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1- Destined

by ilazyair

Summary

1 book one of the Adelia Laurentis series

Adelia Laurentis never let her peculiarity define her. Then he came and turned her life upside down.
Her arrival was unexpected and looking back Elijah wouldn’t have it any other way.
She was always meant to be his. Destined or not, it was just the beginning.

"You are all I have." | Adelia Laurentis
"You mean the world to me." | Elijah Mikaelson

1 the vampire diaries S2
Elijah strolled around the ballroom looking for his brother in the crowds of rich gentlemen and fancy ladies. It wouldn’t be too difficult to find Klaus knowing his proclivity to indulge himself in ladies and boisterous talks. The younger brother had made him aware of the leadership to the conspiracy that had them on the edge for months. Some frivolous attempt to make the elder Original vulnerable with hopes and an impossible prophecy.

Klaus spent a month in the other town a little away from here where everything happened on a large scale and similarly a plot was being schemed with quite an armor. Their longtime friend and a strong ally Sharel Beauchêne resided here and had agreed to help them in the best possible way to get rid of the threats with an advantage of her line descending from a long line of seers. Klaus chose to accompany Elijah for a reason he was unwilling to disclose.

The group was larger than they had anticipated and Sharel had given them additional information. The powerful Beauchêne witch left New Orleans after her family had been threatened and attacked where she lost her husband and daughter-in-law and in accordance moved to this small town near Alexandria to protect her grandchild from the same fate.

He didn’t want to prolong the process of eliminating the messengers longer than necessary and so far, it was proving to be quite difficult.

Away from the commotion of the ball, a girl stared at various people with her chocolate brown eyes accessing their movements and her hand went up her hair to make sure the red roses stayed in place. She had agreed to attend this event at the request of her grandmother who wanted her to meet a gentleman.

At an age of ten and nine, she was called a rebel for following in her father’s footsteps and taking up his responsibilities as the future Laurentis heir and while her grandmother was proud of the fact that her granddaughter was the only woman chairing a prestigious position in the Council, a man would make her regard her life more when diving into difficult situations. Her father had temporarily stepped down from his seat when she debuted into the society a year prior and as his only heir, it was her legacy to continue it and she hadn’t disappointed him since.

While the initial meeting between her and the gentleman named William Harvey did not go well, she was certain it had something to do with her ‘eccentric’ life choices as he very well put it in one word. Though it didn’t hurt her when she wanted the best for her family, it apparently ruined her night when he tested her patience with every sentence that came spouting out his mouth. As much as she wanted to retort, her grandmother had raised her better than to collide virtues in front of everyone.
She smoothed her hands on her blue gown as her fingers fiddled with her pendant given by her late mother hoping to avoid everybody and get back to her grandmother.

Looking at the girls around her age conversing in huddles, she swiftly looked away, aware that she wouldn’t be welcomed there because of her ‘eccentricity’. Their mothers had a preconceived notion that she would influence young minds and make them go against their wishes, ruining their chances of a suitor with good influence, enough money, and a big house.

Her one and only friend Rafael had accompanied her father for this trip expecting to make possible connections and acquaintances.

From across the room Elijah glanced at the girl standing in the corner, deep in thought. He saw her eyes darting everywhere looking for someone when she moved to the other side of the ballroom. The girl though young was immensely beautiful. Her brown eyes were sharp yet delicate as they assessed everyone, her pink lips contrasting with her pale olive skin as she fiddled with a pendant around her neck, probably an heirloom.

The ladies around seemed to keep their distance from her which ultimately made him curious. Talking to old men who looked rather pleased with her attendance to accompanying another, she mingled with the gentlemen altogether avoiding the ladies billowing their fans to the passing young men. He concluded that she was an oddity.

Elijah put his empty glass on a passing server’s tray and walked towards the girl who was finally left alone. Stopping beside her, he wafted her rose and sandalwood essence which turned out to be peculiarly grounding. His heart suddenly caved in with a sense of peace.

“You appear to be deep in thought,” he said making her turn towards him and her eyes spoke so much with a glance that he had to avert his gaze to look straight ahead.

“Pardon me. Do I know you?” The girl curtsied, taking in his features and knew for certain he was new to this town.

“Certainly not, but it is never late to make acquaintances. I am Elijah Mikaelson.”

The girl looked around at the other men, her eyes gleaming in annoyance. “Making acquaintances is not a necessity but a choice Sir,” she quipped. He hid his smirk at her bold comment which was contemplating for a woman of her status.

“I choose to enjoy the pleasure of your company tonight Miss. Introductions are not necessary for you have apparently denied me the courtesy, to which I shall oblige,” he told her with a smile when her eyes assessed him again. She was scrutinizing him and yet there was a hint of innocence in her eyes.

“You are truthfully defying the niche of balls and for that, I am definitely grateful,” she humored him after a while.

“What shall appease you instead?”

“A talk that doesn’t end with a proposal, expected dowry or definitions of a conventional bride,” she frowned thinking of her previous encounters.

“None of those desolate subjects,” Elijah agreed as they watched the people around them continuing their tasks.

“And it has come to my attention that you indeed prefer directing a conversation your way. We
cannot have that if we are to talk.”

“Shall I lead the chatter in a manner preferable to you only?”

“You shall not answer for you do conduct it same for all,” she smiled and he couldn’t hold back his own grin. The girl was intuitive and very observant and had managed to read him better than most in their first encounter with the Original.

“Shall I have the honor of dancing the next set?” he asked, seeing the Quadrille in procession on the dance floor. She didn’t reply, but handed her dance card to him instead. He flipped it to see it unsurprisingly blank. “The gentlemen here are not diligent I presume?” He jotted down his name next to two simultaneous dances.

“They look for their future Lady of the house. I fail to uphold to their typical specifications and I do not come with a dowry or the mannerisms to be someone’s wife,” she said seeing his name across from Polka and Galop on the card. “I tend to avoid gossip but it seems you have given them one by securing two sets.”

“Am I to disappoint the guests with none?” he glanced at her once more before writing his name for Waltz under Galop. “A new gentleman in town to dance three recurring sets with an unconventional lady in the annual gala. How positively scandalous.”

Her eyebrow raised seeing his names in succession and she smiled, “It is inappropriate to get three sets from the same gentleman.”

He handed her the card and she read it closely before immediately dangling it to her wrist.

“They should not have left the most beautiful girl in the ballroom for me to secure the opportunity.”

“You do not know me?” She asked curiously.

“I can ask the same to you for myself,” he replied and heard the music for the quadrille come to an end. He held out his elbow to her with a smile, “Shall we?”

She took it without hesitation and let him lead her to the dance floor getting curious glances from people.

“My dwindling list of suitors will be monumentally non-existent after the dances,” she informed him.

“You do not seem to care.”

“I do not,” the girl replied and they locked eyes for a moment before she swiftly looked away. “You appear to be a man who refrains from dancing much, less alone Galop. Are you certain you know how to proceed?” She humored changing the topic as they took their positions.

“Are you challenging my dancing skills, Miss?” He grinned at her when the floor manager blew the trumpet.

Elijah held out his hand for her as she glanced at it. Her brown eyes drifted to meet his hazel ones before she placed her hand in his; both unaware that she’d be taking it for an eternity.

“I am doubting it,” she told him when the music started and he bowed raising his brows before she curtsied with a smirk.

They walked around together, her hand out gracefully when he twirled her into his arms, hand
above her waist matching the footsteps perfectly. The fourth beat ended as he spun her afar before the three-four beat started again.

“Still having doubts about my skills, dear?” He smiled at her eagerness to continue as a tinge of pink spread across her cheeks. Elijah thought it was lovely when it illuminated her face even more under the candelabras while they went back and forth with their feet.

It wasn’t long before their movements continued to Galop and then a slow waltz as they listened to what the other had to offer through short conversations.

“My grandfather founded this town in the 30s. The choice in the name was certainly not his,” she told him as they glided across the floor.

“I suppose you ought to be right for I find the name Cloverville a tad bit...”

“Infantile, humorous,” she continued his description with a laugh.

“That might explain why the guests are rather wary of you. The founder’s granddaughter with a streak of rebellion running in her veins,” the Original said giving her a look.

“As long as my family is not condemned, I care not of others opinions. They are liable to mold it to suit their needs,” she informed Elijah as he lifted her up in the air before bringing her back to her feet with a grace.

“Am I supposed to believe that the lady herself gets entangled into enough misfits to not upkeep her duties anymore?” He joked feeling her hand on his shoulder lightly while his own glided across her waist.

“The gentleman speaks for himself,” she answered getting twirled around so her back was to his chest. “Everyone has an irrational moment that one cannot escape from and I am not obligated to share my proposed duties to a stranger.”

“I consider myself different from the normal populace,” he turned her with a smug smile.

“Is that arrogance I detect in that tone?” She mused tilting her head.

“People call me honorable,” he told her making her raise an eyebrow. Elijah waited for her to speak for a minute or two as they coordinated their movement in astute silence.

She gazed at him and he watched as she seemed to go into the depths of his soul igniting a series of thoughts inside him. He had alluded to the physical instances of beauty several times in his life but none had gripped him this fast where he just wanted her for himself so she could soothe his tormented soul. She had a calming aura surrounding her, the one he never realized needed until now.

“I do not know you in person to believe your precepts sir,” she said softly and he looked at her in an instant.

“I may not be acclimatized to the recent proceedings since you have refused me the general familiarity that accompanies one when they know your name,” Elijah elaborated, an impish grin taking over his features.

“I am the Founder’s grand-daughter. You have to earn it,” she smirked when the waltz concluded.

He bowed and she curtsied, with a smile marring both faces. Before he could reply while the people
around them dispersed, the floor manager came along with a butler.

“Miss, your grandmother has requested your presence,” the butler said and she nodded turning to glance at Elijah.

“It was a pleasure to make your acquaintance,” she said grinning at him before she grabbed hold of the manager’s extended elbow and walked away from him.

Elijah left the procession downstairs unsuccessful at locating his brother while the thoughts of the mysterious girl clouded his mind repeatedly. She made him feel... free of his burdens, the guilt and the responsibilities that weighed his daily life. It was refreshing to forget that he was not a monster that people made him out to be.

The girl had made him smile and he wanted to capture the very essence that grounded and anchored him so suddenly that for the first time in his eternal existence, he felt stable with that nonchalant comfort without any expectations. Elijah could just be himself around her.

He came across her in the library turning pages and his lips turned up in a smile without his permission. Elijah cleared his throat announcing his presence. She instantly looked up at him and smiled. The glow of a candlelight beautifully illuminated her lashes.

“Isn’t your presence required downstairs?” She enquired.

“I have made my necessary farewells and have been unsuccessful in finding my disorderly younger brother.”

“He must be old enough to look after himself. So I hereby conclude that maybe he is hiding from you, tired from your disciplinarian ways,” she told him, a giggle rolling out of her mouth.

“My brother has a habit of getting himself into troubles,” Elijah tried to justify.

“And I presume you rescue him every time? I personally think that he needs to face it himself if he is to know something about repercussions. It might stop him from repeating them if he is given the chance to learn from his past mistakes,” she frowned.

“You are very wise and... perceptive,” the Original said not refuting her claims when he knew that tending to Niklaus was his everything. Always and Forever wasn’t just a vow anymore, it had become their own personal curse. “I aim for his redemption,” he continued feeling like he could tell her everything and she wouldn’t judge.

“You cannot aim for his redemption when he doesn’t want to redeem himself. People choose their own redemption, Sir. You cannot make choices for him.”

“You are telling me that my life has been in vain,” he sighed with a touch of humor.

“Forgive me but I doubt my observations are going to deter you from your ambitious path,” the girl smiled and Elijah responded with his own leaning against the desk; she was right obviously.

“I happen to believe that one day I will truly see him happy,” Elijah pointed out.

“Happiness is a subjective term. It might mean many things. Its definition is different for all.”

The gravity of her words were not unfound to the Original. It was true and thought-provoking. He looked into her eyes and everything seemed better. She felt right.
“Let me reintroduce myself. I am Elijah Mikaelson,” he broke the silence.

“I assumed we will defy the ball niche but you have broken the unspoken vow, Mr. Mikaelson,” she humored before humming, “You are a difficult man to read. Your eyes give away your old soul.” The girl smiled turning around to retrieve a journal from the shelf.

“So I have been told,” he walked towards her and placed his hand over hers to stop her from turning the page, closing the book shut.

Her eyes snapped to his, looking down at his hand as he savored the warmth clinging to his cold skin when she abruptly retreated her hand from underneath his.

Plucking the journal from her hands, he opened its first page. “A friend of mine got married to one of the founders, Raymond Laurentis. They used to live in New Orleans and certain circumstances brought them here,” he informed the girl.

She cleared her throat and stepped back. “I haven’t had the pleasure of seeing you around this town. A visit I presume.”

“With a purpose,” he answered without missing a beat.

“Anything nefarious in your mind?” she asked. “I must inform you that our town is very peaceful. Kindly refrain from stirring troubles,” the girl ordered, a chuckle resounding the room.

“Maybe,” he looked at her as she fiddled with her pendant. “Is that an inquiry from a concerned resident of the town?”

“Maybe?” She teased him making his lips twitch.

Elijah smiled, taking in her recherché features, “Do I not get the lady’s name?”

“Adelia,” she replied softly after a moment.

“Beautiful,” he stared at her and she avoided his intense gaze as her cheeks soon met with a blush.

“I must take my leave for I already have an arrangement to get to,” she told him and he straightened his posture concealing his disappointment.

“I look forward to seeing you again,” he placed a chaste kiss on her hand while she curtsied in farewell.

“With your last name of a Mikaelson, we soon will,” she stated with a mischievous glint in her eyes before she exited the room.

Elijah stunned at her knowledge of his identity hurriedly moved to follow her out the library only to witness empty corridors.

She had long disappeared, leaving nothing but her rose and sandalwood fragrance wafting in the air.

Introducing

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis
"You are all I have."

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

"You mean the world to me."

Disclaimer: I do not own the Vampire Diaries or any of the characters. All rights go to Julie Plec and L. J. Smith. I only own my OCs.
She knocked on the wooden door catching his attention as Klaus looked at her all dressed up in black for the much anticipated play. She walked inside coming straight towards him and took the bow tie from his hands.

“Your skills in tying these pieces haven’t improved,” she said with a smile, unfurling his collar.  

“Not everyone is Elijah,” he rolled his eyes as she placed the tie around his neck.

“Hmm,” she crossed the ends and worked the loop. “Asphyxiation is the only result I foresee if you ever tried.”

“I am honored to have your vote of confidence. You give me brilliant ideas to be inconspicuous with my murders, Maeve,” he smirked and she glared at him before pinching the bow to finish the loop.

“That very much assures me of your deteriorating sanity,” she quipped.

“When was I ever sane, love?” he chuckled at the notion, turning towards the mirror to examine her work. She held out his jacket for him to get his arms in as the Original proceeded to button it.

“And leave bodies for Elijah to clean up,” she smoothed his suit and smiled, “You are done.” He smiled back which did not go unnoticed by her. “If wearing tuxes make you smile more often then I shall persuade Lana for tickets once in a while,” she took the glass of drink from his hand and placed it over the vanity when he kissed her forehead.

“She already invokes plenty of fear. Try being truly happy Niklaus, you have earned everything. Do not let your own fears destroy you. You are above them,” she softly said, pecking his cheek and started walking away.
“Maeve,” Klaus called out and she turned around expectantly. “Nothing,” he said after a moment of hesitation.

She rolled her eyes with a fond smile and walked away leaving him alone.

Sleek fingers stopped working the keys of a laptop when a mail popped up on the screen breaking her concentration. She looked around the café, seeing it almost empty and opened the window browser. Not many people dared to contact her so it tentatively roused her curiosity as to why she was being approached after so many years.

She had gotten used to her name falsely crunching out various theories in the shadows linked to the most fearsome of creatures, that she definitely was not thankful for. The headache her name had yielded for almost a century still annoyed her to great extents. Maeve had become synonymous with his name that it wasn’t even about kingdoms and rulers anymore, just plain association.

As she clicked on the pop-up after making sure to not get traced by her pursuers, she silently hoped it wasn’t another death threat or a secret society initiation. When the rotating wheel stopped and she took a glance at the sent mail, her eyes widened. Putting down the coffee mug, she slammed the laptop shut and paid the bill before rushing out of the establishment.

Not bothering with her coat, she walked down the familiar street at a normal pace to avoid frightening the humans around. As the secluded villa came into view, she entered the house foregoing her etiquette to directly approach the study, knowing she would find him there.

Already on a phone call, she waited for him to acknowledge her as he raised his eyebrow at her sudden appearance. He ended the call and took a seat when she opened her laptop for him to read.

“Remember Mystic Falls, Elijah?” She simply said as he went on to read the mail impassively. He exchanged a look with her before pursing his mouth.

Two days later

In an abandoned warehouse, a desiccated vampire slowly started gaining his color back. He opened his eyes to examine his surroundings, then looked down at the coat rack embedded into his heart and pulled it out without any effort with un concealed annoyance. Once regaining his composure, he took out his phone and dialled the person he trusted most with his life.

“Salut, Mr. Mikaelson,” a female voice answered after two rings.

“I need you here at the earliest,” he hurriedly said as he opened the door of his car and sat inside.

“Is that a way to talk to your wife, Elijah?” An amused voice replied from the other end.

“I apologize, dear,” he sighed and then admitted quietly, “It is true. The Petrova doppelganger is here, albeit a human one and Katerina too.”

“How is that possible?” The voice questioned getting serious after moments of silence.

“I met the human doppelganger today. Our suspicions of involvement of a doppelganger proved to be quite accurate, though I did not suspect another Petrova. We will talk once you arrive. How fast can you come to Mystic Falls?”

“By tomorrow. I will resume the search for Klaus. Until then, we need an extensive plan.”
“I already have one in mind,” Elijah said with a smirk.

“He veritably did rub off his diabolic nature,” replied a voice flooded with humor.

“I am glad you find this situation utterly delightful,” he quipped with a roll of eyes.

“I cannot applaud the plan your brain has already concocted?”

“And your presence is awaited if things are to go without complications,” he said coming to the point.

“I wouldn’t be anywhere else but your side, Elijah,” she softly whispered and a smile took over his face. “I will see you soon.”

“I love you, Adelia, and I sincerely apologize for the abrupt end to our vacation. I promise to make it up to you,” Elijah said and was immediately rewarded with a chuckle from the other end.

“Now that is something I look forward to,” she hummed and soon the dial tone filled the interior of the car.

Elijah closed his eyes and took a deep breath before going through the events that occurred earlier that day. The doppelganger and the moonstone, the two most important elements of the curse were present right here.

He needed more allies, he couldn’t leave this opportunity to chance and called the person he knew would be willing to help them in their plight.

“Dr. Martin, this is Elijah.”

Meanwhile, in a beautiful countryside of France, a woman ended the call with a click and pulled her leg to her chest, deep in thought. She leaned her head back against the divan and her hair tumbled down her shoulders in soft brown waves. Her delicate fingers swirled a glass of Merlot as she overlooked the hills outside.

**Spring 1965**

“We shall come back here. It is certainly more peaceful than the turbulent intermingling classes of London,” Elijah voiced his thoughts all of a sudden.

“I believed that you liked people, Elijah,” she humored, emphasizing on people.

“You should be more particular with your claim,” scoffed Elijah, lost in thought.

“You must not overexert yourself,” Adelia detected the change in his demeanor and inferred.

“I do not want to.”

“Are you?” she asked looking towards him, “Honest to yourself I mean. You want to abandon our search for Niklaus. I know he is keeping them safe, but we must be optimistic if we are to find him.”

“It has been three decades, Adelia. He does not want to be found and has daggered our sister. The only thing that consumes my being is rage. I wish to have peace. Does that make me a bad person to want a semblance of normality when our family is in endless torment?” the Original questioned, his features contorting in pain.
“Everything will be fine, Elijah, we will find them. And no it doesn’t make you a bad person to wish for peace; we all seek it,” she reassured him leaning her head on his shoulders while they walked down the streets. “So Manosque?”

“Hmm. I like the scenery and the quiet. You always do your best to avoid the business districts and here I thought you were the people person,” Elijah said in an amused tone and kissed her forehead, his lips lingering for a second or two.

“Do not mock me for deflecting chatty wives of the aristocrats, Mr. Mikaelson. It is very unbecoming of you,” she countered and then sighed. “He cannot evade us forever.”

“I believe you, my love.”

Adelia came back to the present as a streak of lightning flashed across the sky. She got up and walked towards the bedroom, ultimately concluding that the weeks ahead of her were going to be difficult.

She packed her belongings and some of Elijah’s, finishing the task by zipping up the suitcases. She glanced at her phone seeing the two ticks confirming that Gregory got her message and took a breath of relief. With a last glimpse of a photograph taken during Christmas 1914, she determinedly took off. The only sound that announced her departure was the decreasing notes of stilettos hitting the marble floor when the door clicked shut.

Elijah entered the apartment and silently thanked his wife for having such extensive contacts. He did not think he would have been able to deal with acquiring a house for them when he was at the end of patience after dealing with such insolence.

It was certainly good to be back to the place he lived millennia ago. A lot had changed, but the nostalgia still tugged at his heart, bringing along a wave of sadness thinking about his family. Adelia was right; he could not lose hope, not when he was this close to getting them back.

His phone screen lit up at an incoming message announcing his wife’s departure from the French countryside. He could not help but think that she was leaving the peace behind to step into chaos because Mystic Falls was anything but normal if the presence of doppelgangers and troublesome vampires were any indication.

The Original trusted his wife’s close personnel to send the required documents concerning the doppelganger and her close circle of people by morning. His own men were busy collecting information on the latest happenings of this small town.

He would leave nothing to fate and to size up an opposition was a task he eagerly anticipated. For now, meeting the Martins and keeping a low profile topped his list of priorities.

The next morning Elena arrived at the Salvatore boarding house and knocked on the door, which was opened by the elder Salvatore seconds later.

“Hello Elena,” Damon said.

“Is Stefan here? He called. He said it was important,” Elena asked.

“Right this way,” he told her, holding the door wide open.

“Hey,” Stefan greeted.
“What is this about?” Elena questioned him when she looked behind him to see Rose. “You,” she contended and looked at Stefan for an explanation.

“Okay, you have to understand that I only know what I picked up over the years and I don’t know what’s true and what’s not true. It’s the problem with all this vampire crap, but Klaus, I know he’s real,” Rose started talking, pacing left to right.

“Who is he?” Elena inquired.

“He’s one of the originals, he’s a legend,” Damon explained.

“From the first generation of vampires,” Stefan told further.

“Like Elijah?” The doppelgänger asked.

“No. Elijah was the Easter bunny compared to Klaus. He’s a foot soldier. Klaus is the real deal,” Rose answered her, to which Damon rolled his eyes.

“Klaus is known to be the oldest,” Stefan said.

“Okay, so you’re saying the oldest vampire in the history of time is coming after me?” Elena asked skeptically.

“Yes.”

“No,” Rose and Stefan answered simultaneously.

“What they’re saying is, I mean, if what she’s saying is true...” Damon clarified.

Rose interrupted him mid-sentence, “Which it is.”

“And you’re not saying it so I don’t kill you,” he replied.

“Which I’m not,” she retorted.

“Then we’re looking at a solid maybe,” he hesitated.

“Look, Elijah’s dead, right? So no one else even knows that you exist,” Stefan went towards Elena to calm her down.

“Not that you know of. If only he didn’t inform anyone or specifically his wife,” Rose paused, giving out the new piece of information.

“That’s not helping and,” Damon’s lips thinned into a tight line, “his wife?” He continued raising an eyebrow.

“They call her his wife for a reason. You killed her husband and she must definitely know Klaus. If she isn’t already on her way, then expect her to arrive with Klaus himself,” Rose looked scared.

“Look, I’ve never even met anyone who’s laid eyes on him. I mean, we’re talking centuries of truth mixed with fiction. We don’t know if he’s real. For all, we know he could just be some sort of stupid bedtime story, and we will deal with Elijah’s wife when she arrives,” Stefan elaborated while comforting his girlfriend.

“He’s real and he doesn’t give up. If he wants something, he gets it. If you’re not afraid of Klaus then you’re an idiot,” Rose emphasized again.
Alright, we’re shaking. You made your point,” Damon replied.

“Where are you going?” Stefan asked his girlfriend when she got up from the couch.

Elena turned around and answered, “School. I’m late.”

“Let me grab my stuff, I’ll go with you,” the younger Salvatore said while getting up himself.

“It’s okay, I know where it is,” Elena offhandedly told him to he nodded dejectedly. He watched as she walked away.

“She’s in denial,” Damon remarked when she left.

“Shut up, Damon,” said Stefan to his older brother who smiled.

“Whoa. What about the sunlight?” Damon asked entering the coffee shop after Rose where they were supposed to meet a person for more information on the Originals.

“Double pane and tempered. UV rays can’t penetrate. You see the appeal now?” She replied.

“That and the free Wi-Fi,” a voice chimed in walking towards them and hugged Rose so Damon concluded that it must be Slater.

“Hey, how are you?” She asked him.

“Good. I saw you come, what are you doing here?” He questioned.

“Mmm, it’s a long story, but I want you to meet...” she looked at Damon and Slater turned to see him.

“Damon Salvatore. Turned 1864 in Mystic Falls by Katherine Pierce aka Katerina Petrova,” Slater answered for her making Damon a bit uncomfortable. He turned his gaze back to Rose and continued, “So I take it I was right, what I told you about the tomb under the church was true?”

Rose nodded, “Yes, it was right. Thank you for the tip.”

Slater extended his hand for Damon to shake, “It’s nice to meet you.” Damon looked untrusting but went forward with the greetings, “Maybe. What’s going on Rose? Where’s Trevor?” He asked her.

Rose’s smile fell from her face and Slater’s immediately followed as the realization hit him.

“Are you sure Elijah’s dead?” Slater questioned Damon.

“Beyond dead,” he replied.

“Trevor was a good man; he helped me with my dissertation on sexual deviance in the Baroque period. I was schooling for my Psych Ph.D.” Slater elaborated walking towards a table where they all got seated.

“Slater’s been in college since ’74,” Rose explained.

“When I was turned. I have 18 degrees, 3 masters and 4 PhDs,” he said with a smile.

“The point?” Damon asked annoyed.

“Exactly, I mean, what is the point? What should I do with my eternity? If you have an answer,
please enlighten me,” Damon and Rose sighed exasperatedly when Slater questioned back.

“We need your help. If someone wanted to get in touch with Klaus, how would you hook him up?” asked Rose.

“Craigslist,” Slater answered.

“Really?” Damon said, unimpressed.

“Seriously. I responded to a personal ad to get sent to somebody who knows somebody who knows Elijah, who’s dead and that’s where my connection ends, but Maeve might know,” he added with hesitation.

Outside Elijah walked down the street, stopping next to a street musician playing a guitar. He put a hundred dollar bill in his guitar case and grabbed a handful of coins. Juggling the coins from one hand to the other, he listened on to the conversation inside the café.

“Now who is Maeve? Where can I find her?” Damon immediately blurted out.

“Maeve? Klaus’ Maeve? Do you want to die? You contacted her?” Rose implied as her eyes widened.

“Maeve is her name, no last name provided. Klaus kept her close until the ‘20s and then she disappeared. If anyone might know where he is, then there is your answer. I was told that Elijah was informed through her so she definitely knows,” Slater voiced out, turning to Damon.

“Fine. We have no clues on either Klaus or Maeve who definitely might lead us to him. But, here’s what I don’t get. Elijah moved around during the day, which means the Originals knew the secret of her daylight ring. Now why would Klaus want to lift the curse of the sun and the moon,” Damon asked him, confused.

“To keep the werewolves from lifting it. If a vampire breaks the curse, then the werewolves are stuck with the curse of the moon forever and vice versa,” he explained it all to them.

“But werewolves are extinct,” Rose pointed out.

“True. I’ve never seen one, but rumor has it...” he began.

“Not such a rumor,” the Salvatore interrupted him.

“Mystic Falls? God, I’ve got to visit this place. It sounds awesome,” Slater replied in awe.

“Awesome doesn’t even begin to describe it. Can we stop the curse from being broken at all?” He continued the conversation.

“What do you mean?” The vampire turned to him apprehensively.

“If we make the moonstone useless, would it stop the curse from being broken?” The Salvatore postulated his own theory.

“Well, yeah, probably, but why would you want to do that?” He questioned the raven vampire.

“Tell me how?” Damon’s voice turned serious.

“You think I’m gonna help you figure out how to do something that will piss off an Original? And keeping them from walking in the sun?” Slater interjected him instantly.
“You want to walk in the sun? I can make that happen if you help us,” he offered.

Elijah palmed the coins in one hand, his face impassive. He suddenly shot those coins at the tempered glass panels shattering it, making some of the vampires present inside the café blister and scream in pain, including Rose and Slater.

Damon got up from the ground to look outside to see nobody of suspicion. Slater fled with his laptop while Damon put his jacket over her and carried her to the car.

“You’re gonna be okay,” he told her.

“I know,” Rose replied as her burns started healing.

“Who’s behind that?” asked Damon.

“I don’t know. Where is Slater?”

“Iowa by now. Who the hell knows?”

“He’s not behind this, he’s a good guy, he wouldn’t betray me,” her voice trembled at the end.

“Who did it?” he questioned.

“It’s Klaus, don’t you understand?” she finally broke down. “You don’t know this man, we’re dead, we’re all dead,” she told him hysterically crying while he said nothing. He closed the door and started their journey back to Mystic Falls.

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“Elena,” Stefan called out entering the tomb when the doppelganger turned to leave after getting the information from Katherine.

“Stefan, what are you doing here?” Elena asked him.

“I could ask you the same question,” he questioned back.

“Caroline told you,” she sighed in realization.

“No, she kept your secret, but it didn’t take me long to figure out what was important that you’d have to keep it from me,” he told her.

“I knew that you’d stop me,” she admitted.

“Listen to me, whatever she said to you is a lie. Do not listen to her. She’s a liar Elena.”

“What if she isn’t? You didn’t hear what she said?” The girl said.

“You don’t have to worry, I’m not gonna let anything happen to you,” he assured her.

“That’s the problem, you won’t but you’ll die trying. How’s that any better?” She retorted.

“There’s nothing you can do, Stefan,” Katherine said across from them when the two turned to look at her. “I haven’t even told you the best part of the story. He killed them, my entire family, just to get back at me for running. Whatever you do to escape Klaus, he will get his vengeance on your friends, your family or anyone that you’ve ever loved,” she continued.

“No, look at me. No, don’t listen to her, okay?” Stefan requested his girlfriend.
“Always the protector, but even must realize that she’s doomed. There’s nothing you can do to stop it unless of course, you have this,” Katherine showed the moonstone to them.

“What?” Elena whispered.

“Oh no, there it is. It’s the ultimate lie, isn’t it? You spun the whole thing so that we would have to get the stone from you, didn’t you?” The Salvatore pointed out.

“I didn’t spin anything, Stefan. It’s the truth,” Katherine affirmed.

“No, let me guess. You want to trade that stone for your freedom, you manipulative, psychotic bitch,” he accused her.

“My freedom? That’s where you’re wrong Stefan. I do want my freedom because when Klaus shows up to kill us all and he will, I’ll be in the tomb. Where no vampire will enter because they can’t get out. I’ll be the safest psychotic bitch in town,” she answered before glancing at them once and retreating inside the tomb again.

“It’s a lie you know. There’s no switch you can turn-off. Sure, you’re a newbie after a couple hundred years... you just have to pretend,” Rose told Damon where they were sprawled across the couch in the Boarding House when after a moment her phone rang. “Hello?” she spoke up accepting the call.

“Rose?” Slater’s voice echoed from the phone.

“Slater? Are you okay?” she asked, breathing a sigh of relief knowing he was safe.

“Yes, I took off, I am, sorry, I was frigging freaked,” he answered.

“No, I’m sorry to involve you.”

“Look, I wanted no part in any of this, but I did some digging,” he said.

“Okay, what did you find?” The female questioned.

“You can destroy the curse, but you need the moonstone,” Slater stated from across the phone.

“How? What do you mean? I don’t follow.”

“Can your friend get the moonstone? You need it,” he replied. She looked at Damon, who nodded.

“Yes, he can get it. What’s next?” She frowned.

“You need a witch. Get a moonstone, a witch should be able to figure out the rest. Good luck, Rose,” he said before hanging up.

“Very nicely done,” a voice said behind Slater.

“Thanks, I have a degree in theatre,” he replied in evident fear and turned to look at Elijah in front of him. “How can you compel me? A vampire can’t compel another vampire,” he asked.

“I’m a special vampire,” Elijah answered, shrugging his shoulders.

“What, because you’re an Original?” Slater questioned.
“Hmm. About Maeve, you cannot find her unless I want her to be found,” he said seriously. “Now I want you to take this and drive it through your heart,” he handed the other vampire a lamp stand.

“But that would kill me forever,” Slater stated.

“I know. But it’s necessary,” Elijah compelled him again.

Slater helpless from the compulsion took the wooden object and drove it through his heart, desiccating instantly while Elijah merely looked on.

“Was it, really?” Jonas Martin asked as he walked in.

“It had to be done,” the Original replied, turning to look at him. “He delivered his message. Won’t be long now,” he finished before walking out of the apartment.

Elijah sat in the armchair reading when his phone buzzed on the table. He closed his book to look at the screen and furrowed his brows.

“I thought you were still amidst some layer of atmosphere to consider placing a phone call,” he quipped, pressing the phone to his ears.

“Stratosphere, Elijah, but blame the storm ahead that shall bring forth the unfortunate delay, my love,” informed Adelia much to his dismay.

“I am displeased by the turn of events. Your arrival was expected by midnight and now it has been postponed by something as frivolous as a stormy weather,” he intoned.

“Few more hours will not call out an apocalypse,” mused Adelia.

“I am almost disheartened by your lack of enthusiasm concerning your beloved husband,” he playfully mocked.

“I consider my said husband to be an exceedingly patient man,” the smile was well placed in her voice.

“The heart has its reasons, and they aren’t debate topics,” he quoted.

“Quoting Brault are you?” she humorously said. “According to your wife, physical distance illuminates the shadows the emotional proximity does not conquer.”

“And I was under the impression that we were way past the shadows dear,” Elijah replied.

“I revel in the darkness for I choose my light, Elijah.”

“And my light leads me to you.”

“Those who have courage and faith shall never perish in misery,” Adelia said with a tinkling laughter.

Elijah found himself smiling along with her; she never failed to give him hope for a better future. He already had her and now there was a possibility of seeing his siblings again. In the background, he heard the host informing Adelia of the departure.

“I miss you too, and I shall see you tomorrow,” she told him enthusiastically.
“Come soon,” he replied.

“And I will. Love you, Elijah,” she said and hung up.

Elijah sighed as he thought about the unfortunate events that had taken place today. The Martins would ensure the moonstone reached him, ‘The Sun and The Moon’ curse was still around making his lips twitch in amusement and the rumors of Maeve being their salvation considering Klaus was not a good sign.

It was already bad that she had been contacted to reach Elijah, signifying the name was still circled around so it was decided that Adelia would deal with the Maeve problem herself.

He picked up his book again and looked at the moon in the sky, and thought that maybe the broken curse would finally bring Klaus some peace. The torment would finally end and they wouldn’t have to run from each other.

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Winter 1859 | Laurentis House, Cloverville | The night of the Annual Ball

“So we meet again,” Elijah said as soon as he heard her enter the house.

“That we do, Mr. Mikaelson,” Adelia’s lips twitched as she stepped inside the room.

“You shouldn’t have been inconspicuous earlier,” he stated, looking at the portrait in the parlor.

The Laurentis family. Sharel Beauchene, the matriarch of the family and Adelia’s grandmother sat proudly on a divan. A very powerful witch who stood up for what was right, even if she had to go against her own people.

Next to her stood Arnold Laurentis, her son. An untapped warlock who did not let his wife and father’s sacrifice go in vain; loyal to the fault and brave.

The Laurentis heir sat beside the matriarch looking every bit of woman of the family she was born into. Taking after her late mother, a very gifted Fleureau witch, Adelia seemed to have embraced every trait her family was known for.

“It was no fault of mine that you were rather ignorant,” she replied.

“No one has ever called me ignorant before, Miss Laurentis,” he humored.

“Then I shall praise myself for getting the honor of being the first,” her eyes twinkled. He moved to mark the page he was reading and closed the book, giving the girl his full attention now.

“A benevolent claim,” he glanced to see her unruly appearance hours after the ball, but her youthfulness surrounded her like a sun.

The clock raced at one after midnight.

“I happen to aspire for greater things,” she said and the curtains blew in bringing in the cold air making her shiver. With a frown on her face, she moved towards the French doors finding it open as Elijah joined her, immediately suspicious.

Feeling watched from outside, she turned towards the Original who nodded in confirmation before he stepped forward and closed the door latching it shut. He gave her a look and fled the room to check around.
“It must be them. I failed to locate anyone,” he appeared after a while shaking his head.

“We shall inform grandmother and Klaus in the morning,” she said and wrapped the shawl around her. “I wish you a good night, Mr. Mikaelson.”

He smiled, “Good night, Ms. Laurentis”.

As they went on their way, two figures emerged from the forest surrounding the house and looked at the nineteen-year-old witch from an uncovered window as she parted ways with the vampire.

“Are you certain she is powerful enough to endure it?” The elderly one questioned.

“Extremely. She vouched for her. Her core magic is the strongest,” the second woman replied impassively.

“We haven’t finished making the spell.”

“Patience sweetheart. We will. Their end is near,” she smirked as they trudged back towards the trees.

A body dropped on the floor, phone clattering with a thud as blue-green eyes examined the scene in front of him carefully. He bent down picking up the device and scrolled through the contacts stopping at a particular name. With a smirk, he saved the number in his own phone before crushing the tracker’s phone in his hand, the evidence wiped out.

“It had been a close call this time,” he heard one of his men saying.

“It would not have been if you all did your job properly. Learn something from this loyal fellow,” he nudged the dead man with his foot. “I haven’t been bothered like this since the 90s. What could have thrown the noble Elijah and his wife into an influx to start the search party with such vigor?” Klaus wondered aloud thinking about the possible reasons.

He had finally made them lose his trail in the earlier decade. While their devotion warmed his heart, it also brought him pain thinking about Maeve. Klaus possessed no desire to see her or Elijah again if he had any say. Seeing them made him question his own actions and he was not a person to venture into that aspect of his life.

Breaking out of a reverie of mishaps and continuous torment, he took off leaving his men to clean up the mess. The Original had no time to concern himself with such frivolities.

A/N: The mystery of Maeve. Who is she?

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Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”
“I fail to understand how this is supposed to be our last alternative, Klaus,” she paced around the room, worry etched over her features.

Klaus who was lounging on the sofa with a drink in hand looked up and smirked, “Dear Maeve, leave the stipulations to us. We just have to be discreet with the proceedings if we want to succeed.”

“And using my name shall provide you that? We are not helpless and I certainly do not believe you have started using your resources yet.”

“Indeed. You get to represent our deals and people will enjoy the Prohibition, ultimately giving us an upper hand in the wake,” he smiled at her when Elijah entered.

“Elijah, please be kind and say you disagree with this obtuse plot. There has to be another way,” she offered and sat beside Klaus who wound his arm around her shoulder and she immediately slapped it away.

“Your involvement provides us with a direct approach to the matters without a third-party and guarantees secrecy. If this plot keeps us in an advantageous position over others, then why not, dear,” he gave her a look while pouring himself a drink.

She sighed and looked at the two as they clinked their glasses.

“To victory,” Elijah said and she got up, defeated.

“To victory and Maeve,” Klaus grinned as she left the room annoyed.

Elijah leaned against his car away from the runway and waited for his wife to step down the jet. He fixed his cufflinks the moment he saw her walking towards him while the attendants loaded the car with the luggage and walked away with a small nod.

As soon as they were left alone, Elijah pulled her against him as Adelia’s lips connected to his. Her hands went up to tug his hair and clutch at his suit jacket while their mouths devoured each other. The spark that was synonymous with them lit up like fire when Elijah pulled her even closer gripping her waist tightly as their lips danced in perfect harmony.
His fingers traced her spine acutely while he cornered her against the car, feeling her smile into the kiss. When a moan threatened to escape her throat, they broke apart reluctantly and Adelia caressed his jaw placing a chaste kiss on his cheek before stepping away from him.

Elijah held the door open waiting for her to climb in and then fled away to the other side, taking his seat behind the wheel.

“It’s been four days,” she said, breaking the silence when she noticed his lips twitch.

“Not complaining at all, dear,” Elijah offered and kissed her forehead before buckling his seat belt.

“Now I would hate to miss out on details,” Adelia smirked, her own seatbelt going in with a click when they began their three-hour drive to the quaint little town called Mystic Falls.

On the way, he informed her of the events that took place when she couldn’t take it anymore and started chuckling.

“Elijah you’re telling me that you were bested by a tedious coat rack, two impulsive amateurs who were on a rescue mission to save the human doppelganger when their sire is the vampire doppelganger stuck inside a tomb with the moonstone in her possession. The squad is busy obsessing over *The Sun and The Moon* curse so they can stop Klaus from terrorizing their lives? Quite an interesting turn of events darling,” she humored, her laughter echoing inside the car bringing an involuntary smile to Elijah’s face.

“That’s why we need to protect her; the Salvatores’ recklessness will get her killed.”

“What are you suggesting?” She proposed.

“They are not likely to trust me after the debacle so I need you to do it for me,” he answered when she nodded and pondered over the situation.

“That is a rather devious scheme you have,” Adelia told him, fiddling with her pendant.

“And I am assured that we will accomplish it well.”

“You think Niklaus will return our family to us if we do this for him? Get the moonstone, protect the doppelganger, and help him break the curse?” The Original’s wife looked out at the passing trees.

“We must. I have faith that he will. The doppelganger must be saved if your suspicions prove to be correct. For family, always and forever,” he placed his hand over hers and reassured silently. She intertwined their fingers and Elijah caressed them lightly as they passed the signboard welcoming them to Mystic Falls.

Elena and Rose reach Slater’s apartment complex when they climb the staircase to get to his apartment where Rose banged on the door to get her friend to open up.

“Slater? Slater, it’s Rose. Open up!” She called aloud. When she didn’t get any response she turned towards Elena, “He’s not home. Sorry.”

“Mm-hmm. No. We didn’t come all the way out here for nothing,” Elena said.

Rose sighed at the doppelganger and opened the door. Elena looked inside the apartment and the vampire gestured for her to get in, “After you.” The two entered and Rose went looking for Slater hoping he was there. “Slater?” She repeated and moved towards a doorway and her features
morphed into one of shock, “I don’t think he’s gonna be much help,” she muttered when Elena rushed over to see Slater’s dead body and gasped loudly.

The doppelganger immediately started rummaging through his belongings. “Looks like whoever blew up the coffee shop found him and killed him for his information,” she said shuffling through a bunch of papers.

“Yeah, probably to stop him from helping people like us. The guy was a vampire almanac. Knowing too much information bit him in the ass,” answered Rose as she walked over to the windows and pulled back the curtains.

“What are you...?” A startled doppelganger asked her.

“Tempered glass. U.V. Rays can’t penetrate. I used to come here and watch the day,” she looked out the window.

“I’m sorry about Slater,” Elena said, picking up a framed photo of Slater with a girl.

“Any luck?” Rose questioned.

The young girl placed back the frame and tried logging into one of Slater’s computers and failed, “Um... it’s password protected. I can’t get in,” she answered dejectedly.

“No, this is fine. Let’s just go.”

They heard a doorknob rattling from inside the apartment catching their attention.

“Stay here,” Rose told her before walking past her to open the door and saw a girl hiding in a corner, “Alice?” She called out.

“Rose!” Alice exclaimed, rushing towards the said girl to embrace her crying heavily, “he’s dead!”

“Kristen Stewart. God, was he obvious,” Alice said as she logged into her late boyfriend’s computer.

“These are all leads to vampires?” Elena questioned as Alice scrolled through the files.

“Slater was obsessed. Almost as much as me,” she answered.

“What about that one? Cody Webber. They exchanged dozens of emails about Elijah. Maeve informed him so she knows,” Rose said.

“Who is Maeve?” Elena asked curiously.

“Maeve has always been linked to Klaus. She is some sort of a mystery to the supernatural faction for her relationship with the big bad Original and Slater confessed that she was a part of the chain to contact Elijah,” the vampire replied.

“I could call him. The Cody guy,” Alice looked at her.

“Tell him that we’re trying to send a message to Klaus. The doppelganger is alive and she’s ready to surrender,” Elena calmly remarked.

“What?!” Rose exclaimed.

“Oh my god, I knew I recognized you,” Alice commented.
“Get him the message, please,” Elena told her walking out of the room, Rose hot on her tail.

“What are you doing?” the vampire asked.

“I’m getting Klaus’ attention,” the doppelganger replied.

“If Klaus knows that you’re alive, he’ll find you and he’ll kill you,” Rose started when the realization hit her, “which is exactly what you wanted all along,” she finished.

“It’s either me or my family,” Elena merely said.

“So this whole charade is some suicide mission so you could sacrifice yourself and save everyone else?” Rose questioned when Alice entered the room.

“Cody is on his way and he really wants to meet you,” she told Elena making the female vampire sigh.

Elijah parked before the building, took out the bags and led Adelia inside the elevator. The location was secluded from the rest of the town, a good caution for their proceedings if they were to be careful. He opened the door to the apartment as she stepped inside and glanced around. He smiled at her eagerness to a new place and moved them towards their room.

“I am going to meet Jonas, the Martins have agreed to help us,” he announced after some time helping her unpack her belongings.

Adelia’s fingers caressed her husband’s ties in the bag, lost in thought. She rolled them up loosely before putting them in drawers closing it shut with a springing click and turned towards him.

“Martin... the girl working for Klaus,” Elijah nodded to her inquiry as he hung her dresses beside his suits. She spared a glance at his work and rolled her eyes as she took notice of his color-coordinated arrangement.

The sounds of bag zips and clicks of drawers and closets were only heard when a doorbell rang interrupting the activity in the closet.

“That would be him,” he said exiting the space, walking towards the door as Adelia followed behind when he pulled open the door.

The Martin patriarch was shocked to see a well-dressed woman standing beside Elijah in a poised demeanor at the utmost culmination of elegance and integrity. When he heard that the noble Original had a wife, he didn’t expect the couple to turn out so precise to what they were known in the supernatural community — The Noble’s Ressurection.

“Welcome, Dr. Martin. We were expecting you. Meet my wife, Adelia Laurentis,” Elijah introduced them to each other.

When Dr. Martin shook her hand, he gasped in shock while the latter smiled.

“What are you?” Jonas asked.

“Forgive me, Dr. Martin but we should continue this conversation inside. All your queries will be answered if we deem it appropriate. Please come in,” she led him into the house, silently guiding him to take a seat while Elijah and she occupied the couch.

“You are a witch?” Jonas pointed out, staring at her with a curious glint in his eyes.
“And a vampire. Have been for a century and a half,” Adelia answered honestly.

“You cannot be both at once,” he said with horror written all over his face.

“I am here, aren’t I? The fewer people know the better, wouldn’t want to give people a possible advantage now,” she quipped with an innocent smile while Elijah looked at her, fondness evident in his eyes.

The Original’s wife got up to make tea for them as her husband went through the plan once more. When she returned, he passed over the teacups to their companions when Adelia took her seat once more.

“My son befriended the Bennett witch, we might be onto the moonstone soon,” Jonas said.

“We will keep Adelia’s involvement under the wraps. We have a plan in order and we would not like to prolong it for its detrimental consequences. If word gets out, our deal is off,” Elijah told him gravely.

“As you wish Elijah,” replied the warlock with slight reluctance.

“We will get some people over here to monitor the supernatural activity. Might help us to know when Klaus arrives in town,” Adelia proposed with a calculating look. “Getting him here interjects to be of utmost importance, but we also require time to assemble everything.”

“What do you want from Klaus?” Jonas questioned taking a sip from the cup.

“What we want is in his possession for too long, it’s about time he does the right thing,” Elijah remarked placing his cup on the table and got up. He glanced at his wife as she put on her woolen overcoat. “Are you certain about it?” he asked her again.

“Yes, we cannot afford to have more problems. I should go remove the possible traces of Maeve and resolve it,” she replied.

“The name has been nothing but trouble even after his disappearance,” he sighed.

“I put the blame on you two,” she chuckled and looked at Jonas, “That will be all from me, Dr. Martin. I have leads to scourge and I apologize for my hasty departure, as well as for the future inconveniences we are about to cause,” she finished with a polite smile.

Too dumbstruck to answer, the warlock replied, “Thank you Mrs. Mikaelson. We will meet again”.

“Please call me Adelia,” she requested and he nodded.

“Stay safe,” Elijah said and she pecked his lips before walking away. The ping of the elevator was heard and she was gone, leaving the warlock and the vampire to their discussion.

A bar outside Richmond was bursting full of people and drunk men as they hollered loudly for multiple drinks. The door opened loudly, but the sound was dissolved in the sickening silence and the stench of sweaty men and foul food options.

A man exited the establishment and walked along a secluded alley when he heard footsteps behind him. Turning around he came face to face with a pretty woman looking at him questioningly.

“Does anyone know about your sudden peak of interest in... Maeve?” Adelia questioned him suddenly. “Heard you came across a few leads.”
“Who are you?” He asked her in suspicion.

“Forgive me. Your assistance was very much appreciated, but then equally not,” she gave him a somber look while he frowned in confusion. Glancing back at the empty alley, she looked at him intently before tugging her hand towards herself as his heart flew out of his chest into her waiting palm.

His body dropped on the floor as it turned grey when she put it in a bin and closed the lid. She could have erased his memories like the two before him but this one had a mean streak and notoriously wanted by the human officials, she did a favor.

Sighing, Adelia cleaned her palm with a tissue before walking away. Richmond — three down, one more to go.

Damon exited the bedroom after compelling Slater’s girlfriend Alice when Rose and Elena look at him from their seats. “Time to go. Alice is soundly sleeping and won’t remember a moment of this horribly stupid day,” he said.

A woman walked in inspecting the open door cautiously and stopped in her tracks when she noticed the occupants in the apartment. Her eyebrows ascended in mild surprise as she glanced at the doppelganger.

“Forgive me. I am an acquaintance of Slater’s and was here for a lead that I was promised some days earlier,” Adelia spoke breaking the silence.

“Who are you?” Rose asked coming forward.

“Rose, she must be the one Cody sent,” stated Elena.

Damon was quietly studying the woman standing in front of them. She was the most beautiful woman he had laid his eyes on in ages. From her light olive skin to her brown curls, she was a sight to behold. Her face, so sharp with a hint of delicateness, those chocolate brown eyes, and her red lips.

His observation was cut short when three men burst in through the door and all heads turned to look at them.

“We’re here to meet the doppelganger,” the first man who seemed to lead the troop said.

“Thank you for coming,” Elena replied getting up from her seat to walk towards them, but Damon pushed her back to block her from their view.

“I will break your arm,” he harshly whispered to Elena and looked back towards the first man, “there’s nothing here for you.”

“I agree with him,” Adelia quipped as she stood in front of the Salvatore and Elena. She finally understood what was happening and it was a very foolish move from the girl. Without warning, she took off her wooden hairpin, broke one claw and shot it down the third man’s heart killing him instantly.

The man dropped to the floor and behind him stood Elijah. Her burrows furrowed in confusion and shock at the sight of her husband mirrored by the rest of the occupants in the house.

“Ah yes. Unfortunately, I happen to agree too,” Elijah drawled from the doorway and walked inside.
He was quite surprised to see her here but concluded it must have been Maeve business that led her to this place. He turned his attention towards the man that had temporarily killed him.

Rose’s face dissolved in fear at the prospect of everything going wrong when Elijah was alive. She sped out of the apartment frightened for her life not looking back at her present allies.

“I killed you. You were dead,” Damon blurted out ignoring the 600-year-old vampire’s departure.

“For centuries now,” the Original mockingly replied. “Who are you?” he asked one of the men.

“Who are you?” the first man questioned back.

“I am Elijah,” he stated before looking at Adelia, “I appreciated the help with the man back there, dear.”

“You’re welcome,” Adelia replied.

The men looked like they had seen a ghost after hearing his name and glanced at her who smiled back coyly.

“Elijah?” The second man fumbled.

“We were gonna bring her to you. For Klaus. She’s the doppelganger. I don’t know how she exists, but she does. Klaus will want to see her,” the first man said.

“How chivalrous of you gentlemen. You must be mistaken if you think gifting the doppelganger to Klaus will earn you a favor from him,” Adelia clarified sternly.

“Does anyone else know you’re here?” Elijah questioned.

“No,” replied the man.

“Well, then you have been incredibly helpful,” he said before plunging his arm into their chests at once and ripped out their hearts. He dropped the organs as Damon took a stance in front of Elena. With a last glance at his wife, he sped away shocking them.

“I hate leaving messes, not an ardent lover of blood and gore unless it is necessary so to speak,” Adelia scoffed after a moment of examining the bodies. Oh how much her husband loved the act alone, pulling out hearts with fluid precision.

She turned towards the remaining occupants and continued, “Please make yourself comfortable. We have a lot to talk about.”

Elena fearfully took a seat, but Damon didn’t relent and continued glaring at her. She sighed exasperatedly before waving a hand towards the front door which closed with a thump.

He darted over to attack her and she stopped him by giving him an aneurysm holding onto his neck. When his other hand went over to punch a hole through her ribs, she grabbed it and snapped it in half and his ears began to bleed.

The doppelganger got up to help him, and Adelia gave her a look that made her rethink. The woman looked at Damon with distaste as sweat rolled down his temples and she released him as he fell onto the floor convulsing in pain.

She crouched down to his level and lifted his chin with her finger and touched his upper lip. Adelia showed him her finger coated with blood which had rolled down his nose and went on to wipe it on
his sweatshirt.

“I prefer my discussions to proceed without the inclusion of violence and... in polite company. You appear to lack both,” she breathed out while pushing Damon on a chair and paralyzed him with a spell. He stared at her warily giving up on his efforts to move his body as it started healing.

Adelia walked so elegantly towards them that Damon would have least expected a woman like her of such finesse to inflict said torture with ease. Her heels came to a halt as she took a seat across from them. Certainly, a poise he hadn’t encountered since his human days.

“How is Elijah alive? I killed him, he should be dead,” he spoke breaking the staring match between the woman and himself.

“That Original back there? No, Elijah shouldn’t be dead,” Adelia replied tersely but continued with a chuckle, “The Originals cannot be killed.” She turned towards Elena and assessed her that made the doppelganger squirm under her gaze. “The thing you did today was extremely foolish...”

“Elena Gilbert,” she answered.

“And you must be...?” The witch glanced at the vampire expecting an answer.

“Damon Salvatore,” he answered offhandedly.

“Mr. Salvatore, Miss Gilbert. A pleasure to meet you two. Now that Ms. Gilbert has exposed her existence to the supernatural chain; threats, abductions, and Klaus are going to be in a loop. Thousands of people from all over the world won’t leave the chance to gain favor from him, he is both feared and worshipped and you’ve just added yourself to every hit list at the top,” she added with a sardonic smile.

“Who are you?” Damon asked.

“Adelia.”

“You knew Elijah,” he almost accused.

“Everybody knows Elijah. He is an Original,” she looked around inspecting the house.

“You appear to know Klaus too,” Elena chimed in.

“Oh well, I do and now you have aggravated Elijah and may or may not have Klaus on your tail.”

“Why did you save me? And why did Elijah?” Elena questioned.

“Having second opinions for your martyrdom, Ms. Gilbert?” She replied with a smirk. “I assure you my presence here was solely a coincidence. Elijah’s was a surprise, even for me.”

“What were you doing here and what are you?” He questioned again earning a raised eyebrow from the woman in front of him.

“Concluding by the lack of owner’s presence, he is dead. He had some information that I needed and what am I is none of your concern Mr. Salvatore, keep her safe. Feel free to call me if you need help. I’ll be around,” she said and handed a piece of paper with her number to the doppelganger. Sparing Damon a last look, she uncrossed her legs to get up and made her exit swiftly.

“That was weird,” the vampire commented realizing he could move his limbs again, “and painful.” He pondered over the recent events and walked over to Elena who was still looking at the open door.
“She knows about the Originals. We have to talk to her,” said Elena.

“We will see,” he muttered.

Adelia stepped out of the building and crossed the street to see the headlights of a car blinking. She smiled and fleetly towards it to see Elijah in his suit again. She got inside when the car took off the street towards Mystic Falls.

“Rose-Marie. She was there,” she said.

“Good thing an Original can compel other vampires. I shall take care of it,” he replied. “The doppelganger was missing for quite a long time so I had Jonas do a spell and found her.”

“Situation Maeve is resolved.”

“I am glad to hear it.”

“You gave me the exact opportunity to do what is required. I should thank you.”

“And I presume you claimed it?” He asked with a smile.

“I would be a fool to miss it. Out of resources, no information, and desperation. They will need help and I generously gave them mine,” she gave him a dazzling grin.

As they transcended the secluded road to the town, Adelia mischievously unbuckled her seatbelt and leaned over the console to nuzzle his ear.

“I am driving Lia and do wear your seatbelt,” he hoarsely said as she continued her ministrations down his neck, kissing gently. His grip on the wheel tightened when her finger traced his face. He stopped the car to turn towards her, looked at her lips and started leaning in, their faces inches apart when she suddenly pulled away.

“You are an Original, darling. You should not lose focus this easily.”

With a teasing grin the witch turned his face sideways with a finger to the road ahead and buckled up her seatbelt. “Do keep up. No wonder the Salvatore managed to stake you.”

He secured his cufflinks and sighed keying in the ignition. “Let’s get home. You must be tired from the journey,” he cleared his throat.

“I am a vampire dear husband or have you forgotten that? But it was very gentlemanly of you to ask.”

“Aren’t I always?” Elijah coaxed with a chuckle.

“Are you sure?” They turned to look at each other and Adelia smirked.

As the apartment door closed behind them, Elijah grabbed her face and slammed his lips against hers. Everything seemed to have stood still as the sensations began to rouse and stir in a conundrum.

Instantaneously she reciprocated as his hands slid down her arm. Adelia placed her hands on his chest and shoved the jacket off his shoulders to continue unbuttoning his shirt.

At a moment’s notice, she was laying flat back in their new bed. He took off his unbuttoned shirt and began trailing kisses along her neck while unzipping her skirt, removing her shirt in haste.

“Not very gentlemanlike of you now, is it?” She whispered against his lips when his hand slipped
behind her back to unclasp the lace brassiere.

“Mrs. Mikaelson, are you doubting my intentions?” He replied sucking on her earlobe and she closed her eyes.

“Certainly, Mr. Mikaelson,” her lips parted for a moan to escape before Elijah captured her lips again.

He discarded her brassiere when her back arched as he nibbled her collarbone and hooked her legs behind his waist. Her skin palpated from his feather-like touch that suddenly resembled a fire pit. He cooed sweet nothings into her ear and the night dissolved in their shared breaths. The touches lingered and the taste of her rosy lips turned euphoric as they gave into their pleasure all ways.

Elijah glanced behind at his sleeping wife while on the phone as Jonas updated him on the whereabouts of the moonstone.

“How is Luka?” The Original asked referring to the young Martin after the unsuccessful attempt of the Bennett witch in lowering the tomb barrier. The witch had channeled the boy almost rendering him dead.

“Asleep,” Jonas answered on the phone.

“We had a little run-in with one of the Salvatore brothers that killed me, I was able to track the doppelganger,” he moved towards the bed and sat down.

“I assume he didn’t live to tell about it,” the warlock queried.

“Actually, I spared him. He would die before he’d let anything happen to her. Adelia agrees and I trust her judgment. Both the Salvatores would. The doppelganger will be kept safe,” he confessed running his fingers through Adelia’s hair when she stirred, her fingers seeking him out.

“For now,” Jonas worded.

“Well, that’s precisely what we need her to be,” his wife opened her eyes to look at him, “safe,” he said before ending the call. He got under the covers and switched off the lamps. The streetlights illuminated the room through the flowing curtains, their fingers intertwined.

Winter 1859 | Laurentis House | Cloverville, Louisiana

Elijah looked out the window of the room towards the garden and sighed again. It had been a week since he was residing here and his thoughts were always on Adelia. They talked a lot and she had an uncanny ability to read his mind. Her views on certain topics and her willingness to listen made her dear to many.

How she preferred ginger tea and her authoritative demeanor with a mischievous streak was truly adorable. She would fight him on issues and then grow abruptly anxious when it came to her, displaying her innocence and vulnerability altogether. She was daring but not used to affections from men, clearly a doing of the protective Arnold Laurentis.

She was beautiful but he knew not to indulge himself to feel all these when it came to Sharel’s granddaughter. The elderly witch had been their strongest ally for decades and he would not want to ruin their relationship by jeopardizing it due to his copious behavior.
He saw a carriage coming to a stop in front of the manor and opened his pocket watch to see it was beyond two after midnight. The girl in question stepped out in a maroon gown as the driver handed her an armful of papers. She thanked him with a smile and Elijah concluded it to be another Council business to which she was ardently devoted.

Elijah came outside his room to glance down the banister as she entered the house. A handmaiden came forward to empty her arms of the load and proceeded to help her remove her coat and shawl. As she was ascending the staircase opposite to him, a meek voice called out her name making her stop.

“Gregory? Why are you up this late?” She asked and the Original turned towards the said boy. He was six give or take and a slave child, which instantly reminded him of their Marcellus.

“You said you will meet me,” the boy replied.

“Do you not see it is quite late Greg? Miss needs to sleep,” Violet reprimanded him.

“Violet, please retire for the night,” Adelia told the handmaiden who hesitated but eventually nodded, “thank you.”

“Why don’t we take this to the library dear? You seem very determined,” she removed her gloves and held out her hand for him to take. Gregory grinned and ran towards her with a beaming smile and clutched her given hand as they made their way inside the library.

When the little boy had taken his seat, the witch turned towards him, “Now do inform me of your tardiness to go to sleep.”

“You were not home. Ma said you were out talking to big people. Are they scary Miss?”

“Oh, they are. They have these big beards,” she indicated with her hand, “and they always smoke a pipe.”

The little boy laughed merrily, “I haven’t seen you in days.”

“Of course sir. It was not I who fell asleep whenever I arrived home.” She went towards a shelf and pulled out a book before sitting beside the boy when she cleared her throat.

“Don’t tell ma I stayed up this late for you,” he whispered to her as if his mother was standing right there making the witch chuckle in amusement.

“I wouldn’t dare. Do you not trust me?” she fake gasped in astonishment.

Elijah watched them from the opposite corridor with a smile on his face hearing her chuckle. Her voice was soothing and so very enchanting that he almost wanted to impose his presence upon them. He wanted to walk away but he couldn’t.

Gregory listened to it delighted as he played with her fingers basking in her warmth. To him, his Miss was unlike another and was very kind. He had known her since he was a babe and she was everything that he wanted to be one day. She taught him lessons and gave him toys, read him stories and made paper swans fly for him to chase. She said it was magic and he believed her. He would believe anything she said.

Adelia glanced sideways at the child and smiled ruffling his soft hair. He suddenly yawned, the hours finally catching up to him as he laid his head down on her lap while she continued caressing his head. “The one-time little sir decides to spend some time with me, he is dozing off to sleep.”
“I am not,” he replied softly, eyes slowly closing.

“You are,” she said a little louder and he stirred gripping her hand tightly that was stroking his hair. She adjusted the book with her other hand and looked around. The vampire watched from the shadows as her gaze flickered everywhere and the hand that held Gregory’s subconsciously tightened. She returned to the book and continued reading.

Adelia finished after some time with a sigh closing the book as she looked at the now sleeping child. Placing the book over the table, she took him in her arms mentally noting his weight and started walking down to his quarters.

“Let me assist,” Elijah appeared out of nowhere startling her and she looked at him questioningly.

“It is alright, Mr. Mikaelson,” she replied.

“I insist,” he held the child’s hand that was on her shoulder and took him from her arms easily. She remained silent and continued walking along a path while he followed. She opened the door as he placed Gregory in his bed and she proceeded to tuck him in.

“Thank you,” she said while closing the door.

“Long night, is it?” He filled the awkward silence.

“It is. Have you forgotten your way to your chambers?”

“No,” he chuckled, “as I cited earlier, long night.”

“Then I must not keep you for long. I apologize,” she immediately stated.

“You are not to blame, Miss Laurentis.”

“You are allowed to call me Adelia.”

“I might. It is a lovely name,” he said as they walked along the corridor. Her fingers started fidgeting with her sleeve as she looked down biting her cheek.

“Thank you.”

“It appeals with your attributes,” Elijah glanced at her.

“Should I take offense to that statement?” She raised an eyebrow daringly looking back at him.

“A form of admiration if you will,” he told her when she suddenly stopped in her tracks turning her gaze away from his.

“Uhh... I shall see you in the morning, Mr. Mikaelson,” Adelia replied foregoing what he said altogether.

“Elijah. If you are willing of course,” he smiled at her as she handed him the candle in a hurry, her fingers lightly grazing his, wracking her nerves even more.

“I might,” she repeated his words and curtsied, turning on her heels and left before he could respond.

He merely shook his head in amusement walking towards his room blowing out the candle on his way. The Original knew engaging with her was grievous but he just couldn’t stop. He had started to
associate her with comfort and he was not willing to let it go, not that easily. Adelia made him want her selfishly and maybe for once in his life, Elijah wanted that too.

A/N: The wife has arrived and she is definitely miffed with Elijah’s defeat to a tedious coat rack.

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

And

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”
Klaus entered his penthouse suite as the elevator closed behind him. He looked around, made his way to the bar, and poured himself a drink as his gaze drifted towards the pile of envelopes covering the table. With a sigh, he sat down as his fingers skimmed through the senders until it stopped at a familiar script, recognizing it immediately. Hurriedly keeping down the glass, he tore off the end and opened the letter inside.

*Attended your exhibition in Vienna last week. It was insightful to know your present state of mind, and I was not amused.*

*No. 5, it was beautiful. I bought it.*

*Sincerely hope this reaches you.*

*M. L.*

It was a simple note, but it still brought a smile to his face. Even if he hadn’t seen her for nine decades, her small gestures every now and then never failed to uplift his spirits. Gulping down the rest of his drink, he got up with the note in hand and went to his room.

Stopping in front of a small chest, Klaus carefully lifted the lid and kept the paper inside. It was almost overflowing with its contents. All of them sent by her; the letters, Christmas presents every year. Shrugging off any hint of emotion gripping his dead heart, he shut the lid and walked away from the room.

Maeve will forever represent the unrequited part of him and he had 147 years to accept it.

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1914 | The Compound | New Orleans, Louisiana

*She looked up at him as he entered her bedroom in haste making her brows furrow in confusion. The reason must be dwindling his mind for him to barge in like that.*

“I want to kill him, I want to kill Elijah,” Klaus stated, pacing angrily. He stopped abruptly and looked at her when he got no response, “Do share your opinion, Maeve.”

She turned around and stared at him, “What has he done now to warrant such blatant murder threat?”

“He has defied me. Again!” he answered and continued pacing.

“I reckon it is a new development? Him defying you because he is ardently devoted to your cause?” She rolled her eyes.
“You are taking his side?” Klaus growled and then the realization hit him, “Of course he has told you.”

The Original was immediately rewarded with a disbelieving look.

“What has gotten into you?”

“I have nothing to do. I am bored, Maeve,” he grumbled before laying over her bed.

“Hence, you are terrorizing Elijah. Spare him the vexation, he is doing what is required,” she said looking at him.

“You always want to see me as the King, don’t you love? Sharing the same affliction as my dear ol’ brother,” he smirked.

“He searches your redemption in everything you come across but anything that keeps you happy and sane, I want it for you. I believe you will choose your own happiness,” she replied.

“My sanity has long been compromised. Elijah never fails to remind me every day.”

“Then trust him like you have always done. While you may not fear things, he fears the retributions against you. Unfair if I have any say,” she patted Klaus’ cheek.

“How about you take me for a walk along the Mississippi? You need to simmer down and... I am bored,” she requested with a smile, getting up, and the Original’s grin widened.

Elena examined the moonstone in her hands and looked up at Bonnie, “Now that you’ve got this back, what are you gonna do with it?” she questioned.

“Right now, it’s what is binding The Sun and The Moon Curse. If I can figure out a way to remove the spell from the stone, the stone becomes useless,” Bonnie responded.

“And according to Katherine, Klaus becomes vengeful.”

“Maybe. If he finds out.”

“I met a witch last night. She was very powerful. She knows about Klaus so she might know about the curse too,” Elena informed her after a moment.

“Can we trust her?”

“She saved me and gave me her number,” the doppelganger went to the vanity and pulled out the card, “Damon has Alaric on it to see if we could find anything on her.”

“There is no harm in asking.”

“Are you sure?” Elena hesitated.

“Damon did complain about his incapacitation all morning,” the Bennett witch said with a grin.

“Alright,” she replied and dialled the number on the card anxiously.

The phone that sat on the coffee table rang loudly getting the owner’s attention from where she sat cross-legged on the floor, a grimoire on her lap. Adelia glanced at Elijah who sat on the couch...
opposite her, going through another grimoire. She got up and saw an unknown number before taking the call.

“Adelia here,” she spoke over the phone.

“I am Elena Gilbert, the girl you met last night,” the voice said and Elijah looked up at his wife.

“I remember, Miss Gilbert. How may I help you?” She said as her husband held out his hand and she took it to sit beside him on the couch.

Tucking her legs underneath her, the Original continued reading as his fingers caressed her bare knees absent-mindedly.

“I just wanted to see if you’d really help us,” the doppelganger meekly asked.

“I wouldn’t have offered otherwise,” Adelia chuckled.

“Do you know where Klaus is?” She asked and besides her, Elijah huffed.

“No, I don’t. He has a habit of evading people. You cannot find him when he doesn’t want to be found,” the witch said when the Original shared a glance with her.

“Oh... thank you,” they clearly heard the doppelganger sigh in disappointment.

“I advise you to not go looking for him again. You have already warranted various people’s attention last night; don’t make them approach you next time.”

“I won’t,” Elena said.

“Very well. Is that all?” The witch questioned and Elijah kept the book over the table before taking her idle hand in his.

“Yes.”

“You are welcome to call me anytime. Goodbye,” she ended the call and turned towards her husband who was tracing her knuckles intently, “find anything interesting?”

“Delicate and very aesthetically pleasing,” he looked at her with a slight smirk.

“And I am supposed to be a Viking’s wife. I take offense, Elijah.”

He kissed her knuckles gently and caressed her pulse. “You my love, are my faith. These delicate hands encompass so much ferocity. Perfect to be held within my own.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek, “I am immune to your ways of flattery, dear.” Elijah raised his eyebrows and sighed. “Another plot I presume?” She asked and did not get an answer, “I trust you. Just be safe.”

“I happen to forget you know me quite well,” he said.

“Perks of having an impossible husband,” her lips twitched when he smiled.

Elijah handed Adelia her previously unfinished grimoire and kissed her forehead. “I have a little plot to initiate. I will see you later.”

“Do not get too cozy with the ladies! Remember we will be celebrating your millennia-something
birthday this year,” Adelia called out making the Original chuckle. “Every lady there is too young for you!”

“Fortunately for a certain Adelia Laurentis, I am too enamored with my old wife to work my charms on someone too young,” he put on his jacket and started walking away.

“170 is not old!” she exclaimed, throwing a cushion at his retreating figure only for it to hit the closing door.

Bonnie reached the Martin residence and knocked, looking around when Luka Martin pulled open the door.

“Hi,” she said, showing him his necklace, which he grabbed immediately.

“I don’t know what makes me more upset, that I showed you how to channel or that you almost killed me,” Luka started.

“Luka, I’m so sorry. I wouldn’t have done what I did unless it was really important. It’s just that there are things that I...” she tried to explain, but was interrupted by him.

“I forgive you,” he said and let her in. She entered the house and saw various books scattered over the table.

“Wow. So much stuff. What is that? Is this a Grimoire?” She asked.

“They’re all Grimoires,” he answered.

“How did you get all these?”

“Witches from all over the world have collected their spells in Grimoires, but over the centuries, most of them have gotten lost and my dad is obsessed with finding them and making sure that our family’s heritage stays intact.”

“This can’t all be your family’s,” she told him.

“Well the way he sees it, all witches are family. We’re all bound together by a code of loyalty to help each other,” Luka replied.

“So that’s why you’ve been so nice to me,” inquired Bonnie.

“That’s one reason.”

“Listen, do you know how to break the bind between a talisman and a spell?” She asked him.

“That depends because spells are unique and very specific, but I’m sure that we can figure it out.”

Integrating himself into society was not as difficult as people made it out to be. Elijah after all, had thousand years of experience backing him up in situations like this.

He smoothed his suit to brush off the nonexistent crease as he waited for Miss Sommers, Elena’s aunt to give him the required documents and presenting him with the perfect opportunity to talk to the doppelganger.

He already had gotten an invitation to the house, as ignorance was much more a dangerous weapon
when it came to the supernatural world and he hoped the doppelganger would rectify the situation soon with her aunt. The Original heard her coming towards them and smiled inwardly.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Elena asked her aunt when she saw her rifling through various boxes in the cupboard.
“Perfect timing,” Jenna chirped in and handed her the box.

“What is this stuff?” She questioned picking up one such document from the pile.

“Your mom’s files from the Historical Society. I got roped into helping Mrs. Lockwood and by roped, I mean very excited to participate,” her aunt replied, shutting the closet door and Elena was immediately rewarded with the sight of Elijah on the other side and paled considerably.

“Hey, I’m Elijah,” he grinned.

“Elijah’s in town doing research on Mystic Falls,” Jenna explained as he walked closer to Elena and held out his hand.

“It’s a pleasure,” Elijah greeted her as they shook hands.

“So you’re welcome to stay here and rummage through this stuff or Elena and I could help you load it into your car,” Jenna told him.

“Or I can get someone to pick it up tomorrow,” he said. He needed Adelia to go through it too as she always had an eye for pointing out the imprecision in official documents that would certainly be there in case the supernatural was involved. Moreover, he already had access to the house now.

“Also a good plan,” the aunt accepted the answer with a smile.

“Thank you so much for inviting me into your home, Jenna,” Elijah said, his smile almost gleeful as he followed the woman out of the house, “and Elena, I hope to see you again sometime soon,” he couldn’t help but add before exiting the house.

As soon as he left Elena rushed upstairs to Jeremy’s bedroom and knocked on the door furiously, but Elijah appeared next to her and grabbed her wrist. Jeremy opened the door tugging his headphones off when the vampire hid next to the door and motioned Elena to not inform her brother about his presence.

“What is it?” The youngest Gilbert asked.

“Jenna was just asking me to get you to help her with the boxes,” she answered, glancing at Elijah.

“Okay,” her brother nodded and headed downstairs.

“A wise choice,” Elijah commented.

“What do you want?”

“I think it’s time you and I had a little chat,” he replied as she led him into her room.

“Forgive the intrusion. I mean your family no harm,” he told her honestly.

“Why are you here? Are you here to take me away?” She asked immediately.

“You misunderstand my intentions when I just want you safe. Klaus is the most feared and hated of the Originals, but those that fear him are desperate for his approval. If word gets out that the
doppelganger exists, there’ll be a line of vampires eager to take you to him and I can’t have that,” he remarked from where he sat at the window seat.

“Isn’t that exactly what you’re trying to do?”

“Let’s just say that my goal is to save you from Klaus’ actions,” said Elijah. “Klaus’ obsession has made him paranoid. He’s a recluse. He trusts only those in his immediate circle.”

“Like you?”

“Not anymore,” he answered truthfully.

“You don’t know where he is, do you? So you’re trying to use me to draw him out,” Elena guessed.

“Yes, I am attempting to use you to draw him out, but someone I know is working on his location as we speak. How about we help each other? I have the information you will need and you stay put and stop trying to get yourself killed.”

“You know Adelia. Did you send her last night?” She questioned hesitantly.

“I do know her personally but no, I did not send her,” he replied.

“Does she work for Klaus?”

“She works for neither one of us.”

“Then why did you save me last night?” Elena asked.

“Because I don’t want you to be taken away.”

“How do I know you’re telling the truth?”

“If I wasn’t being truthful, all your family would be dead and I’d be taking you to Klaus right now. Instead, I am here and I’m preparing to offer you a deal,” Elijah told her.

“What kind of a deal?”

“Do nothing. Do nothing, live your life, stop fighting and then, when the time is right, you and I shall draw out Klaus together and I shall make sure your friends remain unharmed,” he said getting up.

“And then what?” Elena demanded.

“Then I will ensure your survival when my business with him is done,” he answered.

“Just like that?”

“Just like that,” he assured her.

“And what if I refuse?” The doppelganger asked.

“You are under the impression that you have a choice. You don’t, my dear. Klaus is coming either way. It is up to you whether you benefit from the help I offer you or I leave your bunch to fend for themselves,” Elijah smirked. “I’m a man of my word, Elena. I make a deal, I keep a deal.”

“How are you gonna be able to keep everybody safe?” She questioned.

“I notice you have a friend Bonnie, is it? She seems to possess the gift of magic. I have friends with
similar gifts,” he said.

“You know witches,” she instantly concluded.

“Together, we can protect everybody that matters to you,” he said while he walked closer to her.

“So, do we have a deal?”

“I need you to do one more thing for me,” Elena said.

“We’re negotiating now?” He replied with an amused smile.

Damon arrived at the boarding house and locked the door behind him. He proceeded to the library when he sensed something off and saw Rose sitting there.

“You just can’t stay away, can you?” He questioned.

She got up and answered, “You don’t answer your phone.”

“What do you want?”

“I wanted to apologize.”

“Just admit it, you don’t have anywhere else to go,” said Damon.

“I’m sorry about Elena. I wasn’t thinking straight. I didn’t know that she had a death wish, but I called you, I tried to make it right, okay? I’m sorry, Damon. And I have nowhere else to go,” Rose admitted. She had found herself in a deserted house with no recollection of how she got there.

“There’s nothing here for you, Rose,” he sufficed.

“Well, then,” she began but stopped when they both heard breaking glass from another part of the house. They went down to investigate and notice a shattered window and Damon hurriedly grabbed a sword and started looking around.

Rose saw a werewolf about to lunge at the guy and pushed him out of the way as the wolf ended up biting her instead. Damon got up regaining his composure and stabbed the wolf and the creature ran away from the place.

“How bad is it?” Damon crouched and examined Rose’s wound.

“It hurts,” she replied.

“It’s healing,” he commented noticing the bite heal.

“Oh my God, I thought a werewolf bite was fatal! I thought...” she started crying and Damon embraced her.

“You’re gonna be okay,” he simply said, consoling the girl.

“I want you to get someone out from under the tomb. Stefan Salvatore, he is stuck in there with Katherine,” she said.

“The brother that was an accomplice to my murder. As you wish Ms. Gilbert. My witches are indisposed as of now, you might have to wait until tomorrow,” Elijah replied. He knew the Martins
were busy getting the moonstone. The Salvatore could wait another day, attaining the curse bound stone was more important.

“No, I want him out of there. Bonnie is busy, but I know another witch who said I could ask for her assistance anytime I need,” Elena interrupted him making the Original purse his mouth.

“I assume you are speaking of Adelia?” He asked to which Elena nodded, “then go ahead, do not let me stop you. It’s time she and I get together if we are going to be allies.”

She retrieved her phone from the nightstand before she dialed the number after sparing a glance towards the Original who was looking at her impassively. The phone rang, but there was no answer. She tried again and it rang twice before it was received.

“Adelia,” the voice spoke from the other end and Elena was once again intimidated by the woman

“Adelia, it’s me, Elena Gilbert. I need your help,” she answered recomposing herself.

“Miss Gilbert, are you alright?” She heard her speak.

“I am fine. I just require some assistance. Can you come to my house at the earliest? I will text you the address.”

“Certainly,” Elena heard her answer before the line went dead. She sent her address to the woman and looked at Elijah who had made himself comfortable in a chair.

“Hello Luka,” Adelia smiled at him, putting down her pen when he arrived home to see his father reading a book in an armchair and the witch writing notes.

“You were successful?” Jonas asked his son.

“Do not overexert yourself when your well-being is important after what happened,” she looked at him and continued humorously, “and here’s your homework. Refer to the notes and make the appropriate corrections.”

“Of course, I was successful. She fell for the whole show and didn’t suspect a thing,” Luka replied to his father as he placed the moonstone in front of Adelia who glanced down at it. “Thanks for the notes, Miss Laurentis,” he grinned at her.

“Thank you, Luka,” his father said.

“I cannot express my gratitude. This means a lot,” Adelia stated softly when her phone rang.

“Yeah, whatever. I’m going to sleep,” he blushed at getting attention from such a pretty witch.

“If you ever need any help then please do not hesitate. Your work is done therefore you can allow yourself to enjoy the thralls of teenage infatuation. Bonnie, was it?” She gave him a genuine smile and winked.

Adelia nodded before excusing herself to get the call. She returned a little later in her serious demeanor, “I am needed elsewhere. We will continue the research tomorrow Dr. Martin and get some sleep young Luka. Thank you once again,” she told them while gathering her things and the moonstone.

“It was a pleasure, Adelia,” Jonas replied before she threw a glance at them and exited the house.
Elena continued staring outside for any signs of Adelia when she heard a car pulling up across the road after 45 minutes and saw her walking towards the house. Elena rushed downstairs and opened her door to invite her inside and hurriedly led her upstairs in case her aunt found out.

“Nice boundary spell you have there,” Adelia said as she followed the doppelganger upstairs. “Probably not invite everyone in passing inside, unless you wish to be abducted in your sleep,” she humored when Elena opened the door to her room. She stopped in her tracks seeing Elijah inside, “I was presumably correct about the invite.”

“Adelia,” her husband got up and walked towards them and placed a kiss on her knuckles.

“Elijah. Pleasure seeing you,” she said with a raised eyebrow and then turned to look at Elena, “Tell me, Miss Gilbert. Why am I here?”

“You have to get someone out of the tomb. Stefan Salvatore. Damon’s younger brother, the guy you met last night. I cannot leave him there with Katherine. Elijah and I have made a deal that he’d protect my family and friends, but his witches are unavailable, so I could only think of you,” Elena answered.

Adelia glanced at Elijah, who nodded.

“This is an Original business. Do you guarantee my safety, Elijah?” She asked coyly.

“I promise to protect you against all odds, Adelia,” the Original vampire internally smiled.

“So you agree?” The doppelganger hesitated.

“If the gentleman stuck in a tomb is willing to protect you then I see no harm in getting him out of there,” she replied.

“And what do you want in exchange?” Elena hesitantly asked.

“I just wish to help you, Miss Gilbert. It was you who called me if I were to remind you and good for you I was already in town,” Adelia told her and pointed towards the Original, “and his protection is enough and maybe even a... favor from him.” She finished making Elijah smirk.

“Allright. Are you sure you can get him out? My friend Bonnie tried once and she was unsuccessful,” Elena questioned changing the subject.

“I wouldn’t doubt Adelia’s abilities, Miss Gilbert,” Elijah chimed in.

“Send me the coordinates, dear. I would like to get this over with and hopefully catch some sleep. It has been a long day,” Adelia said, walking towards the door to get out.

“I will accompany you, and I keep my word, Elena,” he stated and took off after his wife.

“Thank you. Both of you,” Elena replied, to which they nodded and left.

Elijah and Adelia reached the place they were supposed to according to the coordinates sent by Elena and looked around. He held out his hand for her to take as he accompanied her underneath the ruins. They came to a stop in front of the entrance as Adelia took a closer look at the structure.

The witch stepped forward, touched the entrance wall, and closed her eyes to concentrate. He saw her hands glowing red and knew it was working. He could never get indifferent to seeing her doing magic. It had him fascinated just as he was bewitched by her even after more than a century of
matrimony. Minutes later her hands stopped glowing, indicating the tomb spell had been siphoned off.

Elijah tugged her hands to get her attention making her turn towards him before he captured her lips with his own, kissing her fiercely. He commanded the movements and Adelia dazed with the high of magic swirling in her veins clung to his lapels as she returned the kiss with equal force.

“We have work to do,” Elijah said, pulling away abruptly, causing her eyes to snap open. He caressed her cheeks with his knuckles making her smile.

“Are we seriously not going to talk at all?” Katherine asked Stefan.

“We could talk about how you regret all you’ve done to make my life miserable,” he looked at her.

“What do you want me to say, Stefan? That I’m sorry for everything that I’ve done? Well, I’m not, okay? It’s called self-preservation. I’ve been looking out for myself for 500 years,” she said and walked towards him.

“Look where it has gotten you.”

“Yes, I’ve done terrible things. I know that, but I do love you, Stefan. Even if you don’t believe it,” the female vampire confessed, coming to stand in front of him.

“You want me to believe you? Show me. Do something. Prove to me that there’s something inside of you that’s actually worth trusting,” said Stefan.

“And then what? You’re still gonna hate me,” she replied taking a seat.

“Maybe and maybe I’ll see that there’s still hope for you after all.”

“You’re playing me,” the doppelganger realized.

“Am I?” He questioned.

“You want to find Klaus? Kill him so that you can protect your precious Elena?”

“Let me guess, you know where he is.”

“No, I don’t but I could help you find him,” she admitted to him.

“For a price I’m sure.”

“Start with Isobel, Elena’s mother. She was a research expert. She found me,” Katherine told him.

“Anything else I should know?” Stefan asked.

“I was looking for leverage against the big bad Original. Heard whispers of a Maeve. Klaus’ Maeve. Didn’t find her, unfortunately.”

“Klaus’ Maeve?”

“People say Maeve was Klaus’ anchor to his rights and wrongs. She kept the Original rooted to reality. Trusted confidante, friend, lover, whatever. You want to find Klaus then you should find her,” she explained while Stefan brows furrowed in confusion.
“Where do I find her?” Stefan questioned.

“There’s the conundrum. Klaus protects her identity with his life. You cannot look for her without encountering Klaus himself. So you see the irony? Search for Maeve and he will arrive soon after. If not, then she probably might be the only person who knows where the Original is,” elaborated Katherine, “you’re welcome.”

Stefan was about to reply when they heard the entrance being opened and looked at each other before hurrying towards it. They reached the place and were shocked to find Elijah standing there.

“Elijah,” Katherine said, frightened.

“Good evening Katerina. Thank you for having the good sense to be frightened,” he commented dryly before looking at Stefan, “your release has been requested.”

“What? By who?” Stefan asked having no idea how the dead vampire could be here when they killed him and left his desiccated body staked to the wall.

“Elena Gilbert drives a hard bargain. However, we reached a peaceful agreement, she and I. Please,” he gestured while stepping aside for Stefan to walk out of the tomb, “come.”

“I can’t,” Stefan replied.

“Yes, you can. I’ve lifted the spell,” an unfamiliar voice spoke, appearing to stand beside Elijah as both Katherine and Stefan turned to look at her. “Hello Katerina, finally we meet, though I would have liked it in far different circumstances.”

The Salvatore walked towards the entrance cautiously and got out slowly with hesitation. The female vampire after seeing Stefan rushed to get out too, but Elijah flashed in front of her, inevitably preventing her escape.

“As for you, however, you should not exit until I say so. When Klaus comes, he’ll want to know exactly where you are,” the Original compelled her before glancing at the man standing beside him. “You’re free to go. Elena will explain the arrangement to you. If she keeps her word, I’ll keep mine,” he finished.

“Stefan, no. Please don’t let him leave me in here,” Katherine pleaded.

“Goodbye Katherine,” he replied and left the tomb.

“Dear, please respell this tomb again,” Elijah told his wife who started at it instantly.

“Well, isn’t it the elusive Adelia Mikaelson née Laurentis? The sweet, compassionate wife of the noble Original. Quite entrancing I must say,” Katherine spoke glancing at her former lover’s wife and took in her appearance at how she carried herself with that air of nobility and power.

It made the vampire itch to get her hands on the woman in front of him who was busy chanting. Even in a rose pink shirtdress, she looked elegant as ever just as she had heard.

“Your taste in women hasn’t changed even after centuries, Elijah,” the doppelganger winked at him. She knew he wouldn’t dare harm her by interrupting the spell, though that didn’t stop her heart from pounding in fear but she wouldn’t let it show and most definitely not in front of his wife.

“Katerina, it seems you haven’t changed too,” he drawled, taking note of the quiver in her voice she couldn’t conceal and smirked.
“I cannot blame her for running away. Nobody wants to die,” Adelia commented at nobody in particular. “Elijah,” she turned to look at him and he took out a pocket knife and slit both their palms.

“You should not sympathize with her,” he said, joining their bloodied hands as she continued chanting.

“I am not. I do not find any demerit in trying to survive,” she glanced at Katherine who glared at her, “you wanted to live and when the opportunity presented itself you took it. I respect your will to survive, but condone the way you do it as it doesn’t excuse your behavior and it definitely shouldn’t.”

“You are the first person to ever present me with such a delightful insight into my life. Though I appreciated the gesture, but that would be a lie,” the doppelganger retorted with a smirk, suddenly wary of the woman in front of her.

“Had it been any other time, I would have been glad to get to know you, but my darling husband says I shouldn’t lie either, Katerina,” Adelia sarcastically replied with a smirk and Katherine returned it with one of her own.

“Is the spell done, dear?” Elijah interrupted their conversation.

“Impatient one, isn’t he?” Katherine asked the vampire-witch as an amused look came over the wife’s face at the question. “Do not worry Elijah. I can see why you like her. She can handle your proclivity to darkness by indulging in some of her own,” remarked the Petrova seeing how uncomfortable her former lover was getting.

“Katerina, do not forget your place,” the Original walked forward with anger clear in his stance and the doppelganger stepped back, afraid.

“It is done. Elijah?” Adelia touched his arm gently to break him out of the stupor, “It was a pleasure meeting you, Katerina,” she said before a flick of a wrist closed the tomb entrance. Within seconds, Elijah flashed them towards their car to get home.

Inside the bedroom, Elena looked out of the window and noticed Stefan’s reflection. She immediately turned around to see her boyfriend standing in the doorway.

“Elena? Hey,” he greeted her when she ran towards him to engulf him in a hug and kissed him passionately.

“Hey!” She replied, continuing their kiss.

“How is Elijah alive?” He asked her.

In the next few minutes, she informed him about everything about how the Originals cannot die, her deal with Elijah coming to the rescue when she almost handed herself over to Klaus and Adelia’s appearance.

“She knows about the Originals?” Stefan questioned.

“That’s a good thing. We can get her to help us.”

“Katherine told me to get help from Isobel for finding Klaus and to look for a certain Maeve,” he stated that had Elena on alert and she immediately fetched a file she had forgotten about from the desk. “What’s wrong?” Stefan asked curiously.
“We might have a lead on Maeve,” she replied before opening the file to show him the information Slater had collected on the anonymous girl.

“We can work with this for now,” he read over the details and looked at Elena as they shared a smile before she pulled out her phone to compose a message.

Adelia and Elijah walked into their apartment and she headed in the direction of the living room with him trailing behind her. She pulled up a box to open it and showed him the moonstone.

The witch left to change in for the night as Elijah took the moonstone to observe it after and knew Klaus would be happy about it. Maybe his salvation resided within the stone and the curse it held.

Adelia stared at her reflection in the vanity and tugged up the strap of the nightgown when she felt a presence behind her and smiled at her husband through the mirror. He retrieved her chain from the confines of his pocket, moved her hair to one side to position the chain, and clasped it with a click.

She stopped fidgeting with the ends of her hair when her eyes fluttered shut as Elijah started kissing her neck. His hands went to her waist caressing her sides while he continued to descend his lips down her shoulder.

She tilted her head to allow him access as she moved to palm his face in her hand as he kept on with his delectable assault. He pulled down the spaghetti strap and went to nibble on her shoulder blades when her phone beeped with a text bringing them back from the daze.

Elijah sighed at the interruption and composed himself for a moment before he walked towards the bed to get the phone, and fleeted over to his wife. She opened the message, a smile appearing on her face, and then looked at him to see him observing her with curious eyes.

“The Beauchene documents of the witch trial arrived earlier. I might get started on it,” she told him and pecked his lips. Adelia placed her phone in his hands and left the bedroom.

He glanced down to read the message and it brought a smile to his face when he realized that their efforts were finally getting paid.

From: Elena Gilbert

We should talk. Salvatore Boarding House @ 10 a.m. tomorrow. Bring Elijah with you. Thnx again for getting Stefan out.

Elijah put the phone down over the vanity and removed his jacket. He folded his shirt sleeves before following the route his wife had taken and sincerely wished everything turned out well the next day.

Winter, 1859 | Cloverville, Louisiana | Annual Ball

Adelia hurried down the steps of the manor as she told a server to inform her grandmother about her departure when the witch saw William strutting towards her.

“You are going alone. Let me escort you back,” he said.

“No need Mr. Harvey. Thank you for taking the time for meeting with me, it was my pleasure.”

“I suppose I could be persuaded to send a betrothal contract to your father if you decide to be my wife and wife only. I have discretions for your business with the Council. You are a lady of status
and I would like it to remain so and I consider it unnecessary to mingle with men outside of an
influential sphere,” he told her haughtily. Her eyes narrowed at his implication.

“No man shall command my status for it is mine and for myself only. I will not be subdued to be a
meek wife of your desires by pertaining to your wishes limited to bearing heirs to the Harvey name. I
am my father’s daughter and I shall live by his code of honor as long I live. The Council is not my
business, it is my legacy and I will honor my position until my father sees fit. I have no interest to be
your supposed betrothed for my husband shall respect my choices in the company I prefer,” she
commanded him angrily, holding her stance.

“You are thinking ahead of yourself, Adelia. You might be the most beautiful in this town but you are
still a woman and you have no choice. I shall wait until your father’s return to send forth the
proposal,” he informed her, brushing his fingers against her cheek.

She grabbed his fingers and threw it away from her face, “Touch me again and you will regret the
day you were born. I am a woman and that is why I have a choice not to mingle with men like you
who have no respect for their counterparts. Beauty does not fill in the spaces for humanity and I
refuse to be an empty shell for you to control as you wish,” her eyes blazed with anger as she
spewed her words with precision.

“You are all I have.”

My self-respect is my tether and I am not an object to be possessed. I will not bow down to you,
William Harvey,” she climbed into her carriage as the driver shut the door and drove it away from
the venue of her nightmares, a certain Original watching the scene from the balcony.

A/N: How’s the acquaintances plan working out for the Original and his wife?

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

And

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”
Elijah knew sleep would be the farthest thing on his mind so he went inside the library to occupy his time until sunrise. He got settled in a chair overlooking the surrounding lawn and started reading.

After sometime Adelia walked in, her hair wet indicating she had taken a bath and put down the papers on the desk. She looked up at him, surprised.

“I was not aware that someone was up at three at night,” she said, tying her hair up into a bun. Elijah noticed her wearing a dressing gown under the shawl and got up.

“My apologies. I shall retire to my room,” he replied.

“You can stay. I did not mean to intrude,” she smiled at him while walking around the desk and sat down behind it pulling the papers towards her.

“If you do not mind, of course. I couldn’t sleep,” he told her.
“Do not. Please continue with your reading,” Adelia pulled out some parchments from the drawer and dipped the pen in the ink container and started writing.

Elijah retook his seat and turned to open the book to read. They continued in silence as the only sound that filled the room were of nibs scratching over the parchment, pages being turned and beautiful cacophony of the crickets screeching outside the French doors.

He watched her from time to time as she sealed the envelopes with the wax and stamped it shut and rolled the other parchments tying them close. Her chair screeched against the floor as she stood up with piles of letters and rolls and placed them in a tray meant to be delivered in the morning.

“I suppose it wouldn’t be too forward of me to ask of your reason to stay up this late,” he asked her breaking the silence.

“Father isn’t here and likewise, it falls upon me to take care of certain matters,” the witch answered, clearing out the desk but felt his gaze on her.
“So I presume you get the brunt of the responsibilities,” Elijah commented, watching her closely. She was a fascinating creature.

“So do you. Being the eldest has its own set of endeavors,” she smiled at him and picked out a heavy file from the shelf.

He did not correct her assumption of him being the eldest; courtesy of Klaus and a silver dagger.

“You are quite young to preoccupy yourself with such things,” he closed the book, smiling back.

“I wouldn’t want to limit my concerns to a man and his wealth,” she pondered over it as her hands stilled over the parchments thoughtfully.

“You do not want to be known by his name but rather make your own,” the Original realized, looking at her curiously.

“I shall be known by my family’s name. I was born a Laurentis and I shall die as one,” she looked at the vampire. He was an intimidating man and read too much into situations and people. Adelia dropped the file over the table with a loud thud and coughed. “My apologies.”

“Do you require my assistance?” He asked getting up.

“None, sir. Musty billings,” she felt him move closer to her.

“I do relish the smell of old parchments,” the vampire stood beside her watching her work as she put a pile of papers into the cabinet. He touched one of them out of habit as she came forward to take it and Elijah was immediately hit with her sandalwood aroma wafting around perfectly mingling with the rustic old papers. He handed it to her and she smiled at him gratefully.

“You must have quite a collection since you are that old, very old,” she blurted out and stiffened when his lips twitched at her words. “Pardon me. I did not mean to offend you. I know you are old, but you do not look ancient so I suppose...” she turned her back to him and clenched her eyes shut.

This never happened, she never lost her composure. Her grandmother had taught better and her father never let her get into situations like this with a man.

“How do you suppose I look then? Since you very well addressed me... old,” he humored, leaning against the desk while her hands busied themselves with various parchments to avoid a confrontation.

“Appearances are deceptive, Mr. Mikaelson,” replied Adelia, her back still turned. “You look good for someone your age, not a fossil definitely,” she bit her lip, making him smile.

“How terribly unfortunate of me to not turn into one. It seems you would rather have me a fossil than a living vessel to quench your historical aptitudes,” the Original said with a smirk.

Adelia turned to face him instantly with a frown on her features. “I never meant to give you that impression that I prefer you as an ancient rock over your handsome self,” the Laurentis heir retorted immediately and closed her eyes at the confession.

He chuckled at that and helped her tie the rolls before keeping it back in the cabinets.

“That was certainly thoughtful of you to consider me such. I would choose my handsome self over some my fossilized form too,” Elijah glanced at her as the witch fidgeted with her woolen shawl.
The girl was endearing. While she might be beyond wise for her years, her heart was still young, yearning to be loved like any other girl of nineteen.

“I must rest. It has been an eventful night,” she told him hurriedly to hide her reddening cheeks.

“Indeed, it has been. An old man tends to need his share of sleep. Aching joints, I presume,” he grinned at Adelia who looked everywhere but him.

The witch moved past him when Elijah held her wrist making her look at him in confusion. He stopped in front of her, his hold gentle while looking her in the eye as it exhibited numerous questions.

He leaned forward and Adelia’s eyes widened when he tucked her hair behind her ear. “You are not an object to be possessed, Adelia, but to be cherished,” he whispered in her ear and her breath hitched. “A certain Mr. Harvey will be taken care of.”

She turned her face sideways to look at him and their eyes met, their breaths slowly mingled as he took in her intoxicating fragrance of freesia wafting from her partially wet hair.

The Original’s lips touched her warm cheek with a flutter as her shoulder squirmed involuntarily. “You are quite beautiful for someone this young as well,” he loosened his grip over her wrist feeling her soft rapid pulse underneath his fingers.

She immediately snatched it free to step back, avoiding his heated stare and fled from the study without sparing him another glance.

Elijah’s eyes followed her retreat with a smile gracing his lips.

Damon entered the library carrying a blood bag for Rose who seemed to be getting paler with every passing minute.

“I was born in 1450, that makes me 560 years old,” she said.

“Well, if you were a bottle of wine...” Damon implied.

“So I can die. I’ve lived long enough.”

“You know, if you’re gonna be morn, I’m just gonna kill you myself just to put me out of your misery,” he told her, pouring blood from the bag into a glass.

“Come on, it’s just a little werewolf bite.”

“Just a little, fatal to a vampire, werewolf bite.”

“Well, according to a legend which is the notoriously unreliable source. Drink up,” he said while handing over the glass of blood to Rose, “blood heals.”

“Yeah, it does feel like it’s working,” she admitted.

“Let’s have a look, come on. Let me see,” he stated and looked at the bite mark which seemed to have gotten much worse.

“How is it?” Rose asked hesitantly.

“Definitely... better. Right, Elena?” He questioned the doppelganger who seemed shocked by Rose’s
“Um, it’s not bad.”

“Looks awful,” Adelia’s voice echoed as she came to stand in the doorway. “I apologize, nobody answered the door.”

“Can you at least be a bit sympathetic? And you do get more beautiful everytime we meet Adelia,” Damon commented as he gave her a once over.

“Sympathy is for the weak. I believe in empathy and I wouldn’t like it either if someone lied to me about what might be my last day,” she said impassively. “You’d do better to keep those wandering eyes to yourself, Mr. Salvatore. Unless you want a repeat performance of our previous encounter, but this time I’ll start with your eyes.”

Damon glared at her, clearly remembering their last encounter.

“Maybe we should keep Elijah away from her,” Elena spoke to diffuse the tension.

“No need, Ms. Gilbert. I wouldn’t want to increase her suffering anymore,” Elijah said strolling inside to stand beside Adelia. Rose looked frightened and started getting up, but Elijah assured her seeing her condition, “You do not have to be frightened Rose-Marie. I did pardon you.”

“Where’s Stefan?” Damon asked Elena, completely ignoring the Original.

“The elder Salvatore I presume,” Elijah said, glancing at him. “Let’s proceed, I have other matters to attend to than satisfying your meager curiosity.”

“He left to get Alaric. I need you to talk to him,” Elena told Damon when Stefan and Alaric entered the library. They all looked at each other awkwardly.

“Shall we?” Elijah asked Adelia holding out his hand and proceeded to the living room. Damon rolled his eyes and carried Rose followed by Elena. They reached the room to find Elijah helping Adelia to the couch while sitting beside her. Rose, Damon, and Elena took another couch across from them while Alaric and Stefan got situated in adjacent chairs.

“You wanted to talk, Miss Gilbert,” Elijah started, breaking the silence.

“Yes, we do. Tell us what you know about Klaus,” Stefan said immediately.

“No pleasantries, Mr. Salvatore? We are here at your request so let’s tone down the demands, shall we? We have no obligation to answer your questions,” she glanced at Elijah, “at least I don’t,” Adelia continued with a humorous smirk.

“I am sorry. We are desperate here,” Stefan apologized.

“First, how do you know Elijah? And Klaus?” Damon questioned Adelia with skepticism.

“I got acquainted with Elijah and Klaus at two different occasions. The balls in the 19th century had their charm,” she answered truthfully.

“Klaus attended a ball?” He floundered.

“You have no idea. The man has a high and mighty taste in everything,” she humored.

“So you’re on whose side?” Alaric asked the Original.
“I assumed we were allies, Mr. Saltzman. Your confidence in the only person that can save your step-daughter’s life is rather lacking,” Elijah replied distastefully.

“How do you know all this?” Elena chimed in, shocked.

“I make it my job to know everything about the people I have been tasked to protect, Ms. Gilbert.”

“Why are you here and not with Klaus?” Rose questioned when her curiosity got too much.

“We separated decades back.”

“But why are you helping us when you should help him instead?” Stefan asked.

“Klaus has something in possession that I want back. This presents me with the perfect opportunity to talk to him. As I told Ms. Gilbert last night, this is a give and take deal. I give you the information you ask for and you generously return the favor.”

“What about you, beautiful?” Damon turned to Adelia.

“Ms. Gilbert asked for my help. I have no desire to babysit some teenagers running havoc in town when they need an introductory lesson on supernatural,” she said smiling tightly and then looked at Elijah. “Maybe you should arrange for that too. Your work will get quite easier if they are fortuitously aware of their activities,” she finished earning a snigger from Rose and Alaric while her husband appeared amused.

“Aren’t you astute?” Damon almost hissed.

“I came here to do my job, ask Elena. My appearance at Richmond was a coincidence. Elena wanted my assistance and I helped. Elijah found it proper to request it for a favor, so here I am.”

“How could you help us?” Alaric asked with furrowed brows.

“Adelia’s contacts and connections rival that of Klaus himself. She is a powerful witch with more than a century of experience in her hands,” Elijah answered.

“How are you both a witch and a vampire?” The hunter questioned curiously.

“As stated earlier, Mr. Saltzman, I am not obliged to answer that question.”

“So can you tell us where Klaus is?” Elena asked in an eager tone.

“Klaus has himself cloaked with magic. Now it’s all human specifics, but I have my informants already on the trace,” Adelia informed them.

“Then find Maeve,” Stefan blurted out earning a raised eyebrow from Adelia.

“Maeve? Why?” The Original asked with a clenched jaw.

“I told them going after Maeve is a bad idea, but they want to kill Klaus so they want to exploit his weakness,” Rose informed, afraid of the Original’s retribution.

“And judging by your expressions... you know who she is and where too,” Damon concluded with an evil smirk playing across his lips.

“Maeve is... unavailable,” stated Adelia, uncrossing her legs.
“She is unavailable and you will wind up angering him more once he arrives in town,” Elijah added.

“We will deal with an angered Original later. We were told that we’ll be facing Elijah’s wife and here you are keeping her out of the nasty business,” Damon replied.

“My wife chooses her battles wisely,” countered the noble Original with humor.

“We should once again make that clear that Maeve is unapproachable,” Adelia clarified, knowing if the name Maeve is out then they would all have bigger problems to deal with.

“I will personally ensure that. She is very dear to me and if her name is dragged into this situation then the consequences might be severe. Klaus will agree with me, the only common unsaid aspect between us for decades,” said Elijah.

“Any more questions?” The witch asked with a sigh.

“Adelia informed Elena that you Originals cannot be killed,” Alaric said.

“That is true. We destroyed the only weapon that could kill us when we turned and that was a millennia ago,” Elijah answered.

“Then why is Klaus trying to break the curse when nothing can kill him?” Damon questioned with an incredulous look.

“Consider him obsessed or paranoid. I would call him both,” Adelia fondly replied.

“You have lived long enough so tell me, where is the cure for a werewolf bite?” The elder Salvatore almost begged seeing the deteriorating condition of the girl sitting beside him.

“I apologize, but I do not know the location of its most viable source,” Elijah said, referring to Klaus and glanced towards his wife.

“Until then Ms. Gilbert should stay away from Rose-Marie. It might be dangerous,” Adelia answered.

“She needs me. She is dying,” Elena spoke.

“Then you need a basic knowledge on what happens to vampires when they are bitten by a werewolf Elena,” she turned to look at the doppelganger. “They hallucinate, their vampire instincts are heightened, they cannot differentiate between reality and what they have conjured and they appear to be fanatical in their pursuit. Your intentions might be pure, but the situation demands logic,” she finished coldly.

“She is right. I can harm you, Elena. You all need to go,” Rose said.

“I say Adelia put up a barrier confining her in a room. Rose-Marie will become delusional in a few hours,” suggested Elijah.

“No, you must be mad if you think I will let her spend the day trapped inside a room,” Damon retorted.

“I think Elijah is making sense. He knows more about them than any of us,” Alaric said.

“This is not justified,” Stefan sighed.

“We live in a world where nothing is justified Mr. Salvatore, otherwise Rose-Marie wouldn’t have
been bitten trying to save your brother who apparently goaded the werewolf,” quipped Adelia. “Oh yes, Elijah has updated me on everything. He has lived in a territory where vampire, witches, and werewolves were constantly at war so please take his advice and let me put a spell.”

“How do we know you’re telling the truth about the bite?” Damon asked as Rose looked on.

“You cannot leave a battlefield without a few ones,” answered Elijah.

“Then how are you...” Elena started but was interrupted.

“He is an Original. Not even a werewolf bite would kill him,” Adelia explained.

“I think we can handle this,” the doppelganger said.

Adelia pursed her lips and took a deep breath, “Very well, I have affairs to tend to,” she said getting up from the couch. She fixated her gaze on her husband, “I made no deal with this lot, their concern shouldn’t be mine. You can continue with your futile attempts to protect them when they evidently do not want the same.”

Sensing his wife’s aversion, the Original got up and extended his hands, “Let me escort you back, Adelia.” She accepted the gesture and allowed him to lead her out as Elijah exited with a nod.

“Isn’t she too honest?” Alaric commented as he watched them walk away.

“And blunt. Was that true? Whatever they said?” Damon said.

“Adelia has no reason to lie. Elijah might be making a power play,” replied Stefan.

“Maybe I should keep Elena out of playing nurse,” the elder brother pondered.

“It’s not necessary. They might be lying for all we know,” the girl retorted.

“It is necessary,” he replied and looked at Rose, “Elena is a do-gooder. It’s in her nature, she just can’t resist.” Damon left the room and the doppelganger followed him.

“Damon. Is she gonna die?” She asked.

“Probably. The wolf bite caused some kind of infection and it’s getting worse.”

“Like poison?”

“I don’t know, Elena. I’m not an expert in the field. And according to our Original and a sexy witch, it is poison.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Death happens. We come, we go. Sooner she dies the better. It’s gloomy as hell in here,” he replied.

Stefan glanced down at his phone to see the number Alaric had texted earlier and dialled it, but he got no answer after repeated attempts.

“Isobel, it’s Stefan Salvatore. I need to speak to you, it’s about Elena. Please know that it’s important,” he hung up and saw Damon entering the Grill who noticed the werewolf Jules and made to walk towards her but the younger brother stopped him.
“What are you doing here?” Damon asked.

“I’m waiting for you. Listen, there’s a lot of people here,” his brother answered.

“Oh, damn. There goes my plan to rip her spleen through her back.”

“Hey, listen, I know you’re upset about Rose.”

“Why does everyone think that I’m upset about Rose? I’m fine. I don’t know if you know this, but sometimes, vampires die. I’m gonna have a friendly chat with lady wolf, brother. Ease up,” Damon told his brother and joined Jules.

Stefan watched him go when his phone lit up and he swiftly answered the phone leaving the establishment.

“Well, if it isn’t the one I meant to kill. I’ll have to get that right next time,” Jules replied taking a sip of her drink.

“You won’t live to see another full moon unless you tell me how to cure a wolf bite and then I won’t kill you,” he said.

“Promise?” She asked him skeptically.

“Yes,” he nodded.

She put some money on the table and looked at Damon, “Bite me.” She got up to leave but he grabbed her arm, “I’m not afraid of you.”

“Then you are very, very stupid.”

“How’s your friend? Rose, is that her name? Have the chills started? The unbearable pain?” She mocked him.

“If there’s a cure, tell me or start watching your back.”

“Did I mention dementia? It’ll eat away at her brain. Soon she’ll be rabid. You want a cure? I’ll tell you the only cure that exists, take a stake and drive it through her heart,” Jules replied before walking away.

Annoyed at the unsuccessful attempt, Damon called the person he knew would be able to help Rose, “Hey beautiful witch.”

Elena was still hiding after being previously attacked by Rose who was hallucinating her to be Katherine. The doppelganger had managed to evade the vampire by opening the curtains, but she wasn’t so sure anymore.

Not hearing any movements for quite some time, she decided to go investigate and left the room to head downstairs when she noticed the open front door. She turned around with a stake in hand and saw Damon.

“Are you okay? Where’s Rose?” He asked seeing the stake.

“I don’t know,” Elena answered.

“What do you mean you don’t know?” Adelia walked inside, her heels clicking against the floor as
she fixed the doppelganger with a glare. “Mr. Salvatore, I recall telling you that Elena shouldn’t be left alone with Rose.”

“She was fine,” replied Elena.

“She is not fine. She is dying and she knows it. Do you people have no sense?” She emphasized, blaming them for their stupidity.

“We did not know this will happen,” Damon reasoned with a hard stare.

“Elijah warned you. I mentioned how the venom affects the victim and still, you didn’t pay us any heed,” Adelia stated with gritted teeth.

“Listen here witch, I called you for help and not for your lectures,” the elder Salvatore said.

“And I agreed because I thought you were intelligent enough to get your facts straight about Rose-Marie. Clearly, I was wrong.”

“Can’t you do a locator spell?” Elena asked, annoyed with the turn of events.

“I am neither your resident witch Miss Gilbert nor I do work for you,” Adelia turned towards her. “Your definition of right is lacking. Why do you think I warned you about your proximity to a bitten vampire? You have the same face to your vampire counterpart who ruined Rose’s life so this was the easiest image she could have conjured,” she paused looking at the doppelganger’s scared face, “and if I am not wrong she did. It elevated her guilt when she had her moments of lucidity and she ran. You have no idea how affected she might be. I have seen vampires killing themselves because they couldn’t handle the pain. Her last day and you have already ridden her with grief.”

“You do not talk to her like that,” Damon glared at the witch, stepping towards her.

“And you do not get to order me around. I am not scared of a person whose conscience is limited to his selfishness. Have fun locating your vampire. Good luck,” Adelia said unfazed and left.

On the other side of the high school, two people walked towards their car when the guy broke the silence. “Hey, what was going on back there with the police?” He asked curiously.

“Some maintenance man had a heart attack. He just dropped dead,” the girl answered as she entered the car and waited for him to get in. “Eddie?” she called out when suddenly his body fell over the car.

The screaming girl ran out of the car and rushed towards the boy, but Rose appeared in front of her and bit her ferociously. Suddenly she got flung across the street by an unknown force knocking her out moments before Damon arrived.

“Rose, Rose!” he shouted for her. “Rose, Rose! It’s me, it’s Damon,” he tried once again to no avail as a car parked in the road slowly rolled down the street disappearing out of sight.

Rose woke up in an unfamiliar room covered in sweat with pain unfurling her nerve endings. She took a moment to observe the room and saw it was bare to minimal and concluded that it certainly wasn’t one of the rooms from the boarding house.

“Welcome back. It took me some time to locate you,” Adelia spoke, entering the room with a bowl and a washcloth.
“What am I doing here? Where’s Damon?” She asked the witch.

“He is not worth enduring a headache over,” the witch said, sitting beside her on the bed and dipped the washcloth in the bowl to put it over her heated forehead.

“Did I do this? I never meant to hurt anyone. I never wanted to hurt anyone,” Rose stated.

“I know, dear. You deserve better than this. Tell me, Rose, if you ever get a chance to live again, what would you do?” Adelia questioned her when she took another washcloth and gently started wiping the blood from Rose’s face.

“You can never forget it, what it’s like to be human. It haunts me. It’s the only thing that’s kept me going,” answered Rose.

“No, we don’t forget. Being human was a part of who we were. It defined us. Turning into vampires did change certain aspects, but it did not alter us entirely,” the witch said, eyeing her curiously.

“I’m sorry. I don’t have a better answer,” the bitten vampire replied.

“Rose-Marie, you are what you want to be. Being a vampire gives you an eternity to search for your true self. It doesn’t have to limit you.”

“I never had the sense of eternity when I was constantly running from Klaus. It was a curse.”

“You can make it your gift. Start over,” Adelia suggested replacing the washcloth over her forehead.

“I would have liked to visit where I was from when I was human. I missed the chance. It was a nice place,” Rose admitted. “Why is the pain suddenly gone?”

“The magic of herbs,” the witch smiled amusedly, “but you are still dying.”

“I like that you do not lie,” commented Rose.

“You do realize that Salvatores are nothing but trouble, don’t you?” She started cleaning Rose’s gritty fingers and gave her a look.

“I realized that a long time ago, but I needed something to look forward to.”

“Getting yourself killed was not an answer to your prayers.”

“I wanted to belong somewhere,” Rose confessed.

“What if I say there is a cure? What will you do?” Adelia asked.

“There is no cure, but I would have really liked to start over.”

Adelia stared at Rose intently and then removed the washcloth and began drying her hands with a hand towel. The witch took a deep breath and placed her fingers over Rose’s wound which made the bitten vampire flinch.

“Don’t be afraid, everything will be alright,” she reassured her and started siphoning off the magic in the venom. Adelia felt the magic flowing in through her fingertips as it glowed and making her smile. A few seconds later the venom was gone and the witch saw the wound and hummed in satisfaction.

Rose was confused when Adelia left the room and re-entered with blood bags and handed them to her.
“Drink,” she ordered to which Rose complied and emptied the bags hungrily. The older vampire felt her body healing as the wound closed up. She touched her shoulders, startled by the absence of a bite and looked up at the smiling witch. Adelia retook her seat beside the witch and brushed the sweaty locks off Rose’s forehead.

“How did you do it?” She whispered in awe, once again touching the healed area.

“I have my secret tricks,” chirped Adelia.

“Why did you heal me? I do not even know you.”

“I apologize for what you had to go through,” she could see the questions glimmering in the older vampire’s eyes, “Mystic Falls is not safe, Rose-Marie. You might think you have an obligation to fulfill by helping the elder Salvatore but you don’t. His choices are his own and you saved his life by risking yours.”

“But I have nowhere else to go. I need a purpose to this life, Adelia,” Rose said.

“I already gave you a purpose. Home is where you want it to be. It doesn’t have to be some place where you have to reassure yourself about your sense your belonging every day. So yes, if you’re looking for a home with the residents of this place, then you are wrong,” she answered truthfully before she sighed and got up. “I have something else for you.”

Rose watched curiously as the witch opened the bedside drawer to retrieve a white box and gave it to her. She sat up taking the box from her hands and proceeded to open it and suddenly her eyes brimmed with tears.

Her bony fingers plucked out the Lapis Lazuli ring and stared at it. She glanced at Adelia who clutched her other hand to give her a reassuring squeeze.

“I have wanted this for so long,” Rose softly murmured.

“Good because this is an incentive,” Adelia took the ring back from her fingers with a smirk. “The ring or Klaus?”

“What?” The vampire was dumbfounded.

“Freedom or death,” the witch offered as the vampire started processing the words. Maybe Adelia was right. She was giving her everything she always desired. A new beginning.

“You are right, I need to find a home. With someone, somewhere. I can go back and really start over without fearing Klaus,” she nervously admitted to Adelia who after a moment gave the ring back to her.

“And now you have it. A certain someone let it slip about the lack of ring in your possession. So, you have a ring you’ve always wanted and a purpose to look forward to an eternity,” Adelia watched the older vampire slip the daylight ring onto her finger.

“I do not how to repay you for saving my life,” Rose replied through watery eyes.

“Not required,” Adelia stated and her voice turned serious, “Get out of Mystic Falls. Klaus will be arriving soon. Elijah might have pardoned you, but Klaus never tolerates betrayal and you know it better than anyone else,” she sighed. “I suggest you go back to England, start living your life. Begin anew with no connections to this place. I can only keep you safe if you do not get yourself involved in this town’s business and people. Give me your word that I can trust you with this task,” the witch
continued and Rose gravely nodded.

“I promise. Thank you.”

“Have it as a threat but if you ever try to approach this place or its residents, I will de-spell the ring,” she got up and looked at the vampire who was suddenly unnerved by the witch’s ability to destroy her ring. “I will arrange for your departure and no, you do not owe him anything,” the Original’s wife said, referring to Damon.

“You are not fond of them, are you?” The vampire questioned hesitantly.

“I am very selective about the people I care about and the Salvatores do not make my list,” the witch said with honesty.

“I will not disappoint you. You have given me a chance and I want to live up to it. But who are you? Why did you help me?”

“Adelia Laurentis. You might remember me someday, but I hope the day never comes,” the witch pondered and internally grimaced at the possibility of her husband being daggered. “You are very brave Rose-Marie and never forget that,” the witch smiled genuinely.

“Why?” The elder vampire asked curiously.

“There’s a change of clothes in the bathroom and this is your new phone with my number on it. I am always here if you ever need help. Sorry, I had to destroy your old one to make it believable,” Adelia commented, evading the question as she stood up. “It was a pleasure meeting you Rose-Marie, do not make me regret my decision. A man will get you to the airport in exactly 45 minutes,” the witch finished in a stern tone before she exited the room.

“Make what believable?” Rose muttered, utterly confused.

Damon examined the burnt phone he recognized as Rose’s seeing the charred corpse and looked up to Adelia who stood there with a grim expression.

“Elijah’s men found the body inside the car,” she informed glancing at the overturned burning jeep. When she didn’t get a response, she continued, “She lost control of the vehicle and crashed. Hallucinations.”

Damon watched as she covered the corpse with a sheet and squeezed his shoulder before disappearing.

In the same spot, Sheriff Forbes parked her car after some time and got out. She walked over to the vampire when he opened his car trunk.

“Here’s your vampire, no daylight ring so explains the present condition,” he said giving her the most possible reason that explained a charred vampire corpse.

“How did you find her?” She asked, clearly surprised.

“It doesn’t matter. What matters is that it’s over.”

“Thank you, Damon. Once again, you’ve helped keep this town safe.”

“I’ll take care of burying the body,” he said with a finality, closing the trunk.
Elena arrived back at her house after consoling Damon to see Stefan. “Stefan, you’re home,” she said.

“Rose?” He asked to which she shook her head confirming his thoughts.

“I um... I called Isobel,” Stefan hesitated.

“I know.”

“I’m sorry, I had to,” he began but was interrupted shortly by Elena.

“It’s okay. Did you find her?” She asked.

“Not exactly,” John Gilbert answered as he stepped in and greeted his daughter, “Hello Elena.”

“Uncle John.”

Elijah stroked Adelia’s hair softly where it rested on his shoulder as she appeared to be deep in thought. “What is troubling you, dear?” He asked her after a moment.

“This town at the foremost and the Salvatores. They are proving to be quite a nuisance,” she replied.

“Nuisance to you,” he chuckled earning an exhausted sigh from his wife. “I must ask you to leave them alive until Niklaus gets in town.”

“Please admit it, darling husband, that Damon Salvatore does get on your nerves.”

“I do not wish to lie to you and say you are incorrect in your assumption. Gregory informed me that Klaus was spotted in Italy.”

“Klaus and his love for world domination. What was his business this time?” Adelia asked him with humor evident in her voice.

“You know him. He doesn’t need a reason to ignite terror,” he said as a matter of fact.

She chortled at his answer and kissed him gently to which he responded eagerly as he swept her hair away from her face. He nipped at her bottom lip making her sigh in pleasure when her delicate fingers tiptoed towards his neck to caress it down his shoulders. She released a breath in his mouth earning a groan from him as their tongues danced together fiercely.

Her leg went the other side of his hip as she came to straddle him, breaking the kiss to remove her nightgown down her shoulders leaving her in only lace undergarments.

His fingertips trailed down her lower back, pulling her body towards his to recapture her lips as they moved fervently against each other.

Adelia removed his hands from her body to intertwine their fingers and trapped it on either side of his head as she eagerly snipped at his upper lip before moving her lips to bite his earlobe when his eyes shut in pleasure. She grazed her teeth low on his neck when a loud knock at the door interrupted them.

Elijah’s eyes flashed open as they both turned to look towards the source of noise. Adelia pushed herself up still straddling him, her brows furrowed, “Were we expecting company, Elijah?”

“Not that I was aware of,” Elijah answered with a sigh. He lifted their intertwined hands and placed
a kiss on the back of hers before disentangling their fingers when she hopped off to sit beside him. The knocks continued and a familiar voice demanded Adelia to open up the door.

“It’s the elder Salvatore,” he said with a distaste as he got up and handed her the nightgown when she followed him out of bed.

“Hey beautiful, I have to talk,” they heard Damon call out and Adelia pinched her forehead before wearing the gown.

“My sleep is ruined,” she muttered and Elijah settled back against the pillows with a book when she left to take care of the nuisance in the middle of the night.

Adelia walked through the living area and the clock hanging over the wall read a little after 1 a.m. which made her hurry her footsteps as she yanked open the door with a smile plastered over her face.

“How may I help you, Mr. Salvatore?”

“You took so long. Let me in,” Damon slurred and Adelia noticed a flask jingling in his hand.

“Why should I? You are inebriated,” she replied as her hand went on to untangle the knots in her hair with a sigh.

“I need to talk and you give honest opinions,” he whined glaring at her.

“Come talk to me after you get sober. I am sure you will regret even arriving here by the coming morning,” Adelia finished and snapped his neck with magic before closing the door.

She stomped inside the bedroom and stared at her husband who was looking at her. She closed the door and crawled across the bed to settle herself into his arms which enveloped her instantly.

Elijah kissed her forehead and lulled her to sleep by running his hand through her hair as her even breaths against his chest managed to put him to sleep after a while, resting his agonized soul.

Klaus dropped the body in a discreet alley and wiped the blood dripping from his mouth. He looked around, finding no signs of life and fleeted back to his house without a second thought.

Entering his bedroom, he pulled off his jacket throwing it somewhere. Opening the drawer to his collectibles where he kept his victim’s belongings, he threw the letter inside it and went to slide it shut but his gaze caught onto a black and white photograph lying in a corner.

His eyes unblinkingly stared at the couple. The repeated fold separating the pair in the photograph visible through the frame. Overcome with unbridled anger, he hurled the frame onto the opposite wall as it shattered to pieces. The crumbling state of the photograph didn’t decrease the happiness emanating from the couple or Klaus’ own misery.

The shards crunched under his feet as he looked at them and picked up the photo, carefully brushing off the glass. His fingers involuntarily folded the photo again as he looked at Adelia, Elijah’s devoted wife.

He didn’t have to unfold the picture to see his brother looking at her as if she was his entire world. Klaus had seen it enough times already since 1941 when he had slipped the frame inside his coat from their residence in Seattle.

Keeping the photograph over his nightstand, he left the penthouse to clear his head. The morning sun would witness Klaus sliding the drawer shut with the photo inside it, a new frame gracing its surface
and the crease in the middle evident once again.

**A/N:** I saved Rose. No questions asked.

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”
“When did you arrive home last night?” Sharel asked her grand-daughter as they sat around the table with the Mikaelsons enjoying breakfast.

Adelia cleared her throat avoiding any eye contact with the occupants, especially the elder Mikaelson who sat directly across from her. “The Council is aware of vampires visiting Cloverville. I provided them with another trail leading to the other town. It might help us and they shall do it unknowingly for I would like the men and the Mikaelsons stay away from one another,” she answered.

“Quite devious, aren’t you?” Klaus commented looking at her.

“I would’ve been less offended with the company you keep if it were you rendezvousing with a man instead of scheming with Councilmen,” her grandmother admitted with a snort making Klaus laugh as he put down his cutlery.

“Grandmother, please,” Adelia said trying to hide her blushing cheeks.

“You are my only grandchild! In addition, you are not getting any younger so I am obliged to assist you for your father does not like the prospect of you getting married. The town already gives me hard time with their gossips of Sharel’s granddaughter not having a betrothal contract. I cannot very well inform them that while other fathers discuss dowry, my son discusses wretched politics with his daughter,” Sharel confessed, almost looking offended.

“I suggest you take the matter to father,” the young woman replied.

“And not discuss personal matters in front of guests, Sharel,” Elijah offered, trying to help Adelia.

“You Mikaelsons are family, Elijah. And you would not know the hidden questions behind those betrothal obligations. They believe my sweet Adelia is with a child,” Sharel said and the girl in question instantly put down her fork in mortification.

“I suggest you take the matter to father,” the young woman replied.

“And not discuss personal matters in front of guests, Sharel,” Elijah offered, trying to help Adelia.

“You Mikaelsons are family, Elijah. And you would not know the hidden questions behind those betrothal obligations. They believe my sweet Adelia is with a child,” Sharel said and the girl in question instantly put down her fork in mortification.

“Or she is a seductress using her wiles to charm her way into the Council made of men. As if Arnold would ever allow a man near his daughter,” Sharel scoffed and continued. “Last night an old snobby woman accused the Laurentis heir of setting traps for marrying the richest by getting acquainted with everyone through the Council. Not only do have we money to feed generations, but
they dare accuse my Lia of such insolence. I set her granddaughter’s hair on fire and rendered the grandson impotent; I am a witch of brilliance after all.”

Everybody looked at Sharel in silence processing her words.

“That was uncalled for Sharel,” Elijah sighed but let his lips tug upwards finding it too hilarious.

“Grandmother! Che cosa hai fatto?” Adelia exclaimed. [What have you done?]

“You fought for Adelia’s honor valiantly. Did you do something to the snobby woman?” Klaus smirked.

“I hexed her into a hallucinatory fever of course. People will consider her mentally ill and she deserves so for accusing my granddaughter of such nefarious plots,” Sharel smiled.

“For an old woman you seem enthusiastic about causing mischief when you are to worry about your joints,” Adelia replied greatly disappointed.

“She wishes I did not poison her tea. Her taste in the beverage was awful, no sense of quantity and proportions,” the older lady retorted. “You should have seen her granddaughter. The neckline an inch lower and her parts would’ve on display for the entire town.” Sharel added ruffling Adelia’s high collar ~ very sophisticated her grandchild is.

“That was offensive grandmother. While I consider your sentiments peculiarly heartfelt, they were quite derogatory. You will remove the hex by this evening or I shall do it myself and do send her an invitation for an afternoon tea. Do not forget to ask her granddaughter to accompany her,” the younger witch spoke impassively and turned to the gentlemen.

“It was a lovely breakfast. Your company is expected in the study by ten. You have less than two hours to finish your pending obligations. Thank you.” Adelia got up and the men followed her actions and watched her exit the room before retaking their seats.

“Ruins my sense of adventure that girl. Not a Laurentis or a Beauchêne trait I reckon, must be the Fleureaus. My son’s wife Alessandra was rational to a fault and like her mother, Adelia seems to cling to the moral compass,” Sharel replied smearing the marmalade over the bread. “Now I have to indulge in a tea with that old snob and tolerate her granddaughter.”

“Authoritative she is,” Klaus humored.

“Now that is a Beauchêne trait!” She exclaimed and then continued softly. “I am proud of her and what she is accomplishing. Her witch nature may have failed her in providing her with a normal life but she hasn’t resented it ever.”

The Mikaelsons knew Adelia was a siphon-witch, one of her kind as told by Sharel. She did not have her own magic and could siphon off anything magical and a powerful one at that where her abilities had to be restrained so she would not harm others. The brothers had never met a witch like her and were curious but they knew better than to ask for a demonstration when it was such a sensitive topic in the household.

“She doesn’t seem the kind to resent anybody’s nature unless given a reason to,” said Elijah.

“I couldn’t ask more from her. She has turned out the way Raymond wanted her to and we wouldn’t change it for the world.”
Adelia was sipping ginger tea in the study going through several documents when Elijah entered the room and kissed her cheek from behind. “Any plans?” he asked his wife sitting across from her and picked up a document from the pile on the table.

“No,” she paused. “I might be onto the witch massacre site. See this,” she handed him the paper, “Lockwood and Gilbert’s files described it differently so either they were hiding something or they didn’t know what happened.”

Elijah took the paper and went through the information. “It is not at all suspicious that the founders were not aware of a supernatural incident in their town.” He drawled and gave her a look that made her smile, “Beauchêne papers turned out to be accurate.”

“Our first lead is here,” she told him and he got up.

“Come, I made breakfast,” he stated before leading her out of the room.

“It is his birthday today. Are you still miffed with what he said a decade earlier?” Adelia twirled her hair between her fingers, giving him the most innocent look she could muster.

“Give Rafael my best wishes,” Elijah rolled his eyes at her attempt to persuade him. He plucked her hair from her fingers and made a moustache of it over her upper lip. “Now this is fashion.”

The witch narrowed her eyes, slapping his hand, “I will destroy your hair. I should have listened to Raffie and burnt it to the ground.”

“Give your dear Raffie my regards,” he put a charcoaled pancake in her plate and gave her the most delightful smile. Adelia glared at his plate and Elijah ducked just as the utensil went flying off to hit the wall behind him.

“You brought back John Gilbert? That was your big ‘Save Elena’ move?” Damon said to his brother.

“I went to go look for Isobel, and I get John instead. He said he can help us, and we’re desperate.”

“We’re not that desperate, Stefan. The guy tried to barbecue me!” The elder Salvatore exclaimed, clearly remembering the tomb incident.

“Damon, Bonnie’s new witch friend is working with Elijah, so we have to assume that the moonstone was never destroyed. Elena is putting all of her faith into some deal that she made with Elijah to keep everyone safe. I mean, do you trust Elijah? I don’t trust him. He’s an Original, he can’t be trusted. It’s not like we can just go up and kill him because apparently, he can’t die!” Stefan retorted.

“I’m still waiting for the part where John Gilbert is the answer.”

“He knew about the sacrifice, Isobel told him. He said he knew of a way to keep Elena safe,” replied Stefan.

“And how do we do that?” Damon asked.

“He’s not talking. At least not to me anyway.”

“Great work Stefan. Top notch. As if I didn’t have enough problems.”

“Hey, I’m sorry about Rose,” Stefan said.
“Whatever. I knew the woman for five minutes,” Damon nonchalantly answered.

“And you cared about her after five minutes. I wonder what that means?”

“It means I care, Stefan. It means I’m changing, evolving into a man capable of greatness. Better watch your back, because I may just have to go get a hero-hairdo of my own, and steal your thunder,” he blurted out before leaving the room when Stefan received a text in his phone.

“So, John. Rumour has it that you know a lot, and won’t say anything,” Damon joined the Gilbert patriarch where he was lighting a candle for the victims in Mystic Grill.

“How do I know you can be trusted, Damon? Originals can compel vampires. And, according to Stefan, that’s why Katherine’s still in the tomb because an Original has compelled her to stay there,” John Gilbert replied.

“Only because all of the vervain had left her system. Stefan and I, on the other hand, are chock full.”

“You guys are drinking vervain?” The vampire hunter asked.

“It’s an acquired taste. I don’t see that magic little ring on your stitched finger, so if you know something about Klaus, you better start talking, or I will kill you in your sleep.”

“Is that any way to convince me that you and I are on the same side? First, I need to know that I can trust you, Damon, that I can count on you. Then we’ll talk,” John informed him and left.

“What is it about people not trusting me?” Damon muttered to himself.

In the woods Caroline woke up in a cage in a RV. Digging the bullet out of her head, she numbly dropped it and tried to unlock the cage but then saw Brady and stopped.

“I see you got the bullet out. That was nasty. I got lots of wooden bullets, other toys. It’s gonna be a long night, sweet pea,” the man said and shot her in the chest.

“So, How many vampires are there in this town anyway?” Brady asked and got no reply. He shot her with a squirt gun filled with vervain, making her scream. “No?” he asked her again when in retaliation Caroline kicked the cage bars.

“Why are you doing this to me?! Why are you doing this? Why?”

“You’re a vampire. Why not?” He answered and used a blowgun to shoot wooden darts in her neck which made her scream again, “I’m sorry, what was that?”

“Let me out!” Caroline shouted.

“Excuse me? What was that?” He mocked the vampire when she continued to kick and scream.

“Let me out!” She said again when he left to join Jules outside.

“Get it out of your system?” Jules asked.

“No, I’m just getting started,” he replied.

“Brady, let’s be smart about this. I just want the boy. It’s our duty to help him, it’s who we are,” Jules reasoned.
“You want to talk duty and honor? These are vampires. They cross one of us, they cross all of us. That’s who we are.”

“It is not honorable to torture an innocent, sweetheart,” a stunning woman appeared out of nowhere as Jules and Brady looked at each other.

Jules went on to attack the vampire, but she dropped to the floor unconscious with a wave of the woman’s hand making Brady take a step back.

The woman looked around the woods and then at him, “We have company so let’s take this to a more private location, shall we? I wouldn’t worry about the invite to your sweet little home. I had the rental revoked some minutes earlier,” she told him and went on to throw the werewolf inside the RV with magic and followed him inside before shutting the door.

“Who are you?” Brady asked standing up.

“Adelia. Now be a gentleman and free Caroline this instant. We have matters to resolve,” she told him sweetly.

“Maybe you can join her too,” he snarkily replied and blew wooden darts towards her, but she caught them unblinkingly and threw them back at him puncturing his chest and neck.

“You wouldn’t want to mess with me. I was sightseeing this beautiful little town and came across you wolves inflicting such brutality on a young girl, vampire or not. That makes you a bad person on my list,” she said while walking towards him, her stilettos hitting the RV floor in a concurrent rhythm.

“If you want to live, then get out,” he shot the vervain water over her from his gun.

“Hurts a little, but not a lot,” she smiled wiping the water from her wrist. “Last warning wolf, let the girl go.”

“Not before you die,” he launched a stake at her but she caught it easily and then swooshed towards him to hold his hand and snapped it.

Adelia stabbed the stake through his spine and got hold of his other hand bringing them both behind his back and dislocated them from his shoulders.

“You will heal and I will shatter your bones again and again until you beg for mercy and then I might consider granting you a little reprieve. I will kill you and hang you outside your home for all to see,” she whispered harshly into his ear and then looked towards Caroline.

The witch broke his arms again and dropped him on the floor. She unlatched the cage and helped the vampire out of it.

“There are other werewolves outside. Stay here with me until your friends arrive,” Adelia stopped Caroline by her arm when she tried to run past the woman. She looked at Brady on the floor. “The following events that are about to take place are going to be a bit gory Miss Forbes so you can either watch me mutilate this vile wolf or turn around.” Caroline immediately turned her head sitting in a corner hugging herself.

Adelia walked towards the fallen wolf and crouched beside him, “I hate when people hurt innocents. You being a furry creature doesn’t give you the right to hurt anybody. You hurt someone when they deserve it and you have earned this since the moment you touched Caroline, therefore I am not sorry about your inescapable doom.”
She grabbed a handful of tissues from the counter and stuffed it into his mouth before taking out a knife from his pocket. The heretic sliced his arms, making deep cuts and left the knife in there so it wouldn’t heal. She got up and went behind him and grabbed his foot and twisted it snapping it off its joints and did the same to the other. Caroline heard his muffled cries and looked at Brady.

“I’ve had my share of fun with your limbs. Let’s move on to your weapons, shall we?” Adelia picked up the shotgun lying beside the man and pulled out the stake from his spine making him howl in pain. She turned him on his back and shot him repeatedly to injure, but not enough to kill him.

“Where do you keep wolfsbane again?” She asked him and got disappointed when she didn’t get an answer, “No worries sweetheart, I came prepared.” She got a wolfsbane packet out from her pockets and added the powder in the same gun with the vervain water used to hurt Caroline. Adelia shot the wolfsbane water all over his wounds and body which made him thrash on the floor which was slowly getting drenched with his blood.

“Please leave me,” Brady cried out when Adelia pulled out the tissues from his mouth as he repeatedly tried to get away from her.

“That girl over there begged you too,” she grabbed his head and made him look towards Caroline, “Did you spare her? No, then why should I?” She finished before using her heels to break his ankles making him shout.

“You can only conquer fear when you face it, Caroline. Don’t let an encounter with this beast stop you.”

“I am sorry, please,” Brady pleaded when Adelia muffled his shouts with tissues again.

“Very well, since you asked politely. Darling, please look away,” Adelia told Caroline, who immediately complied. Adelia tore off the man’s limbs throwing them into the cage and pulled his heart out before chopping his head off his neck. The witch pulled out tissues to clean her face and hands walking walked towards Caroline.

The girl in question looked up from Adelia’s blood splattered heels and saw her clothes in a similar condition. The woman wrapped her rumpled peacoat over Caroline.

“Let me see,” the woman examined her closely. “You are fine, physically. A blood bag and you’ll be up and running.”

“Thank you,” Caroline cried.

Jules woke up from her unconscious feat holding her head looking for any signs of Brady when she heard something in the woods. “I know you’re out there,” she called out into the woods when Stefan appeared with Tyler.

“Where’s Caroline?” Stefan asked.

“Locked up tight,” she replied, expecting Brady to be inside the RV.

“Let her go, and I’ll release Tyler. It doesn’t have to get any messier than it already has. I’m not your enemy, Jules,” he told her.

“It’s a little late to be waving the white flag, don’t you think?”

“You need to leave town. No one else has to get hurt,” he said.
“I’m not leaving without Tyler.”

“Tyler is free to make his own decisions, as soon as you release Caroline,” he finished when Damon arrived.

“My brother the peacemaker. Since Stefan got here before me I’m gonna let him try it his way before I resort to my way, which is a little bloodier. So give us Caroline,” the elder Salvatore demanded.

“Let go of Tyler.”

“Give us Caroline. Without a full moon, it’s not an even fight and you know it. We will take you.”

“I’m not so sure about that, tough guy,” she whistled and the rest of her pack walked out of their hiding places, all holding weapons including stakes, cross-bows, and a flame-thrower. “Let’s try this again. Give us Tyler.”

Damon looked at Tyler, “You heard her. Go. Get over there.” The young werewolf complied and went over to the woman.

“Which one of you killed Mason?” One of the werewolves came forward and asked the vampires.

“Uh, that’d be me,” said Damon.

“Boys, make sure that one suffers,” Jules ordered her pack.

Damon looked at Stefan, “We can take them.”

“I don’t know about that,” the younger brother replied.

“Well then...” Damon rushed over to Jules who flipped onto the top of the RV. Tyler went and unlocked the RV and rushed inside. One of the werewolves tried to burn Stefan but he took the flamethrower from him and set aflame two werewolves with it. One of the werewolves tried to jump from the RV roof on Damon, but the vampire managed to rip his heart out mid-air.

Inside the RV, Tyler saw Caroline on the floor and a woman by her side pulling out her wooden darts. He looked further and found blood all over the floor.

“Tyler! Oh, thank you,” Caroline said and the newly triggered wolf suddenly hesitated, “Tyler?”

“Tyler, please! Tyler?” She pleaded when he finally relented and helped her up as Adelia watched them leave.

Stefan continued fighting with one of the werewolves and drove the thrown stake through the werewolf’s body. Another shot an arrow at him but he stopped it and threw it back in his neck. The werewolf fell to the ground as another went behind Stefan and pierced a stake through his back which made him fall. Damon fought with another werewolf when Jules arrived and fired a wooden bullet rendering him injured too.

Tyler opened the RV door so Caroline could leave but Jules grabbed her and pushed her face-first against the RV putting a gun to her back. Tyler saw Caroline being held at gunpoint but didn’t take a step.

One of the werewolves grabbed a stake and was about to kill Damon when all of the werewolves except Tyler began screaming in pain as they all covered their ears with their hands and fell down on their knees.
“What’s happening?” Caroline asked.

“Oh darling, help has arrived,” Adelia exited the RV with a heart in one palm and with another, she clutched Brady’s head by his hair horrifying Jules and her pack.

The Salvatores were shocked by her presence when she rolled over Brady’s head in the middle of the woods and moved towards it. She muttered a spell and the werewolf’s head caught fire.

“You hurt an innocent and your fate shall be worse than death,” she told the pack grimly dropping his organ into the flame too.

“What the hell is going on?” Tyler said when Jonas Martin walked in with his hand held out casting his spell on the werewolves. Damon and Stefan got up from the ground after his arrival just as Elijah walked in, his eyes meeting Adelia’s.

The Original stepped forward removing his coat and silently walked over to his wife. Relieved to find her safe and sound, he draped it over her and moved his gaze towards the newly turned vampire. “Are you alright, Miss Forbes?” Caroline nodded, silently thanking him and the woman.

Elijah looked around at the crouched wolves and his eyes narrowed. “I am an Original. Elijah, sure you’ve heard of me,” he bellowed seeing various one stiffen. “These people are under my protection until I see fit. If you interfere in my business then I guarantee you all a very painful death. Do not cross me.” A second later Elijah grabbed Adelia’s wrist and disappeared out of sight.

“Elijah made a promise to Elena. I’m here to see it’s upheld. You need to go. Get out of here. Now,” the warlock told the vampires. They all nodded and left the woods. “When your friends awaken, give them a message. They need to get the hell out of this town,” Jonas informed Tyler and left him in the middle of the woods among his fallen mates.

Adelia walked out of the shower in a bathrobe drying her wet hair stepping inside the bedroom and saw Elijah sitting on the recliner. She directly went towards the vanity and sat down and continued drying her tresses.

Her husband looked up from the document he was reading and their eyes met in the mirror.

“Dr. Martin informed me of your little escapade in the woods,” Elijah asked, not breaking his stare.

“The wolves were torturing Ms. Forbes, very young she is. She did not deserve the repercussion for the sins committed by another,” she replied with a sigh, choosing to look at her reflection instead and set the towel down on a nearby chair.

“You could have been injured,” the Original breathed out, “I am not particularly happy with your actions tonight, but if you deemed it necessary to intervene then I will not question it,” he got up and took the brush from the vanity and proceeded to untangle her hair.

“I am an immortal like you,” Adelia grumbled. Even after so many years of marriage, he still managed to make her feel like an anxious 19-year-old.

“I have no doubt regarding the fact. If you’re an immortal then so is Caroline,” Elijah gave her a look in the mirror and then his eyes softened. “I will always choose you and I would prefer if you didn’t endanger yourself during our stay in this town where nothing ever happens,” he sarcastically finished with a smile, hoping to not come off as a disapproving husband.

Elijah was aware that Adelia was smart and knew what she was doing and he would never
reprimand her for helping others when she was known for her compassion. But that never dissuaded him from worrying about her. She was the most precious to him in the entire world.

“Thank you,” she smiled a little when he finished brushing her hair.

“I have business to conduct with the Martins. Get rested, dear,” the Original bent down to kiss her head and exited the room.

Damon opened the door to his boarding house to find John on the front step. “What do you want?” The Salvatore asked.

“We didn’t finish our conversation.”

“I’ll bite,” he replied and allowed John to enter the house.

“I’ve been thinking. Personal feelings aside Damon, I think you and Stefan will do all you can to protect Elena,” said John.

“I agree with that statement.”

“So I come bearing gifts,” the father said, unfolding a cloth which revealed a silver dagger and a jar full of ash.

“What is that?” Damon questioned eyeing the objects.

“This is how you kill an Original. In this vial is ash from a white oak tree that dates back to the genesis of the Originals. The dagger must be dipped into the ash, and then plunged into their heart,” John stated as Damon observed the silver dagger.

“How do you know all this, John?”

“Isobel. She’s very good at finding out things. But, of course, you know that.”

“Where is Isobel?”

“Let’s just say if she accomplishes what she’s attempting, Klaus will never set foot in Mystic Falls. Where Elena’s concerned, you and I are on the same side,” John answered before leaving the boarding house.

Adelia walked along the streets of Mystic Falls while on the phone, “And now he seems very gruff. I will have to endure a silent dinner tonight.”

“I fail to understand why you must live with that neanderthal,” a voice replied from the other side.

“Do not call him a neanderthal! He is my husband!” She pouted into her phone.

“He called me insolent for just suggesting a change of style of his insipid hair. I will call him for what he is- a neanderthal,” Rafael suggested and Adelia could very well imagine him rolling his eyes.

“Just because he is a bit protective doesn’t make him that,” she frowned.

“I am a bit protective. Your husband is overprotective. Last time we sat across each other, he drained a poor guy of his blood just because he gave you a rose,” her childhood retorted. “He was in a hospital for a week!”
Adelia sighed, “Raffie, I did cut off his blood diet for week.”

“I was hoping for a divorce. Is that even applicable to eternal vampire marriages?”

“Cease your jokes,” Adelia stared at her feet. “Elijah is your not-so-technically brother-in-law.”

“That is why I even tolerate him. Perks of being an acquaintance of Original familia aside,” he humored.

“Of course. Perks!”

“The alcohol is calling to me. It’s not everyday you turn 172,” he laughed.

“Once again Happy Birthday. I sent the gift and Elijah also wished you alright.”

“Your husband must have been cursing me internally but I do hope he sent me that wine bottle he had been hoarding for a century. I called dibs first, his Original vampire speed was totally not fair,” Rafael’s voice had a hint of annoyance.

“Bye! and stop sending my husband annoying texts. He gets a headache,” the witch kicked a pebble.

“Why do you think I send them anyway?” He smiled and hung up. Adelia stared at her phone and pocketed it with a huff.

A little later she came across the Lockwood boy apologizing to Caroline. The witch stopped on the porch of the house as the young girl ordered the boy to get out. Tyler turned around and both he and Caroline noticed Adelia standing there. The werewolf without a word decided to leave the two women as they stared at each other.

Adelia without a word sat down on the steps and glanced behind at Caroline to join her. With hesitant steps, the blonde girl took her place next to the brunette. The newbie vampire felt safe in her presence and knew the woman wouldn’t hurt her when she had protected her earlier and the brunette had a peaceful aura about her that made things bearable after what she went through.

“I will not ask you about your well-being because you are not fine,” Adelia stated.

“I am not,” admitted Caroline after a minute as tears pooled in her eyes.

“It’s okay to accept that, it doesn’t make you weak.”

“I don’t want to be weak. I was weak tonight and I let them do this to me,” cried Caroline.

“You were strong and you fought for your survival. I don’t see a weakness,” Adelia told her.

“I am a big girl. I should have done something.”

“You are still a teenager dear and now an immortal. You will see every facet of life and experience it first-hand. It’s not easy being what we are, Caroline. I consider it alright to shed tears over something like that, I would have cried too and I am 170 years old,” Adelia added the last part with a little humor in her voice, hoping to distract the blonde.

“You cry too?” Caroline asked hesitantly.

“Of course, I cry. My tear glands need to stay clean and not rusted with cobwebs surrounding it,” Adelia cringed.
“My friend betrayed me when he didn’t save me tonight,” Caroline said.

“Betrayal comes in various forms sweetheart. It’s on you whether you want to forgive or not.”

“Should I forgive him?”

“If you want to. You are a big girl after all,” Adelia winked at her quoting the blonde’s words from earlier which made the girl sitting beside her snort.

“How do I forget this?” She questioned softly as they both stared at nowhere enjoying the silence.

“You never forget Caroline, you take it with you. Learn something out of everything and consider it a life lesson. You cannot move on if you do not accept. And if you are accepting then know that you were very brave tonight, coming out of this even stronger than before,” the witch answered, placing a hand over Caroline’s and squeezed it gently.

The young vampire processed her words. “You are right. I should accept this and move on. I am strong and I should not let this stop me,” Caroline replied, looking at Adelia in awe.

“Absolutely. Let how you came out of it alive define you,” Adelia smiled at her when she was suddenly engulfed in a hug from the blonde as she cried into her shoulders. The witch soothed her back when Caroline got out from her arms.

“Sorry and thank you for tonight and for everything. You never mentioned how you knew me?” Caroline wiped away her tears and glanced at the beautiful vampire to her right.

“Elijah made sure I knew what I was getting into and even if I didn’t know who you were, I would’ve come to your rescue. What they were doing was wrong. Prejudices shouldn’t dictate your morals.”

“You are that Adelia?” Caroline asked remembering Elena telling her about the vampire-witch who got Stefan out of the tomb.

“I am indeed that Adelia,” the witch held out her hand to the vampire with a smile.

“I am Caroline Forbes,” the vampire took the outstretched hand. Then she instantly took Adelia’s other hand and noticed the rings, “You are married, I felt the ring earlier and got curious.”

“144 years and counting.”

“That’s a very long marriage.”

“Time passes away when you are immortal,” the witch sighed. “You should take a bath and sleep. It was a pleasure meeting you Ms. Forbes,” Adelia said getting up. Caroline nodded at her doing the same when the brunette flitted away leaving the young girl to her insightful thoughts.

In front of the Fell’s Church Tomb, John Gilbert stopped with a sigh. He needed to talk to Katherine and explain what Isobel had wanted him to say to the vampire doppelganger. She had sent him here so they could work together to save their daughter and getting Katherine out of the tomb was crucial.

He made his way towards the steps leading underneath but was suddenly stopped by an invisible wall. He tried again to go past the barrier and proved to be unsuccessful. This was not good when he certainly didn’t remember the Salvatores informing him of this new barrier preventing entry beneath the church.
He had to inform Isobel about this latest development about a powerful witch involved who had sealed the entire church. John got his phone out and glanced back at the tomb frowning in confusion as he walked away.

March, 1941 | Seattle

Elijah heard a resounding knock at the door and frowned in confusion. They were not supposed to have any visitors today and Adelia was out. She definitely would not have knocked.

Exiting the library of their rather secluded villa, he trudged forward and opened the door to be greeted with the sight of his brother he had not seen in seven years.

“Niklaus,” he spoke as they stared at each other for a few moments before the silence was broken.

“Hello, Elijah. Forgetting your manners? Let me in,” the younger one smirked. Elijah didn’t say anything but opened the door wider for him.

Klaus stepped in and looked around the residence thoughtfully, “Adelia does capture your sense of flair quite beautifully.” He took a seat and put his feet on the table across him, earning himself a look of disapproval from the elder Original.

“She happens to know me very well,” he replied, choosing to stand across his brother. “Why are you here Niklaus?”

“Why dear brother? Afraid I will wreak havoc on your jovial peaceful life?”

“As informed on several occasions, you are welcome to join us,” Elijah drummed his fingers on the couch.

“Maybe,” Klaus picked up a frame from beside the lamp and looked at it. Elijah and Adelia; they looked happy and he couldn’t help but envy them when he lived in constant fear.

“Adelia and I would like for you to think about it. She hasn’t seen you in decades,” the elder brother smiled while looking inquisitively at the man who was busy staring at the picture.

Elijah remembered the time in Moscow where they had taken that. Her smile after the first snowfall of the season had been truly contagious and he lived to experience that every day.

“I know,” replied the younger Original placing back the frame.

“When do you intend to undagger them?” Elijah asked.

Klaus’ features changed drastically giving out an evil smile as he stared at his lone breathing sibling. “Let me ponder over it. I prefer them daggered Elijah. It gets quite difficult to be on the run when you have baggage to carry around. Rest assured they are doing fine.”

Elijah pursed his mouth, “Whatever do you mean Niklaus?”

“They are faring well buried deep within the sea,” the younger brother snorted and the older vampire stiffened.

“Do enlighten me brother,” Elijah’s eyes blazed with fury as he clenched his fist looking at him.

“You and your beloved wife can cease your efforts to look for them. I can assure you that they will not be found.”
“Please tell me you are bluffing Niklaus. They are our siblings.”

“The coffins are untraceable somewhere in a sea. The destroyer is nowhere near me. My life is once again on track,” Klaus grinned at him. “I envisaged for you to be happy brother. You get to play happy families with Adelia without any worries.”

“How dare you?” Elijah sped forward and pulled him up before rushing him into a wall, the frames on the wall falling to the ground on impact.

“Calm down Elijah. Your true colors are showing,” the younger Original pushed Elijah off him who fell over the table shattering it into pieces.

Elijah got up and charged at him breaking his jaw before thrashing him against the wall. Klaus swiftly stood up when he heard the iron gate being opened. With a sigh, he sped over to his brother, snapping his neck.

“Give my farewells to dear Adelia, brother.” He dropped the unconscious body before walking over to the picture frame he was examining earlier and quickly put it inside the jacket.

Giving a last look towards Elijah, he fled through the open window just as the sounds of heels against the cobblestone pathway leading towards the house became clearer.

Adelia unlocked the door carrying a thick book in her hands. “Elijah, I came across this wonderful vol...” she stopped when her gaze fell onto her husband lying on the floor with the parlor in disarray.

She ran over to him keeping aside the book as she turned him over on his back. She looked around the room with suspicion before her hands snapped his neck back in place with a crack.

Within a minute, Elijah stirred and opened his eyes finding Adelia kneeling beside him. “Niklaus.”

“Elijah!” She made him sit up before he was engulfed in her arms. His own arms went around her breathing in her sandalwood fragrance.

“Where is he? I will kill him Adelia!” He asked getting to his feet.

“What are you going on about?”

“Niklaus. He visited this noon. He has done the unthinkable, my love,” his voice quivered.

Adelia noticing his distress caressed his jaw, “Please tell me, Elijah.”

And he did, he told her everything. “I do not know what to make of it,” he seethed in anger. “He will pay for it.”

Taking a deep breath, she gripped his hand catching his attention. “Listen to me. Niklaus wouldn’t dare commit such a heinous crime.”

“He told me himself, Adelia.”

“I refuse to consider it. His ways are a bit extreme at times, but he would never harm them.”

“You are blinding yourself to the truth,” he told her looking her in the eye. “He has hidden them in the sea. We would never find them. Rebekah, Kol...”

“He wants you to believe that,” she interrupted him loudly. Taking his hand, Adelia made him sit on
the sofa and crouched on her knees in front of him. Kissing his hand, she sighed as Elijah looked on silently. “I know Nik comes off as an uncaring entity, but he has always looked out for his siblings. He doesn’t know how to convey it. He has protected you all in the way he knows how. You are his brother and you should not doubt his love for family. He lied to get a rise out of you and succeeded. Maybe he embarked this for Mikael to dissuade him from going after his only vulnerabilities.”

“I cannot help but think that Klaus said the truth Adelia,” his features begged her to trust the younger Original on his claim.

“He is keeping them safe. Not in the sea but somewhere he would never be able to reach. I have heard the rumors about coffins and the Mediterranean Sea. If you start believing what Klaus says then your father would do the same riveting towards Nik. He is doing all this to make certain that we never fall into father’s hands. This is not a matter of intent, my love but also of perspective. Trust him; put your faith in your brother.”

Elijah stared at her for some time as he tried to get out something but his throat clogged up in contemplation and disbelief. “Niklaus did not bury them in the sea.”

“No, he didn’t. He is for the lack of a better word, paranoid. His paranoia only dwindles if his precious things are within his reach, including his family. If we want to find the coffins, we have to find him,” she said.

He grabbed her wrist and stood up immediately bringing her up along with him. “He shouldn’t be far away.”

“And we will indeed get hold of him. He is persistent but so are we.” she intertwined their hands before speeding off to the city.

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**A/N:** Adelia is not in favor of his hair style. Must be the wifey thing ;)

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**Introducing**

Julianne Moore as Sharel Beauchêne

"My granddaughter is my pride."

...

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”
Constructive criticisms are appreciated.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Adelia is not in favor of his hair style. Must be the wifey thing. ;)

“Maeve,” Klaus strolled into the garden with the usual smirk adorning his face as his blue-green eyes lit up when he saw her reading amidst the vines, enjoying the sunlight.

“Nik,” she looked up, surprised. “When did you arrive?”

“Is it relevant of you to ask every time I visit?” He humored, sitting beside her on the bench.

“And not be polite? What do you make of me Klaus?” Her eyes twinkled with mischief when he got up and held out his hand.

“Please humor me with more of your politeness while we take a walk,” he grinned when she accepted his hand.

“What brings you here?” She asked.

“Business. Do you think the Council will let me take over this town?”

“Lord no! Mercy on the townspeople!” she laughed seeing his expression turning sour. “There is no business. I know when you lie. Tell me.”

“I fancy this girl. She has grown on me these past few years. Beautiful, kind, understanding, never gauges me for my colorful past, brave,” he turned towards her as they stopped walking while she raised her eyebrows with a smile expecting more. “She has an uncanny ability to tell when I lie,” he confessed after a moment and the smile from her face disappeared.

Klaus gazed at her tentatively, trying to reach a decision. He brought his hand to her face and caressed her cheek lightly with his fingers, his eyes flickering to her rosy lips for a moment.

“Klaus...” she started but he had already pulled her to him and the next second his lips crashed onto hers. Her eyes widened and he felt her soft lips against his own. He could hear her heart beating rapidly in her chest and savored how melodious it sounded.

His nose brushed against hers as he moved his lips rhythmically and to his utter surprise, she kissed him back. Their eyes fluttered shut as he initiated the contact ever more firmly, she was warmer and so soft than he had ever imagined.

His hand snaked around her waist, pulling her closer than ever and her hand hesitantly touched his nape with a feather-like touch as she deepened their kiss. She could taste the remnants of wine on his
tongue when he bit her lip, making her sigh into him.

Her love was an absinth intoxicating his senses with every penchant as he lost himself in her, his Maeve.

Klaus could feel her breath hitch and smiled into the kiss. He was content and the happiest he had felt in decades. Their tongues danced in harmony as the winter sun lightly caressed their skin and the soft wind made them shiver in so many ways.

Her fingers tangled in his blonde curls making his nerve endings tingle with absolute sensation while her blunt nails stroked his stubbled jaw. His hand sought out her hips making her jump in surprise as she exhaled into his mouth, her nose prodding his delicately while her eyes opened, her lashes batting rapidly.

As he saw so many unasked questions floating in her chocolate brown orbs, he recaptured her lips with a groan reveling in her acceptance when she pulled away making him frown.

“I shouldn’t have done that,” she said, taking a step back. “I believe I have mistakenly led you on. It was never my intention to come to this. I should have stopped you. Forgive me, please.” She continued mumbling.

“I’ve had affections for you,” Klaus stepped towards her, “For very long Maeve.”

“This is wrong,” she told him. “I do not feel the same way about you.”

“It felt right to me,” he looked at her.

“I have always considered you a dear friend of mine and you will remain so. But I cannot reciprocate how you want me to for I see you not in that light,” she cried.

“You will one day. I shall wait Maeve,” Klaus’ voice almost begged her to reconsider.

“I am not an immortal being and I fear you will be disappointed. I insist you to not do this to yourself,” she avoided meeting his eyes.

“You love another,” he realized when she looked at him and the Original saw the heartbroken glint in her eyes, “and he doesn’t love you.”

“That is why I do not want your fate to be same as mine. Please forgive me Nik,” tears brimmed in her eyes. “You shall always be my friend but expect no more. I will always love you.”

“But not how I want you to,” he replied grimly as she stepped closer and kissed his cheek. Klaus closed his eyes, willing to not let the tears escape.

The girl he loved, did not love him back.

“I promised my eternity to you and it shall remain so. As your dearest friend, as your Maeve,” she said.

“Klaus’ Maeve,” he stated after a while, putting up a hesitant smile which she returned through her tears, “Always and Forever.”

“To infinity and beyond.”

He will wait when he had an eternity afterall and a part of him knew that she was here to stay. She will forever be his Maeve.
Alaric entered the boarding house as Damon shut the door behind him and led his friend into the parlor.

“So, John Gilbert gave me this to kill Elijah,” Damon unrolled the dagger from its protective clothing, “said you have to dip the dagger in the remains of an old white ash tree that dates back to the Originals, if there’s any truth in that,” he finished, handing the dagger to Alaric who took it.

“So you think it’s a setup?” Alaric asked.

“It could be. Guy’s a weasel. Wouldn’t put anything past him,” he turned around and headed to the bar, “What are you up to today, Mr. Saltzman?”

“Well, Jenna and I were supposed to go to her family’s lake house, but somehow, we both got roped into doing this Historical Society thing at the Lockwoods,” answered Alaric.

“Where Elijah’s the guest of honor,” he concluded.

“Tell me you’re not gonna kill him at the tea party.”

“No. That would be stupid.”

“I want to know his endgame before I kill him, but I do think it’s time Elijah and I talk face to face,” he replied, annoyingly tapping Alaric with the dagger who looked at him, clearly not amused.

Damon pulled out his phone and searched for the number.

“Who are you calling?”

“Adelia. Maybe she will accompany me,” he said as a matter of fact.

“Didn’t she break your neck the last time you went to talk to her?” Alaric pinched his forehead.

“And I am secretly hoping that this night would be enough to convince her to give into our passions,” he smirked humorously as the hunter rolled his eyes.

“Damon Salvatore has asked you to accompany him to the party?” Elijah asked his wife, who was inside the walk-in closet looking for something to wear at the event.

“Indeed. Nothing fazes him the slightest,” Adelia peeked out from the door to look at him.

“You could have gone with me,” he sounded perturbed.

“You could have gone with me,” he sounded perturbed.

“I cannot be seen with you that often. It might seem suspicious regardless of my wish to be at your side,” she explained leaning against the door.

“As I said last night Lia, a neanderthal,” a voice echoed from the doorway and the Original and his wife turned to see Rafael leaning against the door.

Adelia’s face lit up as she rushed forward to engulf her dearest friend in her arms and Elijah pursed his mouth at the comment, exhaling deeply.

“Why are you here? This place is not safe!” She mumbled into his shoulder as Rafael caressed her hair.
“I am flying out tonight. To France,” he replied before looking at the Original. “Pleasure seeing you too, Elijah.”

“I am sure,” Elijah huffed turning a page of the newspaper and Adelia glanced at him in displeasure. “I am a good host. Tea, coffee, anything Rafael?”

“Just a promise to leave my sister alone. You are uncharacteristically... clingy for a vampire,” he smirked seeing Elijah trying to control his temper.

Adelia elbowed him for the comment.

“What is your business in France?” Elijah asked changing the topic.

Rafael took a seat across the Original and sighed, “Witch business.” The couple perked up at the mention and the friend looked at Elijah. “I will tell you if things go accordingly.”

Adelia disheartened, shrugged her shoulders walking inside the closet. The Original nodded at Rafael who smiled back reassuringly.

“So what’s the plan?” Rafael humored.

“There is no plan, you stay indoors, Raffie,” the witch shouted from the closet.

“Actually there is. We are attending a party,” Elijah smirked and Adelia came out to glare at him.

Rafael and Elijah looked at each other and smiled conspiratorially.

The youngest vampire rubbed his hands together, “Who are we threatening?”

“No one,” the witch answered and then turned to her husband. “I request you be cordial in Damon’s presence.”

“I understand,” Elijah dejectedly agreed, still unhappy with the Salvatore accompanying his wife.

Adelia grinned and held out two dresses in front of her, “Now green or blue?”

“Green.”

“Blue,” the husband and the childhood friend simultaneously answered.

The witch looked between them before an audible sigh escaped her mouth.

“Have you spent much time in Richmond for your book? There’s such a wealth of history there,” Carol asked Elijah as they sipped their respective teas.

“No, I’m focusing mostly on the smaller regions of Virginia. Lots of research. Strictly academic,” he replied.

“That’s fascinating.”

“Damon,” the Mayor called him over when he along with Adelia arrived, who was not surprisingly wearing blue.

“Carol.”

“What a surprise. Who is this?” She asked, referring to the young woman at his side.
“Hi,” Damon and Carol exchanged kisses on the cheek, “This is Adelia.”

“This party is wonderful Mrs. Lockwood. Adelia Laurentis.”

“Certainly a new face in a small town and call me Carol,” she glanced at Elijah. “Hi. Elijah, I want you to meet Damon Salvatore. His family is one of Mystic Falls’ founding families.”

“Mm-hm,” the Salvatore replied as he looked at him. “Such a pleasure to meet you.”

“No. Pleasure’s mine,” Elijah said as they shook hands and then turned towards his wife. “Adelia, lovely to see you,” he kissed her knuckles.

“So what brings you to Mystic Falls?” The mayor asked the woman.

“I was in the country sorting out some business and it led me to this delightful little town and then my good friend Damon asked me to be his companion for the night,” the vampire-witch replied.

“Did he now?” Elijah raised his eyebrow, not comfortable with the idea of her going out with Damon.

“I certainly did,” the Salvatore answered.

“Why don’t you people talk? I will join you later,” Carol excused herself as she moved on to tend to other guests.

“Damon, what do you want?” Elijah said when the Mayor left them alone.

“I definitely need a stronger drink than this tea if I am going to deal with you two,” Adelia informed, noticing the virtual daggers the men were throwing at each other.

“We are not that bad, beautiful,” Damon smirked not breaking eye contact with the Original.

“Adelia, I recall your aversion to chatty wives so why don’t we go somewhere else?” Elijah suggested holding out his hand.

“You know your witch well, don’t you?” The Salvatore questioned when the witch placed her hand in Elijah’s.

“I would say this statement gives me enough motivation to get drunk while you two execute your power plays on the battlefield,” she smirked.

“Adelia, I do not find this hilarious,” her husband told her as they followed Damon.

“You should, Mr. Smith. I am diffusing the unresolved tension as I am finding it entirely suffocating,” Adelia replied with a grin.

“You are so funny Lia,” Damon pressed his lips into a tight line.

Adelia took a seat while the other two vampires regarded each other with hostility.

“What can I do for you, Damon?” Elijah asked.

“Yes, kindly get to the point,” she sighed already knowing the result of this confrontation.

“I was hoping we could have a word,” Damon replied.
“Where’s Elena?”

“Safe with Stefan. They’re laying low, you know, a bit of a werewolf problem,” Damon informed them.

“As long as she is safe,” stated Adelia.

“Oh, yeah, I heard about that,” her husband said.

“I’m sure you did since it was your witch that saved the day and Adelia was the show-stopper with the heart and the head. Bonus points,” replied Damon, smiling at the witch.

“You are welcome,” Elijah inferred when Damon sat down on the desk.

“I have been looking into grimoires to save Elena’s life. It’s getting difficult to concentrate with the recent influx in the town,” the female vampire stated.

“Which adds to my confusion on exactly why you’re here?” Damon turned to the Original.

“Why don’t you just stay focused on keeping Elena safe and leave the rest to me,” Elijah told him and moved to exit the room, but Damon vamp-sped in front of him blocking the way out.

“Damon, what are you doing?” Adelia asked the Salvatore, getting up from the chair.

“Not good enough,” Damon blurted out when Elijah grabbed him by the throat and crashed him into a wall. He in retaliation held the Original’s throat who easily pulled it off of his neck making sure to crush his hand, making the Salvatore whimper in pain.

“You young vampires, so arrogant,” Elijah held him up against the wall by his throat. “How dare you come in here and challenge me?”

“Enough Elijah. Let him go,” Adelia came forward to stop the men from killing each other.

“Adelia, I would prefer if you didn’t involve yourself in this,” the Original made her stop in her tracks; the witch very well knew when to stop.

“You can’t kill me, man. It’s not part of the deal,” Damon said.

“Silence,” Elijah commanded, and grabbed a pencil lying on the desk and stabbed the Salvatore in the neck with it—he couldn’t deny that it brought him great pleasure to pike the neck of a man who was hitting on his wife repeatedly.

Damon clutched at the pencil yelling out in pain and fell against the desk. He proceeded to remove the wood with a groan and clasped his hand over the bloody wound when Elijah whipped out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the blood off his hands.

“I’m an Original. Show a little respect,” he dangled the handkerchief in front of the vampire, who took it immediately to place it on his wound.

Adelia tried to move past her husband to get to the injured vampire when Elijah stopped her by the wrist, making the witch glance sideways at him.

“The moment you cease to be of use to me, you’re dead, so you should do what I say. Keep Elena safe,” Elijah finished and took a step to kiss Adelia’s cheek, which surprised both her and the elder Salvatore before he left the room.
Adelia cleared her throat, dropping her fingers from her cheek where Elijah had kissed earlier and sauntered towards the desk to pull out tissues.

“Elijah is not to be trifled with. He is patient, but he can get worse than Klaus if you get on his bad side,” she told him while kneeling down and cleaned his wound, eliciting hisses from Damon who was still unnerved by Elijah’s affection for the witch in front of him.

Didn’t the Original have a wife?

“You should have warned me!” He exclaimed when she glared at him.

“I didn’t know you were this foolish to confront him!” She retorted and got up. “But that’s what you get for underestimating an Original. You are lucky there’s his deal with Miss Gilbert or else I’d be throwing your heart in the trash can instead of these bloody tissues,” Adelia finished angrily, discarding the used tissues in the bin and marched out of the room.

“Today was a bust,” Damon told Alaric while drinking bourbon.

“Yeah. How’s the throat?”

“Sore,” Damon replied.

“Yeah. That Elijah’s one scary dude, but with nice hair. Hey. You want another one?” Alaric said, getting up and Damon handed him his glass, which he took and walked over to the bar.

“He’s gonna be hard to kill and we have only one chance because Lia warned me enough to let me know I’ll be dead if I don’t succeed.”

“Yeah. I’d think twice before I’d trust that dagger and some ashes to do the job,” Alaric poured bourbon in their glasses. “You’re gonna need more info.”

“I’m out of sources. Adelia knows a lot but the witch is out of question since our Original surprisingly has a soft spot for her. Too much risk. He kissed her here,” he said, pointing to his cheek, “right here.”

“What’s up with you and this news chick?”

“Ooh,” the hunter handed Damon his glass, “she’s got spunk, huh?”

Alaric sat back down on the couch and looked at the vampire, “Just don’t kill her, please.”

“If I did, who would report her death?” He humored.

“Just don’t do it, all right? She’s friends with Jenna, and it’s bad enough that I’m lying to her about everything else. I hate the lies. But she and your witch got along splendidly,” he said when looked at his phone. “Oh, God. I got to go. I got to pick Jenna up,” Alaric stood up, “Don’t worry. I’ll, uh, show myself out.”

Damon placed his hands on the back of his head and shut his eyes, “Good luck.”

The vampire hunter walked out of the library as the Salvatore remained in his position until he heard a loud, crashing noise from the hallway. His eyes flew open and he walked out of the library and into the hallway. He found Alaric with a large knife plunged into his stomach as the man looked at Damon and clutched at the knife before groaning and falling to the floor.
Stevie, a werewolf from Jules’ pack dropped down with wolf-speed from the rafters of the parlor’s ceiling. Damon and he engaged in a fight when the werewolf stabbed him in the neck with a syringe full of vervain who grunted and vamp sped around the room crashing him into several walls. Finally, the vampire fell to the ground weakened as Stevie removed the syringe from his neck and stood up.

“Whew! Damn, you’re strong. It took the whole syringe,” the werewolf exclaimed as two more of them walked through the front and looked down at Alaric’s dead body. Damon in his state, looked up from the floor.

“Grab that one. He’s dead,” Stevie said pointing towards Alaric as Jules entered the house with a shotgun over her shoulder and looked down at the vampire.

“Hi, Damon. Nice to see you again.”

After some time Damon was chained to a chair with a wooden spiked metal collar around his neck restricting his movement. He saw Alaric’s dead body on the floor before he spotted the Gilbert ring on his finger and sighed in relief. His attention was grabbed by Stevie who held the ends of two chains attached to his spiked collar.

“Morning, sunshine,” the werewolf said and paced towards the vampire. “I saw this movie once, some torture porn flick. Anyway, they had this collar device that was really cool, so I just modified it some with some wooden nails, and when I pull...” he complied with his statement as the wooden spikes inserted themselves into Damon’s neck making him groan in pain.

“So I hear you have the moonstone. And where’s that girl from last night? She killed Brady!” Jules spoke up as she and two other werewolves walked farther into the room.

“Oh, if you only knew the irony of this moment right now. Let me tell you how this is gonna go. You’re gonna torture me, I don’t talk, someone loses a heart. Last time, it was your boy, Mason and the girl who killed your Brady? Our resident Original adores her so she is untouchable, just a fact. I always knew the beautiful witch had a penchant for creativity,” Damon quipped as Stevie wrapped the chains around his hand as Jules inched closer to him.

“This time, it'll be you. Next it will be her,” she replied and looked at Stevie who nodded and pulled on the chain again, impaling the vampire’s neck.

“How long is this gonna take?” Caroline asked as they planned to interrogate the young Martin. They had drugged Luka and abducted him so Bonnie could question him for information.

“I don’t know. He’s fighting me,” Bonnie replied when Luka moved his head around, fighting the spell as the witch’s hands were placed on either side of his head working her magic.

“Please stop. Please,” Luka said closing his eyes when Bonnie successfully put him into a trance.

“When the poor guy is telling you to stop, then you should stop,” a voice said from the doorway as the occupants whirled around to see a man munching on an apple.

“Who are you?” Caroline asked, unnerved.

“Doesn’t matter, sweetheart, but people call me Rafael. Sheriff Forbes generously invited me in, as did Jenna Sommers in her home a little while ago. Perhaps you should reconsider interrogating Luka over there,” he smirked, taking another bite of the fruit.

Caroline sped forward towards the man who easily gripped her neck, pinning her to the door, “I
believe someone did not generously save your life last night for you to commence on what people would call crime? Drugging, abducting, forceful questioning. I expected better off a Sheriff’s daughter.” He threw her into the opposite wall as she crashed onto the floor over the glass.

Bonnie concentrated looking at the vampire but moments later nothing happened. Jeremy gulped beside her coming to stand in front of the witch.

“So you are a witch?” Rafael drawled. “Funny. Magic doesn’t quite work on me. My sister suggests something went wrong with the transition in my favor.”

The Bennett tried inflicting pain but still came up with no results and she took a step back pulling Jeremy with her. Caroline came up to stand beside them wary of the vampire’s intentions.

“What are you doing here?” Jeremy asked.

“To get Luka out of here. His father was getting worried and he might have wonderful little things in store for the Bennett when he comes to know what has been done to his son,” the vampire smiled.

“Who is Luka to you?” Bonnie hesitantly questioned.

“Fortunately Luka Martin falls under my sister’s protection. I reckon you know her? Adelia Laurentis?” Rafael glanced at Caroline to see her stiffen. “She always makes sure no harm befalls the innocent. I wonder what she’ll have to say about this?”

“Luka works for Adelia,” the witch inferred.

“Lia doesn’t employ children for her tasks,” he rolled his eyes. “She takes promising witches and warlocks under her wing, has been doing that for a century.”

“So he is working for Elijah?”

“I apologise but I am not an answering well and you are all out of coins. I need to retrieve my sister’s cargo,” Rafael sped over to the circle and picked up Luka before disappearing in a second.

Jules leant against a shotgun as she proceeded to talk to Damon, “You know what the great thing about buckshot is? It scatters through the body. Maximum damage,” she finished pointing the gun at him. “Where’s the moonstone?” She asked him.

“Get over it, honey. You’re never gonna get it.”

“You looking for this?” Elijah appeared, leaning against a banister twirling the moonstone in his hand. Everyone turned to look at him as he walked down the stairs and placed the moonstone on an end table and silently backed away, “Go ahead. Take it.”

One of the werewolves rushed forward in his wolf speed, but Elijah immersed his hand into the wolf’s chest and took out his heart. The man fell down onto the couch, dead.

Two other wolves sped towards him but he plunged his arms into their chests and ripped out their hearts as well. Jules wolf-sped out of the house when she realized the situation not in her favor.

The Original walked over to Stevie, who was crouched down and pulled his jacket over his face in fear when he was pulled him up from the ground the next moment.

Damon looked around and answered, “I don’t know.”

“It doesn’t really matter,” he replied and punched the werewolf in the face who fell dead on the floor.

Elijah removed the chains strapping Damon down into the chair, “So you realize this is the third time I’ve saved your life now?”

“You never let me forget,” Damon stated unamused when Adelia entered the house fiddling with papers in her hands.

“Hey Damon, I forgot my clutch here. I was with Jenna,” she started and then looked up from her papers to see the dead bodies adorning the floor, “... nice turn of events.”

“You are late. Would have appreciated your arrival while they were torturing me,” the Salvatore sarcastically whined.

“Sorry I missed the action,” she quipped and glanced at her husband. “Your handiwork Elijah?” She asked.

He instead rewarded her with a look that displayed worry, concern and relief all into one and she stopped further comments, noticing his serious demeanor.

The Original pocketed the moonstone and took the clutch that sat beside it and gave it to her when her phone buzzed. She received the call without any delay and frowned hearing the things being said. Adelia cut the call looking at Salvatore. “Good night Damon, see you tomorrow.”

Elijah navigated her out of the house. It certainly didn’t go unnoticed by Damon who looked at the retreating pair with eyes narrowed at the Original’s hand on the witch’s lower back.

A knock resounded the door of the Forbes Residence as Caroline opened it and the smile immediately disappeared from her face seeing Adelia standing there with Elijah not far behind.

“We have the invite but we won’t enter. Invading one’s sanctuary is not what we do for pleasure, Ms. Forbes,” Adelia started. “I was informed of a particular stunt you pulled with one of the people under my protection.”

Bonnie and Jeremy hesitantly approached the door to stand beside the blonde vampire.

“If you weren’t children then I would’ve punished you for just that little induced drug. I believe that is what happens you do not have proper parental guidance hmm? But I won’t blame them, I shall blame you.”

“He was a threat to us!” Bonnie narrowed her eyes.

“I am a threat to you right now. Drug me, I dare you!” Adelia glared at the witch. “Magic is given to you for helping others, Bonnie, but if you intend to harm, know that I make better poisons.”

“How can you take their side?” Jeremy said agitated.

“I believe we are teetering on misunderstood morals to even consider a fair side, Mr. Gilbert. If you are able to do this to your friend, then whose side do you think Adelia is more likely to take?” Elijah tilted his head to fix the teenagers with a stare.
“I do not harm children but I do believe that when a child considers harming others for his gain, he shouldn’t be considered one. I am not Luka’s parent and therefore I will leave it to Jonas to avenge him the way he sees fit. I will not stop him and neither will Elijah.”

“As for your interrogation then I shall tell you myself, Luka retrieved the moonstone under my orders,” Elijah informed them. “The boy remains in Adelia’s protection and you three remain in mine. Consider that the only objective keeping Adelia from punishing you.”

“Caroline, you’ve been silent all the while. I have to say I am surprised when Rafael informed me of your involvement. You were tortured by the wolves, held against your will in that RV and you agreed to do the same to a boy your age,” Adelia smiled.

“I–I don–” Caroline spluttered to form some words but the heretic interrupted.

“Sshhh, I haven’t finished darling. You were vervained, Luka was drugged. Both abducted to fulfill revenge plots and then held against your will while being questioned. I believe the same happened to the young warlock. Did the wolf give you some tips? Since you two are more or less... same after all. I thought I knew you better than to let the same happen to another.”

A tear rolled down Caroline’s chin and she looked away.

“Ah the young Gilbert. I met your aunt tonight, she’s a wonderful woman being a victim to the happenings having no idea what’s it all about,” Adelia drawled and the boy froze. “Your sister had you compelled the past year and you were made to do things you didn’t want to. You dare do the same to Luka?”

“I might remind you that I am an Original and hence can compel vampires. I can *kidnap* any of you or your vampire friends, drain them of vervain using quite creative ways and then force you to reveal answers. I haven’t done that out of *absolute* respect and courtesy,” Elijah said, playing with his daylight ring.

“You have already showed me that you are capable of making adult decisions and therefore next time any of you try having a repeat of this, I will personally see to your punishment,” she turned towards the blonde. “Dear Caroline, don’t miss out on the gory details when you retell the end of a wolf named Brady. I think you’ll be able to handle a little bloody tale,” Adelia sent a tight lipped smile and turned on her heels before walking towards the car.

“I’d take her seriously if I were you. Remember, my word only stands for so long. Do not make me regret taking you under my protection. I happen to not do well with betrayal. Good night,” Elijah finished before fleeting behind his wife and opened the car door for her as she sat inside.

Adelia placed her clutch on the shelf and dropped her set of keys in the adjacent drawer when she saw Elijah looking at her with a blank expression as he removed his watch.

“Now onto another set of matters, I was worried about you. You weren’t responding to my messages and I thought the wolves had done something,” he said with concern apparent in his voice.

“Forgive me, Elijah. I forgot my clutch at the Salvatores and then Ms. Sommers held me for a chat. Then Rafael informed me of the incident before leaving town. This is getting out of hand,” she replied and moved towards him to peck his lips with a smile to ease his worries.

She entered the kitchen while removing her heels and poured two glasses of bourbon and picked them up, drinking from one of them.

The other glass shattered to the floor when she turned around to see Elijah standing behind her this
close where he cornered her against the white marble counter and pressed his lips to hers.

She immediately responded and moved her lips against his, depositing her glass over the counter and tangled her fingers in his hair. He hungrily devoured her mouth and used his fingers to unzip her dress when she raised her arms to get out of it.

As the dress hit the floor Adelia backed the Original against the opposite counter with her speed and reconnected their mouths, he groaned loudly.

He held her hips and turned them around making her sit on the counter as he got rid of his jacket while her hands started unbuttoning his shirt. She was halfway through with its progress when he pushed her down flat over the cool surface and kissed her bare stomach, earning a sigh of pleasure from Adelia.

“I was going to say I am very tensed and worried,” she said, breathing heavily.

Elijah looked at her, “Do you want me to stop?” He slowly trailed his fingers up her thighs stopping at her lace panties.

“I very much prefer this to stress induced hairfall. Please continue,” the witch slyly smiled when her husband hooked his thumbs in her panties to remove it down her legs.

When his lips touched her core, her back arched from the sensation and her hand caressed his hair while the other gripped the counter edge behind her head tightly. She pulled at his soft tresses as he continued his torment for minutes when a wave of pleasure washed over her, making her shut her eyes as she breathed deeply, coming down from the high.

She opened her eyes and Elijah kissed her straightaway while his hands caressed her sides starting from her brassiere to her knees instantly hooking them behind his back. Adelia heard the sound of his belt unbuckling and before she knew it, he was inside of her with a groan.

The witch tilted her head back at his action as he latched onto her earlobe with a content sigh. The sensations overwhelmed her sanity when he moved his hips with precision making her moan. Her hands moved over his back and untucked his shirt to touch his heated skin gently.

Elijah’s movements sped up when she continued nibbling his throat as her legs wrapped itself tighter around his hips making them both exhale together in pleasure.

The fluttering in her stomach grew in knots and she tipped her head hard. He bit her neck breaking her skin when they stiffened as pleasure overtook their senses and crashed into waves while their moans reverberated the walls of the room.

Adelia’s spine tingled as an overwhelming tear rolled down her eyes where Elijah breathed heavily into her neck. He kissed her lips softly, smiling into it and moved them into the bedroom in a flash getting under the covers.

Getting her cleaned, he turned off the light as he watched her eyes flutter close while she lay snuggled into his side. The Original kissed her forehead before wrapping his arms around her when he drifted off to sleep himself.

Klaus stood alone in his studio overlooking the lit skyscrapers of Chicago when his phone beeped with a message. Sighing, he read the text and internally cursed. Another tracker captured today. It seemed Elijah wasn’t leaving him anytime soon.

Downing the drink in hand, he closed his eyes and his senses immediately acquainted itself with the
silence in the penthouse and his life. He was lonely and it was torturous. Would it be so bad to reach out to Elijah after almost seven decades?

His fingers glided along the contacts in his phone stopping at his name– the number he acquired from a dead tracker. A little unsure himself he tapped the name as it started ringing.

Elijah stirred hearing his phone ring and his hand reluctantly left Adelia’s waist to look for it.

“I’ll get it,” her sleepy voice halted his movements and he nodded gratefully, eyes still closed. She sat up and took the ringing phone from the nightstand and accepted the call. “Hello. Adelia Laurentis.”

Klaus froze at her voice and his grip on the phone immediately tightened. He had not heard that voice in 91 years and he did not know how to react or what to say.

“Hello?” Adelia glanced at the screen again and frowned seeing an unknown number before clutching it between her ear and shoulder as she buttoned Elijah’s shirt walking outside on the balcony. “Elijah is unavailable at the moment. Please relay your message.”

Klaus opened his mouth to answer but nothing came out and he closed his eyes with a sigh.

“Adelia. Something wrong?” Elijah called out from the bedroom and she looked back and smiled.

“Nothing,” she answered her husband before disconnecting the call.

Klaus let out a breath he didn’t realize he had been holding and threw the phone over the couch rubbing his eyes. He needed to talk to Elijah and soon.

The witch closed the balcony door behind her and kept the phone back on the nightstand. A hand immediately shot out pulling her onto the bed making her giggle.

“Who was it?” Elijah nuzzled into her neck.

“The person did not answer,” she replied as he kissed her collarbone when the clock beside them ticked to one.

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**January, 1860**

They heard a beautiful melody being played upstairs in the midst of a downpour. The strings of the cello strung together to create a recreational piece jolting all of the occupants of the house. The tune haunted their minds as they listened to it.

“Adelia. Must be in turmoil,” Sharel explained.

“It is lovely,” Klaus said as his lips turned up but it soon fell when he saw Elijah getting up and going upstairs. He followed his brother’s exit with his eyes until he was out of sight.

Elijah followed the sound and soon came across an empty room. Her back was to him as she stared out of the French doors as her fingers worked the strings with finesse. He leaned against the door while she continued watching the rain hit the glass, blurring the view.

The smell of the rain hitting the dry ground, mingling with her sandalwood fragrance enlightened his senses as he walked over the piano that stood in the corner of the music room. He took the seat and pressed a key, the sound resonating the empty room, shocking Adelia out of her trance as she stopped to look sideways at him.
The Original glanced up from the instrument towards her to find her looking at him when he started playing the earlier tune without breaking the stare. She turned her gaze outside after a while and positioned her bow over the strings to play with him making his lips twitch.

Their tune danced in harmony as the perfect melody echoed the hallways. His fingers glided over the black and white keys as her fingers slid down the strings to measure the tones when the pitch increased. He noticed her gaze and they both smiled at each other.

The symphony cascaded their beings as they played as one while her fingertips vibrated on multiple lines creating the perfect contrast to his smooth ones. The bow moved rapidly in accordance to his foot, the glass doors condensed over enabling their reflection in the surrounding darkness of outside as a candle flickered in between them; her eyes twinkled when a genuine smile graced his lips.

Downstairs Klaus and Sharel listened to the tune reverberating the house in perfect accord. The music played with synchronized strokes enamored the occupants as the piano and cello gave away the harmony.

Her right foot outstretched itself while her head tilted as she closed her eyes lost in the moment, catching his attention.

Elijah wanted those tied up locks trailing down her back, his fingers to curl around them while he caressed her delicate neck and tasted those supple lips as his senses filled him with her intoxicating scent.

He cleared his mind of that image deeming it inappropriate when she was an important ally in their plans.

Adelia looked at him and from his piano, Elijah looked back.

An involuntary smile graced Klaus’ lips, Sharel’s fingers danced across her wrist, Gregory practiced the waltz Adelia had started teaching him and the workers went on their work humming.

The tunes echoed that evening for any passerby to listen to as thunder rolled and lightning illuminated the sky but they could not drown out the melody that they had been a witness to. It was just the beginning of a relationship that turned out to be as beautiful as the music, that invigorated their souls for nights and days to come.

A/N: Adelia is not a tolerant one, is she?

Introducing:

Fawad Khan as Rafael Desmond

"I chose this life so you wouldn't be alone and I do not regret it."
Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”

—

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
Klaus was back in town after a month attending yet another ball and this time his eyes wandered around the halls looking for someone. The memory of their last encounter brought a smile to his lips as his gaze flickered to every woman attending this gala expecting to see Maeve again.

An old ally had invited them over to stay at her residence until the matter was resolved and he was thankful to the witch for helping them out even after decades.

“If it isn’t Klaus Mikaelson?” Sharel Beauchêne interrupted his thoughts as she stopped next to him.

Klaus turned and took her hand to kiss it as a playful glint appeared in his eyes, “You grow beautiful with time Sharel. What’s a little gray hair disobeying your youthful ways?”

“And you remain as polite as ever. How come you got swept up in a dreadful scheme to end your existence, Klaus? You never heeded to petty threats and here you are chasing a long list of solemn enemies,” she replied.

“I came to heed to them after my last encounter with white oak, pesky witches and intolerable humans. The whispers concern Elijah and I cannot have him distracted.”

“Rebekah is still residing in her coffin, I presume?”

“She dared claim to love Marcellus hence she is learning quite a lesson,” Klaus replied in annoyance, “though I am grateful that you have allowed Elijah and myself to grace your abode until we deal with the fools.”

“It’d be our pleasure. Arnold is traveling and my granddaughter is preoccupied with her usual business. It becomes quite eerie to reside in a house without its occupants and Adelia claims it is my paranoid self, demanding her express attention to tend to my impromptu needs because picking out a flower from a garden is considered offensive.”

“Your granddaughter seems to know you perfectly to give you a piece of mind. I might agree with her regarding your old age, it is making you paranoid indeed.”

“You’re the one to talk. A 900-year-old paranoid immortal,” Sharel said with an edge of humor to her voice.

“You know better to repeat those words Sharel,” he humored her. “I am looking for a girl named Maeve. Do you know her?” The Original asked after a moment.

The old woman hummed and mischievously smiled at his question, “It would be unfortunate if I didn’t know her.”
Klaus grinned, his eyes twinkling under the lights of the chandeliers. “Where is she?”

The sun rays filtered through the white curtains as the wind blew it gently, bringing in beams of sunlight, illuminating the room with morning shades. The light danced across a sleeping pair, hitting their forms covered in a sheet when the female opened her eyelids and was hit by a sudden onslaught of brightness.

“Close the drapes, Elijah,” Adelia demanded and snuggled even deeper, hiding her face in his neck.

“I would if my wife stopped using me as her pillow. My arm has gone numb,” Elijah chuckled, his fingers trailed down her spine rousing her from sleep.

“Your arm will survive. A pillow does not complain and a husband definitely shouldn’t,” she retorted huskily and kissed his neck slowly.

“I agree to disagree,” he said and instantly rolled her over underneath him and connected their lips to kiss her ravenously.

She hooked one leg around his waist while he intertwined their fingers to keep them above her head nibbling her lips with uninhibited ferocity. He left his torment on her swollen lips to look at her when they locked their eyes breathing deeply.

Adelia’s face vamped out the next second as she tugged his head to the side before biting him, earning a groan of pleasure from the older vampire.

Elijah clutched her hip while her fingers caressed his back slowly. His own rumpling the pillow beside her, nails almost tearing into it. He pulled her off his neck after a minute, wiping the remnants of blood with his thumb.

The Original glanced at her lips when his instincts took over as his eyes turned black instead of their usual hazel brown and he proceeded to dig his teeth into her neck.

Her back arched as a ripple of sensations elicited within her body, forcing Elijah to use his other hand to hold her still while her foot pushed the sheets off the bed.

The lights inhabiting the room witnessed the harmony of the bodies moving together as their moans echoed throughout the house.

“What’s going on?” Stefan asked his elder brother after receiving the phone call.


“That makes one of us,” sighed Stefan.

“I did hear one piece of good news though. Tyler Lockwood ran away from home last night,” the elder Salvatore quipped from the other end of the phone.

“How do you know?”

“Well, I heard it from Sheriff Forbes, who heard it from a very distraught Carol Lockwood, thus, ending our werewolf chapter, bringing us to...” Damon started.

“...killing Elijah,” his brother finished for him.
“Exactly.”

“Well, it’s not going to be easy. He’s crafty,” Stefan expressed his doubts over eliminating the Original.

“Well, I’ve got a crafty little dagger,” the other brother replied as if it will solve any apocalypse approaching them. In this instance, it was a certain Mr. Smith.

Stefan’s burrow furrowed in confusion, “He’s an Original. We don’t know what all that encompasses and you refuse to ask Adelia.”

“Oh, trust me, Stefan. I’m gonna do all my T’s. I don’t want any surprises and the witch wouldn’t help us in killing Elijah. She has known him longer than she has known us and already thundered over Bonnie, Caroline and, Jeremy last night for trying to interrogate Luka.”

“Wow, Damon, tell me you’re actually gonna be careful for once?” Stefan questioned, surprised.

“Yes, Stefan, I’ve become you. How tragic for both of us. Got to run. I have a murder to plan. Busy day,” Damon hung up as Stefan lowered his phone and walked back to the Lakehouse.

Adelia turned a page as her index finger ran along the lines carefully. Picking a neon highlighter from the stand, she traced the pen over the words, biting her lip.

Elijah flipped a pancake and glanced towards his wife who was sitting on the counter cross-legged with a microbiology book in her grasp.

“Your thirst for knowledge never seems to end. What is it about science that fascinates you this much?” He put the pancake onto a plate, taking a seat on the chair across from her.

“In my era we did not even have proper pens,” she replied without looking up. “I think everything should fascinate me.”

“Of course, Dr. Laurentis. Pardon my curiosity.” Elijah rolled his eyes cutting into the pancake holding out a piece for her. She gently swatted away the fork, highlighting a word.

“Eat,” he commanded and snatched the book away from her grasp much to her displeasure when his phone rang loudly. The Original diverted his attention to his phone screen and frowned before receiving the call, “Desmond, what is it?”

Adelia perked up and hopped down the counter to walk towards the refrigerator as Elijah’s gaze followed her. The witch got a tub of gelato out of the freezer and started digging into it with a spoon immediately. The older vampire sighed before he started eating the pancake.

“Elijah ‘lijah. Is it weird that I find it absolutely hilarious that your prodigal society of uncouth vampires have upped their level and turned to following me?” Rafael said.

“Where are you?” The Original tensed up as Adelia looked up and immediately tried to grab the device from his hand. Elijah shook his head and signaled for her to wait.

“Didn’t even cross the state line when the annoying fleet appeared out of nowhere.”

“I will kill your legitimate minions if they even touch a hair on his head, Elijah,” Adelia abandoned her dessert and started buckling up her shoes. The husband got up and held her wrist when she tried to rush out.
“Nothing will happen to him. Rafael is capable of taking care of himself,” Elijah declared stopping her.

“Of course I am fine, Lia. I evaded them some hours back. You might want to get some people onto it ‘lijah,” Rafael reassured his childhood friend.

“I will. Take care,” the Original said and glanced at Adelia who was staring at him, “or else your beloved sister will chew off my ears.”

“I am so touched by your concern Elijah but sadly I am off to France now. I will call you later,” he humored and ended the call.

Elijah sighed noticing the expression on Adelia’s face and pulled her into his arms. “You shouldn’t worry. He’ll be fine.”

“Why are your minions following Rafael?” She furrowed her brows in concern and started fidgeting with his shirt buttons.

“I will find out but I request you to not do anything.”

“What if they do something to Raffie?”

“Then I will personally ensure their demise. Happy?” He asked kissing her forehead.

“Happiness is a–”

“–subjective term,” Elijah finished for her with a smile, “but you are happy.”

“If they are dead, of course I will be.”

The Original rolled his eyes before a reminder on his phone started chiming, making Adelia pat his chest in amusement.

“The old Fell property actually starts just beyond that fence,” Jenna told Elijah as they walked the Fell property sightseeing, for him to maintain his historian facade. It was essential he continued with his ruse to avoid suspicion.

“Ah, the Fells. One of the Founding Families,” he humored.

“Why do you say it like that?” Jenna asked curiously.

“My research showed me that this area was actually settled almost two full centuries earlier. It was a migration of townsfolk from the northeast, um, it was Salem, to be precise. My wife’s ancestors relocated from that place and moved to New Orleans,” answered Elijah with a fond smile clearly remembering the Beauchênes.

“Massachusetts? As in the witch trials? And you have a wife?” She raised an eyebrow at the information to which Elijah nodded and showed her his ring finger, which encased a platinum band with two finely cut square sapphires placed vertically. “Lucky one there.”

Jenna was almost envious of the woman which held the heart of the man standing in front of her. Even if she was in a rough patch with Alaric, she could admire Elijah’s charming demeanor; he was a true gentleman.

“Which means the ever-lauded founding families... didn’t actually found anything,” he humourously concluded.
“Well, I bet it was the men who made a big deal about being founders back in 1860. Men are very territorial.”

“Yes, they are,” Elijah replied when he saw Alaric walking up to them.

“Elijah. This is my friend, Alaric Saltzman,” Jenna said, hesitant at the friend part— Alaric and she were complicated. Period.

“Yeah, I got your message about walking Elijah here through the old property lines. I thought I would tag along. You know being a history buff and all. Where to next?” The vampire hunter came forward.

“I’m pretty curious about the freed slave property owners. Some say, you know, the descendants of the slaves are the true keepers of American history,” the Original suggested his companions.

“Well, I only brought the surveys. I got that list in the car. Just give me a sec,” she told them and walked back to her car, leaving the two men alone.

“Alaric Saltzman. So you’re one of those people on Elena’s list of loved ones to protect,” Elijah said.

“So is Jenna,” Alaric added with seriousness.

“You don’t have to be jealous. I don’t really pursue other women. The last one I did became my wife,” the vampire found the situation humorous and gave the other man a look. “It’s alright, Ric. Lighten up,” he patted Alaric on the shoulder and walked away.

“Right,” the hunter sighed, defeated.

“Other than your lecture on the history of Mystic Falls, did you get anything out of Elijah?” Damon asked Alaric as they sat at the Grill with Andie and Adelia. The latter was asked to join them when the Salvatore found her in the establishment when they walked in.

“You followed them?” Adelia raised her brow.

“No, it was boring. Of course, Jenna thinks he’s charming,” Alaric answered, ignoring the witch’s insinuation.

“I definitely agree,” Andie grinned.

Damon turned to the hunter, “You sounded jealous Alaric. Sound a bit jealous?”

“Kinda do,” Andie quipped.

“This is nice. Maybe it wouldn’t be a problem if you tell Jenna the truth. The lies pile up Alaric and you cannot stop the inevitable,” Adelia told Alaric hoping he would do it finally.

“Maybe we shouldn’t talk about this here,” he answered avoiding the topic altogether and glanced over at Andie.

“Andie, she’s been compelled not to divulge my secrets. Haven’t you?” Damon almost cooed at her.

“Are you that desperate? Really?” The vampire-witch asked the other vampire.

“Uh-huh,” the woman in question kissed Damon. “Mmm. My lips are sealed.”
Alaric stared at them in thinly veiled disgust, “This is too weird.”

“I second that,” Adelia pursed her mouth, “and kindly tell the teenagers around to stop messing with things they do not to understand.”

“Oh yes I heard about that. It was just a measly little interrogation,” the Salvatore shrugged it off.

“Interrogation which involved the use of a magical drug made by an amateur witch for the first time and later a planned abduction. Be glad I am not Luka’s parent.”

“Oh...” Alaric tried taking his friend’s side.

“You are a teacher, Mr. Saltzman. You should guide them towards the right path and not blind yourself to their faults,” Adelia huffed.

Damon rolled his eyes when he noticed Elijah and Jenna entering the Grill. “Ah, there’s Jenna with her new boyfriend. Hi.”

Elijah and Jenna walked up to their table when the redhead greeted them, “Hey, guys and Hi Adelia.”

The Sommers woman really liked the other woman for a change. Adelia was kind and had tons of knowledge, but she was never arrogant about it. She was definitely a lot grounded in her roots. Jenna had learned all that after they had talked at the tea party last night and genuinely thought of her as a good person.

“Hello, Jenna. Elijah,” Adelia smiled.

“So I hear you two had quite a meeting of historical minds today,” Damon said.

“Yeah, I guess you could say that,” replied Jenna.

“Well, as much as I’d like to continue this, I’ve got papers to grade,” the hunter put down some money and got up from the table noticing the awkwardness in the group.

“And I have an artifact to collect this afternoon,” Adelia too proceeded to get up checking her phone. She added her notes to Alaric’s pile and tried putting on her reefer, when Elijah stepped forward.

“Let me,” he suggested out of habit and took the outerwear from her hands, holding it out for her.

All watched the exchange with curious eyes while Damon and Jenna pinned the intimacy between the pair.

“Thank you,” Adelia said buttoning up as the Original nodded, stepping back.

“No, you know what? We should continue this. Let’s have a dinner party,” Andie brought up the idea happily.

“Ooh, my girl. Full of good ideas. I’ll be happy to host. Say tonight. Maybe?” Damon cheered and asked the occupants.

“It’s good for me. Jenna? Lia?” Andie questioned the ladies.

“I don’t know if tonight works...” Alaric hesitated.
“Yeah, I’m free,” Jenna said, ignoring him.

“I have some arrangements to get to,” the vampire-witch told them, looking down at her watch.

“Come on, beautiful,” Damon requested. The Original appeared approachable around the witch so her presence was definitely required if he wanted to dagger Elijah.

“My attendance might depend on how sooner I get the work done so I will notify you, Mr. Salvatore,” she informed.

“It would be a pleasure if you’d accompany me tonight, Miss Laurentis,” Elijah proposed, definitely not wanting the elder Salvatore near his wife again.

“Priorities Mr. Smith but I shall try,” Adelia chuckled and turned to others, “Farewell people.”

She walked out with a smile as Elijah’s eyes followed her departure.

“Great,” the Salvatore commented not missing the Original staring at the witch. Elijah certainly was very fond of Adelia. More than fond if he had any say. So much for having a wife.

Damon was suddenly stopped by a barrier as he tried to enter the tomb. He tried again to no avail, his hopes of talking to Katherine dashing away. She knew a lot about the Originals and maybe she would’ve enlightened him on the dagger but he had no leads now. As his latest attempt to gain entry failed, he scrolled through his contacts for Adelia.

“What has Elijah done now?” He internally mumbled as he heard the phone ring.

“Damon, how can I help you?” Adelia spoke from the other end.

“I wished to have a lovely chat with my ex but it seems the tomb is mirroring her personality,” he sweetened his words.

“And how may I help you? For the tomb, go to Elijah. You cannot enter it without an Original’s assistance,” she answered with a sigh.

“Fine. Klaus is an original isn’t he?” He asked avoiding Elijah’s name. He was certain she wouldn’t answer if his name was brought up, maybe the fondness went both ways. How interesting.

“Yeah, but why?”

“They cannot be killed?” He expected a hopeful answer even if she and Elijah repeatedly told them of the fact.

“Are you planning something?” She chuckled. “Let me crush your hopes. The Originals destroyed the weapon.”

There was a moment of silence from Damon who filtered the fact. “Cool. I will see you at dinner,” he abruptly hung up and smirked.

So there was a weapon. Or maybe there is.

“This is a bad idea,” Alaric said the first thing that came to his mind while Damon informed him of his suspicions regarding everything. Yes, that included Adelia and Elijah too.
The vampire hunter couldn’t deny the Original’s level of comfort with the witch when he was so secretive and aloof. He had seen it with his own eyes at the party and the Grill. It was subtle but it was there. Their actions were smooth and coordinated as if they were accustomed to it. A habit, acquired over time and not recently gained in a few days. Elijah was a confusing personality.

“There’s no such thing as a bad idea. Just poorly executed awesome ones and Adelia confirmed that Originals can be killed but the weapon is non-existent now. What if it’s the dagger? Here,” Damon handed Alaric a glass of scotch which he refused.

“No. I don’t like the idea of Elijah being in the same house with Jenna and you taking the ultimate risk,” the hunter doubted the success of this weird plot to kill the noble Original.

“Jenna’s perfectly safe. Besides, it’s just a fact-finding mission. It’s totally harmless,” the Salvatore assured him.

“Just a fact-finding mission?” Alaric asked with suspicion.

“Yeah.”

“Listen, no sneak attacks. No surprise plans. Nothing that’s gonna put Jenna in harm’s way. Okay?”

“Scout’s honor,” Damon humored, grabbing his shoulder when Andie walked in.

“Hey, Jenna needs help with the wine,” she informed Alaric who walked up the stairs, “Thanks”.

“Yeah,” Alaric left the room closing the door behind him.

Damon seeing his departure walked over to a small trunk and pulled out a silver dagger and white oak ash from it.

“What’s that?” Andie asked.

“Dessert,” he replied, dipping the dagger in the ash. “Elijah’s stronger than me. Faster than me. It’s all about the element of surprise.”

“Ah, it’s too bad. I like him. He’s very old-school. Classy,” she told him.

“Which is why you should encourage the gentlemen to take their drinks after dinner in here while you do coffee in the kitchen with the girls,” he informed her, placing the dagger with the glasses and the scotch, hiding it from view.

“Hmm. That is a little too sexist for me,” she quipped when Damon turned around to look at her.

“Stop talking,” he commanded and she smiled. Compulsion was a wonderful thing.

“Damon asked me again whether the Originals can be killed or not. He has something on his mind,” Adelia informed her husband, fixing his collar as his hands traced her lace covered spine slowly.

“Indeed, I have doubts regarding his purpose for hosting the event, but I shall be careful and I request you do the same,” said Elijah when his hand stopped at her waist and the other caressed her cheek.

“I will always have your back,” she agreed and kissed him.

“Good evening,” Elijah greeted as Damon opened the door to the Salvatore Boarding House for him and Adelia.
“Hello Damon,” Adelia said from beside the Original.

“You look absolutely gorgeous Adelia. Please, come in,” Damon smiled at them.

“Just one moment. Can I just say that if you have less than honorable intentions about how this evening is going to proceed, I suggest you reconsider?” the Original threatened not too subtly.

“No, nothing, nothing dishonorable. Just getting to know you.”

“Hmm. Well, that’s good,” Elijah entered the house with Adelia, “because, you know, although Elena and I have this deal, if you so much as make a move to cross me, I’ll kill you and I’ll kill everyone in this house. Are we clear?”

“Crystal,” Damon quipped when Jenna approached them.

“Jenna. Wonderful to see you again. How are you?” asked Elijah.

“Nice to see you Elijah. Hey Lia!” Jenna smiled.

“Hello Jenna,” Adelia greeted, handing her a bottle of wine.

“Oh wow,” the Sommers woman commented on reading the wine label.

“From Elijah’s collection. He covets his wines,” the witch explained and they both chuckled when John Gilbert entered.

“We haven’t met,” he looked at the pair of them.

“Adelia Laurentis. You must be John Gilbert,” she replied and his face went pale.

He knew who she was, Elijah’s wife known to every faction and loyal to no one but her husband. Kind but vicious and fierce when it came to protecting those she called family. None ever returned from her doorstep without hope.

At least Damon’s demise was guaranteed tonight. He was broken out of his thoughts by the said vampire shutting the front door.

“I hate to break it to you, Damon, but according to Elijah, your family is so not a founder of this town,” Jenna broke the ice.

“Hmm, do tell,” Damon asked, not interested at all.

“I thought everyone knew since it’s your town after all,” Adelia put in, almost disappointed.

“Well, as I mentioned to Jenna earlier, a faction of settlers migrated from Salem after the witch trials in the 1690s. Over the next hundred years, they developed this community where they could feel safe from persecution,” answered Elijah.

“Hmm. Because they were witches,” Jenna almost laughed at the notion.

“Yeah, but there’s no tangible proof there were witches in Salem,” Andie put forth her idea.

“Andie’s a journalist. Big on facts,” the Salvatore commented.

“There’s more to what meets the eye,” smiled Adelia.
I agree, the lore says that there was this wave of anti-witch hysteria. It broke out in the neighboring settlement, so these witches were rounded up. They were tied to stakes in a field together and, uh, burned. Some say you could hear the screams from miles around us. They were consumed by the fire. Could you pass the...” Elijah answered.

“I wouldn’t repeat this to the Historical Society,” offered Jenna.

“It’s starting to sound a little like a ghost story to me,” John spoke for the first time.

“Ghost story does emerge from somewhere, Mr. Gilbert. Dracula is a fine example,” Adelia raised her brow.

“Dracula exists?” The Sommers woman laughed as the vampires around them fidgeted in their seats.

“I believe they do. It must be so fascinating with their canines and eyes and—”

“—superhuman strength,” Jenna finished with a giggle.

“Exactly!” Adelia winked at her.

“You’d love Edward Cullen then.”

Elijah cleared his throat just as Damon began to cough and took a sip of water.

“Ah... the sparkling vampire. I don’t know. The sparkly thing sounds outrageous,” the heretic frowned.

“I wouldn’t know, haven’t met a vampire yet,” Jenna said with a laugh. “Your imagination knows no bounds right?”

“I believe in possessing a childlike curiosity. Keeps life interesting,” Adelia answered.

“Coming to that, why do you want to know the location of these alleged massacres?” The Salvatore asked the Original.

“You know... my wife’s ancestors were from Salem too. They migrated to New Orleans at the beginning of the 18th century. It satiates a husband and a historian’s curiosity, of course,” replied Elijah.

“People would expect their wife to accompany them to a dinner party, but you do seem to favor Adelia’s company over hers,” Andie grinned when Damon smirked as the people around them fell silent.

“Forgive us if we gave you that impression but I do have a husband, Ms. Star,” Adelia replied coyly and others stared at her in shock, “and I like to think I make for a wonderful company. Why wouldn’t Elijah ask me in Mrs. Smith’s absence? Elijah and I are very much loyal to our spouses.”

“You are married too?” Jenna coughed nervously.

“Oh... you didn’t know? I am,” the witch pointed at her left hand which had two rings. Damon recognised the middle one as betrothal ring encased with diamonds and a sapphire gem while the ring finger held a thin ring adorning the same jewels with multiple sapphires cuts. Betrothal ring clearly stated that the marriage was old, possibly before the 1900s.

Adelia looked at John over the table with a smile, “How wonderful.”
“Of course,” Damon shared a look with Alaric.

“Jonathan Gilbert got crazier and crazier. I guess that’s what happens when you spend your life obsessed with vampires,” Elena said putting the journal down to pick up another. She began to read and her brow furrowed, “He researched the Originals.”

“You’re kidding,” Stefan walked over to the couch and sat down next to her.

“Later in life, look,” she showed him the journal. “Pages and pages of questions and scribbles, cryptic prophecies, presumed resurrections,” Elena flipped through the pages and eventually stopped at one where a picture of the silver dagger has been drawn on it, “What’s that?” She and Stefan looked at each other for a moment when she started to read it aloud, “The wood from one tree and one tree alone, an ancient white oak would bring death to an Original vampire. When the tree burned, all hope was thought lost.’ He was trying to figure out how to kill an Original. ‘But the ash from the tree was saved and witches forged a dagger to which the ash could be bonded. This alchemic bond provides the necessary poison.’”

“Elena...” Stefan stood up internally relieved that the dagger would work.

“I wonder if this is true. I mean, do you think this dagger actually exists?”

“I know it does...” the vampire replied, “because John gave it to Damon.”

“John gave Damon the weapon that’s supposed to kill Elijah? This one?” Elena pointed at the dagger on the page to which Stefan nodded. “It must be brandished by humans alone, for it will bring death to all demons who wield it.”

Stefan grabbed the journal from Elena to take a look at it. He quickly pulled out his phone realizing the plot and dialed his brother, “John’s trying to get Damon killed.”

“The gentlemen should take their drinks in the study,” Andie suggested as they got up from the table.

“I have to say the food was almost as wonderful as the company,” Elijah smiled.

“I think we ladies should stay here, get to know each other. Let the men do their job,” she replied glancing over at Jenna and Adelia, who smiled reassuringly at Elijah. He nodded and followed Damon.

“Here you are, gentleman, make yourself useful. Hmm?” Jenna handed some plates to John who took it and walked off when Alaric came behind her.

“Here, here. Put me to work,” he said.

“Um, I got it,” Jenna picked up the plates and started to walk out of the room when the hunter stopped her.

“Hey, Jenna, are you... are you okay?” Alaric asked.

“Yeah, fine Ric,” she replied leaving the room and joined Adelia, sitting beside her with a huff.

“You must not skim the surface Jenna, dive deeper and you shall find the truth,” Adelia looked at her, guessing her worries.

“He is lying about everything,” she told the supposed younger woman.
“Then find the truth yourself or put your trust in him,” the witch replied.

“You are married which came as a surprise since you seem very young but what will you do if your husband lied to you?”

“He would never lie to me. We are beyond that ‘lie to protect’ phase for it is abysmal. He knows and grants me the knowledge before I ask for it. He trusts me to understand him and expects the same of me,” she told Jenna, squeezing her hand.

“So I should trust him?” She asked.

“Trust goes both ways, Jenna,” Adelia smiled at Jenna, who looked thoughtful.

Klaus entered a store hurriedly as other patrons moved aside to let him watch the display case. His eyes caught a pair of silver cuff-links and he huffed a breath looking up at the attendant.

“That one,” the vampire pointed at it. He couldn’t even remember the last time he had gifted his brother anything. It was always Elijah giving things to appease him. But then he had made his mind to confront his brother once again. A delightful gift might soften up the blow.

“Those are limited edition pairs, sir,” the attendant replied.

Klaus looked into the woman’s eyes, “If I want them for my brother, then he shall have it anyhow. Wrap it up,” he smiled, “and put a cute little bow on top. Elijah might appreciate the extra effort.” The compelled woman nodded and went away with the piece.

The Original ventured around the store waiting for the wrapped case when a shining hairpin glinted in the sunlight. Walking closer to the piece, he observed it from all angles. It was beautiful and she always had an affinity for hairpins.

“How may I help you?” The woman standing there asked.

“Are those diamonds?” He inquired.

“Diamonds and rose gold.”

“I want that beautifully wrapped. Forget the bow,” he ordered.

“People do not go for hairpins these days,” she smiled, bringing the pin out of the case.

“She has a thing for pins. Her collection consists of more than hundreds but it never suffices,” he informed, throwing flirtatious glances at the young woman.

“Your lady is quite lucky then,” the attendant giggled.

Klaus narrowed his eyes, “Not my lady but my brother’s.”

The woman’s eyes widened in realization, “Oh. Oh, I get that.”

“No, you don’t,” he rolled his eyes. “My only sister-in-law. I like to think she’s the reason my elder brother hasn’t plotted my demise yet. Definitely grateful.”

The attendant frowned in confusion. “I still don’t think I get it.”

“And you won’t. Our family is very complicated but I have made it quite simple. Only one breathing
sibling and his persistent wife.”

“Uhh...”

Klaus wolfishly grinned at her speechless state. As he left the store a minute later with two boxes in his possession, the Original saw a florist on the way and his feet reluctantly stopped. He was not the one to do these kind of things but for the sake of his brother and his unapologetic friend, he would.

He still heard whispers of them visiting around the world asking people, looking for answers. Maybe he couldn’t imagine what they were going through but he had been a witness to the devastation their life led them to and a part of his heart ached for the pain his brother hid everyday.

The Original exhaled ordering a bouquet as he drummed his fingers on the desk. He would call his brother and visit her. She also deserved a little remembrance from time to time after all, if not for family then for Elijah.

January 1860

“Your father sent a letter for you,” Sharel gave the envelope to her granddaughter as they all lounged in the parlor for tea.

Adelia placed down her cup to tear open the envelope and started reading it. “Father says he shall be back by next month. He has found a good horse who he thinks is very charming, but the horse refuses to rein itself down to consider coming with him. Rafael has tried feeding him but he says it is too much of a hope,” she chuckled as the Mikaelsons appeared amused. “I should write to him immediately. Father asked if I prefer an aristocratic horse.”

“Oh dear lord, any horse is fine,” the Beauchêne witch waved it away.

“Hmm, father shall see to it,” she stood up, folding the letter.

“I presume Arnold referred to a suitor when he mentioned horse,” Elijah inquired as he watched her leave the room for the library.

“You son has high hopes Sharel,” Klaus laughed.

“I fear he shall not rest until he finds an appropriate horse for his daughter,” she stated rolling her eyes, “pardon me, a suitor.”

A/N: I had to divide the chapter into two parts as it was becoming quite long. But the next part will be up soon!
So will Elijah get daggered? *evil grin*

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

a n d

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”
Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
“Sorry, guys, dessert is taking longer than I thought. I usually just unwrap food,” Jenna said, pouring coffee for Adelia and John when Elijah and Andie walked in.

“Would you like some help?” Adelia offered, putting down her cup.

“No no, I’ll be back in a minute,” the strawberry blonde woman stopped her.

“So... I know this is a social thing, but I... I would really love to ask you some more questions about the work that you’re doing here,” hesitated Andie.

“I’d love to answer,” smiled Elijah.

“Make sure to ask the difficult ones, they happen to amuse our historian,” Adelia chuckled, sharing a look with her husband.

“Great, that’s so great,” Andie perked up as Damon and Alaric entered the room. The former sat down glaring across the table at John. “Ric, would you do me a favor and grab the notebook out of my bag?,” she requested and Alaric walked over to her bag.

“Elijah, did John tell you he’s Elena’s uncle-slash-father?” quipped Damon.

“Yes, I’m well aware of that.”

“Of course, she hates him, so there’s absolutely no need to keep him on the endangered species list,” the Salvatore looked at him.

“You’re the one to say. Family is sacred. Mr. Gilbert is here for his daughter and that is enough of a reason to grant him a spot on that list, above yours ironically,” Adelia grinned as Damon’s mood visibly diminished.

“No Ric, it’s in the front pocket. On the... you know what? Excuse me, guys. Sorry,” Andie hollered and got up to help Ric find her notebook.

“What I’d like to know, Elijah, is how do you intend on killing Klaus?” John asked.

“Killing Klaus? We were not aware of that aspect,” Adelia’s eyebrow rose. “We’re saving your daughter, killing him is not our intention. Neither Elijah nor myself harbor any desire to get on his bad side when he’s been known to hold a grudge for centuries.”
“Gentlemen, there’s a few things we should probably get clear right now. I allow you to live solely to keep an eye on Elena. I allow Elena to remain in her house living her life with her friends as she does as a courtesy. If you become a liability, I’ll take her away from you and you’ll never see her again,” Elijah informed them.

Adelia’s phone beeped with an unknown message and she opened it only for a frown to appear on her face.

From: unknown

I hope you still prefer diamonds.

Andie came back with her notebook and sat down while the witch contemplated the identity of the sender.

“Okay. My first question is when you got here to Mystic…” the reporter started when a glint of the hunter’s reflection appeared over her phone screen, threateningly close to Elijah and the Laurentis heir immediately acted.

Adelia instantly caught Alaric’s hand midair before getting up to dislocate his limb with a jolt, crushing his wrist with a snap and threw him on the floor without a care.

All attention turned to them and everyone at the table got up in shock at such actions happening so rapidly. Seeing a dagger in Alaric’s possession, she stepped over his palm digging the pointed heel into his knuckles as it broke with a resounding echo and the hunter shouted in pain.

Damon rushed at her and Elijah slammed his head on the table holding it there before he compelled Andie to forget and leave. John retook his seat gulping when Jenna entered hearing the ruckus but dropped over the floor being put to sleep by the witch.

“We have a problem, don’t we?” Adelia gave the dagger to her husband who pocketed it nodding impassively while she dialed Stefan. “Hello Stefan, my humblest greetings to you.” She waved her hand and Damon got pinned over the adjacent wall screaming.

“Adelia?” Stefan frowned.

“Please arrive home as soon as possible or I can use the same dagger to slice off your brother’s head and you have certainly seen my handiwork with the wolf, haven’t you? He wouldn’t survive,” the witch said over the phone as silence ensued over the other end. “It seems like you have made a big mistake and now someone is going to pay for it.”

“What is happening?” The younger Salvatore asked fearfully listening to his brother’s screams.

“Let’s talk in person, I do appreciate a good company. I have Alaric and Damon here, the culprits. John’s fate we’ve yet to decide. Come soon,” she ended the call looking at Elijah.

“I presume we are thinking the same?” Elijah asked. “I should inform the Martins of the recent developments,” he said and left the room to make the phone call.

“So John? You know me, don’t you?” She asked the doppelganger’s father when he nodded making her smile. “Good, sit tight and enjoy the ride.”

Elijah returned with a drink and handed it to her who gulped it down in one go as they waited for Stefan and Elena to arrive.
After what felt like an hour, the duo ran inside the Boarding House to see Damon pinned on a wall, his appearance veiny and red. Alaric and Jenna slumped on the floor and a couch respectively, the former’s hand bent at an odd angle tears flowing down his cheeks and John seated silently at the table looking absolutely nervous. They noticed Adelia and Elijah reading in chairs like the people around them weren’t being tormented.

“What have you done to them?!” Elena rushed towards her aunt.

“The collection is quite good, Elijah,” she gestured at the book before turning to look at the doppelganger. “Nothing much. Alaric’s injury wouldn’t affect him as long as I want him conscious and Jenna is under a sleeping spell. I prefer to have an audience, but since your aunt is not aware of the supernatural I decided to keep her out of it. Hurting innocents is not my forte,” the witch replied putting down her book and eyed Stefan as his blood started heating up, sweat dribbling down his face.

“Rectify the situation soon, Klaus isn’t that understanding of other people’s knowledge,” Elijah added, turning over a page.

“Why are you doing this?” Stefan asked panting.

Adelia walked towards Alaric, “I apologize Mr. Saltzman,” she pointed to his Gilbert ring, “It is quite handy to have things like that in your possession, dark magic at its finest. Temporary reprieve to the Other Side but I wouldn’t misuse it if I were you, you never know what you might encounter there.”

“I had no idea they were going to do this,” said Elena, getting up from beside her aunt.

“You didn’t stop them either, did you?” Elijah got up, giving her a look, “I know when you lie Elena.” She glanced away avoiding his stare.

Suddenly Alaric got up and shot a wooden stake towards Adelia with his other hand. Elijah immediately fleeted over to his wife catching the stake in motion. She sighed while Elijah’s eyes blazed with fury. He instantly went behind the hunter and snapped his neck horrifying everyone as Alaric’s body fell to the floor motionless.

“I have killed everyone who dared even giving her a sliver of pain. Alaric should consider himself fortunate, for the ring of course,” the Original stated.

“You have the audacity to threaten her in my presence, Damon? Threaten me?” Elijah glared walking towards the pinned vampire. “Don’t you ever learn?” He plunged his hand into the vampire’s chest gripping his heart as everybody’s eyes turned wide.

Blood gurgled out the Salvatore’s mouth as he struggled against the magic. Stefan tried getting up but found himself in a similar situation and looked towards the heretic who was drumming her fingers on the table impassively.

“Give me a reason to even consider sparing your life Mr. Salvatore,” the Original tugged his hand lightly and Damon flinched. “You have challenged me at every turn and I let it go for your sake but threatening Adelia is what I consider unforgivable.”

“Who is she to you?” Stefan groaned.
“Darling!” Elijah looked towards his wife. “What do you say? Should I do the honors?”

Adelia dragged a chair from the dining table in the middle of the room, the sound of the chair legs screeching against the wooden floor rousing the tension even more as everyone processed the endearment. She sat, her leg crossed over another.

“For what dear? Killing him or reintroducing yours truly,” the witch smiled tilting her head.

“Whatever shall appease you,” the oldest vampire hummed.

“Unfortunately, we must stick to the plan. I’d gladly see him dead some other day. For now, he must live,” Adelia declared and Elijah immediately retreated his hand from Damon’s chest cavity who turned to breathe heavily.

“As per your wish, my beloved wife,” Elijah smiled cleaning his hand with a handkerchief and quietly went to stand behind her.

“Wife?” Stefan frowned.

“I wasn’t planning the revelation anytime soon but you have taken it too far and must know who you’re dealing with,” she glanced at John who was strung up with fear. “Would you like to add something?”

“John, this is not the time for a joke,” Damon gritted his teeth in anger and pain when the older Gilbert remained silent.

“She is his wife,” he muttered fearfully but did not let the fear seep into his features.

“What?” The elder Salvatore frowned.

“Adelia is my wife,” Elijah stated loud and clear. Everything came to a standstill as everyone heard it. The declaration they had not expected and never the relationship.

“You lied to us,” accused the younger Salvatore. How could they have missed such an important detail? Everything fell into place. Adelia’s arrival consequently to Elijah’s, her knowledge of the Originals, her easy rapport with the vampire. Elijah’s strange affection for the witch hinted by Damon, their easiness around each other and foremost of all, Adelia’s willingness to help them. They should’ve been more careful.

“We never did. We answered every question of yours with utmost honesty, you just didn’t ask the right ones,” answered the witch.

“That is still a lie Adelia,” the doppelganger continued. “Is that even your real name?”

“Omission is not a lie, it’s a matter of perspective and Laurentis is Adelia’s maiden name, something that rightfully belongs to her,” smiled Elijah.

“And our perspective was quite different than yours. The deal is off since you tried to dagger my husband and the wooden stake would have been nothing but a waste of time,” Adelia replied and the Salvatores’ frowned in confusion.

“He was trying to kill Elena,” John spoke.

“And you’re being mistakenly led on by facts that are not even true. Sorry for the inconvenience of Katherine, I prefer keeping risks to a minimum. The variables were too fidgety,” the witch said.
“And even if Elijah wasn’t my husband, I would’ve intervened. You never break your word. And you all did and now you’ve lost my respect. The deal is obviously off,” she said, silently analyzing them.

“Elijah’s deal with her is in question, but yours isn’t,” Stefan tried.

“Adelia never made promises. She helped you all because I wanted her to,” smirked Elijah.

“And I was willing to do that graciously until you tried to kill Elijah. Alaric would agree with me in his current predicament,” said Adelia sparing a glance at the dead hunter.

“Please stop this,” Elena requested.

“I will let you all suffer a bit more. You will also learn that your actions might have certain consequences. So much for a deal in protection,” she replied when Elijah’s phone suddenly started ringing. He took out his phone and glanced at the unknown number before answering it.

“Elijah,” the voice on the other end spoke before he could answer. Both him and Adelia stiffened, their gazes immediately meeting. The other occupants in the room fell silent seeing the tension in the air as the Salvatore brothers tried to listen to the conversation. “What do I hear about you looking for me?”

The Original without a word handed the phone over to his wife who took it reluctantly. He got settled in a chair helping himself with a drink as he stared unfazed at Adelia. The tumbler wasn’t enough, maybe he needed the entire bottle now.

Adelia brought the phone to her ear and took a deep breath. “Klaus.”

Every person in the room froze at the name, their eyes going wide.

“Love, how are you? Elijah is speechless, isn’t he?” Klaus said with apparent glee in his voice.

Adelia stared at her husband who nodded before he gulped down the drink and a smile took over his face.

“We have the moonstone,” the vampire-witch stated looking at her companions whose face turned into one of shock.

“What did you say?” He sounded angry and she could understand why.

“We have the moonstone Niklaus,” she repeated firmly. “We have Katerina and a certain Stefan Salvatore. You do remember him, don’t you?” Every person except Elijah seemed confused at the mention of Stefan. The man himself furrowed his brows in thought unable to make out the reason.

“I will end Elijah if you are lying, love.”

“You touch Elijah and you will find the moonstone at the bottom of a sea. Sounds familiar?” Adelia’s eyes twinkled in amusement and Elijah grinned, clearly remembering his last encounter with Klaus. “We have another doppelganger too,” she finished and Elena looked terrified.

“What do you want?” Klaus questioned after a moment.

“Why don’t we have the discussion somewhere else, Klaus? You need us more than we need you,” she told him as Elijah looked at his watch and shot her a look.

“You are still same as ever. So diplomatic... where are you?” He questioned after a moment.
“Come and find us.”

“Diamonds. I hope you are wearing one right now,” he humored.

A speechless Adelia gulped as she was hit by a sudden realization. “We’ll be waiting,” she ended the call before he could say anything.

“They shouldn’t have done what they did. Please, Elijah,” Elena realized the gravity of the situation. Klaus knew about her. They needed the Original’s help and Adelia’s.

“The deal is off,” the Original reinstated.

“I’m renegotiating,” fought back Elena.

“You have nothing left to negotiate with,” Elijah smiled, amused as the doppelganger looked at him and his wife and extracted a knife from Alaric’s jacket.

“I’d like to see you lure Klaus into Mystic Falls after the doppelgänger bleeds to death,” she said fiercely.

“He is coming, either way, darling. We won’t look for him anymore, he’ll come to us. We have to thank the moonstone for that,” the witch informed them.

“The artifact, it was the moonstone,” realized Damon.

“Not quite but nothing I said was ever a lie. If you wanted to look further then you would have found the truth.”

“Indeed. The Salvatores won’t let you die,” Elijah reaffirmed.

“No, they won’t. Stefan will feed me his blood to heal me, and then I’ll kill myself and become a vampire, just like Katherine did. So unless you want that to happen again, promise me the same as before...promise me... you won’t harm anyone that I love. Even if they’ve harmed you,” initiated Elena.

“You don’t learn, do you? They tried daggering my husband and I should let that go even if they’ve harmed him? And you expect no retaliation, how unfair,” the witch hummed. “Even if I have to make an enemy of Klaus to protect Elijah, I will. Doppelgänger blood or not, I will kill you myself,” Adelia’s eyes spoke volumes and the Original smiled at his wife’s words. Her devotion and loyalty to him never failed to surprise him even after all these years.

“You heard Adelia. I’m sorry, Elena. I’m going to have to call your bluff,” Elijah said.

Elena looked at others and stabbed herself all of a sudden and fell down. All the onlookers looked shocked while Elijah’s impassive demeanor didn’t falter as her hand grabbed his signaling her intent.

“Quite an extraordinary show and we have a good view too. Darling, you do remember those plays we attended, don’t you?” Adelia asked her husband.

“I do dear. I remember that memorable one in... Moscow, was it?” Elijah replied drumming his fingers against the headrest of the chair his wife vacated.

“My favorite. The difference? This protagonist has real blood all over her with a bout of martyrdom running in her veins and is under a psychological delusion that this noble act will convince us to
pardon every crime her loved ones have committed against us,” the witch smiled pacing in front of the doppelganger.

“Heal her. She’s going to die!!” Damon shouted at them.

“You said you’d protect her, please,” Stefan almost begged, watching the love of his life gasping in pain.
“I said I’d protect her when others would harm her, nothing of her fascinating suicide attempt. And I know Elijah... he said he’d protect her loved ones and he would save her after Klaus arrives in town, nothing of before,” she replied.

“Indeed. You know me quite well,” the Original smiled at her.

“144 years Elijah, give me some credit,” the witch rolled her eyes.

“Please, Adelia save my daughter! I beg you,” John got up from his chair.

“I appreciate the concern of a father John and I do understand it, but it’s time the people here learn that they shouldn’t cross us. I promise to heal her of course, don’t you worry,” she told him taking a glass from the table and walked over to Stefan and cut his forearm collecting his blood in it. She made her way over to Elena and kneeled down trying to get her to drink the blood which the doppelganger refused.

“Please Elena, drink it,” Stefan requested his girlfriend.

“Why are you being so damn stubborn?! Take it!” Damon ordered, enraged.

“No! Promise me and I’ll drink it,” Elena looked at Adelia.

The witch sighed, “I’ll keep the blood here. Drink when you wish for it,” she got up. “On a second note, this doesn’t belong to you.” Adelia touched the necklace around the doppelganger’s neck and suppressed the hiss that followed after touching the vervain tainted locket.

Elena’s bloody hand took the necklace away from the witch’s reach. “What do you mean? Stefan gave it to me. You will not touch it.”

“Then Mr. Salvatore should know to not start declarations of love on other people’s belongings,” Elijah stated looking down at the doppelganger.

“It is mine!” The Gilbert girl shouted.

“No, it is not,” Adelia cooed and the necklace immediately settled in her hand from the doppelganger’s neck. “This belongs to the Original family, an heirloom if you’d say. I will return it to the rightful owner.”

A tear slipped down Elena’s chin already missing the first gift Stefan had given her.

“Now. Drink sweetheart,” the witch pushed the glass of blood to the doppelganger.

“I will kill myself after drinking the blood,” the girl on the floor cried out.

“You are overestimating your importance, Ms. Gilbert. I see no value for another life who conspired to dagger me,” Elijah told her, a tired breath escaping his mouth over the doppelganger’s stubbornness.

“Elena, take the blood,” John kneeled next to her trying to get her to accept the glass.
“It’s your choice now. Drink and heal or drink and die, but know that I will gladly put you in the same tomb as Katerina. Klaus would love painting the town red,” the witch reaffirmed.

“Ms. Gilbert, do not waste our time. Make a decision. My wife and I treasure time to the seconds,” Elijah said.

“You would still help us?” Stefan questioned.

“You didn’t even consider knowing the entire truth. I had a way of saving Elena and my wife has an extreme knowledge of witchcraft, we would’ve saved her but you went against us. From now on we are implementing our own methods, we will leave tonight and negotiate directly with Klaus. Protecting the doppelganger is no longer a concern of mine since you lot do a fine job yourselves,” reiterated the Original.

“Klaus will definitely come and some ragtag group of people wouldn’t be able to stop him. You can find a way of saving Elena yourself. Do right by Jenna, she doesn’t deserve this. We very much appreciated the help from you all. Thank you for the moonstone,” Adelia told them grimly and then snapped the Salvatores’ necks with a wave of her hand. She spared the breathing occupants a glance before she walked out of the door with Elijah.

Klaus sat down on the bed with a huff, the two gift boxes over the nightstand. He wondered how much they have changed since he last saw them. Maybe a lot, but then maybe a little.

He pulled open the drawer and took the frame out, the crease in the middle not bothering him anymore. He looked at the two of them and a sigh escaped his mouth, not of annoyance but one of relief. They said they had the moonstone, Katerina and another doppelgänger but it was impossible. But they wouldn’t lie to him and Elijah would never.

The Original laid down on his bed, everything coming to overwhelm him. But he ignored it in favor of believing the pair occupying the frame sitting over his chest. Turning over the frame so he could see them, he internally questioned whether they would forgive him.

Elijah was a master of forgiveness and he knew it better than anyone else but Adelia... she forgave but never forgot. He could still recount every incident where she admonished him for his behavior much to Elijah and his displeasure and he accepted it all—he may or may not have been thinking about his art while she continued berating him. He concluded he’ll have to work extra hard to earn her forgiveness, more so than Elijah’s.

But he was not the one who asked for forgiveness. It shouldn’t matter to him whether they forgave him or not but he wanted them to. He missed talking to them.

This time when his head hit the pillow, Klaus glanced over to the frame over the nightstand and after a moment of hesitation, he didn’t switch off the lamp. The couple smiled at each other in the frame, the love intact but the peace still missing.

“We never expected this. We failed. The deal is off, the only person who could have saved us from Klaus is not helping us anymore. Adelia was his wife all along. What should we do?” Elena said after being healed by Stefan following the Original’s departure.

“Katherine could’ve given us information, but Adelia has made sure we cannot approach her,” Stefan answered.

“Mr. & Mrs. Smith played us all along,” Damon commented downing a glass of bourbon offering
one to a healed Alaric.

“*My wife chooses her battles wisely,*” Alaric recalled the Original’s words from their first encounter just as John entered after he dropped Jenna back at the Gilbert House.

“I am sparing you tonight John because I am tired and aching all over,” Damon told him taking another swig from the bottle, “but you will die.”

“I did not know her identity until she introduced herself this evening,” John started. “*Adelia Laurentis, the honorable Original’s wife is respected by every supernatural faction because of her impartial nature to demonstrate kindness to anybody who is in need of it. True to her word much like Elijah, she is said to be extremely loyal to the Originals. Benignity and viciousness wrapped in one when it comes to them and her husband. Rumors have it that she is an Original herself, no weapon wielded by others bring her harm. She is Elijah’s anchor to his immortal life.*”

“And Elijah still killed me for attempting to stake his supposedly immortal wife,” Alaric groaned.

“Good to know we are dealing with an immortal witch and unkillable Originals,” seethed Damon.

“*Adelia comes from the powerful Beauchene and Fleureau line and she is the last of her family. She is said to channel the most powerful witch who exists in neither planes or realms,*” John added.

“How do you know this?” Elena asked.

“People talk. The Originals are infamous.”

“*Adelia is now on Klaus’ side, the most powerful you said,*” Stefan added.

“*More powerful than the witch who made the Originals. Adelia channels that witch. They guard their secrets with their life.*”

“We are dead,” Damon stated, a grim expression on his face.

“We have the moonstone so you shouldn’t worry Elijah. Klaus knows and he will come to us,” Adelia assured Elijah as they sat in the backseat of the car.

“I don’t doubt you, Adelia. We could have saved Elena but they refused our help,” he said, running a hand through his hair worriedly.

“We tried,” she told him taking his hand in hers when Elijah looked at his wife.

“And if your suspicions are correct? Niklaus will grow more agitated than before and this time we know there would be no doppelgangers. I would do anything for him and you know it.”

“Those are just assumptions Elijah but there is always a possibility for anything. Knowing the extents to which the curse was created, we shouldn’t take the risks,” Adelia patted his thigh in assurance.

“He indicated so in our last encounter, my love. He wanted the Original witch to get it done his way and purge the kind he considered abominations,” the Original kissed her hand. “If having another family outside us grants him happiness, then I shall leave him alone.”

“You wouldn’t. You say that, but you worry about him. Give him time, Niklaus needs to realize it by himself,” the witch smiled at him and looked outside. “Where are we headed?”

“Cloverville. We haven’t visited her this month,” Elijah answered drawing her closer to himself. She
Elijah trekked along the gardens of the Laurentis residence enjoying the brief appearance of winter sun. Oh, how thankful he was for his daylight ring that he could still enjoy the little pleasures life gave him. He stopped in his tracks listening to the swishing of fabric against the grass.

He peeked sideways to notice Adelia crouching over a plant muttering a spell that immediately revived it. He smiled at such an innocent and generous act and decided to watch her. She went on to every wilted plant and brought it back to life. Her smile was contagious.

Suddenly the spell didn’t work anymore as she tried to get a flower to bloom. Her demeanor visibly faltered as she stood up and Elijah realized her magic must have depleted. Seeing her this sad tugged at his heart and he made his presence known by clearing his throat.

She whipped around surprised at his entrance as her heart rate picked up which he definitely heard and internally grinned.

“You seemed to have encountered a problem,” he said.

“That I have,” she dejectedly agreed looking back at the flower.

“May I be of any assistance Miss Laurentis,” he offered walking closer to her.

“Adelia and no, I do not think so.”

Elijah looked thoughtfully at her and held out his hand making her confused.

“I am a vampire, an eternal source of magic,” Elijah stated and unfurled his fingers for her to take.

“Please.”

“It will hurt you,” she told him, ignoring his extended hand.

“I am an Original. I can endure a bit of pain,” he smiled. Adelia seemed unsure and hesitantly grabbed his fingers touching them with her own and his smile widened even more. She turned her attention towards the flower and started siphoning off the Original.

Elijah gasped as he felt the nerves in his body being pulled at repeatedly and saw her fingers glowing red where it touched his. It was strange and hurt at first, but it was fascinating. He had never seen something like this in his lifetime. His fingers automatically clutched hers seeing the rose bloom and the witch stopped siphoning.

Adelia grinned and turned towards Elijah to find him looking at her. Her breath hitched noticing the closeness and felt the roughness of his fingers enclosing her nimble digits. The witch abruptly pulled her hand away, avoiding his intense gaze.

“Thank you,” she mumbled.

Elijah tucked a lock of hair behind her ear caressing her cheekbones with his knuckles causing her to shiver in anticipation. “You look positively radiant with your hair down Adelia,” he whispered into her ear. He picked up her discarded shawl and draped it around her. “Your grandmother is looking for you.”
As if breaking out of a daze, Adelia stepped back from his hold, clutching the shawl tighter around her. She turned on her heels and began to walk away when halfway she looked back at him before picking up the pace and soon disappeared out of sight.

He stared at her retreating figure and continued his trek around the revived parts of the garden when a grin broke out on the Original’s face.

Their feet stopped in front of the entrance to the Laurentis House. Elijah clutched Adelia’s fingers, a bouquet of fuchsia entangled in zinnia in her possession. It was almost dawn and the rosemary blooms in the Original’s hands turned alight with various shades of the rising sun. She traced the engraved stone beside the main gate indicating the residence of a long gone family.

Her finger caught a curve of a letter immediately making it bleed as a trail of blood flowed down the stone into the ground. The sapphires in their wedding rings started glowing when the iron gates screeched against the ground as it opened a notch. Elijah pushed the gates and walked inside with Adelia by his side.

The house stood in front of them still in its glory for Adelia couldn’t let the house she grew up in falling apart in debris.

Taking an offbeat route along the barren land which used to flourish with greenery once, the pair walked behind the house as the lake appeared in front of them. Their feet descended upon a cobblestone pathway towards the destination when the Original suddenly stopped.

Adelia halted and turned her attention to where Elijah was looking and found a bouquet on a bench. Her breath hitched and she immediately looked at Elijah who caressed her knuckles reassuring her before looking around.

“He was here,” Elijah repeated what they had been thinking.

“Daisy and Hawthorn, he always got them for her,” mumbled Adelia.

“Klaus is not far then. He will come to us.”

“I don’t know. She must be waiting for me,” she impassively replied and continued walking away from him when Elijah looked down at his feet and followed after her.

The sun came above the horizon as the lake shimmered in the hues of golden sunlight.

A/N: Hints to Adelia and Elijah’s past slowly resurfacing!

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
“It is drizzling,” her voice came from behind him and he turned to look at Adelia holding an umbrella.

“I believe this is the most interesting thing to happen today,” Elijah replied as she walked towards him taking him under the shade.

“I did catch a glimpse of Klaus storming off,” she humored as they started walking along the garden.

“I would not exactly commend him for his patience,” his lips twitched when she glanced at him.

“Or people skills,” added Adelia as she tucked a piece of hair behind her ear. He chuckled and heard the footsteps of a chaperone behind them. The witch smirked and nodded at her escort who immediately left them alone.

Elijah cleared his throat and smiled. “Should I expect this every time I am to speak to you?” he asked as they trudged beside the lake.

“I never considered myself to be that exclusive.”

“I am leaning more towards delightfully sophisticated,” he looked at her and then at the umbrella. “Let me.”

Free of holding the umbrella she answered, avoiding his gaze, “I am just nineteen. You might be expecting too much of me.”

“I understand the expectations weighing you Adelia,” they stared at the winter lake in silence.

“You misunderstand me, Mr. Mikaelson. I am not afraid of failures,” she said and Elijah listened intently.

“That is a very brave thing to say.”

“Am I to suddenly presume you do not think of me as brave?” She smiled.

“I am sure your governesses found you daring.”

“And insolent at times,” she replied, making him look at her when she immediately added,
“hypothetically speaking of course.”

“Of course,” Elijah smirked at her words and they fell into silence. “The lake is beautiful.”

“It is certainly peaceful,” Adelia said crouching down on the steps to touch the water, creating ripples on the surface.

“What is peace to you Miss Laurentis?” He asked, unsure of the answer himself. She looked up at him with a twinkle in her eye and patted the space beside her. The Original eyed the wet marble stair and hesitated.

“Coming home is peace, Elijah,” she finally answered, looking out at the lake as he remained silent, turning his attention from the beautiful woman towards the lake ahead.

Elijah felt his heart flutter as the winter rain picked up around them. He sat down next to her holding the umbrella over them, when he stole another glance at Adelia’s serene form and finally breathed.

Adelia stirred awake not finding Elijah’s presence behind her and squinted her eyes open to see it was after 2 a.m. on the clock placed over the nightstand. She turned around and confirmed her suspicions and got up throwing off the comforter.

Slipping on the shawl kept at the settee, she found him standing on the bedroom balcony with a drink. Grabbing the whiskey tumbler from his hand, she kept it over the wooden ledge of the balcony.

“You are awake,” Elijah looked at her.

“You left the doors open,” she wrapped the shawl tighter around her.

“I apologize,” he said, kissing her palm softly.

“What is troubling you?” She caressed his face with her other hand.

“Are we making a mistake? By helping Klaus?” He voiced his suspicions.

“Why would you think so?”

“You know the consequences of breaking the curse. We can still get them back if he is eliminated,” he admitted knowing she would never judge him.

“Mm-Hmm. And?” She urged him to continue.

“It’s easier. He won’t be a threat to any of us then,” said Elijah.

“You want to kill Klaus,” she inferred.

“Maybe. Maybe not,” he glanced at her to find her staring at nowhere.

“You won’t be able to do it. You love him even after he has taken so much from us,” Adelia told her husband.

“Then provide me with the motivation to carry it out,” he requested her immediately.

“You know I won’t,” she informed him, looking in the eye. “I love him as much as you do. He has wronged our family, but he has protected them too. It is his way and you are familiar with it Elijah.”
“I won’t lie to assure you that I am not conflicted.”

“I understand. We will negotiate their release and help him. You wouldn’t be able to live with yourself if you were to become the cause of his fall,” she pecked him on his lips.

“And if he disagrees?” He pulled away from her to caress her collarbone.

“We have the one thing that binds the curse. He will agree,” she reassured while handing him the glass to drink. He took it from her and smiled. The pair enjoyed the silence when she returned his smile with one of her own.

“Thank you for coming,” Stefan started.

“I didn’t want to but my son made a case to hear you out,” Jonas replied as he joined the vampire and Bonnie at the Mystic Grill at the request of Luka.

“Bonnie said that you wanted to talk,” chimed the younger Martin as Stefan looked at Bonnie.

“Elijah and Adelia are gone. I’m sorry,” Stefan said and Jonas started to get up, but the vampire grabbed his shoulder. “Hear me out. We can help you.”

“You’d be a fool to think they have truly left,” Jonas humored.

“We know that Klaus has your daughter. I’m sorry about the way I had to get that information, but it’s good that we know. We can all work together to get her back,” Bonnie proposed speaking for the first time since their arrival.

“How?” Luka asked curiously.

“We will get her back without your help. Elijah never breaks his word,” the Martin patriarch told them.

“I suspect that you and Elijah had a plan to save Elena without killing Klaus. If he’s alive then your daughter would never be free of him. With your involvement, he might try taking Luka too. Help us kill Klaus. You can trust us. I give you my word. We all do,” the younger Salvatore stated throwing the Martins into contemplation.

“What you up to?” Stefan asked his brother seeing him organize journals.

“None of your business,” Damon replied.

“Are those the Gilbert journals?” He asked. Getting no answer, the younger brother sighed, “How am I supposed to help you if you won’t tell me what you’re up to?”

“Can you tell me where a bunch of witches was massacred in this town a couple centuries ago?”

“No.”

“Then you can’t help,” the elder Salvatore stated.

“When a witch dies violently, they release a mystical energy marking the place of their death with power,” proposed Stefan.

“Elijah wanted to know the site of the massacre,” Damon informed his brother.
“What was he going to do when he found it?” The younger one asked.

“I don’t know. What did papa witch and baby witch have to say?”

“Nothing we don’t already know. Elijah only wanted their help with the moonstone. Every other thing, he kept between himself and Adelia,” sighed Stefan.

“The power, you get from a spot marked with a hundred dead witches? If they wanted to help Klaus with the curse then they would need it,” Damon realized with a grim expression.

“We just need to find it before they do.”

“But what if they can find the burial ground?” Luka ascertained his doubts.

“They won’t. We tried Luka, for weeks,” Jonas reassured his son.

“We don’t have a backup plan, though, dad, and we need to be doing everything we can to save Greta.”

“We will save her but Elijah is not the answer and neither is Stefan or his brother. Those people, they’re our enemies. They need to be dealt with and they were right. If Klaus is alive then why would he let her go?”

“What are you going to do?” The young warlock asked his father.

“Anything to save Greta,” the Martin patriarch determinedly said.

“Stefan’s brother?” Luka asked the vampire after he opened the door.

“I want to talk to your daddy, kid,” Damon said, nodding in confirmation when Jonas arrived.

“What is it?” The elder warlock asked with hostility.

“Invite me in? I have something that we can help each other with,” the vampire replied, showing him the journal.

“I have no desire to help you. Luka, go to your room.”

“Don’t you want to get your daughter back?” The Salvatore questioned after the son left them alone.

“I am trusting Elijah on this,” he lied.

“So you’re not gonna help us?” Damon pursed his mouth.

“No.”

“That makes you the enemy. I can’t have any more on the growing list. Watch your back and your pathetic child’s,” he sneered.

The warlock’s anger grew when the vampire in front of him threatened his son and started giving him aneurisms. “I’ve had enough of you creatures,” he seethed with rage and started pulling out Damon’s heart with his magic when Stefan arrived horrified at the sight.

The younger Salvatore took a potted plant near his feet and shot it at the witch breaking his concentration. Jonas fell down from the impact and looked at the two with disgust before flicking his
wrist to snap their necks.

Luka emerged from his room hearing the commotion when he saw his father in a hurry. “Dad?” He called out.

Jonas turned towards his son, “I will get your sister back. Stay inside,” he instructed before stepping over the vampires and with a last glance at Luka, he left the apartment.

“Thank God,” Bonnie said as soon as Stefan and Elena entered the house. She sighed in relief seeing her friend safe after the commotion at the Grill with the Martin patriarch. They all narrowly escaped and the warlock was nowhere to be found.

“It’s not over yet,” Elena sounded tired.

“What’s going on?” Jeremy asked his sister.

“He’ll explain,” she motioned towards the vampire before going upstairs.

“When did you guys get home?” Stefan asked the occupants.

“A few minutes ago,” the witch answered.

“Did you check the house?”

“And why would we check the house?” The Gilbert boy frowned when a few seconds later a thud echoed from upstairs. Stefan’s eyes widened and he rushed towards it followed by Bonnie. They reached to find Damon standing over Jonas’ body.

“You didn’t have to kill him!” Bonnie exclaimed, moving towards the warlock’s body.

“Yes, we did,” the elder Salvatore pointed out. The witch went to close his eyes, but Jonas suddenly got up and grabbed her face making her scream. Stefan went into action and immediately snapped his neck when the lights overhead them started flickering.

“What’s happening?” Stefan asked.

“When he grabbed me… he gave me my powers back and something else. Jonas wants me to kill Klaus,” the Bennett witch mumbled.

“And did he include a how?” prodded Damon.

“Yes. He did.”

“Papa witch is here. Where is the son?”

Luka sat horrified as the locator spell gave no results when it had been working fine just moments earlier. He knew his father wouldn’t cloak himself when the Bennett witch didn’t have her powers anymore.

His eyes brimmed with tears when he could think of the only reason the spell failed. With hesitant fingers, he took out his phone from the pocket and dialed the person who had promised help and wouldn’t turn him down.
The Original stood leaning against a pillar while his wife sat on the porch steps of an establishment overlooking numerous children playing around.

One of the children waved at them and Adelia waved back with a smile. Elijah fiddled with his daylight ring as his gaze moved to his wedding band to caress the engraved stones, a habit he had developed over the years.

He looked over to his wife to see her bumping noses with a baby on her lap and a smile overtook his face. Straightening his cuff-links, he sat beside his wife and looked at her in adoration as her laughter echoed around them.

“Is this young man winning your heart, dear? A threat to my position,” he humored extending his handkerchief to Adelia who pecked his lips.

“This young man is too young to win my heart,” she replied with a smirk, taking the offered piece to wipe the drool away from the baby’s face. She turned the child in her lap so he would face Elijah and mumbled in a childlike voice, “I am a handsome lad, but I shall wait for two decades and then covet her heart.”

Elijah rolled his eyes as his fingers caressed the child’s rosy cheek lovingly. “I am rather old, aren’t I?”

“Deliciously old and the type I personally prefer,” she whispered in his ear.

“I am intrigued. Type is a rather broad term to exercise when you only ever had me,” he smirked, taking in her dumbfounded expression and kissed the corner of her lips. Adelia went to contradict his statement but sighed accepting her defeat with a pout when the baby began to fuss in her arms as her phone rang loudly. She accepted the call and was immediately greeted by a distressed voice of the young Martin.

“Slow down Luka. Tell me everything,” she requested exchanging a glance with her husband. As the boy progressed with the happenings, the two vampires frowned and Elijah stood up and left with a nod, tapping away on his phone.

“Everything will be alright. Calm down. I promise you we will help you,” she told the hysterical boy.

“They killed dad,” the boy informed her again as his voice quivered.

“I am sorry about that, dear. We did not expect this at all but you will be reconciled with your sister. Stay inside your apartment. Elijah is sending help and you will be relocated to somewhere safe until we arrive. Nothing will happen to you,” she reassured the warlock.

After a few minutes, she ended the call with a sigh, her form radiating worry and concern when she noticed the baby in her arms now asleep. Adelia played with the soft tuft of hair on his head in awe when she heard footsteps coming towards her.

“The Salvatores are taking this too far,” Elijah voiced his opinion with an edge.

“We should return Elijah,” she suggested looking up from the child.

“We shall. When the time is right,” walking towards her, the Original helped her up and they walked towards the exit when a voice stopped them.

“Mrs. Laurentis!” one of the nannies of the Lumiere Foundation stopped in front of them. “The
baby.”

Adelia automatically clutched the baby closer to her chest feeling her husband’s arm stiffen around her. On a whim, she realized she had a child in her arms and floundered. Elijah smiled tightly and answered instead, “Forgive us. We did not realize.”

“It’s alright, Mr. Laurentis. I have heard so much about you two from the kids. I am Sarah Johns,” she extended her hand for him to shake.

“You must be one of the new employees. We haven’t had the pleasure of meeting yet but I am Elijah Laurentis and this is my wife Adelia,” he kissed her knuckles as the older woman turned red at the gesture.

Adelia broke out from her stupor and smiled, “We are scheduled to have proper introductions in our next visit so we’ll get to know each other very well, Miss Johns.”

Elijah squeezed her waist lightly and she stepped forward handing her the sleeping baby. Her idle hands immediately started fidgeting with husband’s cuffs once she stepped back.

“Yes, we will. I better get back inside before the baby catches a cold,” Sarah smiled at the couple for the last time before rushing back inside as the vampires watched her go.

Elijah turned to his wife, “Come.” He extracted her hands from his cuffs holding it tight within hers. As Adelia stared unfazed at the retreating figure, he blocked her view stepping in front of her.

Closing the car door for her after his wife sat inside, Elijah looked at the men standing guard.

“You will be informed if there is any disturbance, Mr. Mikaelson,” the man said and the Original nodded in appreciation taking the driver’s seat.

Starting the car, Elijah watched Adelia close her eyes as the sign of Lumiere Foundation became smaller in the rearview mirror with each second.

“Are John and Jeremy asleep?” The Sommers woman asked the doppelganger.

“I think so,” Elena replied.

“If I go to bed right now, there’s a chance I’ll wake up hangover-free,” she stated just as the doorbell rang. “Who’s that?” She went towards the door and opened it to find a woman standing outside.

“Hi. You must be Jenna,” the unknown woman started when the doppelganger stopped dead in her tracks seeing her biological mother. “I’m... Elena’s mother,” she finished looking at her daughter.

“Isobel,” Elena murmured as Jenna stood there shocked.

Adelia entered the living room and leaned against the door, watching her husband go through her books.

“A distraction much,” she asked, eyeing her half-opened grimoire across from him.

“Not fruitful. I have patience, but circumstances test my limits,” Elijah sighed.

She suddenly took a seat next to him facing the Original, legs under her. The witch offered her two closed fists to him. “Choose wisely,” she said, but he detected a quiver in her voice, of course he
would.

Having done it so many times, he once again chose her right fist with a smile. Elijah unfurled it to see a candy within, making him smile even more.

“They saved it for you,” Adelia informed him and he kissed her forehead.

“I shall read them another story, one much better.”

“And what do I get?” she tilted her head, a smile playing on her lips.

“A dinner made by yours truly. I am afraid I cannot keep up with my wife’s expenses,” the Original’s lips twitched in amusement as he walked into the kitchen.

Adelia looked at him with a frown, “Your words are truly endearing. I shall remember them when you buy a custom-tailored suit next time.”

Meanwhile, along the outskirts of Seattle, a dirty blond haired man walked with a light spring to his steps towards a beautiful villa. Her favorite orchids and his favored daisies in hand, with a wide grin on his lips he knocked on the door. Within a few seconds, the Original was rewarded by the resplendent sight of her after decades and noted that she still hadn’t changed.

With a cocky smile, he said, “Maeve, invite me in love.”

Autumn, 1859 | Cloverville, Louisiana

He wandered around the Charleston Ball exchanging pleasantries with the humans and sipping expensive wine in a town Cloverville in central Louisiana, a carriage ride of fifteen hours from his city of New Orleans. He could see the influence of the town’s riches in its ball and the people attending it.

A few days earlier some contrivance had reached his ears regarding a prophecy doing the rounds. He had immediately set out for the journey here to much disapproval to finish off those dimwits who had the audacity to stand against him. Now he had to blend with the local population to get hold of the fools.

While talking to the host his sea green eyes caught a stunning girl dancing with the heir of the Charleston fortune. Her light olive skin got illuminated under the chandelier as her brown curls held up in a studded clutch showed off her slender swanlike neck. He couldn’t deny her beauty when the emerald green gown molded to her body with every movement of the waltz. Her posture showed finesse and titular upbringing.

The orchestra stopped to pick up another piece and the woman left the ballroom. He decided to follow but was stopped by the host for another set of questions. When he looked back, she had already disappeared.

After an hour he caught a glimpse of her emerald green gown, a design so intricate at the edges that he would recognize it anywhere. Klaus followed the trail of the gown and found her standing next to a painting and walked to stand beside her.

“What do you see in this?” He curiously asked and she turned and gave him a once over before giving the painting her full attention.

“The painter must have been bored,” she said and Klaus sighed.
“There is more to every painting, love.”

“Of course there is. This artist was very bored and lazed around for several days. Do you see the horse’s mouth? He gives the impression of being inebriated but then do horses get drunk? We will never know and whatever chances we had, with this painting it has diminished to nothing. I sincerely wouldn’t want to see a real horse blitzed if the painting horse looks so...” she looked at him, “you do understand what I am trying to convey, don’t you?”

Klaus was left speechless, “I am afraid I do not get it.”

“Have you never partook in horse riding? Would you prefer your journey companion be drunk?” She asked with a pout.

“I am afraid no...” the Original shook his head in contemplation.

“Then how are you to expect this in a painting?”

“You do not understand art,” he sighed in resignation.

“You say as if you paint yourself,” the girl furrowed her brows.

“I indeed do, love,” he smiled genuinely.

“You do not look like an artist.”

“How should an artist look?” The Original smirked.

“I have never encountered one but if he paints these pieces,” she gestured towards the drunk horse, “he must be drunk himself, must have long hair–”

“For the flowing horse mane?” Klaus offered with an amused smile.

“You do understand art,” she hummed in appreciation.

“I do,” he stole a glance at her. “Do you?”

“Maybe I do not wish to,” her eyes gleamed in thought. “I find it quite intrusive, getting into their state of mind.”

“In this case, a drunk horse,” the Original chuckled.

The girl looked away almost offended. “I was merely stating the art as it is.”

“I have come across many critiques, but none has made an impression quite as impressive as the inebriated horse.”

“Come find me after you, Sir, get hold of a real painting,” her eyes glimmered in annoyance and offense as she went to walk away.

Klaus grabbed her wrist and she turned towards him. “Are you certain you aren’t venturing to look for a drunk horse yourself?”

The girl narrowed her eyes and freed her wrist from his hold before hurrying out the room as the Original looked quite proud of himself, happy internally.

The night soon came to an end as it turned more and more depressing with every hour. As Klaus left the manor to get into the carriage, he collided with a soft body on his way.
His reflexes immediately steadying her, he looked over to see the same girl from earlier collecting some books from the ground. With a smile, he bent down and started helping her.

“I apologize, Sir. My sight was conveniently blocked by a set of books,” she gathered the books in her hand and got up.

“No worries, love. I am sure you were dreaming of a drunk horse,” he took the heavy archive books from her hand as a form of courtesy and looked at her properly.

She was quite young and truly stunning. Her eyes so warm were certainly very inviting. But the way she glared at him earlier was surprising. Not everyone dared to do that these days.

A frown was set over her features for his earlier comment.

“I was on my way to the carriage if it is not an inconvenience,” she said, ignoring his teasing altogether.

“Not at all, Miss...?”

“I do not give my name to strangers Mr...?” An amused smile took over her face and he smirked.

“Mr. Smith,” he lied with a smile as they walked along the pathway to the entrance.

She immediately turned around to look at him. “Oh dear. I truly am very sorry for your wife’s untimely demise.” And like that the smile slid off the Original’s face.

“She was a wonderful lady of forty summers, Mr. Smith. You must be grieving, but please accept my condolences. I heard she got taken away for her addiction to wine and cigars,” she continued just as a scowl started to appear on his face. “Your daughter, my lord? Is she well?” Klaus’ eyes widened as he cleared his throat but the girl was clearly waiting for an answer. “Your daughter, my lord? I do hope she is well?”

He opened his mouth, but nothing came out.

“Did Mrs. Smith get inspired from the drunk horse herself?” The girl’s serious expression turned to one of mockery as she stifled her giggles. He frowned in confusion when she started laughing as the realization slowly hit him.

“What is there to laugh about?” The Original asked, annoyed at the turn of events. He was just hoping to talk to the girl and now he had no idea what to do.

The girl then suddenly regarded him with cold eyes that distinctly reminded him of another authoritative figure in his life, Elijah.

“Sure you are, Mr. Smith,” she paused, “or whatsoever alias you prefer,” she replied sardonically with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Klaus stopped in his tracks but she continued walking away from him taking her belongings from his hand. He looked on shocked, but then grinned and caught on to walk beside her.

“How do you know?” He asked curiously.

“There is only one Smith present in this town, a 50-year-old man. His estranged grandson passed away three years prior. I would remember him since he tried courting me,” she answered with a grimace. “And I did get to read the guest list.” the girl pointed out.
“You played me,” he realized grimly. The girl had read him at first glance.

“I did and for that, I sincerely apologize Sir. It was very polite of you to help me though I did not appreciate your humor,” she said and looked at him once more. “A creature of the night must have his reasons for dwelling in a small town without any connections.” She smiled and continued her pace.

“What do you know?” He asked, surprise evident on his face.

“What do you want to know?” The girl turned to look at him.

He fled towards all of a sudden, shocking her and locked his eyes with hers as his pupils dilated. “Tell me everything about the vampires in this town,” he compelled.

She frowned, serenely stepping away from him, “You did not have to do that. I would have answered if you had just asked.” Klaus now looked even more surprised that the girl couldn’t be compelled.

“I am afraid this town has no supernatural problem. I recommend the town two hours from here to look forward to whatever is that you’re looking for since that town is infested with vampires,” the girl finished when her carriage arrived and he stood there dumbfounded. “It was a pleasure meeting you, Sir,” she added before walking towards the carriage.

“Klaus,” he said and she turned back to look at him expectantly, “Klaus, my name and not an alias.” She nodded and continued walking away from him. “You did not give me your name, love,” he called out when the driver opened the carriage door.

“I prefer not giving my name to strangers such as yourself, but you are a good man. If you encounter any trouble in this town, then ask for Maeve. I hope you had a good time here,” she finished with a charming smile before boarding the carriage as let the horses dragged it away.

“Maeve,” he muttered to himself. It had been a while since an exquisite beauty had fascinated him this much. It was disappointing though that he no longer had any business in this town as pursuing the girl would have been interesting.

He called a carriage for himself and knew what he needed to do, inform Elijah of the recent developments and get some henchmen to find out more information on the town suggested by the mysterious girl. “Maeve,” he said to himself when a smile took over his face.

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**A/N:** Klaus meets Maeve? The inebriated horse deserved better. *sighs*

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Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
“Maeve, this century suits you well, love,” Klaus told her when she continued staring at him. Suddenly a hard smack moved his head to the side as his cheek burned due to her unrestrained action. He sighed, knowing he deserved this. He looked at her again, “Anything else?”

“Who’s at the door, dear? The dinner is getting cold,” Elijah said, approaching the two and stopped in his tracks seeing Klaus.

“Elijah. Long time no see. I was just asking Adelia to let me in, I could join you two for dinner,” Klaus said with a smirk when Elijah moved forward to hit him but Adelia gripped his hand.

“We need to talk,” she told the younger Original impassively, “and you two will behave yourself.”

“She hasn’t changed a bit I presume?” Klaus queried his brother to only be greeted with a glare. “How’s marriage treating you, Elijah?” He continued making Adelia roll her eyes at his questions.

The three didn’t move from their spot and continued staring at each other. Elijah glanced at him once before taking his wife’s hand in his leaving for the dining room. Klaus stared at the retreating pair and followed them inside.

Winter, 1859 | Cloerville | Night of the Annual Ball

“How many prophecies are genuine Sharel?” Klaus asked, getting seated in the library of the Laurentis House.

“I have a hard time believing any of this,” Elijah spoke.

“Prophecies are considered sacred in the witch community Elijah. If it is indeed true, then you have my word that it shall not be revealed,” Sharel assured him, “but I am afraid the other witches might be communicated the same way. Beauchene line has seers, but I have learned that not all prophecies are to be trusted.”

“I believe you more than the other pesky nonsense of witches,” Klaus humored.

“I suggest we not talk of this,” Elijah said with a blank expression. “We need more information on this Sharel.”

“I suppose you are correct…” she did not get to finish her sentence when a girl barged inside the library and immediately went to the bookshelves collecting various books from there.

“Grandmother, you must know how absurd of a man William is. He insinuated I leave this life
behind to bear his Harvey heirs,” Adelia said, her back turned to the visitors who watched her opening drawers and collecting manuscripts.

Klaus’ eyes momentarily widened to see Maeve here and turned to Sharel who she called her grandmother; clearly something beyond his imagination. He cursed internally. The one girl he was a little infatuated with had to be related to the Beauchêne witch.

Elijah dumbstruck, never expected to encounter her here of all places. No wonder she knew about him when they had talked earlier tonight. Suddenly she seemed to be forbidden territory.

“What are you doing, Adelia?” Sharel asked when she noticed her granddaughter still in her ball gown this late at night, rummaging through various books.

Klaus glanced at Sharel when she called her by Adelia and not Maeve, the name she had given him in their previous meeting.

“I have some obligations to take care of.” The pile beside Adelia continued to grow as she looked at the cover and added another one.

Adelia picked up the pile and turned around to look at her grandmother when she noticed the occupants in the room. Her feet stopped in their tracks seeing Klaus and Elijah in the room with her grandmother.

The study got doused with silence for several moments.

“Forgive me. I was unaware we were having visitors,” she set the pile on a nearby table.

“And here I thought your name was Maeve,” Klaus narrowed his eyes. The intriguing Maeve he was looking for was Sharel’s granddaughter, Adelia.

“My granddaughter never lies. She was born on the prosperous eve of the Annunciation in March,” Sharel defended her granddaughter.

“How convenient,” the younger Original drawled, looking at Adelia.

“I do not give my name to vampires who appear shady and suspicious sir,” she answered impassively, not cowering in front of him and Klaus looked both offended as well as amused.

“Knowing Klaus you did the right thing sweetheart. Dear, meet the Mikaelsons. Elijah and Niklaus,” her grandmother got up as well as the men who kissed her hand in greeting.

“Adelia Maeve Laurentis,” she quipped and looked at Klaus then her grandmother, “May I arrange for tea grandmother? I fear I might have sent Mary to retire for the night.”

“Why the trouble, love? Come join us,” Klaus smiled.

“I insist. I shall be back,” Adelia replied and left the library.

“Should have known she would be related to the Beauchênes,” the younger Original joked.

“You will not do anything Niklaus,” Elijah glared at his brother.

“Fret not; Adelia is intelligent to stay away from the trouble incarnate. She will help you with the ongoing instances. I am curious as to why you have not yet slaughtered the lot of them?” Sharel questioned.
“We need to get to the root of the instigation. It has been commencing for too long,” Elijah replied with a sigh.

“Klaus’ torture methods would’ve sufficed,” she grinned and the said Original glared at her.

“I am being a better person,” he smiled tightly.

The banter between the younger Mikaelson and Sharel continued, their ways of getting along were rather peculiar. When the 24-year-old Sharel Beauchêne saved their sister Rebekah from an uprising, she had been seven months pregnant but that never stopped him from charming the witch even if it vexed no results.

Arnold had been too wary to ask for their assistance when they needed an escape from the cursed city to save Adelia, something about the Mikaelsons not to be trusted. He was sure the vampires wouldn’t hesitate to hand over his little girl to the covens for a favor in return. He was grasping on to the tight edges filled with weariness and grief after losing his wife along with the Fleureaus and his father within a week of Adelia’s birth.

But unknown to all but the Beauchêne witch, the Originals provided them with the much-needed distraction to give them enough time to flee.

Some minutes later, Adelia entered with a cart containing cups and saucers.

“Klaus shall have honey in his and Elijah prefers lemon tea, darling,” Sharel said when her granddaughter nodded and started making it accordingly. The men watched her as she did with a certain finesse that suggested she did it often.

“You will be delivered the required texts by tomorrow. I suggest you gentlemen stay hidden for I wouldn’t want an ambush of vampires wreaking havoc in this town,” Adelia told them unable to take the silence while she mixed the teas with the spoon and kept it aside.

She handed over the cup to Klaus, who grinned at her and then to Elijah. Their fingers touched under the saucer as their eyes met until she retracted them quickly before anyone noticed and gave the remaining cup to her grandmother.

“Will you not join us, dear?” Sharel asked when she saw no other cup in the cart.

“Another time for certain. I am running late for the Council for they have requested my immediate presence by 10 at night. They wanted father but they shall have to do with another Laurentis in the time being. I shall try my best to keep the Mikaelsons out of their sight,” she explained as she retrieved her coat and shawl from the nearby chair. “I shall take my leave. Good night.”

Elijah got up, “May I escort you to the carriage, Miss Laurentis?”

“Thank you, but I must deny the offer. Please enjoy your tea,” she smiled at him and kissed her grandmother’s cheek making her exit before Elijah could say anything.

“She is a busy woman,” Klaus commented noticing Elijah’s fond expression that appeared not too often, resurfacing for the little witch.

“Arnold treats her as if my young granddaughter is not ten and nine. Always at the Council Hall or the plantations. I am getting old and I want to spend every moment with her but my son is relentless with his adoration of Adelia. What better way to keep her with us forever? Get her involved in the family business and incorporate qualities no normal man would want in a wife!” she jeered at the mention of her son making Klaus laugh and Elijah’s lips to tug upwards.
“You informed he was traveling Sharel,” Elijah said.

“He is traveling looking for his definition of a perfect suitor who might stay with us instead of Adelia going away. Arnold even took Lia’s dear friend Rafael with him to even out the scales. Before leaving for his escapade, he rejected a suitor just because he had uneven fingers,” Sharel sighed rubbing her forehead.

“Adelia might get fortunate if she’s even allowed to see a suitor before she turns thirty,” laughed Klaus as he examined his own fingers and indeed, they were uneven. How peculiar of Arnold to scare away a suitor just for that.

“As if that isn’t enough to induce gray hairs.”

“Ah, this is bad. Between Isobel and Jenna and now Matt, this is disaster bad,” Elena told her boyfriend worriedly.

“Yeah,” Stefan agreed when John walked in.

“Elena, can you come downstairs, please? I need to talk to you,” he said, looking at them.

“Huh. I have nothing to say to you,” the Gilbert girl refused.

“Please. It’s important. You too, Stefan,” he requested and went downstairs when Isobel came out of the kitchen surprising the two.

“I asked John for a do-over,” Isobel informed them and Elena turned to look at John in disbelief.

“You invited her in?”

“She has information about Klaus. Please, just listen to her, okay?” John informed them.

“Alright. What do you know?” Stefan sighed with resignation.

“Since I was last here, I’ve been doing everything possible to find Klaus. We knew our best chance was to find him before he could find you. I never expected Elijah and his wife to come here,” Isobel told them all.

“And we paid for our ignorance. For Elena, the best chance at what?” The Salvatore asked.

“Keeping Elena alive,” answered John.

“You don’t get to talk, okay, not after everything you’ve done,” the young girl reared.

“Were you able to find Klaus?” Stefan questioned coming to the point.

“No. However, I did find Maeve. Her last location was traced back to a countryside in France. Nobody knows where Klaus is but there are already these rumors flying around that a doppelgänger exists. All the messengers turned out dead within a week of Elijah’s arrival,” Isobel’s shoulders slumped in defeat.

“Which means any vampire that wants to get in favor with Klaus will be lining up to capture you. But we are going to buy you time to look for another solution,” said a hopeful John.

“I’m not listening any of this,” Elena dismissed and looked at her mother, “The last time that you were here, you made it clear that you didn’t give a damn about me. Now all of a sudden I’m
supposed to believe that you want to help?"

“Isobel’s been helping all along. Klaus has been obsessed with finding Katherine for centuries. All it would take was any one of those 1864 tomb vampires to spread the word around that Katherine was still alive and it would bring him straight here to Mystic Falls. Maeve is aware and she is said to be closest to him, and there is Elijah and Adelia. We killed the tomb vampires before and I have a plan for this, trust me,” the father assured his daughter in vain.

“And almost killed Stefan and Damon in the process,” Elena hissed when Isobel got up and moved towards her.

“Your plan, it involves Maeve?” Stefan guessed.

“I have a safe house that I can take you to. The deed is in your name. No vampires can get in without your permission, not even me. Let me help you,” Isobel proposed the idea.

“You wanna help? Then get the hell out of my house,” Elena said the final word.

Klaus was seated at a large dining table, peering over at Elijah waiting for him to speak. He turned his attention towards the glass surface of the table when he got no response from either of them.

The silence was filled by the clattering of forks and knives hitting the plates. The swish of the white wine filling the flutes echoed the room as Elijah refilled Adelia’s for the third time, leaving his and Klaus’ empty. The younger brother of course noticed. One might think Elijah was trying to get his wife drunk, she was after all, known for her low inhibition to alcohol.

“Delicious food love. How much salt did you add to this?” Klaus stated and looked at Adelia, who tucked her hair behind her ear glancing towards her husband.

“Elijah cooked tonight. Why don’t you ask him?” She replied, taking a sip of the wine.

“Dear Elijah appears to be silently fuming. Maybe it’s the pepper doing the wonders,” he said with a smirk.

“Considering he has to sit through an excruciating dinner with you, I wouldn’t blame him.”

“Tell me Maeve, what have you been up to the past century?” Klaus asked, ignoring the jab at him.

“Mm-hmm. First, sending you Christmas gifts every year without getting a thank you note. Second, trying to uncloak your siblings. Third, exhausting my resources in locating you. Fourth, appointing my new recruits after your men kill mine if they, unfortunately, happen to find you. Fifth, hiding my identity because you’re Klaus and whose idea was to use Maeve again? I can go on beyond hundred Niklaus,” she replied, steadily getting angry when the lights above them started bursting simultaneously.

“Calm down Adelia,” Elijah spoke for the first time placing his hand over hers.

“Oh yes, my husband has been moody and murderous all because of you Nik. Dealing with garrulous you is different and dealing with silent him takes it to another level.”

“Lia...” Elijah started, but she got up from her seat.

“I’ve had enough for tonight. Sort this out, I am going to sleep as I don’t wish to be a buffer. Niklaus, you can show yourself out or take the guest room,” she informed the men.
Adelia turned to leave but her hands swiped a ceramic bowl from the table and threw it towards Klaus who immediately ducked as the bowl crashed into the wall behind him in pieces. Taking the whiskey bottle from the cabinet, she glared at them once before heading upstairs.

“Definitely hasn’t changed,” Klaus told Elijah with a grin.

The elder brother turned to look at Klaus before following his wife’s actions and threw a knife straight at him, piercing his neck. The minutes that followed saw the room destroyed and a disgruntled Adelia burying herself more into the comforter as she listened to the commotion downstairs.

Elijah turned up a few minutes later and began removing his ruined shirt. He glanced at the mirror and saw Adelia peeking at him from behind the pillow clutched to her chest, the intoxicated haze in her chocolate brown orbs evident. He slid in beside her waiting for her to scoot closer to him. She did seconds later, making him smile as her breathing slowly evened out.

Seeing her in deep sleep, he got up, tucking her in properly and left the room quietly. The Original entered the study and found Klaus fiddling with one of the pictures over his desk, one taken on the most beautiful day of his existence yet the most cursed one.

Elijah sat on the couch, ignoring the weight settling over his chest. Klaus followed his actions and sat across from him.

The elder Original took a deep breath before looking at his brother, “Let’s talk, shall we?”

Damon opened the door to the Martin residence and gestured for Bonnie and Jeremy to enter. As he went to follow them, a barrier stopped him. He tried to enter again, but it did not work.

“Nope. Everybody’s not dead,” Damon mused listening for another presence, “and nobody’s here.”

“We should pack up the grimoires. They spent years collecting them. I wanna make sure they’re safe,” Bonnie said when she and Jeremy looked around to find the apartment vacant.

“You know, we should have killed him earlier,” the vampire said aloud leaning on the doorframe.

“Where is he? Where is Luka?” She asked herself.

“What exactly are we looking for since this place is empty?” Jeremy asked the witch.

“According to Luka’s dad, one of these contains a spell that’ll let me harness the energy that’s left behind when a witch dies violently,” the witch answered tracing the empty shelves.

“I didn’t know you and father witch were so close,” Damon wondered.

“We weren’t, but when he gave me my powers back, he gave me a message. If I can find the spot in town, where the old Salem witches were burned, I can harness their energy to use when I need it. But we don’t have the grimoires.”

“Great. We’ll have to put that on our list of things we failed at today. Unsuccessful at harnessing ancient dead-witch power,” the vampire rolled his eyes.

“You know where the witches were burned?”

“Did I forget to mention that?” Damon feigned.
“We can visit it, maybe the witches might give us a way,” Jeremy sighed.

Damon was once again waiting outside the Old Witch House. “Wanna hurry it up in there?” He ordered and the door closed by itself in accord. “Screw you too, Emily. You know, you’re all on your own in there,” he hollered to his companions before leaving the place.

“The spirits of the witches who died here. I can feel them,” Bonnie told Jeremy wandering around the dilapidated house.

“Alright. What are they saying?” The Gilbert boy asked curiously.

“I can’t tell,” she walked out of the room and down into the basement as Jeremy followed her.

“Where are you going?” He asked as they came to a stop.

“Here. This is it. Help me set the candles,” she and Jeremy started immediately when the whispers got louder after sometime.

“What the hell are they saying?” Jeremy questioned Bonnie when she closed her eyes to concentrate. After a minute the witch snapped it open.

“What is it?” He asked.

“The power has already been taken,” Bonnie mumbled.

As the jet took off, Adelia stared at a grinning Klaus, who sat across from her sketching with precision.

Elijah carefully took out a microbiology book from his wife’s handbag and made himself comfortable on the plush seat. Even reading the things he did not understand seemed better than talking to his brother.

“Unbelievable,” she muttered, glancing between the two Originals. She was now stuck amidst them for a journey that suddenly seemed very long and cursed her luck blaming it on the lack of morning tea, inconveniently made by Klaus.

“Are we still not going to talk Maeve?” The Original in front of her said, stopping his favorite activity to look at her.

Adelia pulled out her iPod and plugged in her earphones before she tugged the thin blanket over her and closed her eyes with a sigh.

Her eyes opened minutes later to see her husband still reading her book when he turned his head to kiss her mane where it rested on his shoulder.

Klaus sipped his champagne as he looked out the window and then suddenly smiled at her making her groan in annoyance.

She got up, snatching the book from her husband before finding another seat where she wouldn’t have to look at the younger Original.

Elijah, his hands now empty chose to glare at the man instead.

Several minutes later, feeling Klaus’ gazes as he looked back and forth between his sketchbook and her, Adelia crumpled up the paper she had been writing on and hit him in the eye.
Klaus looked at her, ignoring the paper ball and continued drawing the contours when another ball hit his ear. Shrugging off the attack, he glared at her when one other ball struck his face.

As one more ball came his way, he immediately caught it and threw it back at Adelia who looked away offended, crossing her arms.

Elijah witnessing the entire scene smiled into his drink.

Stefan walked into find Elena holding onto a necklace. “Is that Isobel’s?” he asked his girlfriend.

“I never thought I would feel bad about her being dead and yet...”

“She was your mother,” he tried to assure her.

“Why did they let me go?” Elena asked curiously.

“Well, anything John told Isobel, we have to assume that Klaus knows, right? Elijah and Adelia must have informed him of everything. So he knows that you’re not gonna turn yourself into a vampire. He knows that you have us keeping you safe.”

“He knows I’m not gonna run,” the doppelgänger realized.

“Which is why we need to take some precautions, ‘cause we got played, all of us,” Damon walked inputting some papers in her lap.

“What’s this?” She questioned.

“It’s the deed to our house. It’s in Zach’s name. As soon as you sign it, it’ll be in your name,” Stefan explained.

“You’re giving me your house?”

“Isobel had the right idea with the safe house. You’ll just stay here till it’s all over. That way, you can control who gets invited and who doesn’t,” he further clarified.

“Although I’ll be super pissed if you lock me out,” added Damon.

John suddenly gasped for air and sat up when Damon rushed over to him, lifting him up by his collar.

“I swear I had no idea what she was gonna do. I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry,” the man said.

“Damon, let him go. He and I need to talk,” Elena ordered.

“Bonnie doesn’t have the spell. She couldn’t find it in her grimoire too and moreover, the power wasn’t there,” Damon informed.

“What do we do?” Elena asked, clearly scared.

“Everything went wrong today,” the younger Salvatore sighed in defeat.

“Uh-huh,” Damon pitched.

“And Isobel had no idea what you and Jeremy took Bonnie to do today,” Stefan continued.

“Uh-huh.”
“None of us had any idea about the witch powers,” John cleared.

“Then how?” Elena furrowed her brows.

“We’re the only ones who know. But then who took the powers?”

“Admit it brother. We have no weapon,” Damon scoffed walking away.

8 days earlier

Elijah and Adelia stopped in front of the Old Witch House.

“The papers suggest this is the site. Are you sure?” Elijah questioned his wife looking down at the map.

“Only one way to find out,” Adelia and Elijah entered and their skin immediately started burning making them hiss.

Her pendant glowed and the burns stopped for the heretic. She linked her hands with Elijah and he turned unharmed under the witches’ aggravation as they started healing.

“Interesting,” she wondered, touching her pendant.

“We have your ancestors to thank for that,” Elijah inspected his hand before turning to look at his wife, “Are you alright?”

“I am fine,” she replied with a shrug.

“We know what to do. Let’s leave,” he gripped her hand tightly and exited the house as the door shut behind them.

“Your grimoires,” Adelia guided the young Martin to the study showing him around the new apartment in Richmond. “Klaus has agreed to set Greta free once his work is done.”

“When will I get to talk to her?” Luka solemnly asked the witch.

“Klaus has informed her of everything and you will see her when she allows it. She is free to approach you.”

“Well, she hasn’t visited yet,” he looked at the vampire-witch. “Dad lost his life in vain, didn’t he?”

“I promised you that your sister will be set free and she will but I cannot command her willingness to return to you.”

“How am I supposed to spend the rest of my life like this? Without my family?”

“Family is not limited to blood Luka. I do care about you. If you ever need anything then you just have to ask,” Adelia told the panic-stricken teenager.

“You will be there?” Luka asked hesitantly.

“Elijah and I involved you in this charade so we will also take the responsibility that comes with it. I will always be there,” she placed her hand over his giving it a gentle squeeze before gesturing towards the furniture.
“Now this is German technology drawer according to the brochure but I find everything the same so don’t be fooled with the whole sleek thing,” she air quoted the last two words making him laugh as they continued to exploring his new residence.

____________________

Elijah read over the wine labels in the kitchen hearing his wife opening drawers to look for cutlery. “To your right,” he informed without looking up from his task.

Adelia’s fingers stopped and pulled open the drawer to find the cutlery. “Of course,” she grabbed them and walked over to her busy husband, placing a chaste kiss on his cheek. “He is not joining us?” She inquired while setting the table.

“No. He appears to be in his element,” Elijah answered, bringing the bottle as well as the flutes to the table before pulling out a chair for her.

“Katherine is out of the tomb too, so now he is going to terrorize, isn’t he?” The witch humored, settling herself.

“It is absurd to expect a tiny bit of maturity from him,” he sat and poured the wine.

“You have always encouraged his childlike behavior. Do not play the blame game with me.”

“He is Niklaus...” he hesitated while answering, thinking of a perfect explanation.

“Thank you very much. That is an answer and a question all in itself,” she quipped and Elijah smiled which did not go unnoticed by her. “You are delightful tonight, aren’t you?”

“About not having to dine with him? I am elated and we get to continue our pending dinner date,” the Original looked at her with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“Hence distracting me from Klaus’ whereabouts. You two in cohorts again?” Adelia deduced and Elijah sighed dejectedly; she knew him too well. “Where is he?”

“You wouldn’t want to know.”

____________________

Katherine woke up surprised to find that she was no longer in the tomb. The last thing she remembered was closing her eyes as she desiccated in the dark with no means of escape.

She saw a warlock casting a spell on someone sitting in a chair and it turned out to be Alaric making her gasp.

The hunter opened his eyes and got up as the warlock bowed to him. Katherine followed his actions getting up curiously when Alaric turned around to see her.

“Alaric?” The vampire doppelgänger hesitantly asked the man as a smile flitted across his face. She rushed over to the door but an invisible force prevented her from exiting. A pair of shoes appeared and she looked up to see Elijah.

“Elijah!” She walked back in fear to find Alaric behind her.

“Zdravei, Katerina,” Alaric took her face in his hands as she trembled in fear, “I have missed you.”

“Klaus!” She exclaimed in realization as the man in question smiled at her.
“Wonderful timing, brother,” Klaus said and Elijah grimaced at another voice calling him brother.

“Adelia sent these for you,” Elijah handed over the container to him and Alaric opened it to see sandwiches.

“Sandwiches for dinner?” He raised a brow.

“I was voting for no food at all,” the elder Original rolled his eyes and turned around to walk away. “and if my wife inquires, I do not know anything about... this.” He gestured at the possessed body. “Goodbye Niklaus, Katerina.”

The doppelganger moved more into the corner as Elijah left and Alaric closed the door and turned to look at Katherine. “Now where were we?”

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**Winter, 1859 | morning after the Annual Ball**

*The iron hoops screeched at the motion as a girl went to and fro a swing in the garden enjoying the sun starting to peek from under the fog as the stars slowly disappeared. Increasing her pace she let the momentum do its job laying across it as her brown tresses swept the leaves repeatedly.***

“Maeve?” Klaus said questionably and she immediately sat up, blood rushing down the head as her vision focused on the Original standing in front of her with hands behind his back.

“Adelia Maeve,” she reinstated.

“Maeve,” he repeated, making her frown.

After a minute of a stare down with a stubborn Original, “Maeve,” Adelia relented moving the swing again.

“How everything works out, love?” He shrugged with a smile.

“But in the end, you conquer what your heart truly desires.”

“You are a perceptive one, aren’t you?” Klaus looked at her properly.

“Father thinks it is a noble trait. I happen to disagree with him on many instances,” she told him, pushing her feet off the ground.

“I happen to think that you disagree on many things often,” he stopped the swing with one hand before taking a seat next to her.

“You might be right,” Adelia giggled and suddenly got up straightening her coat. The gown brushed against the dry leaves under their feet as she bounced with curiosity flooding her veins. “I have never seen a vampire do things. Would you be kind enough to show me?”

“You have never encountered a vampire?” Klaus mocked.

“Grandmother informed me about them, but you were the first one I have had the pleasure of meeting,” she answered truthfully.

“Pleasure of meeting? I am certain people would run for the hills if they ever come across a creature of the night,” he smirked and suddenly swooshed to stand in front of her making her step back in shock. “But then I am not an ordinary vampire, love. I am an Original.”
A scared yet curious expression crossed her face. “What else can you do?” Adelia voiced out and as soon as the question left her mouth, she found herself on a branch of a tree in the next second.

Her eyes widened, too scared to notice Klaus behind her holding her against him. She fearfully looked down seeing the ground a death distance apart. “Klaus!” She shouted.

“I am here, love,” he replied startling her and she gripped his hand tightly.

“Don’t let go of me! I will die. What in the heavens are you doing?” Adelia mumbled hysterically making Klaus smirk and withhold a wince as she dug her nails deep into his wrists. “I will tell my father you did this to me! Is this you taking vengeance for my little crusade when we met? If it is then I apologize,” the words tumbled out of her mouth, eyes closed as she shook with fear.

“The little witch is scared of a trivial fall of death,” Klaus heard the frantic beating of her heart which refused to slow down.

“You don’t say Mr. Mikaelson. Let me down,” she retorted, clenching her eyes shut.

Moving her hair from her shoulder, he quietly whispered into her ear, “Open your eyes.”

Adelia immediately stilled feeling the proximity and snapped her eyes open to see the lake and the mansion from such height. The witch calmed down as if seeing her surroundings for the first time. The scenery was breathtaking. The lake shimmered in the winter sun, the mansion reappearing after a brief encounter with the cold fog and the chilly air hitting their frame billowing her strands.

“There is a life beyond death, filled with fewer vulnerabilities and more freedom to do anything. It is beautiful and very promising to the one who embraces it to the core. You no longer have to adhere yourself to the limitations the people and society impose on you. Explore everything and anything your heart truly desires and you shall find immortality a gift and be taken as such,” Klaus told her softly, tilting his face and noticed her ethereal beauty that had captivated him in the first glance.

It was pure and innocent and within the darkest depths of his dead heart, he craved it. Adelia was untainted to the horrors of life.

She, an innocuous goddess was waiting for her ruin and he, the devil himself wanted to sin.

“Put me down now,” Adelia gently requested breaking him out of his thoughts after a few minutes and he complied with a smile, their feet touching the forest floor.

She turned around as soon as they composed themselves and punched his nose hearing a loud crack.

“Ow!” Klaus exclaimed, holding his now bleeding nose.

“Excellent. You did not have to scare me to death to offer immortality,” she glared at him rubbing her bruised knuckles as a wince escaped her mouth.

“I was showing you the possibilities of a wonderful life,” he roared glaring back. “I should kill you this instant.”

“I dare you,” Adelia’s eyes burned holes into him, but then it softened seeing no reaction from the Original. “Thank you for the... adventure,” she admitted shyly much to Klaus’ displeasure who found it suddenly difficult to go and snap her neck seeing those beautiful brown eyes twinkling in appreciation.
“Adelia Maeve Laurentis,” she held out her hand authoritatively, one he couldn’t refuse and he could clearly see why she was favored so much in the town. She was kind, compassionate yet fierce with a hint of feistiness.

“Klaus Mikaelson,” he reluctantly shook hands, the state of his nose long forgotten and a compelling smile took over her features.

“Niklaus–” Adelia started.

“Klaus,” he interrupted her.

“Niklaus,” she punctuated with a hard glare and he pursed his lips in annoyance. “It was a pleasure meeting you formally. Do not be late for breakfast.” Adelia finished with a mischievous smile before she walked away, leaving Klaus standing in the garden with blood smeared over his face.

The doorbell rang twice and Elijah stirred before getting up quickly. Glancing at Adelia to see her blinking her eyes open, he hurriedly put on his shirt and approached the front door.

With a mind of telling his brother to at least let them sleep, he opened the door with a scowl on his face which instantly disappeared seeing a rather unexpected visitor.

“Miss Sommers?”

Jenna frowned at him and then checked her phone to see the address. “What are you doing here? This is Adelia’s place, isn’t it?”

Elijah tried formulating some words when his wife’s footsteps echoed the room.

“Elijah, is it Niklaus? Tell him to bother me tomorrow,” she entered the room, tying her hair up in a bun and Jenna’s jaw hit the floor as she came to a rather scandalous conclusion.

“Oh my god!” The Sommers woman hyperventilated and Adelia looked at her in surprise before coming to stand beside the Original.

Elijah cleared his throat and stepped back, “I shall leave you two to it. You are welcome to come in Jenna.”

As he moved away, the witch sighed and looked at the woman, seeing her unruly appearance with luggage by her feet.

“What is happening?” Jenna asked the woman in front of her.

Adelia instead, picked the woman’s luggage and dragged her inside before closing the door behind them. She avoided her gaze, looking a bit sheepish and Jenna plucked the collar of her nightgown to find any evidence of an undergarment when the witch slapped away her hand.

“What are you doing?” Adelia exclaimed, clutching the gown tightly.

“You are freaking naked! You slept with him,” Jenna said aghast, gesturing to the room where Elijah went in and Adelia came out of earlier. The witch’s cheeks turned red which did not go unnoticed by the woman. “Why are you blushing? You are not supposed to blush when you cheated on your husband with Elijah!” Her eyes widened even more. “But, Elijah has a wife too, doesn’t he?”

“I did not cheat,” the witch hesitated.
“How come you did not cheat? I mean, yeah Elijah is a hot bloke, but you should be copulating with your husband.”

Adelia cringed at the accusation. “About that... Elijah is my husband.”

Jenna stumped, blinked twice at her. She turned her head to look at the man who made his presence known by leaning against the bedroom door. “Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me!”

**A/N:** Do not kill me, please! The dynamics between the characters will be clear by the end of the book which is just six or seven chapters away. It is NOT a love triangle in the present. We will venture into the past slowly.

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**Reintroducing**

Joseph Morgan as Niklaus Mikaelson

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

Eiza González as Adelia Maeve Laurentis
“You are all I have.”

“To infinity and beyond.”

—

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
“You seriously want me to believe he is your husband?” Jenna raised her brow, looking between the two.

“I am,” Elijah gestured towards his wife.

“He is,” Adelia shrugged.

“Oh please!” The human made a face. “I have heard better excuses. Like my wife is dead or like she never died, but sorry, I had no idea she pretty much existed.”

Adelia opened her mouth when Jenna interrupted her again.

“Or is there some weird relationship between you two? Like maybe your husband,” she pointed at the witch, “is your niece’s stepfather.”

“I will clearly remember a niece in our family,” Adelia laughed, but pursed her mouth when Jenna glared at her, “... or I might not remember. I have a poor memory.”

“Tell me the truth! I am tired of lies. Don’t you dare lie to me Lia,” the Sommers woman hardened her glare.

“Elijah is my husband,” Adelia answered with a sigh.

“He is not.”

“I certainly am,” the Original smirked.

“No, you are not,” Jenna turned to him.

“He absolutely is,” the witch bit her lip in contemplation.

“Of course, I am,” Elijah rolled his eyes. “Why don’t you take a seat, Miss Sommers?”

“I came here for solitude and that she would understand me and I find this! What is wrong with you people? First Alaric’s not-so-dead wife arrives and now you are saying that Lia is married to you and has been your wife all along?”

“Yes?” Adelia offered, taking a seat next to her as Elijah got up to walk in the kitchen space.

Jenna turned to her and tried peeking under the gown again. “You seriously slept with him and he is seriously-”

“-my husband indeed.”
“Why did you lie to us?”

“We never did. Nobody ever inquired about our respective spouses and maybe our intentions were more nefarious than we cared to admit,” the witch fidgeted with a lock of hair.

“Nefarious intentions. What do you mean? Elijah’s not a writer?”

“If by a writer, you mean procrastinating in journals, sure,” she replied.

“I am offended, Lia,” Elijah’s voice echoed from the kitchen.

“You are not Damon’s friend?” Jenna frowned.

“Oh, he and I are anything but friends. I thought we shared a mutual interest, but he is not a person I’d favor.”

Jenna processed the words in silence for a minute or two. “I think I would like to sleep it off. Where’s the room?”

“I shall get your bags into your room,” Adelia smiled and disappeared inside.

“Tea?” Elijah held out a cup for her. She took it hesitantly as the Original sat across her, clearly awkward.

Elijah glanced at Jenna, who was looking at him intently.

“What is the history of the Fell property, Miss Sommers?” Jenna mimicked his words and the Original sighed.

“Will it assuage you to know I was genuinely curious about that?” Elijah offered an explanation.

“Oh no. Now to think of it, you were more curious about Adelia’s ancestry,” the Sommers woman narrowed her eyes.

Adelia cleared her throat. “Enough discussion. We’ll talk in the morning. Why don’t you get some rest? I promise to answer each of your questions.”

Jenna didn’t say a word and shut the door with a loud bang as Elijah and Adelia looked at each other.

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January 1860 | Cloveryville

Elijah was on his way to his room when a set of giggles reached his ear and curiously, he followed the noise stopping in front of the music room. He watched Adelia and a young Gregory waltzing to inaudible music as the boy clung around her waist following her around. Her conservative style of full sleeves and high necks were replaced today with a freer one and Elijah thought she looked even more beautiful if that were considered possible.

“I don’t understand a thing, miss,” Gregory whined, loving being carried around.

“You don’t need to when you are a mere five,” she replied moving their interlinked hands around.

Gregory followed her actions with a pout before he saw her footwork, tried to copy them but failed miserably. “It is very complicated.”
“Hmm. You are learning big words,” she complimented twirling him around making him giggle again. Elijah leaned against the doorway watching the two as a smile crept over his face.

“Rafael is a better teacher,” Gregory mumbled, but Adelia managed to hear it and stopped immediately.

“Why don’t you ask him to teach you then?” She drawled making a big show of untangling her hands from the boy, feigning hurt and betrayal. The boy sat down on the floor crossing his arms looking up at the witch who was glaring back at him.

“I could help,” Elijah offered from the doorway and the occupants immediately turned towards him.

“I do not think you could be of any help, Mr. Mikaelson,” she answered.

“One cannot commit to things he has not seen,” he said.

“Of course,” muttered Adelia waiting for the little boy to get up. She frowned when he didn’t and gave her an incredulous look. “What are you waiting for?”

Elijah cleared his throat from behind her, smiling at the witch. “He wants a demonstration,”

“That is why you’re not a good teacher. You do not understand me,” boasted Gregory getting a look from his Miss that promised revenge and retribution.

Elijah picked up her hands from beside her and put them over his shoulder, earning a look of surprise from Adelia.

“I have not worn gloves, this is inappropriate,” she squeaked in a low voice trying to provide an excuse to deflect the situation indefinitely, how absurd it might be.

“Neither have I and we have no witnesses except a remarkable student of yours,” he replied and purposefully intertwined their fingers making her shiver.

“You sound like your brother, a notorious flirt,” an unamused look appeared across her features.

He smiled and glided his palm across her lower back, “You haven’t seen me at my worst.”

“What is that supposed to imply?” Adelia said and Elijah wanted nothing more than to kiss those full lips.

“When I start enacting my skills as you call it, you would know,” he humored confusing her.

“What is this then?” She clearly felt his fingers on her hips tracing back and forth making her skin tingle, breath slowly going ragged. Adelia knew it was unfitting to indulge in something like this with a vampire, an Original no less, but she couldn’t help giving in to it.

“A demonstration, of course,” Elijah answered, looking at the now empty room and dipped her low surprising her. She stiffened as they locked eyes and his fingers inconspicuously dropped her hairpin as her tresses escaped its confines and before she could register, she was standing upright being twirled around. He pulled Adelia closer to himself and she placed her hands on her shoulders avoiding his intense gaze.

Adelia now noticing the empty room tried to disentangle from him, but soon found herself against the wall and she looked at the Original wide-eyed. “Elijah?”

The man in question moved the witch’s hair from her shoulder, tracing her bare collarbones and
Adelia clenched his coat between her fingers. The young witch looked down, unable to meet his eyes and felt a light caress on her cheek.

Reluctantly meeting his hazel brown orbs, she was pressed more into the wall and he leaned in slowly brushing his lips against her, touching them barely and Adelia’s breath hitched. Just as he was about to kiss her, a set of footsteps running towards the room made him separate from the girl he had affections for.

A giggling Gregory entered the room with a pie in his hands, his clothes and face all messy. He stopped seeing the two elders in the room and ran towards the frozen girl who picked him up immediately.

“You two are still here. Where’s my demonst...demonstration?” he floundered.

“Demonstration,” the Original and the witch said together and instantly looked towards each other making the little boy giggle harder.

“Why don’t we get you all tidied up?” She suggested.

“Will I get one more pie?”

“Of course,” Adelia glanced at the Original and fled the room.

“Still not speaking to me?” Klaus looked at his new body, one Alaric Saltzman.

“Was your own body too macabre to indulge itself in the plots?” Adelia gave him a sarcastic smile.

“And keep your voice down. Jenna is asleep. I don’t want to explain what her boyfriend is doing in our living room, not without the truth.”

“You want the old body back, love? Miss it too much?” He smirked as she rolled her eyes in frustration.

“Fortunately, your possessed body is the only thing stopping me from impaling you on a tree stump.”

“Such a fascinating sight it would be,” Elijah voiced from beside his wife keeping down the newspaper.

“Elijah agrees too. Maybe he would like to improvise. What do you say, dear?” She asked her husband.

“My suggestion is to replace the stump with a maturity, rationality and much more,” the elder Original quirked looking at Klaus or rather the body he was possessing avoiding Adelia’s glare. She was quite put off with him for hiding the plan.

“Devotion exudes the two of you. How noble,” Klaus clenched his jaw.

“Pity, it cannot kill you,” contemplated Elijah receiving a nudge from the woman sitting beside him.

“My stump idea remains open for thought,” Adelia looked at Klaus with a smile.

Alaric opened the closet and took out two shirts as Katherine tied to a chair watched him intently.

“Oh! Who is this guy, Safari Sam?” He asked the doppelgänger showing her the shirts, “Okay, bad, or worse?”
“The dark colors suit you better,” she replied.

“Oh, thank you, honey. Okay, pop quiz. How much do you know?”

“Nothing. I was desiccated inside a tomb remember? Elijah and his wife handed me over to you like some homecoming gift,” she shrugged off the question.

“Oh, that guy is a buzzkill, but he turned out to quite a strategist in this. Still hasn’t handed over the moonstone,” he told the vampire, thinking of future plans.

“Elijah has the moonstone?” Katherine asked surprised.

“Did you really expect him to bargain with nothing? Moonstone and the doppelgangers. He also has a diplomatic wife who doesn’t fear me,” he answered. “A very dangerous combination in a woman.”

“Ah... Adelia Laurentis. You Originals have hidden her traces very well,” Katherine quipped envying the woman who married the Original she fell for a lifetime ago.

“I smell jealousy, Katerina. Maeve is extraordinary, isn’t she?”

“Maeve?” She furrowed her brows in confusion.

“Should I know anything else?” Klaus diverted the query.

“Don’t forget you have a girlfriend Jenna.”

“Right. Elena’s aunt who seems to be under Adelia’s protection. For all the lies about Isobel. What else?” he rolled his eyes.

“That’s it,” she finished as he got closer and touched her face.

“Oh, so jumpy,” he humored.

“Please, just... kill me. I’ve told you everything that I know,” she requested the Original when he put his hands on the armrests of Katherine’s chair.

“Shame you were entombed. Would have loved the insider info,” he mused with a smirk.

“Sorry for the inconvenience,” the vampire retorted.

“Well, we’ll have to get to the bottom of that. Find out the power players.”

“Please, just kill me, Klaus, and be done with it,” Katherine begged, getting tensed with each passing second in the presence of the one she feared most.

“And show you kindness? I’ve searched for you for over 500 years. Your death is going to last at least half that long,” he procured a knife from his pocket and held it before her, “I want you to take this knife... and stab yourself.” In accord, she took the knife and stabbed herself in the thigh. “Now take it out,” he ordered and she did so, “Now while I’m gone, I want you to do that over and over and over again and if you get bored, switch legs.”

“Where are you going?” She asked.

“I’m gonna go lay eyes on my precious doppelgänger,” he replied and kissed her forehead. “Oh, don’t look so glum, Katerina. The fun is just beginning. Again.”
Jenna woke up in the middle of the afternoon and groaned into the pillow as sleep evaded her senses for the millionth time. Coming out of the room, she found no presence in the house and plucked a note stuck to the door stating Elijah and her were out for business.

The woman went into the kitchen for some coffee and later made herself comfortable in the couch overlooking the forest visible from the glass panes.

She wondered if Elijah and Adelia were really spouses or were just trying to fool her, something Alaric had been doing since the beginning.

Grabbing a crinkled gift paper from the floor, she read over the card and slumped down in relief as it read Elijah and Adelia M. Certainly someone had been practicing too much calligraphy to write everything in capitals. She rolled her eyes at the person named Niklaus.

Looking over the coffee table, she found various books, mostly microbiology. The Sommers woman remembered Adelia telling her of her interest in everything science. Her attention diverted to some really old books over the table. She grabbed one out of curiosity as her fingers hovered over the old yellowed pages.

Jenna flipped open the book and found Adelia’s name written in a cursive beautifully with initials S.B. at the bottom right corner. She opened the first page and immediately frowned when all that was decipherable was the ink blotches over the thick page. Seeing the handwriting, she concluded Adelia must have written it when she was little and who even used ink pens anymore. Must have been a childhood phase, Jenna concluded.

What confused her most were the things that were written which made no sense. Uses of herbs she had never even heard of to the combinations whose uses made her head hurt. She went to the end pages of the book and found lines in languages she had no idea of.

She stumbled across a photo tucked in between the pages and saw Adelia, Elijah with another blond woman. Elijah was looking at the two women laughing. She flipped it over to find New Orleans, 1887 written across the back. Everything was so confusing. A theme party?

The human found a sheet pinned over the laptop with various points jotted down under a Lumiere Foundation. She ran inside her room and return before booting up her own laptop and googled it. There was not much except it was founded in 1866 in Seattle by a resident of Louisiana, most notably Sharel Beauchêne and her extended family.

She picked up another book it belonged to Alessandra Fleureau. Jenna googled the name and came up with no results except a dilapidated private property of the Fleureaus in New Orleans which hadn’t been inhabited since 1864 after a tragedy.

She went for another book and was stunned to see Sharel Beauchêne written across it. Hesitantly, she looked at Adelia’s book and matched the initials S.B. with the name. The letters and the style were same and the Sommers woman stiffened. Grabbing a pen she noted it down.

1866-Sharel Beauchêne-Adelia Laurentis/Smith?

Jenna googled Adelia’s name that gave no results, but links to various universities appeared. An hour of going through it and her mind was boggled. Black and white pictures of Adelia appeared standing in rows of students graduating and each degree was different and never taken at the same college.

Adelia Laurentis-1956, New York-1962, London-1965, France...

It was astounding. Jenna couldn’t believe her eyes. She typed Laurentis in the search box and it led
her to a search for Cloverville to its founders Raymond Laurentis and then once again his wife, Sharel Beauchêne. Nothing else was over the internet.

How was Adelia present in all those years when she wasn’t even born? And how did Sharel Beauchêne write her initials in Adélia’s diary? The Laurentis woman should have been born in the 1980s and Sharel existed a century earlier. What was the relationship between Sharel and Adelia?

A light bulb went off in her head when she remembered Elijah telling her of his wife’s ancestors migrating to New Orleans. She connected the dots.

Sharel Beauchêne-Cloverville, Louisiana later Seattle (Lumiere, 1866)

Adelia Laurentis-Raymond Laurentis w/ Sharel Beauchêne

Ancestors?

“So we go to the dance, we find him,” Damon suggested.

“Really? How are we going to do that? We don’t even know what he looks like,” Stefan said the matter of fact.

“Something tells me he’s not going to be sixteen and pimply.”

“He could be anywhere at any time. He compelled somebody at school,” Stefan argued, looking at Elena and Bonnie. “I guess it’s not as safe as you guys thought, huh?”

“There you are,” Damon commented when Alaric entered the boarding house.

“Sorry I’m late,” the hunter replied.

“Hey, I need you to put me down as a chaperone at the dance tonight. Klaus made his first move,” he told Alaric.

“Okay, so we find him and then what, hmm? What’s our plan of attack?” Elena asked, coming to the point.

“I can at least give it a shot,” Bonnie looked at the occupants with pleading eyes.

“You all are making it that easy. I mean, he is the biggest, baddest vampire around,” Alaric humored the group, internally smirking.

“Alaric, be positive. I mean, we don’t know how he looks. We have weaponless. We’re screwed,” Damon rolled his eyes.

“Well, I was not impressed by your lack of enthusiasm brother,” quirked Stefan.

“He’s an Original. We already underestimated Elijah and Adelia. We shouldn’t do it again,” Bonnie reminded them of their previous confrontation with the other Original and they all sighed.

“It’s the sixties in the school,” Klaus said over the phone as the couple listened to him with an exasperated sigh.

“Where were you doing in the sixties?” Adelia asked curiously, her feet dangling off the hood of the car.
“South Asia if I recall,” he answered.

“Of course you’d be in a war zone. Did you start anything while you were there?” Elijah rolled his eyes leaning against the front.

“You wish Elijah, but no, I did not,” the younger Original gritted his teeth.

“The sun has to have risen from the east if you were thoughtful enough to not start anything,” the witch humored.

“Your trust in me is very enlightening Maeve.”

“Were you expecting a Hawaiian welcome?”

“Only if the exotic flowers were poisonous,” Elijah fixed his cufflinks before staring at the phone kept atop the windshield.

“You two are degrading my self-worth. It already lacks in this body,” Klaus retorted and the Original and his wife grinned at each other before a dial tone indicating the end of the call.

“Heartfelt really,” the Original’s mouth tugged up while his hand ran over her ankle that was enclosing his hip.

“I suppose I won’t have the pleasure of seeing him combust anytime soon,” she leaned over the car surface as her hair spread across the glass with a flourish.

“Do tone down your apparent fascination with his death visions,” he quipped.

“Why? Is it motivating you to implement some of your own?” She laughed innocently and Elijah suddenly pulled at her ankle sliding her head down the glass, leaning over her.

Adelia’s leg involuntarily wrapped around his hips as he blew in her ear and her eyes shut in anticipation. He stared at her pleasure filled features while his finger traced her lace covered mound making her squirm, her back arching expectantly.

“On the contrary, it is giving me infinite ideas to assuage my curiosity,” he whispered, tugging her bottom lip in between his.

“May I ask about what?” Adelia opened her eyes taking a deep breath and hurriedly started unbuckling his belt when he pulled her hands over her head.

Elijah hummed and placed a chaste kiss on her lips, “About the curse. Come, we must continue the research. Wouldn’t want him dead now, do we?” He got up slyly and fleded deep into the forest.

Dumbfounded, his disheveled wife glared at his retreating back. The witch fixed her dress before walking in the opposite direction, huffing all the way.

“Ah, you’re right. This witch is all normal normal. An everyday occurrence. So much for a Bennett,” Alaric said.

“That’s terrible,” Katherine commented from the chair, a knife in hand.

“We’ve nothing to do, Maddox. I am bored,” he drawled opening a drawer. “Do you think this Alaric guy has anything vintage?” He pulls up a secret compartment and continued, “Crossbows, wooden bullets, and automatics? Who is this guy, again?”
“He’s the local vampire hunter,” the doppelgänger answered.

“Ahh. Well, that explains the clothing,” he replied seeing the glass of bourbon held out by the warlock Maddox.

“All I could find. Guy likes his bourbon,” Maddox handed him the glass.

“I knew there was something about him I liked. There’s a high school dance and I’m gonna need some entertainment.”

“What are you going to do?” The warlock asked.

“In this body? I’m a haggard history teacher,” Klaus answered.

“You can always get a rise out of them,” he suggested.

“You mean like surprising them to death?” The Original replied, liking the idea.

“Yeah.”

“Nice. Just ensure dear sister-in-law doesn’t know of the plans,” he looked at Katherine who immediately lowered her head.

Jenna didn’t even realize when the sun had set down and the light slowly disappeared from the room.

The door to the apartment opened and Elijah all dressed up came inside. He stopped in his tracks seeing her there and approached the human, draping his coat over the sofa chair.

“Good evening. It seems like you didn’t get any sleep,” Elijah said, noticing her droopy eyes.

“I had every plan to but some astonishing facts came to my notice,” Jenna looked at him as he nodded for her to go on. “Who is Adelia?” Her brows furrowed in confusion mirrored by the Original. She passed the notebook for him to take a look at and Elijah sat down in the chair with an amused smile over his face.

“It never gets old, does it?” Elijah humored taking the pen from her hand.

“Yeah, like how your wife is all over the place in years at different times. It is beyond my imagination,” Jenna stated with an unimpressed look as she watched him note down something.

Jenna read it and her confusion escalated. She put a question mark next to Elijah’s name.

1866-Sharel Beauchêne-Adelia Laurentis/Smith
   \ Mikaelson (from Elijah M.)

Adelia Laurentis-1956, New York-1962, London-1965, France...
   \ time machine?

Sharel Beauchêne-Cloverville, Louisiana later Seattle (Lumiere, 1866)
   \ previously New Orleans (1840)

Arnold Laurentis-Sharel Beauchêne w/ Raymond Laurentis
“How is this possible?”

“Everything is possible, Miss Sommers,” Elijah replied.

“How much do you believe in mythical creatures Jenna?” Adelia sat down beside her making her shout in fright.

“Mythical creatures?” The human calmed down looked between the couple.

“You know Twilight styles?”

Jenna laughed aloud, “Zero. Those things are absurd, Mrs. Mikaelson.” She punctuated the surname with a glare towards her confusing friend.

Adelia shrugged her shoulder, giving her a mug of coffee. The human, though hesitant, went to take the cup when the witch left her hold on it and the mug stayed afloat in the air.

“Holy Jesus Christ!” Jenna scrambled backward into the couch as the coffee spilled onto the marble flooring, but the mug remained unmoving, floating.

The witch moved her fingers and the coffee onto the floor separated into drops and slowly began rising in the air. Jenna appeared horrified at the prospect of an innocent looking coffee. Adelia waved her hand and collected the coffee back inside the mug before keeping it back on the table as it settled with a clink over the glass surface.

“Oh dear lord, help me. Help me.” Her eyes glistened with tears as she looked towards Adelia. Jenna glanced at Elijah, who was sipping his own coffee without any care. A tear slipped down her eye and Adelia frowned. She pulled out a tissue and made it fly towards the human who retreated more into the couch staring at the flying piece.

“It will not bite you,” Adelia said with a smile which startled Jenna again. She took a dry orchid from the nearby vase and touched its petal as it flourished back to life. The witch caressed the bunch as it turned alive again, rousing the human’s curiosity.

“We are not bad,” the Laurentis heir smiled and the newspaper in Elijah’s hand rose up flying around the room.

“My newspaper is not meant for your amusement, Lia,” Elijah pinched his forehead.

“Hmm. Maybe a little bad,” she smirked and the paper stopped hovering over her husband before it ignited itself, the burnt ash falling over an unamused Original. Jenna stopped crying as she looked at Adelia before a tissue flew in front of her.

“Is it a prank show? Are there hidden cameras?” The human asked in a croaky voice and Adelia laughed. “It will not burn itself right.”

“Only if I want it to.”

Jenna hesitantly took the tissue, unconsciously caressing its surface to feel its authenticity and
proceeded to wipe away her tears. “What are you?”

Elijah extended the tissue box towards the Sommers woman making her frown in confusion. “You might need it after some inconvenient revelations.”

Elena rummaged through some boxes in Stefan’s bedroom. “Your relatives were such pack rats,” she took two outfits out and showed them to her boyfriend, “Okay, so what do you think? Twiggy or sexy hippy?”

“Ooh. You know it’s not too late to back out, right? We don’t have anything. We shouldn’t go,” he suggested.

“And what, miss out on all the fun? I am not backing out, Klaus wouldn’t harm me. It’s our only chance to figure out who he is,” she sadly replied as he walked over to her.

“Hey.”

“All this time spent worrying about Klaus. I think I convinced myself that he’s not real, but he is. I love you.”

“I want you to tell me that when the night’s over,” he kissed her, not noticing Damon standing at the door.

“Any time tonight,” the elder Salvatore muttered.

“A witch, you are a witch,” Jenna breathed in, trying not to panic.

“Yes. A very different one, but not the Harry Potter kind,” Adelia wiggled her fingers and the candle beside Jenna lit up, making her jump. The human closed her eyes and took a deep breath willing everything to be a dream.

Elijah emerged from their bedroom after the ash mishap and smiled at the Sommers woman before grabbing a grimoire from the table to read.

“And those are witch books?” The human pointed at the books over the table.

“We call it grimoires. I am the last of my line so I have a huge collection,” Adelia grabbed one from the table. “This one is the oldest I have. From my mother’s Fleureau bloodline dating back to 1290s.”

Jenna’s eyes widened as she stared at the nimble parchments in her hand, almost a relic. “The oldest. Elijah is the oldest... vampire,” she gulped.

“Not the oldest,” the witch corrected, remembering her much-hated father-in-law Mikael.

“I am literally going crazy Lia. This is not real. I am definitely crazy.”

“And I love Damon Salvatore,” Adelia sarcastically said, making the Original look up from his book. “I was jesting Elijah.”

“Elena!” Alaric ran up to the Bennett and the doppelganger while they were out looking for Klaus.

“What is it?” Elena asked.
“He has Jeremy,” he told them.

“What?” Bonnie and Elena exclaimed in shock.

“Yeah, Klaus has Jeremy. Come on,” he led them into a hallway as the girls followed him.

“Okay, so where are you taking us?” The doppelgänger questioned.

“Just a little further,” he replied.

“Wait... something’s not right,” a suspicious Elena stopped in her tracks.

“Where’s Jeremy?” Bonnie followed her friend’s action when the teacher stopped walking and laughed.

“I just had to get away from that dance. The sixties, ugh. Not my decade,” he laughed, “I mean, whose call was that, anyway? I much prefer the twenties. The style, the parties, the jazz.”

“Alaric. Are you on vervain?” Elena furrowed her brows.

“Now why would you ask me that question, Elena?”

“Nope. Try again.”

“What’s going on?” A confused doppelgänger tried.

“Okay, I’ll give you a hint. I am not Alaric,” Klaus humored.

“Klaus!” Elena realized making him smile.

“Surprise!”

“Oh, no. No, it’s not possible,” she denied.

“Just relax, Elena. I’m not here to hurt you. You’re not on my hit list tonight. Nobody is. This is me having a bit of fun,” he clarified with a smile and flinched when Bonnie started giving him an aneurysm.

Klaus scrunched his forehead, “It tickles really. You still have a lot to learn.” He rushed over to her throwing her against a display case as she fell to the ground, smashing the glass. “By all means... fire away!” Klaus smirked, “This body is getting old, I’ll just get a new one. Maybe Jeremy.”

“Go. Run. Run!” The witch ordered and they started running, closing the doors with her powers and trapped him inside when Damon ran through another pair of doors to join them.

“What happened?” He asked the panicked girls.

“Klaus is in Alaric’s body,” Elena informed him.

“What?”

“He’s possessing it or something,” Bonnie answered.

“Go find Stefan. Now,” he told them.
“Okay,” Elena hesitated.

“Now,” he affirmed as she and Bonnie leave, when Stefan joined him sometime later.

“Can we kill him?” The elder Salvatore asked his brother.

“He’s possessing Alaric. He’ll just take up another body,” Stefan replied just as Alaric arrived.

“The Salvatore brothers,” he started and turned towards the younger one, “Oh hello old friend.”

“Why don’t you show your real face and then talk to us?” An angry Damon confronted.

“I was having a bit of fun lads. You have no weapon. You cannot defeat me. You cannot kill me. How extraordinary this situation is.”

“We will find a way to kill you,” Stefan blurted getting out of the confused haze of being called an old friend.


“You will not get near Elena,” threatened Damon as the smile disappeared from the hunter’s face.

“We will see,” he mused and both the brothers rushed towards him, but their necks were quickly snapped by Greta appearing behind him, making the Original sigh. “What a boring end to a fun night.”

Elena and Bonnie instead of going back to Salvatore house went to the only people who will be able to help them. As they got out of the elevator designated to their floor, they heard a piano being played and it was truly melodious. They looked at each other contemplating their actions. Hesitantly, they knocked at the door and the piano immediately stopped.

After a few seconds, which seemed like hours, they heard footsteps approaching the door before it was yanked open. Standing there was Elijah.

“Hello, Miss Gilbert and Miss Bennett,” he greeted them impassively when the piano started again and the girls concluded it was Adelia playing.

“We need your help. Please. Klaus is in town and he attacked us,” Elena blurted out when the Original’s gaze fell onto Bonnie’s injuries and he nodded, opening the door wider. The teenagers entered the apartment to find it absolutely sophisticated yet homey and the center table littered with papers and... microbiology books.

Elijah guided them to take a seat on the couch before looking at his wife. “Bonnie’s injuries need to be tended to,” he said before leaving the room.

Adelia stood up from the stool and walked towards the witch in confusion, noticing her injuries. She made her way to them when Elijah arrived with a first aid kit, handing it to her before taking the stool Adelia just vacated.

The witch-vampire knew the girls wouldn’t have approached them if it weren’t for Klaus.

“Klaus did this?” Adelia guessed, kneeling down to get a better look, surprising the girls to see such a prideful woman on her knees. Getting a nod in confirmation, she opened the kit and started cleaning the wound. “What is your purpose to visit us?” She asked the motive while Elijah played a soothing tone in the background.
“Can we trust you?” Elena questioned and Adelia raised her brows in surprise discarding the soiled cotton.

“Can we trust you?” Elijah asked instead of answering.

“We don’t know what to do. Please save her life,” Bonnie said in between bouts of pain from the antiseptic.

“We were doing exactly that, weren’t we?” Adelia hummed and asked the witch, “Would you like blood to heal or should I do this the human way?”

Bonnie looked at the bandages and Adelia smiled before unrolling one.

“I apologize for that again. Please help us,” the doppelgänger requested.

“Why should we?” Adelia tied the ends before starting on another one.

“You are killing her for selfish reasons,” Bonnie replied and the heretic’s hand immediately stilled. The room fell into silence as nobody spoke for a minute when a sound of scissor clattering to the bottom of the first aid box resounded through the living room.

“I am selfish when it comes to things that are acutely mine and what I desire to acquire is deeply personal” the Original broke the silence watching his beloved put ointment on the small nicks.

“What?” Elena sounded confused as Elijah left his place by the piano and sat across the girls.

“We are the Originals, Miss Gilbert. We possess all the cards right now, so kindly do not play with us. If you’re willing to indulge in a game of cat and mouse, do remember we are the highest predator out there,” Elijah mused with a smirk.

“Salvatore Boarding house. Tomorrow at 10. We will fulfill our end of the bargain because you’ll be doing us a favor and we will repay it,” Adelia said and shared a look with Elijah, “and moreover Klaus needs you.”

“Thank you. Thank you so much,” Elena prodded in happiness and Bonnie smiled.

“Get tetanus and some prescribed painkillers and you will be fine,” Adelia announced getting up. “If you’d allow, Elijah’s men will escort you home.”

“No, we’ll be fine,” Bonnie said gratefully as they made their way out.

“Have a good night, Miss Gilbert. Miss Bennett,” Elijah said before he disappeared into one of the rooms.

“You will be fine,” Adelia reassured the girls as the elevator closed shut.

Jenna came out of the room as her eyes filled with tears. “She knew.”

“We are not the right people to inform you of such things, Jenna. We are in this town for a reason and our perspectives are very much biased to favor our needs,” Elijah informed the human as Adelia closed the door behind her.

“Please tell me everything,” Jenna’s quivering voice requested and the witch nodded.

Stefan, Damon, Jeremy and Caroline were pacing the boarding house in worry when Elena and
Bonnie entered in a lighter demeanor.

“Where were you two?” Stefan immediately asked, hugging his girlfriend.

“We took a detour,” answered Bonnie.

“Have you lost it!? Klaus is out there,” Damon thundered, cursing their stupidity.

“We went to ask for help from the people who were willing to give it to us,” Elena said when John entered looking grim with a big package in his hand. “What are you doing here?” She asked, stunned at his arrival.

“Shouldn’t you be anywhere else but here?” Jeremy said, remembering his disappearance just days before.

“What is that?” The newbie vampire pointed at the package.

“Isobel’s parcel. Came this morning,” he replied.

“But what is it?” The doppelgänger got curious.

“Look for yourself,” John gestured and Stefan approached the painting.

Damon followed his brother, watching him remove the styrofoam covering from the canvas. As the portrait slowly started revealing a set of eyes, he joined Stefan and hastily tore open the remaining polystyrene and stepped back to see the full canvas. Their eyes widened in shock and confusion as a familiar pair of coffee brown orbs stared back at them.

“What is this?” Damon muttered.

“Adelia?” frowned Elena.

“I am confused, really,” Caroline wondered, thinking about the woman who had saved her.

“She is Maeve. Klaus’ Maeve,” John said aloud.

“You mean Adelia is Maeve?” Bonnie laughed. No way the vampire-witch who dressed up her wounds tonight would be the elusive Maeve. Klaus’ Maeve.

“Of course. Because if you are too slow to process Judgy then look at the bottom right corner, ‘For Maeve. With love, Klaus-1864,’ Damon read the script rolling his eyes.

“Hey, watch it!” Jeremy snapped at the vampire on behalf of the Bennett witch.

“Klaus painted this?” Elena was dumbstruck.

“Mm-hmm,” the elder Salvatore murmured.

Even the fraying canvas couldn’t hide the beauty it exhibited, perfectly displaying the radiant glow and Adelia’s beautiful smile as her eyes conveyed sensibility in its vast depth. With the acute detailing, they knew Klaus had spent months to capture her into this canvas. As her brown curls coalesced with the pastel yellow background illuminating her emerald gown, it showed a hint of innocence to her demeanor that had all of them in awe.

“We looked for a girl who was right in front of us the entire time. No wonder Elijah wasn’t happy with us going after her since it turned out to be his wife,” said Stefan.
“Is it just me who noticed her bare fingers? I have seen her rings, she has two,” informed Caroline as a matter of fact. Simultaneously, all occupants turned to look at the portrait and indeed there were no rings gracing her fingers.

“That means Adelia knew Klaus before she married Elijah. She wasn’t lying,” Stefan deduced looking at the painted face. The sides of the portrait were burnt and had splotches of blood which had darkened over time.

Bonnie curiously came forward and touched the portrait carefully and instantly saw flashes of images as they merged together addling her mind.

April 1864

Adelia was in the same gown as her portrait sitting in a chair with a book in hand. She turned to look at Bonnie and smiled.

“Niklaus, my spine yearns for rest. Kindly free me of these confines so I can savor a bit of sunlight,” she said, and Bonnie realized that Adelia wasn’t talking to her but to Klaus who was currently painting her. The vision had her glued that she couldn’t move to look behind her.

“Love, this portrait is my gift to you. A bit of suffering is to be expected when this will be a masterpiece. People will look at this and wonder who managed to defer to this beauty,” an accented voice replied with a chuckle.

“Chef-d’oeuvre of the almighty Klaus, is it?” She spoke with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

“Don’t let your grandmother hear you. She already despises me doing this, irrelevant of the heartfelt gesture.”

“Oh lord, I was unaware of the ancient soul being scared of Sharel Beauchene,” she mocked at his retort and was rewarded by Klaus joining her with his own peals of laughter.

Bonnie almost smiled at the scene playing in front of her when she was transported somewhere else. The world blurred around her so quickly that she couldn’t decipher anything happening around her. She just heard voices playing in the background straining her ears combined with a ringing sound. Amidst all, her own nose started bleeding as she put her hands to her ears and kneeled down to stop the noises when a sudden silence ensued with a sharp crack.

She opened her eyes and found herself in front of Adelia who dropped down with a thud on the floor just a meter away, her face towards her. She looked worse for wear in a black nightgown with blood all over her, but still very beautiful but then Bonnie noticed the unnatural sheen in the witch’s eyes; they were lifeless. Adelia was dead.

Horrified, Bonnie scrambled backward, but her hand touched something sticky. She raised it and saw blood and looked around to see blood everywhere. Then a chandelier dropped down on the floor right beside her and listening to the sound, she realized all the chandeliers had crashed together.

Bonnie was scared, the candles went out and left the room in darkness. The windows exploded, showering her in glass when the blood caught fire illuminating the room. She looked beside the broken window and found the same portrait hanging on the wall, fresh blood across it as the fire started its way onto it.

Too shocked with the happenings, she stood up and turned around just as the surroundings blurred
and she found herself in the Boarding house falling on the floor.

Stefan rushed towards the witch and caught her. Bonnie touched her nose to see it was bleeding here too. She looked around, scared. Bonnie stepped away from the painting cradling her hand as tears dripped down her cheeks. She stared at the woman in the portrait with blatant sadness and terror written all over her face for the things she witnessed earlier.

“What happened?” Elena asked as she rubbed Bonnie’s back.

“The painting was imbued with residual magic,” the witch replied, trying to compose herself.

“Residual magic?” Stefan questioned.

“Essence left after death. Like the magic left by the hundred witches. The portrait was painted by Klaus. I heard his voice. She called him Niklaus.”

“And?” Damon curiously stated.

“There was so much blood and that magic, I saw pools of blood catching fire,” all faces showed interest and horror at such depiction when she narrated what she had witnessed. They all had nothing to say when they knew the trouble was only getting started. “I saw her die. I saw Adelia die.”

A knock echoed in the apartment and Adelia snapped her book shut, clenching her jaw. She looked at Elijah, who seemed to be fast asleep and stepped down the bed. Making sure Jenna was inside her room, the witch moved towards the front door and opened it to the sight of a quirky Alaric, raising her brow at his wolfish grin.

“I saw my dear ol’ friend Stefan Salvatore, Maeve,” he started but saw the look she gave him. He went to enter the apartment, but she barred his entry and realization hit him. “You know about the dance escapade. But fret not love, I had a protection spell done on me.”

“Oh, did you?” Adelia replied and stepped forward to cup his face softly, surprising him, “Did it hurt?” He shook his head in a no when her face turned serious, “Forgive me. This is going to be anything but,” she finished and started siphoning off the spell as he groaned in pain before he was thrown against the wall, his bones twisted in odd angles making him grit his teeth. Klaus stared at her with bloodshot eyes when Elijah appeared putting on a shirt through his neck, looking thoroughly confused.

“Adelia?” The elder Original queried.

“We have done everything for you, Klaus! And you played one of your sick games tonight! Isn’t breaking the curse enough for you that you have to draw blood from the bystanders? Was it necessary?” Adelia shouted.

Alaric stood up glaring at her, “You do not command my actions Maeve. You only help me because you pity me and I refuse to be one of your model objects.”

“Oh please, Nik. You very well know I am not under any delusion that I anyhow command whatever you choose to do. Your actions are your own, so why do we have to face any repercussions that you bring upon yourself!”

“This isn’t about me! Again, this is about Elijah and yourself. Why bother with me when you can wander the world on your mighty horse,” retorted Klaus looking between the couple.
“How many times do I have to tell you that I do not pity you! We wouldn’t have returned if we didn’t care about you,” she broke down as tears brimmed in her eyes. “I would have been planning your bloody murder if we limited our lives to just ourselves. I care Niklaus.”

The man in question looked away.

Elijah wrapped an arm around her waist intending to get her inside when his heart broke even more hearing her trembling words.

“You are my friend Nik. You are family. I am happy for you,” she said and disappeared inside without giving them a glance as Klaus stared at Elijah before moving towards the elevator.

“Niklaus,” Elijah called making him stop in his tracks, “we are indeed happy for you.” He smiled and followed the way his wife had taken, closing the door as a single tear dribbled down Alaric’s chin.

1880 | New Orleans | The Compound

“How was your journey to Austin?” Klaus asked as soon as they entered the compound. Elijah moved towards the stairs without sparing them a glance and shut the bedroom door with a loud bang.

The witch diverted her gaze from the door to the younger Original.

“The roads did not fare well and the weather was disastrous. The carriage broke down twice,” she answered while removing her gloves and Klaus noted a quiver in her voice and the attempt to distract herself.

“And?”

“I lost my hairpin. It was very inconvenient,” Adelia finished and the Original saw the same hairpin adorning her hair. He sighed.

“Elijah?”

“He will be fine tomorrow,” she informed, opening her case. With a smile on her face, Adelia retrieved a pouch and gave it to him. “I found some paints for you.”

The Original took the pouch from her with a hesitant smile and grabbed her wrist when she tried stepping back. He looked at her brimming eyes and pulled her into his arms as Adelia’s shoulders suddenly heaved with sobs. She wrapped her arms around his neck as tears slid down her chin without her permission. He caressed her back for a minute when she pulled away and grabbed his fingers.

“I do not know what to do,” the witch sobbed out. “I have tried everything and it doesn’t work!”

“Do not lose hope. You will be fine,” Klaus cupped her cheek as he tried to calm her down.

“They do not have answers. I tried to give them everything but they still refused to help us,” Adelia’s voice stuttered with every word when a door abruptly opened and Elijah came out. She quickly wiped away her tears and averted his gaze when the Original fleet in front of her.

“I have misplaced my watch. Have you seen it?” He asked her with a reluctant smile.
“Oh. You did not find it?” Adelia questioned and Elijah nodded in negative. “I shall find it for you,” she answered and rushed off to their room.

The elder Original watched her leave and took her case before climbing up the stairs.

“Brother, ho-”

“I do not wish to talk of this. Forgive me,” Elijah interrupted him without a thought as a sigh escaped his mouth. A minute later, the door once again closed when the Original stared at his wife’s tired form on their bed and joined her under the sheets.

Running his fingers through her hair, Elijah lulled her to sleep as he watched the starry night give way to the sun rising from its horizon. He took a deep breath and turned to stare at the ceiling, his thumb unconsciously gliding across the ruby anklet clutched within Adelia’s palm.

A/N: A very long chapter with certain inconvenient revelations. Jenna might lend you her detective hat. *very evil smirk*

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
Elijah returned to his city from Cloverville to deal with the little problems that had appeared in the Originals' absence. Klaus was doing well on his own for now, which he deeply suspected, but was true.

As he looked at the naked figure beside him, his thoughts drifted to Adelia who had captured his heart after he had vowed to never love anyone after Celeste.

Maybe he didn't want the same fate for her or he feared the pain it resulted after Klaus ruined his happiness repeatedly. She was young and wise beyond her years and she didn't deserve to be tarnished by the destruction the Mikaelsons always brought along with them.

A smile bloomed on his face as he thought about their encounters. It thawed his being on how he had started to associate her with warmth and kindness. She had a peculiar way to life, contradicting her habit of viewing from an even perspective. Niklaus was clearly fond of her, a hard thing to come by due to his usual behavior.

A set of fingers caressed his face and Elijah stopped his train of thoughts to look at Sofía, his current lover. He nuzzled into her neck, desperately craving the rose scent and the peace Adelia always guaranteed. With no remorse, he bit into her neck roughly, willing the fragrance to hit his nose.

He had a week here to introspect his priorities and clear his mind. He would not fall for another again. Adelia and he were not meant to be. Not in this lifetime.

When the cravings for something soft and innocent filled his heart, the Original left the bed, leaving an unconscious lover behind, her brown tresses ironically resembling Adelia's.

A familiar sapphire hairpin lay over the nightstand, its jewel glinting under the candle light.

Elijah took out the blood bags from the chiller and closed the door when he saw Adelia walking across the hallway in her dressing gown, tiptoeing towards the table. He pulled out a chair for his wife as she sat down before pushing it in.

Jenna arrived with circles under her eyes and the Original pulled out a chair for her too. Ignoring the surprise at his gentlemanly gesture, she sat down grumpily.

"Good morning," he greeted, taking a seat beside Adelia.

"Morning," Jenna said and a yawn threatened to escape her mouth.
"Good Morning as well. Though I doubt it is going to be good," Adelia replied. "Jenna, you should have gotten some sleep instead of reading the whole night."

"So you guys really drink blood for breakfast?" The human asked curiously, but with a hint of a grimace.

"We prefer real nutrients." Adelia pointed towards the kitchen counter where two blood bags lay for Jenna to see.

"So why are you eating food?"

"When you live for so long, you come to desire normality in your life. I don't regret what I am but I do miss being human and doing normal human things. A normal meal is one of them," the witch said with a smile.

"Don't you get tired living the same life?"

"Not when you hope for much better circumstances," Elijah replied.

"Right. Klaus, who is currently possessing my complicated boyfriend," Jenna rolled her eyes. "Whose idea was it?"

Adelia turned to look at Elijah and Jenna followed her action.

The Original cleared his throat. "I had nothing to do with that."

"Yeah, right," Jenna said with a sigh meeting Adelia's eyes who smiled. "I will be going back today."

"Our door is always open for you. Do not hesitate to approach us," the witch told to reassure, squeezing Jenna's hand.

"I have a thesis presentation next month. I want you to attend it," Jenna demanded with a smirk.

"I believe I can make time for it."

"I do not like where this is heading," the Original said looking between the two. "Adelia might have more important matters to attend."

"So you are the reluctant one in the relationship. Why am I not surprised?" Jenna laughed seeing Elijah's pursed mouth.

"She is pulling your leg, Elijah," Adelia suggested with a smile, "I know you care. But we shall conquer whatever will come first. Together."

"Do I detect worry in your voice for today?" Elijah humored.

"Your detection methods are obsolete, but you assume right. I am indeed worried."

"Fret not, dear," he assured the witch.

"You sound positively giddy," Adelia raised her eyebrows looking at him suspiciously.

"Very giddy," Jenna agreed.

"Because I am," the Original hummed in agreement.
Adelia got up from her seat with her plate and looked at Jenna. "We are on for next month," she smiled and walked towards the kitchen as a high five echoed the room when she passed Jenna.

The human smiled and internally promoted Adelia to close friend's status. She looked towards Elijah and smirked, "You're welcome, Mr. Smith."

"Elena!" Stefan called his girlfriend.

"Yeah?" Elena replied, coming down when they noticed Andie in the doorway, holding a cup of coffee.

"Hey," Stefan greeted the compelled human.

"Hello Andie," the doppelganger followed with a nod.

"Uh, hi," Andie said when Damon walked over to her.

"Hi, sweetie. Oh, my coffee," the elder Salvatore hummed and proceeded to kiss her.

"Good morning," greeted Andie.

"Mm, good morning."

"Hey, how are you?" Stefan asked Elena when Caroline, Bonnie and Jeremy arrived.

"What's up? Bonnie said it was urgent," Caroline expressed.

"We didn't mention anything like that. Elena? Damon?" Stefan frowned.

"I don't know, Stefan. She's your girlfriend. Mine's right here," Damon quipped and looked at Andie, "Oh, and how's the shoulder? Got time for a bite? I'm so hungry."

"You really don't learn, do you?" A disgusted Caroline said and turned towards the Bennett witch. "When are we leaving?"

"Oh, it's really messy. Can you just use a blood bag today?" Andie informed Damon ignoring the blonde vampire, "I'm already late for work."

"No!" Damon refused her request.

"Let her go," Caroline stepped forward.

"What a delightful mockery of consent, but I do have a wonderful solution," Adelia spoke from the doorway with Elijah beside her. "Elijah, you made her leave, didn't you?"

"I did, but it turned out to be unsuccessful from the visual evidence right in front of us," the Original replied not at all amused.

"What are you doing here?" Stefan asked, surprised and then looked at his brother. "What are you doing? She's not a wind-up toy. Get her out of here."

"It's really none of your business, is it, Stefan?" Andie retorted.

"Yeah. What she said," Damon agreed rolling his eyes.

"I have to go to work," she said and kissed him in farewell.
"Ugh! Bye."

Andie moved towards the doorway to go out when Adelia gripped her wrist making her turn, looking her in the eye.

"You will leave this town by tonight and find another place to live. Remove traces of your departure and avoid Damon Salvatore. Stake his heart with wood if he pursues you," Adelia compelled the human before clasping a vervain bracelet around her wrist. "Always carry vervain with you."

Andie's pupils turned normal and she stared at the bracelet in confusion.

"Miss Star, aren't you late for work? Or was it a resignation in order?" Elijah intervened and Andie's eyes widened.

"Oh yes! I am so late and I have not even typed the resignation. Thank you so much Elijah and it was a pleasure meeting you Adelia," the human smiled before exiting the boarding house.

"We will make sure she settles in nicely," Adelia said and turned towards Damon who looked pissed. "You lack a lesson in the limits of appropriateness. Wouldn't have guessed you were born in the 1800s into a Founding family with such poor manners or lack thereof."

"Thank you, Elijah and Adelia. Please come in," Elena diverted their attention before it got too heated.

"Now you've invited them in?" Damon glared.

"They have agreed to help us again. They are the only one who know Klaus," replied Elena.

"The two of you will come to no harm at my hands or Adelia's," Elijah said impassively.

"Unless your actions call for it," the Original's wife added.

"I only ask for one thing in return," he continued.

"What?" Damon asked.

"An apology."

"A what?" The Salvatore looked offended when Stefan walked closer to them.

"An expression of regret at having caused trouble for someone. Deaths, werewolf attacks, tried killing Elijah, forged out inconveniences at every step," Adelia started counting with her fingers.

Damon interrupted her angrily, "I know what an apology is."

"Doesn't seem so," the witch quipped with a glare.

"I'm sorry for the part that I played in plotting your death. I was protecting Elena. I will always protect Elena," Stefan yielded.

"I understand," the Original said with a nod.

"I forgive but I do not forget. The past instances are eligible for neither one of them," Adelia informed as all the occupants hesitated in derision.

"The sacrifice is going to happen, Damon. Bonnie will not be able to kill Klaus and Elijah knows
how to save my life. I told you I would find another way. And I did," Elena requested.

"Is that true?" The elder Salvatore questioned.

"It is," Adelia smiled.

Damon looked at the doppelgänger, "And you're trusting them?"

"I am."

"You can all go to hell," he finished and stormed out.

"You are welcome, Mr. Salvatore!" The heretic hollered after him before mumbling to herself

Stefan looked at Elijah and sighed, "He's angry with me right now. But he'll come around."

"Perhaps. Let's get seated, shall we? It's going to be a long day," the Original said and took a deep breath.

"I'll be back as soon as I can," Maddox informed Klaus.

"Yes, do hurry. I am anxious to get out of this body. And if you get hung up, call me. You know how impatient I get," Klaus said and Maddox left before the Original in Alaric's body closed the door.

"Where is he going?" Katherine asked curiously holding out her coffee to him.

"To retrieve me. So I can get out of this bad hair-do."

"Are you sure that's a good idea, Klaus?"

"Well, the full moon is almost upon us. No threats, Elijah has the moonstone, and the doppelgänger is waiting in the wings. Oh, I am ready to break this curse. All in my favor," Klaus replied.

"And why would you do that here? There are so many people that would try to stop you," the vampire doppelgänger questioned.

"Because I have to. It's the birthplace of the doppelgänger."

"I didn't realize that was a requirement."

"Well, how could you? You betrayed me and fled England before I could give you the details, Katerina. But, I did find your birthplace and I slaughtered your family. So I guess we're cool. Let's just hope that Elena isn't as stupid as you were."

"She won't run. She'll die before she lets anyone that she loves to get hurt," she answered.

"And that's exactly what I'm counting on," Klaus replied and started compelling, "You can't leave until I tell you to."

Satisfied with the proceedings, he left the apartment.

"Where did you get the dagger?" Elijah unbuttoned his suit with his fingers before taking a seat on the couch next to his wife.
Caroline looked for a spot to sit and hesitated when she found one beside Adelia. The witch looked up at her and patted the seat with a smile. The blonde immediately sat down, keeping a distance from her, still unnerved by the things she said the last time they crossed paths.

"John Gilbert. He gave it to Damon, who was unaware of the dagger loophole," Elena answered sheepishly.

"So it's true? The dagger kills the vampire who uses it," Caroline asked curiously to get a nod from the Original's wife.

"He's taken over Alaric's body," Jeremy put in, looking troubled.

"Of course, he has. One of his favorite tricks," Elijah looked amused.

"I did not forget your contribution, dear," Adelia muttered.

"Well, what are his other tricks?" Damon questioned seating through this questionnaire reluctantly at the request of Elena.

"What is he going to do next? You're the only one who knows him," the doppelgänger hesitated just as Stefan's phone rang.

Stefan picked up his phone to find it's Jenna and frowned. He received the call. "Hello?"

"Hey, Stefan. It's Jenna." The occupants looked surprised.

"Jenna, hey."

"Where's Elena? And Jeremy? No one's answering their phones," the aunt asked and both the Gilbert siblings sighed in embarrassment.

"Ah, Elena's here at the moment, but her phone is not with her. Is, uh, is everything okay?" The Salvatore nodded at the Gilberts.

"She left me all these weird messages telling me to stay away from Ric. She wants to tell me something?"

"It's really hard to explain over the phone, but, um, she was hoping that you could stay on campus for a little while longer," Stefan requested.

"Oh, that's kinda hard to do from my kitchen," Jenna replied.

"Wait, you're home?" he frowned.

"Yeah. I had a very fulfilling breakfast at Elijah's place; he is a great cook. Did you know Adelia is his wife?" The aunt informed him when her doorbell rang. She opened the door and found Alaric outside. "It is Ric." She inconspicuously took out a pouch from her back pocket, fiddling with it behind her back.

"Jenna, listen to me carefully. Whatever you do, stay away from Alaric. We are going to come over right now and everything," Stefan rushed as he and Elena moved to go out.

Adelia and Elijah exchanged a look before he gave her a nod.

"No need. I shall take care of it," the witch interrupted the two and got up instead, pulling out her phone to dial Klaus. She moved away from the group as he picked up.
"Hello, lovely Maeve. Have you finally forgiven me?" Klaus smiled into the phone looking at Jenna in front of him and Adelia rolled her eyes hearing Alaric's voice through the phone.

The vampires heard Klaus calling her Maeve confirming their suspicions and looked at Elijah, who sat with an impassive expression on his face.

"I told you to stay away from Jenna," Adelia demanded from the Original.

"Now why would I do that, love?" Klaus slyly waved at the human who was standing on the other side of the door, the powder clutched tightly within her palm.

"We have the moonstone. You want it, don't you?" She offered.

"You wouldn't dare," he harshly exclaimed.

"If you want the moonstone, you will keep your distance and I will know if you approach her."

Klaus replied after a moment, "You drive a hard bargain love. But moonstone over an afternoon of merriment."

"Thank you," Adelia said with a smile.

"Am I forgiven, then?"

"We will see, Nik. Tell Jenna I said hii," she quipped and rolled her eyes before hanging up.

Klaus looked at the human before him. "Adelia says hii, love."

"Tell Alaric I said we need to talk," Jenna said with a glare before blowing the powder on his face. The hunter stumbled before the powder took effect and he dropped on the porch with a thud. The human looked at the empty hands in wonder, "It does work." She took her phone out before sending a text to Adelia.

_I may have used the powder on Ric. Send help._

_P.S. the powder is a knockout!_

"You have Klaus on speed-dial?" Damon questioned the witch as she retook her seat reading the text.

"Not until recently. We didn't meet since the letter age," the witch replied firmly before texting Maddox to retrieve Klaus from the Gilbert porch.

"My aunt is safe now?" Jeremy inquired.

"She is. Klaus will not risk it. We heard about the Martin witches," Elijah answered.

"I'm sorry. We really didn't want that," Bonnie said, almost ashamed.

"Luka is under my protection. Try anything again and I will keep your head on my mantle as a souvenir," smirked Adelia looking towards the elder Salvatore.

Damon ignored the threat, "And Katherine? Desiccated inside the tomb?"

"Klaus took her. Wanted to pay a visit and we had a deal."
"So she's dead?" The newbie vampire almost jumped with happiness at the prospect of seeing the woman who killed her dead.

"Not Klaus' style. Death would be too easy for her after what she did," Elijah cleared.

"I don't understand. You are helping Klaus when you two have not been in contact with him for decades and you still handed over Katherine for betraying him. What is it?" The doppelgänger frowned.

"I have my own reasons for wanting Katerina to pay. I'd do anything for Klaus even if we are a bit hostile towards one another at present," the Original sighed before explaining his relationship with the big bad Original of Mystic Falls.

"Klaus is Elijah's younger brother," Adelia dug, noticing the silence and shock permeating from every occupant of the room.

"What?" Stefan asked, wide-eyed still in shock.

"I heard that. I'm still processing," Elena blinked.

"Yes, I'm a little behind on the times, but I believe the term you're searching for is O.M.G." Elijah sassed getting swiftly elbowed by his wife who had a smile on her face.

"Wow," the youngest Gilbert breathed deeply, "he is your brother and your brother-in-law respectively."

"My closest friend I'd call him," a fond smile overtook Adelia's features.

"How can you be friends with him?" Bonnie accused.

"I could ask you the same thing since you are friends with the elder Salvatore," Adelia swiftly replied seeing many people stiffen in the room, "and besides Niklaus is family."

"There's a whole family of Originals?" Stefan took it upon himself to divert the topic.

"Only if the compulsion wore off," Adelia muttered under her breath and Elijah sent her a playful glance.

"My father was a wealthy landowner in a village in Eastern Europe. Our mother bore seven children," the Original explained.

"So your parents were human?" Elena asked.

"Our whole family was. Our origin as vampires is a very long story, Elena. Just know... we are the oldest vampires in the world. We are the Original family, and from us, all vampires were created."

"Right, Klaus is your brother. You have a family, meaning other siblings too. Great, as if two Originals weren't enough, we have a whole bunch," Damon said, annoyed.

"So as you've seen, nothing can kill an Original. Not sun, not fire, not even a werewolf bite. Only the wood from one tree. A tree the family made sure burned," Elijah replied, ignoring the Salvatore altogether.

"So get off the 'Kill Klaus' train. If a scratch even mars his skin, I will give you a scar to last a lifetime. Consider this a last warning," Adelia informed heatedly.
"That's where the white ash for the dagger comes from," inferred the Bennett witch.

"Yes. The witches will not allow anything truly immortal to walk the earth. Every creature needs to have a weakness in order to maintain the balance," Elijah answered.

"So the Sun can't kill an Original. Why is Klaus so obsessed with breaking the Sun and Moon curse?" The younger Salvatore came straight to the point.

"Right. The curse of the sun and the moon. It's all so...biblical-sounding, don't you think?" Elijah humored as he and Adelia looked at each other.

"What's so funny?" Caroline eyed the Original and his wife.

"You two know something," Jeremy watched them with suspicion.

"I don't understand. So Klaus drew the Aztec sketches about the curse?" The doppelganger queried in confusion.
"Roman scrolls, African tribal etchings, and any other culture or continent we felt like planting in it," the Original answered.

"But why?" A frown marred Stefan's features.

"Easiest way to discover the existence of a doppelgänger or to get your hands on some long, lost moonstone is to have every single member of two warring species on the lookout."

"It was a brilliant idea. Ingenious," Adelia complimented.

"So it's not Aztec at all?" Jeremy hummed.

"The curse of the Sun and the Moon... is fake. It doesn't exist," revealed Elijah shocking the occupants once again.

"What!" Elena's breath hitched in contemplation.

"So we have been after a thing that is fake? The curse is fake," Damon clicked his tongue with a roll of eyes.


"Can I now say O.M.G.?" An impressed Caroline said.

"Klaus and I faked the sun and moon curse dating back over a thousand years."

"But if there's no curse..." Elena started.

Elijah interrupted her mid-sentence, "There's a curse. Just not that one. The real one's much worse. It's a curse placed on Klaus."

"What are you talking about?" Stefan questioned.

"Klaus has been trying to break it for the last thousand years. And the doppelganger is his only hope," Adelia confessed.

"What is this curse?"

"Tell us. What is Klaus's curse?" A disturbed Elena asked.
"My family was quite close, but Klaus and my father did not get on too well," Elijah contemplated sharing the detail.

"Everybody has a father fiasco here," the elder Salvatore scoffed.

Adelia raised her hand, "My father and I were very close, he doted on me." A fond smile graced her face and Elijah kissed her fingers.

"When we became vampires, we discovered the truth. Klaus was not my father's son. My mother had been unfaithful many years before. This was her darkest secret. Klaus is from a different bloodline. Of course, when my father discovered this, he hunted down and he killed my mother's lover and his entire family. Not realizing, of course, that he was igniting a war between species that rages to this day," the Original explained.

"A war between the species?" Caroline was confused.

"The vampires and the werewolves. You yourself were a victim to that hostility," Adelia answered.

"So Klaus' real father was from a werewolf bloodline? What does that make Klaus? A werewolf? Or a vampire?" Elena asked further.

"He's both. A hybrid would be deadlier than any werewolf or vampire," Elijah sighed.

Jeremy pointed at Adelia, "You're a hybrid yourself. Vampire-witch."

The Original remarked, "Something we hadn't seen nor ever heard of when she transitioned. Even Adelia has her limits, as she cannot perform certain types of magic. Nature would not stand for such an imbalance of power. Therefore, in a similar way the witches, the servants of nature, saw to it that my brother's werewolf side would become dormant."

Bonnie cleared her throat, "That's the curse that Klaus wants to break?"

"He wants to trigger that part of him that's a werewolf. If allowed, Klaus would sire his own bloodline. He'd build his own race."

"But you are helping him?" Elena tilted her head.

"I am because I love him. He's my brother."

"He is family, we do not turn our backs on them," Adelia added.

"I wish there was a dagger," Damon mumbled to himself, but Elijah very clearly heard it.

"When a werewolf is wounded by silver, it heals. An Original cannot be killed by anything but white oak ash on a silver dagger. Therefore, you see the conundrum. The dagger does not work," the Original replied with a smile and Damon's mood faltered even more.

"The curse must be broken during the full moon, which is tomorrow," Adelia said.

"How can you save my sister?" Jeremy got nervous at the prospect of his sister's demise.

"So you really found a way to save the life of the doppelgänger?" Damon raised his brow.

"Yes, I did. But unfortunately, Katerina took matters into her own hands first. I believe you already know how that played out," Elijah replied.
"You cared about her, didn't you?" The doppelgänger noticed.

"It's a common mistake, I'm told. And it's one I won't make again," Elijah squeezed his wife's hand who smiled softly. He knew Adelia would never resent him for his past; she had welcomed him with every flaw. His heart fluttered at her acceptance, he loved her too much.

"Katherine Pierce strikes again," Damon huffed.

"You said resemblance," pointed Stefan.

"It's a story for another time," humored Adelia, hiding her discomfort at the notion of Tatía. "We will get you to the means to save Elena tomorrow."

"We have an appointment to upkeep," Elijah told, getting up and held out his hand for Adelia to take.

The Original was aware of how she feared the dead more than the living. He might not be able to change how he felt for Tatía and Celeste in the past, something Adelia never even tried to change. She had accepted that he had a long life and it was not her right to tarnish his memories of earlier loves with revulsion and envy.

Nevertheless, Elijah chose to love her now and he knew he would for a lifetime. Adelia was his beloved wife and she meant the world to him. His love for her encompassed anything he had ever known.

"It was a pleasure," Adelia said with a smile as they both walked out the next second, leaving the occupants reeling with the revelation.

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"Oh, Jenna, thank God," Elena entered the living room to see Jenna staring at nowhere.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Jenna asked her niece when the doppelganger realized that her aunt knew about the supernatural.

"Who told you?" she avoided her gaze. "I'm so sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen."

"When I was little, your mom used to tell me bedtime stories. Stories about vampires. I never thought that what she said could be true," she said with a quiver in her voice.

"It is true, Jenna. I should have told you. I thought that if you didn't know, you'd be safe. But then things got so out of control and everything I had done to keep you out of it, it just blew up in my face."

"Who else knows? Jeremy? John?" Jenna gave her a sad smile. "I am your guardian, I should know everything about what goes in your life, Elena. I am living amongst all these creatures that are beyond imagination. God forbid if anything happens to any of you, the authorities will tell me it's an animal attack. What did I ever do to deserve that explanation?" Tears flowed down the redhead's eyes.

"We were just trying to protect you," Elena said softly, her own eyes wet.

"Protect me? You cannot protect someone if they are not even aware of what is around them. You are not even eighteen, this world is not for you," Jenna said, squeezing her niece's hand.

"I am already a part of it, Jenna. I'm so sorry. I will tell you everything."
"No, Elena... I am the one who's supposed to be protecting you and Jeremy. I should have been granted the knowledge. It was never your decision to choose for me. The choice should have been mine. Your intentions were not wrong Elena but I condemn the way you carried it out and everybody helped, even Alaric."

"I know, I know. There's so much more to it..."

"No, I know everything. You cannot hide the truth from me anymore," Jenna cried and looked at her, "I was so scared you have no idea. I thought it was an illusion, my mind playing some kind of trick on me."

"I know. I know. I know, hey. Hey. I'm sorry. Jenna, I am so, so sorry," Elena sat down next to her and pulled her into an embrace. As the sobs decreased, the two slowly started talking and Jeremy joined them soon after. The room soon drowned in light hearted conversation, and watching the two teens laughing, Jenna secretly wished that they remained so forever.

Katherine drank straight from the bottle of bourbon while dancing as the apartment echoed with loud music. Suddenly she heard someone at the door and after a moment, Alaric entered to see her sitting motionless on the couch.

"You mind turning that down?" He told the vampire doppelganger as she complied using the remote to turn down the music.

"Why so grumpy?" Katherine asked.

"Well, this body has outlived its usefulness."

"Do you want a drink?" She offered.

"No, Katerina, I don't want a drink," Klaus refused.

"Come on. It might loosen you up," she offered him the bottle when he took it and threw it against the wall smashing it in pieces.

"What I want is for you to sit down and shut up," he compelled her and she complied when Maddox arrived, "Maddox, what took you so long?"

"You've got a lot of luggage," the warlock answered as two men entered the residence with a woman following them.

"Greta. Finally," Klaus muttered.

"Hello, love. Nice body. You ready to get out of it?" Greta smiled as a giant wooden crate was kept in front of them and the doppelganger looked on curiously from the couch.

Elijah leaned against the car door waiting for Adelia to arrive. He tapped his fingers on the hood impatiently, an abrupt change from his cool infallible demeanor. This one had a hopeful yet a defeated aura surrounding him and Elijah had forgotten the number of times he was in the same state as this but he never lost faith.

A clicking of heels brought him out of his reverie and he immediately looked at Adelia as she avoided his gaze and sat in the car, looking away.
Elijah closed his eyes as his heart broke once again, his grip on the door handle tightening with each second. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and took a seat behind the wheel starting the ignition.

As the car left the driveway of the house, he glanced at Adelia and saw her fiddling with the diamond and ruby anklet.

"We will find a way," he softly conveyed to her and after a moment’s hesitation took the anklet from her grasp startling her.

"Give it back," Adelia requested her husband and he looked ahead denying her request. "Give it back to me!"

Elijah put the anklet inside his suit, "When are we meeting the other witch?"

Adelia glared at him and extended her hand to ask for the jeweled piece.

"When is it, Adelia? What did the witch say?" Elijah asked again, coming to hold her hand instead.

"There is a group outside Budapest. They have agreed to meet us," she replied biting her lip nervously.

"When are we leaving?" he caressed her fingers absent-mindedly.

"Next full moon."

"Good. I shall take care of it," Elijah kissed Adelia's hand, keeping them intertwined for the rest of the journey back to Mystic Falls in silence.

Damon and Stefan stood in the library looking at Maeve's portrait painted by Klaus or what they knew her to be, Adelia.

"I still do not trust them," Damon muttered.

"Why do you say that?" Stefan said with a frown.

"Don't lie to me, I know you very well. You just agreed for Elena," the elder brother quipped rolling his eyes.

"If that's what she wants..."

Damon interrupted him, "If we cannot defeat them, then we delay them."

"You want more time? For what?" Stefan asked.

"For an answer. A weapon or anything. Let's find a powerful witch and kill him."

"All this will have its consequences, Damon."

"I am willing to take a risk. We need allies and I will get them," the impulsive Salvatore got his phone out and dialed a number, "John, what was your crazy plan again?"

Maddox and Greta were on their knees casting a spell with candles around them. Katherine warily looked out at the procession as Alaric stood next to the box, his head bowed and eyes closed. The
witch and warlock stopped and looked at Alaric expectantly, who suddenly opened his eyes to look at the doppelgänger.

"Elena?" Alaric called out to his stepdaughter's lookalike and collapsed. Maddox stood up to open the box and Klaus walked out of it, staring down at the unconscious vampire hunter.

"Now that's more like it," Klaus smiled.

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**February 1860 | Cloverville**

"You are too easily goaded, love," Klaus said going for the attack, but his sword was blocked easily by another.

"You do not challenge me to a duel when you are not prepared to accept your defeat," Adelia replied, lifting her gown over her ankle with one hand and started commencing her footwork to draw him into a corner. "You should have given me time to get out of this bulky gown Nik. It is going to make me trip."

"An enemy never ceases to use his opponent's weakness for his gain," he smirked, slashed his weapon at her as the witch bent down, and kicked his foot with her leather boot making him stumble. He advanced towards her leveling his sword at every given opportunity while she blocked them, moving backward with his every draw.

"Do not consider me any less in these wear, Mr. Mikaelson. You know better," Adelia said with a grin on her face and turned his attack against him hurriedly testing his reflexes as her weapon clashed with his unbelievably fast.

"I have known since we met at the ball that your footwork is ought to be appreciated. You managed to run away from me after all," Klaus complimented, as she did not give him an opportunity for offense, once again being cornered.

"I am supposed to go to the plantations and not spar with you, Niklaus," she smiled as her boots made a clang with each step she took forward in the empty gardens of the Laurentis House.

They have been going at it for almost half an hour and she was getting tired. Adelia neither had the recovery rate of an Original vampire nor the strength, but she refused to think that the vampire was going easy on her.

"Is that an excuse I hear, Maeve?" He hummed giving her a smile.

"Niklaus," Elijah's voice boomed from directly behind Adelia, startling her as she turned around abruptly giving Klaus a chance to disarm her and she sighed in defeat.

"I win, love," the younger Original announced with a grin. "You're back brother."

"You choused your way to this, Niklaus," she reprimanded Klaus before turning to look at the noble Original, "Good evening, Elijah. I do hope your journey fared better."

"It did. Niklaus, may I have a word?" He replied impassively, looking at his brother.

"I shall retire to my chambers. I enjoyed myself, Klaus, thank you," she informed them with a soft smile and proceeded to enter the house.

"So brother, anything new?" Klaus inquired, watching her retreating figure.
“When will Sharel return from her trip?” Elijah asked Adelia as they sat for dinner sometime later.

“She is out looking for monasteries to bring peace into her life,” Klaus replied with a chuckle.

“She wouldn’t mind if you are to join her. You need it more than anybody else,” she stated, taking offense to the Original’s insinuation.

“Are you making me out to be a terror, Maeve?”

“Why don’t you ask Elijah?”

“*You have your grandmother’s sense of humor,* Klaus said playfully glaring at her.

“Because you lack any. You are a terror indeed,” she replied.

“*Now I must agree with Miss Laurentis here,* Elijah quipped, the glare from his brother redirected to him instead.

“What is the secret to getting him in control, Elijah? You must share, for the sake of humanity,” asked Adelia.

“Pinch of scolding, fear of repercussions, an emotional preaching with a dash of luck and you have a tamed Niklaus.”

“Brother...” Klaus started.

“Scolding? You are a good brother,” she humored taking a glance at Klaus, who had his mouth pursed.

“I consider myself above such childish tactics,” Elijah said looking at her.

“If he weren’t such a child, he wouldn’t need a brother. You should thank him for keeping you preoccupied all these centuries.”

“Must I?” The Original raised his brow.

“Call it an endeavor of goodwill.”

Elijah and Adelia’s eyes met for a second before the Original looked away.

“I must take my leave. Grandmother has demanded I visit the archives,” Adelia said sending an apologetic smile towards the men. She got up and the men followed.

“I could accompany you,” Klaus offered before Elijah could say anything.

“Some time away from you might restore my sanity,” she laughed. “And you must finish your painting for then you will understand that I am a very good critique.”

“My condolences to the drunken horse,” he smiled and she returned it before walking away.

Elijah suddenly felt disheartened at her absence because of him and retired to his chambers swiftly.

A sniffle woke Elijah and he squinted his eyes to see it coming from beside him. He clutched her hand, trying to wake her up. It did not work as she started trembling in her arms crying harder.

“Adelia?” He called out softly to get no response. He moved her hair off her forehead to soothe her
and tried again, "Adelia, my love?"

"Don't. No. I beg you please," she murmured, and Elijah froze. He looked at her, cupping her cheek as a tear escaped his own eye before he closed them to enter her mind.

He found himself in the Fleureau mansion overlooking the corridors and found her sitting in front of the rooms like always. Closing the door to the room not giving it a glance himself, Elijah slowly approached her and knelt down at her side.

"Look at me," he commanded and she couldn't refuse him yet again. "We are leaving. Come," Elijah continued making her stand. Kissing her forehead lovingly, he touched her cheek when a strangled gasp tore out of her throat as Adelia opened her eyes.

She saw Elijah worriedly looming over her and completely broke down in his arms. Adelia sat up clinging to him while he caressed her hair silently. Inhaling her rose and sandalwood fragrance, he calmed himself, rubbing her back as she continued to hold him tightly finding comfort in his presence.

"Do you trust me?" He asked his wife, wiping away her tears.

Adelia frowned at his sudden question but nodded, "More than I trust myself."

Elijah smiled and got out of bed. Retrieving their coats, he put his on and walked over to Adelia, making her wear the coat as she looked on impassively, eyes still unfocused. Pulling her up, he placed a chaste kiss to her cheek.

"Will you go out in your sleepwear?" Adelia questioned with a frown, staring at him in confusion.

"I think I can handle a bit of public criticism at two at night for my wife," the Original humored, proud of himself for managing to distract her.

"And? Am I supposed to enjoy roaming the streets in nightwear underneath coat?"

"It is, not a coat, its Yves Saint Laurent," said Elijah, sliding her footwear onto her feet before buckling it up.

"Are you questioning my fashion choices? I should set your $9K suits on fire," she contended and he smiled before he dragged her out of the house.

"No more questions. Close your eyes," he ordered and the witch complied. A millisecond later, she was in his arms as he sped up to his destination.

Adelia opened her eyes as her feet touched the ground and she looked around, finding it to be a forest. She glanced at her husband who was staring ahead and then smiled at her.

Elijah wrapped an arm around her waist, guiding her along.

"It is my honor to present you my home," he gestured to the forest and she looked on in confusion." This land was our home back when we were humans, my love." Adelia appeared shocked and equally intrigued. "Our house was built to your right there," he pointed at the canopy and moved her a little, "Niklaus and I used to train under that tree."

"Things must have changed a lot since then," she softly murmured.

"It did. Houses built, destroyed, wars. Multiple things."
"I wish to see your home," requested Adelia.

"You only need ask, Adelia. I will give you everything I have," he replied before touching his forehead with her as the world around them changed.

A/N: Another facet of Adelia and Elijah's life revealed. Details! Never ignore the details, you might find answers there.

Jenna was underestimated in the series I believe, she did aim a crossbow at Alaric thinking him to be Klaus. It requires courage to go up against the big bad Original.

Next chapter: an overprotective father arrives (flashback). Damon's collaboration with John to stall the ritual and will Adelia forgive Klaus?

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

"You are all I have."

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

"You mean the world to me."

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
Elijah’s heart picked up as he heard the carriage coming to a stop in front of the mansion. He was hoping it would be Adelia. He had not seen her for more than a week and every time carriage would stop, his heart would betray him for no reason.

She had been spending too much time in the plantations and a part of him was missing her serene presence. As if a wish come true, she appeared in the parlor removing her gloves not noticing the Original before proceeding to move upstairs. He cleared his throat startling her as she turned around, a smile spreading across her face.

"Elijah," Adelia muttered. He got up from the chair and walked towards her.

"Adelia. I haven’t seen you in days."

"I apologize," she said before gripping her books closer to her chest. "I am in a hurry. I just came to drop these off," the witch motioned towards the book to his disappointment. "We can talk later for sure Mr. Mikaelson." She gave a nod before she stepped back and moved to leave.

Involuntarily, Elijah’s hand shot out to grab her hand as the books tumbled to the floor. She looked shocked looking down his hand. She immediately knelt down to pick the fallen items, avoiding looking at him when he joined her and looked at her closely.

"May I join you?" He asked and Adelia glanced up curiously, "To the plantation. I have nothing better than to idle away in misery."

Adelia hesitated, but then nodded hurriedly exiting the room with her belongings to come down a few minutes later. Elijah joined her inside the carriage as the driver shut the door with a bang jolting her out of the book she had been reading.

Seeing her going back to the book she was reading, Elijah sighed and breathed deeply. He was immediately hit with her rose and freesia scent and he inwardly cursed at the realization that he wanted nothing more than to keep the essence floating around him all day.

Halfway through, the carriage stopped roughly and the Original steadied the Laurentis heir before removing his hands quickly, avoiding the temptation to feel her smooth skin under his fingers.

"I shall go investigate," he said and got down the carriage.
“The wheels seem to have broken Sir. I am afraid we cannot continue further,” the driver informed and Elijah nodded. Adelia stepped down and looked at the wheel.

“It is alright. The plantation is very far. Mr. Mikaelson and I shall trek back home. I shall send assistance,” she told the driver who thankfully nodded and tipped his hat in farewell.

Adelia turned around and started walking along the road when she glanced back at the Original. “Do you not intend to come, Mr. Mikaelson?”

Elijah broke out of his daze and immediately joined her, “And here I was looking forward to an interesting day,” he started.

“You must get bored often then,” she answered.

“Oh dear, New Orleans is anything but boring,” he humored stealing a glance at her.

Suddenly a carriage stopped beside them. “Lia,” a familiar voice called out to Adelia. The witch whipped around hearing that voice and sprinted towards the carriage door as a man in his 40s stepped out to engulf the girl in his arms.

“Oh, my sweet, sweet girl. You have grown up,” the man kissed her forehead as she clung onto him. “I have missed you.”

“Padre, that is nonsense,” she murmured into her father’s neck as Arnold Laurentis caressed his daughter’s hair with a smile on his face.

“And I most definitely missed my precious,” he sighed finally at peace with his little girl in his arms when his gaze fleet to the man previously standing beside his little girl. “Elijah Mikaelson. Mother did inform me of your... business in town,” Arnold stated.

“Arnold,” the Original came forwards and extended his hand for a shake which the man returned firmly, “you have aged well.”

“One cannot have the perk of being a twenty-something forever. It is good to see you, as long as you do not endanger my family.”

“I respect that. Thank you.”

“What were you doing here with my daughter?” the Laurentis patriarch asked the vampire. He wanted the man far away from his precious girl. Arnold was aware of the Originals’ insistent proclamations to many women and he did not want Adelia to fall for the same. The Mikaelsons left nothing but destruction behind and he would never allow his daughter to meet the same fate.

“Father, Mr. Mikaelson was accompanying me to the plantation and our carriage broke down. We were returning home,” Adelia answered, recognizing her father’s hostile tone for the vampire amidst them.

“Very well, get inside,” he ordered the two, who complied with a nod before stepping into the carriage.

Adelia’s eyes lit up as soon as she saw a man sleeping inside and hugged him tightly. Elijah averted his gaze not liking it one bit as to how her demeanor changed in the presence of another man that was surprisingly not him.

The man woke up with a groan feeling a weight upon him. Opening his eyes, he saw Adelia smiling
down at him and pulled her closer using her shoulder as a cushion.

The witch shrugged it off roughly, “Rafael! Do wake up,” she demanded with a pout.

The vehicle moved and the patriarch took a seat beside the Original watching his daughter fondly.

“Let me sleep woman,” Rafael said putting his hat over his face and fell asleep again.

Adelia kicked his shin and got no response much to her disappointment. From the corner of his eyes Arnold saw Elijah warmly smile at his daughter and immediately frowned.

Damon laid in his bed listening to Elijah’s conversation with Elena and Stefan downstairs. He got up already annoyed and went to join them and noticed Caroline, Bonnie and Jeremy there and internally huffed.

“What are we waiting for?” Jeremy straightened his leg yet again. Just then a car screeched in front of the boarding house with high speed and all occupants exchanged glances as Elijah got up and went out.

Adelia dressed up in a very regal gown exited the car with a scowl evident on her face. She silently handed over three black cards with an owl sketched over to Elijah who took them, quickly putting them inside his jacket. Adelia passed by him making her way inside as the Original proceeded to walk beside her.

“I hope everything went accordingly,” he slyly smiled.

“Sabotaging world domination plan is a hobby of mine. Camouflaging is what I do for fun and avoiding your ex-paramour and her legion has become my life mission. Thank you very much, Elijah,” Adelia rolled her eyes and Caroline who was eavesdropping curiously giggled.

“I would not have entrusted you with the task if I didn’t know you could achieve it,” Elijah said and smiled fondly.

“And I have been doing it for more than a century. Next time I am going to explode their headquarters,” she stopped and turned to look at him, “only if I have your summum probat of course.”

“Ah... my supreme approval. That is difficult concerning my current dilemma, but I must say you look divine,” the Original told Adelia, giving her a look and if it weren’t for the work ahead, they surely would have ended up in bed the next second.

“I am the Elijah Mikaelson’s wife. You should know better than to expect anything less of me,” Adelia lifted her chin up in exaggeration, moving past him when he gripped her hand.

“Are you alright?” Elijah asked her, concern gleaming in his hazel orbs.

“Of course I am,” she shrugged it off avoiding his gaze, but then caught his eye, “Are you?”

“Only if you are,” he smiled softly and Adelia kissed him square on the mouth. “Oh, how tremendously happy you make me...” Elijah held out his elbow to her as they walked inside.

“Hello. What’s the occasion?” Damon asked, his eyes roaming across her gown-clad figure.

“Your funeral, but it is none of your business,” she replied but then hummed sitting down. “No, it is actually your business but you won’t be here so that doesn’t qualify...”
“Adelia...” Elijah stopped her with a smile tugging at his lips before turning his attention to the group. “Tonight is the full moon. Klaus is prepared to break the curse.”

“I advise you not to cross him. We will take care of the specifics,” the heretic advised them.

“Why are we letting him break the curse again?” Damon questioned with a roll his eyes.

“Damon...” Elena started.

“Who said you have a choice when it comes to Klaus?” Adelia raised her brow.

“All right, how do we break this curse?” Stefan asked.

“Well, the ritual itself is relatively straightforward. The ingredients, so to speak, you already know,” Elijah said.

“The Moonstone?” he inquired with a frown.

“In our possession,” quipped Adelia.

“A witch will channel the power of the full moon to release the spell that’s bound within the stone. After that, Klaus, being both werewolf and vampire, will sacrifice one of each,” the Original continued.

“And where does Elena fit into it?” Bonnie questioned.

“The final part of the ritual,” he sighed, taking a wooden box out of his suit. “Klaus must drink the blood of the doppelgänger... to the point of your death.”

Damon looked at Elena as Stefan took her hand in reassurance. He opened the box and pulled out a jar from it.

“And that’s where you come in,” Elena muttered, looking at the vial held by the Original.

“This is an elixir that I acquired some 500 years ago for Katerina. It possesses mystical properties of resuscitation,” Elijah continued with a nod.

“So I’ll be dead?” She questioned.

“And then you won’t.”

“That’s your plan? A magical witch potion with no expiration date?” Damon looked at Elena in disbelief.

“I have studied the elixir. It will work,” the witch confirmed.

“You want to come back to life, what about John’s ring?” The elder Salvatore offered.

“Those rings only work on humans. The doppelgänger’s a supernatural occurrence. Odds are, the ring won’t work,” explained Elijah.

“I’ll take those odds over your elixir. What if it doesn’t work, Elena?”

“Then I guess I’ll just be dead,” she said quietly and Damon looked at Stefan who just shrugged.

“It’s going to work. Adelia is an experienced witch, she knows what she’s talking about,” Jeremy
told, trying to assure the group.

“She could be lying for all we know,” the elder Salvatore gestured towards the Original’s wife.

“If we had to lie then I would’ve abducted Elena, killed you all and made the bargain with Klaus. Believe me when I say this, but dealing with you people is very tiring,” the witch informed them with a tilt of her head.

“You want to kill Elena,” Bonnie said outraged.

“We are saving her too, are we not?” Adelia impassively answered. “Being denied a part of you equals death. You did not have your powers, courtesy of Jonas Martin, how did that feel Bonnie?” The younger witch averted her gaze. “Klaus has been suffering for a thousand years. Spare me the talk. The world is bigger than Mystic Falls and we are not interested in playing houses in a teen angst drama.”

“My love, it’s alright,” Elijah said trying to calm her down.

“Do we know if Klaus has everything he needs to do this? Does he have a werewolf?” Elena diverted the point.

“Klaus has been waiting to break this curse for over a thousand years. He has sights on one, though he refuses to speak of it. If he doesn’t already have a werewolf, my guess is by tonight, he will,” Elijah answered.

“I request all of you to maintain caution. You never know what Klaus might do,” Adelia finished with a sigh.

“That preposterous Harvey had the audacity to send for a betrothal contract at our residence in York,” Arnold told his mother as she sighed before going back to sipping her tea. “Days later I hear, he is announcing his engagement to the General’s daughter.”

Adelia instantly looked towards Elijah, clearly remembering him saying that he would take care of it. The Original met her eyes and she looked away, biting her lip.

“General’s daughter? Victoria?” Sharel inquired. “I might have forgotten to send the tea invite to her grandmother. You know the one with no measure of proportions?”

“I remember Maeve demand you invite her,” Klaus said with a smile.

“Old age Klaus. It might have slipped my mind,” Sharel conspicuously answered as Adelia narrowed her eyes.

“The next day the man himself arrives at our doorstep!” Arnold continued as Rafael tossed a coin in the air before catching it. “Says he wants to marry my dear Adelia and we should promptly discuss dowry. The nerve!”

“Of course you refused. What was it this time? A tiny freckle on his nose?” Sharel said with a roll of her eyes.

“His eye color, mother,” the son answered and Adelia swiftly got up in exasperation before leaving the room as the patriarch continued, “and he was a conceited pig.
Stefan joined his brother outside who was drinking, again. “Breakfast of champions, huh?”

“I’m surrounded by idiots. I need all the help I can get,” Damon replied.

“You know, you’re not helping. I still have no idea what you and John are up to,” the younger brother said with a frown.

“I am bidding my time,” Damon hummed with a smirk on his face.

“The powder thing was so cool! And he sounded just like Alaric except the love thing,” Jenna told Adelia.

“I expect he behaved cordially?” Elijah asked.

“I didn’t give him the opportunity. Adelia intervened and then there was some knockout powder involved,” the redhead gestured at the woman who was today in a silver gown— how weird is that.

“Klaus shouldn’t have approached you in the first place,” Adelia replied.

“He is Niklaus, the one for theatrics,” Elijah answered.

“You managed to get him this far,” the witch said with a shrug of her shoulder.

“How old are you again?” Jenna asked.

“I forgot keeping track after thousand,” the Original smirked.

“Talk about old age,” Adelia quipped.

“Its stone age,” Jenna replied making the couple smile.

“He’s a Viking,” the witch whispered conspiratorially in the human’s ear and Jenna’s eyes widened.

“You are a walking wonder, Elijah.”

“And he and his family inhabited this place a thousand years ago,” Adelia continued as Jenna stared at the Original in surprise.

“You two are very exhausting companions. I must go look for a better one,” Elijah said and disappeared swiftly.

“So is he the woman abducting, territorial Viking turned vampire with heightened possessiveness?” Jenna smirked at the witch and raised her brow. “You know with the raw, primal streak in action?”

Adelia choked on her drink as she stared at Jenna, horrified. “Sheeesh Jenna, too soon. Too soon.”

“You ruin my fun,” the human rolled her eyes.

“You should have your fun with your hunter. Leather jackets, boots, corsets, ropes. Goes with the theme,” Adelia smirked against her glass, as it was now Jenna’s turn to look horrified.

“You are a terrible company,” the Sommers woman commented before looking around. “The corsets, where do I get them?”

“People here have a supernatural hearing, Miss Sommers. You might want to take the conversation to a more private setting,” Elijah joined his wife immediately, his hand gracing the exposed skin at
her back making Adelia shiver.

“Oh good lord. You two need to get yourself in a private setting,” Jenna looked between the two and left immediately.

“What do I hear about corsets?” The Original inquired.

“Why? Do you want me to wear one?” Adelia raised her eyebrows.

“The strings were time-consuming and tested my patience. I have grown even more impatient with each passing year where it concerns you, so I believe the corset wouldn’t be a wise investment. Though I appreciate the effort,” he said and pulled her closer, inhaling her scent.

“How practical you are, dear husband?” She kissed the corner of his mouth.

“You come to desire a practical approach, and how good a husband will I be if I voluntarily put my wife into that stifling thing,” Elijah humored and caressed the ends of her hair with an odd fascination.

“How soon are we getting out of here?” Adelia breathed out as she noticed Elijah’s lust-blown pupils.

The Original checked his watch when Jenna’s voice reached their ears and they looked at each other before walking towards the source.

“Get out!” Jenna shouted.

“Jenna, Jenna!” Alaric went hysterical.

“Get out!” The human aimed a crossbow at Alaric.

“Jenna, put the crossbow down, okay? It’s me.”

“Stay away from me.”

The Salvatore brothers with the doppelganger and Elijah and Adelia came around to see the matter.

“What’s going on?” Elena asked.

“It’s me, Elena. I swear, okay. He let me go. Klaus let me go,” Alaric replied.

“He didn’t inform us,” Elijah looked at him suspiciously.

“Prove it,” offered the elder Salvatore.

Alaric looked at Jenna, “Okay, uh, the first night you and I spent together, Jeremy walked in right when I was about to...”

Jenna interrupted him going all red, “Okay, it’s him.” She lowered the crossbow and Adelia nudged her playfully.

“Why did he let you go?” Stefan questioned.

“He wanted me to deliver a message. The sacrifice happens tonight,” the vampire hunter replied.

“As if we already didn’t know,” the witch huffed.
“So you don’t remember anything that happened?” The younger Salvatore questioned later as they all occupied the living room.

“No. It’s like I blacked out and woke up three days later. Katherine was there.”

“She’s under compulsion.”

“Where is Damon?” Elena asked.

“I saw him go upstairs,” Jenna replied and Elena got up and left the room.

“So what else did I do?” Alaric inquired, almost wincing at the thought.

“There goes the elixir,” Adelia commented, rubbing her temples as Alaric and Jenna left to go upstairs after Stefan.

“This is not good,” Elijah agreed.

“I have to go through grimoires or resort to talking to Niklaus,” she got up.

“Until we get the coffins, no,” the Original denied getting a look of disbelief from his wife.

“Elijah, father said...”

“Well, it sounds like you won’t be needing this anymore. Feeding her vampire blood rendered it useless,” Elijah interrupted her, closing the box with the elixir as Damon arrived downstairs.

“We both know that elixir wouldn’t have worked anyway,” the Salvatore scoffed.

“It would have. Elijah and I have to look for something else. There might be something in the grimoires,” Adelia sighed.

“The problem Damon, you talk a good game, but you don’t actually know anything. She’ll never forgive you. And never for a vampire... it’s a very long time,” Elijah gave him a look and left him alone in the living room with Adelia glaring at the impulsive vampire.

Jenna and Alaric walked down the corridor after tending to an injured Stefan, the tension evident.

“I know it’s, uh, it’s a lot to take in,” Alaric started.

“Yeah.”

They heard loud noises from the living room and rushed downstairs. Elena and a weakened Stefan followed to see many men at the entrance. Caroline, Jeremy, and Bonnie frowned at the sight.

“Who is Maeve?” One of the men asked and Adelia stiffened.

“Who’s asking?” The witch replied nonchalantly.

“Klaus would know. We were informed that she’s here.”

“It must have been an inconvenient journey, gentlemen, but I assure you it was for nothing,” Elijah told the men.

“And who are you?” The second man asked.

Adelia stepped forward, “We haven’t introduced ourselves. I am Adelia and this is Elijah.”
“Elijah and Adelia,” some men froze at the mention of the Original. Adelia they did not fear, they heard she was supposedly very kind.

“You do know us, wonderful,” she grinned. “I am sorry you had to come this far.”

“She is Maeve. Get her,” the leader pointed at her.

“Did I not make myself clear? Leave,” Elijah told them wrapping his arm around her waist when a man grabbed her wrist and the Original swiftly knocked his head off, the blood splattering the pavement. “Nobody touches her.”

Stefan stepped forward to help only to be stopped by Damon who smirked. Other occupants froze at Elijah’s actions, never having seen such swift violence except for Elena, who was a first-hand witness to Trevor’s death.

“Darling, we have a problem, don’t we?” Adelia hummed.

“It appears so,” Elijah looked at the driveway and noticed several people.

“Maeve has to compensate with eight dozen men for anonymity of eight decades,” she said looking down at the attire, already mourning the wonderful dress. “Movement, dear husband.” she tied her hair up in a second and flexed her fingers as the men started approaching.

Elijah removed his cufflinks looking at his beloved, “Will you do the honors?”

“Gladly,” she twisted her palm and all the vampires fell onto the ground clutching their heads as Elijah went one by one tearing their hearts out. The humans at the doorway stepped back in shock and Jenna stared wide-eyed at Elijah as Alaric tried to hide the display from her; she glared at him.

Adelia ripped off a head, pulling off a vampire’s arms before stabbing one with her wooden heel—don’t judge; she was at her husband’s minion party, just a little precautionary measure.

Her hands automatically went inside a vampire’s chest as she pulled out his heart in a swift motion before breaking off a man’s fingers who dared grab her shoulder. She glanced at her husband as he came to stand beside her, both looking at the scene with distaste rolling off them.

A series of shots went off as a wooden bullet swooshed by their ear and Adelia stopped the set with magic in front of them as they all stilled in the air before turning into ash with a flick of her wrist. The witch waved her hand and snapped many necks but they woke up next second much to her husband’s dismay.

“Witches,” he blew off a head kicking three more in the guts and discarded his jacket with a huff.

Adelia stabbed her heel into a man’s chest jumping up with the leverage to kick his head off before tearing off another man’s limb. She wiped a trickle of blood from her neck smearing it even more, growing agitated with each second.

Suddenly the Original and his wife held their heads as new additions came out. “Witches,” she groaned. Only Klaus could make vampires and witches have a surprising alliance to destroy him.

Elijah and Adelia continued to fight, shutting off the pain and the heretic rushed latching her mouth onto a witch’s neck draining her dead. She made her way to the other witches and dropped onto the ground in extreme pain. She gestured her hands forward and the witch dropped dead but she shut her eyes, unable to bear it when the witches linked their hands.
Damon eyed the two in triumph drinking straight from the bottle, enjoying the show. Stefan glanced at his brother overall conflicted with the entire situation.

The others remained frozen as Alaric tried getting them inside but failed. However inconvenient the ordeal was, a full blown out fight like this was never witnessed by the residents of Mystic Falls.

Elijah ripped out two hearts and used a discarded crossbow to impale another witch and he made his way towards his wife.

A vampire came forward and Adelia kicked her foot out making the man stumble as she instantly set him on fire throwing him towards a group of vampires with a spell. Another vampire went to attack her when he dropped onto the ground, Klaus behind him with a heart in his hand shocking Elijah and Adelia.

“You two need another pair of hands?” Klaus went behind a witch snapping her neck and looked around the massacre, “I am impressed.”

“Nik...” Adelia muttered, getting up and gripped Elijah’s wrist to siphon a large amount of power, making everyone fall onto the ground in pain. The occupants watching them from the front door rubbed their foreheads slightly wincing getting affected a little too.

“I expect a show of gratitude in order,” Klaus kicked a vampire tearing out his hand.

“My wife has been in danger because of you Niklaus,” Elijah took a deep breath, the adrenaline still coursing through his veins. “For proposing the ludicrous idea of using Maeve, you are to get nothing but inconveniences set by yours truly.”

“You were the one to put your stamp of approval. But then I could convince dear Adelia to send me another box of those sweet treacles. I positively hope she remembers the recipe from 1971,” he started tearing out hearts and heads in order as the vampires and witches alike remained under Adelia’s spell.

“I expected for you to get the first set, but unfortunately she sent the best ones,” Elijah remarked, looking at his wife kicking a vampire as she glared at her husband, wiping away her blood-matted hair.

“Positively delicious,” Klaus said licking the blood off his fingers as Adelia waved her finger and the remaining offenders fell to the floor with snapped necks. Klaus and Elijah proceeded to finish them permanently, blood coating their outfits.

Adelia threw a glance at the occupants of the Boarding House and rolled her eyes seeing Damon’s expression. Confusing his troublesome expression with a general one, she looked at the bodies ahead before flicking her fingers at them.

The bodies dragged themselves onto the pavements as they settled in a pile, the liquid painting the entrance red. Doing this back and forth, the desiccated vampires decorated the surrounding gardens.

She turned around to look at the Salvatores. “The remains are good fertilizers for the soil and don’t mind but my car needs a way out of this place. Do compel yourself a cleaner; I am not spending a dime on this wretched lot.”

“The witches, my love,” Elijah gestured towards a dead pile of witches and Adelia instantly set them on fire, staring at the bodies impassively when Klaus came to stand beside her.

“Is everything alright, love?” He asked and she snapped, finally losing her composure.
“You!” Adelia shouted, throwing a punch at him and then another one. “You are the wrong Niklaus!” She went on to do it thrice when he stopped her fist with a hard gleam.

“This is getting out of hand, Maeve,” he replied and immediately clutched his head in pain as she proceeded to give him aneurisms, a tear sliding down her cheek.

Klaus instantly got up and pinned her to the car as Elijah stopped his work and leaned against one of the trees to watch the scene unfold.

She kicked Klaus in the stomach and used the momentary distraction to bang his face on the car roof. The next second she had her hands pinned at the back, her front pressed against the car door.

“Calm down!” Klaus shouted as Adelia wiggled in his hold and she brought her head back to his face breaking his nose before turning around to mutter a spell making him fly and hit a tree hard.

He got up from the forest floor and wiped his bloody nose, staring at her with anger filled eyes, “You have certainly improved,” he commented and rushed towards her to pin her to an opposite tree. The Original howled in pain when his bones started breaking, bringing him down to his knees.

“Maeve stop it this instant!” he said before looking at Elijah, who had an impassive expression on his face. Adelia followed his gaze with teary eyes and Klaus used the second to trap her against the tree where she attempted to futilely hit him.

She continued to claw his face, weeping when her coffee brown eyes met his sea-green ones and Adelia didn’t hesitate to hug him immediately.

Her arms went around his neck as Klaus stroked her hair softly, inhaling her rose fragrance that he had come to recognize as hers. Her hair still gave that mystifying essence of Freesia, not overpowering, but slowly taking hold when he gradually wrapped his arm around her waist.

Klaus then inferred that his Maeve hadn’t changed at all. A smile filtered across his face at the realization as he lifted her off the ground, holding her tightly.

“I missed you so much, Nik,” Adelia told him quietly, clinging to his Henley. A moment later, she got out of his arms and observed him closely, “Your hair is better than the 30s at least. Elijah gave a nice description then.”

Klaus wiped away her tears, chuckling at her observation. She grinned and turned her head to gently kiss his cheek, briefly making him close his eyes. He stared at her for a second before his lips touched her forehead, lingering for a while. Maybe he couldn’t compete for his love with Elijah’s, but he cared about her immensely and that was something he knew he will forever cherish.

“Have you seen your husband love? Talk about a bad hairdo,” Klaus smirked after recomposing himself as he took her hand and walked towards the car where Elijah was slightly smiling.

“It’s his moody rebellion phase, no thanks to you. He’ll be fine once he acquires the coffins,” she told him resting her head on his shoulder.

“I assume everything is sorted out now?” Elijah said as he opened the car door for her to get in but Klaus slammed it shut.

“Hmm, almost,” Adelia replied with a nonchalance that made her husband smirk as he turned towards the pair.

“I am stealing your wife for a tea break. Maeve and I have some catching up to do.”
“Let her get dressed,” Elijah suggested his brother looking around at the bodies.

“Of course, I cannot allow Elijah’s wife to go out in anything less but something snobby and spectacular,” Klaus glared at him before he fleeted away with Adelia.

As they disappeared out of sight, Elijah turned his attention towards the spectators watching them with their jaws on the floor. “I presume you will send the bill at our residence?”

“I got your letter... about the latest exhibition,” Klaus watched Adelia braiding her hair as he lounged in his brother’s bedroom.

“I wrote what I meant,” she replied clasping her watch around her wrist.

“You attended every exhibition of mine,” he murmured looking at the ceiling, hands behind his head.

“You are my dearest friend Niklaus, of course, I would,” Adelia leaned against the doorframe to strap her heels and gestured for Klaus to get up.

As he pressed the ground floor button inside the elevator, she added, “Your paintings still speak for you. Though you hid your identity quite well, it wasn’t enough. Elijah called it your repression phase.”

“He attended along with you?” He asked curiously. Klaus knew his older brother admired his talent but did not hold much interest in the art itself.

“I dragged him along,” she giggled as they stepped out and sat in his car.

“What were you up to all these years?” Klaus questioned her as they walked alongside each other in the town square after an hour.

Adelia sipped her coffee thinking for a moment. “Looking for our family. Convincing my husband to not put your head in a pike, leading the destroyer away from you. We were busy.”

“You two were happy?” He asked as envy filled his veins.

“Happy is a subjective term Niklaus. We were content having one another beside us but it does not imply we were happy. You weren’t there, our family was somewhere... it felt incomplete. Distraction only works for long.”

“And Elijah? How does he feel about it?” Klaus hesitated.

“You know your brother well. He lives for his family, but the hypocritical part of him puts you at the top of his priorities,” she rolled her eyes. “He felt he let his family down, disappointed in himself. No amount of encouragement or hopeful words brought him out of his anguished stupor. It was painful to watch him go through the same routine every day.”

“And you?”

“Nothing,” she smiled looking at him. “I wouldn’t ask about you as I do not wish to know how you flourished as an individual without your brother or your only friend by your side.”

“So much for personal growth,” smirked Klaus as they stood admiring the fountain.

“I know,” Adelia humored. “But I am glad to see you managed just fine without Elijah pushing you to do things. He coddles you.”
The Original wrapped his arm around her shoulders. “Is my brother’s wife jealous of me for having her husband’s unwarranted attention?” He cooed in her ear when Adelia turned her head towards him with a pout.

“You haven’t changed Klaus and no, I am not jealous. Merely worried about my husband’s sanity.”

“For indulging me or yourself,” he grinned and got elbowed at his side immediately. Adelia’s phone rang and Klaus glanced at it to see Elijah calling. “Your husband becomes unhinged if left alone for longer periods of time.”

She narrowed her eyes in offense on behalf of her husband and received the call, “Elijah.”

“Where are you?” The voice on the other end asked.

“So impatient brother,” Klaus said into the phone.

“Niklaus,” Elijah sighed.

“I will be there in five minutes, Elijah,” Adelia informed her husband not wanting Klaus to ruffle up his brother.

“I will be waiting,” he replied before ending the call as she turned to look at Klaus.

“Do not worry. Everything will be alright,” she assured the Original who seemed worried about the ritual tonight.

“I know,” he gave her a half smile when Adelia kissed his cheek in farewell and fleeted away as Klaus stared at her retreating back.

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January 1860 | Cloverville

Adelia sat on the floor rearranging some papers when Klaus knocked on the door and entered inside. She collected the papers and got up depositing it over the bed.

“Do tell what you’re here for?” She asked with a smile, turning to look at him.

Klaus grinned before grabbing her wrist and dragged her to his assigned room. She looked on in confusion as he made her stand in the middle of the room before walking towards a canvas.

“My expectations are quite high, so to speak. You boast too much, Niklaus,” the witch said with a smirk.

“Then I am guilty of your rising expectations,” he humored and uncovered the canvas and Adelia stood stunned at the sight of the painting.

Klaus stared at her with his hands behind his back and walked towards her. “Do you like it?”

“It is certainly not a horse,” Adelia mumbled and glanced towards the Original, “and very beautiful.”

“My muse is quite exquisite as well,” he answered.

“I look different,” she pointed out, staring at the painting. The witch remembered the emerald green gown from the Charleston ball where she met Klaus for the first time.
“Is that a critique’s thoughts?” Klaus hummed. Adelia narrowed her eyes at him before giving the painting her full attention. It was unnerving to see herself painted so well on canvas.

“You see me in a different light,” Adelia walked towards the painting and traced her fingers over her frame. “There is darkness around me,” she said as her eyes followed the darkened contours in the painting, “but I choose to not let it affect me.”

She turned back to see Klaus observing her curiously and she continued, “You wish to have the same strength, but you end up giving into the darkness.” Her fingers caught the thick layers of paint and she bit her lip as the words tumbled out her mouth. “A part of you regrets it that you let it define who you are. You lurk in the dark wishing to conquer your fears. Your desire to attain hope has repeatedly failed you and as you revel in the dark, the definition has become you,” she told him gently and went to stand next to him.

Adelia patted his hand, startling him as he turned to look at her. “You are scared Nik that it will consume you one day. You want to be saved and you wish to have what she has,” she said, pointing at the figure on the canvas.

Silence descended the room for several moments as the two stared at the painting.

“You truly are the worst critique,” he replied impassively, averting his gaze.

“I know,” she chuckled and grabbed his fingers tightly.

“You should stick to the horse theory. I liked it better,” Klaus muttered before leading her out the room.

“Am I really that beautiful? Or did you exaggerate it?” She asked with a crinkle on her nose.

“You are the only one capable of tiring me out with your words,” he mused as a pout appeared on her features and his eyes widened in thought. “I apologize. Elijah tops the list.”

Alaric came and sat next to Damon as the vampire sulked at the Grill after the recent plan failure and taking away Elena’s choice.

“I’ll have the same,” the hunter ordered the same drink as the Salvatore.

“I screwed up,” Damon huffed.

“Yeah. Yeah, you did.” agreed Alaric.

“Yeah.”

“Gentlemen? Why so glum?” A new yet familiar voice spoke next to them and the duo turned to see their arch-nemesis of the month.


“In the flesh,” Klaus drawled and looked at Alaric, “Thanks for the loaner, mate.”

Damon got up angrily. “Any reason you stopped by to say hi?”

“I’m told you and your brother fancy my doppelgänger. Just thought I’d remind you to not do anything you’ll regret,” the Original informed making Damon smile.
“Ha. Thanks for the advice. I don’t suppose I could talk you into a postponement, by any chance, huh?”

“You are kidding?” Klaus asked and then glanced at the hunter for confirmation, “He is kidding, right?”

“No, not really,” denied Alaric.

“I mean, come on, what’s one month in the whole grand scheme of things?” Damon continued.

“Let me be clear... I have my vampire. I have my werewolf. I have everything I need. The ritual will happen tonight. So if you want to live to see tomorrow, don’t screw it up,” Klaus threatened and moved to walk away but then turned around. “You are fortunate my dearest brother is unaware of the little scheme you and the Gilbert patriarch plotted behind his back. He doesn’t take Adelia’s safety lightly. Next time your desiccated body will be hanging down the entrance of your lovely house and... I’ll be the one to do it.” He patted the vampire’s shoulder before walking away.

“That was fun,” Damon rolled his eyes.

“You’re going to screw it up, aren’t you?” Alaric inferred making the Salvatore look at him.

“You think if I took his werewolf out of the equation, she might... get over the fact that I tried to turn her into a vampire?” The vampire suggested.

“I think it won’t matter because you’ll be dead.”

“But without the werewolf, he can’t perform the ritual tonight, which means I would have bought her one month before the next full moon.”

“And you’ll still be dead,” Alaric confided.

“Are you gonna help me or what?”

Alaric sighed, “What do you want me to do?”

Adelia locked the apartment door behind and trekked inside the bedroom to see Elijah zipping up his garment bag containing his suits making her frown.

“Elijah?” He turned towards her before going into the closet and coming back with a handful of her dresses putting them inside a bag. “Elijah, what are you doing?”

“We are leaving with the coffins after the curse is broken and moreover we have to get to Budapest at the earliest,” Elijah replied impassively, emptying the closet into the bag.

“But Klaus...”

“Klaus will terrorize our family again. Undagger them until convenient and I will not see them in that state again,” he interrupted his wife.

“We can be a family again... Klaus included.”

“You cannot change my mind on this. I have thought about it, Adelia,” he made her sit on the bed and cupped her cheeks. “I refuse to sit and watch this anymore. The torment I had been under all these years not knowing the whereabouts of my siblings is beyond comprehension. I cannot bear the same pain again.”
“Klaus is family, Elijah,” Adelia said, “We cannot leave him behind. You are aware of his fear of abandonment. Don’t ruin his newly found happiness by taking away the ones he cherishes most.”

“He’ll be fine,” Elijah dismissed her concerns, reassuring himself that his brother will be fine without them. He was doing all this for his family and the ones inside the coffins needed him. He shall come back for Klaus later.

“Please reconsider,” she requested him and Elijah looked away, zipping up the bags.

“I request you agree to this. Not for what is right, but for me.”

“I worry for you.”

“Then you will not question my decision on the matter,” he kissed her forehead. “Stand by me... please.”

“I refuse to do that to Niklaus,” Adelia’s voice quivered. “It is wrong.”

“Do this for me,” he said, engulfing her in his arms. “We are doing this for our family. We will help them first.”

As Adelia nuzzled into his neck and remained silent, Elijah kissed the side of her head gratefully. Both unaware of the other Original pressing the ground floor button of the elevator with fury in his eyes.

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Spring 1860 | Cloverville

“Once more,” Arnold ordered making Adelia huff as she aimed her pistol before firing a shot.

“Father, my ears are hurting. I want to go to sleep. It is not even six in the morning,” she said, turning towards her father.

“Why do I find you suddenly childish in my presence? You were doing fine all these months,” he asked.

“I am your only daughter. I am allowed to act like a child, padre,” she justified and turned around before firing a shot again. It missed by inches and Arnold took a deep breath, looking at the failed attempt.

“Fire one perfect shot and I shall let you go to sleep,” the patriarch said and Adelia almost stomped her foot.

“My arms are aching.”

“They have not fallen off yet. Continue. I shall be back with some bread. I require food if I am to hear you complaining all day.”

Adelia stared at her father in indignation as he walked away. She turned around and fired another shot as it missed the target again. A pair of hands suddenly enclosed her upper arms and she let out a squeak. She turned her head to find Elijah behind her.

The Original looked at her before he gestured to the front and Adelia followed. He gripped her arms tightly.

“Steady your hands,” he said positioning her hands well. “Grip the pistol tightly,” the Original
straightened her wavering wrists before moving his hands to her shoulder and pressed the muscles, “This not too firm, not too tight. Recoil is highly dangerous.”

The witch looked at him awaiting his directions. Elijah gently turned her head to make her look ahead.

“Focus is the key, Adelia. Concentrate,” he instructed as she took a deep breath before firing a shot. It missed the target by centimeters and her mood deflated, her body slumping in defeat.

Elijah patted her arms twice and nudged her spine to straighten her posture as she immediately did so. “Again.”

She shot and it hit the target, making her smile, but it immediately disappeared when he nudged her once more.

“Repeat,” he ordered and she hit the target again. His hand came to land on her hips as Elijah stepped closer, “Again.”

Suddenly a shot hit near their feet as it uprooted the grass making Adelia scramble away from the Original in fright.

“Elijah, I missed! Mind giving me the same lessons?” Arnold said, glaring at the vampire. “I assure you I am a much better shooter. Just directions, I detest physical contact.”

“Padre! I hit the target!” Adelia rushed to her father and took away his rifle seeing his riled up behavior.

“Oh my, you did.” Arnold patted her cheek lovingly. “I dropped my loaf. Come we shall have breakfast.” He smiled and held out his hand to escort his little girl inside, the Original forgotten.

Elijah watched them walk away when Adelia turned back to look at him and smiled. He smiled back.

Klaus looking at them from the window pursed his mouth before going back to his painting, splashing red paint on the canvas.

“Everything okay?” Katherine inquired when Klaus arrived, his mood at the lowest. How could Elijah do this to him? And Adelia? She would just leave him, again. They will certainly pay for it.

“What have you been doing?” He asked gruffly.

“Making coffee. Do you want some?” she offered when he rushed over to her, grabbing her by the throat.

“Tell me what you’ve been doing,” he compelled the doppelganger.

“Making coffee,” she answered, trying to act compelled not wanting him to know about Damon giving her vervain. Klaus released her and she gasped, holding her neck.

“Wait. Take off your bracelet,” he ordered and Katherine took it off and handed it over her daylight jewelry to him. “Now, I want you... to walk over to the window and stand in the sunlight.”

“But I’ll burn,” she hesitated.

“You don’t have a choice,” Klaus impassively said. She slowly stood in the sunlight and the side of
her face exposed to the sunlight started to burn, making her scream while the Original looked at her with a smile. “That’s enough,” he blurted out and the doppelgänger rushed over to the corner of the room, in the shadows, “Guess I was wrong. All right, then. I need you to do something for me.”

Damon, Caroline and Tyler rushed out the Fell’s tomb as the Salvatore managed to rescue them. Just then, Matt started waking up and the blonde-haired girl fainted over to him.

“Hey, Matt!” she called out to no avail and looked up at Damon. “Hey. Did you hit him??!”

“Did you already forget about the part with the gun and the wooden bullets?” the Salvatore replied, greatly annoyed as Tyler growled and held his chest in pain, glancing up at the moon.

“Tyler? Tyler?” Caroline repeated.

“It’s starting,” he informed.

“Grab boy wonder and let’s go,” Damon hurried.

“Come on,” Caroline nodded as they all proceeded to leave.

“Where are we going?” Elena asked the witch as they continued to walk through the forest.

“This way,” the witch replied.

“You’re Luka’s sister, aren’t you? I heard about you. He and your father were looking for you,” the doppelgänger inferred.

“Well, they were wasting their time. I wasn’t lost,” Greta sighed when Elena tripped over a rock.

“God, I can’t see anything,” she said when Greta lit fires all around them as Elena’s vision registered someone lying on the ground. She rushed over to the body to see it’s Jenna. “Jenna? Jenna, Jenna! Jenna? Hey, hey, Jenna! Jenna!” she called out horrified, checking for her aunt’s pulse to find none. “Oh, my God. No. Jenna! No!” Elena looked at the witch, “He killed her? Why? I did everything that he asked.”

Greta noticed the redhead gaining consciousness, “She’s not dead. She’s in transition.”

Damon got up from the floor and remembered he was in Alaric’s apartment after Klaus snapped his neck— confronting an Original is not the greatest option.

“Should have used me. Why didn’t he use me?” He frowned, clearly confused as to why he was not the backup vampire.

“He couldn’t. Damon, he said you were as good as dead,” Katherine answered.

“What does that even mean?” He asked.

“What does that mean?” She looked at Tyler’s bite on the vampire’s forearm. Katherine pointed, “What is this, Damon?”

“It’s a werewolf bite.”
Arnold stared at his daughter and Elijah sitting on the porch reading in peace. Both absolutely silent except the sounds of turning the page and Adelia scribbling notes. He narrowed his eyes when the Original stole a glance of his little girl before going back to his task. His eyes narrowed even more when the Original did it again, this time with a slight smile.

The patriarch looked towards his daughter to see her sitting unaware of Elijah’s glances and his heart thawed at her innocence. He chose to glare at the vampire with a huff. His butler slowly approached the Laurentis male and turned to look at the scene with raised eyebrows.

“You are seeing what I am unfortunately witnessing?” Arnold said with a grimace.

“Indeed, sir,” the butler replied, now used to the man’s behavior.

“How much is polite, Conan?” The father asked, his gaze not wavering from the peaceful pair.

“An hour, sir? Will that suffice?”

“Make that fifteen minutes,” Arnold ordered.

“That might be impolite,” Conan implied.

“Very well. Ten minutes.”

“I shall arrive there in five, sir,” the old man said with a nod.

“Do not be tardy. My darling girl needs to be saved from the man’s clutches.”

A smile appeared across Arnold’s face as Conan arrived there not too shortly after and separated the two feigning Adelia’s assistance required in the study.

The patriarch reached the room before his daughter did and sat comfortably on the chair while scrutinizing the newspaper headlines. Sharel sitting across him demanded an explanation.

“Father?” Adelia knocked on the door. “You called for me.”

“We shall sit.”

“Is there something you wanted?”

“Just your company, my little girl. You wish to leave?” Arnold said faking sadness and Sharel raised her brows.

“No father. I was merely worried,” Adelia answered and sat on the floor, keeping her things on the ottoman. “Good afternoon, grandmother. I shall continue my work here.” She smiled and started on the notes immediately.

Arnold hid a grin at his victory and sighed in relief before grimacing at the thought of another man near his daughter again. He huffed and looked around, avoiding his mother’s suspicious glare.

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_A/N:_ So many elements in this chapter!
Owls printed on cards *wink wink*
Klaus has many haters.
Elijah borrowing his paranoia from Klaus.
Arnold is very observant.
Introducing

Colin Firth as Arnold Warren Laurentis

“You are the catalyst to her destruction, Elijah.”

...

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson

“You mean the world to me.”

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
“I don’t know why Adelia even agreed to marry you? You must have done some serious voodoo stuff,” Rafael said over the phone making the Original pinch his forehead in frustration.

“Is there anything new you want to tell me?” Elijah asked.

“I met this hot French girl in the bar last night and let me tell yo–”

“I am definitely not interested in your love affairs, Rafael,” he interrupted the young vampire and watched his wife go about the kitchen making a treacle tart for Klaus.

“So coming to the point, you sent Lia to your fastidious cohort gala. I don’t know which is worse, you being their penultimate sire or them trying to recruit serial killers?”

“Very comforting your evaluation is,” Elijah said, rolling his eyes as he looked out the glass panes.

“Set the date. We shall vanquish the evil from the planet. Kill the killers before your copycat kills them with his blood in their system. Your sireline is terrifically cursed anyway,” Rafael laughed and the Original exhaled.

“You would’ve almost come into mine,” the thousand-year-old vampire quipped.

“Cheers to my irrefutable good luck. God bless me.”

“Even the god would take offense to that statement.”

“Pfft, Adelia will pray for me,” the friend hummed into the phone.

“About the witche–” Elijah started.

“You have already guessed the answer. Don’t tell her, alright?” Rafael’s voice sounded morose.

“I won’t,” the Original turned his attention to his wife who just put the oven to preheat. “We will talk later.”

“Tell Lia to wear blue,” Rafael laughed before hanging up.

Elijah rolled his eyes and kept his phone over the table and walked towards Adelia. Nudging her to the side, he took the spatula from her to stir the syrup as she started working on the upper crust.

“Rafael has expressed his wish that you wear green,” Elijah informed Adelia with a hidden smirk.

“Then I must wear green,” the witch hummed cutting thin strips of the dough. “Niklaus will love the tart. It’s his favorite.”

“Indeed it is. I shall have it delivered to his residence.”
“What was Rafael saying?” Adelia inquired.

Elijah took a deep breath as he kept his demeanor straight. “About his tryst in France.”

Adelia looked towards him and smiled and he returned one hesitantly.

Klaus closed the door with a box in hands, keeping it over the coffee table before taking a seat. He opened it and found his favorite tart inside and a smile overtook his features. Katherine peeked from the chair across him and frowned.

The Original found a note under the tart and immediately unfurled it.

_We are leaving for Budapest in a week. I want you to join us when we arrive in Seattle and have a long chat with Elijah. He is miffed with you, not that I am not._

_Do accept your favorite delicacy as a token of peace._

_With love,_

_Maeve L._

He crumpled the note in his hand and sighed. Looking at the box intently, Klaus covered the lid and left the room.

As the doppelgänger went to open it, a voice made her halt.

“If I should find that you have even touched the box, Katerina, I will make you choke on it,” Klaus said from the other room and Katherine retreated to her seat immediately.

“Green, Adelia,” Elijah said, leaning against the closet door as he watched his wife choose from a very limited collection after he had packed away their bags.

“Why are you eager on Raffie’s choice?” Adelia hummed looking at him. “You two never see eye to eye. Should I be worried about your sudden insistence?”

“I just want you to look your best,” he replied almost hurriedly and retreated into the bedroom.

The witch followed her husband and pushed him onto the bed before climbing over him.

“You think I not look my best in this,” Adelia mischievously said, coming to straddle his hips.

Elijah trailed his eyes over her brassiere clad form appreciatively as his fingers caressed her lace panties. “I am not the one to complain. My wife looks fetching.”

“You wife wouldn’t mind if I were to sleep with her husband right? He is a very generous man, I hear,” she mumbled as the tie slowly gave away between her fingers before the witch started unbuttoning his shirt.

“Your touches are very similar to my wife’s. Do you know her?” Elijah inquired, his breath hitching as she started trailing kisses down his chest, her soft hair tickling his heated skin as her hand pushed the shirt aside.

“I happen to maintain anonymity. So even if I, unfortunately, know her, you wouldn’t hear a thing
from me,” Adelia whispered while unbuckling his belt, making Elijah gulp.

“I consider myself very exclusive. Maybe my wife should be the one doing this to me,” he said, closing his eyes when her fingers traced the bulge over the pants as his hips involuntarily sought out her touch.

“Did your wife ever tell you that you talk too much?” She smiled pecking his cheek and continued her movements over his pants as he slowly grew hard. Adelia tugged his earlobe between her teeth before discreetly sneaking her hands in, his sigh of relief audible.

“She loves listening to me talk,” he replied despite the jolts traveling throughout his body as she stroked him up and down slowly. “Why must you torment me, Adelia?” Elijah groaned when her fingernail slowly caressed his appendage. Unable to move, courtesy her magic, he exhaled deeply and his mouth was immediately captured by her, lips tugging roughly.

“Shh,” Adelia cooed in his ear after disconnecting their mouth. She bit his lip before nuzzling into his neck and inhaled his subtle cologne. Throwing off her lace panties before pushing down his pants, she straddled him and looked him in the eye. “I assure you my ability to provide you pleasure will rival your wife’s,” she said, her hand moving behind her back to unclip her black brassiere as grew even harder, “I hope she wouldn’t be too displeased with me taking her husband for my own.”

Removing the straps down her lithe arms as Elijah lay enraptured with her movements, the anticipation palpable, she slid down his length as simultaneous loud moans of satisfaction echoed the bedroom.

“I should hope the task carries out smoothly,” Klaus said to one of his minions, ready to leave the apartment.

“It will be done,” the man replied.

“Good, you know not to disappoint me.”

He stopped in his tracks hearing the note earlier sent by Adelia crinkling in his pocket. Maybe her intentions were right and if he stopped her from leaving for Budapest, she would never forgive him. They had just started talking and he didn’t want to lose that on this account and then there was the matter of Jenna, a vulnerability to exploit from both parties for ruining his plans. He sighed, thinking about it.

“Well mate, seems there’s a change of plan,” he beckoned his minion towards him, “Maeve stays with me.” He smirked and swiftly broke the vampire’s neck.

Elijah walked around the perimeters of the Laurentis House looking around to check any intruders when an audible sigh escaped his mouth. He glanced at the full moon with relief flooding his veins knowing there were no presence of werewolves in this town, the surrounding almost serene.

The Original turned to go back inside when his eyes caught Adelia’s form inside her room lighting the candles and screwing the glass in its place. He averted his gaze, feeling a tinge of intrusion at the moment, but couldn’t help but direct his gaze to her again.

“Oh, brother, such deep longing in your eyes,” Klaus’ voice echoed in his ears when the younger Original came to stand beside him. He looked at Adelia from her balcony doors as the little witch lit
a candle of the chandelier hanging down to her level.” What is that you long for Elijah?”

The elder brother took a deep breath, but chose to remain silent. Klaus smirked seeing the look on his face.

“What do you want, Niklaus?” Elijah asked with a sigh, hoping to not give away much.

“When are we returning to New Orleans?” The younger Original hummed watching Adelia using the pulley to fix the chandelier overhead. “Such a beautiful soul and you wish to tarnish her with your demons. Maeve has no lingering notion of the hold she has over you.”

“Adelia. She is Adelia,” the elder brother corrected him.

Klaus smiled and walked closer to him. “Maeve represents the girl who sees the good in me despite being the creature she should despise. Adelia is the woman you desire to attain for yourself because she gives you what you never had, peace,” he whispered into his brother’s ear, seeing him stiffen. “You might think me blind, but you are my brother and I know you better than you know yourself.”

“You are misinterpreting my intentions. She is Sharel’s granddaughter, my concerns are limited to us only being acquaintances,” Elijah shrugged it off with a heavy heart.

Klaus tilted his head, observing his brother and picked up a pebble from the ground. He turned his attention towards the little witch who was returning to the settee after closing the bedroom door. He shot the pebble at the chandelier bearings as it creakingly moved and dropped with a loud crash just a meter from Adelia who stepped back in shock.

Elijah standing beside his brother froze and clenched his fist willing himself to remain unfazed.

Klaus looked at him with a chuckle. “I do hope it is not fear I am seeing in your eyes. I cannot have my brother so vulnerable.” He patted his shoulder with a sigh and turned towards Adelia to see her extinguishing the remaining flames with a wave of her hand. “Now, when are we to return to the crescent city?”

The elder Original gulped and closed his eyes. “Whenever you wish to leave.” When he didn’t get an answer, Elijah exhaled. “I will arrange for our departure at the earliest.”

“I am glad to hear that. Good night brother,” Klaus smirked and walked away just as the commotion at the noise started unfolding in the house.

“It is already dark outside, Elijah. We are late,” Adelia groaned, sitting up and hurriedly fastened her brassiere.

Elijah lying on the bed looked outside with a sigh and followed his wife. Moving her hair aside, he trailed his lips over her shoulder as her head fell back into his embrace.

“No,” the witch said, distancing herself from him and entered the walk-in-closet. “Klaus must be waiting for you. Do not be tardy.”

The Original reluctantly got up and started buttoning his shirt. “I believe my wife is back from her spiritual trip?”

Adelia peeked from the closet, her own fingers fixing her peter pan collar. “If by a spiritual trip you mean a roll between the sheets, then she is satisfied,” she answered and then looked up at him, “For now. Don’t presume she will forgive you for your infidelities.”
She walked towards him and took the tie from his grasp. “Not ties for tonight,” she said and inconspicuously held the apparel to his eyes blocking his vision. “Maybe punishment is in order next time,” she mischievously whispered into his ear and hummed, “With love, your beloved wife.” Kissing the corner of his mouth, she immediately left the room.

Elijah opened his eyes as a smile appeared on his face. Fixing his cuffs, he opened a drawer and looked inside at the moonstone, willing himself to forget that night a thousand years ago.

Adelia appeared beside him and put the stone in his pocket with Rebekah’s necklace making Elijah frown in confusion.

“We are giving this to her before she is even undaggered. Might as well as evade a scream induced headache. She doesn’t have to know,” she laughed and he kissed her head lovingly.

“You insulted my sister in my presence. Maybe it is you who deserves a good punishment,” he humored taking her hand as he twirled her around while walking out the room.

“With the family around, you will be lucky if we even get to share a bed without your siblings starting a war.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Elijah replied with a grin as he closed the door behind them.

“Oh, my head. What’s wrong with me?” Jenna clutched her head, trying to ease the pain.

“Do you remember what happened?” Elena asked her aunt, still horrified at the prospect of future events.

“You called me. You were so scared. Oh, ah, I should have realized that it wasn’t you. The second I walked out of the house, someone grabbed me. A vampire,” she explained.

“Klaus. It was Klaus,” the doppelgänger concluded.

“He made me drink his blood. And I don’t... I don’t remember anything after that,” Jenna looked around, “Where are we? What happened?”

“We’re at the quarry. He brought us here.”

“Why don’t I remember anything?” Jenna frowned.

“Jenna, do you remember... when did I tell you how someone becomes a vampire?”

“Yeah, if you die with vampire blood in your system, it’s...” the realization slowly set into the transitioning vampire, “Oh, god. He killed me. I had Klaus’ blood in my system.”

“Jenna, listen to me. Listen to me; everything’s going to be okay. I’m going to get you out of here,” Elena said trying to assure her aunt.

“I’m a vampire?” She questioned.

“And I bet you’re hungry,” Greta approached the pair as Jenna and Elena turned to look at her.

Elena desperate to save her aunt rushed to grab a rock nearby, but, Greta sent her flying backward with a wave of her hand. The witch created a circle of fire around the doppelganger.

“Don’t bother trying to get through. I spelled the circle. You’re trapped. No matter what you do,”
Greta informed seeing Elena attempting to come out of the ring.

“Greta... please, just-just let her go,” the teenager requested but the witch ignored her and sliced her wrist open. Blood dripped from her hand, making Jenna look at it with hunger in her eyes.

“Klaus chose her,” the witch replied.

“No,” cried Elena as Greta lowered her wrist towards the transitioning vampire.

“Drink it,” Greta ordered.

“Jenna, don’t!”

“I can’t,” Jenna said, trying her best to control her hunger but found it impossible.

“Let her go. Hey!” Elena looked at her aunt who finally sank her teeth into the witch’s wrist. “No! No.”

“That’s enough,” Greta pulled her wrist out of Jenna’s hold, standing up.

“Jenna. It’s going to be okay,” the teenager reassured her aunt as Greta finished creating another circle of fire around the vampire who moved away from the flames, terrified. “Look at me. Hey, look at me,” Elena called out to her aunt who looked in her direction, “It’s gonna be okay. It’s gonna be okay.”

“Took you long enough,” Klaus rolled his eyes, seeing Elijah and Adelia exiting their car.

“Impatient, aren’t we?” Adelia drawled wrapping the coat tighter around herself.

“A thousand years, Maeve,” he huffed with a smile.

“Brother,” Elijah sighed, looking around and Adelia squeezed his hand before moving away to lean against the car hoping to give the siblings a bit privacy.

“What is it?” Klaus frowned at Elijah.

“I cannot apologize enough for the part I played in your suffering. It might have been a thousand years, but what you had to go through because of me will always be my deepest regret,” the elder Original hesitated.

“Elijah...”

“Please Niklaus... let me,” he requested and Klaus pursed his mouth. “I wish I had the courage to stand up to father and prevent this altogether. The pain our parents inflicted over you, I aided them. I failed to realize what was being taken from you, I thought this will give you happiness. I failed you,” Elijah’s voice quivered as his eyes brimmed with tears remembering every second of the unfateful night and the younger brother looked away in contemplation.

“Your own brother carved out every element of your agony and a part of me is ashamed for what I knowingly made you go through. You did not deserve it, you never deserved it. It will be too much of me to ask for your forgiveness but I hope you can bring yourself to forgive me one day, Niklaus.”

Klaus let out a breath and pulled his brother into his arms as a tear escaped his eye. He looked at Adelia over Elijah’s shoulder and she smiled at him. He awkwardly patted his back before breaking away.
The witch approached them, her excitement evident. “When is the party Nik? I want a party. You are finally getting to showcase your furry attributes and I want to take a photograph and document everyth–” Adelia frowned when Klaus started walking away with a roll of his eyes. “You are walking away from me,” she blinked and turned towards her husband, “Elijah, why is he walking away from me?!”

Elijah kissed her cheek before following his brother as a smile graced both the Original’s face. The witch pouted getting dragged along with her husband as Klaus continued to ignore her. They soon arrived at the location as Adelia looked horrified seeing Jenna in one of the circles.

“Glad to know I still have a dance partner,” he commented at Greta and turned his attention towards Elena, Jenna, and Jules. “Hello, my lovelies. Are we ready?”

“Klaus! What is this?!” Adelia asked, gesturing at Jenna.

“A small payback for almost ruining my plans, love. Now, where is my Moonstone?” Klaus smirked.

“Jenna for the moonstone,” she voiced.

“What?” The smile disappeared from his face.

“My love. Let…” Elijah was interrupted by a glare thrown at him.

“You don’t want to disappoint him so soon after your apology by going against him, fine Elijah. But I will not back down. You will release Jenna, Nik,” she punctuated with a glare at the brothers.

“You must be delusional if you think I am going to tamper with my ritual elements, love,” Klaus raged out.

“You heard it. Jenna for the moonstone. I will not allow you to take the last parental figure a young boy has. Do it or else wait for another full moon.”

“You demand things at inopportune moments Maeve,” Klaus laughed.

“I presume it’s Damon, who went against you. Then use him! You have tons of vampire from the ones we captured today, use one of them. Leave Jenna out of this,” Adelia pointed.

“Mr. Salvatore will soon be on his deathbed. A nasty bite on a full moon,” the younger Original smiled. Elijah closed his eyes not wanting this discussion to prolong.

“Then bring him to me. I will heal him and then you can use him for your ritual. But no wait, you want a leverage over the Salvatores...” she realized and Elijah frowned his brows, “…Stefan. What are your plans after this Niklaus?”

Klaus ignored her deduction with a shrug. “What makes you think I will even agree to this?”

“The moon is overhead. I wouldn’t waste a single second. Jenna, Klaus. I will destroy the moonstone if she’s not released,” her voice took a hard edge and Elijah walked towards her.

“Adelia, be reasonable,” he whispered as she continued to glare at Klaus.

“I am being reasonable! She did nothing. Tell him, Elijah!”

“You promised,” Klaus said, looking her in the eye. “You promised me the same devotion and loyalty. Give me the moonstone, Adelia.”
She shrugged her husband’s hand from her arms before looking towards Jenna, who was staring at her. With a determined look, she mumbled a spell under her breath and turned invisible before a loud crack echoed the forest as Klaus fell to the ground with a thud. Adelia turned up visible behind him as Elijah sent her a hard look.

“We can talk about this, Adelia. Revive him, now,” Elijah commanded.

Greta sent her buckling onto her knees as the heretic clutched her head screaming loudly.

Elijah immediately rounded to the witch with his vampire visage on display. “You will immediately cease your spell if you wish to live and return to Luka! You will not hurt her.” He gripped her neck tightly as the Martin witch looked terrified.

Adelia seeing him distracted, with a wave of hand, disappeared the fire around the vampire. Muttering the spell she turned invisible again before appearing behind Jenna and rushed her to sit against a tree before putting her under the same spell. She put her finger to her lips, gesturing her to be quiet and turned towards Elena who nodded gratefully.

“I live to serve Klaus,” Greta replied with a glare and her eyes widened not seeing Jenna in the circle and Elijah followed her vision to witness the same and turned to where Adelia sat to find her no longer there. He closed his eyes in disbelief.

Hurrying off to the edge of the forest towards their car, Adelia opened the backseat to find a cloaked vampire and werewolf asleep.

“Always have a backup,” she mumbled before pulling the vampire out and closed the door. She rushed them towards the ritual site before depositing the man inside the circle with a huff.

Soon enough, she was gently pushed into a tree as Elijah stared at her heatedly.

“You want to displease Niklaus?” He said and she didn’t avert her gaze from him.

“When is he ever pleased? You justify his behavior, however you see fit, but I was never the one to tolerate his methods,” Adelia replied not backing down. “I will choose his anger over his ridiculous tantrums any day and you know it. I refuse to appease him if it means sitting back and watching him ruin lives. You can, but I won’t.”

Elijah took a step back, clenching his jaw as he turned his attention towards the new vampire. Adelia screamed loudly as Greta once again gave her an aneurysm.

“The moon’s overhead, revive him! He won’t respond to my magic!” The witch gritted her teeth and continued giving her the aneurysm as Adelia screamed louder.

Elijah turned his attention towards Greta and approached her menacingly. “How dare you command her?” He threatened and gripped her hair tightly when Adelia’s scream reached his ears again, “I told you to stop hurting her!” The Original shouted and didn’t stop a second before decapitating the witch. He dropped the head, the blood splashing over his leather shoes.

He glanced at Adelia who was panting loudly, recomposing herself. Extending his bloody palm towards her, he waited as she slowly walked towards him and put her hand in his.

“I will choose my brother’s wrath over your pain any day,” Elijah told her and she hesitantly burrowed herself deeper into his embrace.

Adelia waved her hand and Klaus woke up with a groan and his gaze immediately went to a
beheaded Greta and a new vampire in the circle. The younger Original strode towards Adelia in anger when Elijah got between the two.

“Keep your distance, Niklaus,” the elder brother worded, holding out a finger to stop Klaus. When the younger brother didn’t relent and took a step forward, veins appeared underneath Elijah’s eyes. “I am warning you. You touch her and you will see the worst of me. Stay away.”

Klaus saw the threat in his brother’s eyes and looked above at the moon. He didn’t have time to spar with his brother for Maeve’s insubordinate behavior. He glanced at her and she held strong, refusing to flinch under his gaze.

Elijah took out the moonstone from his pocket and held it out for Klaus, who took it immediately looking at it in awe.

“I’ve got the moonstone. I spent 500 years looking for this,” Klaus examined the moonstone before looking at Adelia. “You are my only hope now, little witch. Mind giving me assistance?” He walked towards her under the wary gaze of Elijah and handed her the moonstone. Even if she had her fits from time to time, he trusted Maeve with his life.

“You don’t have to ask,” she said, clutching the stone and looked at the sky.

“Let’s get started, shall we?” The younger Original nodded and Adelia dropped the moonstone into a stone bowl filled with flames prepared by Greta earlier, and sparks flew around as the stone got destroyed.

Elijah felt a weight lift off his shoulders as the guilt he was burdened with decreased a little. He took a step back.

She began chanting the spell and Klaus approached the rings of fire.

Jules looked towards the doppelgänger. “Everything I did... I was just trying to help Tyler.”

“Are you Jules?” Elena asked.

“I didn’t want him to be alone!” The werewolf justified.

“Shall we?” Klaus smirked and the ring of fire around Jules disappeared. The werewolf attempting a last escape rushed at the Original but he pinned her to the ground, plunging his hand into her chest before ripping out her heart as Jules took her last breath. Klaus held the bloody heart in his hands as Elena, and Jenna invisible looked on, horrified with his actions.

“What one are you reading?” Bonnie looked over Jeremy’s shoulder towards the grimoire in his possession.

“Emily Bennett’s, there’s a section on spells she did for my ancestor, Johnathan Gilbert,” the youngest Gilbert explained.

“Yeah, I think she had a thing for him,” she informed the boy who looked up towards Bonnie who smiles at him.

“There’s something about a resuscitative spell she was working on.”

“I saw that, too. She just didn’t explain what it did, exactly.”

“Well, maybe Johnathan wrote about it in his journals. You know, I can have Stefan bring them,” he
proposed the idea when suddenly a fire appeared in front of them disappearing just as fast as a piece of paper floated into her hand. Bonnie inspected the paper to see a spell written across it. She turned it over to see it signed by Adelia and a smile graced the teenagers’ faces.

Adelia continued to chant the spell while Klaus held Jules’s heart over the ceremonial bowl, squeezing the blood into the flames.

“Is it working, Maeve?” He hopefully asked the little witch.

“It’s working,” the witch assured as she and Elijah looked at each other.

“I brought the Gilbert journals. I think I know the spell you’re talking about,” John Gilbert informed the teenagers putting a cardboard box on the table.

“Where’s Damon?”

“Upstairs. Alaric wanted to talk to him,” the patriarch answered as they begin to take the journals out of the box looking through them. Bonnie hesitantly showed him the spell she got from Adelia. “I would trust these journals more than something an Original’s wife sent you. You never know what goes inside their head.”

The Bennett witch nodded and started looking through the one John suggested. After a while, Jeremy and Damon watched as she placed her hands on either side of the patriarch’s head chanting the spell.

“Come on, I got a ritual to stop,” the Salvatore said impatiently earning a glare from Jeremy who was still worried about Jenna’s fate, courtesy of the vampire in front of him.

Bonnie opened her eyes signaling its completion, “It’s done.”

“That’s it?” Damon rolled his eyes, walking out of the room. He had a ritual to sabotage. He was already dying, why not do something for the greater good, i.e., Elena.

“Whenever you’re ready, love,” Klaus instructed Adelia as she continued chanting the spell and with a wave of her hand, the circle around the vampire disappeared. The Original fledged over to the vampire staking him in the heart. Klaus released the stake from his grasp to stand up and the heretic immediately started chanting the next part of the spell.

Stefan woke up feeling the piece of wood in his back, remembering being stabbed by Elijah. He attempted to reach it, but found unable to do so. He looked up at Elena and saw her tear-streaked cheeks, afraid of her undetermined fate. He turned his attention to Adelia who was chanting and sighed in relief, finding Jenna not included in the ritual. Elijah poured the vampire’s blood into the ceremonial bowl.

Klaus approached Elena, “It’s time.” The fire vanished from around Elena. The doppelganger looked up at him as the vampire extended his hand towards her. She got up and walked past Klaus to make her way to the altar. Klaus followed her and grabbed Elena’s face in his hand so she was looking at him.

“Thank you, Elena,” he smiled.

“Go to hell,” the doppelganger sneered.
“Oh love, I already am in one,” Klaus smirked and sank his fangs into her neck to drain Elena of her blood. Veins appeared underneath his eyes and Elena’s eyes rolled back and soon she turned limp in his arms. Stefan and Jenna watched helplessly as the redhead turned her head away from the scene. She trusted Adelia to also find a way to save her niece the same way she had saved her.

Klaus dropped the doppelganger’s body on the ground. The flame into the bowl got extinguished as Elijah stepped forward in anticipation. The vampire walked down the stone steps breathing heavily.

“I can feel it. It’s happening,” Klaus exclaimed happily and glanced up at the full moon. Suddenly, his bones started to crack as he started to transform and Elijah rushed forward to help his brother.

“Yes, yes!”

The younger Original was suddenly thrown through the air as Damon snuck up behind Klaus in an attempt to kill him. Elijah intervened pushing him off his transitioning brother, veins sprouting under his eyes blocking Klaus from the Salvatore’s view.

Damon rushed towards the Originals again but dropped as Adelia began giving him an aneurysm. She moved to dislodge the stake from Stefan’s back as he stood up. He kneeled down and picked up Elena’s body.

“Go,” Adelia ordered hearing the pain filled howls of Klaus as the younger Salvatore swiftly complied.

“What about Jenna?” Alaric inquired hopefully as the younger Salvatore brother continued stroking Elena’s hair wishing for her to wake up.

Stefan turned to look at the hunter, “She was not there, but we’ll find her.”

Alaric and Jeremy both sighed, waiting for any news.

A growl was heard behind Damon and Adelia and they turned to look at a black wolf staring at them with hunger. Elijah stumbled through the trees with a ragged appearance.

“You have to leave! It isn’t safe in the woods,” Adelia ordered the vampire who was staring at the wolf in horror. “Run!” he immediately listened and disappeared just before the wolf jumped at where he was, rushing after him. Adelia pushed him off the tracks as he hit the tree and turned to growl at her.

Jenna, invisible, just behind the witch stood up horrified just as Adelia mumbled a spell turning her visible.

“We will run alright. You have the speed, the strength, and the impeccable sense. I shall accompany you back to the boarding house. Do not leave my sight,” Adelia informed the newly turned vampire who was still fighting tiredness in her bones. She needed more energy.

Elijah immediately stood beside them as the wolf appeared but was thrown aside by a wave of her hand.

“We will run alright. You have the speed, the strength, and the impeccable sense. I shall accompany you back to the boarding house. Do not leave my sight,” Adelia informed the newly turned vampire who was still fighting tiredness in her bones. She needed more energy.

Elijah immediately stood beside them as the wolf appeared but was thrown aside by a wave of her hand.

“Leave,” he ordered and rushed deeper into the woods as the wolf chased after him. Adelia and Jenna stared at the disappearing wolf.

“Welcome to your new life,” the witch said impassively as they started their way home, the howls filling the silence between them.
“I will visit you later,” Adelia told Jenna as they reached the Boarding house. Jenna has not spoken a word and she understood. “You need a daylight ring, I shall arrange for one. Elena will be fine.” She gave a slight smile and turned around to return to her husband.

“Lia?” Jenna’s voice called out and the witch looked at her when the vampire threw her arms around the older woman. “Thank you.”

Adelia patted her hair awkwardly. “I am sorry. You did not deserve this.”

“What if they hate me?” A tear slid down her pale cheeks.

“Then you should let them deal with it. You cannot change for others and you shouldn’t. They will get used to it.”

“It is too much,” the redhead hid her face in her palms crouching down as the witch rubbed her back in comfort.

“They are heightened emotions. It’s okay to feel it. The only thread that connects you to your humanity,” she crouched down beside Jenna.

“How did you deal with it?” The newly turned vampire asked.

“My situation was a lot different than yours. Desperation and disbelief fueled my humanity. It kept me alive, but I was not living. I had lost all my will to live, but that desperation kept me alive, pushed me to live for what I held dearest to me.”

“Elijah?”

Adelia smiled at her a little as a tear slipped past her eyes. “There is a lot you will feel in your upcoming days Jenna but don’t let your emotions rule you. You will lose who you are, fight to live. You are too precious for the world.” She stood up and Jenna followed hesitantly. “Keep this,” the witch put a key into hand, “if you need some space then feel free to use our apartment. Take care. I will see you tomorrow and stay away from sun.”

Jenna blinked as she disappeared in a second. She looked at the key in her hands and then towards the boarding house. She didn’t want to be rejected by them, her own family. Alaric hunted her species, John did the same. After all the truth and lies, she wouldn’t be able to handle the fear and hatred in their eyes.

The vampire took a step back, clutching the key in her palm before rushing to her very much needed haven, away from everyone. She needed some time.

Elijah groaned looking down at the bite in his arms and winced as the venom started its way into his bloodstream. He glanced around for any sign of the wolf when soft hands held his fingers and he looked beside him to see Adelia staring at the bite.

“It won’t kill me,” he humored and she sent him an unamused look before touching the bite to siphon off its venom. Feeling relieved now, he laid his head on her shoulder.

“Where is your brother?” She asked, caressing his hair.

“Chasing sparrows for all I care,” he replied, raising his arm to see the bite healing.
“You are staying with me,” Adelia said and cut his palm with her hairpin, dragging it from end to other.

“What are you doing?” Elijah questioned as he watched her hold his palm, the blood dripping onto the ground.

“Finding your favorite sibling,” she answered, closing her eyes and chanted a spell.

“I do not have a favorite sibling,” the Original replied and she opened her eyes to look at him in disbelief. The leaves scattered over the ground separating itself, forming a way deep into the forest with a gust of wind.

“Tell that to your repeatedly daggered siblings or consider your unhealthy obsession with Niklaus,” Adelia rolled her eyes and started following the trail. Elijah opened his mouth to refuse the accusation when a howl cut through the forest. “See, he is even calling for you, Elijah.”

Elijah pinched the bridge of his nose and formed words to deny it when another howl echoed close to them making him sigh.

Adelia looked at her husband. “Well, he’s not helping, is he?”

Elijah didn’t speak and instead joined their hands to go deeper into the woods, his hands subconsciously tightening every few seconds.

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The Original made up his mind as he walked towards the parlor with determination alight in his eyes. He was not meant to be loved; fortune had never been in his cards. Adelia deserved more than that. She had just stepped into her youth, her fascination towards him would end someday and he will not ruin her in the nonce waiting for her to reach the drastic realization.

Niklaus already suspected the recent developments and after last night’s incident, Elijah was sure his brother might curse the young girl to his past lovers’ fate. He stopped at the doorway and watched her, admiring her beauty and spirit that never failed to uplift his moments with ounce loads of joy and lightness that became a permanent thing around her. Adelia was administering the change of the chandelier in her room because Niklaus wanted to prove a point by inconspicuously threatening her.

As the men started putting up the ornate fixture, Adelia heard a throat being cleared and turned around to see Elijah in the doorway and she smiled. The handlers hung it halfway while taking it as a dismissal and left the room quietly. He walked towards her, his fingers tinkling the festoon hanging at his eye-level when his hazel orbs caught hers and a smile appeared on his face.

“This looks beautiful,” he said as the crystals illuminated her face as the sunlight entered past the French doors.

“I agree,” Adelia’s eyes twinkled as she fidgeted with the lace sleeve trimmings at her wrist.

“So do you,” Elijah told her and she looked at him squarely, her breath hitching with anxiousness. He walked even closer to her, his movements creating ripples in the crystal reflected haze. “I admire you, Miss Laurentis. Your beauty and your soul are pure. I have lived for centuries and I have come across the rarest of rare where I could appreciate what they put forth and you are one of them,” he caressed her blushing cheek as she avoided his gaze.
“I recall telling you to call me Adelia,” she replied as his other hand held her fingers in his grip.

“Miss Laurentis,” he contradicted and her smile faltered a little, “your insinuations about how you feel for me, about us, are misleading.” Her smile completely disappeared. “You are young and you have a promising life ahead of you. Refrain from what you intuit cloud your judgments because I happen to not feel the same.”

They continued staring at each other when a tear rolled down her eye meeting his thumb as he wiped it away, her free hand crumbled the gown within her fist, staring at him with longing.

“Our differences are profound. They cannot be equated for your assumptions vary greatly from mine. I do not want this, I have never wanted this. My decisions may have been hasty that could have wrongly favored your notions, but they are not true,” he admitted, now feeling the indifference command her body, feeling her stiffen under his touch.

“Then I must apologize if my notions have ever brought you discomfort. It was not my intention to burden you with my frivolous presumptions. Forgive me, Mr. Mikaelson,” her voice hardened and his heart broke to bring her such pain.

Elijah knew this would happen, always happened whenever he felt something. He destroyed everything around him; it was his own personal curse.

“Forever remain like this, always,” Elijah kissed her forehead lightly breathing her in for the last time, her rose and sandalwood fragrance calming his raging emotions for a final departure.

Nevertheless, he would cherish every single moment he had spent with her. His heart had once again fallen for another despite the misgivings it sought out.

Adelia did not look at him when he stepped away from her, rubbing his thumb over her cheek taking in her exquisite features. She felt his gaze on her for a moment before the Original moved to walk past her, his movement jostling the chandelier, but he did not look back, his fingers separating from hers.

The tinkles of beads hitting one another and the dispersed light from them traveled around as he left the room. She felt her eyes brimming with unshed tears as a multitude of them escaped their confines. Violet knocked on the doorway startling her.

“The Lady requests your presence in the study, Miss,” the handmaiden informed, Adelia’s back turned to the door.

“I am not feeling well, Violet. I shall retire to bed in a moment,” she replied, trying hard to not let her voice quiver as tears dribbled across her chins.

“Is everything alright, Lia? Do you need something?”

“I shall call for you if I require anything,” she told the handmaiden who understood and left. Her hands stilled the slightly moving chandelier mid-air and took a deep breath.

His words tormented her aching soul and she accepted it, owned them all. She righted her posture and wiped away her tears hastily. She went to close the door of her room when her gaze met Elijah’s across the hallway and the witch, head held high, shut the door close. She was Adelia Laurentis and nothing will break her and certainly not Elijah Mikaelson.

A growl resounded the forest and Adelia stiffened in her place on the ground. Elijah had left minutes
earlier to get Klaus off the route and now the very wolf was right behind her. She slowly turned back to come face to face with the canine as it came closer. Adelia moved her leg to get up and the wolf growled, freezing her in her place.

“Where are you Elijah?” She mumbled under her breath as Klaus sniffed her ankle. “Your brother has no decency.” Adelia let out a breath and moved her leg just as the wolf tried to chomp on it.

The hybrid attacked and she put her palm up as it stopped in its tracks suddenly met with a barrier. “Niklaus! My limb is not a chicken leg!” The witch waved her hand and the wolf fell asleep, dropping with a thud.

She released a breath and laid back over the leaves, closing her eyes with a huff. When Adelia opened them, she found her husband staring down at her looking worse for wear.

“Forgive me for the delay. I had to get the campers away from the woods,” he said and glanced at the sleeping wolf. “I am impressed.”

“Don’t ask,” she took the extended palm to sit up. “This wolf looks so somber and adorable,” Adelia cooed, looking at Klaus’ wolf form.

“You wouldn’t have said so a minute earlier,” Elijah said, watching her slowly approach the wolf on her knees and she hesitantly caressed its head making her giggle.

“Klaus would never let me do this to him. He is a majestic wolf,” she caressed the wolf’s collar while Elijah looked on amused at her curiosity.

“That he is. Niklaus must be content now. A thousand years and he finally has what he always desired.”

“Hmm,” Adelia continued petting his fur coat when the wolf stirred and Elijah immediately pulled her beside him.

“Our peace is short-lived, my love. It seems the majestic wolf has ditched his slumber for some human blood,” the Original commented, his fingers unconsciously picking out dry leaves from her hair.

“I have some affairs to resolve, dear. Would you be so kind and await my return in an hour?” She asked her husband who looked at her curiously.

“I shall,” Elijah sighed, looking at the waking wolf.

“Take care,” Adelia pecked his cheek and moved to pet the wolf in farewell who chose to growl at her, “Okay. Not appreciated, got it. Thank you. Have fun, Klaus.” She glanced at Elijah once before fleeting away just as the wolf stood on its feet.

“Oh brother,” he stared at the wolf noticing its unkempt appearance, drool everywhere. “You attacked my wife. Have a little shame.”

_A/N: _*takes a peek from behind the couch*
*sees an egg on its way*
*dives under and scurries towards the laptop*

The second last chapter with _those_ flashbacks. So umm... bye!
*runs away*
Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

“You are all I have.”

and

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaleson

“You mean the world to me.”

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
Klaus woke up naked in the forest and looked around before glancing at the sun when a smile graced his lips. A set of clothes got thrown at him and he turned his head to find Elijah in the clearing.

"You've been busy," the elder brother commented.

"That was amazing. How long has it been?" Klaus asked gleefully.

"Almost two days. The full moon came and went. You remained a wolf," he answered as Klaus proceeded to get dressed.

"I can change at will, then. It's good to know. I remember every single kill, though the numbers not much I would've actually preferred," the hybrid smiled.

"Yes, I've been cleaning up your little mess along the way. Adelia isn't pleased with the amount of meat you have chomped on," Elijah informed him with displeasure.

"Just like old times, brother and I do remember your wife petting me like a bloody puppy," Klaus said annoyed at Adelia's numerous attempts. She was a curious creature.

"You've had your fun and she's had hers. I believe we have a bargain," the other Original sighed.

"That's right. Now, what was it again? Oh, yeah. Wait. I remember. That's it. You wish to be reunited with our family."

"You gave me your word, Niklaus."

"What kind of brother would break his bond? Even though you did contemplate on killing me once, do admit it," Klaus looked at his brother.

"I could have. But I didn't," Elijah pursed his mouth helping his brother put on his jacket

"And now no one can kill me, not even you. Relax, Elijah."

"Where are they?" He asked once more.

"You need to lighten up. I'll bring you to them soon enough," Klaus smiled and glanced around. "Where is Adelia?"

"She chose to see you once you were fully clothed," Elijah rolled his eyes walking away from the hybrid.

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A crack echoed outside the house and the vampires present in the room fell silent as the Laurentis household continued laughing unaware of the change. The brothers exchanged a look across the table and looked towards the doorway as another sharp crack ensued.

Adelia glided along the staircase tugging Gregory along ready for the bonfire the plantation workers held every month. As she walked towards the parlor to inform her father of her departure, she saw a flash of torch outside. Curious about the proceeding at this late at night, Adelia gestured for the child to go to the parlor and went to open the door to notify the guards.

Klaus saw the little witch opening the doors and frowned when he did not catch a glimpse of anybody outside, the confusion mirrored by Adelia who found no traces of intruders as well as the guards.

Elijah suddenly shot out of the chair rushing towards the witch to pull her from the doorway as she crashed into him, both falling on the floor when the chandelier in the entryway shattered to the ground.

He covered her with his body as the glass pierced his skin, making him hiss, feeling the girl beneath him clutching his arms at the noise. She blinked up at him, noticing the proximity as their noses grazed each other and Adelia took a deep breath, and tried to push him away. Breaking out of the reverie, Elijah cleared his throat, getting up, and held out his palm to assist her, which she ignored getting up herself.

"Adelia!" Arnold and the rest of the occupants immediately left their seats and moved towards the fallen pair when a guard rushed inside the premises.

"Sir!" He took a deep breath, "the witches! they are outside breaking the boundary spell."

"Oh you Mikaelsons, bringing trouble already?" Arnold hissed gesturing for Rafael to go retrieve the weapons.

Sharel exited the entryway to see more than a dozen of witch chanting. "Adelia! Please hurry."

The young siphon witch complied and linked hands with her grandmother to strengthen the barrier.

The Originals rushed outside and started killing the witches and to their horror, they clicked their necks to reposition it and continued as if nothing happened. They relinked their hands and started giving aneurysm and the vampires groaned clutching their heads. A witch fell dead to the ground, the back of her head blown away. Rafael stood behind her with a grin on his face.

"I assumed you vampires liked decapitating?" He asked, looking at the dead witch, as it showed no signs of getting up. The Originals getting the idea started tearing out hearts one by one.

Arnold shot a witch standing in front of his mother and daughter as they proceeded to reenact the spell.

"Why is not working, grandmother?" Adelia asked.

"Concentrate darling," answered Sharel when her granddaughter unlinked their hands to stop an arrow midair with magic. Sharing glances with her father who looked horrified, Adelia took a deep breath and lit all the lamps outside the gate with a flick of her wrist.

"Grandmother. I request you continue without me," Adelia said, her expression turning impassive as she strode into the front lawn, unbuckling her boots to take out a revolver. Aiming the weapon straight, she shot a bullet as it straightaway hit right the witch's forehead. Gulping at the sight of a
dead witch, she shrugged the guilt and recoil off her shoulders and shot another witch without any remorse clouding her features, this time.

Elijah hovered around the young witch decapitating anyone trying to get near them when she turned her revolver on him with a hard look in his eyes and his forehead crinkled in confusion. She blinked down and he understood.

With a nod from him, he ducked as she fired her last bullet killing a witch behind him who fell onto the others giving the Original enough time to rip their hearts out.

His neck snapped to the side as he fell onto the ground with a thud. Sharel horrified seeing the approaching witches towards him, waved her hand and the unconscious Original got pushed towards Klaus who immediately repositioned his neck.

Adelia panted moving across the lawn to help Rafael when Klaus held her hand stopping in their tracks as he forced them down just as witches started giving them an aneurysm. The siphon witch clutched her head, feeling excruciating pain and her ears began to bleed.

Arnold fired a shot at the witch who dropped dead and once again fired at the same witch's head, the darkness altogether making it difficult for anybody to see. The shots rang around the house as he loaded the bullets and without hesitation continued firing anyone near his daughter.

Looking towards Klaus, Adelia clutched his hand and began to siphon off magic, simultaneously chanting a spell that knocked out every witch around them as they dropped onto the ground with a thud. She touched Elijah, who woke up with a gasp looking around.

Klaus helped up the disoriented witch, supporting her waist as they glanced around at the destruction when Elijah joined them sharing the same thought. As the last witches rounded up, the Laurentis heir looked around tiredly before grabbing both the Originals' wrists feeling the rush of power entering her veins as she closed her eyes enjoying the thrum.

The witches rose up in the air, dust flying around when the vampires fell onto their knees and began to desiccate, repeatedly losing and regaining their color and Klaus gripped her hand to get her to loosen its grip, hoping to decrease the pain.

As the younger Original moved away from her breathing heavily, Elijah staggered and gained his footing getting up ignoring his bleeding ears. He grabbed her other hand as Adelia continued chanting closing her eyes as blood flowed down her nose in rivets feeling the witches' magic around them.

Klaus started decapitating the flying witches in the meantime staring at his brother all the while, recognizing the look on Elijah's face all too well; his brother had fallen for his little witch. The creases aligning Elijah's forehead and the grip that circled her delicate wrists told the story he was altogether very familiar with.

Beheading a witch out of anger, he moved towards Adelia when she opened her eyes, all gentleness and vulnerability gone. She detached her arms from the Elijah and pushed out her arms blasting the witches out of the way where they hit the trees ruthlessly, rendering them dead. The tired witch lost all composure as her body suddenly felt heavy.

Elijah caught her just when she stumbled on her feet falling unconscious. He breathed in relief clutching her closer to himself as he lifted her in his arms, her head automatically falling in the crook of his neck. Hearing her steady heartbeat reassured his being as he looked down at her vulnerable figure in his arms.
Sharing a look with the girl's grandmother, he moved past her and Arnold, immediately rushing to her room and placed her on the bed. As he bit into his wrist and moved to give her blood, Arnold gripped his hand.

"You will not give her your blood without her consent," the patriarch said and Sharel entered the room to occupy the seat beside her.

"She is not awake to give her consent," the Original punctuated with a hard look, his fingers gripping her hand, "She needs it."

"Sharel and I are her caretaker and we will decide. I forbid you from giving her your blood."

"Adelia will heal faster if you'd allow me," Elijah reasoned.

"Mother performs healing magic and my daughter will be fine. We do not require your assistance, you have done enough, Elijah," Arnold sat down beside Adelia and started wiping the blood off her face. "I have never seen my little girl with a speck of blood on her and now she seems so silent and unrecognizable because of you Mikaelsons. I have protected her with everything in me, my family sacrificed their lives so she could see another day. I moved away from the chaos and you brought the chaos to my doorstep."

"We are leaving before dawn," Klaus announced entering the room.

"Please do. If anything happens to Adelia then I will rain hell upon your city. You dare tamper with my daughter's happiness and I shall bring an end to yours. You have seen my hospitality, but never my wrath, the destroyer will be my first retaliation," Arnold gritted his teeth and the Originals froze.

"Son! It's enough," Sharel rebuked Arnold, continuing with the spell again before looking towards the vampires.

"He will do no such thing."

"I do not let a threat go past me, Arnold," glared Klaus. "But your lovely daughter helped us a lot, so I will let it go, for once."

Arnold got up with a smirk. "You think me fool for not already taking any possible circumstances into consideration? Why do you think it took so long for me to return home? Anything happens to my family and some or maybe many of my loyal fellows will send a message to your beloved father, Niklaus. I dare you to touch one of us."

All occupants looked shocked at the confession.

"You have seen your father's hatred driving his morals, if he ever had any. My love for my little girl drives mine. If you prefer your immortality, you will leave."

Klaus left the room with a raging anger, unable to do anything, the door breaking off its hinges as he slammed it shut behind him. Elijah opened his mouth to form words, but nothing came to his mind. He looked at Adelia for the last time and closed his eyes, before stepping back and leaving the room.

Bonnie returned home to see a beautifully wrapped package in her doorstep. Curious, she bent down to retrieve it and walked inside, closing the door behind her.

Unwrapping the paper hastily, she opened the wooden box to find a pendant inside. She could feel the power emanating from it and Bonnie internally gulped. Examining the piece in her hand, she
found a note at the bottom folded carefully. Written in delicate cursive, it was addressed to her.

This is your legacy. The power of a hundred dead witches resides within it and I have no use of it under any possible circumstances. Accept it as a token of appreciation for the bravery and loyalty you have shown on behalf of your friends. You can approach me if you ever require assistance with your magic. Be true to yourself; you are a Bennett and Sheila would have been proud of you. Use it wisely.

Adelia Laurentis.

A smile broke out on the witch’s face reading it and she turned over the page to see a instructions on how to de-spell the pendant to access the power, a phone number written in a tiny little corner. Bonnie refolded the paper, keeping everything inside before her hands automatically dialed Caroline's.

Jenna sat hunched in a corner of a dark room contemplating everything. She did not know even know such creatures like vampires existed a week before and now she was the very one of them. She had to drink blood, stay away from wooden stakes and sunlight and Jenna had no idea how to handle everything.

A knock rang at the door and she immediately flinched at the loud noise. Heightened senses, of course.

"Go away," she called out, defeated.

Jenna was not happy with how her supposed boyfriend hid everything from her, how her own family chose to let her remain unaware of things happening around her.

The door opened and Adelia came wearing a shirt dress looking so immaculate that Jenna suddenly had the notion to see her own appearance in the mirror.

"Jenna. How are you feeling?"

"I want to go home, but I know they will welcome me with a wariness that I will suddenly lose my mind. So no, I am not well," Jenna almost sobbed.

"I know you do not need to listen to any more apologies but I truly am sorry for what Klaus did to you. Elijah and I had no idea he would do this to enact revenge."

"I am a vampire now. An apology doesn't change anything and it's not like Elijah helped. I thought he understood," Jenna sighed.

"Elijah is ardently devoted to Klaus and he will do anything to keep him happy. Nothing will faze him as long as he doesn't let it bother him. I do not make excuses for his actions and I won't," Adelia explained.

"So he never considered me a friend. I thought we had a rapport."

"Mikaelsons do not have friends. They have lived so long only depending on each other that they find no need of making relations outside of it. Their relations are mostly limited to being acquaintances and many possible enemies. All they find is paranoia and mistrust outside their circle," the witch said, shrugging her shoulder.

"You are a Mikaelson," Jenna pointed out.
"I consider myself a Laurentis first," she replied with a smile. "My grandmother would have been very disappointed if I didn't help someone who deserved it. I am my father's daughter and I will do right by him. Being Elijah's wife will not make me less kind, I don't let him command my actions."

"I am so clueless about everything," the vampire admitted.

"I am aware," Adelia placed a rectangular box in front of her, sitting across from Jenna on the floor. When the newbie vampire did not take the initiative to open it, the witch hybrid took it upon herself to pull the lid up. It was a chain with a small blue stone pendant hanging from it. "It is Lapis Lazuli. A daylight amulet to let vampires walk in sunlight."

"I will be able to walk outside?" The vampire huffed out.

"Absolutely," the witch made her wear the amulet and with a nod from the vampire, Adelia waved her fingers and the curtains fluttered open. Jenna hesitantly brought her hand under the light and was amazed to see nothing happening to her. She crawled towards the sunlight and looked at Adelia, "I don't think I have ever appreciated sun this much."

"I extracted that lapis lazuli from Elijah's trunk... with his permission of course. We found this stone in 1890s somewhere in Mongolia," she informed and Jenna's eye grew wide staring at the stone.

"This must be special to you then. You shouldn't have given it to me," the vampire admitted.

"We have no use of the stone. Elijah has his own ring and I don't require any," Adelia smiled.

"You do not need lapis lazuli?" Jenna frowned.

"Hybrids do not. I am a witch-vampire hybrid," she unfurled her wrist to show another ring with lapis lazuli, "and now Klaus doesn't too."

"You look all dressed up," the Sommers woman noted.

"Elijah and I are leaving. We have some work to do," the witch smiled.

"Already? Aren't you staying?" Jenna was disappointed.

"We have to get back to Seattle. It's where we live."

"Oh."

"To control your bloodlust I would suggest living in the Boarding House for a while and asking Miss Forbes to help you."

"Why? Stefan and Damon are more experienced," the newbie vampire asked, confused.

"Damon cannot cultivate a healthy lifestyle and Stefan still struggles with his bloodlust and unless you want to be hooked up with rabbits and squirrels, I would suggest Caroline for the 101s," Adelia said, almost laughing at the implication as Jenna grimaced at the thought of drinking from little squirrels.

"You would've trained me even better," she urged to convince the witch once more.

"Elijah does it best and he would've gladly helped you," she said, getting a look of disbelief from the redhead and then immediately added, "on my request. But we are leaving for Budapest tomorrow for an unspecified amount of time."
"I guess I wouldn't be seeing you again," Jenna sighed.

"My number is the same and my home is always open for all. Keep the keys for your much-needed solitude and if you ever pass by Seattle, do stop by. You are welcome anytime," Adelia smiled and got up when Jenna engulfed her in a hug.

"Thank you. I might visit you. I need to process it all," Jenna said and Adelia giggled.

"Of course. Take care," the witch patted the newbie vampire before leaving the room.

Adelia walked towards her car slowly checking her phone to see a message from Elijah stating Klaus had woken up. She smiled and pulled the handle to unlock the door when her neck was snapped to the side.

A man caught her in his arms, looking around to see no witnesses or one of Elijah's men. He quickly injected her with a liquid putting her in the backseat carefully before driving away from the neighborhood.

The same man entered Alaric's apartment carrying an unconscious Adelia in his arms as Katherine looked on curiously. He took out a syringe from his pocket and went to inject before the female vampire interrupted him.

"You surely want to die by the hands of Elijah. The noble Original will rip you apart just for touching her," she said, looking at the beautiful woman on the couch.

"Klaus' orders," he explained, ignoring the vampire before injecting the liquid in the heretic's forearms and left the apartment swiftly.

After some time Stefan entered the apartment to see Katherine sitting on the bed. "Hello, Katherine," he greeted.

Katherine got up, frowning, "Two days, I've been waiting. Just kill me before he does."

"Doesn't really matter. I just need to find Klaus. Do you have any idea where he might be?" He asked when she pushed him against the wall gesturing for him to be quiet.
Klaus and Elijah walked through the door as the elder brother sighed when he reached Adelia's voicemail again. Rafael's number popped on his screen suddenly and with apparent worry for his wife, he rejected it to redial Adelia.

"Klaus, you're back. Look who decided to come for a visit," Katherine said as Klaus' attention turned to Stefan.

"You just keep popping up, don't you?" The hybrid commented.

"I need your help... for my brother," Stefan hesitated.

"Well, whatever it is, it's gonna have to wait a tick. You see, I have an obligation to my brother that requires my immediate attention," Klaus smiled as the noble Original looked at Stefan.

"My brother gave me his word that he would reunite me with my own," Elijah said with a smile at the thought of seeing his siblings again when he caught sight of Adelia on the couch and immediately rushed towards her.

"Lia?" He called out, touching her to get no response. Gently patting her cheek to find no
movements from her, fear gripped his heart and he immediately bit his wrist and put it in her mouth. The blood went to dribble from the corner of her lips when panic slowly set in.

"Niklaus! Where did you find her?" The Original asked not removing his sights from Adelia. He bit into his wrist again and looked over to find Klaus staring down at them impassively and the realization slowly hit him. "What did you do?" He gritted his teeth and got up to charge at his brother when the hybrid smiled and put a dagger through his heart without remorse.

Elijah looked at him in shock, staring at the weapon as he gripped it to try removing it but Klaus pushed it further. He slowly began to desiccate feeling the stiffness slowly getting his body as a tear slipped past his eye at his brother's betrayal. He turned his head to look at Adelia, his eyes never leaving his wife's vulnerable form before the darkness engulfed his senses.

Seeing his brother lying on the floor, grey veins all over his figure, Klaus pushed Stefan against a wall. "Now, what am I gonna do with you?" he put a stake through Stefan making him groan as the hybrid held him up. "Do you feel that? It's scraping against your heart. The slightest little movement and you're dead."

"He's just trying to help his brother," Katherine tried to help the Salvatore.

"The witches said you had a cure. Make me a deal. Just give me the cure, and I'll do whatever you want," Stefan requested and Klaus finally took out the stake, letting him fall onto the floor.

Klaus poured himself a glass of blood assessing the vampire. "Trouble is I don't know if you'd be any good to me the way you are now. You are just shy of useless," he crouched down, "I heard about this one vampire, crazy bloke, always on and off the wagon for decades. When he was off, he was magnificent. 1917, he went into Monterrey and wiped out an entire migrant village... a true ripper. Sound familiar?"

"I haven't been that way in a very long time," answered Stefan.

"Well, that's the vampire I can make a deal with. That is the kind of talent that I can use when I leave this town," Klaus smiled as Stefan got up, "Katerina, come here."

Katherine hesitantly closed the distance as Klaus took her arm before he proceeded to bite into her.

"Aah! Aah! No. No...No. No. No," the Petrova vampire exclaimed, horrified knowing she wouldn't survive when the hybrid bit his own wrist and made her drink his blood. Her wound started healing much to her surprise.

Klaus turned to look at Stefan, "The funny thing is that the so coveted cure resides within the Original family. Lovely Adelia over there and myself standing over here. You want your cure? There it is."

"What?" Katherine murmured surprised.

"Intriguing I know," he smiled. "Unfortunate that she isn't awake right now and... won't be for some time. Your brother's demise is guaranteed by the time the serum running in her bloodstream loses its effect. I just want her asleep until my brother leaves the vicinity."

"But, your blood is the cure," Stefan tried.

"Gotta love Mother Nature," Klaus put his hand on the Salvatore's shoulder. "Now... let's talk, you and I."
"I suppose, brother, you've been reunited with our family. How naive of you for thinking I will let you go away," Klaus looked at the brother lying inside a coffin.

He saw his brother's pocket watch poking out from his suit and reluctantly opened it to see what he expected, a monochrome photograph adorning one side of the watch. He remembered the day well; 25th September 1864. Elijah claimed it to be the happiest of his entire existence. With a sigh, he flipped the watch close putting it inside before shutting the coffin lid walking away from it.

"Put him with the others. We're leaving town tonight," he ordered his men, "and get my brother cloaked. Wouldn't want Adelia looking for him." Klaus looked at Stefan, "So... did Katerina make it in time?"

"You won't be seeing her again, you know," the Salvatore informed the Original.

"Because she's on vervain?" He smiled. "I've been around a long time, Stefan. I rarely get played for a fool. Besides, she won't get far. You'll help me see to that."

Stefan walked up to him, "What is it you really want from me?"

"All will be explained in time. Once we leave this tragic little town."

"Then are we done here? Can we go?"

"Not quite. You see, I have a gift for you. Come here, sweetheart. Don't be afraid," Klaus beckoned as a girl walked over from behind a crate and the hybrid looked at the vampire, "See, I wanna make sure you honor our deal... that you'll be of use to me." He bit the girl's neck, drinking her blood.

"I could have compelled her to behave, but a real ripper enjoys the hunt." Klaus let the girl go and she ran away screaming. Stefan unable to help, stopped her from leaving and drank her blood until the girl in his arms went limp. The hybrid looked on satisfied. "Now we can go."

Klaus approached a car and took out an unconscious Adelia who had a fluid drip attached to the back of her hand. He carried her over to place her in the backseat of another car, swiftly taking the seat beside the the Salvatore who sat behind the wheel and started the engine. It didn't go undetected by Stefan who noticed Klaus repeatedly glancing at the dashboard mirror to check on Adelia.

"The way you look at her... Maeve is not just your friend, is she?" the Salvatore started.

"Maeve is many things to me, dear friend. She understood me when others chose to pity me. Refused to judge me for my sins and doesn't devote herself to finding my redemption like my noble brother. She just believes in me and accepts me for who I am in the present. Adelia doesn't hold my human self against me because she believes in change and I have changed over a thousand years. Elijah and she are very similar but while he considers me gone for good without any redemption, Maeve stands by me so I wouldn't be alone," Klaus answered with a sigh.

"You love her," concluded Stefan.

"I did once. She was exquisitely beautiful, wasn't afraid to share her opinions, a fighter, kind and she considered me a person instead of a monster. Who wouldn't fall in love with a girl like that? I basked in the warmth she exuded, the security she provided and I fell in love even more. She chased me just because we hadn't talked in decades and every Thanksgiving and Christmas I would find a gift appearing out of thin air," the hybrid smiled glancing at the woman in his backseat.

"Then how did Elijah get her?" The other vampire asked curiously.
"They choose to call it a gift but I see it as nothing more than a curse for the glimmer of anguish I notice every time I look into their eyes. However good or bad the intentions were, it has given them nothing but pain and despair for an eternity. I believe they were destined for it," Klaus looked out the window as the rest of the journey continued in silence.

In the Gilbert Residence, Jeremy sat reading a page on the Originals with interest. His ancestors were fact collectors.

A prophecy was made known to the people regarding one of the Originals and a siphon-witch of powerful witch ancestry. On March 2nd, 1864, a well-known seer by the name of Angelique Lorraine announced the prophecy in an event thrown by the human faction in the supernatural territory of New Orleans, Louisiana. The seer was found dead the following summer. The word of the prophecy did not reach the ears until a mass witch slaughter was executed by a member of the Original family in the autumn of same year, identity remains unknown.

Curious to know more, Jeremy turned the page. To the extent of what he was aware, there was only a single witch in the Original family and that was Adelia. A prophecy concerning her with an Original. He traced the worn out pages carefully.

He was continuing when a shadow crossed his face, followed by noise. He shrugged it off before looking down at the journal when he saw a shadow move accompanied by a creaking sound.

"Elena?" The Gilbert boy got up and walked out of his room, "Alaric?" He knew Jenna was staying at the Original's residence until she learned how to deal with her bloodlust. He turned around feeling a presence behind him, but found no one and continued down the stairs.

Vicki Donovan walked behind him, "Jer." He turned around again to find no evidence of an intruder. The teenager trekked to the kitchen and got a glass of water before returning to his room sitting down.

"Jeremy," Anna's voice startled him as he spun around wide-eyed seeing his dead girlfriend.

"Anna?" He called out for confirmation and turned around to find Vicki in the room too. "Vicki?"

24 hours later

The car screeched to a halt as Klaus saw another car parked in the middle of the road. He and Stefan shared a glance before a smirking man walked towards them and the hybrid's eyes widened in recognition.

"Rafael," he muttered.

"Klaus. Now the Original hybrid-extraordinaire. Good to see you after... 90 years?"

"I certainly did not miss you," Klaus said and got out of the car.

"I have never been luckier to not see your face. The mirror must form cracks when you look into it," Rafael humored.

"What do you want?" The hybrid asked, rolling his eyes.

"I have informants you see? They told me a coffin was shipped somewhere. Since you wouldn't put your Maeve in a coffin, I assume it was Elijah. Now I couldn't care less about what happens to him if
not for his relation to my sister, so coming to the point, I want Adelia,” the man explained, all humor disappearing from his face.

"Why should I oblige you with your request?"

"Because she is my family. I apologize, the concept must appear out of reach to you. I did tell them to not trust you," he informed. "Now Adelia comes with me."

"She will stay with me," Klaus said with a laugh.

"What do you want?"

"What are you willing to give me?"

"If you truly cared for her, this conversation wouldn't even have continued because you do know she's not a bargaining chip," Rafael replied narrowing his eyes and Klaus stiffened. "But I am willing to trade since you only understand that language. I have information concerning a werewolf pack. Adelia for your beloved hybrids?"

"How do you know?"

"Elijah knows, Adelia does and I just do," the Desmond man smirked. "Oh hybrid, you have so much failure written in your special creation."

Klaus enraged walked towards him, but Rafael stopped him with a palm. "Anything happens to me and Maeve will never forgive you. She will choose me over you Mikaelsons any day and you know it. So I suggest you take a step back, the dog odor is suffocating me."

The Original pursed his mouth and looked back at Stefan, who nodded before opening the door to the back seat. Taking the unconscious girl in his arms, the Salvatore approached them before Rafael took her from him, her head lolling over his shoulder. Pulling out the channels from the back of her hand, Rafael crushed the bag of clear liquid under his shoes glaring at the hybrid.

"Even if I express my displeasure quite frequently, I am glad she married Elijah because I know he wouldn't trade her for anything in the world, not even you. And after the stunt you pulled, consider it never," Rafael told the hybrid before he took out a piece of paper from his coat and handed it to him. Klaus took it hesitantly, his gaze never leaving Adelia.

Rafael put her in the front, buckling her seatbelt before closing the door. The man turned around with a sardonic smile gracing his lips. "The hybrids are more complicated than you think, Klaus. Good luck with your world domination endeavors."

"What do you mean?" Klaus stepped forward with a frown, stopping the man from getting in the car.

"Oh, poor fellow. Elijah didn't tell you?" Rafael mocked, now leaning against the car. "Not for this to reach prying ears and all," he raises his hand to wave at Stefan, "but your progenitors might have a huge contribution to your upcoming failure."

"And what is that?" The hybrid froze at the implication.

"I just don't know," the other vampire said with a sly smile. "Elijah knew, of course. But I have a wonderful idea! Your highness, if only you'd allow me to give you a small demonstration of the level of crazy your bitch of a mother was."

"Why would you do this?" Klaus narrowed his eyes when Rafael whistled and a truck pulled up
"For handing me Adelia. You do know I prefer her to not stay with second-generation crazy," Rafael smirked and spread his arms, "Lo and behold, I present to you this crazy hybrid show, absolutely free of cost."

Suddenly the shutters of the truck pulled beside Rafael's car opened and a musical troop came out with violins. The multicolored globe hanging inside the truck gave off the club effect making Klaus clench his jaw.

"Your flair for dramatics haven't disappeared," the hybrid closed his eyes to reign in his temper when the violinists started playing a soothing tune, coming to stand right behind him.

"Excuse my lack of preparation. I could only hire a violin troop at such short notice, though they come very expensive."

"Mimosa?" A girl appeared beside the hybrid carrying a tray of the offered and the hybrid turned around with a sigh of exasperation.

"Take it without hesitation. I actually ran out of poison to put into it," he mused. "Oh, ripper! Do not sink your teeth into her or I will have to rip them out from your gums," Rafael hollered when the girl approached Stefan with the tray.

Klaus strode towards him. "Is there a point to all of this or are you wasting my precious time?"

Rafael smirked and a man came forward with another bound man in his arms who was struggling furiously.

"This my unwanted friend," he gestured towards the bound man, "is a werewolf. Clean without a drop of wolfsbane in his veins. Recently acquired, newly curse minted." The violinists picked up their pace on accord. "And he is here for the honor of being your first ever hybrid."

Klaus appeared shocked looking down at the werewolf. As he crouched down to get a better look, the music turned soft and he shot an annoyed glare towards Rafael.

"I am tired from a very long journey. I'd prefer if you not delay the inevitable. Tap the Original vein, please," Rafael said, exasperated.

"And this drama doesn't exasperate you," the hybrid pointed at the troop and the disco lights.

"Oh forgive me if I have a creative streak. I just had an hour to prepare and I don't expect you to understand, with your dramatic daggering and tantrums."

The Original clenched his jaw before biting into his wrist and shoved it inside the werewolf's mouth who continued struggling. The tone picked up around them when Klaus snapped the wolf's neck and the tune suddenly stopped. It started slow again as he got up and looked at the dead wolf at his feet.

"That's my cue to leave," Rafael humored before turning around to look at the troop, "Pack up guys, thank you for your wonderful contribution."

"You want to prove a point," Klaus said in realization.

"I want to?" He furrowed his brows. "I was just helping you with a little trial since you do not want Elijah's."
"Why would I even want his help?"

"I'd like you to answer it yourself when the wolf fellow wakes up, if he even wakes up," Rafael grinned. "As for Elijah, he has the answer to every obstacle you will encounter. You are going to have to make one hell of a decision."

"You seem so sure of my failure," Klaus' voice boomed the empty road as the truck left with a roar.

"When you know the person who has the answers, I admit, it makes you a little too overconfident," the vampire admitted. "So your hybrids or your over-inflated ego? Consider the little brainstorming to be my parting gift. I wish Adelia gets a divorce so I wouldn't have to see your face for another century. Goodbye Klaus Mikaelson." He sent a small salute with a grin, taking the driver's seat and revved up the engine before driving away.

As the car turned the corner and disappeared out of the way, indecision filled Klaus' veins as Rafael's last words continuously played inside his head.

Some hours later as he stared at the dead hybrid at his feet with a heart discarded nearby, he realized that it wasn't as simple as he wanted it to be. He wanted a hybrid and not a deranged zombie.

He didn't know what to do, he once again had no way out of the grave he had dug for himself. Closing his eyes, he huffed before pulling out his phone and dialing a number. As the dial tone ended and a voice spoke on the other side, he said the words he never thought he would say.

"Bring the coffin back. I need him."

12 hours later

Elijah sat glaring at his brother who had the audacity to aver his gaze from him, another room again destroyed. "You dare ask for my help after you dagger me?"

"It was purely a misunderstanding on my part," Klaus reasoned.

"It was a mistaken shot that the dagger pierced my heart and not my chest?"

"Yes?"

"I trusted you! Against all odds, I trusted you to return me our siblings!" Elijah shouted getting up on his feet.

"You talk about trust, Elijah. You were going to flee! It was quite foolish of you to even consider that option."

"You astound me, Niklaus, with your repeated crimes and your blasphemous reasons," the elder Original said.

"Now I request you forgive my misgivings and assist me in creating a superior species," Klaus smirked when a pitter-patter of footsteps reached their ears.

"You!" Adelia's angry voice called out to Klaus as Rafael opened the door for her and she marched in, her appearance tired. "How dare you?!" She waved her hand and the hybrid got pinned to the wall across her as the dagger came swishing in her palms before she stabbed his heart with it making him wince. She pulled it out before stabbing him again. As he tried moving his body, she took the dagger and pierced his neck.
"How dare you put me to sleep? You daggered Elijah! What is wrong with you?" She shouted in aggravation when Klaus glared at her. He remained silent and the witch took the dagger roughly and positioned it over his groin. "I will dismember you if you even glare at me!"

Rafael internally winced when she gave a warning stab to his hipbone.

"Elijah! Control your wife!" Klaus fumed regardless of the blatant threat.

"You are insane Niklaus!" Adelia replied and dug her fingers in her hair, roughing it up. Extracting the gold hair pin given by him, she punctured it into his chest. "I do not want this anymore!" The witch turned to look at her husband, "Make him tell me where the coffins are, Elijah!"

Elijah strode forward and kissed her forehead, breathing her in for a moment, glad to see her safe. He glanced at his struggling brother pinned to the wall and placed a hand over his forehead to enter his mind.

"The coffins, where are they?" Adelia asked Klaus as they walked along the town square of Mystic Falls and he grinned at her.

"Put him with the others," Klaus said and Elijah peered down at himself in a coffin.

Elijah saw glimpses of wooden boxes in a huge room as he tried to dive in further, inherently noticing the struggle his brother was putting in.

Suddenly the scene changed to one of the abattoirs they inhabited in New Orleans and distinctly noticed the thundering weather and the heavy downpour.

"Promise me what you have promised him," Klaus said and Elijah found Adelia pointing a sword at the hybrid, shielding his own desiccated body behind her. The hybrid took a step towards them.

"Step back!" She followed his actions, the sword almost digging into his chest as tears dribbled down her chin, her one hand, trying to compose her body as she ignored the discomfort gripping her bones.

"Promise me!" Klaus' angry voice boomed the empty corridors, a tear slipping past his eye and she withheld her flinch to glare at him. The lightning struck the sky and a minute later the sword clattered to the floor.

Elijah was wrenched away from his brother's mind to find himself staring at Klaus' smirking face. He clenched his jaw as anger consumed his veins. His brother never was far behind him, reminding continuously that Adelia would never forgive him if something were to happen to Klaus. In every retaliation, she was the wall, saving one from the other.

"I will find them, Niklaus," the Original said and grabbed Adelia's wrist and began walking away. Out of hold of her magic, Klaus rushed towards them when Rafael pushed him off from his path.

"Woah dude, not this again," Desmond replied, annoyance lacing his tone. The couple turned around and Elijah immediately grabbed Klaus, pinning him to the floor when the hybrid attempted to attack again.

"Enough!" Elijah bellowed and Klaus stilled, suddenly feeling the loneliness pave its way into his heart. "We are leaving and you won't bother us unless you want to relinquish your hold over our siblings. I never abandoned our search and I won't even now."

"Your hybrids? I don't care. You matter to me, our family matters to me," the Original continued
tightening his grip, "I wouldn't blink an eye if your hybrids up dead. I thought breaking this curse will make you sane but with every passing moment, you are turning even more irredeemable."

Adelia placed a hand over his shoulder silently requesting him to stop.

"No Adelia, let me speak. I have made mistakes and I know I will continue repeating them when it comes to you, brother. She says I should see you as a person and not a broken man but how am I go past it, if you cross every limit there is to make yourself seem so beyond redemption. Nothing will ever grant you happiness and I know these hybrids are nothing but a passing fancy to make up for our absence. We cannot be replaced; family is power, Niklaus."

Seeing Klaus so getting vulnerable by Elijah's words, Adelia gently pulled her husband off of him as the hybrid stood up avoiding their stare.

"I have been lenient with you. I agreed to whatever you asked of me and I just wanted our family to be returned and you couldn't keep your word," Elijah said in a soft voice. "Now I request you don't follow us. You are welcome to join us, of course, if our siblings come along with you. Until then, only approach me if you truly require my assistance. You are my brother and you always will be. Goodbye, Niklaus."

Giving a last glance at his brother, Elijah held Adelia's waist and guided themselves out of the house, immediately followed by Rafael.

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Elijah went inside the parlor and saw Sharel giving Klaus a disapproving glare as he feasted on fresh blood from the server.

"Niklaus, what is the meaning of this?" he said with a sigh.

"Brother, the server had delivered the message and I saw no reason as to why I must go hungry," Klaus smirked. "I am famished after last night's events. When is the carriage arriving?"

"Such a disappointment you are immortal then, Klaus," Rafael glared at him coming down from Adelia's room.

"Such a perfect little family. Elijah, do take note," he told his brother.

"May I prod your infallible memory that you were the one to dagger our siblings," Elijah replied.

"Should you resolve this somewhere else we might then be able to concentrate on the eradication catastrophe that we evaded," Sharel rolled her eyes getting to her feet.

"What I need is a good sleep and some liquor but your son has refused us any with threats," Klaus suggested.

"Arnold will do no such thing, I assure you," the matriarch said.

"And Adelia hasn't regained consciousness or has that conveniently evaded your immortal senses, Klaus," the friend told the younger Original who got up and stared furiously at him.

"Niklaus..." Elijah started, but was interrupted by Sharel.

"Not in your lifetime, Klaus. Rafael is family. My granddaughter will be fine," Sharel warned. "Come, we shall ready for your departure. Arnold has refused to let you two stay around Lia longer than necessary. I will inform you of her health once she recovers. You must leave."
The elder Original sighed, unhappy at the prospect of not seeing Adelia ever again. "I thank you for your generosity, Sharel. You helped us a lot."

"You have been our ally and will remain so. But maybe the next favor should come after a decade. I am afraid Arnold might resist granting it so soon," the Beauchêne witch said with a hesitant smile.

"Make it never. I almost died because of them," Rafael informed with a grimace.

"Good thing you are of no help to us," Klaus smirked making the human roll his eyes.

"As if you did a single bloody thing. I was the one doing all the work."

"Your head would have been lying around for flies to feast on if it weren't for me," the younger Original gave a tight lipped smile.

Elijah pinched his forehead and held out his elbow for Sharel to take when the carriage arrived for their departure.

She smiled, taking his hand when she let out a gasp, startling the Originals and Rafael who turned to look at her. Sharel's gaze became unfocused as she continued gripping Elijah's hand tightly and spoke the words that seared into their brain permanently.

Born to fulfil fate and need

Half of it to live has to feed

Klaus got up wide-eyed and stared at his brother whose jaw had slackened.

Their beginnings were death and tragic

In their veins runs blood and magic

The more they love, the better they thrive

One dead, the other alive

His gaze not leaving his brother who was suddenly addled with confusion and deep thought etched into his features.

An event, a power bound to pass

A sacrifice crucial done by the mass

Impossible concoct—

"Mother!" Arnold immediately separated her hand from Elijah's and pulled her behind him. As the witch slowly came to her senses, she stared at the Original in shock.

"Oh good Lord, what is this!" She exclaimed. "This is the prophecy doing the rounds?"

"You said the dastardly thing, you tell us Sharel," Klaus retorted.

"One living, one dead. Of course Elijah is the dead," Rafael hummed in contemplation.

"It must be a lie; we all know this is not possible. Klaus, the elements of the prophecy are impossible to achieve," she glared at the younger brother.
"Well then glad to know this is a prophecy coming from a line of seers," Klaus glared back. "Elijah, we are leaving. I don't have much patience for the prophecy after the debacle."

Elijah, who had been silent all this time looked at the witch contemplating if he really wanted to know anything further and gulped. "Do write to us when Adelia recovers," he told the remaining occupants before following after his brother.

This time when he boarded the carriage, his gaze moved towards Adelia's room, seeing the balcony doors closed. He turned his head away as his hand caressed the pocket, feeling the sapphire hairpin tucked in safely. As he once again tried to look towards the room, Klaus blocked his view.

"Scoot over, brother. It's time we return home," the younger Original said and sat down next to Elijah.

The elder brother didn't bother correcting him that he had found a semblance of home in Adelia.

As they waited for Rafael to bring the car, Adelia threw herself into Elijah's arms as he engulfed her in his arms tightly. A tired sigh escaped her lips as she draped her arms around his neck. He caressed his wife's hair cooing into her ear when the car stopped in front of them.

"You must rest," the Original whispered and opened the door to the backseat. She nodded and got inside and Elijah took the seat beside Rafael. The Desmond started the car as it slowly rolled down the path towards the highway.

"Thank you," Elijah said to him.

"It's very easy to throw the bone. He chomps on it like a dog he is," Rafael answered with a laugh.

"He is a wolf and not a dog!" Adelia poked his neck from behind and he let out a shout.

"Same thing, Lia."

"How did you know?" She asked.

"You remember how Elijah made me go over to every family under his protection to discern any hidden plots?" Rafael laughed and then turned to the Original. "Turns out it indirectly worked. Some lady named Jenna Sommers ringed me up." The pair couldn't hide their surprise at the name. "She witnessed someone abducting Adelia outside your house. She didn't have Elijah's number so she called me and I was on my next flight here to retrieve you two."

"Remind me to thank Miss Sommers once we arrive home," Elijah said.

"And apologize too. She was so sad," Adelia replied and Elijah hesitantly nodded.

Her phone beeped with a message and she pulled it up to see a message surprising her.

*I will keep my promise. Thank you for saving me.*

Rose-Marie.

Adelia smiled as her phone blinked before the screen turned black due to low battery. She leaned her head against the cool glass and watched the trees passing by.

Elijah glanced at her from the rearview mirror as he unconsciously fiddled with the pocket watch in his hand, caressing the picture inside. He looked towards Rafael who nodded once, the Original
nodding in return.

They both stared at a sleeping Adelia and their hearts suddenly felt burdened with too many secrets.

An hour into the journey, Rafael pressed the brakes of the car as the vehicle screeched to a stop suddenly, the inertia waking the witch up almost instantly. She peered from behind Elijah’s seat to look ahead, her eyes widening at the sight.

Elijah clenched his jaw and got out, Rafael following his lead. Adelia came to stand beside her husband as the trio noticed an array of cars blocking their path.

A man walked out from behind a car with a sly smile on his face and looked at Elijah. "Greetings, sire."

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**A/N:** This is the end of book one. Book two will be published in April.

So there was a prophecy, Elijah remains undaggered, something fishy between Elijah and Rafael and many, many hints for a deeper, even more fishier plot.

**Parallel plot:** Next book will start from the year 1862. Adelia will be around 22. Elijah is back in Orleans and Adelia in Cloverville, Alexandria.

*many confused faces* ... do ask your queries.

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**THE END**

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for *ACCESSION*

Eiza González as Adelia Laurentis

Daniel Gillies as Elijah Mikaelson
“I don’t want to let go.”

Constructive criticisms are appreciated.
“You have ruined me, Elijah.” | Adelia Laurentis

“I don’t want to let go.” | Elijah Mikaelson

They parted ways but were brought together again. Manipulated to serve a cause, their destiny was their greatest threat.

Amidst the chaos, he loved her more than himself and she wasn’t even aware when her accession became her fate.

| the vampire diaries s3

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