

Frost

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Frost

by [Oracle \(delphi6551\)](#)

Summary

“The fear of death follows from the fear of life. A man who lives fully is prepared to die at any time.” Mark Twain

Ever since the accident that turned her into this monster, Caitlin has avoided all her friends and they her. She cannot stand the thing she has become and it is only months after when she meets wells once again that she finds the solution to all her problems.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

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She felt cold, so incredibly, painfully cold. The people passing eyed her warily, perhaps they thought her mad, a strange woman donning coats in the middle of the summer heat. But she could not find it in herself to care, she had more important things to worry about. Caitlin felt her hunger growing insatiable, never abating. She had not fed in days, and each day, her skin grew colder, as warmth left her body. She needed to eat desperately, but food could no longer satisfy her, she needed sustenance of a different kind. Caitlin needed to hunt.

Caitlin felt her feet slow as she allowed her instincts to guide her, She found herself in a dark alleyway, deserted apart from one man. He was young, somewhat attractive in his grey hoodie and ripped jeans. His gaze lingered on her chest, as he brought the cigarette towards his mouth. “Looking for some fun” he said, flashing her his best smile, as he leaned against the walls.

“Nope looking for a good fuck” she replied, flashing him a smile of her own. The old Caitlin would’ve cringed at how brazen and inappropriate she was being. But then the old Caitlin didn’t need to resort to such methods for survival. Slowly she made her way towards the man her hips swaying gently as she tore the gloves from her hands. The man’s body tensed with anticipation and excitement as he threw his half-lit cigarette onto the ground. His eyes were filled with hunger and desire, and hers, she was sure, reflected the same feelings. Little did he know, her hunger was insatiable and her desire a tad bit more sinister than his.

Caitlin lifted her hands towards his face, her fingers brushing his cheeks, lingering as she savoured the warmth of his skin. His eyes were closed in anticipation as he let out a breathless moan. “Please..” he whispered begging for her touch as he pressed his body against hers. She relented, pressing her lips towards his as she felt his heat flowing into her. Caitlin could not describe the feeling of satisfaction she felt as her skin once again filled with the bliss of heat. She felt her heart rate picking up, as the man writhed in pain under her touch, struggling to get away. His screams muffled, as she moaned into his mouth. “Please....” he said once again said breathless, but this time his eyes were open filled with fear as he begged for mercy. “Please stop”

It did not take long for his body to turn limp. His heart stilling as he slowly turned to ice. Caitlin watched helplessly, as tears fell from her eyes. She stared hopelessly as his corpse crashed onto the concrete floor, his body shattering upon impact. Once again the familiar feeling of guilt and bitterness filled her, as she gathered the remnants of his body, placing them carefully into the black plastic bag. No one had deserved to die the way he did, the least she could do was ensure that no one found his body this way.

What had her life become? Months ago she had been helping people, working with Barry at Star Labs, but now she was nothing but a murderer abandoned by the people she trusted the most. Frost, wasn’t that what the papers were calling her, the mystery serial killer that littered central city with a slew of frozen corpses. Caitlin cried hysterically, sobbing uncontrollably as gasped for air. She had turned into a monster, a murderer, and she could no longer stand living this way.

“Caitlin” she heard as she turned to face the voice struggling to wipe away her tears. Caitlin found herself facing the man she once trusted with her very life. Her eyes widened in shock, as Wells stood before her, or was it Eobard Thawne now. “No” she thought, shaking her head as she remained deep in thought, he would always be Professor Wells to her.

Caitlin’s eyes scanned his familiar features, she should be feeling anger after all she had been so completely betrayed, yet she was too tired to care too tired to longer muster the façade of hating him. She simply did not. Unlike Barry or Cisco her current situation had made it a little easier for her to understand his actions.

Well’s clothes were crumpled as if unwashed, his hair unkempt and dishevelled. His once immaculate appearance was no more yet as her eyes came to rest upon his eyes, her heart ached at the warmth and familiarity of his gaze. For the first time in months, she did not see the man in the yellow suit instead she remembered the man who had trusted a young naive scientist and recruited her, the man who gave her a chance when no one else did. Caitlin saw her mentor and her friend, and because of that she could no longer control her emotions and tears left unshed once again flooded from her eyes. “I just want it all to be over”

Caitlin felt the warmth of his arms as they wrapped around her, embracing her. Her body relaxing as she rested against his. “Everything is going to be okay” his voice was gentle and soothing and his hand moved tracing circles along her back in an effort to comfort her. But even so they both knew that the words he had spoken were nothing but mere lies.

“Why are you here?” she questioned, her head turning to lie against his chest as she moved slowly almost gingerly careful not to touch his exposed skin. She did not want to hurt him. They hadn’t met in months, and yet here they were, hugging in an abandoned alleyway. Frankly if she wasn’t so distraught, she would’ve found their situation ridiculous.

Wells sighed as silence filled the air, his eyes were conflicted, and they no longer held the conviction he once had. His hands gripped tightly around her as he placed his head gently against the back of hers. He seemed almost hesitant, as he struggled to find the words to say. “I’m here to kill you” he said, seeing no point in lying. He had expected her to pull away or even assault him in some way, but she did neither, instead he felt her pull closer towards him. “Perhaps it is for the best” she said, her hands trembling and shaking as they gripped his shirt tightly

“Why now?” Caitlin asked, he had months, years even to kill her. If Harrison Wells wanted her dead, he had ample time and opportunities, yet here she was still alive.

“Because Caitlin, even I can’t change the past” he replied almost dejectedly and she swears she sees a flash of hurt and pain in his gentle gaze. Wells stared at the girl before him, his heart aching as he ran his fingers along her hair. He had followed her, spotting her easily amongst the crowd, he always could. “why haven’t you done so then, kill me” she added her gaze unwavering as he stated into his eyes and yet here he was desperate to turn and look away.

“I don’t know” perhaps it was his tone, pained and conflicted. Caitlin had never quite seen Wells this vulnerable before. She couldn’t help but feel sorry for him.

“I don’t hate you, you know. Your actions hurt me, they hurt all of us, but still it was so hard for me to hate you” she said almost rambling ” so I don’t think I’ll hate you for what you are about to do” she turned to face him, her soft hands clutching tightly into the collars of his shirt. “I just have one request” she said her grip tight but trembling ” make it quick” she said as she lied her head on his shoulder, the sleeves of his shirt growing wet from her tears. “I don’t want it to hurt”

Harrison felt a sense of dread and fear overwhelm him. He had spent months trying to avoid this yet here they stood. There was nothing he could do, Caitlin Snow had to die. The familiar thrill of using his speed was no more as he vibrated each molecule of his hand. His heart was screaming for him to stop, yet it was as if his body had a mind of its own. He could only sit and watch in horror as his hands vibrated through her body.

Tears fell from his eyes as her body grew limp against his. “Strange” he thought as they continue to pour from his eyes, his arms refusing to let go off her body. Wells brushed away the hair that had obstructed her face, his fingers tracing her cheeks gently as slowly.

He shouldn’t feel this pain. He shouldn’t feel this devastation. This hurt did not make sense to him after all to him she had been dead for centuries.

End Notes

Honestly I wanted to write a happy ending, I had it all planned out and stuff but it just didn't quite fit. I quite see Caitlin and wells riding off in a sunset to live the remaining of their lives happily ever after. This way Caitlin gets to die herself, while wells has to go on living with the consequences of his actions

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