

The letters

WENDY HEISS

Note



These are six out of the thirteen letters Kilian sent to Snowlin.

My winter princess,

You might not remember me, but I remember you. The word remember would be a great understatement at that. When I close my eyes, all that repeats are your words, the precise strikes of amber in your eyes, your laugh and your obsidian hair. I have unending thoughts of you, dreams of you and the worst and most torturous part is that I've been thinking of a future where you are present. Another understatement. You fill most of those thoughts.

You might not remember ordering me to wait for you, but I do. I will wait for you. I ask that you wait for me. I've kept my hair as you like it.

Yours,

Kilian
Castemont



P.S. Your brother has told me of your love for flowers and how it saddens you to not see them in your lands. I picked this from my mother's garden.



My winter princess,

This is my fifth letter to you. And this is my fifth hope that you have not forgotten me already.

I've decided to tell father about you, and I will ask him to send word of a betrothal proposal between us to your father. I can almost hear your laughter at reading those words, but I fear that your father will quickly use you to his advantage and wed you to another. I am sorry and I hope that you will one day forgive me for taking this action without your permission.

Despite the promise I gave you, this will be a great union between our kingdoms. I've thought it well through and I know the Moon and Night court will not object despite their reservations with Silas.

I hope to see you again soon. More than just a glance that your prick of a brother has allowed me in exchange for payment. He acts as if I will stick you in my pocket and run away with you. But I don't have a sister, and I suppose he is protective of you. Soon, I will see you soon. Perhaps if gods and your brother will allow it, I will speak to you too.

Yours,

Kilian
Castemont



My winter princess,

I know you are well. I know you are healthy. Even keeps me well informed yet I still want to see myself. And I did finally manage to for a favour this time. You did look well. And I hope not to have ruined your good spirits with what I have done.

Father has agreed and sent word to your father, but he has fallen ill and I am fearing he will not be here for long. I know heartbreak when I see it. Not the colour of it like most Empaths see emotion. Heartbreak has no colour, it is dark and thick like tar of longing for death and while craving life. Not to live, but the life they desire with so much force that they dream of it and even veil a see through curtain of that life over reality.

I fear it. Or perhaps not, I am not sure because I've not felt fear for long now. So long that I've become foreign to the perception of the emotion.

I like this. Writing to you. You might have never read a single line of my letters but I feel like I can imagine every response of yours to my words. How you would make fun of every single stroke of my pen. Soon, I will get to hear those words around me not just in my head. Very soon.

Yours,

Kilian
Castemont



My winter princess,

It has been a while. You've not responded to any of my letters, but I have great hope that you've read them. That you know. That you know all of my wrongs and my faults. That I will spend the rest of my lives repenting for what I allowed to be done to you.

Please be well. Please be well wherever you are.

This might be my last letter. But it won't be my last thought of you. I don't think there will always be a last thought of you. You're all I think of. Even after everything. Especially after everything.

This was never meant to be, was it?

Always yours,

Kilian
Castemont



My Snow,

Forgive me.

Forever Yours,

Kilian
Castemont



Snowlin,

It has been a few years since my last letter to you.

No one knows where you are. I tried finding you. It is a good thing I couldn't though. It is good that you are safe.

I don't know why even after all these years, after everything, I can't still forget of my promise. I cannot forget you. Or what I've done. All that I've done to you. And Eren, my dear friend. And your mother and your little sister. What I took from you and how much I took from you when I'd promised to give you the world.

Happy eighteenth birthday, my winter princess. In another life, you would have been mine today. In another life, I wouldn't have let them hurt you. I wouldn't have been weak. In another life I would have protected you as I failed to that day. This will be my last letter. Find me. Come get what I owe you. My life for all the ones I failed to protect.

Yours, Kilian
Castemont



Last little note



If you have read till here, I have a little secret to share with you.

Autumn Queens and Shadows will be Thora's and Mal's book. The friends to lovers book I thought I would never write.

Summer Heirs and Fires will be Cai's and Eren's book.

Thank you for giving this series so much love!