

The Price of A Rose

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A retelling of Beauty And The Beast

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Chapter 1 - Serena's Rose

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Lenox stepped into his home, his smiling face masking his truly depressed feeling. His family quickly greeted him, his youngest son latching himself onto his legs. His wife, Celeste, walked over and kissed his lips. As she pulled away, she studied his eyes.

"What's wrong, love?" The woman asked, noticing something sad and distance in his eyes.

"I'll tell you all soon," Lenox replied softly, glancing at the rose in his left hand, "Where is Serena?"

A Teenage girl, only fifteen years of age, stepped forward. "Hello, Papa," She said, smiling.

"Here, Serena," The aging man said, holding out the yellow rose to his Daughter.

"Did you bring gifts for Astor and I as well, Father?" Lenox's older son asked.

"I'm afraid not, Crispin," Lenox replied, shaking his head, "The ships did not make it."

"Then how did you get my rose?" Serena inquired.

"Come, into the parlor, everyone. I'll explain in there."

The whole family had gathered around the fireplace, and looked to Lenox waiting for him to tell them his tale.

"As you all know," The patriarch began, "I was on my way to Port Callea, to meet the fleet. I was flabbergasted to hear that all four ships had been destroyed at sea in a storm. The few men that had survived and been rescued were the ones to deliver the bad news. Distraught with having lost my fleet, and the gifts I had promised each of you, I headed for home.

"Two nights ago, while I was traveling through a forest, I came upon the gate to a garden. The gates, oddly enough, seemed to swing open for me to travel in. I urged my horse forward, but he refused to budge. I had to tie him to the side the gate to keep him running off while I went in. Looking back on it, I probably should turned and left then and there. But that's in the past; the fact of the matter is I went in.

"The garden was amazing. All the flowers were in full bloom, though it was the end of autumn. I saw a bed of roses, and walked toward, remembering Serena's request. If I couldn't get gifts for all my family, I could at least get a gift for one. I picked one, and turned to leave. Just as I was walking away, a hand grabbed the back of my shirt, pulling me back.

"You dare to steal me roses?" A terrible voice roared. Too frightened to turn around, I sobbed, "Only

one, sir. For my daughter, Serena. I-

"Silence," He snarled. "Bring the rose back to your daughter. And if she is willing, bring her to this place. If not, you must come in here place."

"But s-sir-" I tried to say, but he cut me off again. "You must swear you shall do that, within a week, or shall never let you return home."

I turned to look at the voice's source, and gasped. It was a beast that restrained me, not a man. Looking down at the ground, I said, "I swear." The beast let go of me, and I ran, still clutching the rose."

Celeste looked almost to the point of tears. "You mustn't go!" She cried, "Either of you!"

"One of us must," Lenox said, shaking his head.

"I shall go," Crispin said, volunteering himself.

"No," The older male said, shaking his head once more. "Only Serena or I can go. And I shall be the one to go."

"No, father!" Serena said firmly, "It is my fault, it is my rose. I shall go to this beast."

"But Serena-

"I shall go, and that is final," Serena asserted, "You shall take me there in the morning." The young lady turned and left the parlor, heading up to her room.

"Maybe she'll get along with the beast. She acts enough like one." Astor said.

"You're not helping, Astor," Crispin said.