Christmas Morning

by alifletcher2010

Summary

ACOTAR Au Week Day 7: Free Au

Nightmares wait for no holidays, but a peaceful morning can chase away even the deepest darkness

It didn’t surprise her when she had awoken late in the night to the sounds of her husband crawling his way through another nightmare. Even though it had been Christmas Eve when they had gone to bed, full of peace and happiness, the nightmares still came. Feyre knew first hand that darkness held no regard for joy and light and the beautiful things of life. She supposed they had let down their guards too much that night, spending time with their family watching movies and eating far too much, living as if all was well and they both were not still haunted by the past.

Feyre waited there in the bed for Rhys to swim his way to the surface of his subconscious. Long ago she had learned that waking him suddenly from his dreams only made the terror worse for him. When he finally gasped awake, Feyre gently touched him arm, wordlessly letting him know he was awake, he was back in reality, that there were no demons here, only someone who loved him very much.

When Rhys awoke from his terrors, Feyre had learned what he needed most was touch and reassure. Gentleness to remind him of who his was, where he was. Softly she began tracing her fingers along the wings tattooed across his back, her fingers lighter than a whisper along his skin. She danced her fingers along his muscles and along his spin for so long her arm began to go numb from reaching across to him. But she didn’t mind, she never minded, for he did the same for her many nights.
Finally, she felt the thunderstorm of his heartbeat begin to subside and his breathing calm.

“Water?” she asked. He could only nod in response, she knew his words would come later.

Feyre slipped from the bed pulling on her robe in the chill of the night and made her way to the kitchen. When she returned a moment later with a cup, she gasped. In her concern for Rhys, she hadn’t noticed the strange haze from their window, the soft, dim glow that was peaking through their curtains. She set the cup down on the nightstand beside Rhys and then opened the curtains, excited for what she knew she would see on the other side.

Sure enough, the now opened window revealed a world blanketed in white, with some still gently falling from the sky. In the few hours they had slept since returning home, it had snowed. Every surface was covered and the cars in the road were barely visible. The light of the streetlamps reflected off the white casting a soft glow all around. Not a soul was about, not a tire track or footprint marred the snow. Sky and snow and Feyre at her window, the only soul in the whole world to enjoy it.

It filled her with a childlike wonder, that perfect layer of snow, softening the cruel edges of the world. Wanting to share it’s beauty, she called Rhys over. Slowly, she heard his unsteady tread on the floor, not quite returned to reality. But she knew, she knew the sight would do him good.

“Wow,” he whispered from behind Feyre, wrapping his arms around her and tucking her head under his chin.

“I love when the world looks like this. I know it’ll be a pain to shovel in the morning, but right now, it feels like we’re the only two people in the whole world.”

Rhys nodded, “It’s so quiet. It’s like a dream.”

“A good one,” Feyre added.

Rhys kissed the top of her head. “A very good one.”

They stood there for some time, just admiring the view, the perfect stillness of the world, and feeling safe from the darkness for one shining moment. Then, in the hall, the clock chimed two o’clock, startling them from their thoughts.

Softly Feyre laughed, “You know, it’s technically morning. Do you want to go down and open our gifts?”

“No,” Rhys said, wrapping his arms tighter around her, “this is the only gift I want. This moment with you.”

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