

The Klaroline Chapter (Taylor's Version)

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The Klaroline Chapter (Taylor's Version)

by [saku_ra](#)

Summary

A collection of Klaus and Caroline drabbles, based on Taylor Swift songs.

notes

Warnings and necessary information (if there is any) will be said at the BEGINNING NOTE of each story! No regular updates. I'll just post in more drabbles whenever I feel creative and motivated to do so.

1. Peace

— Klaus asks Caroline why she's in love with him, despite all the ruthless things he's done in his a thousand years of living as a supernatural.

No particular tags. Just a few very brief mentions of Damon's treatment and abuse on Caroline during the first season, and also her father's heart-wrenching torture on her during season three.

2. Style

— Klaus and Caroline have secret meet ups once in a while for short hookups — at midnight, with her classic red lipstick and his black car with tinted windows and no headlights on. They think about what could be if Caroline were to just follow him to New Orleans.

Tags: explicit language, semi but not really nsfw? (no sex lol), and short mentions of Damon's treatment and abuse on Caroline during the first season.

3. Exile

— After falling apart almost 2 years ago, Klaus had stumbled upon Caroline in another man's arms. Standing silently in the distance, he thought about where it all went wrong.

No tags. Just angst. And Steroline.

4. Don't Blame Me

— When Caroline was kidnapped by a witless witch and his coven, the Mikaelson family didn't even hesitate to leave their own event that they had hosted to save her instead.

Tags: Explicit language. Physical torture. Graphic depictions of violence.

5. Haunted

— Klaus and Caroline's relationship crumble apart the moment the man asked if she was cheating on him.

Tags: Explicit language. Angst.

6. This Love

— The story of Klaus and Caroline: from the night he had saved her from a werewolf bite, to the day she suddenly appeared in New Orleans to surprise him.

Tags: None.

7. Clean

— All this time, Caroline had been hiding a secret so painful she couldn't bring herself to let the world know, because what will everyone think of her the moment they learn that Damon had assaulted her a few months ago? More importantly, how would Klaus react to it?

Tags: Human! Caroline, Explicit Language, Mentions of Past Rape/Sexual Assault, Eating Disorders, Damon Salvatore and Mystic Falls Gang Bashing.

I am open to suggestions and prompt-taking. If you have any recommendations on what I should write, based on a Taylor Swift song of course, let me know!

peace

Chapter Summary

Klaus asks Caroline why she's in love with him, despite all the ruthless things he's done in his a thousand years of living as a supernatural.

Chapter Notes

Peace is one of my favourite songs from folklore. It's, in my opinion, one of the most romantic songs she's ever written. 'All these people think love's for show, but I would die for you in secret' gets me every time :,)

No particular tags. Just a few very brief mentions of Damon's treatment and abuse on Caroline during the first season, and also her father's heart-wrenching torture on her during season three.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*i never had the courage of my convictions,
as long as danger is near.
and it's just around the corner, darling,
'cause it lives in me.
no, i could never give you peace.*

“Why do you love me?”

Caroline's eyes narrowed the moment she heard the sudden words escape his lips.

It was the early morning of a Saturday, meaning no work of any sort was to be awaited and the lovely couple would have all the time of the day to be wrapped up in each other's arms, their naked bodies tangled and covered by the softness of the white bedsheet atop them.

And trust her, Caroline would want nothing more than to stay in Klaus' embrace as she was at the moment, with both of their ears filled with each other's soothing heart beats and

comforting exhales — but the question Klaus had uttered out of the blue in the midst of the silence between them had caused her to sit up swiftly, an incredulous expression taking over the lines on her face.

The blonde's eyes shifted to her lover's own dark ones, and she softened at how vulnerable Klaus looked in front of her. She had never seen him appear so sensitive, so fragile... like the slightest prick of a nail would be enough to have him be in painful misery. It was very unlike Klaus... and that just goes to show how achingly desperate he was of her answer.

“Why do you ask?”

Now it was the hybrid's turn to sit up from where his head had laid back on the wooden headboard of their bed, and Caroline caught gaze of how the sun's golden glows of golden cascaded down his body enchantingly, and even in the middle of a sentimental moment did she find the time to mentally drool over his perfect figure and skin.

Klaus' eyes travelled down to the blanket covering the bottom part of his body, not daring to stare at Caroline at what he was about to say. He hated feeling so small.

“I-I'm bad, love. The word evil doesn't even begin to describe who I am, or what I do. I find joy in torturing people and don't even bother to even does so much as blink an eye before ripping somebody's heart out. I'm cruel, and you know I don't have it in me to stop anytime soon. And yet you're still here... with me. I don't understand, sweetheart.” Klaus finally looked up to meet her stunned expression, and he continued. “Isn't that enough reason to leave me?”

Caroline didn't know what to say, and the moment his mouth closed shut, an uncomfortable atmosphere had surrounded the both of them in an instant. Klaus almost looked like he regretted spilling out his kept-in feelings, eventually realising how frail it all sounded once he got it all out. But Caroline... she was angry.

How dare he question her love for him? Of course she's very aware of his crazy, sinful deeds and awful doings, and yes, to some people that would be enough reason to stray themselves far and far away from the viscous thousand year old hybrid, but not Caroline. No. Her reasons to love him far outweighs the reasons she has in her gut to leave him. And that was enough for her to stay.

The two had been a pairing for almost 7 months now, and the blonde vampire hated how Klaus must've been keeping this feeling in him for that long. Must've went through bottles of bourbon trying to figure out why she had stayed with him for so long and not left yet, or when she'll finally pack up her bags and do so. She hated how he must've underestimated himself too.

“Klaus,” she began with a sigh, head tilting to look at him fondly with pure lust and love in her eyes. Her mouth curved up slightly into a comforting smile as she tried to calm the wild flames that must be blazing in her lover's head. “I know you're bad, Klaus. Trust me, I know about all the things you've done, and every type of pain you've inflicted onto those who dared cross you. I know that you have torture dungeons beneath the compound, I know that you killed your parents, and I know that you dagger your siblings for years and years before

you find the time to resurrect them again — but me being aware of all of that does not change my love for you at all... and my feelings for you has not lessened at all since coming to New Orleans, since knowing about *everything* you've done. I left Mystic Falls for you, and it was the best decision I've ever picked. *You* were the best decision I've ever picked, Klaus."

Heartfelt sentences left her lips like rapid sparks of fire, and she didn't even know where she was going with it, or how to execute it all properly, but one thing Caroline knew absolutely well was that whatever she'd said, she had meant it all. Meant it all with every goddamn fibre and nerve in her own being. She couldn't have said it better.

Klaus was taken aback, shocked, words strung on his lips as it ached to be let out, but at the same time the man didn't know what to say. His mouth parted slightly as he tried to process through it all, and he stared at her yearningly. The hybrid didn't deserve her one tad bit. Didn't deserve to be loved and cared for by the most purest and beautiful soul he'd ever come across. It didn't seem right at all. It was unfair to Caroline that he wasn't capable of bringing her the good and safe life she must be wanting, empty of malicious threats and cruelty. And so he found it in himself to fight back.

"But you'll always be in danger when you're with me, sweetheart. I have enemies left and right in this city, and they won't even hesitate to take you away as leverage. You'll never feel peace with me, and isn't that what you've always wanted in a relationship?" The man tried to retaliate against her, adding fuel to the fire to try to knock some sense into the girl.

And Klaus was right. All this time Caroline's wanted a relationship where the one involved with her would be at utmost serenity with not only her, but the world as well. She wants to see the wondrous sunset spill forth before her when she looks at her lover in the eye, and she wants to feel at peace as well. And the latter was something Klaus could never give to her, so why bother stay? Why bother staying with someone who Caroline knows well was incompatible with her innocence? Why bother staying with someone who will always be surrounded by rain and thunder everywhere he steps his foot?

But Caroline found herself to not care.

"You're right, peace is what I want in a relationship. It's what I've longed for ever since turning into a vampire... ever since I've remembered everything that Damon did to me, and when my father tortured me because he hated who I was so much. All I've ever wanted since then was just... peace." The girl whispered so lowly that Klaus could barely hear her gentle voice. "But then I found that every time I was with you — *every goddamn time* — it's like I don't even care anymore. I don't care about peace when I'm with you — I forget about it. You're the one I want, Klaus. Not peace, not to go back to Mystic Falls, not to leave you. But you, Klaus. Is it so hard to believe me?"

"But what if you end up turning away from me? Everyone always does. Even my own mother and father—"

"Don't you dare compare me to your bullshit of a parent." Caroline sternly retorted, not missing a beat. "I'm not them, Klaus. I'm *Caroline*. I'm *the love of your life*... your *soulmate*. Sure, there'll be times when you'll piss me off to the max and I'd want to punch you, but whatever bad thing you do will never be enough for me to leave you, because I

know your motives. You just want to protect those you love, and I completely understand that.” Caroline saw as Klaus begin to open his mouth sheepishly, wanting to say something, but she quickly beat him to it.

“Even if you can’t bring me peace, Klaus, you will always be enough for me to stay. Don’t doubt that.”

And that was enough for the hybrid to lax his muscles, eyes easing as he swallowed in a shaky breath. He was entranced by her. The man was so shaken by the affect Caroline’s words had on him that it almost forced a crystalline tear out his eyes. God, he’s so in love.

All this time, he’d been so hurtful to himself. He questioned her love for him behind glasses of bourbon, fearing that she might leave him one day if he were to keep up with being the devil in everyone’s lives. Caroline was the light in his gloomy darkness, and without her there’ll be no balance. It’ll all be black. A nightmare. No flames to ground himself to humanity.

The girl painted dreamscapes on his wall, and here he was ruining others’. You can’t blame him for feeling so ashamed of himself.

But here she was, in front of him, after spilling out the most beautiful and truthful words ever to him. They pierced his heart like daggers, but the blade was coated in glitter, and innocence, and love and all the good things in the world. It was coated in Caroline Forbes, the woman who deserves the entire world and more, and Klaus swore he’ll tear apart the city he holds dear to give it to her.

It’s funny how some people still thinks their love to be that for publicity reasons only, that behind the show of affections they’d oftentimes display to the world, that there was no pure intentions. It was all for business matters, everyone assumed. Niklaus Mikaelson was unworthy of love, and he would never fall to his knees for anyone. But little do they know that he’ll shatter himself to tiny, unsolvable pieces behind closed doors for the girl with golden hair.

Caroline brought her hand out to touch his slender fingers when he stayed still, when he was unsure of what to do next. Of what to say. Klaus didn’t know if he should break the silence enclosing in on them — the silence that only comes when two people understand each other — desiring to just bathe in the serenity of it all, with her in his protective embrace. No one will dare touch or even look at her with menacing intentions. He will kill them before they even get the chance to.

He was the fire — burning, hot flames that’ll destroy buildings and forests, and still aches for more chaos — and she’s the girl with a heart that needs to be saved from those who had cascaded tumultuous ocean wave blues on her. Damon, her father, the wolves who kidnapped her and shot wooden bullets in her body when she was still a newly-turned vampire and didn’t know what to do, and only longed for a knight to save her.

Oh, he will kill them all.

Klaus will use his fire to keep her brittle heart warm at the same time he'll use them to scorch their enemies alive.

The hybrid didn't know how it happened. At first, Caroline was pouring sentiments onto him, trying to get it in his thick skull that he mattered to her more than he ever thought, and the next thing that happened was his lips as it crushed onto her crimson ones. They stayed there for a while, longer than a minute, just lost in the passionate heat and fervour as their bodies ached for each other.

Klaus loves her with all the blood in his soul, and he'll do anything to keep her safe from the robbers and clowns lurking in the shadows and alleyways. He'll sit with her through her darkest battles, comfort her till the end, just like she's always done for him.

He won't be able to give her the peace she deserves, but apparently, Caroline never cared for it whenever he's around. As long as he's with her, she'll always stay.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and thoughts are appreciated!

I am open to suggestions and prompt-taking. If you have any recommendations on what I should write, based on a Taylor Swift song of course, let me know!

style

Chapter Summary

Klaus and Caroline have secret meet ups once in a while for short hookups — at midnight, with her classic red lipstick and his black car with tinted windows and no headlights on. They think about what could be if Caroline were to just follow him to New Orleans.

Chapter Notes

Style is one of my most favourite songs by Taylor — the intro, the guitar, her vocals... I feel like this song, and Wildest Dreams, is literally made for Klaroline! Fight me on this.

Tags: explicit language, semi but not really nsfw? (no sex lol), and short mentions of Damon's treatment and abuse on Caroline during the first season.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*you got that james dean daydream
look in your eye,
and i got that red lip classic
thing that you like,
and when we go crashing down,
we come back every time
'cause we never go out of style,
we never go out of style.*

Caroline hated Klaus.

No, more like she hated how attached she was to him.

Niklaus Mikaelson was never one to be kind and gentle, always a brave face to match his malicious behaviours. He's ruined every soul who dared to oppose him, and would find

pleasantry in ruining more. The man has wrecked all of Caroline's friends' lives — killed Tyler's mother, Elena's aunt, and so much more that she'd rather not dive into.

But amidst all the wrong and bad deeds he's done, he still has time to fancy her. What a douche.

Klaus didn't even hesitate to invite her to the Mikaelson ball one day. Hell, he even gave her a dress that must've been worth thousands of dollars, along with a sparkly bracelet as well. And don't even get Caroline started on the drawings he'd always send her way from time to time. It was infuriating, to say the least. Every time, the hybrid had proved it more difficult for Caroline to not have any feelings for him.

It drove her mad.

She didn't know what to do. Betray her friends and begin a chapter with their worst nemesis, or betray her heart and go against her actual feelings. But after a long ass time of thinking at the corner of a dimly lit bar, she found herself to not give a shit anymore.

Where was her friends when Damon had compelled her to do awful things she never consented to? Elena and Stefan knew damn well what the elder Salvatore did, how he bit on her and sucked on her and and fed on her and bruised her. She lost a shit ton of money from buying concealers at the drug store, and what did Damon get? A girl and a brother who loves him to bits.

Fuck all of that.

But at the same time, Caroline didn't want to betray Bonnie. She loves the little witch, and she could already imagine the face the brunette would give if she heard of the vampire's affections for the evil hybrid. So Caroline stayed quiet, and had her periodic meet ups with Klaus clandestinely.

The blonde tapped her foot on the sidewalk she was standing on. The area she was at was miles away from her house, but deserted. No buildings, no cars, no people — it was the perfect place to meet him secretly. The only witness she'll have of her actions tonight would be the moon, but even that doesn't tell.

Caroline's darkened eyes looked up to the approaching black vehicle in front of her. She noticed the headlights were off, causing the car to blend in further with the dark hues of the night, before it came to a break. She couldn't see the driver through the tinted window, but the driver could see her perfectly. Could see how the vampire's hair was swaying with the soft breeze of the night, the classic red lipstick she had on that he loves, and the way-too-tight skirt barely covering her thighs.

Klaus was going nuts at how fucking hot Caroline looked.

“Hey,” she greeted as soon as she entered the car, the freezing air from the air conditioner instantly hitting her and Caroline found herself to shudder as chills went up her arms. “It’s been a while.”

Klaus couldn’t help but to focus on the way her white crop-top accentuated her cleavage, and he was entranced. Caroline knew exactly what she was doing when she chose to wear that tonight.

“Good to see you again.” He replied with a smile, covering up his obvious amusement at her choice of clothing.

It’s been weeks since they’d last seen each other, with Klaus living in New Orleans and her in Mystic Falls. It wasn’t easy to round their schedule to match each other’s but whenever they did, Klaus would speed his way to her in an instant and Caroline would bail on all plans she had made with her friends.

They were like a drug to each other. Hard to give up, and always so addictive.

The girl nodded at that before looking out the window and into the darkness, and Klaus began to drive away again.

“You know, we have to stop meeting like this.” Caroline found herself to say, and that made the hybrid furrow an eyebrow.

“Like what?”

“Like what we’re doing is freaking illegal! Every time we meet, it always has to be at *midnight*. And every time, I have to walk all the way to a discreet area so no one would see us, and you would have to drive dangerously with no headlights on.” The girl pouted, crossing her arms over her chest. Klaus had his wild eyes trained on the road, but his ears were widely opened to hear every bit of Caroline’s rant. Some people might find it annoying, but he found her talkativeness to be quite endearing. Or maybe it could just be that he absolutely adores her voice, especially when she’s screaming his name like she wants the whole world to know they’re fucking till dawn arrives.

“I’ve been telling you to pack your bags and come to New Orleans with me, but you always refuse to.” He replied after a few seconds, giving her a sarcastic side eye to which she didn’t notice.

Klaus stared at the front rear view mirror to see the bottom half of Caroline’s face displayed on it. Her red lipstick looked incredible in contrast to her skin. Always made her appear so fierce and sexy, and he absolutely loves the stains it leaves on his neck after their heated make out sessions.

Klaus could see the way her teeth bit onto her bottom lip, contemplating his statement. He knows she would much rather drop everything she has going on in this little town to join him on his adventures in Louisiana, but her mother would undoubtedly go crazy and protest the idea, and that would also mean that all her friends would be aware of their secret meetings they’ve been having for months.

Not that Klaus ever gave a shit about what her pathetic friends think. If only Caroline didn't too...

"You know I can't leave."

"But I know you will one day."

The vampire craned her head to give him a look from where she sat on the passenger's side. Klaus returned her stare with a tender, assuring smile before focusing on the road once again.

And in all honesty, he was right. Caroline will eventually leave her childhood town for him, it's just unclear when she'll have the courage to do so. But she knows she wants it. Wants the life Klaus promised he'd give her if she were to just accept his proposal. Tokyo, Rome, London, with the man she loves. Who wouldn't say no?

But she needs time, and Klaus promised he'd give her that too. He'll always wait for her, and Caroline knew that much.

Her eyes roamed around the surroundings outside the vehicle, letting the comfortable silence enclose in on them.

The night was quiet. The tall pine trees whooshed past their peripheral vision as Klaus sped up on the empty highway, eager to get to their destination and run his fingers through her hair and hear her whimpers. It's what they do all the time they meet up. Get lost in each other's bare bodies till the sun arose, and then back to New Orleans Klaus went. It's exhausting, honestly, and Caroline wished their once-in-a-while-hookups meant more than just one night stands, but that'll have to wait till she's fully ready to embark on a trip to Klaus' city and make him hers.

It took a while, but a few short conversations later and they'd arrived at their destination: the motel.

The building was miles and miles away from the centre of Mystic Falls. Miles and miles away from prying eyes of her friends who'll detest her guts if they were to find out. The barely lit motel was perfect for her and Klaus' nights together, and that's why they'd chosen it.

Bringing Klaus into her house where her friends might pop up randomly would be way too risky, and hanging in the mansion Klaus owned somewhere in Mystic Falls was unsafe as well. This was their only option.

After checking in to a room — the motel's receptionist clearly rolling her eyes amiably at her regulars — Klaus and Caroline didn't even inhale in a breath of air before slamming the door behind them, locking their lips onto each other aggressively. They'd never once been gentle with each other during sex, always competitive with desires to dominate one another. Their make-out sessions were always sloppy, but that's just how they liked it.

Klaus' lips continued their way down to her jawline, her neck, her collarbones, tainting her skin in the most gorgeous ways possible. Caroline's small moans did nothing to help with

easing his arousal, just made him want to search down her body even further. But instead, his lips went back up onto hers one more time to chase her tongue, his warm breath brushing against her sensitive skin.

“You know,” Caroline managed to breathe out after their heated kiss, foreheads touching as their lustrous eyes stayed on each other’s already swollen lips. “I heard you’ve been out and about with some other girl in New Orleans.”

Klaus moved back, the corners of his mouth tugging to form a smirk. Caroline could barely see his smug expression in the dark room of their motel, the only source of light being the moon’s weak rays piercing through the sheer white curtains of the room.

The blonde didn’t actually know why she had said that. It was really none of her business as to who Klaus spends his time with in his city, far away from her, but Caroline would be lying if she said it didn’t hurt her at least a little. They weren’t a thing, not at all, but jealousy still has a way of reaching onto people’s emotions one way or another.

Plus, Caroline really really likes Klaus.

The Original hybrid walked to sit down on the bed, staring venereally up at the baby vampire, clearly amused by her words at him. She stayed standing, her bright red lipstick smeared a little from their intense kiss earlier.

“I won’t deny that, sweetheart.” He nonchalantly replied after a while, but the charming smirk stayed on his handsome face. “It’s not easy to not crave pleasure, especially in desperate times of need. Night clubs are everywhere in New Orleans, and so are people longing for sex and touches. I happen to be one of them.”

Caroline gulped in a lump of anxiousness, unsure of what to say. She rocked from side to side on her toes, staring down at him with a discreet frown. But before she could even make out words to shoot back at him, Klaus’ mouth parted once again, aware of her brewing jealousy.

“But if it makes you feel any better, just know that every time there’s another girl I have beneath me, touching my arms and gripping my hair, I always wished it was you instead, love. I can never stop thinking about you, Caroline. It will always be you who I want.”

And now it was the blonde’s turn to smirk. The girl walked closer to him, her black heels tapping on the wooden floorboards as she did so, gaze never leaving his roaming eyes. A strap on her crop top fell to the side of her arms by it’s own, and that was embarrassingly enough for Klaus to want to rip the whole goddamn clothing apart because for fucks sake her breast was making his blood hot.

The female vampire lets out a soft chuckle as she bent down to level with the man’s head, their face just mere inches apart before she lets out a confession,

“I’ve been there too a few times.”

Klaus’ eyes darkened a little at that, but with a blink of their eyes, their lips met again, and back to intense kisses they go. Their tongue danced perfectly together, already aware of each

other's moves after months and months of sex together. His hands searched her body excitedly, cupping her breast as Caroline tugged on his shirt, desperate to have it off and mark his back with the scratch of her nails.

It instantly came to be one of their most favourite things to do in the world: each other. Always brings them euphoria every time. Always ends up feeling like paradise.

They were like a drug to each other. Hard to give up, but so, so dangerous to keep around.

It was difficult to never think about what could be if Caroline were to just leave Mystic Falls with him. But it was alright, because even after months and years and decades, they will always go back to each other. It doesn't matter who they spend their nights with when they weren't together, because it will forever be just Caroline and Klaus.

They can fuck up multiple times, hang with the wrong people, crash down to their lowest points in life, but they'll always come right back up. They'll never go out of style.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and thoughts are appreciated!

I am open to suggestions and prompt-taking. If you have any recommendations on what I should write, based on a Taylor Swift song of course, let me know!

exile

Chapter Summary

After falling apart almost 2 years ago, Klaus had stumbled upon Caroline in another man's arms. Standing silently in the distance, he thought about where it all went wrong.

Chapter Notes

The piano in exile is actually the most beautiful thing ever — Joe deadass popped off when he wrote that lmfao.

Anyway, I LOVE the story behind the song, so it saddens me to say that I'm not really proud of this work :/ I've had this idea for months now actually, but after writing it, it honestly sounds dumb. I didn't know how to make the story interesting, as most of the content are just Klaus and Caroline's thoughts, but still, let me know what you think. I'll write something better next! Probably with more action too lol.

No tags. Just angst. And Steroline.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*so step right out, there is no amount
of crying i can do for you.
all this time
we always walked a very thin line,
you didn't even hear me out,
you never gave a warning sign.
(i gave so many signs).*

It was in the early days of December when Klaus had stumbled upon a cheerful Caroline down the cold, snowy streets of Mystic Falls.

It had been almost 2 years since he last came back there, since he had last seen her, since he had last chatted with her... almost 2 years since she'd broken up with him.

Klaus could still vividly remember the heart-wrenching day like as if it had engraved itself deep into his brain and he'd studied the scene every morning like it was upon him to do so. He remembered the nightmare it brought him, how he had spiralled down the dark depths of depression because of it, and Klaus quickly found himself to carry a glass of bourbon everywhere he went — desperate to rid Caroline off of his mind in any way he possibly could.

But every endeavour had led to no avail. The blonde vampire will always find a way to haunt his thoughts every single time of the day no matter what. At business meetings; joyous occasions; whenever he was on top of a woman he'd met just over an hour ago; or even during the late night hours. Blissful memories of her will never fail to keep his exhausted eyes awake, even when Klaus was trying to settle himself into a deep slumber.

The man didn't know if he'll ever get better, if he'll ever move on from her. Caroline had been the best thing to ever come into his life in years. The love and care he had for anyone in his thousand years of living could never compare to the love he has for her.

Klaus once admitted that he would leave everything behind for Caroline, and the feeling maintained the same. His hopes, his dreams, his immortality, hell, even the city he built and went through hell trying to get back... he would leave it all for her without even taking a second to think back and hesitate.

It was actually insane how he never once thought he'd ever be capable of loving someone, to be so deeply attached and fond of anyone, but here he was, proven wrong by the girl with golden hair and green eyes and fierce personality that was honestly the main catalyst to his unexpected interest in her. No woman had once stood up to him, or let alone disobey him, but Caroline... she was different. She stood up to her morals and beliefs, and wasn't scared to speak her mind and scold him for his brutality and cruel actions despite knowing who he was and what he could do to her. She had drawn Klaus in without them ever noticing it, that was until weeks later that he realised he was goddamn in love with her.

It was subtle at first. How he could easily spot her small figure amongst a tight crowd, or how his stomach fluttered whenever she smiled his way once in a while, but then the feeling turned more into yearning. When Caroline was held hostage by an evil Alaric a few years back, Klaus was the one to save her from it. He *wanted* to be the one to save her, to show her that he was capable of being of hers.

So, now, to see Caroline — the woman who dropped his fragile, glass heart almost 2 years ago but who he'd still walk through burning fire and sharp knives for — right in front of him with a man Klaus could easily recognise as Stefan Salvatore, a sharp pain had inevitably begin to crawl up his spine, and a sour taste occupied his tongue at the sight.

Caroline and Stefan weren't aware of his glooming presence even when he stood just a few feet away, and they also didn't notice the way his darkened eyes bored into their bodies, and the way their gloved fingers intertwined, and how they shot luminous smiles at each other's

gleaming faces, and how the blonde vampire giggled a loud, saccharine laughter at some unfunny joke the younger Salvatore had said — it was making Klaus go maliciously insane.

He wished it was him in Stefan's shoes instead. That it was him to be the recipient of Caroline's words of affection, her pleasant laughs, her 'I love you's'. He missed being the one to hear it all.

And perhaps it was the reason of him coming across the blonde vampire for the first time in a while since their ugly fall out, or the fact that deep within his torn heart he had still wanted for their forsaken relationship to be mended piece by painful piece, but the sudden urge had suddenly crept up in his bones to swing his hard knuckles on Stefan's jaw that he couldn't shake off. Klaus had never been so bloody desperate to take someone's place before.

Never being enough for the baby vampire was no doubt his biggest, harshest regret. He had never been so disappointed in himself. And Klaus never feels disappointed in himself. It was a new feeling he soon quickly got used to, though.

He grimaced at the sight of Stefan's hands as they gripped Caroline's waist, how securely he held onto her. The chilling, murky fog that misted the air made it quite difficult for the hybrid to see clearly, but he knew the expression the blonde vampire must have on her adorable face right now. He knew she must be smiling widely at Stefan, eyes crinkling and heart warm as her boyfriend held it for her, protective of it. But it should've been Klaus' place to do so.

It should've always been Klaus.

"For God's sake, stop staring daggers at them. You look like you're about to go on another bloody massacre again."

The man jumped a little at the sudden voice belonging to that of his sister, Rebekah. She stood beside him, two hot chocolates in her hand which she had ran to buy just a few minutes ago from the café behind the two. She handed one to him, to which he nodded thankfully.

Rebekah viewed the enamoured couple before their feet, a nonchalant expression plastered on her face. It was soul-wrenching, and she felt awful for Nik to have to come across such an appalling sight. The man had been weeping over Caroline for over a year now, which is honestly a very long time to be crying over someone, but who could blame her brother? Him and Caroline was fated to love each other the moment they met. How they ended up in the wrong path actually bemused Rebekah if anything else.

The Original vampire heard a shift beside her, and that's when her brother finally spoke up after the brief quietness. His shaky voice seeped into her ears, "I just don't understand how she'd move on so soon. How she could pack her bags up so quickly and not care about leaving me behind. I mean, you should've seen the way she broke up with me, sister. It was like the moments I'd given her didn't even matter."

"Hey," Rebekah swiftly stopped his waterfall of emotions as she brought her hand out to cup her brother's cheeks, to force his eyes on hers and away from his nightmare-came-true. Klaus closed his eyes to try to calm his nerves down. The fact that he'd spent so long attempting to

move on from Caroline but here she was, not giving a damn care about him and their past relationship broke Klaus even more than he ever thought possible.

Acid tears threatened to spill down his burning eyes the moment he opened them, and it took a lot to hold them back, to keep calm even as fire travelled up his blood.

“Nik, I know you still love her and all, but this is not healthy of you. You lock yourself in your room, tear apart your precious artworks and drink away the moment you wake up. You’re *destroying* yourself. Me, Elijah and Kol... we’re all worried for you.” She told him sombrely, a concerned frown etching on her face. The man stayed silent, uncertain, so Rebekah continued further. “It’s really about time you come to terms with the fact that you should move on too, Nik. I know it’s hard, but Caroline is not your home anymore. She’s not someone you should think about, cry over, protect or defend with your whole life. Just let her be, alright? You’ll find someone greater, I promise.”

At first, Klaus was a little frustrated. The urge to scream at his little sister that no, he will never find anyone better or greater than Caroline Forbes had lingered on the back of his throat, but as quick as the electrifying urge came, it promptly dissipated, and he refrained from screaming at his sister because maybe... maybe Rebekah was right.

No, she *is* right.

After the unpleasant fall out, the hybrid had been ruining and shattering himself mentally, and it was bloody time he got his life together. Caroline does not care for him like she once did before, so it’s about time he stop worrying for her too.

The man needed to come to the upsetting conclusion that maybe he and Caroline were just never the universe’s favourite. Fate had never chose for them to end up together. The present couple looked more content and complete together, far more than he and Caroline ever was. But Klaus was stubborn. He just couldn’t find it in himself to grasp it... grasp the witless truth that they weren’t each other’s end.

He could only stand silently in despair as he observed at what could’ve been.

Rebekah sighed loudly next to him, huffing out a cold breath near his direction. She latched onto his arm and started to storm away, Klaus following her along but it was not as if he had other choices. His crestfallen eyes, however, stayed to the ground beneath, the cement covered of thick layers of chalk-white snow. The honeyed voices of his former lover faded into the far distance before it was replaced by his sister’s fiercer one.

“We didn’t come all the way to Mystic Falls for you to cry over Caroline. We got business to attend to, so lift your chin up, alright?”

The moment Caroline had inconspicuously laid her eyes on the man she hadn't seen in years, the girl could almost feel her heart crack a little at the sight.

Klaus looked upset, miserable, outraged; a plethora of emotions the blonde couldn't quite decipher. He stood alone, watching her and Stefan as they held each other in tight embraces, and she was honestly thankful that her lover didn't see the distressed hybrid glaring flames at them.

It might be a little selfish for her to say, but Caroline honestly thought Klaus would be long over her already. It had been almost 2 years since they'd separated, and sure, the break up wasn't exactly clean per se — but it should be enough time for the man to get over it. But Caroline guessed she thought wrong, because from the corner of her eyes, Klaus appeared minacious as he stared at the Salvatore like as if the boy was just an understudy — a rebound for her.

The Original hybrid's hands were balled into white-knuckled fists as the urge to leap himself onto Stefan swam deep in his veins, and if it weren't for the fact that Caroline will absolutely loathe him for infinite years to come, the hybrid might've actually gotten his knuckles red of Stefan's blood. The image brought shivers down her spine.

Stefan's eyebrow furrowed at that. "Is it too cold?" He immediately asked out of concern, but Caroline quickly shook her head, a swift smile reaching her lips again when she met his worried eyes.

"Kinda," the girl lied. "But the scenery is too pretty to go inside! Let's stay out for a while longer."

Her boyfriend nodded, then travelled his hands up to her waist, gripping them tightly, and it caused Caroline to giggle out a laugh — one that she knew her boyfriend loved hearing.

Stefan looked away into the view beside them. They were standing near a tall cliff, and beneath them were ice surfaces that was once a lake filled with clear, pristine water. The air surrounding the small town was brisk, and it was perfect for short outdoor walks to admire the gorgeous, white scenery.

Truth was, the reason Caroline had wanted to stay outside longer was just so she could look at her past boyfriend... and to maybe build up the courage to walk up to him... ask him how he's doing... if he's alright... it was a stupid idea, yes, but she really didn't think he would be in such misery for so long that it almost made the blonde feel bad for him.

God, what are you thinking Caroline?

Why should she ever feel bad for him? In their years of relationship, Caroline had given him so many bloody chances to change, to be better for her, to love her like his life had depended on it — but that *always* falls short.

You see, Klaus and Caroline's relationship wasn't actually perfect, not even near that. It had flaws left and right. They were always arguing, fighting, raging at each other over stupid and

minuscule discords, and that would then slowly cause for their relationship to painfully decay away, which would eventually then lead to the inevitable.

Caroline had seen the endings to all their quarrels as if it was a film, replaying over and over again in her head. And every time, it always ends the same way. Make up sex, numerous repetitive apologies, hugs, kisses before bed, and the usual *"I didn't mean what I said, I'm sorry"*. However, the fight almost 2 years ago was different. It didn't end in obnoxious spews of *I'm sorry*, nor did they lay cuddled up in bed afterwards — no, this fight was different.

It had been the last straw for Caroline. No longer did she want to put up with the hybrid's lack of knowledge on how to love properly. The man was always jealous with every single guy Caroline had hung around with, and not only that, but Klaus never had the time for her. Work was consistently thrown his way, and there were countless times when the two would only talk during dinner time and never in the morning because of businesses that demanded Klaus' attention.

And they lived under the same roof God damnit.

The amount of times Caroline had gave him so many freaking signs that she wasn't satisfied of their relationship at all, that she will leave if he doesn't do a 180 and learn to love her better, and yet he'd always ignored it. It was getting to the point where it was exhausting to even be around him because she knew another unnecessary argument awaits.

So can you blame her for wanting to break up?

All along, the two of them had been balancing on dying, breaking branches together, and it was mere time before they'd fallen to unrepairable pieces. It was unavoidable — bound to happen one day. And it did. Almost 2 years ago.

Caroline huffed out a sharp breath she wasn't aware she was holding when Rebekah led Klaus away from the area and to God knows where, and so she shifted her attention back onto Stefan, the man who knew how to love her better than anyone else. The man who was like a golden crown to her, who made her feel royally special — a queen.

It's gut-wrenching to even think about it at first, but her and Klaus weren't each other's problem anymore. Not each other's treasure. She'd moved on, and it was time he does the same.

The hybrid can no longer cry over what once was, needs to accept that the strings tying the two of them to each other's side had already long been cut off. He can't bore his eyes into her and Stefan's relationship with fisted hands and add fuel to the fire — insults to injury.

Their times together are of the past. She's packed her things up and left a long time ago, and here he was still holding onto the impossible.

Caroline almost felt bad for him.

Chapter End Notes

This shattered me to write :,)

Comments and thoughts are appreciated!

I am open to suggestions and prompt-taking. If you have any recommendations on what I should write, based on a Taylor Swift song of course, let me know!

don't blame me

Chapter Summary

When Caroline was kidnapped by a witless witch and his coven, the Mikaelson family didn't even hesitate to leave their own event that they had hosted to save her instead.

Chapter Notes

Don't Blame Me? Do you mean one of Taylor's best songs in her entire discography?

This fic is quite long since when I started writing it, I couldn't stop LOL. I'm not really good with action type stories, so hopefully it's not too bad...

Tags: Explicit language. Physical torture. Graphic depictions of violence.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*echoes, of your name inside my mind.
halo, hiding my obsession.
i once was poison ivy,
but now i'm your daisy.*

Klaus never really gave a second thought to cruel threats made at him. I mean, it's very ironic actually; telling the first ever vampire *and* hybrid to go fuck himself? What are you? Suicidal?

He could still vividly recall the day a guy had shouldered him a millennium ago, and along with that the guy had called him a pathetic loser for absolutely no reason. Immediately, Klaus could feel the beast vibrating in him, aching to be let out and show the other guy who was boss. The Original man didn't even hesitate before swinging his fists on the guy's face, chest, stomach, and everywhere else he could get his hands on.

It was Klaus' first ever murder, and Lord did it feel incredible. To see the pain in the other guy's eyes as his entire vision darkened into nothingness, to then hear the mountain of

apologies and *I beg you to stop!* before the beats of his heart came to a haunting end.

Klaus had to admit. It was dangerous how amazing it felt. The adrenaline, the guy's delicious, fresh blood coating his tongue a bright red... It made him feel insanely powerful to know he was always stronger and above everyone else because of his supernatural abilities. It was blissful the first time he'd killed a person who had pissed him off, and the feeling remained exactly the same even after years and years later, even when he was already at his millionth body.

So yes, Klaus never gave a shit about those who have intentions to harm him, because he can always just brush them off with an effortless snap of his finger. The death threats they point at him are so useless and annoying and boring — always a waste of time on his and their end.

However, what *does* in fact bother him actually is threats made to his lovely wife, Caroline Forbes.

Oh, the nerve of those who dared to touch a strand of hair on her head would never come out alive to tell the tale of how they did it. Klaus has probably murdered over 50 guys just because they looked at her wrongly in the club — and that number doesn't even include the ones on the streets.

Seriously, you'd need to have a death wish before contemplating doing anything harmful to Caroline, because the fearless Klaus Mikaelson will always be a hundred steps in front of you, ready to gouge out eyeballs and tear off limbs and separate souls from their designated bodies.

It was the day of a huge, annual Mikaelson dinner when some witless witches thought it'd be a wonderful idea to mess with the hybrid and his family, catalysed by their abiding wrath for them. Due to the joyous occasion taking place momentarily, Klaus and his siblings were not in the mood for any disruptions whatsoever and would most likely play along with the enemies the following day — however, they'd taken *Caroline*.

This was not a matter to be dealt with lightly nor a day later. No, Caroline is Klaus' wife — she's officially a Mikaelson, and she's apart of the family. And one thing about the Mikaelson family is that they will *always* have each other's backs.

So when Klaus had gotten a call from a bunch of angry witches announcing that they had taken the blonde vampire hostage somewhere in the city, him and the rest of his siblings were *not* having it at all.

“I swear on my life that when I get my fucking hands on those bastards I'll rip their bloody hearts out so quick they won't even notice it.”

“That’s actually very kind of you, Nik. I was thinking we capture every single one of those witches and chain them to the wall for years to come.” The hybrid heard his devilish younger brother proudly say, a wide, devilish grin displaying on his face. Before Klaus could spew out a bunch of torture methods he’d love to inflict upon those mortals, Rebekah hurriedly entered the luxurious sunlit room, squeezing her body through the many happy guests they’d invited for their dinner night.

“We found them.” Rebekah informed, her tone blunt to meet her determination of saving her sister. “They took Caroline to some warehouse deep in the woods.”

“Let’s not waste any time then.” Klaus spoke lowly, blood boiling with immense fury and eyes a darker shade than before he was aware of his wife’s kidnapping. He took off the black tie he was wearing for the event and forcefully threw it aside, not wanting anything hindering his actions tonight even if it was as small as a flap of an accessory. Kol got up from the leather couch he was sitting on, and he mentally salivated at the amount of food he’ll be diving in later tonight.

Sure, the array of dishes they’d prepared for tonight’s dinner party was of utmost exquisite quality — that was expected of the Mikaelsons — but nothing beats the euphoric taste of warm blood, especially when it’s fresh from the vein. *Oh, this night just got so much better.*

“Let’s move, everyone.” Elijah firmly ordered as he began to roll up the dark grey sleeves of his extravagant suit. He’d hate to get his blazer dirty of witch blood, but the assassination he’ll take on tonight would no doubt be gruesomely brutal. They took his sister, for Christ’s sake.

Suddenly, Marcel had appeared in front of them before they could walk out any further. The man was obviously aware of the Mikaelsons’ intent on leaving the event that *they* had organised just from the perplexed expression he had casted on his handsome face. “Woah, where are you all heading now? You have guests to attend to.”

Klaus exhaled out an irritated, hot breath through his flared nostrils, clearly annoyed of the time they’re wasting here. “Caroline is being held hostage by a coven of brainless witches and you think I give a shit about all these people here? I don’t care what you do, Marcel, but you’re in charge now. Just keep the guests entertained or something till we get back.”

The young man obediently nodded at the hybrid’s intelligible order, not daring to mess with him especially when something much, much more important should be taken care of as of now.

Marcel quickly moved out of the way for them to walk out of the room, and each one of the Mikaelsons wore a glare so incredibly intimidating that it sent shivers down his spine. He’d hate to be the witches right now. They won’t know of the horrifying fate awaiting each and every single one of them.

After stepping past the wooden threshold, it didn’t even take a second for the Originals to immediately flash away from the lively mansion; the only goal in mind no longer being to entertain their invited guests, but to save their sweet, little Caroline instead.

The moment Caroline fully regained consciousness, the first thing she could sense was the grotesquely sharp pain shooting up her back. It felt as if all her body cells were being exploded at a rapid pace like fireworks, and the girl screamed in agony at the unendurable sensation. She arched her back against the wooden table she was sprawled on, desperate to rid herself of the unbearable pain.

“Oh my god,” Caroline cried out, eyes brimming with tears because *holy fuck* it felt as if her spinal cord was about to be ripped out of her any time soon.

However, before she could pass out from the painful torment taking over her body, everything had eventually come to a sudden stop. No longer did she feel the awful discomfort terrorising her, and so the poor girl breathed out a deep sigh of relief before her back fell onto the surface of the table again.

Caroline’s gasps were loud as she tried to calm her nerves down, and she closed her bleary eyes to attempt to soothe down her hurried breathing.

What the hell had happened to her?

The last thing the blonde vampire could vaguely recall before her vision had gone black was being in one of the mansions her husband and his family owned, and a dinner party was going on as well. Caroline remembered telling Klaus that she was heading outside to the front porch to answer a missed call from her mother when an oddly familiar man had appeared right before her eyes, and he had on a furious look that she knew all too well was sparked by the desires for vengeance. The man stretched out a hand before loudly chanting out some ancient words Caroline couldn’t understand, but it caused for her head to feel like it was exploding in insufferable ways before her entire world transformed into an unnerving stretch of darkness.

And now here she was: laid down on a table in what seemed to be an old, abandoned ramshackle warehouse — crumbling walls and broken doors and faulty roof and all. Not really the perfect place to keep a hostage, especially one who’s associated with the most dangerous family in the city.

Her captives are honestly out of their mind if they think they’ll be able to watch the sun rise tomorrow. All of them were done for.

“Look who’s finally awake.”

Caroline tried to turn her head to the side to see who the deep, baritone voice belonged to, but the goddamn heavy chains around her neck had made every single movement impossible. Not only that, the metal cuffs were restraining her arms and legs from moving around too. And it was subtle, but the vampire was sure they were coated in a small amount of vervain because the chains literally started *burning* out of nowhere.

“What the hell is going on? And what the fuck did you do to me?!” Caroline asked through gritted teeth, her eyes glowing with anguish flames as a way to not disclose the obvious fear bubbling within her. The burning sensation of the metal chains was worsening a shit ton now, and that made her ball her hands tightly, sharp nails digging into her skin until they drew blood.

“Caroline, oh, Caroline...” the man harmonised enthusiastically. He had on a tone that sounded like as if he was mocking her frustrations, and judging by the wicked smile on his face when the man finally came to her line of sight, it was obvious that he was making a lark out of this uncomfortable situation. And that... that just frustrated Caroline even more. “Don’t worry, girl, we won’t hurt you.”

“Really? Because you’re kind of hurting me now, dickhead! Get these chains off of me!” Caroline barked back, flailing her arms around the little space she had left available.

The man only chuckled at her hasty sharp retort. His hands were behind his back as he began to walk casually around the helpless girl. “I apologise, darling, let me rephrase that again for you: we won’t hurt you *any further*, if you follow what we ask of you with no objections whatsoever.”

His eyes darkened when after stating his command, Caroline — who was by the way, slowly throbbing in pain from the blistering effects of vervain on her skin and should really try to not piss her captive off — began to *laugh*. Her voice sounded rough and broken, and he could tell she was having a hard time to even let out a sound due to the tight restraint on her neck, but it still agitated the man that the blonde vampire actually has the audacity to fucking *cackle*, especially when she was the one in an unfavourable circumstance.

The man narrowed his eyes at her, bewildered. Balling his hand into a tight fist, he harshly swung it down onto Caroline’s stomach, and that made her gasp aloud as air was painfully knocked out of her lungs at an instant. Her mouth gaped widely, but no sound came out to voice out her pained screams.

“Don’t you laugh again, girl. You don’t know what I can do to you. I am, after all, a witch. One snap and your body will spasm so painfully that it’ll feel like you’re in hell. So don’t even think about playing around with me, or my coven.”

The corners of Caroline’s lips tugged up when she met the man’s raging eyes, clearly unafraid of his pointless threat. “You know, I might be unable to do anything to you right now, but surely you know of my husband and his history with murdering those who dared to fuck with him. And you’re one of them now, which means...” she trailed on, voice sweet amidst the disadvantaged position she was currently in. “You’ll die tonight. You and all the people in your coven... none of you will be able to escape his wrath. I’m getting excited just thinking about the things he’ll do to you.”

The witch was so shocked by her response that he didn’t even have it in him to fire back at the vampire. Klaus Mikaelson’s wife was no one to mess around with, but what else could he and his coven do? Turn the hands of the clock around and never kidnap her in the first place? Well, too freaking late for that.

If he'll die tonight, then so be it, but whatever happens, the Mikaelsons is going down with them too.

Angrily, the witch took out a long, thin piece of wood which had been fully drenched in vervain before plunging it deep into Caroline's thighs, causing a traumatic screech to be drawn out from her throat. It was distressing. A piercingly loud yell before a disturbing sob broke through, and if it weren't for the fact that they were in the middle of some uncivilised, deserted forest, the witches will undeniably get caught of their ruthless actions to the poor girl.

But what do they care? In hindsight, the Mikaelsons were the ones who had begun it all. They'd murdered one of their own, and now his coven were seeking revenge in any way they could. Kidnapping an innocent girl wasn't really their best move, but the Mikaelsons all bloody deserve to know what it feels like to have one of theirs taken away.

Now, all the witches needed to do left was wait for their enemies' arrival to the warehouse, and after that will the real show actually start.

It's obvious what everyone has in their minds. How could the host of a party leave his event that *he had* created with no considerations to the guests that *he had* invited? It's rude, and insensitive, and to some people very offensive. But even with that, Klaus found it deep in himself to not give a flying fuck at all.

The hybrid has never once been a remorseful man. Ever since his parents had turned him into a supernatural being eons ago, Klaus learned to never let people walk over him like they did when he was just a mere human. He knew better than to give trust out so easily, as that can always bite you back in the ass someday. He'd trusted his mother before he was aware of her infidelity with his biological father, and he'd trusted his stepfather too, and look at what that had gotten him: centuries of childhood trauma and abuse.

But cue in Caroline Forbes and now he forgets about everything he once stood up for.

Klaus has always been poison ivy, rotting out the lives of everyone around him, but Caroline had changed that the moment he laid his eyes on her. He's become the sweetest most purest flower for her, something he never thought he'd be for anyone ever.

It always struck Klaus — the affect Caroline has on him.

Ever since the two had shared their vows and Klaus'd gave her a ring that held all the love they have for each other, the hybrid tries — for the first time in a very, very long time — to get better. For her. Everything Klaus does is by her, and whenever he's having to make a tough decision, the first thought to come up in his troubled mind is '*how will this benefit Caroline?*'. She's always his priority, above anyone and even himself as well.

God, if the girl ever felt like walking away from him he'll drop down to his knees and beg for her to stay because that can *never, ever* happen. He's too far gone now; way past the ocean surfaces and now he's happily settled in the deepest points of the water with her. Klaus will never float back up ever again... he'll drown in the fluids of love if he has to.

Caroline was a hard drug to him. Intoxicating him in the most wildest ways possible and he'd quickly realised he would do *anything* for her. The girl twisted the evil darkness lingering all around his black soul and converted it into pure rapture and paradise.

So when the only woman he cares about gets kidnapped by a bunch of imbecile bastards who'll very soon feel the weight of his ire, can you blame him for wanting to get the hell out of that party and save his wife instead? Damn all those guests when *she* was the one in danger.

"We're here." Rebekah called out to her brothers in a whisper, careful as to not make a sound and alert the many witches before them on the lookout.

They were hidden behind large bushes and tree trunks, trying their hardest to blend in within the night.

What stood before them was a broken warehouse, and Klaus almost wanted to laugh because that's where they thought to keep her? Do they know he can literally break down the walls of that pathetic excuse of a shelter with a quick snap of his finger? But at the same time, these people are witches. One wave of a hand and the Original vampires will feel the electrifying bombs detonate in their heads, and that will slow them down and give the mortals the chance to do whatever the hell they desire. However, if they flash just quick enough, more so at an invisible pace, the witches won't even have time to chant out a spell before their hearts will be dropped to the floor.

"Alright, do we have a plan to abide by?" Kol asked mischievously, rubbing his hands together as he bathed in the exhilaration of it all.

"I was thinking we just go in and bite away." Elijah uttered with that gentleman tone of his. He looked emotionless, but all his siblings knew damn well how furious he was that their sister was taken away from them, and the fact that it was done right under their noses too. Their eldest brother continued right after, "Niklaus will deal with the ones inside and save our dear Caroline. Rebekah, Kol and I will take on the witches outside."

Rebekah tsked sarcastically, "and you're sure Nik will be fine all by himself?"

"Oh, trust me, sister. With the way I'm feeling right now, I'll probably take 5 minutes top to end the lot of them."

There was a clatter of chuckles from the hybrid's siblings, but then everything came to a blur as they flashed away with the wind. Klaus went past the witches so swiftly that none of them even knew he was there till their hearts started falling left and right, the light in their eyes quickly evanescing out of them.

Kol, Elijah and Rebekah followed suit, covering for their brother who only had one clear objective in his head.

“They’re here!” One of the witches blared out into the air, but before they could even lift up a finger to recite out a spell that’ll throw the Originals up into the air, their heads were brutally ripped off of their bodies, and later on came the spurts of blood flying out of their sliced necks. It was a traumatic sight for everyone, but the Mikaelsons absolutely *loves* it.

Uncontrollable gasps and thundering shouts and horrifying cries of the miserable mortals echoed about the troubled night as their own members dropped one by one to the floor, oxygen no longer occupying their lungs. Their hearts sat beside them on the grass, a reminder never to mess with the Original family.

Kol had on a terrifying smirk the whole time he ripped out their organs, the adrenaline of it all getting to him because he had never felt so enlivened to bring on a massacre.

Now, the youngest male Mikaelson was actually very fond of witches. He even has the desire to be romantically involved with one in the near future too, but what he’s *not* particularly fond of are those that have the nerve to mess with his family. Oh, those he would *love* to desiccate instead.

From the corner of his eye, he could view the way Rebekah dashed in front of the enemies and without fail, gouged out their eyeballs and threw their bloody heads up in the sky before it landed on the ground with a haunting thud. Elijah on the other hand, well, it was rare to find him so moved by a ghastly group assassination, but here he was, having the time of his goddamn life kicking and punching the life out of these foolish wizards.

Kol had never been so satisfied of a family activity before.

“Where is she?!”

The moment Klaus ripped open the damaged door to the warehouse interior, the man almost dropped down to his knees at the horrific sight.

His love, Caroline, laid down on a table positioned in the centre of the room, her arms stretched out above her with shackles holding them in the place. The chains were wrapped securely around her neck and ankles too, refraining the girl from getting up or doing anything in her power to escape.

Caroline’s eyes were partially closed, lips slightly parted and from the hybrid’s immense hearing abilities, he could tell the blonde girl was having a hard time breathing just by the unnatural way she was heaving out air out of her colourless lips.

But what had caused the hybrid to see bright red and blazing orange flames in his vision the moment he stepped foot into the room was from the numerous amount of thin wooden sticks sticking out of her battered, fragile body. He was sure there were 5 in each leg and 6 in each arm, and it almost made him want to retch all over the cement floor.

“Caroline...” He whispered so lowly that he wasn’t even sure he heard his own voice call for her name.

No one else was in the warehouse with them. Just his soulmate and him.

Caroline’s skin was grey due to the amount of blood she’d lost from the sticks pierced into her, and it made Klaus’ blood boil that anyone could have it in them to do this to his wife. But he can’t concern himself with that now... not when she was on the brink of death right in front of him.

Klaus ran to the table that she was stretched on and swallowed in a lump of fear when he noticed how nauseating Caroline’s skin looked from up close. He could barely see the skin beneath the thick metal chaining her down, but he could tell it was red and irritated. Like as if her flesh had been exposed to fire, burning her skin away.

The hybrid’s eyes flashed golden when he realised what it meant. Vervain.

The man looked at her and couldn’t help but to think of how much of a failure he was. He had failed to protect the only person to ever bring him happiness and euphoria amongst the awful life he had been living. And sure, the life he was living was awful mainly *because* of his maddening decisions and troubling impulsiveness, but Caroline was the only one to ever see past that. To see the good in him, to understand that some of his bad decisions has a backstory and a motive to it, and it will all always lead back to him trying to protect his loved ones.

Klaus heard shuffling behind him, and that made his head turn to look back. Another man, — who the Original damn well recognised — was running at him with a wooden stake gripped tightly in his hand, ready to stab it into the hybrid when his guard has been let down.

A wooden stake? Really? These bloody witches were always unprepared.

The hybrid didn’t even flinch when the other man swung his hand carrying the weapon forward, but his moves were halted when Klaus gripped the other guy’s arm, and it was obvious who had the most strength out of the two just by the way the witch flew back the moment Klaus struck him in the face.

“Fuck,” the weaker man cursed, getting back up onto his feet but not before grimacing at the taste of his own blood lingering in his mouth.

“You’ll pay for hurting her.” Klaus growled, walking over to the witch to swing a punch at him yet again, this time much more harder and firmer. The hybrid could hear the enemy’s bone crack in result of the impact, and it caused him to stumble back onto the floor with a harsh groan. Klaus got on top of the wounded man and began throwing crazy punches on his

face over and over again, not even giving the witch enough time to chant out some useless spell to try and one up the thousand year old man.

Klaus gripped the witch's shirt collar and brought him closer to his hardened face. "Really foolish of you to think you and your pathetic coven will be able to out stand me and my family."

The Original man finally stood up from the guy's injured body when he'd deemed he had swung a fair enough of fatal smacks onto the witch. And although he wished he could inflict so much more pain onto him, Caroline demanded his attention. Plus, Klaus didn't want to kill the witch. No, he had other plans for him and his fate. Better plans.

"Kol!" Klaus' voice boomed as he called for his younger brother. It didn't even take 5 seconds before the other vampire came running into the warehouse, a smile on his face after the eventful night he'd had.

"Yes, brother dearest?"

But all colour drained from Kol's skin the moment his eyes landed onto Caroline. "What the fuck...?"

"We don't have enough time. Don't worry, I'll handle her." Klaus reassured sternly, then pointed to the unconscious man he was responsible for on the ground, the guy's eyes barely opening. "Bring this witch to the compound and tie him up. Tell Davina to enchant the cuffs to ensure he won't be able to spit out some spell. Hurry, brother."

Kol gave one last look to his sister-in-law, a worried expression on his face at her gruesome condition, but then looked at his brother to give him an obeying nod at his order. Kol threw the passed-out witch over his shoulder before he dashed out of the warehouse speedily.

"K-Klaus?"

The hybrid heard a croaky voice coming out of Caroline, and he snapped his head towards her direction at an instant. His breath quickened the moment he met her tired, somber eyes. The light in her soul was dimming as death was on the verge of overtaking her, and it took everything in Klaus to not chase after Kol and grab the injured witch to hurt him further. But he snapped his head and now all he could see was Caroline, and how she *really* needed him.

"I'll get you out here, love."

Caroline couldn't even carry out a nod at his assuring words before yelping in pain from the vervain-coated restraint on her neck.

Klaus' eyes darkened at her pained reaction. How the hell was he supposed to get her out of the chains if even he can't touch them?

But then an idea popped in his head. Quickly, he unbuttoned the white shirt he was wearing for the dinner party and bunched the fabric up in his sweaty, shaking hand, and afterwards

began to eye the sticks all over his wife's body. The man didn't say anything, but Caroline could tell from the look in his eyes that he was hesitant at taking them out. Afraid to hurt her.

"Don't worry, I'll be okay." She told him, voice as quiet as the winds howling throughout the night.

Klaus swallowed in a ball of bile down his throat, but he couldn't waste time any longer. Caroline was suffering around the wood, and as much as it hurts him to see her in such unbearable pain, he needed to pull them out now.

It took longer than it should have, but after countless piercing shrieks from his wife later, Caroline was finally free of the poisonous, small wooden sticks and what remained left to be dealt with were the burning shackles keeping her in place. But at this point, the blonde vampire was lightly convulsing due to the temperature drop brought by nightfall, and with the lack of blood she had in her, the hybrid was beginning to feel even more concerned for her health.

With no more time wasted, Klaus bit into the inside of his wrist till he felt the metallic taste of blood on his fangs, then brought his arm closer to Caroline's trembling lips. "You need to drink, sweetheart. Your wounds aren't closing up because of the vervain in your system.

Caroline shook her head around the little space she had left. Klaus could only frown disapprovingly.

"I can't, Klaus. I d-don't think I'll be able to stop. Let's just g-go home and you can bring me a bag."

"Love, do you think I care if you drain me away? You're not healing, you need my blood in you now."

The blonde vampire gave him another look through her tears, but with no power in her will left to argue back at him, she craned her head to the side slowly, face crinkling when the sizzling metal grazed her neck again.

The hybrid could feel Caroline's tongue poke at his wrist a few times before she bit her fangs into his flesh, and he sighed in relief at that. The girl sucked at his blood harder, faster, lapped on it uncontrollably like her life depended on it — though in this case, it does. And Klaus didn't care for the amount of blood she was sucking out of him in that moment, hell, she can take all the blood she wants from him. As long as Caroline is alive and well, nothing else shall matter to him.

A few seconds later, the vampire pulled away from his wounded arm, the skin around her mouth painted red of blood, and it was achingly slow, but her body began to heal nonetheless. Klaus was honestly surprised at the fact that his wife still had control of herself, and that she'd knew when to stop drinking his blood to ensure she won't run him dry.

Even during her sensitive state, Caroline still remained as strong as ever.

“Nik! What’s taking so long? And why the hell are you shirtless?!” Rebekah exclaimed, running into the warehouse with Elijah trailing after her. Their party clothes were unfortunately bloodied and a little ripped in some places, but it was nothing a stop to their large walking closets couldn’t fix.

His siblings ran towards him and Caroline, examining the situation with a distressed expression.

“Be careful, there’s vervain on the restraints.” Klaus informed.

Elijah nodded at that and got down to unbutton his shirt as well, then wrapped the cloth tightly around his hand. Together, he and Klaus went to work. They’re supernaturals; the first ever vampire and hybrid, so it was quite easy to destroy the shackles, of course after countless slams and bugging on it. Rebekah blurred to the outside to grab a corpse of a witch one of them had killed, and brought it along with her into the warehouse for Caroline to dive her fangs into after she’d been freed.

It won’t be the same as blood from a person who’s well and alive, but her sister needs to feed. Nik’s blood won’t be enough for the lethal amount of damage the witches had been responsible for today. Damn them.

An hour passed and Klaus and Elijah finally finished removing all the shackles restraining Caroline, but the girl was still not in good shape. Her head was still throbbing as the world spun around her, and even getting up from the table felt like a strenuous task.

“Easy there, love.” Klaus swiftly came to her aid, his hand secured on her back to help her sit up carefully.

“I’m s-sorry,” Caroline whimpered a breath, her voice still strained from the amount of times she’d screamed tonight.

Rebekah, Elijah and Klaus gave her an incredulous look.

“What on earth do you have to apologise for?” The female Original questioned, flailing her arms around frustratingly.

Caroline looked down to her hands, avoiding their gazes. “You had to leave your dinner for me. I know how much the event means to the family, but y-you all missed it.”

“Caroline.” Klaus began, his eyes softening when he looked at her. The man cupped her face with the most gentlest grip, scared that if he were to put in any more force he might break her with the vulnerable state she was in. He forced her scared eyes to meet his — and suddenly they were all alone in the world. No Rebekah, no Elijah, no hundreds of witches laid dead on the floor outside — right now, it felt like they were the only ones existing.

Klaus bored his eyes into his wife’s soul. “Do you not understand your importance to me, sweetheart? Do you think I care for some pointless family tradition dinner when you’re in danger? Caroline, when I read my vows to you, till this day, I mean *every* word I said. How you’re my priority, that I would put you above anyone else, and that I’ll protect you with my

whole life. Nothing's changed, and I'll leave every single dinner party if it meant I'd get to be with you. I will always *always* put you first."

Caroline's tears cascaded down her cheeks upon the words he'd just said, overwhelmed by it all. All her years of being alive, she'd never felt so loved and cared for until the day she'd met her husband for the first time. Saying yes to his proposal had been the most easiest thing she'd ever done, but at the same time it was the best decision Caroline had ever made in her entire lifetime. The moments Klaus had given her were a treasure, the memories unforgettable, and she wouldn't give them up for anything else.

Caroline would fall from grace for him, lose her mind for him, cross any line for him, break herself for him — you could say that Klaus was the drug that she'll forever be using for the rest of her life, and if anyone were to tell her to stop loving him because of the evilness lingering in his soul, the blonde vampire wouldn't even hesitate to run her fangs into their freaking neck.

A saccharine chuckle escaped past her lips, and she beamed at him with her glistening eyes. "You're insane."

Her husband rolled his eyes playfully, but then the dimples showed and he shot a smile at her. "Yes, love, but that won't stop you from loving me now won't it?"

"Of course it wouldn't! You're my baby, my sweet, insane baby that I love so so much."

"I love you more, sweetheart."

But then Rebekah just *had* to ruin the moment by bloody gagging out of the blue.

"Oh my god, Elijah! Get me a fucking bucket. I'm actually about to throw up at this shit."

Chapter End Notes

Comments and thoughts are appreciated!

I am open to suggestions and prompt-taking. If you have any recommendations on what I should write, based on a Taylor Swift song of course, let me know!

haunted

Chapter Summary

Klaus and Caroline's relationship crumble apart the moment the man asked if she was cheating on him.

Chapter Notes

I'm SO excited for Speak Now TV. Istg if Taylor messes up the violin in Haunted...

Anyways, I apologise for the long wait! I've been writing another chapter to post after this one. Thought that since this chapter is vv sad and angsty that I should prepare a more happy one to post right after, maybe in 2 days or so. Not my finest work since I rushed it lol and I didn't even get to beta read it, but hopefully there's not much mistakes.

Tags: Explicit language. Angst.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*come on, come on
don't leave me like this.
i thought i had you figured out.
can't breathe whenever you're gone,
can't turn back now, i'm haunted.*

Caroline was busying herself with a classic romance storybook in the living space of Klaus' mansion when the hybrid furiously stomped in the room, his eyes darkened like the hues of dark grey smoke and nostrils flared from the anger stirring deep within his bone marrow.

The man knocked on the wall to garner his girlfriend's attention, and that made Caroline stare up at him with her gorgeous, doe-eyes that could be powerful enough to prove her innocence

in any bruising situation. But not this time, no, not with the evidence Klaus currently possessed to confront her with.

“Caroline.” He called out, his tone so sharp it could cut through hearts and diamonds, and the blunt expression he had on was enough to drive anyone into an inescapable corner, having no choice but to unravel their secrets to him.

The baby vampire frowned when her confused eyes met his distressed visage glaring daggers down at her, and the girl felt a cold chill shoot up her spine at an instant.

Setting her thick book down to the other piles she had beside, Caroline got up from the leather couch she was snuggled on and began approaching him with slow, tentative steps, her head tilted to the side to display her bewilderment at her lover’s current outraged state.

“What’s going on? Did something happen?” Caroline voiced out her concerns, reaching her hand out to cup his tensed face in her hands because that always soothes the looming mountain of his temper down. But Klaus slapped her hand away as quick as it came as if he was offended by it, and Caroline found her breath to hitch at that, shocked by his unexpected action. The hybrid’s furious eyes remained on her still, too hurt to look away. Desperate for answers.

“Don’t you dare touch me.” Klaus growled at her, and that caused Caroline’s lips to part in disbelief. Confusion burned in her eyes as she looked at him, but he only rolled his eyes at her, annoyed.

“Don’t you dare play so innocent, Caroline. Not after what you did today.”

“Excuse me?” The girl scoffed, eyebrows furrowing down. “What the hell are you talking about? I didn’t even do anything today.” She then proceeded to gesture to her pile of old storybooks on the couch, attempting to convey to her boyfriend that all she’d done today was read and read and read.

But Klaus was having none of it.

“Really? Is that so?” The man then darted his eyes down to the wooden floor, as if trying to calm his nerves down but to no avail, and Caroline could hear the devastation in his tone as he spoke up again. “Then why the hell did one of my hybrids just told me you were out with Stefan today? Huh, love? Care to explain that to me?”

Caroline’s eyes widened almost instantly, a pinch forming between her brows as she looked at him with an incredulous expression. She could feel the flames slithering inside her veins at Klaus’ words, his hurtful accusation that was nothing but pure, absolute bullshit.

“Stefan? You mean my best *friend* Stefan? Klaus, are you out of your goddamn mind?!” The girl yelled, her voice booming about the large space as she flailed her arms up, frustrated by the current situation. This wasn’t the first time her boyfriend had accused her of doing something so detrimental to their already brittle relationship, and every single time Caroline had tried to tell him that it was all false and so, so wrong, the man just never listens to her!

“My God, Klaus, how many times have I told you that me and Stefan are just freaking friends! There’s nothing more to it!”

“Oh? Really, Caroline? Are you sure you’re telling me the truth?” The hybrid strongly retorted, clearly unconvinced of his own partner’s words, and that in itself had turned the vampire’s blood cold. “Because in my many years of existence, never have I seen friends fucking kiss each other!”

And Caroline’s jaw dropped at that, because what in the hell did he just say to her? *Kiss? Her and Stefan?! Oh, you better be bloody joking now!*

“Are you fucking insane right now? Oh my God, Klaus, are you actually hearing yourself? You’re absolutely delusional!” The words came out of her like a blaring howl from a disturbed wolf, one that’s ready to hurl their body onto those that had the audacity to push them over the edge. Caroline was absolutely losing it. Her eyes hardened beneath Klaus’ towering figure, but that never scared her from hissing fiercely at him. “And for God’s sake, can you stop spying on me with your useless hybrids?! Do you not understand a thing of privacy?”

Klaus rolled his blackened eyes at her yet again, his patience running thin like the thread tying them together. “See, now you’re just changing the topic. It’s what you always do!”

“And do you know what *you* always do, Klaus?!” Caroline fired back, not giving him a second to speak. “You use your hybrids to observe me without my permission, and it’s so freaking annoying! I’ve told you so many goddamn times that I don’t like it, but you never listen to me about what I want!” The words came out of her like roaring wildfire, a contrast to the flames burning deep in her blood, unable to stop itself from spreading all over till it eventually consumed the girl whole. “But the worst thing about it is the fact that you believe every single fucking thing your hybrids say—“

“Of course I believe what they say! They’re sired to me!” Klaus exasperated aloud, the volume of his voice so high that it sent a jolt in Caroline’s muscles, his piercing voice ringing deep in her ears till it felt like blood was about to rush out of it.

The girl’s chin wobbled as she inhaled in a sharp breath, giving it her all to try and compose herself in case things get way too out of control... in case the two of them become permanently shattered with no way of turning back.

“I’m not telling you to not believe them, Klaus.” The blonde sighed, her voice a whisper as she spoke, holding back the waterworks. “What I’m saying is that all you do is believe *them* and never *me*. I don’t give a damn that your hybrids are sired to you, and that they’re loyal to you, but I’m your girlfriend, Klaus! And you never talk to me about your bloody problems and that’s why we’re always fucking fighting!”

“Bloody hell, all I’m asking you, Caroline, is did you kiss that idiot Salvatore? That’s all I want to know right now.” Klaus once again queried her, wiping his hands on his face out of frustration. The fire in the man’s eyes did not match the nonchalant tone of his voice, and that brought forth a sour taste to the blonde’s tongue.

Nonetheless, Caroline shot him an ugly look, clearly insulted. “I didn’t, Klaus! My God, why don’t you ever trust me? Are you dating your fucking hybrids or are you dating me?”

“Why the hell should I trust you when all you do is hang around guys that I don’t even like —“

“Do you think I give a crap about what guys you approve and don’t approve off? What are you? My mom?” The blonde seethed through gritted teeth.

Klaus fired back with the same ferocity if not higher. “I’m your boyfriend, Caroline, your fucking boyfriend! Your boyfriend, who should be aware of the boys you hang around with. You didn’t even tell me you hung out with Stefan today! All you do is lie to me, Caroline. You pointed to your pathetic books when I asked you what you did today as if that was the truth. And you still wonder why I don’t trust you...”

Caroline only released a chuckle at that, but then darted her vision away to the side then back at him again, however her eyes looked different. It appeared so much more colder, so much more wounded and hurt.

The girl crossed her arms over her chest, a snarl showcasing on her porcelain face. “Do you want to know why I never tell you about the guys I hang around with, Klaus? No, take a wild guess! Please, be my guest.”

The man stayed silent, holding in a breath.

“Because all you do is get fucking mad at me afterwards!” The blonde finally answered fully, voice thundering and drenched of poison, and it echoed about the white walls of the room. “Y-You ruin everything, Klaus! You ruin my friendships with them because of your jealousy, and all my guy friends are goddamn scared of you! Do you know how it makes me feel when one of them tell me they never want to talk to me anymore because the boyfriend I have fucking despise their guts and might rip their head off someday? Do-Do you know how much I suffer because of you?!”

Before Klaus could even get a chance to reply however, Caroline slammed his chest with her fist, over and over again as her mouth opened to snap.

“Why is it so hard for you to change for me? All I’ve ever wanted was to have a day — one full fucking day — without you getting mad at me for something so minor and insignificant. You always find a way to ruin my mood and I’m just so, so fucking exhausted by it all. God, do you know the amount of times I’ve spent wondering if it was my fault instead? If it was me who ruined us? B-But it’s you, Klaus! It’s you! You treat me like shit and I freaking *loathe* you, Klaus! I hate you, God, I fucking hate you!”

The vampire could feel the tight strain in her throat the moment she closed her mouth shut, a burning knot expanding in size as it threatened to break her out into a full-on sobbing wreck. She was honestly at her final straw of this tiresome relationship, wanting to just get the hell out of the house and away from the man she once loved and thought would be her entire future. But not all stories will end like a fairytale, and unfortunately, Caroline’d learned it the hard way.

Tears fell down her cheeks as the hurt came washing over her, enveloping the girl into a space of darkness that which the innocence could never escape from — unless they remove themselves from the ones responsible for said darkness first. And that was what the girl was about to do.

Klaus held in his breath as he watched Caroline weep, his vision growing dark and mind going quiet. The arguments he had prepared in the back of his throat to fire back at her — to add insult to injury — dissipated before he could even get them out. All the man could think of right now was *her*, Caroline, and how much he'd fucked up the only precious being in his life.

The way his girlfriend sobbed right in front of the hybrid's eyes was unlike any other times she'd cried before — it was more anguish, daunting, and the feeling was so unbearable it caused her knees to fall weak, and she fell to the wooden floor with a loud thud, catching herself with shaking hands.

Klaus could only stare at Caroline as his feet stayed frozen to the ground, and that's when he realised that he didn't even know how to comfort the sobbing girl.

This was the first time Caroline had felt so disheartened of their relationship, so crushed by the weight of it all and Klaus didn't know how to soothe her down, and maybe that was the problem all along. The man never knew how to love correctly, never bothered to learn, and maybe that's why they're in this predicament in the first place.

All this time, Caroline and Klaus' feelings for each other had been crumbling and decaying ever so quickly — *way too quickly*. Their relationship was immensely fragile and sensitive, and even the smallest matter can end up cracking the walls of love they'd built around them together, and it was just a matter of time till it eventually does completely shatter. And maybe today was that day.

The Original man felt a sudden desperation then clawing up his skin, gnawing at him to do something, and that was enough to compel his legs to propel him forward. He can't *lose* Caroline... not again. He'd done her wrong so many times before, and each time the man had somehow won her back, but today felt different, more haunting, more crushing.

Klaus didn't know it'd be this terrible.

"L-Look, Caroline. I'm so sorry. I'm so, so fucking sorry. I should've never assumed things on my end and I should have just came to you in the first place. I'm sorry for making you feel this way, I p-promise I'll be better, I promise you. Please, sweetheart. I love you so much." Klaus stammered, dropping down to his knees in front of her as he tried to calm her down, do anything he could but the girl was too far broken.

Their love wasn't mendable anymore.

"You always say that, Klaus." Caroline finally said with a loud sniff, her red-rimmed eyes looking up to meet his softened, concerned ones. "But you never change. You start fights and then think you can fix it all by spewing out the same stupid apologies, but I'm tired, Klaus."

“Caroline—“

“You always think you can get away with everything! And you did! I let you walk all over me all this time but I’ve freaking had it with you.”

“Love, please, let’s just talk this through.”

“No, Klaus, we’re done! I can’t keep fighting for us anymore. You, me— everything! It’s all a mistake... we’re a mistake. W-We should’ve never gotten together in the first place. I should’ve never moved out here with you.”

Klaus could tell it pained the baby vampire to say that, and as much as he does not want her words to be the truth, he knew he needed to stop living in denial. He wasn’t that dumb. He and Caroline were never meant to be each other’s last, and he was aware of that from the very start. Klaus just never thought he’d live to see them break apart, ever.

It’s because the man had always thought that if they were to try hard enough, they could somehow overcome the barriers forbidding them a healthy relationship. But they never did. They were too weak to come out as victors, and to that the hybrid will never forgive himself.

But even when Caroline had already stood up to walk away from him and everything they had without saying another word to the crestfallen man, when he’d reached his hand out to latch onto hers but she shook it off abruptly — Klaus still found it in himself to mean every single thing he’d said to her earlier. How he promised he’ll change, that he’ll learn to love better, to trust her... that he loves her still, so, so much.

Klaus stayed completely still on the ground even when he was just a forlorn shadow in the room, his companions being the books Caroline never got to finish settled on the leather couch, forgotten, just like him. The hybrid wanted nothing more than to just melt through the floor just so that he’ll never have to go through the mind-numbing days to come. Klaus’d just know it’ll feel like shit... abnormal — like his lungs would be trapped between his tightening rib cage, disallowing him to breathe... to live.

The man will forever be haunted by the sight of Caroline leaving him all alone to wallow in his hurt. He still couldn’t believe it. Didn’t know if he even had it in him to. The fact that she was really gone and out of his life just like that... Klaus will never be able to see her again without feeling like an absolute ball of disappointment, having lost the only treasure he was meant to keep safe and secured.

And even when there’s another woman he’ll come to love, the feeling will never be the same. She’ll patch up his shredded heart, and might even make him smile once in a while, but the whole time Klaus will wish it was Caroline instead.

He’ll only ever wish it be her.



Comments and kudos are appreciated!

I am open to suggestions and prompt-taking. If you have any recommendations on what I should write, based on a Taylor Swift song of course, let me know!

this love

Chapter Summary

The story of Klaus and Caroline: from the night he had saved her from a werewolf bite, to the day she suddenly appeared in New Orleans to surprise him.

Chapter Notes

Bruh when I said Don't Blame Me was long, this chapter is so much more longer 😭 It's 10k words... I have to stop making them this long lmfao. Anyway, hopefully you all enjoy!! I had a lot of fun writing this one. It's Caroline-centric!

Tags: None.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*this love is good,
this love is bad.
this love is alive back from the dead.
these hands had to let it go free,
and this love came back to me.*

Caroline Forbes was 17 when the Big Bad Wolf, Klaus Mikaelson had stepped foot into her small town.

He was the enemy to her and her friends, because apparently, the Original man's main motive behind coming back to Mystic Falls was so that he could drain Elena's blood out of her system to produce his own sired hybrids that'll bow down to his foot and obey every order he makes, and also destroy every single soul who has the nerve to step in the way of his plan. So logically, Caroline *has* to hate him.

And she did.

The girl absolutely loathed him.

What Klaus did to her friends was cruel and evil, and it made Caroline want to curse the entire world for bringing such atrocious fates to her loved ones when they did nothing to deserve it in the first place.

But then something happened — an unexpected incident that'll twist the way her heart feels for him.

It was during a night when the full moon had conquered the dismal sky, and Caroline had been helping out with her friend's first ever werewolf transition deep in the underground cellar. And honestly, it was a mistake in her part, because even though Tyler was still heavily tied down by hefty metal chains, there was no certainty of whether he could break his way out of the strong cuffs or not in his beast form.

But he did, unfortunately.

And he bit her, and now there's a disgusting werewolf bite on her neck and there's no doubt about it. Vampires can't survive a werewolf bite. They could live through a lot of things but never *that*. It was gut-wrenching to even think about, but Caroline knew she was going to die that night. There was no way out of it.

And it was even more upsetting to think that none of her friends was by her side as she struggled through the pain of it all.

The baby vampire didn't know what to do, and she was mostly thankful to Matt for bringing her home when he found her sprawled on the forest ground. And her mother was devastated by the news that her daughter would face death before her.

But then Klaus came.

The fearless Big Bad Wolf who had painted every single person who'd walked by him with dark shades of misery and sadness — he, out of his own damn will, came knocking on her door with a heavy heart and a pair of sympathetic eyes. And the man had told Caroline's very own mother that he was willing to save her daughter with his own freaking blood.

To say that Caroline was shocked was no doubt an understatement.

At first, the girl had thought it was just a joke, perhaps a weird part of his hybrid plan in some way, or maybe the man just wanted to get into her pants and thought that rescuing her would be able give him that. It's not really that hard to believe, Caroline guessed. All the boys that she had met had never been nice to her for *her*, but just so they could get a chance to crawl into bed with the blonde vampire.

Point being, it was just ridiculous. There was no way in hell that Klaus Mikaelson, the first ever turned vampire in the world, would want to save her out of pure courtesy... no, there must be something to it. There always must be.

But still, even with the mountain of doubts plaguing her mind about Klaus' actual intentions behind his sudden presence, Caroline still accepted his offer at healing her of the awful

werewolf bite Tyler had inflicted upon, could see that her mother was desperate for her to be alright too.

But the way Klaus held her fragile body with such care as she drunk directly from his wrist, and the way he soothed her nerves by caressing up and down the back of her head, spewing out some words that Caroline couldn't make out because she was just so drowsy and tired — it felt so overwhelming to know that she'd won against death by the help of the devil himself.

And when Caroline'd felt colour rush up her pale and dull skin the moment she pulled away from his wrist, it felt as if she had been crashed by pristine blue ocean water as the wound quickly began to close up. It was refreshing the moment the waves collided with her dying body, and the feeling remained the same even when the waters had washed away, even when her body had finished healing.

But what also remained after that was Klaus Mikaelson.

And even when the ocean currents had swept him out and out her house door he went, Caroline could already tell that this will not be the last time they'd see each other, and definitely not the last time he'll live in her mind, contaminating her thoughts and her heart.

It was 2 long months after Klaus had saved her from death's grip when Caroline had suddenly fallen for a boy named Matt Donovan.

He was insanely sweet. The typical cute boy next door type that which have been unfairly blessed with gorgeous, captivating blue eyes and impressive athleticism traits, and the ones that'll have teenage girls twirling in their sparkly, pink bedrooms while their creative mind fantasises about fairytales and happy endings with said perfect boy.

And Caroline really thought she'd found the perfect one the very moment Matt had confessed to her one day in school down the hallway. But the world doesn't spin the way you want it to sometimes, and now the blonde vampire was left with having to face the consequences for saying yes.

Caroline wasn't going to lie — it was amazing the first time her and Matt had gone out together, but as time continued to pass, feelings tend to change, and as the two of them closely cuddled in the boy's trophy-filled childhood bedroom, Caroline eventually realised that all this time she'd been tossing and turning through every single journey of their relationship, never comfortable with it. She'd been struggling underneath the weight of it all and her shoulders were beginning to feel sore upon trying to make her and Matt work — but in the end, it failed. Everything she does will always fail if it's about love. The girl should've expected it all this time and saved her the time and trouble of trying to mend her and Matt together, when it's obvious that it was impossible.

And at that night when they closely cuddled in bed for the last time, the blonde vampire was inevitably walloped with a wretched epiphany that the light flaming their love for each other had long been burnt away to ashes, and Matt no longer had that spark in him whenever he looked at her anymore.

Now, that spark he once held for her was for Elena Gilbert instead.

“Care, did you see the skirt Elena was wearing to school today?” Matt asked, an inconspicuous smirk on his face that Caroline couldn’t help but to mentally grimace at.

‘Oh, here he goes again.’

“Yea,” Caroline simply replied with a weariness voice, and it was clear that all she wanted was to just change the topic immediately. But as always, Matt never paid attention to what she wanted.

“It’s a nice skirt, right?” The boy continued to babble on with interest, and even when the room was as dark as their depressing love for one another, Caroline could tell that Matt currently had hearts in his sky blue eyes when he said that. And those hearts weren’t for her. Caroline didn’t remember the last time it had been for her.

Matt chuckled with that deep voice of his after the brief silence, and he continued on with a sentence that would crush her bones the very moment they went past his swollen lips. “You should buy that skirt, Care. That way, you can look a little bit more like Elena.”

Caroline’s eyes widened at that, a crease forming between her brows. Her chin wobbled as she felt a burning lump climbing up her throat, threatening to explode.

Never had she been so mad and ashamed of herself, because even though she knew damn well that Elena was better than her, what Matt just said was freaking unprovoked and definitely uncalled for.

‘God, just say you’re in love with my best friend and go!’ she wanted to scream, but what good does that give? At this point, the poor girl was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to go to bed. She doesn’t want to spend the entire night screaming pointless words at the man she no longer cared for — that’ll just be a waste of time and energy on her part.

Caroline’s somber eyes faltered to her toes, desperate to avert her focus away from her boyfriend. A frown crept up onto her trembling lips as the desire to spill tears down her porcelain cheeks came crashing down onto her. She didn’t know how much longer she could take of Matt bringing up the perfect girl that everyone in Mystic Falls freaking adores. It all just always reminded her that she will never be like her best friend. She will always be the second choice — *the other option*. She will never be the one if Elena Gilbert was there.

And yet Caroline still didn’t have it in her to stop trying.

It was a month after Caroline had broken up with Matt when Klaus invited her to his family's night ball.

She had just gotten home from school when her dozy eyes were met with a strange, brown box sat at top of her bed, occupied by a large white bow and a card that spoke of luxury. Mystified, Caroline picked up the envelope to find her name written on it, and when she'd opened it, her eyes sarcastically rolled to the back of her head.

'Seriously?'

Ever since Klaus had heard of her separation with Matt, the man had done everything he possible could to try and win her over. And the girl would be lying if she said it didn't entertain her one bit.

It actually stunned Caroline, how the most powerful being to ever come into her and her friends' lives would take an interest in her. She honestly thought Klaus would fall for Bonnie instead, or maybe even Elena, or just someone else, but no, Caroline was wrong. Klaus Mikaelson had fallen for *her*. In her wildest dreams or darkest hours, never would she ever thought it would end up this way, but it did, and now the girl doesn't know how to feel about it. Having an enemy constantly in her presence, doing anything he could just for a date... what would her friends think about this?

But at that moment, Caroline didn't care. She was going to a ball, for Christ's sake! She'd never been to one before, and this seemed like an exciting opportunity to be apart of the higher-classed people of Mystic Falls. Not only that, but judging by the lovely words Klaus had written behind the card, it seemed she has already secured a date as well.

Caroline opened the large brown box enthusiastically and her green eyes glistened at the shimmery, azure blue dress Klaus had gotten for her to wear. It was ineffable. She'd never gotten such a magnificent gift before, not even from her parents or her friends. Damn that handsome man. How could she reject the invite now when the hybrid had given her *that*?

And truthfully, in retrospect, Caroline didn't regret going at all. Not one bit.

The moment she had stepped into the lively mansion with her conspicuous blue dress and innocent green eyes, it instantly garnered the attention of everyone around her in the room. But it didn't compare to the way Klaus had his astonished eyes run all over her figure the moment they spotted each other amongst the large crowd, and Caroline could immediately feel the rush of blood creeping up her cheeks.

"You look stunning, love." Klaus tumbled the words out so swiftly yet confidently to her, a tender smile on his face when he said it.

The blonde vampire didn't even get a chance to thank him for the sweet compliment when the man offered out a hand to her, his dimples showing when he met her bemused expression. Caroline slowly looked to the left to catch a glimpse of people hand in hand as they spun each other about the illuminated dance room, sparkly dresses and black ties flowing with the

direction of their movement as they bursted out into chains of laughter. The mini orchestra at the corner of the room played a sweet, jazzy piece that had everyone spinning on their toes.

'So that's what Klaus meant when he brought his hand out.'

“Shall we, Caroline?”

And so the girl did. It definitely made guilt rush up her bones at the fact that she had accepted such an intimate, carefree dance with the frightful man himself — the man that all her friends despise — but Caroline's never had experienced such an exciting night before, and if the only way she could get it was by the wicked Klaus Mikaelson himself, then so be it.

In comforting quietness, the two of them swayed in the golden glowed room, their sparkled eyes on each other as they admired one another's beautiful visage. Klaus and Caroline's foot gently tapped on the floor in synchronised steps and it felt as if this wasn't their first slow dance together with how perfectly they twirled on the floor.

It was bizarre to think that even amidst all the cruelties of the world, all the supernaturals and brutal murders occurring in the deeper parts of the forest and alleyways of Mystic Falls — that night, Caroline had forgotten about it all. That night, she felt like a princess, and that was all Klaus to blame for. With her royal blue dress and his black sophisticated suit, and the baffled eyes of people on her as they whisper about the pretty girl who'd caught *the* Klaus Mikaelson's attention — it wasn't difficult to instantly deem that night to be one of Caroline's favourites ever. It was just... unforgettable.

Sure, her friends had given her bitter looks from the sidelines, but she'll worry about that some other day.

When the dances were over and everyone was too busy chatting amongst themselves to care about the hosts, Klaus quickly grabbed her gloved hands and they ran up the marbled staircase like runaway romantics, straying farther away from all the guests and towards the man's favourite room in the house: his art room.

“I didn't know you were this good at painting.” Caroline commented, in awe of all the man's masterpieces hanging above them, the canvases covering almost every bit of the wallpaper.

Klaus sighed at that. “Well, when you've been alive for a thousand years, learning new things along the way is quite inevitable.”

The girl nodded in agreement, but still continued staring in wonderstruck at the intricate portraits and paintings decorating about the room, taking note of all the minuscule details that made it what it is.

Klaus lets out a cough, grabbing her attention, “one of my landscapes is actually hanging at the Hermitage, not that anyone would notice.” He blurted out of the blue, then looked at her adoringly, eyes gleaming when she came to view. “Have you been there?”

Caroline shook her head before letting out a slight chuckle, then looked down to the sketches on the table, picking them up. “I've... never really been anywhere. My mom's busy most of

the time with her job, so I never really got to leave the country.”

“I’ll take you. Rome, London, Tokyo — wherever you want.”

Klaus stated that in a heartbeat, and it made the blonde crane her head towards him, as if she couldn’t fathom what he’d said. They’ve only met under ten times, and most of their encounters was because she’d been used by her friends as a distraction against the hybrid, but, despite all of that, Klaus still had volunteered to take Caroline all around the globe with him.

Gosh, how can someone so detestable be so romantic at the same time? And only for *her* too.

“That’s very nice of you.” The blonde laughed, and it was clear she didn’t believe him. The man has problems of his own that Caroline was sure he’d rather take care of than go on many flights with her, but the hybrid only frowned her way.

“You don’t seem convinced.”

“Klaus, I know you said you fancy me and stuff, but what makes you think that in a couple of years, you’ll still feel the same? E-Everyone kinda gets tired of me easily, so I won’t be surprised if you do too.” Caroline chuckled awkwardly, as if her words were intended to be humorous. But the man didn’t find her self-deprecation to be comical of any sort, and all he did was stare at her worryingly.

The silence felt loud as it stretched on for what felt like minutes, neither saying anything. Caroline quickly found herself to regret pouring her thoughts out to the man, and she mentally slapped herself on the cheek, cringing. *God, why did I say that?!’*. But before she could fumble with her words to mutter out about some other topic, Klaus already had began moving closer towards her, sighing when he stopped, hands clasped behind his back.

“You know, you think so low of yourself, love.” He asserted, tone sharp and clear. Caroline’s shoulders began to tense, stomach churning as she wondered about what he’ll say next. “I just really wish you could see yourself the way I do.”

It’s been 6 months since Caroline had been invited to the Mikaelson ball, and 4 months since she’d talked with Klaus.

They still see each other from time to time; in the Mystic Grill, or during a battle with him and her friends, or maybe on the streets of town (but that’s extremely rare). However, when they do stumble upon one another, they’d never struck up a conversation. Caroline and Klaus never knew why, but even when their hearts just ached for a word with the other, nothing ever happens in the end.

It might've been because the blonde vampire had finally came to her senses and realised that hanging out with her supposed nemesis was wrong and definitely an act of betrayal to her friends, or it could've just simply been because of Klaus' occasional trips to New Orleans that had them communicate lesser and lesser — but it didn't matter anymore to the girl.

Maybe it's much better that they stray farther away from each other's lives, because Caroline has Tyler now. She shouldn't be thinking about the thousand year old hybrid now or ever. They were each other's past, and it's best to have it stay that way.

When Caroline stepped into the Lockwood mansion, she immediately called out her boyfriend's name, her honeyed voice echoed about the humongous space, a gleaming smile on her face as she eagerly searched for her werewolf boyfriend. "Tyler?"

The boy had impressively won an important football game yesterday, so Caroline had taken it upon herself to surprise him with a celebratory cake.

However, when she opened the door to Tyler's bedroom, she felt her feet instantly freeze on the spot of the threshold, eyes and mouth widened at the dreadful sight of her boyfriend in bed with another girl Caroline had never laid eyes on before. The blonde girl could feel her heart slowly crack at the sight, and she dropped the cake to the floor with a loud thud.

"T-Tyler...?" Caroline managed to squeak out, lips trembling.

"Care, let me explain!" The boy tried, placing his hands out in front of him to try to reassure her that this was not what it looked like, that he was *not* in bed with a freaking naked lady and that his lips *weren't* on her breasts just a few seconds ago. Caroline almost wanted to flash at his direction and rip his goddamn head off.

"What's there to explain, Tyler?!" She bellowed, vision showing red. The naked girl on the bed looked down to her hands, unsure of what to do in the uncomfortable situation she had gotten herself in.

"Oh my god, I can't believe you did this. Oh my god, oh my god!" Caroline fumed, heart palpating in a manner that would be deemed way too quick, and she could feel tears prick her eyes as they threatened to spill.

Out of anyone in the entire world, never would she thought that Tyler would be capable of cheating on her. The wolf had been nothing but nice, and loyal, and supportive and all around incredible to her and their relationship that Caroline honestly thought that they'd be forever. Yes, they were just teenagers still, but the two loved each other like never before. The blonde vampire had never felt such fondness for anyone else, and it tore her heart to find out that Tyler never felt the same way.

But at the same time, was this even surprising to her? Of course she would get cheated on someday, damnit. After all, boys get tired of her all the freaking time, and it seemed Tyler was at his end of their romantic relationship.

Caroline tried hard and hard and hard to make them work, but as always, she failed. Again and again, all the effort she'd put had gone to waste. Why the hell was she even trying still?

Maybe if she'd worked on her attitude instead, or her personality, or the way she dressed or whatever, everyone would come to love her just like they love Elena and Bonnie. Her two perfect friends Caroline could never be, even with a million years of trying and trying.

When she'd stormed out the mansion, Tyler attempting to catch up to her but couldn't with how fast the vampire dashed, Caroline then slumped her body on a thick tree trunk she'd found, damaging thoughts then making their way to her mind, causing for her to let out a silent sob.

It went on for half an hour, and Caroline had completely lost track of time — didn't even notice when the grey clouds had started to loom over her head on the sky, causing for everything to go darker than she had vaguely recalled. But through all of it, the whole time the girl was weeping a solitary, she could only think that maybe, in the end, she was the problem all along, that every awful shift in her life had been her responsibility and her to blame.

Caroline didn't think she had it in her to continue to try anymore.

A full week had passed since Caroline had came across Tyler with a naked stranger in his bedroom — and the blonde vampire was beginning to lose her grip on everything.

It was midnight, and the girl was sombrely walking down an empty road all alone after having just left her friends down at Mystic Grill.

Cold rain was pouring down from the gloomy sky above her but she couldn't bring herself to use the black umbrella she held. Caroline was a sobbing wreck beneath the torrential weather, and the rain dripping down her face was helping to hide her tears, even when there was no one around she needed to deceive her feelings to.

All the days of stress and blues had finally taken a toll on her mental well-being, and Caroline couldn't bring herself to tolerate them anymore.

Earlier, the group were discussing about what their next move against Klaus should be, even though the hybrid had already left Mystic Falls over a month ago to take care of his own problems, and definitely did not want anything to do with them all any longer. But Elena, Tyler, Bonnie and the Salvatore brothers were still hung up on revenge, fuelled by the agonies and afflictions the Original man had brought them, and it took everything in Caroline to try and tell them that whatever move they have planned against Klaus will never work because he's the Original hybrid, for Christ's sake!

"Ugh, shut up, Barbie. Just let the adults handle this." Damon had spat at her when all of them were huddled in the bar. And from the convincing look on Elena's face, Caroline could easily tell that the brunette was heavily agreeing with the older male.

“Klaus is awful, Care. He’s killed everyone we love. We need to take him down.” Bonnie chimed in with fierce eyes.

“You don’t know how I feel, Caroline. He killed my mother!” Tyler roared, causing the customers and waiters to turn their head towards their table at the loud commotion.

“You guys have no chance to win against him! Why don’t you all understand?!” Caroline had tried to argue back at them, but no matter what she did, no one seemed to be on her side. Not even Stefan — the one who Caroline had thought was the most sensible out of all of them and would surely agree with her.

When none of them said anything after her statement, Caroline slowly looked down to her nails before letting out a whisper. “I just don’t want any of you to die.”

“Don’t worry, blondie, we won’t.” Damon assured, a smirk plastered on his face as he spoke. “Because *you* will help us distract him as we take on our plan.”

Oh, of freaking course.

The moment the older Salvatore said that, it didn’t even take Caroline another second to get up from her seat and walk out of the bar outrageously, not even looking back at her friends as they called for her to come back.

That was the last straw for Caroline. The night was just simple proof that her friends don’t give a damn about her safety if it meant saving their own lives.

Tears ran down her face the moment she left the bar. It slithered down her cheeks like an avalanche of misery and faintly fell to the road, followed by another teardrop and so on and on until Caroline couldn’t even see anymore. She brought her hand up to wipe the tears away, her heart aching deep within her body till she felt as if she couldn’t breathe.

How could her friends use her like this? A distraction for the most notorious supernatural killer in existence, and they knew damn well that if Caroline were to just tip him slightly over the edge, she’ll have her head served on a silver platter with a snap of a finger.

The blonde vampire ran away as quickly as possible from the lambent place, not caring about the heavy downpour drenching her hair and clothes or the fact that it was already past 12 in the morning. Her mother would be furious at her for not taking a cab back home, but Caroline’s an immortal vampire. She’s built to take on any wild beings lurking about the nightfall, so there was absolutely nothing to worry about.

However, a flash from beside her had caused Caroline to pause in her cries of devastation and halt her steps out of fright. The baby vampire was about to throw a strong jab at whoever was out there disturbing her walk but abruptly froze in her movements when she finally caught a clear glance through her blurred vision: a silhouette of a familiar figure appeared, and Caroline had never felt so delighted to have the man’s presence with her before.

It was Klaus, and he was standing right in front of the baby vampire with commiseration written on his forehead. His narrowed eyes spoke of worry for her current distressed state,

but at the same time it blazed with enrage towards what she knew must be because of the way her friends were treating her just now.

Klaus must've been spying on them with his hybrids or something then.

"What are you doing here?" Caroline questioned, trying her best to sound condescending as to disguise the fact that she'd been weeping just a second ago.

Klaus dodged the question immediately, his voice softened when he asked. "What's wrong, Caroline?"

And the girl brought out a loose chuckle at his question, and then proceeded to force a smile up her lips, but it never reached her eyes no matter how hard she tried. So Caroline mentally thanked the descending water droplets above for camouflaging her tears and bloodshot sclera.

She heaved out a cold breath. "Nothing's wrong, Klaus. I'm fine."

The man cocked his eyebrows at that, not believing the girl one bit. The sceptical expression had caused for Caroline to exhale out a deep sigh as she slumped her shoulders down in defeat, knowing that she'll never get to deceive him because he was just that powerful, always able to see right through anyone with his abilities.

Caroline turned away from his daunting visage, not wanting to share eye gazes with him and accept the fact that she was displaying her vulnerability, but it seemed Klaus was very capable of seeing past her facade, so what was the point in hiding it anymore? It'll just turn into a night of an argument, and she was too fatigued to have that right now, especially with Klaus.

Hesitantly, Caroline lets out. "Was it that obvious I was crying?"

"I'm a hybrid, love. I can see way more than the naked human eyes — even during the rain." He spoke aloud proudly, and that was when Caroline came to realise that neither of them were using umbrellas. They were just embracing the heavy sprinkles of water as it vigorously fell onto their bodies, and they remained unbothered by it all. Caroline'd never realised how sexy Klaus looked wet.

But maybe the cooling sensation of the clashes of rain on her was what she needed to ease the flames burning deep in her blood, and so she loved the feeling of it.

Klaus quickly grinned after the silence, "or it could just be that I was paying attention to you."

And Caroline was so thankful that the dark hues of midnight were able to conceal the flushing redness seeping vibrantly onto her cheeks, because if Klaus were to catch a glimpse of that, Caroline knew she would never hear the end of it.

However, the sweet moment swiftly dissipated soon after when the hybrid opened his mouth yet again. "Seriously, are you alright, love? I noticed you left the bar without your friends."

“Oh, right... it’s just...” the girl trailed on, trying to string on the correct words to convey her abundance of emotions all at once. Caroline didn’t know why she was feeling so unreserved around Klaus right at that moment, especially when they hadn’t even talked for a while, but the sympathetic voice and solicitude expression the hybrid was giving her had somehow gotten the blonde to reveal herself right then and there, and she didn’t feel like fighting against it.

“It’s just everything, I think — I don’t know. I’m.. I’m tired, Klaus. Of Damon, of Bonnie, Tyler, Elena, and everyone here! I’m tired of school, and-and trying to be the perfect girl but it’s just so physically draining because no one freaking seems to see that! I’m tired of being used, I’m tired of being tossed aside the moment I’m deemed useless. I’m just so goddamn exhausted of this stupid town and I honestly don’t know what to do anymore. I just... just really want to disappear right now.”

Caroline swallowed in another sob the moment she snapped her rambling mouth shut. Her eyes came to a fluttering close as a way to soothe down her growing temper, her wet hands balled into fists because she really wanted to punch the hell out of something and get all her pent-up frustration out.

But then there was silence. A long, uncomfortable silence that consisted of Klaus looking at her with worry sliding down his veins and the harsh pitter-patters of rain drops clashing onto the road as it vibrated in their eardrums.

All Caroline longed for at that moment was to find solace in someone... to be held in their embrace. Someone who actually does care for her and would put her first above all. She was beginning to lose the battle in her head, beginning to lose hope that she would ever find home in her friends, or even in Mystic Falls for that matter. The ship holding her up was beginning to slowly sink beneath the ocean surface and there was only so much Caroline could do to help it float back up. But fortunately, Klaus showed up just in time to save her from losing herself beneath the body of water. He didn’t even need to say anything. The man’s presence was enough.

“I’m sorry you feel that way, love.” Klaus began soothingly, then began raising his mellow hands to the sides of her face as he forced their eyes to meet each other’s. The man stared through her soul that which was contaminated with melancholia and thunderstorms, and he was furious that she was feeling such pain when the girl had done nothing to deserve it in the first place.

And it stung even more when he remembered the desolated feelings Caroline were suffering with were first bloomed because of her ignorant friends that she still had it in her to love and care for. God, if it wasn’t for the baby vampire, Klaus would have torn apart their livers by now.

“It’s okay, Klaus. You don’t need to apologise for anything.” Caroline reassured him, then casted her crestfallen expression aside abruptly to plant on a gracious, thin smile. It pained the hybrid to see how easy it was for the girl to switch out of her real emotions, but before he could even point that out, Caroline muttered aloud before him.

“But enough about me. Um, what are you doing here, Klaus? Weren’t you in New Orleans? Let me guess, you have some business with my friends and want to rip their hearts out or something.” The blonde vampire jokingly rolled her eyes.

“I came to find you actually.”

“Oh. What for?” Caroline cocked a brow at that, starting to appear hesitant as if she wasn’t certain if she wanted to hear the reason or not. But the dispirited sigh that escaped Klaus’ lips were enough of an answer to that.

“I’m staying in New Orleans... forever. I’m not coming back here anymore. My family are all there, and my problems here are no longer worthy of my attention. I have my hybrids, and everything else I ever wanted. Mystic Falls isn’t my place to stay permanently.”

“Oh...” Caroline whispered slowly, and it was clear that she was hurt by the unexpected (yet expected) news. Sure, they hadn’t really seen each other in quite a long time, but the blonde vampire never really thought much of it because Klaus will always come back to Mystic Falls again, no matter what. He had a mansion here, hybrids here, Elena’s blood here, but then here he was... informing her that he’ll never return to the small town anymore.

Honestly, it shattered Caroline more than she ever thought it would. More than she would ever admit.

“Caroline.” Klaus sternly uttered out of the blue. “I want you to come to New Orleans with me.”

“I can’t, Klaus.” Her tone sounded like it was dripping with disappointment to both of their ears, and the girl shook her head right after. “You know this. I have school, and finals, and college, and my mom... I can’t leave her alone here, especially when there’s vampires and werewolves and witches everywhere.”

The hybrid nodded understandingly, but it was obvious he was disheartened of her answer. Still, the look in his eyes was warm and hopeful, as if he knew that even when he was moving away from her, this wasn’t the end to their story. They weren’t even close to the last chapter.

Klaus rubbed his thumb over her wet cheeks, and Caroline gently leaned into the touch shamelessly. Even amidst the frigid night and brassy rainstorm, the hybrid was still capable of bringing an incandescent warmth to her chilling body with just the pure softness of his touch, and so it was already quite obvious that Caroline was yearning for him. And maybe it was not a heavy-type-of-yearn filled of lust and intense desires, but the feeling was definitely there, growing and growing till it’ll eventually engulf the girl in and overwhelm her.

The thought humbled Caroline actually — that even if all the love she felt for Klaus was as soft and dim as the lights of a lantern, it’ll never go out. Sure, they weren’t really perfect for each other nor were they meant to be, but the light will always be there, lingering and glowing inside her rib cage to remind Caroline of who her heart actually belonged to.

“You know, love, you once told me that you were sure I’d get tired of you one day. That in a couple of months, I won’t even remember who you are and we’d just be strangers living in opposite sides of the world. But it’s been months since we’ve properly talked and my feelings for you still remained the same.”

Caroline looked at Klaus attentively, her ears opened to take in everything he was saying to her, although she was unsure of where he was heading with it. But then Klaus leaned in right after to place a gentle peck onto the corner of her wet lips, and the girl swore she could feel the beats of her heart come to an abrupt stop for just a second.

So close... he was so close to the entrance of her mouth but the man just had to back away before Caroline could even react to the suddenness of it all. Her eyes were wide opened though, but it was difficult to articulate words without the feel to stammer upon each other.

The man opened his mouth one more time, a smile winding up his handsome face.

“I don’t care if it’ll take months, or decades, or even centuries — because I will forever feel for you, Caroline. I’ll *always* wait for you.”

It’s been 5 years since the night of the rain. The night where lots of tears were shed, as well as when Caroline’s heart was opened to reveal its truthful emotions that she never thought she’d come to accept.

That night, she had been struck with a dizzying epiphany that had the girl awake and staring blankly at her bedroom ceiling till the sun rose. It was the night when Caroline had come to a conclusion that she was madly in love with Klaus Mikaelson.

The way the man brushed his lips on the corner of her mouth, the way he held her crestfallen face in between his large yet gentle hands and stared into her soul deeply, attempting to search for something in them that could help prove that Caroline was feeling some type of way for him, like he obviously was for her. She knew by the look in his eyes that he was forming an unspoken promise to her: that even if all the love that she felt for him was as tiny as a grain of sand, Klaus will still tear up all the barriers that separated them and reach his hand out to her closed heart. And maybe after that will she eventually come to realise her true feelings for him. And she did... of course she did.

The memory had made the blonde vampire constantly toss and turn in her cold bedsheets every single night as she drifted off into a faraway dreamscape where her and Klaus didn’t live with adverse circumstances preventing them from starting something: a dreamscape where they could be together and clink champagne glasses as they twirled their shoes on *their* living room floor with sweet, jazzy music bouncing off the walls.

A dreamscape where they were officially each other’s to possess, and each other’s to lose.

Klaus didn't know this, but his feathery kiss to her cheeks that night had shamefully left a permanent mark there, a golden tattoo forming on Caroline's skin to always remind her of the hybrid and the effect he unknowingly had on her.

And she didn't like it.

She didn't like the fact that he left Mystic Falls forever, or the fact that he left her alone here. Or it could be that Caroline didn't like how she was in love with him when she wasn't supposed to feel this way, because betrayal is a thing and the blonde girl never wanted to do that to her friends. *Or* it may be that she didn't like the way Klaus left so suddenly and that she wasn't prepared for it, couldn't follow him and now they were separated from each other.

The baby vampire could vividly recall the night of 5 years ago when she had arrived home after their clandestine encounter and fell to her knees the moment she stepped into her bedroom, a wave of poignance hitting her. *'I never wanted Klaus to leave. How could he leave? How are we going to meet each other regularly? God! Why does it bother me so much?!'*

The thought of it broke her into a million fragments; caused her to be miserable most of the times; and she realised she never hung out with her friends that much anymore, which they soon noticed but never queried her about the reason. But point is, Klaus leaving Mystic Falls forever had detrimented her more than she thought it could, and so Caroline instantly came to a tentative conclusion that she will stop having feelings for him.

Betraying her friends was one thing, but betraying her mother and the town she worked all day to protect was another. Klaus had done so many ruthless things in Mystic Falls not only to the town, but to the citizens as well, and so feeling such strong emotions for him had made Caroline feel like she was stabbing everyone she ever grew up with in the back.

So the girl stopped thinking about him. Ripped up every sketch he'd given her, stored away the bracelet she had worn during the Mikaelson ball, told herself everyday that Klaus was mercilessly awful and that he doesn't have the rights to roam free in her mind. And for the most part, it kinda worked. But she needed something much more impactful, something that'll rid of his essence completely.

Caroline thought that she could try to find love with someone else.

It's been years since she'd last dated, having doubts about it after what happened with Tyler, but Stefan had somehow wriggled his way into her heart one day 2 years ago, and the feeling had been amazing.

Not one day did Caroline thought of the hybrid since her and Stefan became a thing. She didn't constantly hover her finger over Klaus' contact name anymore, no longer contemplating whether she should call just to check up on him. The blonde vampire had completely set free of the love she once had for the Original man, no longer feeling a tug on her heart at the mentions of his name.

Caroline had thought that she did it... that she finally closed the chapter of her and Klaus' story. But not all things go her way.

Klaus will always have a way to slither back into her mind.

He's inescapable.

After a year and a half of dating Stefan, Caroline had found old memories to come to play back in her mind. Memories of *him*.

The baby vampire wanted to scream. Break her room apart and tear all her pillows and shatter her windows and hurl all her college textbooks to the wall because *why was she feeling this way again?! She'd done everything she could to rid Klaus off of her mind and it was going so freaking good so where did it all go wrong?! What was she supposed to do?*

'Stefan doesn't deserve this,' Caroline had thought. *'I need to get out of here.'*

And that's what she did.

Frantically, Caroline's eyes wandered about her organised bedroom that she had been spending way too much time in. She took out a large duffel bag. *It'll just be for the weekend.* The girl ripped open her closet, her drawers, turned her vanity upside down as she hurriedly attempted to stuff her belongings in a small bag.

If it was only for the weekend, then why was she packing so much stuff?

Caroline will worry about her friends later (not that they'll notice she went missing). Stefan was another problem she'll need to handle when she comes back, but one thing that was clear to her gut was that she needed to break it off with him. The girl doesn't deserve him — he's too good for her.

Stefan shouldn't love someone who's already set their heart elsewhere, but Caroline was sure that he'll find happiness after her. After all, the blonde vampire wasn't his first choice to begin with.

Casting away her troublesome thoughts, Caroline abruptly ripped up a piece of paper to write down to her mother that she'll be gone for the weekend and to not worry for a second about her. *'My phone will be on, so call me when you find this letter. I'll explain everything to you since I don't have time now. I love you. My room's a mess but I'll clean it when I get back. Love you.'* Caroline placed it on the kitchen counter beneath an apple to ensure the paper won't fly away, then looked at her house one last time. This is cruel, an act of betrayal, and she was sure no one would forgive her for what she was about to do, the man she was about to visit.

But Caroline knew that she needed to see him, as absurd as it sounded. The man with dark green eyes that has been living in her mind and disturbing her sleeping schedule altogether. Caroline needed to see Klaus, needed closure from him, and this was how she's going to get it.

And now, the only thing left to do was drive her way to him — to New Orleans. It'll take 2 days; a night at a motel and hours of wandering about the big city to find the man. Caroline

didn't even tell him she was coming, could only pray that he'll be delighted to see her just as she was to see him.

Could only pray that what he said 5 years ago was true — that he'll wait for her.

At the first hour Caroline was in New Orleans, she'd instantly walked to the French Quarter. Ever since Klaus had once told her about said neighbourhood years ago, how vibrant and lively the place was, it quickly became a place she'd wrote in her bucket list. And boy, was she impressed.

The girl strolled around the gorgeous neighbourhood with eyes that charmed everywhere she laid it on. Colourful, ancient architectures covered the French Quarter like a labyrinth, and Caroline really wished she had a tour guide with her right now to explain the histories behind them (preferably one that had witnessed it firsthand). The vampire wandered her eyes on the peaceful citizens as they sauntered down the sidewalks; rowdy bars and fancy restaurants stretching on for miles and miles to serve their ravenous customers; the early forenoon sun above them, observing the creatures beneath it — how Caroline really wished she wasn't alone right now.

But when the clock ticked the midday hour and the blonde vampire finally felt her sore calves begin to burn, making it harder for her to continue adventuring around the city, Caroline immediately pulled out her phone to search for a nearby place she could rest in — perhaps a nice alcoholic beverage to go along with it.

Once the page loaded, her eyes scanned the list written by a local residing in the French Quarter, and found a place that was only 3 minutes away from where she stood.

'Rousseau's. Lovely name.'

After stuffing her phone in her pocket, Caroline then trudged her way there, hunger rising to the surface of her skin and she could really go for a blood bag right now. However, it was unfortunate that she had left all her belongings in some hotel faraway from the neighbourhood, including the red liquids.

Whatever. Klaus did told her once a few years ago that the blood-sucking creatures of her kind would eventually crawl their way out of their shelters and cover the roads of the French Quarter once the majestic moon dominated the dark blue sky, conquering the streets and everything else. So, when that does happen later, maybe Caroline could ask some of them for a blood bag. And perhaps she could ask someone for the whereabouts of the man she'd been aching to see.

Caroline still didn't have it in herself to dial his phone. She thought, *'let chances be chances. Let fate be fate. Let this all happen fortuitously.'*

When Caroline had finally arrived to her destination, she swung the door open and was immediately swarmed by cold air flushing her hot and sweaty face.

Rousseau's bar was small, elegant, dim but also cozy. It had the aroma of vanilla and whiskey, and the music playing through the speakers was nothing short of jazz and blues — the kind you could slow dance too. There weren't any customers around, but Caroline found that she preferred it that way.

"Hello! What can we serve you with?" The cheery bartender behind the counter asked the moment the blonde vampire stepped in. Caroline beamed a smile at the lovely worker, then began walking towards her.

The bartender had the same shade of hair as Caroline, a light blonde bright enough to match the sun; they also have the same green eyes, occupied by long, thick black lashes. And on the right side of the other girl's shirt had her name tag on it, and there proudly stated: Camille.

"Hello there," Caroline smiled at the girl, then proceeded to nod at her earlier question. "Yeah, a mojito would be lovely actually."

Camille instantly got to work.

Silence filled the room then, and Caroline roamed her eyes all over the bar, taking in every decoration that made it what it was. She was so into the interior design that she hadn't even noticed when Camille slid her drink down the wooden table, nor did she noticed the chime of the bell above the entrance door, indicating a new customer. Caroline was so stunned by the bar's decorations that she hadn't even noticed Klaus standing right in front of her till the hybrid called out her name with that voice she hadn't heard in years.

"Caroline."

And hearing it still sent chills down her spine.

She cautiously moved her head up to the man towering over her, his muscular figure blocking the window that showcased the outside, the sun beginning to set.

He still looked the same. His dirty blond hair was a little more longer than she had recalled, and much curlier too, but his appearance had brought a tug to her heart that she'd thought she had permanently gotten rid off.

"Klaus." She exhaled out his name almost hesitantly, breathing out a jittery breath. The girl didn't know what to do, or what to say. Caroline thought she could make up a plan for when she stumbled upon him but she didn't realise it'll be this soon.

Klaus too, looked dumbstruck. But he opened his mouth when he was certain the girl wouldn't.

"What are you doing here?" He didn't say it like he was annoyed of her sudden arrival to his city or anything, no, it was more as if he was content, satisfied. Extremely happy. But the

tone of his nonchalant voice just didn't match his true emotions. Caroline had been around him a lot of times for her to easily notice when he'd do that: try to hide his excitement.

"I..." she stood up, not liking the drastic height difference of the hybrid standing and her seating down. Her ankles rolled as she fumbled for words, her cheeks flushing at every second Klaus was looking at her. But then she noticed his thrilled eyes twisted to a much more worried one as he studied her up and down, searching for open wounds that only he could cure.

His hands gently gripped her neck out of nowhere, and the blonde vampire lightly shivered at the touch. He then proceeded to carefully crane it to the side for inspection.

"Were you bitten?" Klaus queried, a crease forming between his brows.

Caroline swiftly grabbed ahold of his arm, then proceeded to cast on a reassuring smile.
"No,"

"So then what brings you here?"

His hand is still on her neck.

Caroline soon realised that she didn't have it in her to lie. Thought that it was pointless, that she wanted the Original man to know the truth behind her arrival. He seemed pleased of her presence already... maybe he'll flash on a condescending, smug grin when she tells him the reason as to why she's here. The baby vampire mentally rolled her eyes at the image.

Softly, she moved her thumb up and down Klaus' arm, rubbing against the leather jacket that covered it. Confidently, she answered, "I came to find you actually."

And then a shot of nostalgia hits Klaus like lightning and he instantly knew where this was heading. That was the same thing he said to her when he was announcing his permanent departure from Mystic Falls, and if the subtle smirk on Caroline's cute face was anything to go by, it made him certain that this was going exactly how he wanted.

The corner of his lips tugged on to form a smile, and without allowing the blonde girl to continue, he went on. "I see you're ready to accept my offer."

Caroline chuckled. "No, I'm only here for the weekends, actually. So, not permanently."

"Right," Klaus replied, and somehow he was doubtful of that. He wanted her to stay for longer than that, 2 days was just not enough to cover the 5 years they were left separated. He made a mental note to show her around the city; introduce her to his friends and family. Klaus will also bring Caroline on dates — clear his schedule and book the most expensive restaurants for her. He'll bring the old wine and casually inform her of what could be if she were to stay in New Orleans for much longer. And maybe then will Caroline realise that the small town she once called home wasn't enough for her.

"I missed you." Klaus uttered it so unexpectedly that even he didn't notice when the words came out. But he still meant it. Meant it with every fibre in his being and nerve in his body

that he missed her, so, so much — that sometimes he stared up at his dark ceiling, wondering about when he'll finally get the chance to pick the baby vampire up and bring her with him back to New Orleans.

Caroline blinked in surprise at his sudden statement, but found it easy to reply as well. All she needed to do was tell the truth. "I missed you too, Klaus."

The way they stared into each other's soul was intense with yearn, and the small step Klaus did had caused the sun to light Caroline's face ablaze, making her eyes appear more ethereal and captivating than before.

Klaus cradled her head, and she laid into his touch, instantly finding solace in them. It reminded her of the times he would do that to her back in Mystic Falls, when they'd runaway to some abandoned house deep in the woods without anyone knowing, and then he'd slam her back to the wall and travel his lips down her neck, her eyelids fluttering as she moaned from the pleasure, her voice that sounded of beautiful symphonies to the hybrid. Then afterwards, they'd lay on the dirty floor and Klaus would cradle her head the same way he was doing now, whispering sweet nothings into her ear.

Caroline didn't even budge when the man suddenly leaned in, his head inching closer to hers, their soft lips close to brushing.

The blonde vampire had wanted to say something, perhaps along the lines of "*I've waited so long for this,*" but then Klaus' lips crashed onto her red ones immediately, and that was strong enough to block out any thoughts or words she had stored a few seconds ago — and now all Caroline could see and think about was *him*.

The man she'd wanted to see ever since he left her all alone in her hometown, the man she travelled hours and hours by car for. The man she was so deeply in love with but didn't realise so until he was out of reach from her.

But Caroline was young back then, didn't know any better, was naive to her own feelings. She was afraid of betraying her friends, her mother, her town, and so as a result, she desperately tried to run away from him. Run away from all feelings she has for him. The girl locked the part of her heart that was longing for Klaus Mikaelson and threw away the key, never wanting to set the truth free.

Except, by doing that, it destroyed her.

Caroline realised that all this time, she was running away from the only person to ever care about her, to put her first above anyone else, to make her realise that she belonged somewhere in this cruelty of a world. And so, after 5 long years, the girl finally came running back to him — to the man she desperately needs in her life.

Caroline was so glad that Klaus still had his heart opened for her to nestle in. It made her understand how strong their love for each other was, because even after years and years, it never crumbled one bit, only prospered in the dark. Their love for one another was so powerful that it was able to live on for more than a thousand days, even when they were far apart. It was so powerful that it could be seen glowing in the dark, and it could leave

permanent marks wherever they go. And it was so powerful that no matter how many times they've set it free, it will always come back to them.

Caroline was honestly thankful that she had packed extra clothes for her stay.

After a while of lapping on each other's tongue ferociously, their eye lids shut and letting the pleasurable moves of their kiss lead them on to wherever path it may — the blonde girl eventually pulled away to catch her breath, but her gaze never left Klaus', and so did his.

Their first kiss after 5 years was absolutely heaven, terrific, and Caroline never thought she was able to do it: press her lips on Klaus' — the Original hybrid that everyone loathed to death — in public, out in the open for anyone to see, anyone to judge. Anyone to grimace at, or brew with hot jealousy, wishing it was only them that the hybrid had mercy on instead.

Caroline noticed that Klaus had on an affectionate smile that which no one else had seen before plastered on him; a smile that would rarely appear on his brave face but when it does, it gives off an aura of pure hope and comfort, enough for anyone to realise that the man still has a heart in him. It was a smile overflowing with assurance and yearning for something he loves. And it was a smile he has only ever showed to Caroline.

"I see you've finally come to terms with your true feelings for me." Klaus muttered almost arrogantly, like a kid who'd won a bet, and it made Caroline roll her eyes and smack him on the chest playfully, blood rushing to her cheeks.

"Yeah, only took 5 years."

The two of them chuckled at that, emitting sounds that they only hoped to be able to hear on a daily basis. There was a tranquil silence then, only the slow jazzy song resonating about the dim lit bar and their ears. Caroline played with her fingernails as words itched in her throat, aching to be let out.

Sucking in a sharp breath, she whispered, "thank you... for waiting on me."

"You never left my mind, love." Klaus revealed confidently, as if wanting to let Caroline know he was thankful she showed up too.

Once he clasped their hands together, fingers intertwining, ready to lead her back outside and show her around his precious city, the girl pulled him back and eyed her mojito on the table.

"I need to finish my drink." Caroline asserted, falling back to her seat, and then pointed to the other seat next to her. "Sit down, Klaus."

But before the blonde girl could even place her mouth on the straw, she noticed the look on Klaus' face, the hesitancy of his steps. He was looking elsewhere, more specifically to the girl in front of them but behind the counter, wiping the wooden surface. It was Camille.

The bartender had a grin on her face, giggling at the hybrid as if they were close friends (which they probably are), and the gushing expression she had which showcased her gums were enough proof to Caroline that the other girl had most likely caught the intimate moment

her and Klaus had just minutes ago, and Caroline could feel her ears turning bright red from embarrassment.

Klaus heaved a sigh of irritation. “Camille, if you start gossiping about this to my siblings I will—“

“Oh, I can just *imagine* what they’re going to say.” The bartender laughed aloud, her chin rested on the palm of her hands as she stared at the love birds fascinatingly. “You will never hear the end of it from Kol, you know.”

Caroline sprung up from her seat, almost knocking her drink over. “Wait, Kol? The guy Elena and Jeremy killed? He’s alive?!” She exclaimed with widened eyes.

Klaus grinned, then proceeded to take a comfortable seat next to her before waving his hand at Camille, the girl immediately knowing it was a call for his signature bourbon. The hybrid intentionally emitted out a soft cough, and that made Caroline look at him with a pout.

“It’s been 5 years, sweetheart. I think it’s time we catch up.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos are appreciated!

I am open to suggestions and prompt-taking. If you have any recommendations on what I should write, based on a Taylor Swift song of course, let me know!

clean

Chapter Summary

All this time, Caroline had been hiding a secret so painful she couldn't bring herself to let the world know, because what will everyone think of her the moment they learn that Damon had assaulted her a few months ago? More importantly, how would Klaus react to it?

Chapter Notes

OKAY HELLO! It's been like a week, but I bring you Clean!!!! Not gonna lie, I wrote this while listening to Medicine by Daughter and it HURTS omfg. The Archer is also quite suitable for this story! Anyway, I apologise for the long wait :/ exams are just around the corner so I won't have time to update quickly. This one was quite rushed as I started it like 3 days ago, but hopefully you all like it!

This fic is HEAVY on Damon and Mystic Falls gang bashing. Idk.. I just hate the fact that what Damon did to Caroline, or any girl for that matter, was never touched upon in the series. They should've brought it up more what the hell... and the amount of people hating on Caroline whenever she vocalised her hatred for Damon especially in that bathroom scene with Elena and Bonnie is so stupid like no shit she hates him 🙄

PLEASE HEED THE TAGS!!

Tags: Human! Caroline, Explicit Language, Mentions of Past Rape/Sexual Assault, Eating Disorders, Damon Salvatore and Mystic Falls Gang Bashing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*there was nothing left to do.
when the butterflies turned to dust
that covered my whole room.
so I punched a hole in the roof.
let the flood carry away all my pictures of you.
the water filled my lungs, i screamed so loud
but no one heard a thing.*

Caroline didn't remember the last time she was at peace with herself.

It was midnight, and the girl was looking at herself up and down her bathroom mirror, the door locked so Klaus wouldn't see the mess tainting her porcelain body and bombard her with questions she didn't know if she wanted to answer — or could even answer.

All Caroline could do in the small, enclosed space was grimace at herself, her body, her actions, and the memory that got her here. The memory of Damon, the drought that ruined her innocence; the man who brought out the worst moments of her entire life; and that made her feel dirty, and shallow, and like a neglected soldier who's lost a limb, slowly losing herself too.

She ran her pruney fingers down her stomach gingerly, wincing when she reached the bite marks just beneath her breast, still red and ugly. It's been there for over 4 months now, but just like the memory of how it happened, it never faded away. It remained there no matter how many scar creams Caroline used and layered, no matter how many times she scrubbed her body in the shower with hot tears streaming down her face, desperate to forget about everything that happened, the traumatic experience she had went through. But whatever she did never worked. Damon will forever have control on her, his body will always be all over her, just like an old red wine staining a precious white dress.

And the more Caroline looked at herself through the fogged-up mirror, the more she hated her reflection, her own skin.

The animalistic wounds on her neck, stomach and thighs that she spent close to an hour trying to cover up every morning before school because there was just too much of it and it was so, so noticeable; and the ribs poking out beneath her flesh because she just fucking despised herself and thought harming her own body could make everything feel better, but it never did. It will never feel better.

Caroline Forbes was only seventeen when Damon Salvatore had raped her.

"Caroline, is everything alright, love?" Klaus asked on the other side of the door, followed by a light knock afterwards. That was when Caroline realised that she had been in the bathroom for nearly 20 minutes, just glaring at herself as if she was the villain and not the victim, as if she was the one to be blamed for for being used against her own will.

The Original hybrid heard the shuffling of the door being unlocked, and in a swift motion, it swung open, revealing his lover he'd spent months chasing after.

The two of them had only been official for just 3 months now, but they've never actually had sex before. Klaus wasn't sure if he'd even touched any part of Caroline besides her arms and

face. A kiss was the farthest they've gotten since she would always back out before he could do anything, but truly, he didn't care. If she preferred to take their relationship slow, then that's completely alright with him. There was no need to rush anything.

Caroline's hair was damp after her long shower, and she wore a white turtleneck sweater with long-sleeves that went past her wrist, making her look small and cute, like a fragile being that Klaus needed to protect with his entire body and soul.

"Took you long enough." The man mumbled out, a tender smile on his face as he looked at her with adoration.

Caroline sauntered to her bed, walking past him but not before planting a small peck to his cheek out of sheer habit. She flopped down onto the sheets, leaving some space for Klaus to do the same as well. The man quickly crawled his way to the top of the bed, then laid his back on the headboard as he watched Caroline play with her fingernails, a thing she would often do.

"Sorry, the shower was just really nice. Perfect temperature and all..." Caroline explained, but her focus was still fixated on her hands, refusing to stare back at the man she was next to. And Klaus couldn't pinpoint his finger on it, but something was definitely wrong. Caroline looked downhearted as she sat beside him, hanging her head low like she had lost a war... a battle she'd been fighting in solitary, no one helping her through it all.

And in honesty, this wasn't the first time the man had noticed the blonde appear so crestfallen and despondent out of the blue, suddenly emanating a negative aura and wilting every single flower she walked past. Some days, Klaus would flash to her house and notice her eyes to be red and swollen, and if he were to look even closer, he'll notice her eyelashes were wet every time she blinked. It didn't take long before Klaus'll come to the unnerving conclusion that Caroline had been crying for reasons unbeknownst to him, and it also wouldn't take long for her to shut down all of his questions the moment he asked about it.

One time, Caroline had even stopped talking to him for a whole 2 days because she was just too overwhelmed with his inquiries, but that just made Klaus much more eager to find out about what had happened to her.

It's been months and the girl still wouldn't tell him, and truth be told, it was making the hybrid a tad bit frustrated. He will always want the best for Caroline, but if she wouldn't even tell him what's going on in her mind, how can he help? It was hurting him to see her like this: so damaged by something she couldn't even talk about. Couldn't even trust him to talk about.

Cautiously, Klaus brought his delicate hand out, his fingers slowly trailing her arm, moving back and forth to attempt to pull Caroline out of her troubled thoughts currently consuming her whole and bring her back to reality — to him.

The girl could feel how her boyfriend's soothing caresses against her skin was nicely calm and gentle, and it made her casually fall into a mellowing state, her shoulders loosening beneath his touch. She lifted her hand up to grip onto Klaus' one that was rubbing on her arm, covering it and then giving his hand a tight squeeze.

When Caroline finally looked up at him, a small smile that clearly didn't reach her bleary eyes, she asked, "is everything okay? I know that look, Klaus. Something's on your mind."

The man heaved out a sigh at that, then proceeded to sit up properly. The cold air of Caroline's bedroom had caused him to shiver slightly as the blanket fell off his chest, but the girl looked fine in her long-sleeved turtleneck, unaffected by the breeze. Caroline was always wearing long-sleeved clothes, but mainly oversized t-shirts, even during the summer when it was scorching hot outside. *"Mosquitoes are everywhere, Klaus. Don't underestimate them."* She had said to him one time when he questioned her fashion choices.

The man stared at Caroline with a concerned expression, his eyes and tone softening as he spoke. "I don't think I'm the one we should be worried about, love."

Caroline furrowed her brows, but she knew exactly where this was going. She knew what Klaus was about to say next; the things he wanted to know... the truth behind her hurt she tried so hard to not show anyone, scared they might think less of her the moment she shared that she's a victim of sexual assault. Scared that her friends will look at her a different way once she revealed it was Damon Salvatore that did it to her. Scared that gossip will flood the small town she once thought was the most safest place on earth. She could already hear the manipulative words shot her way as Elena attempts to tell her that what Damon did to her never happened, that it was all in her head or something, even though she knew damn fucking well it did:

"Did you hear that Liz Forbes' daughter was raped? What an awful mother. Isn't she a sheriff too?"

"Why didn't the girl yell for help? Why did she keep it a secret for so long? She must've wanted it."

"I don't believe you, Care. Damon would never do that! You're just saying it because you want me to choose Stefan instead."

"I'm sorry that happened to you, but Damon's my brother. I can't leave him."

Caroline Forbes was only seventeen when she already felt like giving up on everything. On herself. On life.

As Klaus stared at her with pleading eyes, she tried to frown, avert her focus away from him as if to tell the hybrid that she doesn't want to talk about it. But Klaus has had enough. Caroline had appeared saddened and miserable way too many times for him to ignore it now, and if they don't do something about it, she might spiral into a type of darkness that which no one will be able to escape from. Her golden skies will turn to a storm so perfect it'll destroy her whole before she could even comprehend it. The girl will be too far broken to mend.

Klaus gripped Caroline's cheeks, forcing their eyes to lock onto each other's, and the blonde heaved out a jittery breath. She wanted to resist his touch, jerk away, afraid he might make a comment about her worryingly thin face if he held it any longer, but Klaus opened his mouth before she could do anything else.

"I need you to tell me what's wrong, love." He said gently, his tone so low and soft that if anyone else were to hear, they would have never known that he was the ruthless Big Bad Wolf that goes on killing sprees for fun. But Caroline knows Klaus. She's heard that tone before. Only her.

"Klaus, I really don't want to talk about it right now."

"Then when?" He sharply retorted. "You don't look well, Caroline."

"Klaus, please—"

"Can't you tell that you're harming yourself?" It came in as a shock to Caroline, almost offended that he had the nerve to say that to her.

'Harming yourself,' Caroline wanted to scoff at that, but deep down, she knew that the hybrid was right... that she was indeed harming herself without anyone knowing. That she calls herself awful names at every second of the day; that every time she looked at her reflection, the only thing looking back at her was her fats, reminding her to skip lunch and dinner; and her flaws, constantly telling her that no matter how many times she tries, she will never be perfect; and the fucking wounds... she could've prevented it if she wasn't such a goddamn coward. It pained her to even think about them.

So yes, harming herself was all Caroline ever does these days behind the curtains, deep in the shadows. But she guessed Klaus had finally caught up to her. She couldn't run anymore.

"I'm just worried for you, sweetheart." He rubbed his thumb on her cheeks, soothing her down. "Whatever secret you're keeping to yourself is only going to hurt you more if you don't let it out. Let me help you."

"So what, Klaus?" Caroline then stood up swiftly, her hands slamming onto the sheets as irritation brewed in her blood. Klaus' hands lingered in the air the moment she moved, but he stood up too, matching Caroline's level. The girl rubbed her eyes with the heel of her palm, "if I tell you what happened to me, what are you going to do? Find me a therapist? Go on a murder spree? Kill the guy that hurt me? God, can we *please* just let this go?"

The hybrid's eyes flashed golden the moment Caroline snapped her mouth shut, anger rising within him at an instant. He tilted his head to the side, jaw clenched and fists tightened, pupils narrowing to slits at her words.

"Caroline," he took a tentative step closer towards her, and the blonde already knew she had messed up, wishing to go back in time and not say whatever the hell she had just said. Now Klaus was definitely not going to back down before he gets his answer.

“What guy, Caroline?” He repeated, this time much more maliciously, his tone so sharp it could cut through glass and secrets. “Who hurt you?”

But Caroline only shook her head at that. “It was a long time ago. It doesn’t matter.”

“Clearly it does.” The hybrid shot back, his blunt tone sending shivers down Caroline’s arms. If his lover was still wallowing in hurt till this day, despite it supposedly being a long time ago, then of course it matters. Everything about Caroline matters to him. Her ups, her downs, her stories — it all mattered to him. Every single one of them. How could it not?

Before Caroline could even say anything to Klaus to shut his questions down, she was then suddenly hit with a wave of a fragmented memory: a time 6 months ago when she was in her bathroom taking a hot shower, to then catch a glimpse of a fresh bite mark blemishing her inner thigh. Caroline tried to desperately remember of how it got there, but nothing came to her mind no matter how deep she dug through her memories. It was as if her life was an old, abandoned puzzle, with pieces suddenly going missing with no way to trace them back.

And over time, the scars showed up again and again. On her neck, her thighs, her stomach, arms, legs... it was never ending. Always there. And Caroline couldn’t figure out for the life of her of how it was inflicted. She started doing Google researches, asking strangers online, booking appointments at clinics to try to figure it out, but in the end, no solid answer was given. The only thing she could do left was stock up on concealers and store away her bikinis and crop tops because that will never see the light of day again.

It was only 2 months after that, that Caroline had finally found the piece to her puzzle... that she finally figured out what had happened to her. And from that day on, Caroline had always wished she wasn’t so nosy, that she should’ve just stayed clueless, and that she should’ve never drunk vervain in the first place.

She never wanted to go through *that* ever again.

Tears formed in her crestfallen eyes and she instantly wiped them away, but it was useless, because Klaus had already seen it — the hurt finally showing up in her. And as a worried expression flashed upon his face, he began to walk closer towards her.

“Sweetheart...” he whispered so quietly that his voice was barely heard.

The girl kept on continuously wiping away the tears cascading down her face, but it only kept on coming... she couldn’t contain it all anymore. She’d been hurt by holding on to the traumatising secret for so long that it no longer felt right to keep it in — it was just too painful to bare all by herself.

The girl doesn’t deserve this.

Caroline found that she shouldn’t care about what her friends would say, or what the town would say, because in the end, all that mattered to her was Klaus, and what *he* would say. And one thing she knew was that the hybrid will always be by her side and help her through everything, no matter how small the problem is.

Klaus deserves to know. If there's one person she could ever tell, it's him. If there's one person she would want to tell, it's him. No one else came to mind.

Caroline's slow tears then erupted into something more violent, more wrecked. A sob broke out of her but she didn't wipe them away anymore, only embraced it. And honestly, it felt good to let it out, because it was as if a heavy weight had finally been lifted off of her chest, no longer slowing her down and holding her back.

Klaus swallowed down bile at the sight, his stomach churning as he watched Caroline cry harder, but without faltering, he pulled her into his arms, clasping her close to him as if she was about to disappear any second, and Caroline didn't protest at that. Didn't protest when his arms encircled the part of her body she never wanted him to touch: her waist.

Klaus paused in his moves when he felt the jab of Caroline's ribs beneath her turtleneck, and his mouth parted slightly, eyes trained on the weeping girl. He wanted to say something, wanted to yell at her "*how you could you do this to yourself?*" but in the end, he couldn't let them out. Instead, he stayed silent and traced her ribs with the most softest touch, but he felt tears prick his eyes.

He hadn't touched Caroline's stomach before, but he knew that she was never so alarmingly skinny back then. Her hip bone weren't protruding, and so weren't her ribs. Sure, over the months, he'd noticed as Caroline's jawline became more prominent, but he always thought it was caused by her naturally losing baby fats as she rose to adulthood. He never thought it could end up like this.

"I'm sorry," Caroline managed between her sobs, her voice muffled as she dug her head underneath Klaus' neck, the man's skin turning wet of her tears. He brought his hand up, no longer on her bones and began to rub up and down her damp blonde hair, and he rested his chin on her head, closing his eyes to let the first drop of his tear fall. No one has ever made him cry like this in so long.

He pulled away to kiss her on the forehead, one that was long and lingering. "Look at me, love."

And Caroline did. She brought her head out from under his neck and frowned from losing the feeling of solace. But through her blurry and wet vision, through the rain formed by her hurting eyes, she looked up at him — the man she trusted with her whole damn life.

"There's nothing you need to apologise for."

"I should've told you." She argued, spewing it out in a heartbeat. Klaus held a sympathetic expression, a crease forming between his brows as he looked at her intensely. Caroline only looked down to her childhood bedroom floor, and in between loud sniffs and hiccups, she continued... continued to explain *everything* she never thought she would ever let out to anybody.

He deserved to know.

“Six months ago, I started to get like... wounds on my body. They looked like bite marks, but I thought it was just random scars showing up. But then I noticed that I... I never really remembered how it even showed up on my body in the first place, and so immediately I guessed that I had been compelled to forget.” Caroline’s voice broke as she spoke, whispering the last sentence ever so quietly, and the thought of his love being compelled before made Klaus’ blood boil like it never had, and it was only a matter of time till he eventually breaks something with his bare hands.

“And I knew — from my dad — that vampires can’t handle vervain, so every morning, I started implementing it in my tea so that I can figure out who’s been biting a-and feeding off of me. I just never thought...” The blonde bit back another sob, her bottom lip wobbling as she hesitated to go on. “I just never thought it would be *him*.”

Klaus’ nostrils flared upon her words, already feeling the flames swim deep in his veins. He was about to ask Caroline who she was talking about when her mouth parted abruptly.

With a shaky voice, the girl continued, a knot forming in her throat that expanded the more she talked. “He raped me,” Klaus’ eyes darkened into many shades of nightfall, his beast growling within him as his eyes flashed with pure menace. Caroline felt beads of liquid trickle down her cheek, but she didn’t know if it was tears from recalling the awful moment, or sweat as nervousness only continued to build up in her.

“I didn’t know what to do. I couldn’t tell him that I was on vervain. If I told him then he would’ve killed me, scared that I might tell somebody what he did or something. S-So I pretended like the compulsion had worked, and stayed silent as he did- he did *it* to me.” Caroline felt bile rise up her throat, but she swallowed it back down before she had the chance to vomit. “I had to pretend to *like* it.”

Klaus’ eyes slowly closed as he breathed out heavily, attempting to take in everything the girl had said to him.

It felt like the world had shifted around him, and now everyone was an enemy. He could only see fire, could only see red, could only see Caroline sitting in hurt at the side of the street whilst everyone only walked past her, not giving a damn. Could only see himself walking past her... he should’ve known.

But when Caroline brought her delicate fingers up to reveal the bite marks on her neck, it was the straw that made him want to scream, yell, rip up all the hearts of those who had dared to hurt her or even think about it. She didn’t deserve this... didn’t deserve all the shit the world had given her.

His heart only broke further when Caroline began to tremble lightly, but it was still enough for him to throw himself onto her again, arms wrapped so tightly around her it became difficult to breathe. But they only needed each other, and nothing else.

“I need you to tell me who did this to you.” Klaus mumbled in her hair, stroking the girl’s back to soothe her down. Caroline tightened her hold on him even harder, trying to bring herself closer to him as if their bodies weren’t already touching.

She thought about his words for a second, wondering if she should actually disclose her rapist's name to the most remorseless man she's ever met and have her entire friends hate her as a result. Damon's Elena's boyfriend, Stefan's brother, Bonnie and Enzo's best friend, hell, even a close friend of her own fucking mother... what would they think of her then? Would they throw her away the moment Klaus got his hands on the older Salvatore brother, to then inflict torture upon torture on the century-year-old vampire till he's permanently impaired and destroyed.

But at the same time, doesn't he deserve it?

Caroline couldn't remember the last time she hadn't felt the burning sensation of her nostrils filling up with water, her lungs compressed so tightly in her ribcage to the point she could barely breathe, barely think, or even feel like living. Damon ruined her; made her pessimistic, negative, lash out on everybody she loves. It's abnormal. No one should feel that way.

She was only seventeen.

Caroline moved her sweaty hands to Klaus' chest, clutching onto his Henley tightly like she was about to rip it off of him. Her teeth bit onto her bottom lip and it was only a matter of time till it eventually bleeds. And in a whisper, she blurted out ever so quietly... his name bringing forth a pungent taste to her tongue.

"It's Damon. H-He did it..."

Klaus felt his eyes sharpen at that, flames arising within him till he was a burning man, glowing with outrage and sorrow. His veins popped on his forehead and neck as the ache to flash out of Caroline's house and gauge Damon's eyeballs out crawled within him, and it took everything in the hybrid to not do so.

All this time he had been around that fucking Salvatore, no, all this time *Caroline* had been around him, she must've been so terrified. Must've not wanted to be there, just wanted to run away from Damon and everyone else who knew but didn't do anything.

God, does her friends know about this?

"Klaus, say something. Please." Caroline tugged on the hybrid's shirt as she stared deep into his soul, her voice croaky and breaking.

"Was anyone aware of this?"

"What—"

"Caroline." He snapped. "Did anyone know?"

The girl's breath hitched in her throat as she sheepishly fumbled for words she didn't know if she could let out. Names she didn't know if she wanted to expose. Her friends would be as good as dead if she told Klaus that *"yes, Elena and Stefan knew damn well but didn't do shit because Damon mattered to them more than I ever will."*

And believe her, Caroline wants to protect her friends, but when have they ever protected her? Guarded her safe, let her know what Damon was doing to her body. Sure, Stefan was the one to step in and told her to drink vervain in the first place, but never did he once *really* yell at Damon for abusing her. Never did he ever told Caroline that Damon was the one abusing her. Instead, he gave her vervain like *she* was the problem. That she was the one that needed to go through extra measures of protection while Damon can just be set free, run wild, hurt other girls like he'd done to her without being told off properly. Where was the fairness in that?

Caroline shouldn't have the need to feel fear in her own hometown. She shouldn't have to rely on herbs to protect herself. She shouldn't have pieces of her life missing because of some stupid fucking vampire that's now dating her best friend. Everyone always turned a blind eye towards her, but now, standing right before her glassy eyes was the man that she longed for this whole time. The man that could finally put Damon back into his place and get rid off him completely.

And that was all Caroline ever wanted.

"I don't want you to hurt them." The girl pleaded, and that made Klaus inhale in a sharp breath of air, held it, and then heaved it out heavily. Of course she wouldn't want her friends to die.

"I just want to leave... with you. Get out of here, leave everything behind, you know? Maybe I can start college somewhere in New Orleans too. I just... I don't think I can stand being here any longer."

"But what about your mother?"

"She'll understand. She needs to." Caroline reached to grab ahold of Klaus' hands, her own fingers no longer tensed anymore. She gave his hands a gentle squeeze, reassuring him that she was ready to move on from Mystic Falls. Klaus wasn't a new chapter to the story of her life — he was a completely different book that she wanted to spend her whole life writing. Didn't know if there would ever be a last page to it because Caroline was sure they were forever — once she transforms into a vampire of course.

"Is that okay with you?" The girl asked, staring up at the hybrid with eyes glistening of innocence.

Without taking a breath of air, Klaus promptly nodded his head. "You coming to New Orleans with me is absolutely okay, my love. You don't know how much I've waited for you to say it."

Silence filled the room then, the atmosphere light and comforting. Klaus smiled when he heard Caroline's breathing go gentle, the girl finally calming down from the storm. Her fingers fell from his hands but her arms quickly latched around his waist, holding him tight.

Caroline's ear was laid on his broad chest as she focused on his lullabying heartbeat, whilst her mind drifted off to Damon as she wondered where he was at currently. Was he with Elena in his dim lit bedroom? Or with Stefan and Enzo in Mystic Grill, drinking away whatever

problems they have whilst chatting about boy issues or something. Damon has no idea what's coming for him, and that itself made Caroline shudder beneath the hybrid's arms.

"Klaus," she called, but didn't look up at him. Only continued to sway on her feet from side to side.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"What are you going to do to him?" Caroline asked, voice small and quiet. "Damon, I mean."

Klaus' jaw clenched at her question. Just the thought of that psycho vampire made him want to burn down the world and more, and honestly, he couldn't wait to get his hands on him after this, but at the same time, he was unsure of whether Caroline will approve of him torturing the older Salvatore for many years to come. With the sweetheart that she is, she'll probably suggest him to immediately kill Damon off instantly.

So maybe it's best Klaus doesn't tell her.

"I don't think you'll like it, love." He said instead, and to his surprise, Caroline nodded her head at that.

"Okay." She whispered lowly, humming as her eyes fluttered to a close. "Then don't tell me."

Klaus didn't say anything after, only rubbed his hands up and down her back like he did earlier. Like he's always done whenever she felt like being swallowed up whole, only this time, he could do so much more than just comfort her. He could ruin Damon for her; chain him up in a secluded area and have witches perform a cloaking spell to conceal his whereabouts. And once he's done with him, Damon will never feel peace again. The vampire will always look behind his shoulders wherever he walked, run away at every shadow he spots, and always be remembered of the things Klaus did to him. Killing that bastard was just way too merciful, honestly.

Caroline subconsciously allowed herself to slip into a serene state then, sighing shallow breaths every time Klaus moved his hand up her back. She almost wanted to doze off with how exhausted she felt, a smile creeping up her lips when she realised that nightmares won't be a reoccurring thing anymore now that Klaus could help her — could keep her safe.

She wanted to curse at herself for not telling him about her secrets sooner, because truthfully, he makes everything feel better. He was the descendant of an angel to her, but a devil to everyone else. And to be honest, it made her feel special that only she has the key to his gloomy, closed up heart, and it was only her that the hybrid has a soft spot for.

Klaus is just so fucking wondrous to her that it pained her to fall in love with him at first, knowing no one would approve of it. And yet, falling in love with him was easily the best thing she ever did in her life.

He's the flood that carried all pictures and fractured memories of Damon away. He's the person to patch up the roof she'd punched... to mend what was once broken. Klaus Mikaelson was the first fall of rain pouring down on her whilst she was stranded on a hot

desert, ebbing away her thirst instantly. The dusts in her room that her rapist had brought in that which were engulfing her whole into a void of darkness had then turned to pretty butterflies the moment the hybrid showed up, and that told her that there was hope after all.

Caroline couldn't wait for the day that she's fully recovered of the drought Damon had left her with. For her to wake up one morning and smile because traces of Damon Salvatore were no longer lingering in her bed and smothering her till air was knocked out of her lungs.

In the beginning, finding happiness and peace seemed so impossible to her, but Klaus was enough for Caroline to keep on going. To realise that the dark bruises hanging onto her skin will just be a thing of the past — it won't control her anymore. He'll remove the murky water filling up her lungs and supply her with what she needs to breathe again, to hold onto life again, to remind her to never risk thinking about Damon again, and to make her feel fully clean again.

Chapter End Notes

Can you tell I hate Damon 😊 Also, my next updates will be 'no body, no crime' and 'Enchanted'! Not sure when they'll be up but I'm super excited to write them.

Comments and kudos are appreciated!

I am open to suggestions and prompt-taking. If you have any recommendations on what I should write, based on a Taylor Swift song of course, let me know!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!