

Trick or Treat With A Real Vampire: The Meanest, Baddest Kid.

Halloween, October 2014.

Vince pulled into the driveway of Julie's house and parked to one side.

"You owe me," Vince muttered, as he tugged on the strings of the cape tied around his neck. "Dio. I'm dressed as a bad version of a Hollywood vampire and going trick or treating."

John shot him an unrepentant grin. "Oh, yeah? So why'd you agree?"

"I couldn't say no, not when you got me into this situation."

John snorted and got of Vince's low-slung convertible, dressed as--what else--a damn cop. "Fuck, don't blame me. You couldn't say no 'cuz Ally blinked those big blue eyes of hers and you were a goner."

Vince's reply got swallowed in the avalanche of children's squeaking noises erupting out of Julie's front door.

"Uncle John! Uncle Vince!"

Superman and Wolverine ran up to the car.

"Cool, can I get in the car?" Superman/Johnny already had the passenger door open.

Wolverine/Jacob scrambled into the driver's seat and turned the wheel back and forth. "Can I drive?"

"Did you bring cupcakes?" That was Ally of course, tugging at Vince's cape.

Coco, with ears laid flat, growled at Vince.

"Whoa, slow down guys." John scooped Jacob from the car seat and swung him up into his arms, then hung him upside holding him by his waist.

Julie laughed as she crossed the lawn. "If that child throws up, you have cleaning duty."

"Nah, Sis, he's tough. Aren't you buddy?" John swung him upright and set him down. "Hey, Jules." He swatted his sister's bottom and grinned at her.

"Shh. Stop that. Hi, Vince."

Vince took her hand and bowed low as he placed a kiss on her fingers. "The day has suddenly brightened with your arrival," he said, in an exaggerated thick accent.

John rolled his eyes. "God, I'm the one that's going to throw up."

"Wait, don't say anything more." Julie hugged her hand to her chest. "I need the husband here to take notes."

Vince laughed and dropped his gaze to see Ally twirling in a circle, pink gossamer wings floating behind her.

"And what are you today, Ally-cat?"

"I'm not a cat, I'm a fairy princess."

“Forgive me, your highness.” Vince bowed low, sweeping his cape out with one hand, the lining flashing red.

“Great costume, Vince. You almost convinced me you are a vampire.” She turned to her brother. “Couldn’t you come up with something more clever than that?” She ran her hand up and down indicating his blue uniform.

“Hey, this is authentic.” John tugged at waistband. “And it still fits.”

“Yeah, well come inside for a few minutes while I get them their bags,” Julie said.

Vince and John trooped after Julie and the kids and entered the ranch-style adobe house.

“Cool costume, Uncle Vince. Can you do any magic and stuff?”

“Jacob,” Vince intoned, projecting his voice so it echoed around the room. “I am a vampire. I do not *do* magic. I *am* magic.”

Jacob’s eyes grew round. “Oh, how’d you do that?”

“Do you have a recorder?” Johnny squealed. “Mom, did he hide a recorder? Did he? Did he?”

“Johnny, stop shouting. I can hear you just as well if you speak in a normal tone. And no there’s no recorder here.” Julie turned to Vince. “How did you do that?”

“Madam, I have told you. I *am* magic. I am a vampire. I do many things but I do not tell how I do them.”

She placed her hand on her hips, her lower lip puffed out. “You’re as bad as them. Still a young boy in a man’s body. I swear men never grow up.”

“Uncle Vince, what else can you do?” Jacob turned a cartwheel in the hall and a piece of native pottery almost became a victim until Vince moved, faster than the eye could see and caught it.

Julie huffed. “Jacob, how many times have I told you—”

“Don’t do that in the house,” they all chorused.

Vince faced the boys and Ally, interrupting the gathering storm from Julie. “Do you want to see what else I can do?”

Solemn nods, though Ally twirled her puffy pink skirt a bit, humming a tune to herself.

“Dim the lights, Julie,” John said.

The hall darkened, illuminated slightly only by a lamp on the dining room beyond. Vince had already shown John what he was going to do, so he knew it was okay.

He drew himself up to his full height, then allowed his muscles to stretch a little further, they way he might do in battle. Hands spreading slowly to either side, he raised his cape until he was bracketed on either side by the dark red of the silk material. He concentrated power in his palms and formed a small blue glowing ball in each.

“Behold, before you stands the Cupcake Vampire. A prince of his realm, a being so powerful that few can equal him.” His voice echoed from all sides.

“Aw, man,” breathed Jacob as he picked at his fake sideburn. “You totally killed it.”

“It gets better. Ask him what he eats,” John urged.

“What...what do you eat?” Johnny whispered.

“I do not eat. I drink blood.”

Vince widened the blue light so it surrounded his entire body, and opened his mouth. His fangs dropped and the boys screamed. Though whether in delight or fear, he couldn't tell. All he could sense was their little hearts beating triple time. He glanced at John afraid he had gone too far. But his lover grinned and gave him a thumbs-up.

“So, what do you say now, little humans?”

“Aw...awesome.”

“Wow...” Johnny seemed too overcome for words.

Something tugged on his cape and he looked down. Ally stood about knee height to him, pulling on the velvet.

“Yes, Princess?”

“Can I see? Can I see your teeth?”

Fearless, the little girl only saw her Uncle Vince. But then she had spent a lot more time with him than the boys, getting piano lessons every week, allowing time for a real bond between them.

Vince pulled back his power and the blue light vanished. His fangs retracted, and he stooped to pick up Ally. He opened his mouth.

“See?”

“They're gone,” Ally said.

“They're not real, baby,” John called as he turned up the lights.

“I like your teeth,” Ally pronounced and slid her little fingers across Vince's cheek, to rest on his chin.

“I'm glad you do, Princess. I like them also.”

“Did you guys get scared?” John asked the boys who were still staring at Vince.

“Nah,” objected Jacob. “It's all a trick.”

Vince smiled at him. “Hey, you're too smart for me to fool.”

“So, where are we going first?”

“Uncle Vince?” Johnny slid closer.

“Yes, Johnny?”

“Can we go to Cody's house?”

“Er...sure. I presume some one knows where Cody lives?” He glanced at the adults.

“Cody’s the kid who lives at the corner of Alameda and Thorne Drive, just a couple of blocks down,” Julie said. “He’s in Johnny’s class. A real bully.” She touched her hand to Johnny’s shoulder. “I thought you didn’t like him?”

Vince sensed the excitement coming from Johnny. “Why Cody’s house first?” He held out his free hand.

Johnny sidled closer and grasped Vince’s hand. “Cuz he’s the meanest, baddest kid in my class and I want you to scare the shit out of him.”

Vince laughed as John groaned.

“John Reeder, he learned that word from you,” Julie accused. “You are so dead.”

John was tempted to hold Vincent’s hand as they walked to Cody’s house but refrained. Julie and her husband knew Vincent was his lover, but she hadn’t told the kids their uncle was gay. And they lived in conservative Arizona, and this was an upscale neighborhood full of good Christian folks. Better to play it safe.

He leaned in so only Vincent could hear. “What are you going to do once we get to Cody’s house? I don’t want some parent calling the cops.”

“Worried, detective?” Vincent grinned and even in the dark John saw that mischievous glint in his lover’s eyes.

“Damn right I’m worried.” But he laughed, remembering how speechless his nephews were after Vincent’s performance. Priceless. And if this Cody was a bully, then maybe giving his a slight scare might make him think twice about picking on others.

“Hey,” John pulled Johnny back by his cape. “This Cody kid isn’t bullying you, is he?” His stomach fisted at the thought of Johnny being bullied.

Jacob injected. “Nah, but he picks on the younger kids. He leaves me alone because Johnny stopped him.”

Vince frowned as he looked down at the children. “I am glad to see you stepped in, Johnny. It shows you are a young man with courage.”

The ‘S’ on Johnny’s costume puffed a little tighter across his chest.

Ally pouted her rosy lips. “I want more candy.” She took off down the sidewalk.

John watched the kids run up the path to a neighbor’s door, Ally leading the way with her bag already opened. A smile crept up his face observing their simple joy of trick and treating. Times like this his heart ached for children of his own.

“I’ve always wanted children,” John said.

Fuck, did he say that out loud?

Vincent smiled. “Good, because I want them too.”

“Really, you would consider it? How could you, with your status as King?”

His lover a prince and the next heir to the throne of his order, John all but gave up on the idea of ever having children with Vincent. But maybe...he shook his head. Shit. He was in love

with a vampire. Did vampires have children? He couldn't image raising a little bloodsucker. Would Vincent consider raising a human baby?

Biting his lower lip, he realized this was no time to think about children, not with all their other worries.

He squeezed Vincent's hand, the most he could do in public. "A discussion for another day, yeah?"

Vincent ran a finger along John's knuckles. "Yes, another day."

Children gravitated to Vincent, his niece and nephews embracing Vincent as one of their own. Maybe it was vampire glamour but John believed children instinctively responded to Vincent's kind heart.

Johnny came running up to Vincent and skidded to a stop. "That's Cody's house." He pointed his finger to the corner two-story house.

A long skeleton hung from the upper balcony, tombstones dotted the rock garden and ghostly moans sounded from the cobwebbed porch.

John shook his head. "It seems the family really gets into Halloween."

"Yeah," Johnny said. "And he's been bragging how he's not scared of anything, not even ghosts."

A grin spread across Vincent's face. John's heart leaped at how beautiful Vincent looked at this moment, the moonlight casting an otherworldly glow around him. "Now what?"

Vincent knelt and gathered the children around him. "This is what we're going to do."

John sighed. Thank god he was here to make sure things didn't go to far.

Vince held Ally's hand and followed the two boys up the sandstone path. Once at the front door he slipped to the side of the dark porch.

John scooped up Ally and grabbed Jacob's hand. "Johnny will catch up."

"Ah, I want to see." Jacob cried.

"If you get to the next few houses first, bet you get more candy than Johnny."

"Yeah! Let's go."

John winked at Vincent as he left. *Dio*. John was so much better had handling these children than him.

"Okay, Johnny. Let's the ring doorbell. When you see this Cody, you get him to come out here. Got it?"

Johnny grinned. "Got it." He stalked up the porch steps, head held high, and rang the doorbell.

The door opened and a boy he assumed was Cody appeared behind the screen, strips of flesh flaking off his face.

“Hey Zombie.” Johnny taunted. “Bet ya can’t catch me! If you do I’ll give you all my candy.”

Cody glared. “You’re so dead.”

Johnny sprinted down the path.

Cody sprang from the door and Vince stopped him with a grip on his shoulder.

Vince cast a spell around the three of them, shielding them from human eyes. His eyes glowed red and his fangs descended, just enough to let Cody see them gleam. He didn’t want to harm Cody, but if the kid was bullying the boys, he needed a lesson.

Towering over the shaking zombie, Vince pinned a glare on Cody.

Cody’s mouth fell open.

“You will never bully another child again.”

Cody head bobbed as he shrunk back.

“I will come back if you don’t heed my words.”

“Who...who are you?”

“Someone you don’t want coming to see you in the middle of the night. Treat others as you want to be treated.”

“Huh?”

Maybe the child was too young to understand, but someday, maybe those words would make Cody see the importance of treating others with respect.

“Be kind, Cody, and remember, someday you may want someone to be kind to you. But also remember this. The next time you bully someone, I’ll be visiting you.”

He let go and Cody dashed into the house and slammed the door.

The glamor disappeared with a slight shimmer of air as Vince release the spell.

“Uncle Vince, he was shaking. I’ve never seen him so scared. You killed it.”

“Hopefully he’ll stop his bullying, but try to be nice to him, okay?”

Johnny wrinkled his nose. “Ugh, why? He’s mean.”

Vince ruffled Johnny’s blond hair thinking how much Johnny took after John. “People can change. He’ll need friends. Now, enough talk. Let’s go trick or treating. You’ll need to catch up to the others or there won’t be any candy left for you.”

John raised his head but remained on his knees as he took in a replete Vincent, sprawled on the sofa, his pants unzipped and gaping, his t-shirt riding high, exposing rock-hard abs.

“So, good payback?” John ran his palm over Vincent’s stomach, loving the feel of the firm skin and slight hairs against his hand.

Vincent unclenched his fingers from John’s scalp and caressed his neck with slow, hypnotic strokes.

“If this is how you pay me back, we’ll make this a yearly date.”

John rubbed Vince’s thigh. “So what did you say to Cody?”

“Just gave him some advice.”

“By scaring the shit out of the meanest, baddest kid on the block?”

“I made Johnny a promise.”

John tilted his head. “Yeah, what was that?”

“To stop Cody from bullying Jacob.”

John sat back on his knees. “What! Jacob said it was his friends...”

“Boys will distort the truth so as not to seem weak, yes?”

John pumped his fist. “If I’d known—”

“It’s handled. He won’t be bothering Jacob or any other boy again.”

John had caught a glimpse of Cody’s terrified face as he dashed into the house. Best of all was the smile that threatened to split Johnny’s face. He was still grinning as Julie hauled him off to his bath. His nephew was satisfied so John trusted Vincent took care of the situation.

“I love you, Vin.”

John scooted up on the sofa and captured Vincent’s mouth in slow, hot kiss. Another reason he loved this vampire was his incredible ability to set things right. John’s list of why he loved Vincent grew longer the more time he spent with his lover.

He slid his palm across Vincent’s nubs and smiled. “You’re excited again?”

Vincent grasped John’s hand. “Always, with you.”

They didn’t make it to the bedroom for hours.

THE END



Authors’ Note: Thank you for reading this small slice of life in Vince and John’s world. This event happens in the [Orbus Arcana Series](#), between Book 2 ([A Bite In Time](#)) and Book 3 (Love’s Last Bite), which we are busy finishing up for an April 2015 release. There is so much strife ahead for these two lovers that we wanted them to have an evening of fun with no worries.

What they’re saying about the [Orbus Arcana Series](#) on Amazon:

[A Bite In Time](#): “Fans of the paranormal will find this an exhilarating read and I’m counting down the days until the next installment.”

“The story of the men, their personal and separate lives, their angst and their adventures into the paranormal is a developing plot that does not cease nor stagnate in any way.”

For The Bite Of It: *“Along with the burgeoning romance between these two that gives us insight into their characters comes unrelenting sexual tension that leads to some super HOT sexual interludes that are surprisingly romantic too.”*

“The writing is great, the sex is wonderful, and the plot is filled with twists and turns, as well as secondary characters you can sink your teeth into... There are no pat endings, either, no rushed resolution. There will be another book, and I for one can't wait. I love the bakery and the way the authors blend food and sex in a very sensual way that is a real feast for the eyes....Did I mention the sex is hot? It is. I could not put this down, and I thought about it when I couldn't read it. This is a winner in my books, and I hope the next book comes out soon.”