

Blood White Roses

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This is a short love and murder story that explains the reason that red roses are so associated with love.

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Selene was the most beautiful woman that Abalister had ever seen in his entire thirty years of life. Abalister was a young nobleman who had never had any interest in any one thing or person in his life, but Selene was different. whenever he looked at her he felt happy. He knew she was the one before she ever even knew that he even existed.

One day he decided to approach Selene and strike up a conversation with her. he found her in the park and stopped to admire her for a moment. Selene had long, wavy black hair and sea blue eyes. today she was wearing a dashing light blue dress that matched her eyes perfectly and those funny heeled shoes that rich women were so fond of. "Afternoon," Abalister said to his one true love. rather than respond, Selene simply walked away.

"I must have her," Abalister muttered. "I must. how do I get her to notice me?"

"I know," an unseen voice whispered.

"Who is there?" Abalister demanded as he drew his sword.

"Me," Replied a fat baby with wings and a bow. I can help you make her love you."

"How," Abalister asked, intrigued.

"I am love itself," the cherub replied. "I will tell you what to do. Tonight at the masquerade ball..." the cherub laid out his plan.

"That just might work," Abalister explained.

Later that night, Abalister went to the masquerade ball as planned. When he noticed Selene, he caught his breath. "Now or never," he told himself.

He walked over intending to ask her about her father, but she spoke up first. "I know who you are," Selene told Abalister. "Your mask cannot hide you from me. It would sem you plan t omake a habit of approaching me."

"As long as I see reason to," Abalister agreed.

"I see," Selene said thoughtfully.

"Here," Abalister said as he plucked a white rose and held it out to her. "A beauty for a beauty."

"Let me make this clear to you," Selene whispered like ice as she knocked the rose to the ground. "We will never be. Leave me alone. Your face hurts me. your smell makes me nasseous. I wish to live my life as far from you as possible."

Abalister stared after Selene as she walked off. "Reject me, will she?" Abalister fumed. he picked the rose off of the ground. "I'll show her!"

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Abalister followed Selene, unnoticed, all the way to her home. then he waited in the shadows until well after midnight. When all was dark and quiet, he snuck into he home with the rose still in hand. Abalister entered Selene's room and heard her lightly snoring. Abalister walked over to the woman who had dared to reject his love and strangled her with the rose she had refused to accept.

The cherub watched this and smiled. "I love a good love story with a twist," he whispered to himself.

Abalister knew he had to take care of Selene's body. He took her and burried her in the woods, and he placed the white rose upon her grave. From the white rose grew a rose bush unlike any ever seen before. Selene's blood made the roses grow red and Abalister's twisted and dangerous love caused thorns to grow on the stem. The cherub, with a sense of humor, blessed the red roses to be the most realted to love from that point until the end of time.

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