How Do I Hate Thee?

by ClaraVox

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Hans Westergaard, Prince of the Southern Isles and King of Arendelle, how do I hate thee? Let me count the ways.
I hate thee for the way thou didst deceive and manipulate my sister.
I hate thee for thy pointless cruelty to my sister before leaving her to die.
I hate thee for thy cowardly attempts to hasten my sister's death while keeping thy gloved hands nominally clean.
I hate thee for breaking my heart with thy lies about my sister dying in order to weaken me for thy sword.
I hate thee for trying to make my people hate and fear me as a condemned murderer in thy first attempt to usurp my throne.
I hate thee for escaping justice with a heart free of remorse.
I hate thee for invading my kingdom.
I hate thee for every one of my citizens who died, especially those who died from my ice while thy army was shielded by thy purloined magical protections.
I hate thee for forcing me to abdicate my throne.
I hate thee for forcing me to marry thee in order to save my sister and her beloved.
I hate thee for forcing me to play the whore for thee before the wedding vows were even said.
I hate thee for the pleasure thou didst make me feel, and I hate thee even more for the way thou didst laugh at me because of it.
I hate thee for the destruction of my ice palace and the Greek fire thou used to slaughter my living snowmen.
I hate thee for giving my sister in marriage to one of thy brothers.
I hate thee for hanging Kristoff for speaking out against thee.
I hate thee for the argument that made me lose control of my powers and for the servants I unintentionally froze and could not thaw.
I hate thee for the decree that took my hands.
I hate thee for forcing me to wear padded gloves so my citizens need not be disturbed by the sight of the stumps thou left me with.
I hate thee for melting Olaf in a stewpot, and I hate thee even more for forcing me to eat the soup...
thereof.
I hate thee for forcing me to stand by thy side and smile during state occasions.
I hate thee for ruling my kingdom so wisely and well that most of my citizens laud thee as a great ruler and commiserate with thee for being wed to a mutilated freak.
I hate thee for continuing to try to breed me while thou dost find thy pleasure elsewhere.
I hate thee for the casual way thou callest me My Love.
I hate thee for denying me the only request I have made of thee in our marriage: permission to attend my sister's funeral in the Southern Isles.
I hate thee for all the times thou hast foiled my attempts to end my existence.
I hate thee for choosing thy favorite mistress to watch me and keep me from another attempt.
I hate thee for giving my sons thy red hair, green eyes, and deliberate charm.
I hate thee for making me feel nothing but hate.

End Notes

I realize that this ficlet is strongly anti-Helsa, but that's merely the character of this particular piece. I am not anti-Helsa.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!