Glacial Fractures

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Glacial Fractures

by WintermoonQueen

Summary

"You haven't spoken to me for days, Your Majesty. I'm starting to think you don't like me," Hans accused, a small smirk curling over the side of his face. She glared at him. Alternate-ending, set after Hans brings Elsa back to Arendelle and imprisons her.
Chapter 1

Her head was hung when he entered. Hands imprisoned in iron shackles, frosted over in intricate spirals. He kept silent from a distance, his eyes burning into her smaller form sitting on the stone bench.

She didn't dare look at him, didn't want to acknowledge his presence; for it would solidify the atrocious reality of her situation. Light tremors wracked her body when he stepped closer-so close she could feel the warmth of his breath on her cheek as he knelt before her and gently coaxed her to lift her head with a finger under her chin.

She swallowed when she met his hard green eyes.

"You haven't spoken to me for days, Your Majesty. I'm starting to think you don't like me," Hans accused, a small smirk curling over the side of his face. She glared at him.

He met her cold gaze with indifference before he sighed, his emerald eyes softening when he released his hold on her.

Confusion swelled in her chest, heart hammering, at the change in his demeanor. She could hear the crackling of her ice spreading in the silence that hung between them. Elsa straightened herself. She stood and watched him, eyes wide.

He took a step back as if to give her space.

"Please," she started, her small voice cracking. She licked her cold, dry lips. "You have to tell them to let me go!" Elsa glanced out at the frozen fjord, her braid whipping over her shoulder. She shook her head. Her breath shallow, mouth trembling; imploring the storm to quit its ferocious gusts. "I can't stay here," she whimpered.

The queen moved toward him, her arms yanked behind her by the chains. She stared up at him with glistening ice-blue eyes. Her throat seemed to close up, it was harder to breathe as she spoke, "If you don't let me go, Arendelle will suffer."

He went still, eyes shifting over her face. Lingering. Contemplating.

Elsa froze; a glimmer of hope allowed her to release a steady breath.

But it was short-lived.

His shoulders dropped, hands rubbing the sides of his arms. Her eyes shifted to the cloud of his breath; his shivers the only other indicator of how ice-cold the dungeons were.

Hans sighed, leaning toward her. His brows furrowed, eyes mirroring the defeat in her own.

"You know I can't do that, Elsa."

She frowned. Her name felt strange on his tongue, as if he'd wrapped his fist around her throat and played her like a puppet; Elsa held no power over him, the Queen did.

She stood her ground.

"Why not?"
"Because," he paused, shuddering when the temperature dropped further. His gaze almost apologetic for the tremor of fear that wracked her body. "I need you to help me restore Arendelle. Anna put me in charge. Until she is well enough Arendelle and its people are my responsibility."

Elsa took in a breath. He looked as frightened as she felt; as frozen as she was.

Anna.

Her sister was alive?

Relief and determination strengthened her resolve. For a moment, the blizzard's gusts on the fjord died down to a gentle breeze.

"I will do anything to help restore Arendelle. To bring back summer, but I can't. I-I just can't. I don't know how. You need to release me!"

Hans shook his head, eyes drawn down to the iron gloves that imprisoned her cursed hands.

"If I let you go, they'll kill you. I can't allow that. I need your help from down here, Elsa. Behind the scenes."

Elsa swallowed. Her knees felt weak. All she wanted was Anna to be safe.

And happy.

"Then. . . then how. . ."

Hans took a few steps toward her and leaned down. There was no warmth from his proximity, just as there was no warmth in her shackles.

His whisper tickled her ear, forcing her to still.

"Tell me everything you know about Arendelle."

The winds outside howled back to life.

Her resolve shattered into the icicles she imprisoned herself with.
A shiver raced through her spine despite the heat of the fire on her face as she laid on the couch. When the servants had brought her in, they'd urged her to rest, piling layers of heavy blankets upon her and pushed the cushion closer to the hearth. Then they set out in search of Hans. Her act of true love.

She whimpered, leaning back and closing her eyes. It didn't matter how many blankets covered her, she was freezing from the inside out. Her body was numb, she tasted the salt of her blood from her trembling, dry and cracked lips, but couldn't feel the pain of the split.

She frowned when the tips of her gloves were soaked, as if she'd dip them in a bucket of water. Though her hands were numb, she pulled off the gloves and gasped to find that her fingers had taken to a blue pallor. They dripped, as if melting from the heat of the fire, but remained frozen. Squinting, Anna inspected her skin closer to find tiny patterns of articulate snowflakes slowly spreading along every pore.

With a whimper, she reached toward the flickering flames, hopeful they'd melt the snowflakes away and warm her skin, but to no avail she was just as numb as she'd been when she arrived.

She jumped when she heard the soft crack of the door open, and a shaky smile spread along Anna's face when Hans walked through, concern etched in every line on his countenance.

"Anna?"

"H-Hans!" she gasped, struggling to stand from the edge of the couch. Hans rushed over to her and gathered her in his arms. There was no warmth in his embrace.

She was hopeful that soon it would be. Warm.

Anna gripped his collar and pulled him down to her. So close that the icy-cloud of her breath fanned over his cheeks.

"W-Woah Anna slow down, what's going on? You're so cold!"

She bit her lip and pulled him down further, moving to her toes, still tasting blood in her mouth as she shivered in his arms.

"I-I . . ." she croaked, heart hammering. She whimpered and squeezed her eyes shut, falling against him, weak in the knees. She couldn't.

Couldn't feel . . .

Nothing but the icy grip on her heart as it hammered against her ribs; each throb a sharp, cold blade in her chest.

Hans's hold tightened on her. Another shiver raced through her and the next few moments were a blur. She knit her brows and frowned, unsure of when he'd moved her to the couch and tucked her in a blanket.

His emerald-green eyes bore through her, a sharp frown etched on his face. Her throat tightened at the warmth she found in them and she reached out to brush the line of his jaw with her fingertips.
"Elsa froze my heart. Hans, I need you to kiss me, it's the only way. . ."

Hans paused. Eyebrows raised in surprise as his eyes traveled down from her eyes to her lips.

"A true love's kiss?" he murmured. His warm breath clouding her face as he stared back into her eyes. The concern flickering in his gaze made her heart swell; she felt as though his proximity alone would thaw her.

"Yes," she whispered, shuddering. Her trembling hands trailed up his chest, fingers finding purchase in the folded collar of his pristine jacket. Her eyes fluttered closed when he moved in, her lips puckering.

For a split second, she thought she sensed hesitation in his movements; but when he caressed the bottom of her chin and his lips tentatively pressed against hers, Anna ceased all thought and pulled him down to her so she could capture his lips fully.

She sighed against him, feeling his gloved hands rest on her hips as warmth began to fill her body.

All too soon, Hans pulled away and Anna watched him with mild disappointment. He stared down at her, his chest heaving. Brows furrowed.

"How're you feeling?" he asked, eyes roaming over her small form for any sign of the ice that marred her skin.

"I'm. . ." she trailed off, biting her lip. She felt warm again, but shouldn't a true love's kiss feel more. . .magical? Send electrifying sparks throughout her body? Untamable butterflies in the pit of her stomach?

Internally shaking off such thoughts, Anna lifted a hand and inspected it, spreading her fingers and rotating her wrist. The numbness faded, and the blue-pallor her skin had previously taken changed back to her natural, sun-kissed hue. "I feel better. . .warmer. Do I look better?"

Hans shifted on his feet, approaching her. He opened his mouth, then shut it when he inspected her closely, "You look normal, except. . ."

She swallowed, digging her nails into her palms when he trailed off. The suspense of his answer causing her heart to race.

Her lips thinned, "E-Except. . .?"

Hans coughed and averted his gaze, seeming to find the carpet more interesting.

". . .Your hair hasn't really changed."

Anna's eyes widened and she pulled at her braids. Her breath catching in her throat at the pure-white strands that glared at her from her palm. It should have worked; it felt like it worked. She could feel again. Her shivering had ceased. They'd kissed, Hans was her true love!

"What? How?!"
Chapter 3

It had been days since he’s visited her.

After his initial appearance following her capture, she’d frozen her thin lips shut. Her fear was as palpable as her defiance. The only sentence he’d managed to pull from her was a concerned inquiry about her sister.

Loving, naive little Anna.

“She hasn’t returned,” he’d told her, lying through his teeth. His chest gave an odd flutter at her stricken expression. Knowing he still had that bit of power over her reassured him that not all was lost. He’ll find another way to make her talk. “She’s still out there, looking for you.”

She’d backed away from him then, staring longingly through the thin, barred window as the wind picked up.

He’d kept his distance, if only to appear to mind her unspoken desire for space. He’d watched her for a few minutes. Where she’d stood tall moments before, it was clear she’d forgotten his presence in the room as her shoulders trembled, the chains rattling in place of her restrained cries.

When he’d turned to leave, he’d glanced back at her if only for a split moment.

A cruel smirk had curled along his lips.

Her silent tears hadn’t gone unnoticed; and they had fueled him.

With a newfound confidence, he’d spent the next few days following his last encounter with her, in the library. He’d stalked down the many isles for hours, wiping dust off of history books that he thought might be useful; particularly Arendelle’s political history.

At one point, Anna had wandered through the double doors. He almost froze when she laid her child-like, blue eyes on him. Almost.

Instead, he’d offered a practiced, charming smile as she moved toward him.

“I want to bring Elsa back,” she’d stated. Her eyes boring into him as her lips had set into a thin, determined line.

Hans had leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms with a sigh. He’d frowned, marking his page in the history book he’d been sifting through, then made a show of rubbing his weary eyes and swiping the bangs of his unkempt hair out of his countenance.

“Anna,” he’d started, meeting her fiery gaze. The candlelight had reflected off of her white hair, almost blinding him if it weren’t for the strawberry-blonde strands that peeked out. “I can’t let you go back out, it’s too dangerous. We don’t even know where Elsa is.”

“I do! Just let me march back up the North Mountain!”

“Anna, how do you even know she’s still there? What if she ran off? To a place where no one will find her? Right now, Arendelle is our priority, we have to keep the people warm and find help.”
Anna had scrunched up her nose. Balled her hands into tight fists. If he didn’t know any better, he would have thought she would hit him.

“Elsa is our help! She can end the Winter!”

He tensed, but as quickly as his spine stiffened, he’d composed himself. He’d feigned tiredness—rubbing his brows, sighing, running his gloved hands through his messy auburn locks. She didn’t know Elsa was here.

Didn’t wonder why the wind still howled and screamed as ice and snow continued to build upon Arendelle, burying the kingdom within its own ice age.

Never once questioned why Elsa hadn’t banished the storm already.

He’d wanted to call her naive—was desperate to, if only to force her to face reality. That her sister—the queen—wasn’t coming back.

If anything, her unwavering faith in Elsa was admirable at most.

For a moment, a tinge of jealousy had twisted and squeezed his heart. His chest had begun to ache from the effort of holding his composure.

But he’d hardened himself. His legs were stiff as he’d risen from his seat and took hold of Anna’s shoulders, tilting her chin to hold her gaze. The fabric of his gloves caressing her jawline.

He’d nearly sighed in relief when he’d felt her relax under his grasp.

For now, he’d thought, he’ll entertain her.

Despite how he needed her to give up on Elsa.

“Anna, my love,” he’d started, looking down on her with a soft—charming—smile. “I know how important your sister is to you. She is, after all, the only family you have left. We’ll find her and bring her back,” he promised. The lie had tasted sweet on his tongue.

He’d then pulled her in against his chest and soothed her, running his gloved fingers through her pale hair, when her eyes welled up. He knew he had her when she fell into him, pulling at his crisp jacket, and sobbed.

“But right now,” he’d murmured, ghosting his lips along her crown. The strands of white hair had oddly reminded him of Elsa. How the sorceress still held power over him, despite being his prisoner, as he scrambled to devise a new plan to sit on Arendelle’s throne. “We need to take care of Arendelle first. Once we do that, I promise we’ll look for Elsa again.”

With a tiny hiccup, she’d managed a nod against his chest. He’d then placed a soft kiss on her head—his lips curling into a smile—and escorted her back to her room.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

This is probably the quickest I've ever updated something, and I'm quite proud of myself. Also, today is my birthday so I figured I would work hard in editing it to make sure you guys received it early (also, a great birthday present would be comments in return *wink wink*). Anyway, this is the longest (so far) of the chapters, and we revisit Elsa's POV.

She lost track of how many days she’d been imprisoned.

At first, it was two days. Two full cycles of weak daylight streaming through the narrow window, only reaching far enough to bathe the tip of the stone bench. Afterward, she’d been too busy pacing, fighting to conceal the curse.

Hans hadn’t returned.

Perhaps he’d give up on her, finally realizing she held no control over the Winter she’d avalanched onto Arendelle.

Then, she paused--chains rattling to a halt with her movements--, why was he keeping her here? If he refused to let her go, was he planning for an execution?

Elsa creased her brows. Her heart hammered in her chest, pounding with the gusts that slammed against the windows.

No. It didn’t make sense. None of this made sense. Surely he would have killed her by now--ending the Winter.

She swallowed.

The manacles on her hands felt tight, chafing her pale skin.

She struggled to draw breath. Her eyes welled hot, blurring her vision.

And Anna. . .

If her sister was still out in the storm. . .

Elsa choked down a sob, shoulders shaking. Then maybe it was best that Hans brought her life to an end.

After all, it’s not the first time she’d contemplated it.

She dragged herself--the rattling chains nothing but white noise now--back to the stone bench.

Isolation. Disappointment. Fear. She wasn’t a stranger to any of them, no matter if she suffered through them or recognized it in others; her parents, the foreign dignitaries, her people.

Fear. They had so much fear; afraid of the monster she’d become.
Her blue eyes glazed over as she was reminded of the early thirteen years of her isolation.

“Papa?” she’d called. He’d stood at the far end of her room, his hand lingering on the handle.

He’d offered her a tired smile. The dark circles under his eyes more prominent than she’d ever seen. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew she’d caused them.

“Hey, sweetheart. I was just going to bid you goodnight. Tuck you in.” He didn’t cross the room right away. His tired eyes lingered on her small form.

She’d wrung her hands and bit her lip.

“Am I. . . am I a monster?”

His eyes had widened. He stood frozen by the doorframe. He was still for some time before he pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed.

He was tired.

She was exhausted.

“No. . .no sweetie, you’re not a monster. Whoever told you that?”

Her throat tightened, she’d shrunk into herself. His hesitance as palpable as the fear she’d felt every day.

Elsa averted her gaze, dropping her head to stare at her feet.

Her father sighed again. Nothing else was said as he tucked her in.

The next night he tried, she’d pushed him away and he was forced to watch her crumble from afar.

Elsa was jarred out of the darkness of her thoughts when the handle of the dungeon rattled. She turned her head away when he entered.

She sat still as a statue. He stood a cautious distance from her, the door clicking shut behind him. She pressed her lips into a thin line and closed her eyes.

“You still haven’t eaten,” he stated, nudging the tray of stale bread with his toe. Elsa remained silent, her blue eyes focusing on her iron manacles instead. Hans picked up the tray and moved toward her until he towered over her.

She swallowed a lump in her throat, still refusing to make eye contact with him.

“Why don’t you just kill me?” she whispered, taking in a shaky breath. Her brows furrowed and a frown marred her face.

She could feel his gaze burn into her, roaming. She repressed a shiver. He sighed and picked up the stale bread.

“You should eat,” he continued, ignoring her query.

“I’m not hungry,” she bit at him, refusing to give him the satisfaction of her gaze. She’d expected him to retort, order the guards to force feed her, but he sat on the edge of the bench instead.

Elsa side-eyed him warily, the temperature must have dropped by the way Hans shivered. Then
he’d straightened his back, as if it never happened. Like he wasn’t freezing in this dungeon he’d sentenced her to. He may have been fighting the chills, but his clouded breath gave him away.

An awkward silence fell between them.

Hans fiddled with the bread beside her before placing the plate at her feet and broke the loaf in half. Her heart hammered in her chest as he scooted closer--fighting her instinct to put miles between them--and held it up to her lips.

“I forgot,” he started, brushing the piece against the dark of her lips. “You can’t exactly eat with those shackles on.” He offered her a charming smile. She frowned, blue eyes peeking from beneath her dark lashes as she mustered a glare.

“I said I wasn’t hungry,” she murmured, averting her gaze.

He shuffled closer to her, brushing a few blonde strays behind her ear. She tensed at his touch, turning away from him further. The chains protested her movements, scraping and rattling against the frozen, stone ground of the dungeon.

“You’re not a very good liar, Elsa.” Hans retorted, halting her movements as he trailed a finger down her jawline before resting a hand on her shoulder. “You need to eat, I can’t have you starving. Anna would never forgive me if she came back.”

The queen trembled. Wanted nothing more than to be left alone.

In her silence, he tried offering her a piece of bread once more. After a moment of contemplation--the ache in the pit of her empty stomach becoming too much to bear, not when food was right beneath her nose--she parted her lips. He curled his fingers away from her teeth as she took it and chewed, closing her eyes with a sigh.

The stale bread was tough to chew. So dry, it was like swallowing sand.

Hans watched her carefully, then presented her a cup of water, to which she gulped down in a couple of sips. Tiny droplets trailed down her throat as he helped her drink.

Elsa gasped when she finished, catching her breath.

Hans smiled at her and commented, “See, that wasn’t so hard.”

His gloved hands wiped at the droplets that had frozen on her alabaster skin. Elsa resisted the urge to flinch, biting her lip. Her skin prickled and burned under his touch. The heat it manifested was intolerable. She stiffened.

Then, he lingered. She felt small under his intense gaze--powerless.

Elsa took in a shaky breath and shot up from her position on the bench, putting distance between them.

Hans remained sitting, not uttering another word. He was studying her. As if she were an experiment, an anomaly. Cautious, like everyone else had been when her powers manifested.

She was an animal in a cage.

The worst part was, she knew this was where she belonged. She almost welcomed it.

Born a monster, always a monster.
But Anna, oh *Anna*. 

Anna never thought that. Never looked at her how everyone else had. Always tried to help, to understand. 

Elsa frowned, staring down at the chains that bound her to this cold, dark cage. Trying to imagine a different life with her sister, a better life that could have been. All she saw was the icy prison she’d locked herself within. 

Anna could *never* understand. 

A sigh caught her attention. She glanced over her shoulder to see that Hans no longer resided on the bench. He picked up the empty tray. 

“I’ll tell the guards to get you more water,” he stated, not sparing her another glance as he strode to the door. 

The gusts of her storm reverberated off the walls, jarring her out of her selfish self-loathing and reminding her how Anna—her loving, precious sister—was still out there, looking for *her*. 

Elsa swallowed, turned to face him. 

“Wait,” she called, her voice barely above a whisper—hoarse. Fresh tears cascaded down her cheeks, but her cries were silent as she tried to stand tall. For the first time, she found his gaze. Her blue eyes bright against the ashen walls of the dungeon that framed her. 

Hans turned to her with a raised brow, waiting. 

“Anna,” she started, swallowing what was left of her pride. Frost spread from beneath her feet. The prince paid it no mind. “Please, she’s out there somewhere. I’ll... I’ll help you. I—I’ll tell you what you need to know, just... please bring my sister back.” 

Hans considered her for a moment, taking in her distraught state—the *desperation* in her wide, teary eyes. 

He then turned, straightened his back, and rested a hand on the handle of the door. His white glove had slipped down past his wrist, showing the skin of his palm. 

“I’ll see what I can do,” he responded, his voice low and smooth. 

When he closed the door, Elsa crumbled to her knees and wailed. 

As her own ice caged her in, she wished for none other than Anna’s return and a swift, painless death. 

Because that’s all a monster like her deserved.
Chapter 5

Frost shimmered in her lashes, brushing her cheeks like a cold kiss as her eyes fluttered open. She breathed a cloud of air, lips trembling as she shuttered beneath layers of heavy blankets. She could feel the ice racing through her veins; in her heart.

The numbness made her eyelids heavy—her body a weight beneath the sheets. Frozen flesh and bone. Her breath slowed with each intake.

_Sleep. Just sleep . . . for a . . . little._

A finger twitched.

No, she protested.

Her arms collapsed at her sides when she rolled onto her back—her movements forced and sluggish.

She fought the heaviness of her eyelids, willing herself to stay awake long enough to find Hans.

. . . To bring Elsa back.

_Come on, Anna. You can't get Elsa back if you don't fight it! Get up._

_Get. Up._

Anna pulled the covers back and gradually propped herself up. She heaved. Panted. Forced her numbing limbs to move.

She swallowed and winced, feeling as though icicles clung to her throat.

The princess paused, took in a shaky breath. It was hard to move, even to blink. This was how it started last time, right? The numbness. The cold. Her heart freezing deep within her chest.

Hans. She needed him to kiss her again.

The ice, it didn't go away. Why?

As Anna struggled out of bed and dragged her feet across the frozen room.

True love. A true love's kiss was supposed to heal her—thaw the ice. Her frozen heart.

Hans _was_ her true love.

She regained her footing, steadying her legs, fighting the chill that raced through her bones. When she reached the door, Anna squeezed her eyes shut, bit her cracked lip, then took in cold breaths between clenched teeth. Her heart pounded in her chest and her mind screamed at her to keep moving.

_Find Hans. Have to find Hans . . . _

She stumbled into the dimly-lit hallway. Vacant as it always had been.

She fought to keep hot tears at bay. When she swallowed them down, all she could envision behind
her blurry, wet eyes was Elsa's lone figure, staring down at her from her ice palace with a melancholy Anna hadn't noticed before; an anguish Anna had been ignorant of for thirteen years.

Fighting a choked wail, the princess almost wanted to believe she deserved a frozen heart.

"Anna?"

Hans's familiar, smooth voice pulled her from her self-loathing. She smiled at the sight of him. His concern the only warmth in the frozen hallway.

"H-Hans, I—" she took in a breath, her legs gave out and she grasped the threshold of her bedroom. Hans rushed to her, supporting her with his gloved hands by the elbows. Anna gave him a shaky, grateful smile.

"Anna what's wrong? Are you alright? You should be resting!" he exclaimed, tightening his hold on her.

"H-Hans . . . you—you need to kiss me again . . . it's so cold . . ." The storm in her chest raged. Her heart beat slower, abating against the icy grip in her blood.

Anna could feel Hans's gaze on her, brows knitted in confusion. He seemed a statue as he held her; uncertain. He didn't move until she gripped him by the collar and pulled him down to her. Pressing his warm lips against her cold skin.

She sighed in relief against his heat.

The cold ache in her chest ceased. In her dire to feel warmth, she pressed further into him; persistent. It wasn't until she had strength in her legs again—the numbness fading—that she broke the kiss with a gasp and rested her head on his chest.

She closed her eyes, reveling in his tight hold on her; hands rubbing along the length of her arms. The friction breathed life back into her—color returning to her cheeks. Anna hummed in response to his ministrations. It reminded her how she'd missed him over the course of her journey to bring Elsa back.

When Hans pulled away—holding her at arms length as if to inspect her—she found herself staring up at him, finding comfort in the bright green of his eyes. If the eternal winter never ended, at least she'd find summer in his gaze.

His brows furrowed. Those same eyes reflected an emotion akin to worry. She nearly swooned within his embrace.

"Are you alright?" he murmured, fingers squeezing her arms as if she'd collapse any moment.

Anna offered a small smile, heart fluttering at the affection and concern flashing within his gaze.

"Y-Yeah," she replied, inching closer to her prince charming when he released his hold on her. "Better—warmer."

Her stomach somersaulted at the wide smile he returned. It was contagious.

With eyes glued to his handsome face—dazed—her heart sped up within the silence that stretched between them.

She'd hardly registered that he'd moved her back to her bedside, sitting her down.
"Anna . . ." he started, sitting next to her with a hand caressing her back. "We need to talk."

She glanced at him, brows furrowing. Hands curled into her skirt, gripping the fabric to tight wrinkles. She chewed the inside of her cheek. Those words punched into her chest, winding her. She'd forgotten to breathe. Couldn't calm the racing of her heart as her stomach turned.

Her thundering pulse aided the nausea in waves.

"What," she gasped, taking in air. The cold settled once more beneath her skin. "A-About what?"

Anna squared her shoulders when he looked into her eyes. And though her heart felt like it was breaching the abyss, she forced herself to face it. Ready for the last piece of hope for a happy, fairy tale ending to slip through her fingers.

"Our marriage," he elaborated cautiously. He turned to face her. She fought tears. "Anna, we should get married sooner. For Arendelle's sake."

Hans reached out to take her hands in his.

Anna watched him, frozen on her bedside, with wide eyes.

She opened her mouth, gaping like a fish, trying to form words. But she was speechless. She'd always imagined her marriage to be a carefully planned occasion, with her sister to walk her down the aisle, giving her blessing. A speech that would bring Anna to tears as she stood upon the altar beside her betrothed.

But now she'd share her special day with strangers. In the middle of a frozen Summer. Without her older sister by her side to help her into her dress, making sure the day was as perfect as could be, and ease her cold feet. Cooling down her sweaty palms before her bouquet slipped from her grasp when the church doors opened for her.

Her sister whispering, before the princess would take the long trek down the aisle, of how proud of her she was. Of the woman she'd become.

But . . . even if Elsa were here, she would be just as much of a stranger to her as the foreign dignitaries.

They'd been estranged for so many years, Anna didn't know her sister any more than she knew her betrothed.

She's not here anyway, Anna reasoned, fighting the ache in her chest, so what's the point?

The princess pursed her lips. She didn't meet Hans's gaze until the tears receded.

"I—I don't know, Hans . . ."

The prince shifted toward her, gently taking her hands within his gloved palms; his thumbs rubbing her knuckles soothingly. Her breath hitched in her throat when he looked down at her as if she was the only one who mattered.

Like how she'd longed a prince to approach her since she was a little girl—after Elsa locked herself away.

"Think about it. Your people are losing hope of ever seeing the sun again. They're cold, tired, and afraid. What better time to have a royal marriage to lift their spirits? You could be the sun, Anna.
The ray of hope they need."

Anna swallowed. His bright eyes stared into her own with so much hope and admiration that she struggled to breathe.

"A-Alright," she whispered. Anna squared her shoulders, turning her fingers in his grasp to entwine them with his. "For Arendelle."

Hans's wide smile was contagious, she couldn't keep the tiny giggle from escaping her lips as he grasped her head in his gentle hands and kissed her.

Anna returned the kiss with fervor, oblivious to weight of her sister's crown on her head.
Chapter 6

He’d made sure to add an extra layer of clothing this time before descending into the dungeons. It was later than he’d intended, well into the afternoon, but he’d had to make sure Anna was preoccupied. She was a curious adventurer, but not as perceptive as he’d thought she’d be. His fiancé was, at least, easy to read. The kind of girl who bore her scars to the world.

To a degree, Hans admired her for that. Perhaps bordering envy. In his family, if he’d shown any weakness, his older brothers would ridicule him. His family was a horde of daggers, with each criticism sharper than the next. Cutting through to his heart with practiced precision.

He shut the door behind him. Boots sticking to the grime on the worn stairs.

He was the unwanted prince. Expendable. A thirteenth spare.

It was safer to hide his scars beneath pristine gloves.

As he approached the metal door—ice and frost crusting along the threshold—Hans turned to the guards and dismissed them. When they left, he took in a deep breath and straightened his jacket.

He wanted to make Arendelle a place for himself.

The prince steeled himself. Opened the door, and made his presence known.

“Good afternoon, Your Majesty.”

She wasn’t perched on her bench this time. Instead, she stared out at Arendelle through the narrow window. Buried underneath layers of white. A deep frown etched on her face.

He was not surprised. She was the exact opposite of her sister. The epitome of sophistication and silence. Her inner turmoil hidden from the world. The storm outside the only indication of her brooding; she’d walled herself in. Icicles hanging from the ceiling. Frost embedding into the cracks of the barren room. Walls of sparkling white.

He would’ve called it beautiful if he didn’t know any better.

She sent him a glance over her shoulder when he stepped closer. Her eyes widened as if she’d just noticed his company. Perhaps she’d shut out the world in order to focus on keeping the winter storm at bay.

He could use that to his advantage.

She turned to him. Eyes roaming over his bundled form and his clouding breath. But she didn’t recoil from the knowledge as he thought she would, instead she steeled herself.

Admirable.

“Any sign of Anna?” she queried, her thin lips frowning prettily.

Predictable.

She still believed the lie that her little sister was lost in the relentless whiteout. Freezing to death.

Too easy.
Hans feigned a sigh, slumping his shoulders. Crossing his arms with a shiver. His lips trembled, teeth chattering.

“No,” he replied. “I’m afraid not.”

Elsa’s brows furrowed. She whirled back to the window, as if to plead the storm to halt. To allow her to bring it back under her control. But to no avail.

Her shoulders trembled.

“You’re not searching hard enough,” she accused. A bite to her tone.

Hans approached her. Hands balled into fists.

“We are, *Your Majesty.* But my men can’t see anything in this storm, let alone keep a fire going to warm their *frozen* limbs.” He matched her ire, not allowing her to diminish his pride.

The queen’s eyes widened at his accusation. She took a step away from him, placing noticeable distance between them. She was silent. The rare fire he’d witnessed in her eyes put out by his own. It made his breath hitch. New adrenaline raced through his veins at this knowledge.

He could play her like a puppet behind stone-cold walls. Turn her head to his whim. Her thoughts molding into his, where she would think nothing of herself but a monster and him her only savior. And she would unbeknowningly make him her King, while she the Evil Queen of the white destruction she wrought on his Kingdom.

If only *she* was his betrothed. Oh what could have been if he’d swept her off her feet instead of her naive little sister. After all, Elsa was always the preferable one.

His darkened green eyes wandered over her lithe, curvy figure.

*And the more alluring sister at that.*

She hunched her shoulders, as if to ward off the burn of his gaze from her alabaster skin.

“What do you *want*?” she hissed.

The ice grew thicker.

He hid his surprise at her sharp tone. He nearly grinned. It seemed like the Queen had little patience today. These four walls must be getting to her. And he fed off the anger radiating from her irritated form.

Stepping closer to her, but not close enough to invade her space. He folded his hands behind him, watching her carefully.

“I’ve agreed to keep searching for Anna. I’m waiting for you to keep up your end of the bargain,” he paused with a frown. Furrowing his eyebrows to imitate that of concern. He softened his deep voice. The only way to soothe the skittish snow rabbit before him. “I need to know about Arendelle in order to keep the people alive. *Your* people.”

At this, her eyes widened regretfully and she relaxed her shoulders. Lips trembling, she hung her head. He spotted, with sick satisfaction, a glistening in her eyes. But as quickly as he’d noticed, she drew herself up and pushed the tears back.

Hans feigned a sigh. She didn’t move when he took another step, close enough to brush her cheek
with the back of his gloved finger.

“If I’m going to find and save Anna, I need to save Arendelle. I need your help.”

For the first time that week, he saw true defeat in her crystal blue eyes. And he thrived on it. Her helplessness in that moment was so palpable that Hans already felt the power of being a King. It was simple—so simple—to bring his Queen to her knees.

Oh how perfect they would be, with him on her throne and her kept in the cold darkness, chained to her own destructive thoughts. Trained to only answer to him.

He couldn’t force down the smile that crossed his countenance, so he circled behind her. The cloud of his hot breath sent goosebumps along her exposed shoulders. How peculiar. He heard her take in a shaky breath, felt her jaw tremble against his covered knuckles. She stiffened against him when he grasped her by the waist. His fingers digging into her frail softness.

“Elsa,” he murmured against her neck, lips brushing the soft skin he longed to dig his teeth into. Only hard enough to bruise. But that would defeat his purpose, and she was a cornered animal in his grip. “Before Anna’s disappearance, she mentioned a troll turning a strand of her hair white. But we know that’s not true. You’ve struck her before, haven’t you?”

Elsa swallowed. Her chest shuttered with every breath she took.

“Yes,” she whimpered, turning her head further from him so as to hide the tear that cascaded down her cheek. Hans waited for her to elaborate, but she was too far-gone in her memory to respond further. He almost felt sorry for her.

“And the troll? Was it fake?” he pressed, catching a warm tear that traveled down her throat with his cold lips. Elsa froze against him. Ice sprawled between them, beneath his boots. The queen broke from his grasp and spun on him. He nearly slipped from her when she fixated an icy cold glare on him and backed away as far as the chains would allow.

“No,” she growled. “The troll . . . he was real.”

He couldn’t hide the surprise he felt at her declaration and how easily she’d broken from his spell. He’d pressed too far. Let his infatuation get the best of him. He inwardly cursed himself.

A wall of jutting ice spikes separated him from the queen. He stepped back when one nearly pricked his throat. And when he looked back at Elsa, he gulped at the reignited fire in her eyes. Her lips curled just slightly, bearing fangs he’d only seen once before. Back at the ice palace.

“Don’t touch me,” she snarled. Ice spread along her manacles, forming an endless path of icicles down to the chains. But she still trembled. From anger or fear, he couldn’t decide. Perhaps both.

Despite his heart hammering in his chest, Hans stepped up to the aggressive ice. Elsa’s eyes tracked him. The caution and indignation in her sharp gaze was prominent.

He sighed and bowed his head with a regretful frown.

“My apologies, Your Majesty.” Hans replied, his tone soft. Though he was merely trying to save face. “I was out of line.”

She didn’t appear to believe him.

The crackling of ice filled the silence between them. He studied her from across the room.
Admiring, for a moment, the shine of frost on her porcelain skin whilst respecting the distance she placed between them.

He’d had her under his control, but it took a millisecond for her to slip from his fingertips. He had to recover from his mistake. Bring her back into his grasp so he could pull at her strings again.

Easier said than done. He’d underestimated her intelligence.

“The trolls,” he pushed, trailing his gloved finger along a smooth icy spike. Elsa’s cautious visage was reflected within its translucent surface.

She was trying to read him.

He stepped back with his hands folded behind him. The thirteenth prince lifted his chin and matched her expression.

She was still. And for a moment, he thought it would be a fat chance he’d get anything else out of her for the day after his bold mistake. But, once again, she proved him wrong.

Elsa shifted toward the prickly barrier between them, lifting her manacles. The chains cracked and broke out of the ice with a small shatter. The icy shards littered the gray pallor of the stone ground, glittering at him mockingly.

“Let’s make a deal,” she breathed, her voice stronger than it was when he entered. The tremors in her body ceased and he found himself inexplicably drawn into her crystal-blue gaze. His stomach swirled, mesmerized by the magic he found in them.

“And what would that be?” he responded, his voice barely a whisper. His hands twitched at his sides, wanting nothing more than to run his bare fingers through her soft white-blonde hair.

The queen lifted her chin and drew her shoulders back.

“I’ll tell you all about the trolls if you release my hands.”
Chapter 7

She flexed her fingers. Digging her nails into the palms of her skin and rotating her wrists. She rubbed at the chaffing on her skin from the iron gloves. The bones in her fingers ached from having been curled within the tight, heavy iron for days. Ice tingled beneath her skin, screaming to release a glacial blast. To encase her within a prison more suited to her; a Snow Queen.

Elsa took in a breath. She felt the familiar coldness fill her lungs and calm the power within her. She almost murmured a ‘thank you’, but thought better of it.

The prince tossed the manacles onto the murky, ice-crusted ground.

It was dangerous to show gratitude to a man who felt entitled.

She regarded him as he eyed the fort of ice-spikes between them. The queen could detect no fear in his emerald gaze, no matter how carefully he analyzed the sharp array of dark crystals that protruded toward him.

Elsa shuttered at the memory of those same eyes roaming over her curves when he thought she wasn’t paying attention.

This was not the same prince who was engaged to her sister.

No. He was a dangerous man indeed.

Hans ran a curious finger over the point of a nearby spike, as if testing a frozen lake. He’d fall right through if he didn’t tread carefully.

Elsa’s heart hammered in her chest. Arms quaking at her sides, eyes locked on how he ran a smooth finger along each frozen fractal. His lips parted a fraction, shoulders relaxed; he seemed within his element, if not perplexed by the distending structure that separated them.

When his eyes met hers, the queen swallowed a bewildered gasp; for she could detect no sign of fear or hatred within his gaze.

“Can you thaw it?” he asked.

Elsa stiffened, lips trembling. She licked the roof of her dry mouth and averted her eyes to her open palms.

“I can’t,” she whispered, closing her eyes and wrapping her arms around her middle. Shoulders hunching. “I only know how to freeze things. I can’t simply just undo what I’ve done.”

Hans sighed. His arms falling back to his sides, adjusting the gloves on his hands. It unnerved her that she couldn’t read him. He was transparent, yet opaque. As if a translucent mask deflected her from his true visage.

It only melted away when he lost himself in his desires. Elsa inwardly shuddered at the thought. Confused at what had transpired not even ten minutes prior.

She wasn’t naive. She’d witnessed countless times from her moments in court where men would take advantage of women due to their power and wealth. Noticed the small, yet creative aversions ladies of the court would exercise in order to keep their distance from advancing men. To prevent
unnecessary aggression.

Elsa was not in a position to have that luxury.

Hans may look the part of Prince Charming, but she saw through his facade of gorgeous locks, dreamy eyes, and fairy dust sparkling with a happy ending.

The trapped and bound queen realized, with a sick turn in her stomach accompanied by her pounding heart, that she was potentially the object of his dark, sexual fantasies.

She could see the fog of his breath from across the room, the only indication at how low the temperature dropped. He didn’t dare advance on her again, but the way his gaze surveyed her and how his fingers twitched at his sides, she knew he wanted to.

The bitterness of bile rose in her throat and she wanted to be as far away from him as possible.

“The trolls,” he reminded her, taking slow, cautious steps around her ice fortress.

The queen took a step back, raising her hands, fingers trembling.

“If you come any closer. . .” she hissed. The rest of her threat died in her throat when her back hit the wall. Frost accumulated behind her, forming into miniscule, sharp spikes around her body.

Hans halted, reaching out with a hand to her as if he meant no harm.

Liar.

“I won’t. I just need to hear about the trolls. So I can help you.” he reasoned, a deep frown etched on his face when she pursed her lips.

“I don’t need help, what I need is to be as far away from Arendelle as possible.”

She swallowed when Hans shook his head.

“I’m sorry, Your Majesty, but that’s not possible. You’re under my care as a prisoner, if I let you go, they’ll hunt you down.”

Her eyes widened. She curled her hands into tight fists, her nails digging into her skin. Elsa let out a shaky exhale, “So they don’t know I’m here. . . you didn’t tell them. They think I’m still on the North Mountain.”

When he didn’t answer, she glared up at him.

“You want to keep me as your prisoner. To control me,” she growled, baring her teeth when the prince’s countenance remained impassive.

Hans sighed and turned on his heels until the blue of his cloak faced her, a dark contrast to her glowing ice. “The truth is,” he started. Elsa’s eyes focused on the heavy cloud of his breath, her jaw locking, grinding her teeth behind her thin lips. “I need your help to find Anna. She’s still out there, freezing to death.” He glanced at her over his shoulder, eyes shining with unshed tears.

The queen’s heart stopped and her throat closed in. She squeezed her eyes shut. Anna. She couldn’t be. . . with quivering lips, two tears cascaded down her rosy cheeks. Her narrowed eyes tunnel visioned toward the window where her Eternal Winter glared through.

She hardly noticed Hans shiver from her peripheral, blurry vision as he made his way around her
ice and knelt before her.

“Your Majesty, I need you to stop this Winter. Please. Tell me about the trolls, because if they can help us end your Winter and find Anna. . .” he trailed off.

Elsa forced herself to quell her tears. The sight of the Southern Isles prince kneeling before her, begging her to end this Eternal Winter for her sister’s sake, nearly shattered her.

Heart hammering in her chest, wringing and picking at her fingers until they bled, she couldn’t help but frown. Face contorting, scrunching under a cloud of confusion.

In her silence, as Elsa gave a curt nod for him to stand, she couldn’t help but wonder how true his intentions were.
Chapter 8

It felt like a week since Hans last visited her. Since she’d told him everything she knew of the trolls. At least, of what she’d remembered as a child.

“I don’t know where they are,” she’d told him, pacing by the window with her fingers tangled into her braid.

The Southern Isles prince had merely sighed. His breath condensing into a thick cloud. Elsa had trembled at the realization, knowing it was getting colder and there was nothing she can do to stop Arendelle from falling victim to her arctic prison.

A prison where she’d be the only survivor.

“When was the last time you saw them?” he’d asked, eyes tracking her every movement.

She’d turned her palms upward, clenching them to hide the frost.

“When I was nine.” A watery sigh, then, “I was terrified. Worried about Anna. I was a child, I could do nothing but seek the comfort of my parents’ arms.” Elsa had swallowed, lips trembling. It was a memory she’d been cursed with through every moment of her life. “I only know they live deep in the valley of the mountains. It’s not likely you’ll find them, they don’t take well to most humans.”

She’d startled when he approached her, brushing her wild braid from her shoulder so it hung down her back instead. Elsa had drawn in a breath, attempting a side-step only to collide into the dungeon walls. A burst of ice spindles had sprouted outward and along the stone, forcing a strangled gasp from her lips.

“Easy, Elsa,” he’d murmured, as if to soothe a spooked mare.

Her lips had trembled as he traced the delicate outline of her jaw. The imprisoned queen had refused to meet his eyes. Instead, she focused on the view of the unforgiving winter through the narrowed window-pane; unsure if she were silently pleading with it to stop or to free her from the prince’s unwanted advances.

Neither had occurred.

“I’ll leave at dawn then,” he’d announced, using his grip on her jaw to turn her face toward him.

Elsa had froze. Could do nothing but avert her wide, blue eyes to the collar of his jacket rather than his invasive gaze.

She couldn’t will her limbs to move—despite wishing she could disappear into the wall behind her—until he’d shifted down toward her. With a sharp gasp, Elsa jerked away when his lips had brushed hers.

The prince had then released her in response, but hadn’t yet given her the space she desired.

With her arms having wrapped around her middle, tucking her hands beneath them to tame the spiraling ice, she’d pressed herself into the wall in a vain attempt to put distance between them.

A shudder had raced through the queen’s form, eyes clenched shut.
“Then leave me,” she’d barely hissed out.

Elsa had barely heard his murmured response of ‘As you wish’ before the echoing of the door slamming shut. Once alone, she’d released a whimper and slid to the ground with her knees curled to her chest. Form wracked with soft sobs of helplessness.

The imprisoned queen startled out of her recollection when the heavy door clicked shut behind her. Elsa swallowed over the tense lump in her throat. She didn’t need to turn around the know who it was.

He kept silent. Each grimy footfall echoed, amplifying her dread with each passing moment. She didn’t move, not even when she felt the heat of his presence at her back.

His breath fanned along the nape of her neck. Gloved hands mapping out her curves.

Elsa squeezed her eyes shut and curled her hands into fists within their iron prison. She’d barely mustered up all her courage to release a wavering plea, “Release me, please.”

The prince paused. Squeezed her hips.

Her heart raced.

He removed his hands and redirected them to her iron manacles, unlocking them before he stepped away.

“This is nothing,” she murmured, refusing to meet his gaze as she massaged feeling back into her wrists.

“I couldn’t find them,” Hans finally spoke. Voice gruff.

This made her glance his way, slowly quirking a brow.

“The trolls,” he clarified, rubbing his arms when a chill seemed to race through him.

Elsa fought the urge to roll her eyes and give a snarky “told you so”, but thought against it. She was not in a position to ridicule him—or anyone for that matter.

Her eyes found the frosty window-pane, willing her sister to appear and reassure her that she was alright. Knowing that Anna had returned safe and sound was more important than whether or not Hans had succeeded in locating the trolls.

“What about Anna? Any sign of her?” Elsa asked, worrying her lip between her teeth and wringing her hands. She searched his visage. For what she didn’t know, perhaps a flash of something that would give her hope. Something to calm the storm raging inside her.

Her heart plummeted when his shoulders sagged. He dropped his head when he responded, “No. We haven’t found her either. I...” he lifted his eyes to meet her teary blue gaze, “...Elsa, I’m so sorry. We’ve given up hope on recovering her, we think she may be...” Hans trailed off, but Elsa didn’t need to hear him finish.

*Dead.*
Her baby sister was missing. Gone. *Dead*. 

Never to be seen again.

A distant wail echoed throughout the dungeon.

Hours after Hans left, Elsa lay curled up in front of the locked dungeon door. She hadn’t tried to force it open. Didn’t bother to. Escape was the last action on her mind. With these shackles, she wouldn’t get far anyway.

Drawing her knees up to her chest with a tear-streaked face, the only company she had was the echoing rattle of her chains. A constant reminder of what she was.

A monster.

Trapped within a stone cage; a downgrade from her personal 13-year prison. She deserved it. All of this. It came as no surprise that she’d eventually cause an uproar in Arendelle, release the build up of her powers, and even freeze her sister to death.

Fate always backhanded her.

Delivered from the sharp curves of a demon’s claws, she mused morbidly.

*You’re nothing*, a voice said, startling the queen.

*What a sad excuse for an existence. You couldn’t even touch your own sister.*

A sharp intake of breath. Her hands—no, shackles —clamped over her ears. Eyes squeezed shut. Tears freezing to her cheeks.

*No one knows you’re down here. They don’t care. They won’t care. What’s stopping you from just ending it all? Arendelle would rejoice. They could have a normal life without you. A normal ruler. Not a monster.*

A monster.

Monster.

You’re a monster.

Monsters deserve a cage.

She gasped and jolted, slamming the back of her head against the iron door. Heart pounding, she welcomed the dulling pain. *Deserved* it.

“Stop it,” she whimpered, eyes shifting along the frost-crusted walls. They were closing in. Stealing the oxygen from her lungs.

Monster.

She uncurled her legs and begged, “Please.”
A shattering clank reverberated when she dropped her arms at her sides. Chains rattling—a reminder.

“LEAVE ME ALONE!” she screamed, eyes wide and jerking to every crevice of her prison in a vain attempt to find the source of the voice.

After a minute, she sighed and closed her eyes, taking a breath, murmuring, “It’s just in my head. No one is there. Just in my head... there’s no one...”

Elsa remained there throughout the night, sleep eluding her as she occasionally rocked and repetitively muttered to herself until shuffling on the other side of the door caught her attention.

“Do you hear that?” someone asked. Likely a guard Hans posted by her cell.

“I heard something, probably just the prisoner. She’s been restless lately,” the other responded.

“She finally off her rocker?”

A low chuckle,

“Anyone would be.”

Silence. The queen held her breath, chewing on her bottom lip.

“Did you hear about the wedding?”

“Yeah, Prince Hans said it was in two weeks. The princess has been resting and God knows Arendelle needs a joyous occasion for once.”

“Hopefully he’ll end this Winter once he becomes King.”

“You think he’ll kill her?”

“Who?”

“The witch.”

“Nah, I think he’s got a soft spot for her. Regardless, he doesn’t think killing her would end the Eternal Winter anyway.”

Elsa stilled, tuning out the conversation as she stared out the narrow window, watching when the storm calmed into harmless snowflakes as dawn broke.

“Anna’s alive?” she whispered, the disbelief wavering her voice.

She rose to her feet and shuffled toward the window. Tremors raced through her body, but a ghost of a smile formed along her shocked features.

Her sister was home and alive.

The queen’s arms relaxed at her sides, observing the raging blizzard dwindle down to a soft flurry. The ice inside dissipated and a warmth that she’d thought she’d never experience again engulfed...
her being.

Anna.

The mere thought that her sister had returned—escaping the Winter storm she had unwillingly inflicted upon Arendelle—calmed her.

The calmness, however, was short-lived; giving way to indignation.

Hans had lied.

Had been lying to her for weeks. For what cause? What would he gain from lying to her about the well-being of her own sister?

Elsa shrunk into herself. Manacled hands resting on the sides of her head. Fingers wanting to twist into the strands of her hair, but merely scraped the iron prison they were encased in.

What was the purpose? To control her?

At such a revelation, her heart sank. The queen bit her lip hard enough to bleed.

She failed to sleep that night.

A few days later, Hans visited her again.

She stared out the window, watching thick snowflakes cover the fjord in its white vengeance. She ignored him as he approached her.

“Good morning,” he murmured into the crook of her neck, wrapping his arms around her waist.

A bold move for a man who was getting married to her sister in just a week.

Elsa frowned. Clenched her fists. Didn’t dare to move or even breathe a word.

She settled for glaring out the dungeon and into the ever growing storm. Her fault, yes. But, at the moment, she didn’t care.

The prince lowered his hands to her hips and squeezed before turning her to face him. He released her to fish for the key to her freedom in his coat pocket.

The sound of iron hitting stone made her release a breath she didn’t know she was holding.

When he tried to take a hand in his, she jerked away and held them to her chest. Her blue eyes flashing dangerously at him.

“Why did you lie to me?” she hissed.

Hans froze. A flicker of confusion, then fear crosses his features. He shook off the vulnerability as soon as it showed itself before taking a step toward her.

“What would I have to lie about, Elsa?” he asked.

Elsa growled, “My sister? She’s been in the castle this entire time. You lied to me. You told me you couldn’t find her, that she was—"
“Dead?”

She narrowed her eyes and pursed her lips. “Why?” she asked.

Hans held his hands behind his back and turned toward the window, inspecting the growing blizzard. For a few moments, he was silent.

“Why?” he repeated, glancing at her over his shoulder. His green eyes darker than she’d ever seen them before, piercing through her. “You love your sister so much, don’t you? You’d do anything for her, even sacrifice your freedom. I knew that if I required control over you and your powers, I needed to crush your only hope.”

“Anna. . .” Elsa breathed. She backed herself into a corner as he advanced himself on her, throat tight.

“I plan to marry Anna. She thinks your still out there, not giving a damn about what happens to her. I’m the light in her life now, and I’ll be the hero of Arendelle who stopped the ice witch from its destruction!” Hans exclaimed, gripping her chin in his palm and squeezing hard enough to bruise.

Elsa grunted and attempted to jerk her head away, but to no avail; he pulled her straight back to him, forcing her to stare into his menacing gaze.

“And once I’m King,” he continued with a growl. “You’ll rot in this cell and let me do with you as I please.”

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