Summary

A vision of the tempest of winter she seemed, her pale hair a frozen waterfall cascaded down her back. Her arms were bare, even in the chill of the morning. Her eyes shone clear blue and as always, there was fire in the ice. Éowyn of Rohan had returned.

Notes

Huge thanks go to Bjam, who endured my whining about writing this mini-piece.

Winter Frost
by misscam

Disclaimer: Characters are borrowed from J.R.R Tolkien for a brief little scene that got stuck in my mind. No profit for me and just a little fun for them.

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She stood white among the frost in the dying dark as he came upon her, a trail of morning mist swirling above her head almost like a crown.

A vision of the tempest of winter she seemed, her pale hair a frozen waterfall cascaded down her back. Her arms were bare, even in the chill of the morning. Her eyes shone clear blue and as always, there was fire in the ice. Éowyn of Rohan had returned.

For a moment, he did not move, but merely let the sight of her bring fire to his heart. His wife to be,
with patterns of frost in the grass before her feet, as if the cold night had made them in her honour.

“My Lord,” she said and her voice did not shiver.

“Faramir,” he corrected. “As you are . . . owyn returned to me, not the Lady of Rohan.”

“I am her too.”

“Not this morning.”

“Not this morning,” she agreed and a smile tugged at her lips. “Did you not expect me?”

“Many strange occurrences have befallen this world of late. One brought me . . . owyn of Rohan. Perhaps I have been awaiting the awakening from the dream and not you.”

“It is morning. Dreams have fled now. I am still here.”

He reached for her hands and clasped them in his, her eyes laughing at him as he smiled. There was no shadow in her gaze, and she stood fair and sorrowless before him and his heart rejoiced.

“I have laid to rest a King and a man who was like a father to me both,” she said quietly, and the shadow passed over her face for a fleeting moment. “Now I will marry you, Faramir of Gondor, with sorrows laid to rest.”

He nodded, bereft of words as she leaned against him and brushed a finger across his cheek. Her eyes were clear as winter’s sky in a mountain lake and he could see himself in her gaze, seeming much fairer in appearance than he felt.

And then he kissed her, as he had longed to do since she had come out of the night. Kissed the flame and the frost of her lips and lost himself in the quiet passion of seeing her again until he could feel the first ray of sun on his face. Morning had come to the realm of Gondor and responsibilities waited as surely as the sun would burn the moon away.

She slipped out of his embrace, laughing as he followed her, chasing her across the morning. He knew he would catch her, but only because she would let him.

Beyond them, the sun rose in a spectacle of light and fire and darkness fled before its might. In the grass, the last of the frost slipped away, the footprints with it. It was not winter yet. But it was coming, a white blanket to lull the land to sleep.

It was time to rest now.

And distantly, a faint laugh died in the wind.

FIN

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