

A/N for early readers

I got told my summary was too poetic and my audience wouldn't understand it. So out of sheer pettiness I made it more poetic and I will not be going back on that decision.

Summary

No matter the origin of one's demeanor, the feeling of powerlessness and failure in a decisive moment may forever be all-consuming at the moment of realization. The beauty of a prestigious, elegant facade remains steadfast - while the constant tendrils of doubt crawl behind, tapping at the glass and circling with a desperation to break out. What would happen if Winter, an individual of such composed disposition, finds himself, and his perception of who he should be, like a heavy footstep atop a lake of snow-blanketed ice?

Insert clever title here **Chapter 1??**

Clack, a little to the left.

No, no, that will not do. *Tap tap*. Was that better?

Screeee, much better!

I think? The white and blue vase stood, small in stature but sparkling like a clear pond frozen over night, glistening with new frost. It rested silently, perfectly in the center of a hexagonal, reflective glass plane. Perfectly centered, that is, to the untrained eye.

No, you are not quite in the center, Winter thought, huffing, clenching his fist as he prepares to shift it around yet again, daintily using a single claw to tap it ever so slightly into its designated place.

Tap...tap... It shifted over the glass, Winter's eyes squinting to focus,

Tap...

“Hey, Winter, would you like - ”

Click!

Crash!

Winter's eyes snap open at the voice appearing behind him. He cast his eyes downward to the new, shattered white ceramic littering the floor and the newly vacated, hexagonal glass plane. Eyes stare back at him on the reflective surface. Those eyes should feel unfamiliar, so cold and wrathful, glinting behind that wall of glass in wait. Gritting his teeth, brow furrowing at the reflection, he pulls himself back, *What do you know?!* Bringing his claws down onto the solid rock floor, a piece of ceramic splinters before he connects with the floor.

Gah! Nothing but pain shoots through his arm, his bones screaming at the impact and newly drawn, blue blood begins to pool.

“Winter!” The voice cries out, the dark figure bounding closer, “are you okay?! What did you do?” She leans forward, reaching out for his injury.

Moon...

Breaking from his thoughts, he whips his glare over toward her hunched form, eyes narrowed and wrenches himself away from her gentle touch.

“Look at what you made me do!” Winter hissed, his voice sharp, “sneaking around like that, barging in when you are not needed!” He turns back toward the scattered remains of the once-pristine vase, now irreparable - his face glints in each shard tauntingly.

Do not look at me like that! The heat in his chest bubbles.

Moon recoils, her concern morphing into that of confusion, her brows pull inward as she steps back.

“I - I just wanted to see if you were okay, I didn’t mean for -”

“Don’t!” He snaps, “Just. *Don’t*. I do not need your help and I did not ask for it. I can handle things on my own.”

Moon’s ears droop and Winter stomps past her, shouldering her aside as he steps out of the cave’s only doorway, head low and cursing under his breath. The simmering heat in his chest eases back, and he throws a look over his shoulder. The last thing he sees is Moon gently brushing the shards into a neat pile before he crosses away and she disappears from view behind the rock wall.