

# Frosted Blossoms

*by DarkFate*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*Thank you to my wonderful beta, AmyLouise!*

*Disclaimer: I own nothing but the plot.*

Her roses bloomed joyously. Her garden was her sanctuary, her escape. Her prison. Her roses were her hope, her only true joy in the world. The vibrant colours twined together, each as beautiful as the next. Delicate flowers rested atop rich green stems protected valiantly from those who would disturb them by thorns lining the vines and stems. She had no such thorns to shield her, though. But then, she was no longer the innocent and delicate flower she had once been. Life had hardened her, encased her in an icy shell of disinterest, to all appearances dead on the outside, masking the vibrant personality within. Much as the frost hardened her beloved roses, dulling the bright colours with a white frosty sheath, hiding the soft petals from those who would gaze at their loveliness. She wondered idly if she too would wither away on the inside like her roses did every season. Would she too yearn for the warmth of life?

*Perhaps.* Or perhaps not. She was not sure she cared anymore; caring for such things was useless. She would appreciate the beauty for as long as it lasted.

Gazing at the elaborate arrangement of hedges and rose-bushes, she could not help but feel trapped. Her haven was her prison. Her solitude was her sanctuary, yet oppressive in its silence. Her personal oasis in the depths of hell. The longer she stayed, the less inclined she was to leave, to abandon the safe confines of nature's enclosure.

"Narcissa! Where are you, woman? Our guests will be arriving any minute." A sharp, imperious voice filtered through the hedges, squeezing, twisting, and forcing its way through the gaps between the leaves and gnarled twines of her bushes.

Sighing, she reached out, gently stroking the soft petals of a brilliant red rose, as if to bid it goodbye. Taking a final cleansing breath, she rose gracefully and swayed away, almost as though she were carried away by the wind. Returning to the house, she felt the frosty case reassemble around her, confining her delicate petals once more.

Perhaps one day, the gods permitting, she too would wither away, amongst her treasured roses, with the November frost.

*Thanks for reading! Leave a review, please.*