

Vampire

Nativity



*A Christmas Story
from The Bar*

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Vampire Nativity: A Christmas Story from The Bar

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Vampire Nativity

A Christmas Story from The Bar

Lex Valentine

Christmas Eve

La Varenne St. Hilaire, Paris, France

“Alaric you’re being a butthead about my car,” I grumbled, staring out the passenger window of the new BMW sedan. It was a beautiful car, an awesome shade of blue to match my bloodmate’s eyes, but I didn’t want it.

“I’m not being a butthead. You’re being a butthead,” he said childishly as he stomped on the gas pedal.

I frowned at the frost covered countryside. The ominous clouds that had rolled in at sunset denoted snow. Everyone had said so. If it was going to start snowing, I didn’t want to be out in it.

“Where are we?” I asked, not recognizing the scenery.

“North of Paris,” Alaric said vaguely. “I just thought a nice moonlight drive in the new car would make you realize how nice it is and how easy it would be for you to drive it. It’s part of my Christmas present to you... because I love you.”

My heart tumbled in my chest when he said the words. It always did. I was so incredibly blessed to have found Alaric. My life was finally on track and everything I had ever wanted and dreamed of was mine. Including, apparently, a blue BMW I hadn’t asked for and didn’t really want. I sighed and turned to look at my husband. He was frowning out the windshield at the big fat fluffy snowflakes that had begun coming down. Shit. I wasn’t ready for snow! I had a thousand things to do at home before it snowed.

“Alaric, can we go home now? It’s snowing and I have a lot of stuff to do around the house,” I asked cautiously. “The car is awesome and beautiful, but not my style. I just don’t think I want to discuss it with you out here in bad weather.”

Alaric snorted. “The weather’s not that bad. It’s only just begun to snow. We’ll be home shortly,” he said confidently and turned off the main road onto a side road.

Half an hour later, the snow drifts were huge, the road was slick, visibility had dropped almost to zero, and Alaric was lost and cursing.

“I should have just kept going. If you hadn’t been distracting me by complaining about a perfectly good car I would have kept going to my original destination instead of trying to find a way to turn back,” Alaric complained.

“Don’t you turn this around on me, Alaric Volker Kohl!” I shot back angrily. “I’ve got nothing to do with you not knowing where you are.”

“You sound like my mother, calling me by my full name,” he mocked, frowning fiercely at the white out conditions.

I refused to answer, crossing my arms over my chest and staring out the side window thinking to myself how I ought to start ‘your gracing’ him just to irritate him. Suddenly, Alaric made a frustrated sound and the car began to slide. I grabbed the door and turned my startled eyes toward the front just as the car slid off the road, nose first into a snowdrift. There was a big bump and a grinding noise, then Alaric put the car in park as we stared at the snow that covered the windshield.

“Well, fuck me,” I muttered in shock.

The car was tilted nose down, but at a very weak angle. Certainly, it would be no problem getting out as long as we could shift the snow away from the doors. I glanced over at Alaric. He was pale. He unbuckled his seatbelt and reached for me, touching my face with trembling fingers.

“Are you okay, Angel?” he asked in a shaky voice.

He was scared. It was plainly evident on his face. My heart turned over. I nodded up at him and touched his jaw.

“I’m fine Alaric,” I said softly, smiling at him. “Aric is fine too.”

Alaric unbuckled my seat belt and flattened his palm over the slight curve of my belly. “Thank the Mother the air bags didn’t go off,” he muttered as he stroked his hands over me.

I bit back a wry grin. “It was only a little bump Alaric. Not much more than hitting a parking curb hard,” I told him.

He sighed shakily and sat back in his seat, brushing his hair back from his face. He pulled out his cell phone and dialed a number. Then he shook his phone. He tried again and this time his frown turned dark.

“My phone’s not working. Can I use yours, Lexie?” he asked.

I handed him my phone and he dialed a number, waiting for it to ring. Instead, he got a no signal message. He tried again and again, but no signal. “We’re in a dead spot. No repeaters,” I said knowledgeably.

He shook his head. “There’s repeaters, Angel. I think the storm has knocked them out though. Which means I can’t call the tow company. Even calling the cell company isn’t going through.”

I stared at the wall of white on the hood and windshield. “We can’t sit in the car, Alaric. It’s too cold. We’ll run out of gas or die of carbon monoxide poisoning or something,” I said with a shake of my head as I reached for my parka. Luckily for me, I’d grabbed my sub-zero jacket when we left.

Alaric grabbed his parka too and pulled it on. He pushed and shoved until he got his door open. He waded through the snow to my side and dug out my door. I slipped out of the car and he shut the door. I stood staring at the beautiful blue car half buried in the heavy white powder. The tail end stuck out with the tail lights glowing.

“I gotta leave the lights on so another driver will see it there. Can’t have it causing another accident because it can’t be seen,” he muttered as he zipped up his parka.

I pulled up my hood and zipped my jacket to my chin. Then I pulled the thick neck of my sweater up over my mouth and chin. I blinked up at Alaric in the thickly falling snow. “There was a bed & breakfast just a short way back. I saw it just before you lost control of the car,” I said through the heavy sweater.

Alaric nodded and took my arm helping me up to the snow covered road. I really couldn’t tell the difference between the dirt and the asphalt at this point. There was just way too much snow over everything. We walked about a quarter of a mile along the road when I realized my shoes were getting damp. The trendy little boots weren’t waterproof. I frowned at my feet, wiggling my toes to ensure they weren’t frostbitten or anything.

“What’s wrong, Angel?” Alaric asked looking at my feet. “Shit! Those boots aren’t waterproof are they?”

I shook my head and he frowned, looking around behind me. “Look there, Lexie! There’s a donkey in that field. I could catch him so you could ride to the bed and breakfast,” my bloodmate offered. “I’m not crazy about you possibly slipping on the ice and falling. That’s worse than frostbite.”

I blinked up at him. Was he nuts? “Alaric, this is too much. Leave the donkey alone. It’s freaking Christmas and I am not Mary and you are not Joseph,” I told him sternly. “No way am I riding a fucking donkey to the B&B.”

“Mary and Joseph?” he said shaking his head in confusion. “What the hell are you talking about, Lexie?”

I threw my hands out in frustration. “The Christmas story, you butthead! You know, Joseph leading a donkey that the pregnant and laboring Mary was riding. Sound familiar? No room at the inn!”

I stared at Alaric as he tried to place the story. “C’mon, Alaric, you have to know the story even if you’re a vampire. The story of Jesus’ birth! Mary and Joseph couldn’t find room at the inn so they ended up in a stable with the animals. Mary gave birth and they put the baby in a manger. There was a star shining over the stable... and the three wise men came...”

“Oh, Holy Mother! *That* story!” Horror crossed Alaric’s face then. “You’re not in labor are you, Lexie?”

I made a rude sound and resumed walking down the road. “No. I’m barely showing, Alaric. I still fit in all my clothes, remember?”

He caught up to me in a couple of strides. “Not the Seven jeans,” he smirked.

“You are as evil as Carlisle,” I stated. “Look. There’s the bed and breakfast.”

We shuffled up to the bed and breakfast only to find it locked up tight, with a sign that said no vacancy.

“Now what?” Alaric asked as we gazed up at the front of the house.

“All the lights are out,” I said dejectedly. “Times like this I hate being a vampire. The rest of the world is asleep when I’m up.” I shivered and stomped my wet, frozen feet.

Alaric looked at me and frowned. “I need to get you out of the cold and wet, Lexie. There must be someplace we can go. What else did we pass?” he asked.

We looked around trying to make out our surroundings through the swirling snow. Finally, Alaric made a triumphant sound. “There!” He pointed to a field behind the bed and breakfast. “There’s a barn back there.”

He grabbed my arm and pulled me along behind him. A few minutes later, he was closing the barn door behind us and looking for a light switch. He turned the lights on

and we discovered a clean, warm barn filled with horses and a few cows. I stomped my feet trying to get some feeling back into my cold toes. Alaric poked around in the building and finally waved me over to a stall.

“This is the best I can do, love,” he said apologetically.

I peered in and found that he'd made a pallet on the straw using saddle blankets. “I'm gonna reek of horse in the morning,” I told him with a laugh as I sat down and began to tug my wet boots and socks off.

Alaric knelt in front of me and took off his gloves. He took one of my feet in his hands and warmed it between his palms, blowing his warm breath on my cold skin. He warmed first one foot then the other. Then he sat down and took off his own waterproof hikers and pulled off his socks. He had another pair on underneath. He put his socks on my small feet and pulled them all the way up to my knees beneath my jeans. Then he took my jacket off and tossed it down on the saddle blankets, flopped down on my jacket, pulled me on top of his chest, and covered us both with his huge parka.

I sighed and sank into my husband's warm hard body. *Now this was heaven*, I thought. There was nothing better in the world than being cuddled by Alaric.

Well, there is, but there won't be any of that tonight in case we're interrupted, Alaric chuckled.

We can't fall asleep Alaric, I warned him. If the sun comes up and we're snoozed out, we're literally toast.

I set the alarm on my phone for two hours before dawn, Angel. And I checked my battery. Full bars. We'll be fine. Hopefully, the storm will have passed in a few hours and we can call for a tow truck or a ride home from Vik or Dad, he said soothingly, his hands stroking over my back. *Just get some rest. I know that walk in the snow exhausted you.*

I buried my face in the curve of his neck and sighed. I was tired. I tired easily now and wanted naps all the time. I closed my eyes and began to hum O Holy Night. I could hear the shuffling of the horses and the cows and the distant whooshing of the wind. Alaric hummed the Christmas carol with me and we both fell into a light sleep.

* * *

Bright golden light shone into the barn. The blue gown I wore felt odd, the cloth much rougher than the clothes I usually wore. I looked up from where I sat in the straw, my eyes searching for my husband. He stood beside me, dressed in rough cotton robes from centuries before. His hand on my shoulder was possessive, his bright electric blue eyes loving.

In the manger before me, wrapped in my parka was Aric. He looked the same as he had in the last dream we'd had of him. His blue eyes, so like those of his father, blinked at me and he gurgled and laughed, his tiny starfish hand reaching for me. My heart stuttered and my breath caught in my throat as a wave of love unlike any I'd ever known before overwhelmed me. Tears sprang to my eyes, and I reached out a trembling hand to my son. Aric's fingers grabbed my index finger, clinging tightly to it.

"Oh, Alaric," I whispered, my heart aching with love. "He's so beautiful."

"No, Angel. You are. But he looks just as angelic as you, if you discount those wicked Kohl blue eyes," Alaric chuckled, love shining from his own Kohl blue eyes.

"One day when he's grown, the women his age are going to be in such big trouble," I said with a smile. "Like me, they will be helpless to resist a Kohl man with love in his eyes."

Alaric knelt beside me and wrapped an arm around me as he leaned over the manger. "The two of you are mine, Lexie. My family. My responsibility. My heart and my life. All that I suffered at the hands of Penelope and the Hellbounds was so that I could come to this moment and be the man that the two of you love and count on," he whispered.

"This is the best Christmas ever, Alaric," I said in a low tear choked voice. "The promise of love everlasting. It's like that star shining on us. I can't imagine anything happening to us that we cannot come through together."

"The Mother didn't abandon us, Angel. That star is her love. Her love is what made it so that we chose each other. We were not abandoned, we're blessed."

I leaned into my Cherished One's hard shoulder and touched the angelic face of my small son. "I love you, my Kohl men," I whispered.

I blinked back the joyous tears in my eyes and suddenly the golden light was gone and I was snuggled in Alaric's arms as his cell phone alarm beeped incessantly in my ear. I sat up and Alaric groaned, pushing up on his elbows. He blinked at me sleepily and I leaned forward and kissed him.

"Happy Christmas, Alaric Kohl," I said with a smile filled with love.

He smiled back at me, his handsome face the dearest thing in the world to me. "Happy Christmas, Alexandria Kohl," he replied and kissed me.

Alaric reached for the phone and shut off the alarm. He opened the phone and tried making a call. He gave me a thumbs up and a big grin. "It's going through! The service must be back on."

Alaric talked to Vik and told him the name of the bed and breakfast where we were. Then he told him approximately where the car was. By the time he hung up, he was grinning.

"We aren't that far from home. Vik said he would be here with a tow truck within a half hour. We still have two hours to dawn. So how about a roll in the hay, Mrs. Kohl?" He wiggled his eyebrows at me and I laughed.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Mr. Kohl. Someone could come in. It's a barn after all," I reminded him plucking at my hair. "Ew. Straw in my hair. Yuck."

Alaric picked the straw out for me and teased me saying, "I guess you're turning me down cause you don't want straw in your thong."

"Double yuck," I shuddered.

Alaric helped me brush the straw off my feet and put my now dry but stiff boots on. He put his boots on and helped me into my parka. By the time Vik pulled up in Alaric's SUV, we were ready to go. I looked at the Beemer and saw Hans sitting with Vik. Behind them in a tow truck was Dieter. Vik and Hans got into the back of the SUV.

"Good morning, Miss Lex," Hans smiled. "It's a lovely Christmas, isn't it?"

"It is, Hans. I'm surprised to see you and Dieter here with Viktor," I said in a puzzled voice.

"Oh, Mr. Lucius got tired of calling the tow company to come out and tow Mr. Collin's van the Superbeast, so he had Dieter buy a tow truck in case someone in the family needed assistance," Hans explained. "It is much quicker and easier to rescue vampires when one does not have to explain the need for a pickup before dawn."

Hans laughed at his little joke and Viktor grinned. Alaric got behind the wheel and hid a grin. We drove to where the new Beemer was stuck in the snowdrift. Vik shook his head. "It will need a jump. You left the lights on, Mr. Alaric," he chuckled as he hopped out of the SUV.

Alaric handed him the keys as the tow truck pulled up behind us. "Thanks for the rescue, Vik. My mom and dad aren't worried, are they?"

Vik shook his head. "They were a little concerned when they couldn't reach your phones, but Mrs. Kohl was sure you had found shelter," he replied. "You go on home before the sun rises. I will take care of the new car."

We watched as Hans, Viktor, and Dieter went to inspect the new Beemer. I frowned. "The Wirtz family," I murmured thoughtfully. "They are all members of the Wirtz family."

Alaric frowned at me. "What's your point, Angel? The Wirtz family has served the Kohls for centuries."

A grin tugged at my lips. "Three wise men... three Wirtz men."

Alaric groaned and smacked his hand to his forehead. "Oh, Lexie, that was bad."

I giggled. "But it's true, Alaric. They are our three wise men. After that dream, do you dare to think they aren't?"

Alaric looked thoughtful for a moment, his mind going back to our shared dream. Then he shook his head wryly and put the SUV in gear. We drove away, leaving the Wirtzes to deal with the stuck sedan. I looked over at Alaric.

"Okay. You don't have to send the car back. I'll think about it okay?" I told him.

He smiled at me. "Okay. For now. When you're showing more, we'll revisit this, Angel and not in the middle of a snowstorm either," he agreed.

He reached out and took my hand in his right one. "I can't wait to get home. I have the best Christmas present ever, just waiting for me to open it," he grinned at me, his electric blue eyes twinkling.

I looked at him curiously. "And what present is that?"

"You, Angel. Always you."