

Love Letters

by mreid

(In)famous couples exchange words. Each chapter is a complete set.

Styx and Stones

Chapter 1 of 2

(In)famous couples exchange words. Each chapter is a complete set.

My King (for you are surely mine, as I am yours),

Know the truth. I do not love you. You are as dark and as dull as your domain. I mean, really, what did you think? Kidnapping a woman does not ensure her devotion. And this never-ending mist makes my hair frizz.

You told me, once, that I was beautiful. All men and gods say this to me. I am the music of growing things, the softness of spring flowers; of course, I am beautiful. If you want to charm me, you will have to do better than that.

You tried to seduce me with the mysteries of life and death unknown to maidens. But I am immortal, dear. I have the luxury of time.

And even the most decadent sex—sticky with pomegranate juice—does not constitute a relationship.

You spend all of your hours sitting on that monstrous throne, lording over the dead. You taunt heroes; you burden shades with pointless punishments. You let that dog of yours sleep and shed in our bed. And you refuse to cook dinner.

Well, Hades, I am sick of it.

I will be visiting my mother for the rest of the year. Polish your own Helmet of Invisibility.

Your Queen,

Persephone

My darling Iron Queen,

You are truly a light in the darkness. I eagerly await your return. Don't mind the hair, love. It suits you.

And you are mistaken. It is not your beauty that drew me to you that day in the fields. Nymphs are lovely, too. No, my dearest one, it was your light. A flower you may be, Persephone, but it is your strength that I wanted. It is your strength that made you mine.

Now that you are above again, I am assured that you are well. Helios smiles upon your steps, and Demeter's honeyed power flows through your limbs. Would it be unkind of me to say I hope you find her persistently warm presence smothering?

Do not worry about me, sweetness. Heracles built a house for Cerberus, so our bed has been woefully cold of late. Leuce offered to polish the helmet; I declined her offer. Soon you will return to me nut-brown and with hair lightened to the color of wheat. I look forward to supping pomegranate juice from your skin.

Forever yours,

Hades

From Fear to Eternity

Chapter 2 of 2

The course of True Love.

My Invisible Man,

I don't know what to think except maybe my bitchy sisters were right about you. Just because our daughter is an adult now, does not mean that we have to be strangers to each other.

I love you; we both made sure of that. Do you even remember all the crazy shit your mother put me through after we married? I'm glad my good looks helped me get by—and that every immortal knows of your mother's vanity.

I know I promised not to bring up your mother, but you do realize that each night you go out is a night that your mother decides to call and "talk." Talking involves her making barbed remarks about how I have not aged well, and then she asks if I have counted the number of golden arrows in your bag lately. Sometimes, if she is feeling especially "chatty," she gives me that sideways glance of hers and mentions the lead ones. Well, I haven't looked at your bag because I trust you.

You stood up for me before you knew me. And you made it possible for us to be together—even getting Zeus himself to support our marriage. But that was a long time ago. And I miss that certainty we used to have.

Lately, I feel like you're pulling away. You get like this every February, but it has been much worse in the past few decades. You sit around our home in some sort of diaper, gorge on chocolates and champagne, and then fly off to the gods know where—and they claim they don't know; I've asked. You come back eventually, but you are quiet and distant.

Please, whatever it is, just tell me. The only thing I can think of is that you have been involving yourself with mortals again. Please, tell me this isn't it.

I will always be ready to listen to you.

Yours,

Psyche

My Soul,

I'm sorry. I've been Cupid. I love you. You are the breath that keeps me aloft. I wish I could tell you that I haven't been out, but my feet have graced the Earth, and I can't talk about it.

Mortal men do not see us anymore, and I am left disheartened. I've tried to make my presence felt, yet I am forced to be a parody of myself. With my bow, I keep the world young, but I'm not sure how to do that without belief. And how can mortals believe in Love if I do not pierce their hearts?

Enough of that. I will speak with Mother. She needs to be reminded of her oaths.

My beauty, I will visit you tonight by candlelight like when we first met. I hope you will wait for me. I will warm the oil this time so it will not be too hot when I wake you.

Your beast of a husband,

Eros