Winter Wonderland

by Biana Delacroix

Summary

3:00 am might be a little early for presents, but Klaus swears it'll be worth it.

Notes

Just some more Christmas fluff!

Sleigh bells ring, are you listening,
In the lane, snow is glistening
A beautiful sight,
We're happy tonight,
Walking in a winter wonderland

“Caroliine. Wake up, love.”

Klaus propped himself up on one elbow, idly running his hand through Caroline curls. The beautiful blonde lay on her stomach; arms tucked under the pillow beneath her head and didn’t stir under Klaus’ ministrations. The hybrid was undeterred, simply smirking and moving so that he hovered over Caroline’s back, then bent his head down so that he could press a kiss to the top of her spine, running his lips over her shoulder blade. Softly, he pressed a kiss to her bare shoulder, whispering against her skin, “Come on Caroline, time to get up.”
This time she did mumble under her breath and Klaus grinned in victory. He took his place at her side once again, then gently turned her over so that she lay on her back, blinking her eyes blearily to see Klaus smirking over her.

“What the hell, Klaus,” she whined, “I was fast asleep! A girl needs her beauty rest.”

“You’re already beautiful, sweetheart,” he replied instantly, but she just scoffed through her yawn.

“Oh no, no cheesy lines at-“ she glanced the clock on the bedside table, “-at 3:00 in the morning! Ugh!”

She turned on her stomach again, but Klaus simply chuckled and ran his hands along her sides. As expected, she jerked under his hands, giving an muffled sound of irritation.

“You know I’m ticklish, stop it!” she said, still talking to the pillow but Klaus didn’t stop for a moment.

“Just get up, get dressed and come with me, love – you won’t regret it, I promise.”

With a resigned sigh, she spun so that she was on her back again, folding her arms over her chest and giving him a suspicious glare. “Where exactly are we going to go in the middle of the night?” she asked.

“Technically, it’s morning – Merry Christmas, by the way.”

He was right, of course, and Caroline softened slightly. “Look, I know the whole ‘Joy of Christmas morning’ is probably new to you, but most people generally wait until sunrise to get the party started.”

“Well, we’re not most people,” Klaus replied, then leaned down to kiss her awake, relishing in the small whimper of content she gave. He let himself get lost in her taste, her scent, letting his lips and tongue explore her mouth, he nipped at her lips gently as he pulled away. Her eyes were hooded, cheeks flushed and he smirked at the vision of his love, before remembering why exactly he had woken her up in the first place.

“Up you get, Caroline,” he said cheerfully, lifting off from the bed and pulling the covers with him around his waist. It was an unnecessary move as he simply walked over to the closet to get dressed, but it served the dual purpose of leaving Caroline cold enough to be forced into getting up and going along with him as well as giving him an ample view of her naked body, beautifully illuminated by the moonlight that streamed in through the window.

“You’re an ass,” she muttered as she stalked past him into the wardrobe, noticing his shameless stare.

“You love me regardless,” he said smugly, and she faltered for just a moment before smiling softly and rolling her eyes.

“Yeah, I do.”

The moon was bright, as Klaus led Caroline out of the front door of the manor house they were staying in. The English countryside held no small amount of beauty, and Caroline loved it here, though she was currently blind to the Christmas morning.

“Is the blindfold really necessary?” she asked, irritated.
“I promise it’s just for a minute,” said Klaus as he guided her by the shoulders, leading her to the structure that stood a small ways apart from the house. “Alright, eyes open,” he said, and Caroline eagerly lifted the blindfold, finding them both standing outside the stables. On the front of the wooden door, there was a bright red bow.

“You didn’t…” she said, looking between the door and Klaus, catching the hybrid’s growing smile.

“Merry Christmas,” he said, inclining his head towards the door, and she laughed, throwing the stable door open and running in, squealing in delight at the sight inside. Klaus followed her inside, smiling at the sight of her with her arms around the neck of the newly purchased Arabian, gently petting his muzzle.

“You got me a horse?!” she asked incredulously and Klaus laughed, coming up to pat the horse’s side. “He’s yours, love. Thought you might enjoy it.”

She gave him her widest, sunniest, best Caroline smile and he basked in it, pulling her forward and giving her a peck on the lips. “What do you say we take him out for a ride, hmm?” he asked, but Caroline bit her lip, ducking her head sheepishly.

“Okay, so you know how I’ve always liked horses, right? I guess this is when I tell you I’ve never actually ridden one.”

Klaus raised his eyebrows, but his good mood didn’t waver. “No worries love – this fine creature should have no problem carrying the both of us, isn’t that right mate?” he asked, patting the horse, who whickered in response. He quickly saddled up the horse, and led him outside, but Caroline still held some trepidation.

“Don’t I need some sort of lessons, or pointers-“

“You forget, I’m the teacher in the world,” Klaus replied with a wink, and then came to stand in front of her, hoisting her up by her waist and setting her on the horse’s back. He jumped up and took his spot behind her, bringing his arms around around waist and taking the reins in hand.

Caroline adjusted her position so that she was comfortably and safely ensconced within Klaus’ arms and relaxed as he pressed a kiss to her hair.

“Ready?”

“Yeah I think-“ Her reply was lost to the wind as she shrieked, Klaus having spurred the horse forward, quickly escalating into a full gallop. The cold air whipped her face and she panicked before feeling Klaus squeeze her sides reassuringly. She couldn’t make out where they were going, just barely making out the landscape bathed in white and the clear sky overhead dotted with stars. Slowly but surely, the initial fear wore off and she felt herself enjoying the thrill, the movement of the horse under her, the comfort of Klaus right behind her and she allowed herself to enjoy one moment of pure inhibited freedom.

Eventually, Klaus slowed the horse to a canter and Caroline brought herself back into the moment. “You know, you still haven’t explained why we had to do this at 3:00 in the morning,” she said teasingly.

“Don’t I always have a reason?” Klaus replied and she swore she could feel the smugness radiating off him. “Look around.”

The horse slowed to a stop and Caroline was finally able to look around, gasping at the sight. Now she understood. The full moon cast its rays on the snow-blanketed countryside, which stretched out
for miles around them. The soft rolling hills were covered with soft, unmarred snow; the trees were lined with white. The snow glittered in the soft light, and for a moment the world was blissfully, peacefully, silent.

“This is incredible,” Caroline whispered reverently.

“Quite a sight,” Klaus murmured, holding Caroline closer. The two of them remained wrapped up in each other, simply taking in the cold beauty of the winter scene, before Caroline gave a soft sigh.

“We should go back,” she said, a little regretful to have to leave this idyll behind.

“Something wrong?” asked Klaus, immediately concerned.

“Oh no, nothing’s wrong,” said Caroline with a small smile. “But I think it’s time I gave you my Christmas present.” Turning her body so that she could face him, she wrapped an arm around his neck and leant up to kiss him, smiling against his lips. “Trust me – you’re going to love it.”

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