

Happily Ever After?

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Happily Ever After?

by [Greens](#)

Summary

A life like that could never be hers.

Notes

Merry Christmas! I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it for you:)

Early on, Snow White learned how to run. She learned how to be invisible and make use of what she had around her. The forest quickly became her home and she was comfortable there. Day in and out, she would watch the animals. They were her best example of survival. She watched how they fought, how they hid and she mimicked them as best she could. Her life now depended on how well she could adapt. It was adapt or die. The Queen still wanted her heart and Snow White could not fail. She would not fall to the Queen.

To make matters worse, now there was the Prince. Snow White was quite sure that she would be running into him again sooner rather than later.

So, Snow pulled her hood up over her head and found her way quickly and quietly through the forest to a small patch of trees just off the road. She looked to her left and then to her right before jumping from the ground to grab hold of the lowest branch of a nearby tree and swing her legs up to begin her ascent. Her slippers gripped each limb and she climbed higher. Her view improved as she reached a large branch towards the top of the tree.

Snow White breathed deeply and sunk down to sit on the wide branch. This was her home. She was safe here. She could see the road for miles. If anyone came for her, she would be ready.

Night was falling and Snow felt her eyes growing heavy. She couldn't fall asleep now. Night was the busiest time for the huntsmen. If she were to fall asleep now, she was as good as dead. From her home in the top of the big tree, she sat back and simply watched the road.

The castle wasn't too far. Snow smiled to herself and rested back. Perhaps only a minute with her eyes closed would be safe. She was, after all far off the ground.

It seemed like seconds after her eyes shut that Snow White heard the dogs. She jolted forward, losing her balance. With a cry of fear, she grasped for the limb, her fingers tearing into the bark and her legs kicking freely beneath her. Snow struggled to no avail. She simply could not swing her feet up. She could feel her fingers losing grip of the tree limb, the bark tearing at her skin.

"Let go!"

Snow White heard the voice echo through the trees, afraid to look down for fear of falling. She continued to struggle.

"Snow!" The voice came again with more urgency this time. "Let go. I will catch you!"

It was him. It was the Prince, she knew his voice. She would know it above anything else.

"You need to trust me and you need to let go. Now, Snow. Now."

Snow White took a deep breath and loosened her grip from the tree limb, free falling. She shut her eyes tightly as the branches slapped her in the face, scratching her. Just as she feared she would hit the ground, Snow felt a pair of strong arms grasp her around the waist. Snow gasped and opened her eyes wide.

“Hold on.” James said to her, lifting her onto his horse and mounting behind her.

He cracked the reins and the stallion flew into a full gallop down the road in the direction of the castle. James kept his eyes jotting around them, watching as the dogs disappeared into the distance. Their speed, however, did not slow. Snow White knew that the Prince was not taking any chances and for the first time, Snow relaxed, leaning back against James’ chest.

The horse ran down the road, a blur of flowers and trees were on both sides of them as the castle came into view. The drawbridge lowered and the horse finally slowed to a trot. Snow White looked around in awe. It was much bigger and more elaborate inside than she ever imagined. It was so much more beautiful than she ever cared to know.

The prince dismounted amidst a clan of knights and royal hands. The horse was steadied effortlessly and James turned to Snow, reaching up to help her off the horse. Snow White felt weightless for a moment while James floated her to the ground.

“You’re hurt, he said, taking her hands in his and turning her palms upward. Crimson painted Snow White’s fingers where she had tried to hold onto the tree. She closed her hands gently and James looked now upon her face. “Does it pain you?” he asked, using his sleeve to dab the drops of blood from her cheek.

“No,” Snow lied. The fact was that she hadn’t thought much of the pain while she and the Prince were fleeing the dogs. It was only once her heart began to slow from the adrenaline that the pain of her injuries flooded to the surface. There was no chance however that she would show her pain or her tears to this man.

The Prince turned to one of his hands. “Have a bath drawn for our guest.”

“No!” Snow White pulled back. “You don’t understand. I can’t stay here. You saw the dogs. You’ve seen the huntsmen. Are you a fool, Charming? Don’t you know that there is a bounty on my head?”

The Prince laughed softly to himself and shook his head. “There is no man in this land who will dare try to enter these walls with violence.” He assured her. “And if they do, there will be an army waiting for them. Don’t fear.”

“It’s not me who I am afraid for.” Snow White declared. “I have seen what these men can do. They are monsters.”

“And you have seen what I can do as well. The men who guard this castle are highly capable of doing so.”

“I hope for your sake that’s true.”

“I promise you. We are all safe here.” The Prince smiled. He waved over one of his attendants. “Take her upstairs. Let her clean up.” He looked back at Snow White. “You are welcome here as long as you wish.”

Snow White said nothing. She couldn't, and even if she could, she was unsure if she could find the words. The Prince wasn't a complete fool after all. In fact, Snow could go as far as to say that he was nice.

She followed the attendant up the long marble staircase and into a private room. A bath was already drawn for her. She was left on her own, disrobing slowly and carefully before stepping into the bath. The water was warm and comfortable. Snow White leaned back and shut her eyes. For the first time in a long time, she felt safe.

But almost as soon as she felt the warm water envelope her, she felt no water at all. Snow White opened her eyes to a cold breeze and a stiff back. She looked out with a sigh, from her home high above the road to the castle. She sighed. A life like that could never be hers, not so long as she had to run.

Snow White leaned her head back and let her eyes trail in the direction of the castle. Falling asleep wasn't safe. If she fell asleep, she would dream and Snow couldn't afford that.

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