold back from intimacy, not when it made her feel this good.
Other than a slight headache, Elsa woke without much of a problem, although she did sleep in late and was still feeling a bit sleepy. She remembered falling back into bed with Hans, still feeling that icy feeling when it was over… And he was already up and out, she realized, already meeting with the dignitaries. He probably made some excuse as to why she couldn't join them… Sighing, Elsa stretched and got up slowly, grateful for how dark it was in here.

As she walked toward her vanity, she pulled on one of Hans' nightshirts, which was draped over a chair. Elsa noticed she wore his shirts to bed more than her own nightgowns—maybe it was the musky way he smelled, maybe it was because she liked feeling like he was hugging her… but she liked the way it clung to her body.

Sitting at her vanity, Elsa grabbed her brush and worked at the knots in her hair, in which there were many. It had always been a hassle to deal with, especially since it was so long and thick…

Once her hair at least looked manageable, Elsa slicked it back and reached around to start braiding it…

Knock, knock, knock-knock, knock.

It was tiny, and it was coming from the balcony door.

But Elsa knew that knock.

"Do you want to build a snowman?"

"Go away, Anna."

She couldn't open the door fast enough.

"What…?" Looking out, Elsa noticed no one. Had she just imagined that…?

"Hi!" exclaimed a voice about a foot below her.

Elsa jumped back, eyes wide. She hadn't been expecting… "Olaf?" she cried, hands immediately tugging Hans' nightshirt down her legs. Oh no, she was so indecent! "Wh-what are you doing here? How did you even get up here?" What if Hans saw the live snowman, what would he think?

"Well it wasn't easy, let me tell you." Olaf chuckled, not even realizing that Elsa was only clad in her husband's nightshirt. "The climb up to the balcony was actually really easy! But you know, getting here was a bit more of a challenge. I mean, I've been impaled, torn apart by wolves, got lost a few times, seen maybe once or twice, and I almost melted. But here I am!"

He said it so nonchalantly. Elsa blinked, getting down to his level. Luckily no one seemed to be watching, so no one would notice the Queen talking to a snowman, of all things. "Why did you need to see me?" she asked, noticing something in his branched hand.

"Oh?" Olaf laughed again, handing a crinkled piece of parchment to her. "There were way more guards than Anna told me," he dismissed casually, "so that was kind of a challenge."

He said it so nonchalantly. Elsa blinked, getting down to his level. Luckily no one seemed to be watching, so no one would notice the Queen talking to a snowman, of all things. "Why did you need to see me?" she asked, noticing something in his branched hand.

"Oh?" Olaf laughed again, handing a crinkled piece of parchment to her. "There were way more guards than Anna told me," he dismissed casually, "so that was kind of a challenge."

Elsa's head shot up, heart pounding again. "Anna?" Her voice was barely over a whisper. No, Anna was dead; Hans told her her frozen body melted in the library. Hans wouldn't lie to her like that.

This didn't seem to faze Olaf at all. "Yeah, she just woke up a little while ago. And now she wants
revenge on your husband because... well, she called him a lot of names and told me not to repeat them," he explained.

But Elsa wasn't listening, because her head was still reeling, and it wasn't just because of the excess of wine from last night. Her shaky hand looked at the folded parchment, which stated on the outside, "Recognize the handwriting?"

That was **definitely** Anna's.

"If Anna's alive, then that means..."

*That means Hans could have lied to me about anything.* About his relationship with Anna, about why he wanted to marry her, about his intentions... Curiosity got the better of her, and she opened the parchment.

"Have you read this already?" she asked softly. She still couldn't make her voice any louder. Olaf shook his head.

"I don't know how to read," he remarked.

*Right, he's a snowman.* But his words were just too human. "Should I read it aloud to you, then?"

"If you want." Did he always have to smile? It made her want to read to him, though the situation was anything but joyful. Overwhelming, really. "I think I have an idea of what Anna is trying to tell you."

"Okay." She could have read it out loud, but already she was choking up.

It took her a while to process it. But she pushed through.

*Dear Elsa,*

*You should know by now that I'm not actually dead.* No, I'm very much alive, thanks to the help of Olaf and Kristoff, the man who came with me to your palace on the North Mountain. I've been asleep for a good half year, as it takes a good long while to thaw a frozen heart. And in waking up, I realize I've missed out on much more than I ever thought possible. I missed seeing you take the throne as Queen of Arendelle. I missed you throwing balls and galas.

*I missed your wedding.*

*Had I known Hans would stick around, I would have tried everything within my power to wake earlier, to not give in so easily, to stop him from taking you.*

*Elsa, the man you married isn't the real Hans. The real Hans pursued you on the fjord that day to kill you. I saw his sword raised above your neck, ready to take your head off. He may have put it away in some moment of realizing just how much of a mistake that would have been.*

*Think what you want, but Hans is putting on an act to become King of Arendelle, and from what I've heard, he's succeeded. Hard as it is to hear, he never loved me. He left me to die in the library, and Olaf helped me out before I froze to death. And he doesn't love you; he loves what you can provide for him.*

*Beauty.*

*Intimacy.*
A child.

Protection.

Affection.

Power.

Ask yourself why he seemed to get over my loss so quickly. Ask yourself why he felt so adamant to have such a short engagement.

Ask him if he loves you.

What Hans wants is the assurance that you'll protect him against anything. He's taught you to believe that you need him.

You don't. You're the strongest person I know, Elsa, and you need to find her again.

Find her so we can be together again.

I plan on infiltrating Arendelle with Kristoff—I just need your okay to do so. If you can't see Hans' true colors, then I will make him show them to you. You don't have a frozen heart, Elsa, he does. And I'll prove it.

Due to the chance of Hans finding this letter, I can't tell you where I am now. And please do not have Olaf tell you, because I want my location to remain unknown until my return.

I know this is a lot to take in, to be told that everything you've been living for the past few months is all a lie, a façade. An illusion of happiness. I know it's hard to believe someone you barely know over someone to whom you've devoted the rest of your life.

But please know that I'm not doing this out of jealousy—I'm in love with Kristoff, wholly and completely (we've never discussed marriage, so don't worry!), and I'm not just doing it out of spite. I'm telling you this because I love you and you deserve to know who you married.

I await your response... I miss you deeply, Elsa.

Please know we'll be reunited soon enough. We can still win this. Just, at the very least, please take my cautious words into consideration.

All my love,

Anna

It was too much to take in... Elsa leaned against the frame of the balcony door, tears streaming down her face in complete joy and complete anguish. Olaf rushed to her side, helping her stay balanced.

On one hand, Elsa was ecstatic to hear Anna was alive and well... and in love. Elsa could apologize, could say anything she wanted, could still hold her and kiss her forehead and cheeks and never shut the door on her again.

On the other, Elsa was torn between believing her husband and believing her sister. She had more reason side with Hans—after all, he'd been the one at her side all these months, caring for her, taking responsibility for the kingdom, whereas Anna had been out of the picture for months.

"Did you know about what kind of person Hans was before Anna woke?" Elsa asked in between
sobs, starting to sink to the frozen ground.

Shaking his head, Olaf pat Elsa's arm gently. "Before she passed out all she told me was that she was wrong about him, nothing else," he admitted. "It wasn't until after Kristoff told us you married him that Anna said anything about this plan he had to take over Arendelle."

After a moment, Elsa nodded. She wanted to believe that Hans was good—after all, he willingly wanted to put up with her. But what was Anna said true? "He tried to… to kill me, Olaf?"

"That's what Anna told us. I don't think she'd lie about something like that…"

No, she wouldn't. Then why not try again? Was he scared? Was it some strange trepidation he felt at the last moment? Had he changed at all since that fateful day on the fjord? "This makes no sense… I can't believe both of them at the same time…! I-I don't know who I should believe!"

Turning back to Olaf, she realized he might provide the most unbiased opinion on the situation. Telling someone like Gerda would risk Hans finding out about this. And Elsa knew she had to respect her sister's wishes. "Who do you think I should believe?"

Blinking, Olaf realized Elsa was actually asking a snowman for his view. "Well…" he started. "It seems like you and Anna had different experiences with him. I mean, I know attempted murder isn't a good thing, but maybe you can change him."

"He was there for me, when no one else was," Elsa admitted, hugging herself slightly. "Even if he was putting up an act, there's only so much you can take. There's got to be some good in him, I know it…"

But more doubt started to creep in. He'd tried to strike her on her birthday, and that had been rather recent. Lately there had been less intimacy, less contact, less emotion showing through when it came to Hans. It was like, as a result of that moment, everything was starting to be less of the ideal marriage Elsa wanted for herself.

Then again, she'd never really thought about marriage until Hans came around. After all, who would want to marry the Snow Queen?

Who would want to marry the Snow Queen?

Elsa was starting to think that maybe Hans was showing his true colors.

"Well, what does he mean to you?" Olaf asked, an innocent smile still gracing his face.

Was he serious? He really wanted to know an answer to this?

"He's… I mean, he's given me so much… it's off putting to hear that nearly a year ago he tried to slay me. He gave me comfort, when no one else would, and he helped me keep my powers in check. I wouldn't be here today without him… he's… he's become everything to me," she explained slowly, and Olaf nodded, still smiling that naïve, goofy grin she'd given him in his creation.

"If you think you make each other better people, then maybe Anna might be wrong about him… with you, anyway. I mean, the trolls said that the best way to change someone is to show them more love."

Again, the naïve grin. But could Elsa change Hans, who probably set in his ways? And, more importantly, had something already happened?
It was almost too much to bear.

"I can still make this work..." she murmured to herself after a moment. Maybe there was still hope, a way to show Anna that maybe Hans wasn't the evil bastard her sister was making him out to be. Or, maybe, when Anna did make her way over, Hans would show his maniacal nature and Elsa might be so, so wrong...

It was too early to tell.

Rushing inside, Elsa procured a single parchment and ink she kept by her stationery, should she need to write a quick note. Her hand, though slightly shaky, flew across the parchment, the words of elation and worry flowing. Anna was alive... and she wanted to save Elsa from Arendelle's new King.

She didn't know whom to completely believe. So she was believing both sides of the coin until proven wrong about one.

It was worth a shot. This could still end diplomatically.

Looking over at Olaf, Elsa signed her letter and quickly made her way over to the snowman, who was patiently waiting on the balcony for her. She kneeled down in the snow beside him, handing him the parchment. "Give this to Anna. You know the way back to wherever you're going, right?"

Olaf was all too eager to nod. "Now that I'm here, I think I remember how to get back way better," he admitted, promising to keep the letter safe. "Off I go!"

"Wait!" Elsa leaned over and embraced her creation, glad for just how much he cared for Anna, in ways she couldn't. "Thank you." And since Elsa never had a problem with cold, hugging Olaf felt comfortable—safe, even.

"Yeah, of course," Olaf replied as she pulled away. "Okay... Anna will be really happy to know you wrote her back."

"She's my sister; why wouldn't I?" It wasn't like she'd always been completely sided with Hans... He was her husband, but it wasn't like he controlled her.

"Elsa, dear, are you decent?" called a familiar, muffled voice on the other side of the bedroom door.

"No, not yet!" Elsa replied, shooing Olaf out before Hans saw.

"Bye!" he called as he bounded off the balcony.

It was then, when Elsa looked up, that she noticed just how many guards were posted outside the castle. Hans would probably dismiss this observation, saying it was because of the dignitaries they were hosting in Arendelle, but Elsa couldn't help but feel this wasn't the case. Just what was going on?

"Well? Can I come in?" Hans was starting to sound impatient.

He never minded when Elsa was only clad in his nightshirt... But Anna's letter! He couldn't see it! With fumbling hands, she hid it in a secret compartment in one of her vanity drawers, throwing the tiny silver key that opened it in her powder box. It wasn't like he'd go snooping around, not when he had no idea what just transpired.

She opened the door for her husband, grinning up at him as he gave her a calm smile in return. There
was no way he was the manipulative bastard Anna had described, not when Elsa noticed the tray of tea in his hands. "Sorry, I just woke," she lied, letting him in.

"I brought up some tea, in case you were still feeling under the weather," Hans explained, sitting on the bed. "I blamed a mild illness on your absence today and covered for you. Would you still like a word with the dignitaries?"

Anna had to be exaggerating, she just had to be. If Hans didn't care about her, he wouldn't have gone through the trouble of making sure she felt okay.

"I'll meet with them after this," Elsa assured, sitting beside Hans as she started to prepare a cup for herself. "I just… I'm sorry about last night. I didn't mean to act so immature."

Hans shrugged it off, waving a hand. "Nothing I can't handle. I understand where you're coming from and all—after all, haven't we been married for months now?"

"You're right, you're right…" Elsa sighed.

"I always am," Hans teased back, kissing her cheek softly. "I told you, I knew what I was getting into when I asked you to marry me."

Looking at her vanity a moment, Anna's words still burned the back of Elsa's mind a bit, and she realized sooner or later she needed to figure out just who was right.

But, as she glanced back at Hans, Elsa realized, it was going to be a lot harder than she thought, to even want to see if Hans had a darker side to him.

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It took a while to produce a question Hans couldn't really lie about. Elsa thought for a few days, trying to keep up the façade that everything was certainly okay. And she realized, if Hans had been lying to her this whole time, then he was a pretty damn amazing actor, because she couldn't add up when it came to him putting up a false front. She could be vague, yes, she could hide herself… but she'd shown Hans her most raw form, her true self, because she really trusted him.

Could it really all just be a lie? Could this past year really be too good to be true?

Only one way to find out.

Often Elsa found Hans in the parlor, playing away on the piano. While things had patched up a bit between them, and while they were being intimate again, there was a mental distance she couldn't place, and she was going to get to the bottom of it.

He was playing something complicated and upbeat, something Elsa could never patiently learn. He played so effortlessly, like the instrument was just an extension of himself, like it was a part of him.

Walking to the bench, Hans, without letting up from the keys, made room for her. Elsa sat beside her husband, hands perched in her lap patiently as she waited to be addressed.

Apparently he could talk and play at the same time.

"How are you?" he asked politely, his eyes never straying from his hands, making sure he was hitting every note as precisely as ever.

"I'm done with work for the day," Elsa replied, heart beating quick thinking of all the possibilities
Hans could reply with to her prying. She hoped to the gods that Anna was wrong about him… because she wouldn't know what to do if her sister was right. "I just thought we could spend some time together."

"Of course; I always have time for you. Or rather, I try to." Hans nodded at her, his playing slowing a bit so it was easier to hold a conversation. "Anything on your mind, Elsa?"

Taking a deep breath, Elsa knew it was probably best to come out with it; it'd be less awkward and painful. "Actually… yes," she told him, and he piqued an eyebrow up in curiosity, waiting for her to continue. "Strange how it crossed my mind just now but… I was thinking about what would happen if I didn't have you. What kind of other person would be with me, how else the kingdom could function… It's almost impossible to imagine." Shrugging, her eyes cast down to the hands in her lap.

Chuckling softly, what Hans said next was completely opposite of the sweet piece he was playing. "Oh, Elsa… who else would want to be with you?"

Eyes widening, Elsa realized just how he'd replied. He sounded arrogant, sure of himself… But was he right? Could she really say something against that? She was too shocked to think.

"But… the kingdom," she started. "I'm a Queen. Are you implying I'm the only one who deserves you?" Elsa knew she had to tread lightly, but it was all too surprising to hear.

He still kept up that sly, slightly devious smile on his face. "Quite the opposite, actually… People lose interest when you almost freeze over your kingdom. But of course, I was up to the challenge. Unlike you, I had nothing to lose. And trust me, my dear, you're the best thing that's ever happened to me."

How could he say such things? How could he imply something so horrible? Elsa wanted to retaliate, to lash out at him, to call him out on such words, but none were coming to mind. She couldn't fight him. She couldn't fight him because if she tried, she'd only realize… he was right. No one else would have wanted to marry Elsa based on reputation. Hans, who'd gotten to know her and the kingdom better than anyone else, was the only option for her from the beginning.

"Was that your plan?" she spat, sounding much more timid than vehement. She couldn't muster up any words against her husband.

Not when he was so right.

"What plan?" Hans raised a brow, seeming confused. "You think I have some sort of ulterior motive? Because I'd love to hear it."

Yes.

"No" was all she could muster up. Because if she told him "yes," she'd be telling him Anna was alive. And now that she had just confirmed Hans was now entirely the man she had known, she had to keep her sister a secret. Could this still be solved peacefully? She could only hope.

After all, Olaf had said Hans probably treated her differently; apparently he harbored much more respect for her than for Anna. There was still a chance… There had to be something genuine about him.

"I'm the best thing that's ever happened to you?" she repeated gently, her hands shaking in her lap. She noticed Hans had stopped playing.

"Of course," he replied confidently, placing a soothing hand on the small of her back, and Elsa
immediately leaned into it.

If one were to note Hans' body language at that moment, they'd take into consideration how he leaned over her, touched her almost possessively, like she was his crowned jewel.

Special as that made Elsa feel, confusion churned in her stomach at the thought of Anna's words.

*He loves what you can provide for him.*

"And you wouldn't—*couldn't*—leave me, even if you tried, my dear," he confirmed, only making Elsa swallow her upcoming words thickly. With each sickly sweet syllable coming from him, the more she couldn't retaliate.

"Y-you think so?" Where he gained confidence the more he spoke, she lost it with every word she uttered.

"I *know* so." Chuckling, his hand crept up her spine, and she leaned into him, an odd sense of warmth and protection produced with his touch.

She shuddered, her breath quickening slightly.

Hans leaned in close to her, his lips brushing her ear with incredible gentility.

And he said something she would never forget.

*"Face it, Elsa, I'm the best thing that's ever happened to you."

There was too much truth behind it for Elsa to protest. Too much truth to get her to react. Because deep down, she *knew* Hans was completely right; without him she'd be hated, without him her powers would be out of control, without him he couldn't *live* with herself.

She didn't love him. But she couldn't deny just how much she *needed* him.

With that, Elsa's eyes wide and blank as they focused on nothing in particular, Hans stood from the piano bench, kissed his wife's cheek softly, and left the parlor without another word.

Elsa didn't remember just how long she sat there in numb shock. All she knew was that as soon as she left the room, she found her way into her husband's arms, like a good wife should.

***Chapter End Notes***

Oh, look at that. Hans is finally being a dick. Does he suspect something, or is he just getting sloppy? Still keeping him in the dark until the next Hansla chapter, then even more will be revealed.

Still, progress. Hopefully the next chapter will come out sooner.
You Can Taste the Pretense in the Air

Chapter Summary

Anna finally gets Elsa's letter from Olaf when he returns, and she and Kristoff begin preparations for when they infiltrate Arendelle. Kristoff figures out just what Anna has in store for when she comes face to face with Hans again.

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter, but it's to the point and it's needed. We're about to get into the climax of the story, guys, I'm so happy! Also with summer coming up I should have more time to dedicate to writing. Thanks for not giving up on me or my fic…!

But please, for the love of God, quit asking me to update. I keep telling you all it only makes me less motivated to write, so… your loss.

Also shout out to youdigokaybaby on Tumblr for making the wonderful cover art for the fic. Love you, bae~

Plus, if you're one of those readers who isn't too keen on reading the Kristanna chapters, go back and read them. Everything I have written for them is integral to the plot, as this fic is more than just a Hansla story.

Lyrics from "Your Body is a Weapon" by The Wombats.

Very sorry I never posted this chapter on Ao3, but I had a huge problem with formatting here and I never got around to seeing if the site fixed it or not. ;/

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 18

“It’s extortionate and I don’t care.

You can taste the pretense in the air.”

If she was being perfectly honest with herself, Anna was completely torn between obeying and defying Kristoff. She would lay awake at night, staring up at the ceiling and contemplating
sneaking off to Arendelle again. She could do it this time… After all, he’d only caught her once, out of the many times she’d been down there. And it’d been too easy to sneak away each time. Surely once more couldn’t hurt…

But who was she kidding? Of course it could hurt. It could do more than just hurt. She could be killed on this excursion, she knew. And while she was perfectly fine accepting death if it meant she could help save her sister, she wouldn’t lay down her life just because she was sneaking into Arendelle in the dead of night.

And, looking over at Kristoff’s sleeping form, Anna realized how much her heart yearned to be happy again. How much it wanted Kristoff to be happy as well. She asked so much of him, and he wanted nothing in return except to see the smile on her face.

This, she realized, was true love, where she hurt so much, but at the same time, she felt elated, flying practically. Sure, Kristoff was nowhere near perfect. But he was perfect for Anna, and that was what really mattered.

So when he gave a snore and rolled over, Anna would sigh in defeat and close her eyes. Of course she loved Elsa. But Anna didn’t want to see that disappointed look on Kristoff’s face ever again.

In the end, the guilt was too much, and Anna knew that, if Hans wanted Elsa dead, he’d have done something by now. By this point, she was sure if Hans asked her to jump off a cliff, she would have blindly done so.

He’d hidden the monster for almost a year now.

And Anna was going to set it free before she slayed it.

The decision to slay Hans had always been implanted in her mind. But the more Anna thought about it, the more she started to see that it was the only way Elsa could ever come to her senses. She’d wanted to kill him since she’d woken up a few months ago.

Then, when impure thoughts of seeing her stomach grow, of seeing Hans completely dominate her, that’s what threw Anna over the edge. She was a bull, and Hans was made entirely out of red matter.

Destroying him was her only option now, she knew. And she was more than willing to step up to do it. The spell would be broken. Elsa would mourn, Anna was sure, but she would be forgiven one day.

It was for the good of her sister.

“I keep hearing he’s pretty good for a King, being dealt with ruling a frozen kingdom and all,” Kristoff dismissed with a shrug as he dismounted Sven. Often he’d bring news from Arendelle when he went down to buy supplies or attempt to sell ice.

Scowling at his response, Anna slit her eyes slightly and sheathed one of her blades with a bit more force than necessary. “You don’t know what you’re talking about,” she accused bitterly. “You didn’t see him in the shadows. You don’t know who he is like I do.”
Kristoff held his hands up in self-defense, brows furrowing in worry. “I may not, but if you say all Hans cares about us having his own kingdom and now he has one… well, shouldn’t he be trying to show the people this was what he was meant to do?” he pointed out slowly, knowing he was on thin ice here.

“He wasn’t meant to rule Arendelle, Elsa was!” Anna cried, taking a step closer to Kristoff. “I can’t believe you’re siding with that bastard.”

“Hey, I’m not taking anyone’s side here!” Kristoff replied, his voice raising a bit as well. “I’m just saying… Elsa kind of froze her own kingdom. And Hans… well, he seems to take everyone’s minds off it a bit. He’s like their beacon of hope. I’m not empathizing with them or anything. I’m just going off of observation.”

Turning her back toward Kristoff, hurt. “Maybe you should observe a little less then,” she murmured to herself, crossing her arms.

She couldn’t believe what Kristoff was saying! It was like he wanted Elsa to stay with Hans, like he was good for her or something! He wasn’t good for anything, that lying, manipulative, double crossing son of a—

“Hi, guys!” called a voice Anna hadn’t heard in a rather long time. Eyes widening, she turned sharply, heart pounding in her chest.

“Olaf!” she cried excitedly, rushing to the snowman who was bounding toward them with that wonderful smile on his face.

Kneeling down on the ground beside him, Anna gave him a quick hug and looked fondly upon him, noticing the piece of regal parchment in his hand. Here it was… “How is Elsa? Please tell me you were safe this whole time…” Was that what took him so long? Did he really care about both sisters this much, that their words had to remain intact?

Nodding, Olaf handed Anna Elsa’s letter and sat beside her. “Elsa is really happy you’re alive, Anna,” he assured, and Anna couldn’t help but smile a bit at that. There was still hope, she knew. Elsa could still come to her senses.

With hands she couldn’t tell were shaking, Anna opened the parchment and caught her breath at the sight of Elsa’s flowing penmanship. Reading silently, she had to remind herself to breathe as well.

My dearest Anna,

I am enthused and ecstatic to hear you’re alive and well—! Arendelle has mourned deeply, as have I… What joy, to hear you are here and prepared to come home…! How I long to see you again. Never have I realized just how much I’ve missed you… until you were gone.

I feel… no, I know this is all my fault; I should have never let my temper get to you so, as it has been the cause of your near death and I do not wish to ever lose you again. You’re my sister, Annam and it is hard to imagine life without you.

Your words about my husband, however, cause me some distress. I am writing to tell you that, to some extent, I believe you. I know you would never lie to me about something so grave.
What I cannot bring myself to believe, however, is that Hans has done badly by me during our time together. I believe people have it within their nature to be good, and this entire time Hans has only shown nothing but love and respect for Arendelle.

If he truly is a good king, do his past actions make him irredeemable still, in your eyes, Anna?

I still believe that we can make it through this diplomatically, without a fuss. I believe that, when we meet again, I can show you that perhaps your preconceived notions about my husband may be proven false. We can talk through this together.

I will sneak you into the palace, just in case. Please meet me in secret behind the palace in a fortnight, which will be the yearlong anniversary of my coronation as Queen of Arendelle. I long to see you again, and together now I do believe we can finally stop this winter. With the people I care most about around me, perhaps I can find the confidence in myself to finally end this cursed winter.

Until then,

All my love,

Elsa

Biting her lip, Anna tried to restrain herself from tearing Elsa’s letter in a thousand pieces. At the same time, seeing her sister’s handwriting was making her feel as if a part of her that was missing was being filled again, and she instead folded it up again, tucking it into the waistband of Kristoff’s borrowed pants.

“She’s weak,” Anna declared bitterly to herself, eyes clouding over with more hatred for Hans than ever. He’d done this. He’d molded her into a spineless, dependent thing—a damned trophy—instead of her headstrong, powerful older sister.

He not only needed to pay, he needed to be torn apart limb from limb. And when Anna finally had her fill of bloodlust, she’d strike him in the heart—or rather, she’d strike the area where his heart would be if he had one.

Yes, Elsa would retaliate. Yes, she would feel extreme sorrow and loss. But in the end, Anna was doing it for her sister’s own good, and for the good of Arendelle. No good could ever come from that man.

Turning to Olaf and Kristoff, Anna slit her eyes, drawing one of her swords. “We leave for Arendelle in less than a fortnight,” she announced. “And then, it will all be over.”

No, Anna would never kill any of Arendelle’s finest guards. But she had to prepare herself for Hans, who would be a very formidable enemy. And if she wanted any sort of validation in her life, she’d have to end his before she allowed herself to be happy.

Getting the cue, Kristoff only silently defended himself against Anna’s increasingly aggressive blows.

Chapter End Notes
Writing for Anna is a hell of a lot of fun now that she's so twisted and hellbent on getting Hans. Like, can't you imagine the bags under her eyes and her hair all askew and stuff? xD

Also writing Elsa's letter was great, as I never get to use that weird, old timey proper voice like, ever. She wrote it like she was writing an official document because of the terrible relationship she has with Anna, how sad is that?

… Like, she's spoken to Hans more in less than a year than she has to Anna in the past thirteen years, think about that.

Till then,

Eliza
Life Tastes Sweeter When It's Wrapped in Debauchery

Chapter Summary

As Elsa continues to question her husband's true motives, Hans continues to spiral into paranoia. But who will come up with the truth first?

Chapter Notes

And I'm sure you all thought I'd given up… HA. Can't be tamed! But I do have my reasons as to not updating for so long, including loss of muse over bingewatching the entirety of Supernatural and Once Upon a Time in one summer (HMU Frozen and SPN fans!), an injury that kind of prevented me from writing/typing, all around laziness, and family problems.

Funny, I seem to have more of a muse while I'm actually AT school. Don't worry, this chapter wasn't TOO hard to write. Just tedious, sadly, because I'm way too excited for the climax. I'm very confident in my ending, whoops…

Also I called Anna's sword fighting skills before OUAT, holla!

I do not own "Over the Love" but Florence + The Machine, but damn, did I really want to put it here!

So with that I give you this long-awaited chapter!

Also you all should note that the quotes at the beginning are not to be ignored—they're quotes from the song, damn it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 19

“It's just that life tastes sweeter when it's wrapped in debauchery.”

Waiting for Anna’s arrival quickly took its toll on Elsa in the coming weeks, much as she tried to deny any stress or fears she might have felt as the hours passed ever so slowly.

The ice that surrounded her more and more told her otherwise, however.
She couldn’t take to wearing the gloves again, couldn’t risk letting Hans know she was anything other than content and happy, though inside she felt the complete opposite. Ever since that fateful conversation with Hans at the piano, more and more doubts crept into Elsa’s mind. Anna’s letter constantly reminded her that her oh-so-perfect husband was, in fact, a sociopathic (attempted) murderer and she had the power to expose and dethrone him, if she wanted.

Much easier said than done, especially since once those doubts crept in, a stronger force would assure her Anna was wrong, that Hans would never hurt her—especially not now when they became closer, like right before their pregnancy misunderstanding. They were almost back in that honeymoon phase, with sex prominent nearly every night and plenty of stolen moments in between their duties.

They were finally starting to be happy again. Yet Anna had planted seeds of doubt that only grew over time as Elsa waited for her.

She hated this, hated herself for trying to lay her loyalties with both her husband and her sister when really that was just tearing her apart even more. Hated that this last year just might be a total lie.

Hated that she had such little faith in Anna and in herself.

In these moments, that’s when Elsa would find Hans and reveal she wasn’t wearing petticoats under her skirts, almost beg him to take her no matter where they were because in these few instances, when all that mattered was finding pleasure and release from the world, she didn’t have to worry about her sister’s bitterness or her husband’s potential lies.

Sex was escapism, and Elsa craved it more than control of her powers these days.

“Feisty little minx,” Hans would comment, kissing her neck and shoulders and she could feel the smirk on his face against her skin. “Whatever this change is, my dear, I adore it.”

And Elsa would smile, falling asleep as she clung to Hans like she might drift away in the night.

Because, despite the constant sex, she felt more and more emotionally distant from Hans, much as she tried to admit she was happy. Ever since that one encounter, she just didn’t feel like she could really talk to him like she used to, though she went through the motions as if nothing was wrong.

And Hans, who could usually read Elsa like a book, said nothing. All he did was do what she asked in their moments together, rule the kingdom, and for the most part, leave her alone.

He either fed off her agony or was only immune to her distress. Elsa didn’t know which was worse.

The days passed slowly, the hours leading to Anna’s arrival only growing more and more stressful. On the day before, Elsa closed her eyes and pictured it all, perfectly.

Before bed, she was to tire Hans out, without tiring herself out too much. Her husband could be a light sleeper at times but if she did this right, he wouldn’t notice anything. Anna was to meet her near the servants’ entrance, Elsa would wake silently for a walk, and she would sneak her sister in. In the morning, that was when they would all discuss what to do about the predicament, hopefully come to a peaceful arrangement between everyone… And that was a big if.

But if she pictured herself making it to the end, maybe it would just be a matter of time before
it all actually happened.

If only she could stop stressing about it, because Elsa had no means by which to express herself, really, other than her powers, which always made things worse. Suffocated, repressed… Elsa had to do something while keeping her powers under control and Hans off her back. If she talked to him, she feared perhaps she might accidentally let something about Anna slip out.

Technically, the piano wasn’t Hans’. Technically, it’d been in her family for a few generations. But Hans had made it his own, had played it most days and filled the rooms and halls with his talents. The piano, however, wasn’t off limits—Hans never explicitly stated only he could play it after all, and had even sometimes encouraged Elsa to play for him at times.

And Elsa, being too intimidated to do so, usually just left her husband to play. She would sing for him, sure, but that was different. She saw the smile on Hans’ face when she sang, but never when she so rarely decided to clunk out a few notes.

No, she was nowhere near as talented as Hans, but right now, the piano was all she had.

And Hans was checking up on Sitron in the stables right now.

With a sigh, Elsa ran her fingers lightly over the keys, not recognizing any of the ebony and ivory as familiarly as when she was younger, but it didn’t stop her from experimentally searching for the key in which she wanted to play.

After sitting, Elsa went through a few warm-ups until she made minimal mistakes, letting herself be lost to the music instead of to her fears, to her powers.

And she started to sing.

“Ever since I was a child, I’ve turned it over in my mind.

I sang by the piano, tore my yellow dress and… cried and cried and cried.”

Her emotions, instead of letting them out through her powers, like usual, she had found a better outlet at last. Something she hadn’t realized she missed.

Something she loved.

And with each passing note, each note she sang, Elsa became louder, letting every single emotion she’d had bottled up just pour out of her, the music extending her being. Like Hans, she understood the power the piano was giving her. How he must have felt when the world didn’t seem to care, when literally the only thing he had left were black and white keys that would never falter, never restrict him.

Yes, they were so alike, she could feel it at the core of her very being.

Then why was she so alone?

“I don’t want to see what I’ve seen

To undo what has been done

Turn off all the lights

And let the morning come...”
Elsa didn't even register that she was crying at this point; she kept playing despite it all. She was in her own world, her own safe haven for once, where she truly lost herself in something other than excess and sex.

Every part of her innocence corrupted by Hans. Her husband, whose intentions might be twisted, so she fit exactly what he wanted.

The music continued to swell.

She made blunders and mistakes, but her passion only grew, her need to finally just give in to the months of pain inside her and… let it go…

“I can see the green light; I can see it in your eyes.

I can see the green light; I can see it in your eyes…”

One more pounding chord, and Elsa trembled, finally aware of her tears, her sobs, her emotions. She hunched over the keys, tiny figure she was, and let the tears fall on the ivory and ebony keys, hoping to the gods no one would find her like this, especially Hans.

She cried for Anna, cried for her people.

Cried for herself.

It would all work out, that’s what she kept saying. But what if Anna wasn’t the sister she’d known?

What if Hans showed these “true colors” Anna had warned her about? Elsa knew she couldn’t handle something so terrible, if it was true.

A few minutes after her sobs subsided and her tears long dried, Elsa felt a gentle hand on her shoulder, and she looked up to see her husband smiling softly down at her.

Placing her own hand atop his, Elsa smiled back and realized that if he was what Anna had described, he would not be doing this. He wouldn’t steal kisses when no one was around, or hold her hand under the table when the pressure was on.

This man with the russet hair and regal stature cared about her.

“Are you busy?” he asked, and she stroked his gloved knuckles with her thumb.

“No,” she admitted, shaking her head. No, all Elsa was really going to do was hide Anna’s letter on her person and go over her plan again for tonight while pretending to write documents in her office. “Why?”

His face softened, his smile only growing. “I just want a word, Elsa,” he said, offering his other hand for her to take. “Somewhere a bit more private than this.”

Nodding, Elsa stood and straightened her skirts before taking his arm, putting all her trust in Hans as he led her to their chambers.
Keeping up the same act for around a year only grew easier and easier, Hans kept telling himself. And with Elsa, it was all the more easier given the fact that she was so desperate for his approval that she would do anything if it meant pleasing him.

His suspicions kept nagging him these past few weeks; however, with Elsa withdrawing her emotions more and more to avoid facing them (which Hans kept in mind that this could soon come to his advantage). She limited herself to feeling only indifferent, slightly pleased, or sexually aroused—nothing negative, not since Hans had convinced her she didn’t have the power to leave him.

In fact, it was the exact opposite—Elsa indeed had more than enough power to take him down—dethrone him, even, on a bad day—but she exercised obedience, because she was too afraid to stand up for herself.

Damn, it had been too easy to mold her into submissiveness it was almost comical.

And her trust in him, that was the best. From the very beginning, when he’d convinced her not to kill the Duke of Weselton’s men she’d turned to him, thinking he had her best interests in mind. And she’d turned to him for his guidance ever since.

Now, though, something was quite off. With Elsa withdrawing herself more and more, all Hans could do was let his own fears fester and grow, with no one but himself to deal with them. Anna could still be alive, that just kept nagging at him until he believed it had to be true.

And he had the growing suspicion Elsa thought the same.

So time to dig for proof—without his wife noticing, of course.

While Elsa had believed he was out with Sitron, Hans had taken the opportunity to do some snooping in their chambers, see if he could find anything.

Even the Queen of Arendelle had her secrets. She had, after all, kept her powers hidden up until last year.

Once Elsa had left their quarters, Hans snuck in, shutting the door tight without locking it. This was his room as well, after all—no one would question why he was here, especially not his wife.

There had been nothing in her wardrobe (though he did notice some of Elsa’s dresses had been reinforced with extra padding—what a whorish thing to do—!), so perhaps her vanity? If not here, then her office, definitely.

Damn it, these drawers only held makeup and jewelry and powder and…

Thunk.

Secret compartment. Aha.

While Hans was meticulous about making sure things were in order thus far, now he was turning the vanity inside out for the key, knowing that Elsa was hiding something rather important from him.

Powder compartment? Surely Elsa was smarter than that. Then again, of course Hans was going to use it to his advantage.

Hastily opening the compartment, Hans spotted a battered piece of parchment. He paled,
picking it up with shaking hands.

From the first sentence he knew Anna was indeed alive, confirming his deepest fear—especially with her goal being taking back Arendelle and showing the people his true intentions.

This could not happen. He needed to stop it, needed to plan fast.

Needed to stop Elsa from going through with it, now.

Stuffing the letter in his pocket, Hans was about to ask Kai where Elsa could be when he heard a distinct clunking at the piano.

Aha.

To his advantage, Elsa was so caught up in her playing that Hans stood at the doorway, her back to him as her playing faltered with mistakes that could make him cringe as a general expert in the art. But her voice… it was so impassioned, even in her sobs. Not to mention the powerful notes she hit that shook the walls were probably much more commanding than any ice or snow she could conjure up. And the lyrics tragic, entirely aimed at him.

Of course, after living with Elsa in such intimacy for a year, yes… it affected him pretty prevailingly. Hans froze as Elsa finished her clunky song, which only made her sob even more, hunched over the keys with no sense of her own environment.

Akin to when he’d pulled his sword on her on the fjord, all those months ago.

Hans waited until her sobs stilled, the whole time reminding himself that he was here to collect her, make Elsa answer for Anna’s survival. Right… he forgot just how strongly Elsa affected him—enough to blind sight him even if just for a moment.

He had to tread carefully. She was his wife, and she trusted him to the point of practically handing the kingdom over to him, just as Anna had. Yet if she found the power in herself she could squash him like a bug.

He had to hold that power over her, at least until dawn.

Elsa went with him once she’d calmed down and he asked, back to her usual meek self. Soon enough she threaded her arm through his, as if uneasy, uncertain. As if to hold onto what little they had left.

It was going to dwindle down to nothing, and Hans needed it to happen.

But that didn’t mean he wanted this outcome.

She didn’t notice Hans locking the door behind them, or that her vanity looked a little too neat. All Elsa could see was the storm starting to brew outside from her own unstable emotions just moments ago. She needed the gloves still. So she reached for them.

“No need—don’t retreat to something you can control.” Her husband’s tone was perhaps a bit too calm.
But again, she didn’t notice.

“Don’t you see?” she pleaded, reaching for her gloves again. “I can’t control it…! Look outside; it’s been a year and nothing has gotten better!”

“Elsa…” Hans took her hands; his gloved fingers felt warmer than usual. Immediately Elsa calmed down a bit, but she still shook in fear. “This isn’t about your powers right now… And right now, you’re fine. No, Elsa, it’s about this.”

She paled. For there, in her husband’s hands as he took them away from hers, was the letter Anna had written.

The one she had hidden for weeks, and Hans found it hours before Anna was to arrive tonight.

The one where Anna had accused Hans of treachery and treason and manipulation.

“I can explain—“ she started, but Hans pressed his hand to Elsa’s mouth, immediately silencing her. And she backed down, because that was what she always did.

“She was alive.” Hans was stating it like it meant the end of the world for him, like this devastated everything.

Did it…?

“Anna has been alive this whole time,” he deadpanned.

“Hans, I swear, I didn’t know until—“

“Elsa, she is going to ruin everything I have built here!” Gone was the calm demeanor. Here and now was the exact thing Elsa feared most—her husband’s wrath, if what Anna had said was true. She couldn’t face him and she couldn’t fight him or overpower him. “Do you have any idea how much she will ruin if you allow her in this palace?”

And it was then Elsa realized maybe, this whole time… Hans was glad Anna was gone. What her sister had said was sickeningly true.

Hans was the villain, and Elsa couldn’t bring herself to want to believe it.

“You wanted this,” Elsa realized, tears pricking her eyes as her clasped hands shook. Ice started crawling around her on the floors, creeping up on the walls. She would have made another attempt at her gloves, but she was certain Hans would stop her again, perhaps do worse. “You never wanted Anna—this… this whole time you wanted… What I so willingly gave you. The crown. A submissive-yet-powerful wife, one who would never hurt you after finding this out.

And the worst part was… he’d gotten it, exactly what he wanted.

The smirk on her husband’s face made Elsa sick; it made the room start to spin as the ice only grew thicker. “You never wanted me, either, you wanted the…” She couldn’t even finish the thought—not when she was just as responsible for letting Hans get to her as much as he did… Because, deep down, she was so desperate for acceptance from anyone, and just as she thought Hans fell for her for whom she was… it was exactly what Anna had warned her about.

He took his time, molded her into the perfect little wife who put him first and would never think of hurting him.
And she believed it so much that she’d made Hans her equal. Had given him the power because she thought she was doing right for Arendelle.

“I have to admit, both you and your sister are probably two of the most desperately pathetic people I’ve ever met. Her for love, you for approval… I have to admit, I thought this would be harder.”

No. No, no, no, it couldn’t be… Elsa was sobbing again, a storm brewing around her, in this room. “No, Hans, please, we can all still work this out—“

“Elsa, it’s too late for that,” Hans interrupted, walking calmly toward the dimming fire as Elsa continued to let her powers get the better of her. It was all falling apart… “See, I can’t exactly rule Arendelle with Anna here. She knows too much about me—I can’t risk it.”

“Hans… wh-what are you saying?” Thicker and thicker, colder and colder, but Hans still stayed calm as ever, even as his breath became visible.

“I’m saying that there’s only room for one of us, Elsa.” And with that, he tossed Anna’s letter into the fire, her only recent remnant of her sister she had left.

Elsa let out a strangled cry, collapsing to her knees as she could no longer form comprehensible words or thoughts—this couldn’t be happening…

“And, quite frankly, I don’t have time for this.” How could he be so insensitive to her feelings, her agony all of a sudden? Had the last year meant nothing to him?

Turning on his heel, Hans walked out of their chambers and locked the door on Elsa. And while in a better state of mind she could turn the tides, she couldn’t do it. Not to Hans.

Instead, she scrambled toward the closed doors, frost and ice growing thicker and thicker around her as her sobs just escalated. Not Anna, not her sweet sister who was trying to protect her.

“Trust me, my dear, you’ll thank me in the long run,” Hans assured, his voice muffled by the ice.

“No, Hans, no—why?! Why Anna…?” she pleaded, bracing her hands on the icy door as she collapsed beside it. Her whole world came apart, all because she couldn’t hide her letter well, and all because her judge of character was terrible when she was so desperate… Hans was right. He was always right, even now, to an extent.

And she was so stupid for thinking anyone could want the Snow Queen.

“Because she’s standing in the way,” he replied calmly, his voice getting even more muted with all the ice surrounding her.

And all Elsa could do was plead for him to spare her sister’s life because he was right—she was pathetic. Alone, unloved by her people…

Used by her husband, who had manipulated her this whole time, just as she thought maybe she was worthy.

“Elsa… dear.” His voice was still so sickly sweet. “It’s for your own—“

Silence.
Thick, icy silence.

Other than the sounds of her sobs, ice had coated her chambers so thick she could no longer hear Hans, could no longer peer up the chimney, could no longer see out the window of the balcony.

Trapped by her own doing, the consequence of her trusting the first man who had shown her any affection. This here… This ice was all she had.

And now, she was going to lose the one person whom she couldn’t live without, powerless to stop it.

No one could hear her from the outside. And she could not hear them.

All she could whimper was, “I’m so sorry, Anna” before collapsing on the ground, tears freezing before they hit the ice beneath her body.

She couldn’t get out of this one.

When he couldn’t hear Elsa anymore, that’s how he’d known it worked. It had been a long shot, to get Elsa to trap herself in her own quarters all based on fear and insecurity… But now the walls were so thick that he could not hear her pathetic sobs.

Tonight this would end, and Anna had no idea what was coming. And while gaining Elsa’s trust again would be nearly impossible after this, he knew he’d formed her enough to know he was the only one who would want her—at least, that’s what she would always believe.

He hailed the Captain of the Guard once way past the hallway of their room, reporting “rumors” of a “planned assassination” that was scheduled for tonight based on an “anonymous threat”… Tonight, the palace would be guarded so safely Anna wouldn’t be able to penetrate it, let alone get to him.

“And guard the Queen heavily,” he ordered, back to acting as concerned as possible toward his wife. “By no means is she allowed out of our quarters—I need her safe and protected. Already she has defended herself behind a thick wall of ice. Make sure she does not leave under any circumstances, or there will be heavy consequences.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.” And with that, he turned toward the library, prepared to plot.

Hans was so close to victory he could almost taste it.

It could take years, but one day Elsa would warm right back up to him, because she had nowhere else to go. And tonight, he would finally win this battle.

Chapter End Notes

FFFF—like you thought it would be this easy for Elsa and Anna to be reunited… No, but it’s always darkest just before the dawn. Not that I think the dawn is that bright in
this AU, actually…

Elsa at her most spineless, Hans at his most dick-ish, Anna at her most furious, Kristoff at his most worrisome… Okay, not giving anything away. We still have four more chapters to go.

Okay, now I'm hella excited to write.

Till then,

Eliza
I Just Hope It's Your Bones that Shatter, Not Mine

Chapter Summary

It's the start of the climax! Anna and Kristoff make their way to Arendelle. However, are they prepared for what Hans has in store for them?

Chapter Notes

Another update, what? Watching the new season of OUAT does things to my muse, especially my Anna muse, holy shit. Also I'm in this Children's Lit class and we're reading Hans Christian Andersen right now, so… Yeah. Muse is alive and kicking. Hard.

Also wanted to get this out before 4x03 comes out EST, whoops.

And here we start the climax! Three more chapters to go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 20

“We feel nothing so jump into the fog.

*I just hope it's your bones that shatter, not mine.*”

They consulted with Pabbie one last time before taking off toward Arendelle. Usually Anna would wear a smile around Kristoff’s family, but tonight she was focused, with no room for distractions. Sleep would not come to her; bags dwelled under her eyes, as whenever she closed them the images only became more and more explicit, more terrible. Images of Hans hurting Elsa, images of Hans smirking, images of Elsa blissfully happy with him.

She was ready, in her mind.

And in her body, her muscles tensed at just the thought of Hans spending one more moment with her sister. Her swords hung at her hip; her magenta cape gone in an attempt to cloak herself from prying eyes in favor of her now-dark clothing. Anna piled her messy hair in a tight bun atop her head, not wanting her long locks to get in the way of her battle.

Earlier that day, she sat right outside where Sven resided, absently picking at stray hay. Her face could only frown nowadays in heavy thought—she could not smile until she knew Elsa was safe, and Hans out of the picture forever.
Olaf approached her as she drew her knees tight to her chest, his usual smile gone for once. “Anna, are you ready for tonight?” he’d asked, sitting right beside her.

And usually, Anna would give the snowman a weak smile back and lie, just to make him happy.

Not now.

“Trust me, Olaf, ready is the last thing I am,” she’d confessed. She only had hours left to prepare, yet she was spacing. She could picture herself defeating Hans, sure, but killing him…?

That would have to wait for when the moment was right, when it came to her. Picturing that bastard abusing and using her sister enraged her, and with a tight jaw, she could feel herself more and more up to the task of going through with this.

Kristoff probably suspected what Anna planned to do, but at the moment she was far too focused on this mission to care. Like Elsa, Kristoff would forgive her one day—did no one realize she was only doing this for the good of Arendelle?

She took his hand, squeezed it as Pabbie explained just how cautious they needed to be. This mission would be quite taxing—even more so if they weren’t careful. Anna nodded sharply, stepping closer to Kristoff as if these could be their last moments together.

She couldn’t think so negatively, though. She had to picture herself at the end, attaining her goal and getting Elsa back to her.

“Thank you, for everything,” Anna told him, a modest and serious look gracing her face. Desperately as she would have smiled, she still couldn’t bring herself to do so yet.

Soon, though. Soon she wouldn’t be able to stop grinning.

They mounted Sven at sundown, a chill going through Anna as she continued to prepare herself as they started to run toward Arendelle. She could do this. She had been preparing months for this night, and now it was here, staring her right in the face.

Olaf tagged behind them; he wouldn’t be in battle but he was sliding alongside Sven trekking down the mountain, and he would be there once the whole ordeal was over and Anna taught Elsa just how she could really stop this winter. Anna could not bear to bring Olaf into the crux of this ordeal, yet he wanted to be her emotional support, and Anna allowed it. After all, she was sure Elsa would want to see him, as well.

And as for Kristoff… Anna held to his large frame tighter, her head buried in the juncture between his neck and shoulder, as she wasn’t sure when they could do this again.

“I love you,” she whispered in his ear when the palace came in sight. It probably wouldn’t be the last time she proclaimed this, but Anna did always have a flair for the dramatic…

Instead of answering, Kristoff looked briefly over his shoulder at her, smiling. And that right there, that look… it told Anna all she needed to know.

Once at the outskirts of Arendelle, Anna advised Kristoff to stop Sven here, and they would trudge the rest of the way to the palace on foot. Elsa had assured her she would be there to greet her at the servants’ entrance, but Anna couldn’t help but be incredibly wary—something terrible surfaced in her gut, and she knew she had to expect the very worst in order to make it through this terrible night.
Kristoff dismounted Sven and helped Anna down, petting his noble steed and telling him to stay put, no matter what. Olaf had stopped beside them, promising to keep the reindeer company in the meantime. With her swords safely fastened at her hip, Anna closed her eyes momentarily, letting all her fears out and all her confidence in in the span of a few breaths.

She could do this.

Again, with her love for dramatic flair, Anna reached up and kissed Kristoff with all she had—a kiss to end all kisses, she supposed. And Kristoff responded just as enthusiastically, his free hand clasping around her waist tightly.

There was his all-knowing smile… if Anna wasn’t about to enter the biggest battle of her life, she would have melted right then and there.

“Ready?” he asked as he pulled away.

Shrugging, Anna stepped back and unsheathed both of her swords. “As I’ll ever be,” she replied, and they were off, as swiftly and as quietly as possible.

The rules were simple: avoid being seen. And, if you were seen, knock out the guard before he told his colleagues. Absolutely no blood was to be shed, for these guards served the Queen.

Anna’s only exception was Hans.

It was the only rule Anna would break, but it was the only broken rule that mattered in the end.

Anna, who’d looked at her reflection in a pool of water before they’d left, was certain no one would recognize her now. With her dimmed freckles, sharp cheekbones, pinned hair, muscled limbs, and hollow eyes, Anna could not even recognize herself from a year ago, back when she’d been young, stupid, and naïve. There was little optimism in her eyes, little hope that the world could ever get better. Much as she wanted it to change, it wasn’t happening, not yet, anyway.

There was a place for her and Kristoff to be happy, after all… When this was all over.

Anna gasped at the sight of just how many guards were posted in the snow around the palace and the kingdom.

This was planned. And Anna knew, this was the worst-case scenario. She could not recognize any one of these guards—and likely they had no idea what she looked like, either. Hans did this; she could smell his scent all over this plan. She could only imagine what he’d told them: she and Kristoff were here to assassinate him and Elsa, and they were to be stopped at any and all costs.

Shoot first, ask questions later.

“Bastard,” Anna cursed under her breath, clutching to her swords tighter. It was go time, and she couldn’t screw this up.

Kristoff moved first, Anna saw from the corner of her eye. For having such a large frame, he moved relatively fast, and with his strength he was able to knock out the guards relatively easily.

Anna followed suit, the handle of her swords hitting the Arendelle guards more than anything. Her newly acquired muscles were used to her advantage; her petite structure helped her to move as swiftly as possible.
She shut all her emotions down, hardly blinking as she took the guards down, dodging arrows from crossbows and swings of swords aimed right at her. Her focus was on Hans, on how this was really preparing her for taking him down once and for all.

And if she and Kristoff could take down these guards, surely she had a fighting chance at the newly crowned King of Arendelle.

The closer and closer they got to the palace, the more brutal the guards were at attacking them, narrowly missing Anna and Kristoff. And if she had been hit, she was moving too fast to even notice.

Some citizens of Arendelle stirred in their sleep; though Anna and Kristoff were trying to move as quietly as possible, it was quite hard to not be curious about the occasional sound of swords clashing.

But Anna had no intention of harming her sister’s people (she could no longer say her people—for where did the estranged princess belong after all this time?). For the most part, they stayed boarded away from the cold and violence. Someone would shout occasionally, not knowing Anna in her messy bun and matured physical features, and Anna would sneer at the multitudes of guards that blindly attacked as she defended.

By the time Anna neared the palace walls, she was out of breath, her muscles sore and her hair completely falling out of its bun. Despite the snow, Anna was sweating, her clothes and swords feeling much heavier than usual.

But, thinking about Hans and Elsa, she felt more than ready for this final fight.

Kristoff, following behind, looked just as tired but determined, willing to do whatever he could to help Anna. And they shared another look—and in that moment Anna knew: she would never find anyone that loved her more than this ice harvester. They didn’t need marriage to cement the love they felt; hell, Anna could spend the rest of her life with him without the ceremony and still be happy.

Despite how much she loved Elsa, Anna would never love anyone else like she loved Kristoff, who stood by her when all seemed lost. He never stopped loving her, even at her worst.

So she would never stop loving him.

They made it to the servants’ entrance, Anna still holding out just a bit of hope that Elsa would be waiting for her like they’d originally planned. But as she turned the wooden door, it was locked, frustrating Anna even more.

“Damn it!” she cried, storming across the courtyard around the perimeter of the palace. Strangely, it was rather empty, no more guards in sight.

But if she couldn’t enter her home secretly, then she was coming back with as much pomp and circumstance she could muster up, given now that she was here, she wanted to be seen.

So she quickly walked toward the grand entrance, Kristoff following behind with some slight confusion as to what she was doing.

If the guards couldn’t recognize her, surely the palace staff would be able to identify their lost princess back from the dead, as they had practically raised her over the years.

But Anna stopped dead in her tracks at the middle of the courtyard, by the fountain still
frozen over from a year ago when Elsa had first touched it. For there, guarding the entrance to her former home, was the very person who made Anna’s blood boil by just the thought of him.

And here he was in the flesh, coat around his shoulders and sword held by his side, unsheathed as her two were.

He was just as prepared as she, that damned smirk on his face.

“Hello, Anna,” said Hans in his sickly sweet voice.

Chapter End Notes

Annnnnd cliffhanger! Yeah, I wanted to end this chapter here, so…

Also are Hans and Elsa supposed to interact in this next episode? I don't go on Tumblr, so…

Reviews, as always, are very appreciated.

Till then,

Eliza
Your Body Is a Weapon, Love

Chapter Summary

While Anna and Hans begin to duke it out in the courtyard, Elsa is still trapped in her room. Can she somehow make it out before it's too late?

Chapter Notes

Woooooo two more chapters to go! We're almost there! :D Again, thanks to all the people who stuck to this sucker for so long and want to see where we end off. You're all literally the best, from your reviews to your asks on my Tumblr and to any fanart and dedications you've made to me. You guys are seriously the best!

Also anyone realized that OUAT 4x03 kind of sucked tbh?

Lyrics from "Your Body is a Weapon" by The Wombats. Check them out. Seriously. They're amazing. Why has it taken some of you so long.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 21

“Your body is a weapon, love, and it rips me up inside.”

Elsa screamed for help until her throat went hoarse and eve then, no avail. No one could hear her despite how hard she tried to gain someone’s attention—but then, what could they do? There was so much ice that there would be nothing strong enough to penetrate it in time to help Anna. And then… What would she do?

It was hopeless.

She sobbed until there were no tears left, and alone in her thoughts, all she could fathom was just how much she’d failed Anna in trusting Hans, in giving him just what he wanted all because he’d showered her with sweet words and assurances, made her feel happy to have her powers, for once.

Staring at the heavy diamond ring on her finger at sundown, though, Elsa finally started to see more. Yes, Hans had indeed betrayed her all in the name of attaining his goal, in running his own kingdom with the most powerful woman at his side. Yes, she’d allowed Hans to corrupt her and
mold her… but had it all been negative?

Despite what he intended for Anna, was there indeed any redeemable good inside him?

Yes, she realized as she remembered the look of pure happiness she’d seen on his face when Hans slid this ring on her finger. It was a symbol representing all they’d been through, good and bad.

There had been his mad assumption that she was pregnant, his near absence, his ugly true colors showing… All reprehensible, all things for which Elsa would never forgive him. He deserved punishment, probably deserved to rot for it.

But them, there had been the marital bliss. There had been those moments where Elsa would look at Hans in the mornings as light streamed into their room and she would gently brush his hair back, making his green eyes crinkle in happiness. There were moments when he would take her hand and she would immediately calm down. There were looks of understanding in their eyes, looks only they could comprehend.

Moments where they were the only two people in the world.

Hans may have told Elsa that he was the best thing that ever happened to her. And, to an extent, he was right.

But what he didn’t mention, and what she could tell, was that he needed her as well. After all, if Hans really didn’t want her, he would have slain her on the fjord a year ago. He would have let Elsa kill the Duke of Weselton’s men. He would have taken mistresses. He would have struck her when she told him she was not with child. He still wanted their marriage to work, crazy as his scheme was to get rid of Anna.

He wasn’t entirely right. But he was a good fit for the kingdom, with how much he cared about the people.

And, in the end, a good fit for her. She would just have to exercise her own authority, for once, for she was the Snow Queen. A terrible title, fit for a marriage with a slightly ruthless Prince.

He was not entirely evil, as Anna suggested. But he was not entirely good, either, as she had first perceived.

Still, though, he needed to be stopped.

And then, very faintly, she heard a higher pitched battle cry from outside her balcony window, through the layers and layers of ice she had built in her fear. Elsa knew that voice, just as she had known the knock Olaf had used when he’d delivered that letter.

Anna was here. And, from the sound of it, she didn’t seem as sweet as usual. She had a purpose, and a need for vengeance, that’s what her scream signified.

Elsa had to get down there; she had to interfere.

But… how would she do so when she was trapped in here…?

“I didn’t imagine you to be the type to best all of Arendelle’s finest guards,” Hans remarked,
his tone regal, yet even he couldn’t hide that he was impressed, Anna noted. “It seems maybe you and your ice man will be formidable foes.”

“More than that,” Anna quipped back, her knuckles turning white around her swords. “Before all this is over, Elsa will see you for who you truly are.”

“Elsa isn’t going to be much of a problem,” Hans replied coolly. “She’s already proved how pathetic she is by trapping herself in her own chambers.”

“What cruel words about your wife, Your Highness,” Anna sneered, perched for attack.

“She’ll forgive me soon enough. You, though… I wasn’t expecting this. Have you seen your grave marker yet, I wonder?” He smirked, and Anna took a warning step forward. “It’s rather beautiful—quite fir for a Princess.”

“Haven’t had the time,” Anna replied through clenched teeth. “I’m not here for pleasantries, Hans. I thought you could see that.”

Again, that damn smirk. “I just thought I’d make some small talk before I killed you.”

“Funny,” she started, charging toward him at full speed, “I was doing the same thing…!”

Their swords clashed.

---

Think, Elsa. Think. Thawing the ice in here couldn’t be the only solution, could it?

She paced the little space she had in the room, trying to devise some sort of plan as the faint sound of clashing swords made its way up to her ears. They had already started to fight; how did Anna even make it this far…?

Everything baffled her, and it all felt like too much, way too much to take in.

One problem at a time.

The first: getting out of these trapped chambers by any means necessary.

Think.

What did she do when she felt powerful, when she had her palace on the North Mountain and she could actually create and control? How did it feel to make her snow monster, to make Olaf?

How did it feel to almost kill two men?

She started to feel it in her fingertips, a small icy tingling that told Elsa she had all she needed, now it was time to get used to it. She felt angry and scared and sympathetic and knowledgeable. Powerful.

Like a Queen.
Queen of Arendelle; Queen of the ice and snow; wielder of the cold and stormy and uncontrollable; powerful, magical creature whom cold never bothered.

If she couldn’t thaw the ice right now, she could create enough to push, to break, to free herself. She could create more ice—pressure the rest to crack and break, and it didn’t matter if she burst through a broken door or wall. Anna needed her. Hans needed her.

“Here goes everything,” she murmured to herself, holding her hands before her and summoning all her emotions into her powers.

A strong burst of ice shot from her fingertips, and finally—finally—the trap she’d put herself in started to break.

_How?_ How could Hans defend every unpredictable move she made, every blow with her two swords and Kristoff’s pickaxe? He moved too fast, too swiftly; he always narrowly missed Anna and knocked her down.

He kicked her into the snow again and she *barely* rolled away a hair as his sword came down on her. She sprang up, panting a moment before she tried to strike him again with another cry, her frustration only growing. They were all bruised and battered and tired, but the battle was far from over.

Anna swung left, veered right, struck high and low, but no avail. No blood shed. No pain for this ruthless King. Her frustrations only made her most focused, more bloodthirsty for her revenge. It was starting to be less about Elsa, more about her own need to rid the world of such a terrible man.

Red hot, that’s all it was. Sweat poured around Anna’s face in anger, passion, and exhaustion, but she couldn’t stop attacking. The white, calming snow seemed inviting in such a powdery state, but Anna thought of it as a reward once it was over, and she could collapse and cool down.

Again and again her swords clashed with Hans’, her teeth bared in a snarl and her brows creased in a permanent frown. She could only make battle cries, growls and yells and curses. Hans smirked and attacked this time, almost throwing Anna off balance.

“What an animalistic way for a Princess to act!” he mocked, pushing Kristoff aside as he strode back toward Anna. “You really do underestimate just what I’m willing to do.”

Before she could react, Hans kicked the sword out of Anna’s left hand across the courtyard, and before she could rush toward it, Hans swung and created a deep gash in her newly freed arm. Anna shouted out and almost dropped her other sword, but she couldn’t risk it…! She staggered back, handle of her one sword and right hand clutching her new wound, knowing that this couldn’t mean she could give up. She _wouldn’t_.

Kristoff attacked instead of defended for once, trying to make a break for Anna’s disarmed sword with no success, since Hans was keeping him rather preoccupied.

Quickly Anna knelt down and picked up snow after setting her sword down momentarily. It
hurt to feel such a contrast between the coldness of the ice and the radiating heat from her boiling, spilling blood, but she didn’t have time to hurt, not when Hans was still moving.

She kept the snow on her gash until it melted, and even then she continued to throw ice on her wound until she was numb for now. It could be taken care of later.

Slowly, when she felt ready to fight again, Anna picked up her sword with her right hand and stalked toward Hans, a new anger boiling up within her.

Almost there, almost there…! Elsa struggled to make this new ice stronger than the fear she’d felt to put herself in this situation in the first place. Each new crack in the ice was a huge struggle, but she refused to give in—refused to let the battle Anna and Hans were righting to have the outcome they were both hoping for. Since when had diplomacy died…? When Hans found her on the fjord? When Anna had lived away from home for a year?

When Elsa had given herself over to her husband to help her with her duties because she was too fearful?

The door was locked—she didn’t mind tearing it down, not for this cause. She didn’t care, at the moment, that her parents had used it; she needed to get to the courtyard now.

She finally broke through.

As soon as Elsa made her way through, however, there were guards blocking the hallway, no doubt pleased by Hans strategically so she would not escape. She stilled, unsure of what to do. She, like Hans, was also their ruler.

Strange how she had to keep reminding herself that.

“Your Majesty! You’re not allowed to be out of your chambers!” one announced, and while Elsa knew he was just under orders, just doing his job, he wouldn’t relent, nor would anyone else.

So she quickly shot out a burst of ice from her hands, freezing the soles of his boots to the ground.

“I’m sorry!” she called, hurrying down toward the courtyard, her skirts and cape practically flying behind her.

Anyone else Elsa encountered she did the same, pinning boots to the ground and coats to the wall with her powers, scurrying along with quick apologies. The last thing she wanted to do was fight anyone—her goal this whole time had been to find a peaceful route. She had to hope that there was still a light at the end of the cave. She had to believe this could still end fine.

Not perfect, given what Hans had done and what Anna had been through. But fine. It was all Elsa deserved, and now she knew—there was no such thing as perfection.

There was only happiness.

She had to hold out hope that she could still have that. That hope was all she had right now.

And, hopefully, all she would need to end this.
That last obstacle, just before she reached the courtyard, was Gerda, of all people. The old made threw herself in between Elsa and the door, and the Queen could not bring herself to push her aside.

“My Lady, please,” she begged, and Elsa, so moved by this act, felt tears prick the corners of her eyes. “Please, there will be another way…! You must keep yourself out of such danger!”

She didn’t know. She didn't know Anna was out there, fighting the battle of her life. Gerda, bless her heart, only had Elsa’s best interests in mind, only wanted to keep her safe.

And Elsa knew what she had to do.

It broke her heart, but she held her hands out, her powers pinning Gerda’s skirts against another wall. Elsa shed tears for her, sensing all the hurt in the old woman’s eyes.

“I’m so sorry.” Her voice was but a whisper, and Elsa dashed out of the palace.

Unbeknownst to Anna as Elsa made her way out of her quarters, the Princess told her one sword and injured arm, her new hatred fueling something inside her that gave her the power to fight. Hans may have smirked when Anna first tried to strike him again, but soon his face stilled, concentrated as Anna would not relent.

“You seem to have a death wish, Princess,” he snarled, and it did not convince Anna at all that he had the same confidence as he did at the beginning of this battle.

“The only one here with a death wish is you!” she exclaimed, moving swiftly, on the prowl as Hans could only defend or be taken down.

She had him. And she was so close.

Kristoff had dashed to grab Anna’s abandoned sword, picking it up with every intention to join the battle again—but they were moving so fast, and Anna was starting to prevail, to win. All Hans could do was defend himself against the bloodthirsty Princess as she swung over and over and over, her need to see red only growing.

Each time their swords clashed was a release of anger, frustration, hatred. Anna could only think in a one-not manner, with only one goal in mind, more so than before. She did not regard her sister, forgot she even had one in this moment.

All she wanted was revenge.

He’d hurt her, humiliated her, left her to die, and he deserved his comeuppance.

She kicked him in the gut, knocking him down. Before he could get up, she booted his sword out of his hand and out of his reach. It slid across the snow from the force of her heel.

Here she was, superior. And she was going through with it, with her—Princess Anna of Arendelle—ending the dastardly former Prince Hans of the Southern Isles.

Kristoff was sprinting across to stop her—not that she noticed—but he would be too late.
With a mighty cry, Anna swung her sword down right toward Hans’ heart.

If he’d had one to destroy.

Since cold did not bother her, Elsa did not need to adjust to the change in temperature outside as she ran out into the courtyard as fast as her heels could take her. She noticed two figures fighting in the distance with swords, a third too far for her to really make out.

But upon closer inspection, Elsa’s heart clenched at the first sight of Anna in a year—hair pin straight and streaming around her as she turned, a blur of red and black with dark bags under cold blue eyes. She almost paused at the sickening sight of blood on her arm—this had gotten so grave, so fast.

Elsa did not know her sister could wield a sword like that. And that angered her, for she noticed that she was not losing as Elsa feared.

No, Anna had the upper hand, her husband only barely able to defend himself against her maddened sister.

Anna had not wanted to end this peacefully, like Elsa wanted.

Anna wanted cold, unsatisfying revenge.

She was in the wrong.

As was Hans, for resorting to such violence. But here he was, helpless to the savage Princess.

And something inside Elsa snapped.

As she dashed toward her husband and her sister, she felt fear for Hans—for him losing, for not having him anymore. She needed him. He needed her. And she wanted him, mind and body and soul. She owed everything to him, and he owed it all to her. There was no one without the other.

Her heart pounded so erratically as she sprinted toward Hans and Anna as Anna knocked him down and threw his sword away, rendering him defenseless. Time slowed as she saw the true fear in Hans’ eyes toward her sister as she quickly raised her sword above her head in a battle cry, not recognizing Elsa putting everything she had in trying to stop this in time. The last figure—Kristoff, Elsa soon realized—was too far away to do anything in time.

It was up to her, to save Hans, to save Anna.

To save herself from this cage she’d put herself in, both physically and emotionally.

“**NO!**” Elsa screamed, throwing herself between Anna’s sword and Hans, her hands raised in what she hoped was the nick of time.

Chapter End Notes
HA, see what I did there—

If you didn't, go back and watch the climax of Frozen again. Bad readers.

I'm a terrible person. :D But everything I've written so far has been pretty much on point to where I've wanted to take the fic, and the end of this chapter is no exception. Live with it.

Reviews, as always, are very appreciated! Seriously, I want to hear your views on this chapter.

Till then!

~Eliza
Someone Like You Could Love a Creep Like Me

Chapter Summary

The final battle leaves the two sisters at different points. One will realize just what her path in life is meant to be, while the other is blinded by a fork in the road, a fogged one that leaves her feeling uneasy.

Chapter Notes

Oy, second to last chapter. JFC, this thing was started almost a year ago…! In fact, it was right after Thanksgiving that I conceived the idea. By the time this story reaches a year old, I'll try and be done with it, so expect the last chapter by next Saturday.

I'm very grateful to everyone who has supported the fic, whether it be through following, favoriting, promoting, making fanart, and the like. I've come too far to not finish now, don't worry. I'm proud of myself for having the drive to write a whole multi-chapter fic as big as this, and really, the motivation comes from you, the readers. So thank you.

Let's see where this baby goes this chapter, yeah?

Lyrics from "Your Body Is a Weapon" by The Wombats

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 22

"Is it such fantasy that I should think someone like you could love a creep like me?"

Instead of her sword piercing the chest of the horrid King, Anna was pushed back as her sword struck a sudden block of ice that seemed to appear out of nowhere.

It did appear out of nowhere, though. Anna knew what her sister was capable of. And she’d joined them on the battlefield.

Panting, Anna looked over the ice to see her sister, one year after she’d been on the fjord, with Hans ready to throw his sword against her neck.

And now Elsa was defending him.

Bastard. He’d won her. And Anna had been so close… What was her sister thinking, especially after she’d sent that letter and after Hans had locked her in her room?
Her poor, damaged sister… Regal as she looked in her high bun and royal threads, there was still that fear behind her eyes. However, that fear wasn’t for herself, like it so usually was.

And it was then Anna understood. Her eyes widened; she felt her stomach become queasy at the very thought. She felt dizzy, and she took a moment to collect herself. Hans, at the very least, was still shocked at what his wife had just done.

Anna still had her sword in her hand, and she clutched it shakily. Kristoff had caught up by now, and he let out a huge sigh of relief.

He hadn’t wanted this, either.

No one had wanted death, except her and Hans.

Anna was no better than him, and that made her sick to her very core.

But… what now? Elsa would not allow her to hurt Hans, and Anna would never want to hurt her sister. She’d isolated herself from Kristoff, her true love—could she mend that bond?

Even now, Anna was more confused and angry as ever, and she still had something to address.

She dragged her feet back toward Elsa and Hans.

Elsa let out a sigh of relief as her ice wall had successfully blocked Anna’s sword from striking Hans to his doom. She still kept her hands up, shaking as she looked back at her husband, whose eyes were wide.

They didn’t say anything. But they shared a look. One that communicated everything. Hans was rather grateful—he’d really thought that had been the end.

And Elsa, finally, was at peace. Sated.

But there was still her sister to deal with, to explain things to.

As she set her hands down, the wall soon disappeared after, and Elsa gasped. It was the first time she’d ever been able to really control her powers. But how?

Hans stood and helped his Queen up, squeezing her hand gently though he still seemed almost frightened over what had happened just now.

For once, she had the power over him.

Then again, she’d always had it. Whether or not she would use it… time would only tell.

An angered Anna stomped toward them, and though Elsa knew this man was isolating her from her sister, it was the right thing to do. Not for Hans, and not for Anna, but for herself.

“Elsa, why are you defending him?” Anna demanded, clutching her sword in shaking hands. “Look at what he’s done to you—to us! Torn apart again! He’s ruined you and he knew this would happen…! He knew you’d defend him if his life was on the line!”
Looking from Hans to Anna and back, Elsa kept her hands perched for attack, should she need to. She swallowed thickly; she knew he’d won, but... she was okay with that. Oh gods, she knew what was on the line, she knew what she faced... She was neither completely with Anna nor completely with Hans. It was all her. She loved Anna. And...

“You are letting him win!” Anna cried. “Why? Why, when you know what he’s done?”

It was going to be hard to tell Anna. It was hard enough to come to terms with this. But it felt so right, to now accept it in her heart.

“Anna, I love him...!” Elsa declared, tears pricking the corners of her eyes. And as soon as she said those words, sounded sure of them, something happened.

The ice and snow underneath her and Hans started to disappear.

She didn’t know whose eyes were wider, hers, Hans’, or Anna’s.

“What—“ she started.

“An act of true love will thaw a frozen heart,”’ Anna stated in a deadpan voice, one that sounded tired and almost defeated.

So that had been the key this whole time? Something so simple, yet so... complicated? She figured this to be the case—after all, she’d just allowed herself to love her husband, really open her heart to him, and it’d been a good half year since they were married.

That’d been the reason why she couldn’t get pregnant, and that had been why she’d never been able to thaw any of the snow and ice she’d made.

Elsa had to love Hans to truly let him in. And she had to love herself in order to save her frozen kingdom. Yet, now that everything was suddenly so clear, after a year of loss, chaos, and happiness, Elsa could feel the ice in her fingertips as a strength rather than a weakness.

And suddenly, it was all clear.

Anna interrupted her thoughts. “You bastard,” she sneered at Hans, her eyes slit. “You made her love you.”

Elsa was still the buffer between them.

“I did no such thing,” her husband scoffed, placing his hand on her waist. “This was all on her own.”

But Anna wouldn’t relent. “You manipulated her. A few sweet words, a few nights of romance, a few good deeds—you’ve made it so that even though she knew you’re a monster, she won’t leave!”

“Harsh words, Princess.” The lightness in his tone was back, Elsa noted. “But ask your sister—was I really that bad of a choice?”

Elsa’s throat went dry; she had no idea how to answer. In some ways, he had been the wrong choice—given what she knew now, she probably never should have married Hans in the first place. But she had—and it was her burden to bear. It wasn’t like divorce was an option. No one would want a Queen like that, and sending Hans back to the Southern Isles could only end miserably. He’d been good to the people, good to her. And he was hiding his own secrets as well, particularly about
her.

Anna stared at her tersely.

“I can’t do this without him,” Elsa admitted, shaking her head in defeat. But she looked back at Hans, defiant. “Yet I can do this without you taking control of me.”

She had a plan in mind. And it was time for the Queen of Arendelle to take charge.

“And how do you plan to do that, my dear?” Hans asked, sickly sweet and condescending.

Elsa faced Hans fully now, hands in fists at her sides. “We will no longer be equals,” she declared. “And eventually you will accept this—because I know, deep down, you gave learned to love me, too.”

He scoffed, as Elsa knew he would, but she did not falter. “You love me,” she repeated. And he would learn to admit that, sooner or later.

“Elsa, what—“ Anna started, but Kristoff took her arm.

“This is between the two of them,” he advised, stepping a few meters back.

Well said. Elsa circled ‘round her husband and picked up his discarded sword, then handed it back to him.

It was a test. One she knew Hans would pass.

And if he somehow didn’t, then she knew what her sister would do.

“I will not fight,” she told him. “If you want to end this winter like you wanted a year ago, then do it.” It was to challenge his ethics—she knew he wasn’t going to choose the answer he would have this time last year. It was a leap of faith, a jump into the unknown—and she would either come out on top or with her bones shattered.

Again, her life was in his hands, and Elsa gave herself over to Hans selflessly.

Kristoff looked on, dumbfounded and so shocked he could not let go of her sister, while Anna struggled to break free of his hold. Elsa knew her sister wanted it to not end this way, but this was what she needed. If she were to die here, she would at least know the truth—no matter what happened.

A selfless act of love. If Hans failed, then Elsa had failed as well.

Her husband looked at the blade of his sword, contemplating. Good. Elsa took a deep breath, looking Hans straight in the eye, almost daring him to do it.

But when he charged toward her, Anna screamed, and when Kristoff finally let go, there was no way she could get to Elsa in time to stop this.
It was all right there in his hands, everything he needed. Hans had his sword back, so graciously handed over by his wife.

His naïve, perfect wife, who’d given herself over completely, just as he wanted. And despite everything he’d done, she declared her love for him. She’d given Hans exactly what he wanted willingly.

And now she was doing this, giving her very life over to him like she knew him so well?

Hans knew exactly what this meant, what Elsa wanted him to do. Had she not learned any sort of lesson? Was she really willing to be this foolish?

She really had given him all the power here.

He was silent as Elsa handed him his sword, not even acknowledging Anna and the ice man a few meters away. This was—as it had always been—between he and his wife. It was about making sure everyone was in his or her proper place.

And even now, after saying such cruel words about her and to her, locking her in her chambers, and injuring her sister, Elsa still saw hope within him. She still declared her love for him, was even willing to put her life on the line for it, just as Anna had done.

In the end, both sisters were rather pathetic. Hans couldn’t even fathom just how lucky he felt in this moment. Everything he wanted, right there in these final moments.

These crucial moments.

The blade was still tinted with the crimson of Anna’s blood, just as common as the life she’d been living this past year.

It had struck one sister. And soon it would strike the other.

Elsa stood, defenseless, peaceful, even, as Hans charged toward her, ready to complete what he’d been working toward his whole life.

Complete power, soon to be his.

The tip of the blade aimed at Elsa’s heart, and Hans wanted to strike true. He wanted Elsa to know that this, ultimately, was what mattered.

He thrust his sword toward her.

It stopped just before it hit Elsa’s breast, his hand shaking.

Hans fell to his wife’s feet, panting. His sword was flung aside; he kept his hands planted on either side of her heels in tight fists.

He couldn’t do it.

Because in that split second as his sword came down on her, Hans saw nothing but anguish, mourning. Nothing would come out of killing Elsa, not now. It would not have the same meaning it did a year ago. It wouldn’t just mean ending this winter now.

It meant everything.

All the joy they’d been through together, all the hardships, the intimacy. Just as she couldn’t
bear to live without it, he realized, neither could he.

He needed her.

He...

Elsa sank to her knees as well and held his shaking figure in her arms, whispering sweet nothings and combing her fingers through his hair, which was damp with a bit of sweat. He shook, unmoving otherwise at this new revelation. He didn’t let her win.

Hans let himself lose, caught up in the moment of everything that was starting to matter in his life. After all, without Elsa, with whom could he share anything? No one had ever affected him in such a way.

This cruel wench, this cold queen, this beautiful woman!

And she knew, damn it all. Hence why she held him so soothingly right now. He would not get such luxury for a while.

It was so wrong.

But Hans could not fight just how right this felt.

“Say it,” Elsa urged, only so he could hear her.

And damn if he didn’t want to. It was poison; it was something no one had given to him, that he had never given to anyone else. It was something Hans had felt he was incapable of.

But there it was, and it hurt.

Only Elsa heard those dreadful words. But then again, she was the only one that had ever mattered; he’d brought this all upon himself.

Like flying too close to the sun on wings of wax.

“I love you,” Hans told Elsa, and with that, he knew he was done for.

Anna almost collapsed in elation as Hans failed to kill Elsa, and if he had she would have been rid of him in a moment. Kristoff ran to her and took her in his arms, and it was then she realized how much she was shaking, how much she hurt.

He examined her arm and brushed her hair back, kissing her sweaty forehead. “It’s over,” he assured.

And he was right.

But now Anna didn’t really know what she had, what to live for. Her sister had fallen for the man she hated most, leaving the two even more estranged than ever.
She felt hollow, empty. Not even Kristoff could completely fill his unsatisfying gap within her, no matter how hard he tried. And oh gods, did she love Kristoff for standing at her side still, but nothing would ever be the same for Anna. For the moment, she didn’t know how long—she was trapped in a fog, confused and hurt and unsatisfied.

Anna didn’t know what she wanted anymore, and this was confirmed, as Elsa held a shaking Hans before the guards came out at last from within the palace.

She stayed silent, unemotional as the palace staff recognized her and celebrated her return. Gerda sobbed into her neck in a tight embrace; even then all Anna could do was hug the old maid back and kiss her cheek.

Kristoff was at her side the whole time.

Even when the guards took Hans away under Elsa’s orders, cuffed and led away from the Queen for his crimes, Anna turned the other way and quietly entered her chambers, which she could not bring to call her own anymore. Right now she had thought of Kristoff’s cottage as home, warm and small and cozy and all theirs.

Elsa had later insisted the physician examine her wounded arm, but Anna refused the help tonight. She did not eat, did not really speak unless prompted with a direct question.

Her sister gave her the space she needed, just as it had been in the past.

Yes, Anna hugged Elsa, kissed her cheek and told her she loved and missed her. Anna meant all of that.

But Hans was still the most prominent part of Elsa’s life, and Anna did not belong in this palace if he was to remain at her side.

“Oh, Anna, please promise me you’ll let the physician examine your arm tomorrow,” Elsa begged, giving Anna the most pleading look she could muster up. “You deserve the best treatment possible.”

“I want to just be alone with Kristoff; he can take care of it,” Anna assured with a deadpan, and at this Elsa looked up at the ice harvester, his eyes still pleading.

“You can?” she asked, rather unsure. After all, he wasn’t a professional in the medical field, nor did he work for the royal family.

“I’ll make sure to do the best I can, Your Majesty—I do help when there’s accidents while ice harvesting,” Kristoff promised, and Anna knew that this was all she wanted tonight. No more visitors, and no more sobs and hugs and rejoicing the Lost Princess’ return back to her “home.”

Anna was exhausted; she needed sleep and she needed to start accepting the fact that she had indeed lost her sister to Hans.

However, she had won true love. It meant the world, of course, but at the moment the only emotion she could muster up was indifference. But here Kristoff was, still with her, still loving her despite everything they’d been through. At the moment, he was her whole anchor, and she knew right now—she would always need and love him, without the vows and without the ceremony.

“I hold you to that.” Elsa nodded curtly, and hugged Anna one last time. “I can see you’re tired. Please, Anna, draw a bath and get some rest. I’ll have your meals brought up to you tomorrow.”
She sounded strong, but Anna could sense the slight uncertainty from not having Hans near her. She wasn’t used to this.

With that, Elsa gave her sister a lingering glance before slowly walking down the hallway. However, she had the confidence Anna knew her sister could possess—and she knew, in the end, Elsa would walk away with so much more than her after this whole ordeal.

“Elsa?” Anna called out, just as she remembered this.

“Yes…?” Elsa turned almost too eagerly.

“Kristoff and I kept Olaf and Sven—he’s Kristoff’s reindeer—toward the edge of the kingdom to keep them safe,” Anna explained. “Please see that they’re taken care of, before you decide to thaw out this winter?”

“Of course.” Elsa nodded once and turned slowly on her heel, walking back down the hall.

Anna took Kristoff into her room without another word.

After a much needed warm bath, Anna sat on her old bed, the stiff sheets pressed to her bare body as Kristoff sat on a stool beside her, tending to her wound and bandaging her arm. He’d started a fire as she bathed, and though he’d been given his own guest quarters near to her room, Anna knew he wouldn’t leave, at least until she fell asleep.

In her forgetfulness, the blanket she’d been holding to her chest fell around her waist, and Kristoff’s eyes widened, backing away with a blush as he tried to avert his gaze.

Looking down at herself, Anna realized that she just didn’t care anymore. In the past, she always thought her body would be a temple until she married a handsome prince, and even then it would be chaste, only revealing what she needed to get the act done. But after everything that had transpired, in the end, her body was just a part of something everyone else possessed. In the end, if Hans was still here, and Elsa still his Queen, then what point was there? She looked up at Kristoff, who was still trying not to look at her.

She cupped his cheek, smiling weakly as she kissed him softly.

Then Anna pulled Kristoff down into bed with her and he took the last of her innocence.

Chapter End Notes

I had been adamant to not put in Kristanna smut, but this is as far as I’m going with it. Also I thought it was a pretty bittersweet idea and I don’t regret putting it in. I love Anna, I really do. And I was glad to write for her this chapter—Elsa as well. One of my favorite things I’ve been doing in this fic is developing their relationship, which is so much different than how it plays out in the movie and OUAT.
Also I hope to God no one is ecstatic about Hans and Elsa falling in love here. Personally I think it's pretty screwed up. But this was what I wanted—I see their relationship like this, nothing nicer, sadly.
A Truly Sordid End

Chapter Summary

Epilogue. Two months later, and Anna starts to realize what she needs out of life. But what has happened to Hans and the kingdom? And is Elsa finally gaining some sense of the confidence she so desperately needs to be Queen? Most importantly, Elsa addresses what to do about Hans and how to deal with loving someone who has done so much wrong… and so much right by her.

Chapter Notes

So here we are, at the end of this huge thing. I'm equal parts relieved and sad—relieved, because I've only been working on this fic for the past year. Yes, that's right, YEAR, as it's been a year since I started this fic…! And sad, because yeah, I did like all the recognition this brought me! Hopefully that will cross over no matter what I decide to write next. Whether you've been there since the beginning, or if you're just reading this for the first time now, I just want to thank each and every one of the lovely people who have taken the time to read, taken the time to tell me what you though, followed me on Tumblr and here, etc. You're all very wonderful people for giving me, a burgeoning writer, a chance to really spread her wings.

So, without further ado, here's the final chapter! And hopefully I've gotten some of you into The Wombats by this point.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jump Into the Fog

Chapter 23

“I’m only here because I feel today deserves a truly sordid end.”

“You can marry him, if you’d like. I give you my blessing.”

Anna kept facing the window, her arms crossed over her chest. Outside was another beautiful summer day; not a cloud could be seen and the sun promised nothing but warmth. Below in the courtyard, Olaf—equipped with his own personal snow flurry wherever he went so he wouldn’t melt—fed Sven another carrot, jumping in joy as he was still getting used to summer and already he had deemed it his very favorite season. Somewhere beyond the palace walls in town, Kristoff was selling ice to those who needed it for the hot days ahead.
To show her gratitude, Elsa had given Kristoff a new cart, a new sled, a stable space for Sven, his own quarters in the palace, and now, permission for him to marry the Princess of Arendelle. A fair exchange, Anna supposed, though Elsa just seemed too eager to give her and Kristoff whatever they wanted or needed, perhaps to compensate for the last year.

And Anna was in no way ungrateful—she spent her hours around the palace, fencing daily with the Captain of the Guard to keep her muscle tone up. Her arm had healed by this point, and now she had picked up that second sword again, perfecting her skills in dual wielding. She greeted her people once more, wearing a blinding smile. All she insisted on was that, for the most part, she kept her hair down, and the people cooed over such a color, such a thickness to it, and they were enraptured with how it whirled so pin straight when she turned. If anyone found it common, Anna didn’t care.

She hated that she didn’t care as much as she used to. When Elsa had thawed the winter she’d caused in the few days after Anna returned, Anna stayed silent, though she was glad it was all finally over. Her smiles were forced—save when she was around Kristoff or Olaf or Sven.

The kingdom was more than ecstatic for the change in weather, and when they finally realized Elsa had learned to control her powers, they finally began to embrace her as Queen. And when they had learned of Hans’ cruelty toward the two sisters, they barely turned against him, only being wary of his actions rather than resenting him for them.

After all, they’d been against Elsa for quite some time. It made Anna sick to her stomach, to see that the people of Arendelle thought Hans a benevolent King. It made her feel worse whenever she heard Elsa utter a word of praise toward him.

Her infatuation with such a monster would be something Anna would never ever understand.

Her makeshift tomb and grave marker had been destroyed, and though Anna had wanted to do it by her own hand—and she’d been crying in hysterics when she finally saw it—Elsa had insisted they get rid of it in a more civil manner.

Anna held a bit of resentment toward Elsa for that, much as she loved her sister.

“Thank you,” she replied politely, turning finally to face Elsa. “But I don’t want to get married just yet. Kristoff and I are in love. For now, that’s all I want.”

She couldn’t handle all the pomp and circumstance of such an arrangement now. When she had been a stupid, naïve child, Anna had envisioned her wedding as white and celebrated, her groom the princely picture of perfection and the people cheering and smiling about her. Everything would be grand and extravagant. With eight thousand plates served and the Grand Ballroom they never used in full swing, full of happiness and love and life.

Now, though, Anna wanted to wait. After all, though nineteen was a more than suitable age at which she should be married, Anna didn’t need all of that.

Not after that one night of passion with Kristoff.

Gods, if anyone found out about the Princess of Arendelle engaging in premarital intimacy… It had been in the moment, spontaneous. Yes, Anna had felt alive, out of herself, but afterward the consequences had outweighed the pleasure.

When no ailment had passed in the weeks after she’d been with Kristoff, Anna sighed a breath of relief and swore never to be so foolish again—not for a while, anyway. Kristoff
understood; after all, he knew just how bad this could have been.

Damn royals and their scandals. The people lived for them. A premarital pregnancy would have ruined Anna’s reputation, deeming her nothing more than a common harlot. And had she been pregnant, she would have been forced into a quick engagement and marriage, leaving both she and Kristoff incredibly miserable.

No, all Anna wanted now was a small ceremony among the trolls, and Elsa as the only witness to the marriage. Perhaps it would happen in a year, maybe even later, but all that mattered now was that she and Kristoff loved each other. It was her only true happiness.

“That’s fine,” Elsa said after a moment, though the disappointed tone was evident in her voice. She wanted to rekindle this relationship, and Anna understood, she really did… but there was Hans. And Anna had to share her sister with him.

The worst thing to happen throughout this whole ordeal, after everything Hans had done, he’d gotten a mere slap on the wrist in the grand scheme of things. Yes, he’d been tried, but Elsa had played both his prosecutor and defender, noting that though his crimes were indeed reprehensible, as a ruler of Arendelle, he was fit for the job.

Anna had never harbored violent tendencies toward Elsa, but there had been some there in that moment.

The cruel irony, though, was the title. Demoted to King consort, no longer Elsa’s equal in any royal affairs. He answered to her, and Elsa had so benevolently decreed a month in dungeon dwellings—after that, he was to be escorted everywhere, by either a royal guard or Elsa herself, who was more than capable of apprehending her husband should he step out of line.

Elsa had insisted on keeping Hans as King; however, he had none of the true power and freedom that came with it.

Anna had to admit, that cruelty of such a decision made her feel much better.

Still, Elsa kept the large diamond ring on her finger, as a reminder of all she had been through with Hans, and what the weight of it actually signified—all her mistakes, all her guilt. For this reason, Anna’s gaze rarely left lower than her sister’s eyes. If she couldn’t see it, her blood wouldn’t boil so quickly.

Because for every reason Anna could name as to why she loved Elsa, there would always be that estranged distance with Hans here. Arendelle couldn’t be her home, at least, not completely if she had to share her roof with such a traitor.

This would break Elsa’s heart, but Anna would have to try…

“May I make a request?” Anna asked, much too formally to her own sister.

Then again, she was addressing the Queen of Arendelle, not just Elsa.

“Of course,” Elsa replied immediately, and Anna noted her sister just looked… unnaturally overly eager. Her body inclined forward, as though if she didn’t she wouldn’t catch everything her sister did or said. Strange as it was… this had been her at one point, the one so desperately trying to get her sister to let her in.

Funny how the tables had turned so drastically.
With a deep breath, Anna made her request. “I respectfully ask to spend half my year up in the North Mountain, working with Kristoff during the spring and summer months. During the fall and winter we will reside here.”

At first, Elsa’s face only registered hurt, but after a moment, she understood just why Anna was asking this. Tensions would be too high if Hans and Anna were kept too long together—all, they might try to kill each other again.

“I see,” said Elsa after a few moments, but she then nodded. “Yes… I guess that can be arranged. You will stay the rest of the summer, won’t you…?”

Anna looked up at her sister’s hopeful face, and that made this all the more harder to say. “I would like to leave by the end of this month, if that’s possible.”

It really hurt Elsa to hear this, Anna could tell, but things were still so tense and she longed for the freedom of being away from all this. She just wanted Kristoff, work that would keep her active, and something simple after the castle life had been nothing but a mess.

She needed to find herself.

Again, Elsa hesitated, but ultimately, despite how much she didn’t want to and how much it hurt, she agreed. “Yes… I can start making arrangements immediately.”

“Thank you.” Anna let out a deep breath, and finally cracked a smile at Elsa, albeit a bit forced.

With that, Elsa turned to leave, but not before she made this comment: “I never knew your hair was so pin straight.”

To which Anna couldn’t help but feel the years of bitterness sting at her, and she couldn’t help but quip back: “There’s only so much you can convey behind a closed door.”

When Anna told him they were going back up the North Mountain to live together with Elsa’s blessing, Kristoff was equal parts ecstatic and disappointed. Yes, he now had quarters of his own in Arendelle’s palace, but it just didn’t feel right. It didn’t feel like he really belonged there. And, thankfully, Anna felt the same.

Really, in the end, he knew this would only do her good—he couldn’t stand seeing her so glum in the place in which she grew up, and he longed to see her happy again.

It only seemed to happen when they were together. They weren’t inseparable—they spent a good deal of time apart—but only when they were together did he see the natural smile she could only give him nowadays.

In the days before they left, Anna’s appetite was starting to come back, he noted, and she bounded more around the palace halls rather than skulked. Each day she would ask Gerda how her new winter outfits were coming along—all fit for ice harvesting, Kristoff realized.
This was really happening.

He had to admit, Krostoff didn’t know where his relationship with Anna lay after her duel with Hans. He figured she would scold him for holding her back, but she then took him to bed, of all things.

He didn’t regret it happening, but at the same time, he knew they should have waited. The worry that had crossed her face in those weeks that followed… Kristoff never wanted Anna to endure something like that ever again.

Now, Kristoff knew Anna seemed nothing but lost now that she was back in her former home. He figured retreating back up the North Mountain might help as a holiday, but now it was official—soon they would be living up there for half the year. Really, it shouldn’t have surprised him… Anna had definitely become accustomed to the simple life, yearned for it, even, if it meant she and Hans weren’t in such close capacity.

In the end, Elsa probably agreed to keep the people she loved most safe. Kristoff certainly wasn’t complaining, especially if it meant Anna might have another chance at being truly happy again.

Truthfully, he had no idea Anna would end up so bloodthirsty when she started. She wanted to pursue Hans and it truly terrified him that such a lovely woman could be so deadly. He hadn’t noticed this until he saw Anna take Hans down after he struck her arm—she hadn’t even seemed human in those moments.

But, because he loved her so, Kristoff couldn’t just abandon her, not after everything they’d been through together. He didn’t want to—there was still a sliver of the old Anna still within this hollow woman.

Time away from the palace, and Kristoff was sure she would relax more.

On the morning they left, Kristoff woke early and prepared Sven, who had definitely grown accustomed to being in the palace stables. But Kristoff could tell he missed work, and even Olaf was growing a bit bored around the place—he was even willing to give up the rest of summer to spend time with Anna.

Anna had insisted on bringing her horse, Blizzard, up, though he would not really be able to handle harsh ice harvesting conditions. But Anna wanted him for travel and companionship, and Kristoff just couldn’t say no to that. He was certainly helpful, and this way Sven could have a friend.

No matter what, Anna would always be beautiful, and now was no exception, with her own new wardrobe of proper ice harvesting gear on her. Her hair was now pinned into a bun; a proper cap atop her head and good boots for treading on ice adorned her feet. He just couldn’t help but find her just as beautiful as when she woke all those months ago.

This time, Anna had a smile on her face, probably because she really had something to look forward to—fresh air, time alone to find herself, space to breathe without the pressures of being a royal getting to her. Elsa was here to see her sister off, as were some of the palace staff. Hans, Kristoff saw, was nowhere in sight.

Anna hugged Elsa this time—a sure sign that already she was starting to feel more like her own self—and gave a genuine smile, all the fear and excitement showing in her face. “Wow, I can’t believe this is really happening…!” she exclaimed. “Really, Elsa, I’m so grateful you’re letting me do this.”
Elsa rubbed her sister’s arm in an assuring manner. “It just feels right for you,” she replied, her smile a bit more sad, but also optimistic for Anna.

“I swear I’ll write more,” Anna promised with a sigh. “And this time they’ll be delivered officially.” She gave a knowing smirk to Olaf, who only chuckled in return.

Kristoff then stepped forward, bowing to Elsa. “Your Majesty, I promise to take care of Anna—anything that happens while we’re away is on my hands, but I will cherish her just as you have,” he vowed.

And, to Kristoff’s surprise, Elsa leaned forward and kissed his cheek tenderly. “I hold you to it,” she said, her tone light. “But I can tell just how much love you hold for my sister. I know you’ll do everything in your power to make her as happy as possible.”

It was quite an honor to have this blessing, Kristoff knew, and he shot Elsa a grateful smile in return as he stepped back to add the last of his luggage to the sled. Of course he promised to do what he could for Anna, make sure she was safe and loved and happy. It was the least he could do for the Queen, and for the woman he loved.

After all, he was meaning to marry the Princess of Arendelle one day.

Anna shared another hug with her sister, one last one for the road before she joined Kristoff on the sled. At this time Elsa leaned down and gave Olaf one of those warm hugs he always craved before he joined them. Sven led the party and Blizzard would be trailing behind. There was no rush to make it up the mountain, and Kristoff could see Anna was looking forward to the long road ahead.

As they left Arendelle with a bittersweet departure, with citizens and guards waving them off, Kristoff looked at Anna and for the first time, she seemed quite hopeful.

It was time for a new chapter of their lives to begin, together.

Thinking back on it (and these days he had quite a lot of time to think on his actions), Hans would have told himself he should have killed Elsa when he had the chance—he should have killed her and not given her the chance to change his life like she did.

He shouldn’t have played so close to the belt, shouldn’t have told himself that marriage would turn her completely over to him. No, powerful as he had become, she had always been his weakness, starting from when he’d sheathed his sword and carried her in his arms.

It just took him a year to fully realize just how dangerous Elsa really was for him. She’d given him the one thing no one else had his whole life—hope. Because of her Hans kept pushing himself to do more, become King, get Elsa to answer to him. And, in doing so, she clung to him harder, manipulating him into believing he was not only happy, but that he was complete.

Worst of all, Elsa had no idea of just what she had done. Oh, she could play innocent all she wanted—gods knew she was an expert at playing that—but now she was starting to really become aware of all the power she held now as his superior.
His superior. Hans knew he should consider himself lucky for how much he’d been spared for all he’d done, but he couldn’t help but want to resent Elsa even more for keeping him around.

It only made him disgusted with himself for falling for such a creature.

He had to admit, some of the tension was gone when Anna left with her ice man, especially since whenever they seemed to meet gazes her intentions were still as violent as when they’d battled. He’d grossly underestimated her… and it had almost cost him his life, had it not been for Elsa’s aid.

Speaking of his wife, there she was, escorting him everywhere, as per usual. Ever since he’d gotten out of that dump of Arendelle’s dungeon, Elsa further insisted on taking him everywhere to fulfill his duties. Even when alone, there were always a few guards at the door, and rarely did he and Elsa even sleep in the same chambers. Only recently did Elsa give him the freedom for him to lie beside her, no intimacy ever initiated.

Trapped. Nowhere to run, nothing to do without the consequences being much too great. And the most terrible thing was that he didn’t want to leave her side, not when he thought about what he would be losing. His title. The little dignity and respect he had left. His wife.

Those three little words had ruined him for life, and Elsa never let him forget it.

Key change. Whenever he had a spare moment now, he would try to get as much time as he could into playing the piano. As of now, it was the only freedom he had, the only real luxury of his life he could control. As Elsa stepped in, he was incredibly engrossed in his impromptu piece, every note full of staccato energy and fast finger work. This, for Hans, was now the only real way he could get his frustrations out.

“Hello, my darling,” she greeted as she sat with him at the piano bench. Hans didn’t even look up; he simply kept playing as if she was not there. But she knew he was listening.

“Anna left this morning.” The silent reply indicated that this was redundant information. “I miss her so already, but… maybe in this time we can work on what we have. Our marriage. At the moment the only things that really bind us together are the certificate we signed and the rings we wear.”

“Is there really such a point to that?” Hans replied, still not looking up at Elsa. “Isn’t that all we need right now?” Wasn’t it the only thing that would keep them together? The worst part was, much as they had been spending time apart, mentally they had never been closer.

“No, not when there’s so much more to explore with what we’ve been keeping from each other,” Elsa pointed out. “I know what you feel. I know that now you look back on your actions and regret them, wishing I hadn’t come into your life like this.”

With an unclouded heart, she was much more intuitive than eve, Hans noted. She hit the needle on the head and she wasn’t letting up…

Sooner or later she was counting on him to break.

Stopping his playing, Hans looked up at Elsa, finally, with a sigh. He couldn’t stand how beautiful she looked like this, so confident and sure of herself… Through this grim series of events, somehow she was still able to see the good in it all, in him. He couldn’t stand it.

She’d taken it all from him, taken his power and his freedom, and cruelly let him keep the title he’d worked so hard to achieve.
It amounted to nothing but mocking in his face, and Elsa was fully aware.

She’d visited him in the dungeon often, and when that trial was over and he’d been given his new title, King consort, the disgust in his face was evident as he looked her in the eye. “You’ve taken everything,” he’d told her bitterly.

She’d had the audacity to smirk at him. “But Hans, this was just what you wanted. You longed to be King of your own domain, and technically, you most certainly are still King of Arendelle.”

His silence now only made Elsa more eager to talk. “Now, my dear. Was I really that bad a choice for you…?” she asked lightly, smiling up at him.

Hans had asked Elsa that very question before, and here it was again, come to haunt him. He blinked at his wife, considering everything it stood for. And now, Elsa knew him so well she could tell when he was lying.

“Yes and no,” he answered truthfully.

Elsa gave Hans an understanding gaze, and that’s when he knew—from now on, they would likely always be on the same page.

Accepting the fact that she loved Hans did not take much effort on her part. Once Elsa had let the fact sink in, as he was taken away to the dungeon to think of his actions, she felt all the anguish and regret he did. She couldn’t explain it, but—Elsa had never felt so close to her husband like she did then. And that closeness, despite the physical distance, kept haunting her.

When she thawed the winter she’d created, Elsa had to summon every ounce of love she felt for all the people she truly cared about: Anna, her parents, Olaf, Gerda… Hans. She remembered what it felt like in their first exercises in controlling her powers, his warm hand touching hers, trusting her not to let the ice get to him. That had started The Great Thaw, as the people soon dubbed it.

What had completed it was everything else—the joy she felt getting married, the warmth of both his and Anna’s embraces, the afterglow of another rigorous round of intimacy. And soon enough, the snow had retreated into the North Mountain, where it belonged.

After her whole life of living in fear, suddenly everything was abundantly clear to her. All along she had the answer within her—she just needed to find it in herself, and Hans had been the catalyst for his change. Yes, he’d done all those terrible things, had basically ruined her life or her chances of finding a man that might have always loved her, but it was the life she chose and there was nothing more to do but hold her head high and accept that she and Hans were right for each other, despite what he might try and tell himself.

Elsa escorted Hans from the piano to their chambers, sure of all her actions now. She could tell Hans was letting his guard down more around her; there wasn’t much to hide anymore. And should he attempt to try something violent toward her again, she had a much better way of handling it, and he knew it. Arm in arm they looked content walking down the hall, but Elsa sensed the
tension, and she had to start making things right for both her and her husband.

With Anna away, though Elsa missed her dearly, it did give her the opportunity to focus entirety on her relationship with Hans, make it really work out and make this as happy as possible. After all, he still had his title and her. It was a promising foundation for building up something stronger between them, albeit not entirely healthy, given how things had really started out between them.

Guards were already posted outside their quarters for the night as they arrived, and Elsa let Hans walk in ahead of her. She smiled at them and tried to break this news gently. “I would like no guards posted here tonight,” she ordered. “Whatever may happen, I am more than capable of handling myself. Or would you like to test your authority with the Queen?”

The guards looked at each other, raising a brow, but nodded at her, although a bit tersely. “Yes, Your Majesty,” they replied, soon walking off.

Elsa shut the door behind her, and Hans couldn’t help but smirk. “Feeling frisky, are we now, my dear?” he asked, and Elsa smiled back as she realized her husband was starting to act more like himself.

“I’m optimistic,” she answered with a shrug, taking out the pins in her bun to let her hair flow loose. “Don’t you think it’s a start…?”

“You trust me enough for that?” There was that challenge, that edge and playfulness to him that really attracted her.

“I love you enough to try being intimate again,” Elsa shot back. For her, saying those words were assurance, and they only made her feel much more confident in her own feelings.

“Making love is a myth,” Hans retorted, sitting back on the bed. Elsa could tell, he wasn’t sure how to react to such a request—whether to be ecstatic or to stop her advances.

But now, she was the one in charge here. Elsa strode over to Hans and draped her arms around his shoulders, heart beating rapidly. This would be different than all the other times, she knew. But she had to take the risk, just as a first step. “We’ll see about that,” she almost dared, and pulled him to her.

That night, as she lay back to catch her breath, Elsa didn’t feel the icy sensation in the pit of her stomach anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Well, not exactly a sordid end, but I had that lyric in mind to use for the last chapter since the beginning. You get the gist.

Some things I want to make clear now that we're at the end of this huge thing:

-I do not plan to write a sequel to this fic. This is the end for me; I wanted to leave it open and I wanted people to have questions, definitely, ones to which I don't know the answers. That being said, I don't want there to ever be a sequel to this fic, written by me or anyone else, so I hold you, my readers, to respect this request.
-This ending is actually much happier than I originally envisioned, to be honest. But I'm glad I gave Anna the chance to find herself, as I wasn't going to do so in the beginning.

-I also don't plan on writing any one shots sent during the fic, drabbles, or anything of the sort. Again, like a sequel, I just don't want it written. The only thing I plan on doing now is looking ahead to other fics I plan on writing, and when I have the time going back and editing minor parts of this.

Yes, I left this open ended. It was how I envisioned it in the beginning, and really, how else could it have ended while still being equal parts optimistic and sad? Or, at least, that's how I see it. Whether or not I'll write for Frozen again I don't know—only the future can tell.

As always, feel free to leave any questions you have here or on my Tumblr. Reviews are always appreciated, of course.

So, until the next fic!

~Eliza

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!