



# HOW TO BEDECK A VAMPIRE

A VRC Short Story

HOW TO

A

Defy  
Vampire

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\*Best to be read after How to Defy a Vampire

How to Bedeck a Vampire

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Alexei

“I just look at your gleeful expression and immediately know you’re out to torture someone,” I say.

Claude gasps as he grabs his chest. “Me? Torture? Oh, my dear love, does this face look like it tortures?” The expression of pure glee at the misery of his soon-to-be victim is quite clear on his face as he declares ideas about “not being a torturer.” He loves it and he knows it.

“You’re eviler than you pretend to be,” I clarify.

Claude gets up from behind his sewing machine where he’s been very busy doing the “finishing” touches to the Christmas outfit he’s making for Marcus. He saunters up to me and drapes his arms around my neck as he gives me the most innocent grin he can muster. “I know not a single thing of what you’re declaring, my one true love!”

“So you were giggling over there because?”

“I thought of a funny story,” Claude says, grin widening.

“Did that funny story have anything to do with the torture you’re going to inflict on your brother when you make him try that atrocity on?”

He starts laughing before nearly dancing over to the sewing machine and holding up the suit jacket coated in the strangest-looking... things. They bounce as he holds it before me and the very idea that Marcus would even put it on makes the evil within me grin.

“He’s going to be absolutely miserable if you get that on him,” I say. But that’ll be the hard part. Marcus will *not* put that on.

“I know!”

“You actually think you’ll get it on him?” I ask.

Claude draws back a step and grabs his chest. “OH... Oh my god... The *pain*. The... my life! Flashing before my eyes after I nearly *died*... so yes, he’ll put it on.”

“That’s evil.” Which I find insanely sexy. “I like you evil.”

“I knew you would,” Claude says. “What else do you think it needs?”

“More of that... bouncing shit. I want it to hurt his soul when he looks at it.”

“I will do anything my one true love wants,” Claude says as he heads back over to the sewing machine and starts making more of the weird bouncing sprigs. He attaches one and then looks up at me. “You like that?”

“I do.”

He attaches another. “What about that?”

“I really do. I enjoy the payback Marcus gets from all the times he treated you wrongly,” I say.

“Yes, and what about you? I feel like you also have been quite evil to me in the past. Remember all the flowers I got you that you tossed into the trash? The scoffs, the nose snubs?”

I watch Claude for a long moment, then walk over to the door and slide his gaudiest pair of shoes onto my feet.

He gasps. “Oh my god. They’re beautiful. *You’re* beautiful!”

It’s so easy to distract him. Until I start to pull them off and he rushes over. “Alexei, no! I need pictures! Don’t deprive me of at least one picture,” he says while taking at least ten.

“No!”

“One time... one time I blew a kiss at you and you... you grimaced.”

“Fucking hell,” I cry as I stop removing the shoe. He scoops me up and carries me over to where there is “better lighting so we can see the sparkles shine.” I flop down like a corpse, positive that if I’m being subjected to this, I can’t allow my body to die inside. I must preserve it in these dire times.

Suddenly, Claude is unbuttoning my pants and trying to get them off without taking the shoes off, which seems to cause him some great pains.

“I want you in these pants,” he says as he whips out some neon-green atrocities. “They match so well.”

“With what? My nauseated expression?” I ask.

“My heart, my thundering heart, you are just... beautiful.”

I glance down at myself in some weird state of undress. Pants bunched around my ankles, the ugliest shoes mankind shit out on my feet and my shirt partially worked up. Claude *does not care*. He’s delighted and taking more pictures of me.

He scoops me up and hurries up the stairs where I’m deposited on the floor of his walk-in closet—aka the guest bedroom—that is packed full of his clothes. I have one teeny tiny spot in the corner. I made sure it was closest to the door so the flashing bright lights didn’t make me ill so early in the morning. As he starts going through the clothes, I quietly crawl toward the door.

Even though Claude is a true vampire and older than me, he’s not as skilled as I am when it comes to actual combat, including stealth. I manage to make it to the door before he notices and grabs me by the ankles, pulling me back in.

“Where are you *going*, my love? We’re just getting started.”

“No! Go back to torturing Marcus! You know I love that and find it insanely sexy when you do!”

He grabs my shirt, and I use the opportunity to roll out of it and try again to scramble for the door.

“You remember the time I told you that you looked beautiful and you looked me in the eyes and went ‘Ew.’”

*Fuuuuuuuck.*

How dare he do this to me?

I limply lie there as he beams down at me while stuffing me into a glimmering shirt.

“Oh... my... god... Alexei... my heart.”

“I think there’s something wrong with your heart,” I grumble as he pops one shoe off to pull my pants off and place the leg of another onto me before the shoe goes right back on. I’m subjected to the same thing on the other side before he draws back and looks down at me.

“You’re absolutely gorgeous,” he says as he lies down beside me and turns on his side to watch me. “I never ever imagined that I would be lucky enough to have someone like you.”

“Claude, you are a far better person than you realize,” I say as I reach out and he catches my hand. “With your kindness, you deserve the whole world.”

“I already got it,” he says as he kisses the back of my hand.

I glance away, feeling flustered that he would think so highly of me. It’s like I’m worried that one day he’ll wake up and realize that I’m not as amazing as he seems to think I am.

He just smiles as he kisses my hand again. “I need to run to my storage unit; do you want to come with me?”

“Oh?” I ask, realizing I’ve never actually seen this storage area where he keeps all the things he’d collected during his travels. It holds the items that he sells to afford luxuries, like my horse. “Can I change first?”

“You absolutely cannot.”

I sigh but decide it’s dark enough out that what the hell. I might as well be miserable in the dark to make him happy.

He’s thrilled, but as soon as we’re outside he hesitates. “I want to show you off to everyone.”

“Absolutely not,” I grumble as I quickly get in the car.

“Please? Alexei! Everyone wants to be graced by your beauty!”

“They will all cringe away if they see me in this.”

“I would make them regret their life choices if they did such a thing!” Claude declares, but he grudgingly gets in the car with me and begins to drive. He doesn’t have to go far before pulling up outside a secured storage facility. He parks and I get out with him a moment before he grabs me, jerking me back.

“What the hell?” I ask.

“There’s some dirt. My love... your *shoes*.”

I glance down at the speck of dirt I was expected to see. He acts like I was about to trudge through a swamp with them on. I’d only be so lucky to wade in and hope they got sucked off my feet.

He directs me into the building, fully protecting the shoes that I regret wearing, but they seem to make him happy.

Walking into the large building, he travels to the back and over to the larger units. When he reaches one nearly at the end, he slips his key in and slides the door open before turning the light on. The unit is huge, packed full of everything under the sun.

I'm going to be honest... I really thought it was just going to be clothes, but the idea of Claude selling clothes is a ludicrous one... wait, maybe the idea of someone *buying* clothes Claude likes is the crazy idea.

He stops at something to the right as I wander in deeper, looking at the statues, vases, paintings, and more. It's like his own mini museum in here. Hell... some of this stuff *should* be in a museum.

My fingers trail over a clear case holding a book that looks like it's hundreds of years old. Right past it is some kind of Japanese doll with a beautiful kimono. I stop before a globe that looks kind of out of place in here because it's clearly something he'd picked up at a store in recent years. I spin it with my finger and look at all of the pins littering it.

I knew Claude had traveled most of his life, but I never realized he'd traveled this much. Is there any place he hasn't seen?

Claude walks up behind me and sets his chin on my shoulder as he looks over at what I'm looking at. His arms wrap around my midsection as he squeezes me to him.

"You... really weren't joking when you said you traveled all over," I say.

"I traveled quite far throughout the years."

"You loved it, didn't you?"

"I did! It was fascinating learning so many different cultures and seeing how people grew and changed in them as the years progressed."

"Aren't there countries you'd still like to see?"

"I would travel again, yes. Alexei, you seem to have this idea that you're holding me back. Traveling was great and I loved it and I learned so much, but it was also incredibly lonely. I'm lucky that I can make friends quite easily, but they all felt... artificial. We were working together or learning together... It was like no matter where I went, I couldn't find that

thing I needed. And I didn't know what it was that I needed, so I would then go to the next place and think, maybe it's here. Maybe *this* place will have what I need. So I traveled here and there and then I just kept going..."

He spins the globe before his finger stops on a pin where we're at. "I had no idea that all along what I needed was right here. And when I found it, I felt complete for the first time in my life. I no longer yearned to keep traveling because there was nothing left to look for. I had everything I ever wanted and more than I ever imagined I'd have, right here," he says before kissing my cheek.

I turn to him and wrap my arms around his neck. "I'm glad you found... what you were looking for. I didn't know how much I was looking for it either... I thought I didn't deserve to find happiness. I thought it was best that I didn't get the ending so many desired."

"You are a much greater man than you will ever realize, Alexei. I know you have guilt from your past, but you've brought so much happiness to those around you. You've helped so many lives and stopped so many bad people that you've more than made up for it. And you saved me too."

"I suppose we saved each other," I say.

Claude smiles at that before leaning in to kiss me.

I am so damn lucky to have found this man. He's brought so much happiness to my life that I feel like I'm the luckiest man on Earth, even in this ridiculous outfit.

"Do you want anything in this room?" He gasps. "You can have it all. Do you want *all* of it?"

"Absolutely not."

He picks up the book I was looking at. "Do you want this? This will buy you a hundred horses. Do you want a hundred horses?"

"And you keep it in some storage container?" I ask in shock.

“It’s guarded by vampires. It’s fine.” He picks up what looks like a simple box. “Do you want this? The emperor of Japan gave it to me a long time ago.”

“What?”

“This over here was given to me by a queen.”

“How do you con these people into giving you stuff?” I ask.

Claude shrugs. “None gave me their heart, though, like you have.”

“You’re so sappy.”

He grins at me. “Your gift was the best of them all.”

How can he make me feel like this? I feel happy and flustered and slightly embarrassed all at once, so I lean forward and kiss him, knowing that right now... I can’t get my brain to form words, so a kiss will have to do.