

## [Lovers Impulse]

Love is one of the most powerful emotions known to mankind. That is what this story is about. Love, depending on any situation that someone can be put in, is an emotion that can drive someone to do the most heroic or dastardly thing. Willpower and hope are also driving forces in my tale. Unfortunately, this tale will not leave you with a warm hearted feeling but, in fact, the opposite. You will feel the ice cold embrace of what our two lovers felt during that fateful ordeal. A day that was meant to be one of the best days of their lives takes a turn for the worst. This tale... does not have a happy ending, but by the end of it... you will know what true love is...

A young couple, newly mated and on the first and unfortunately only adventure of their lives, boarded a private plane for their honeymoon to the Swiss Alps; a vacation planned so that it would never be forgotten by our sweet couple. Our couple lay asleep, side by side in their seats holding hands, heads resting against each other as they slumbered and waited for their destination to approach.

Their names: Rhys and Chelsie. Rhys was a red and black antlered wolf with beautiful wings sprouting from his back and feathers to match his fur color. He was a teacher by profession who met the love of his life during a simple school accident with a rowdy child that left his right wing in pain. A trip to the hospital was in order.

While sitting in the emergency room at St. Bernard's Community Hospital, Rhys spotted a strange yet alluring enchantress with looks that could floor any man. She was dressed in usual nurse's garb and scurrying about taking other patients vitals and readings. Rhys could not make out her species. She looked as though she had the features of a feline, and yet, she had a tail and wings like a - a gryphon? He wasn't quite sure, but when she finally made her way to him to see if he was comfortable, he could not keep his gaze off of her bright ice blue eyes.

"Hello sir, my name is Chelsie." He completely disregarded her introduction, by accident of course. "I see from your chart that you are here because you can't feel your right wing, is that correct?"

Rhys blinked a few times as he shook his head comically before he responded. "W-what? I'm s-sorry I didn't quite catch what you had asked." He was blushing and despite his dark toned fur color it was obvious from the way he was stuttering over his words that he was stricken the moment he laid his eyes on hers.

She chuckled as she repeated herself. "You are saying you had an injury at your place of work and can't move your right wing?" He nodded as he blushed and looked away. "Well Mr. Cooper, we just need to take a few vitals from you before we can take you back and do our best to fix you up."

"P-please call me R-Rhys!" he sputtered out a little too loudly.

With a light chuckle, Chelsie nodded. "Ok Rhys. Just say 'ahhh!'" she said as she held out a thermometer to his tongue.

Needless to say, after his visit to the hospital, Rhys left with his injury fixed up and Chelsie's phone number. He knew he would not be able to use his wing in flight any longer, but her also knew that he came out on top with his meeting with Chelsie. Later on in the week, the two met for multiple dates, going out for years before Rhys finally popped the question to which Chelsie answered with a resounding "YES!"

"What a wonderful story," I bet you are uttering at this very moment. Yes, it is wonderful, but that is not the end of my story. I did mention at the beginning that this tale would not have a happy ending. Now back to present day on a cold December night. I must not let their story stray too far.

The couple, as I said, were holding hands as they slept while they patiently waited for their trip to end. Roughly a few hours after they had fallen asleep, they were awakened by a loud boom coming from one of the engines. Earlier that day while doing maintenance on the engines, it seemed one of the mechanics had not tightened a few screws on correctly and some fell out and into the turbine which caused the boom that woke Rhys. He jumped up as he looked around and quickly woke Chelsie up from her slumber. He noticed smoke streaming from the turbine on the wing like a black demon taunting the couple as if telling them their fate was sealed. The plane gave a violent jerk as it suddenly began to nose dive. The young couple was holding on for dear life as they fell to their doom. They buckled themselves into their seats as they grabbed each other's hands, their wedding rings bright and untarnished like their lives had been so far together were squeezed between their fingers. They looked into each other's eyes

as the ground came closer and closer to the falling aircraft. Until, suddenly, everything went black for both of them.

Now I'm sure you are thinking the worst for our young couple. Don't worry; they are still alive, if only barely. But that is not the end; there is still hope for them. They say when you are in a life or death situation, your life flashes before your eyes in a way where it feels like time has stopped. Both Rhys and Chelsie saw the good and bad in their lives, saw their families and saw each other. They could also both see a future that had not happened yet, one they were looking forward to.

By the time either of them had come to, hours had passed. The sun had started coming over the horizon, lighting up the almost pure white Alps. Chelsie had awoken first. The first thing she had noticed other than the extreme pain in her legs was that everything was covered in snow up on a mountainous range. Upon further inspection of the area, she saw that remains of the plane they were on were scattered around everywhere, some on fire, and some smoldering out. Gasping and panting in pain, she looked around and screamed for Rhys. Not seeing him in the area, she screamed for what seemed like hours. It seemed the chair she was strapped in had thrown her in a random direction from where the plane had crashed. From lack of oxygen high up in the mountains, she gasped in pain and blacked out again, snow beginning to fall from the sky.

Rhys finally stirred from under a heavy section of plane. He struggled to get the heavy object off of him. After he was able to narrowly squeeze out from under it, he began shivering violently from the cold and snow. It seemed that pneumonia may have already set in for the male from being buried under the snow for such a long time. Shivering, he yelled out for Chelsie, slowly making his way around the area to look for her.

Minutes turned to hours before Rhys found his wife behind a large, snow covered boulder, passed out. He rushed to her side and patted her cheeks gently trying to stir a response from her "C-Chelsie... p-please wake... up," he stuttered between chattering teeth. After multiple attempts at calling her name and gently nudging her to get some sort of movement from her, he stood up, unbuckled her from her seat and began to carry her back to the plane wreckage where fire was still spewing from the destroyed engines. Leaning her up against a broken chair, he searched around for some sort of dry blanket or article of clothing. He searched every intact compartment in the destroyed plane and found that most items were broken: bottles of wine, some first-aid kits that had certain things missing, and two blankets that were mostly intact.

He slowly made his way back to his newlywed wife, wrapped her tightly in both blankets and pulled her close to the fire with him as they tried to warm up against the quickly dying fire. A few minutes later, a weak chirp had escaped Chelsie's lips, eyes slowly fluttering open.

"Chels!" Rhys exclaimed as he wrapped his arms around her tight and began to cry as he kissed her cheek. "I thought I had lost you forever." He sobbed into her neck, his ears twitching as he heard a weak, "W-what happened...?" from Chelsie's lips. Rhys, unable to stop sobbing and shivering from the ordeal, buried his head into her neck and cried. "The plane...went down," he said through chattering teeth.

They regained their composure after their traumatic experience. Chelsie grunted after trying to move her leg. She reached out and nudged Rhys frantically. "I-I can't m-move m-my leg!" she said through her own chattering teeth.

"W-what?" he asked, not sure if he heard her right. "We need to get out of this snow. It will be difficult if you can't walk," he said as he looked around, tossing a few scraps of burnable material into the quickly dying fire to keep the warmth up. "Do you think you will be ok by yourself wh-while I look around for shelter and some wood?" he asked her as he leaned in close and placed a cold kiss on her lips. She nodded to him as he tightened the blankets around her, then began to slowly make his way toward the trees to find broken branches, or any other scraps that could be salvaged for safety or warmth.

Chelsie shivered and rubbed her cold hands along the length of her broken leg. She squeaked and whimpered as she tried her best to scoot a bit closer to the warmth of the fire. She looked up and saw her lover wander off into the distance with no form of protection against the icy cold breath of Mother Nature. "Please be careful," she muttered under her breath.

Rhys wrapped his arms around himself and began to rub to keep blood flowing through his body. Despite having fur, he was not used to dealing with the cold this long. He looked up and could see a ledge against the mountain that overhung a clearing. There was some snow under it, but mostly it was cleared. He smiled as he began to pick up twigs and branches as he made his way to it. Bending over to pick up a large snow covered branch, he stumbled over a rock he did not see and fell face first into the snow. He quickly got up and dusted all of the ice flakes off of him before picking everything back up and dropping all of the branches he found along the way into the clearing. He turned around and he looked in the direction he came from. Seeing black smoke from the wreckage, he knew where to go, but he wasn't sure how he would get his wife to this new area. He gave a deep sigh as he made his way back to his love.

Thoughts ran through his mind about how they had met and he worried that the worst had yet to come. "When our emotions first ignited it was like our hearts were never tired. My desires were set free; it was like a raging wild fire." His ears drooped as he looked up and saw the shivering form of his wife as he made his way to her. "But now that spark has grown dark, we're now just dying embers. I'm afraid I'll end up all alone within these cold Decembers."

"Wh-what d-did you say?" Chelsie spoke up as she heard him mumbling as he made his way up.

"O-oh! N-nothing. Umm... I found a nice clearing out from the falling snow. We have to get there before it gets too dark. Do you think you can walk if I help you?" he asked as he walked up beside her. He had easily began to lose feeling in his hands and arms

"Y-yeah I think so," she muttered as she wrapped her arm around his neck when he leaned down to try and get her to stand up.

"I-I can't feel my arms, and I know you are in pain from your leg so we will have to work together," he said as he became her crutch. Slowly the couple began to shamble to the new area, but before getting too far the male had bent down to grab a portion of a curtain and a branch along the way to tie together and set on fire from the wreckage so they could start a new fire in the new, drier area.

As they made their way, Rhys leaned in close to his wife to keep her warm. His breath had become ragged and shallow. He had no form of warmth wrapped around him other than the natural heat coming from his wife, who was slightly warmer than he.

"C-c-ch-chels... I can't breathe. It hurts," he said as he tried taking a quick breath. He could only take in a deep breath of ice cold pain and grunted as he coughed and stumbled to the ground with his wife.

Chelsie yelled as he had fallen onto her broken leg. She sobbed as she tried to pull her leg out from under him, but saw her husband on the floor in pain. She leaned over him sobbing. "Rhys, please take my blankets; you're freezing."

Rhys looked up at her and smiled. "No, they are yours. I won't let you freeze," he said. It had gotten so cold out for him that he was no longer able to shiver. He smiled at her as best as he could. "The clearing is not too far from here. You have to make it. There is a pile of sticks and wood I left to start a new fire."

"No, darling! Don't let me go, please!" She quickly tore off the blankets and bundled them up before using the wooden branch that was still on fire to set the blankets aflame for her husband. "There's a fire lit honey. So let's go thaw now. I know it seems too cold and too far but we will make it out somehow!" Her shivering also had stopped a few moments after she removed her blankets, tears streaming down from her eyes as she looked down at her husband, who was struggling to stay awake.

"Chelsie... I'm so glad I met you. The past few months have been the best I've ever had. Please, I know this isn't how we wanted to be, but remember..." he coughed as he looked into her ice blue eyes, "through the coldest nights and warmest days, I will wait for you."

Frozen tears streamed from Chelsie's eyes as she leaned down and pulled him close to her and the fire. She lay down as best as she could with him on top of her broken leg and leaned in close, grabbing his hands and bringing them up to her chest between them to keep his hands as warm as she could get them. She leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on his lips with his last breath. He closed his eyes after the kiss broke, his head falling limp into the snow. "Rhys... I love you," she said, letting her head fall on his cold shoulder, and sobbed.

She knew she would not be able to move, knew their short life had ended the moment they stepped foot on that plane. The once happy couple had looked forward to their whole lives together. They had wanted a nice vacation, but it had ended in an ice cold tundra high up in the Alps. I'm sure you're thinking "someone has to have seen what happened." The pilot did radio out as soon as the engine exploded and help was on the way, but finding the location would be difficult with the severe weather on top of the mountain. The snow put the fire out after a few hours, so finding the wreckage through the smoke would be impossible. The couple would be found weeks later huddled together, hands still held by one another, lips met between them; a tender moment frozen in time forever.

"Rhys; he isn't everything, but he is my everything."

"Chelsie is the epitome of beauty and class."

"He has just the right amount of gentleman and youthful puppy in him, and I love him for it!"

"She is just... she's just... Wow. I have no words for how wonderful she is."

These are some of the lines exchanged between the couple and their friends and family. Love, as I said, is one of the strongest emotions known to man. It can be the creation of life, or in some cases, the death of us.